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The Elizabethan

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The John Locke Society

The John Locke Society meetings are perhaps the high point of the week's timetable and perhaps they're in danger of being taken for granted. Our position in central London allows us to demand of a speaker's time no more than an hour or so (though most like to stay a little longer); this no doubt makes a supply of interesting and valuable speakers easier to predict, but it doesn't lessen our termly debt to the Head Master for continuing to ensure the wide range that we enjoy.

In this issue John Field writes about John Locke's views on education; two of the term's meetings are, in addition, dealt with separately, as the issues concerned—nuclear disarmament and feminism—would seem to demand.

Among other speakers Rabbi Hugo Gryn, who spent the day in the school, touched the most sensitive chords. That he did speak earlier in Abbey and talk to smaller groups later perhaps allowed him to bypass the problem of timetabled fifty-minute meetings—that of feeling obliged to oversimplify or to pack too much into too short a speech. Rabbi Gryn spoke very movingly about how we live in an age of exiles and how the roots of racial antagonism lie in our self-hatred. The will to extinction has many objects, many methods.

Perhaps the bluntest contrast was Dr. Garth Wood's attack on the 'neurosis industry'. The subconscious was denied, Freud denounced, psychoanalysis derided: nobody, apparently, has ever 'got better' because of it and many have got worse. Self-help was the answer. The present government would doubtless agree. Telling an adolescent audience to 'give up sex if you're not good at it' clinched it.

As it happened, two speakers (David Lorimer and Professor A. J. Ellison) were adept and persuasive in enlarging the realms of possibility luckily unapproachable by the 'self-help' about which Rabbi Gryn was so unillusioned. Their field was the paranormal and the psychic: many will have thought that Mr. Lorimer's compellingly lucid and organized account was a model fifty-minute talk. The benefits of a meeting such as this and Rabbi Gryn's are not measurable on any academic scale; therein (as John Locke might have appreciated) lies their value.

* * *

John Locke, oddly enough, is one of the earliest sources we have for describing the causes of quality in wine. 'When visiting Haut-Brion in 1677 and 1678, he particularly interested himself in the connection between quality and "terroir", in itself informative as being an extremely early instance of the quality factor in the great Bordeaux vineyards. When walking in the vineyards, he had noticed that a distance no greater than the width of a ditch separated a great vineyard from an ordinary one. This led him to discuss the matter with the vignerons, and from these conversations he deduced four principles for the production of fine wines. First, thin soil, then very little fertilisation, good topography (i.e. ridges or slopes), and, finally, old vines' (from *Decanter*, December 1983). He was right.

John Locke

by John Field

'John Locke' is one of those names we all know, and one that would be equally recognised by the majority of educated people. Yet there is scarcely one in a hundred who would be able to speak from reading him about his importance. There is a strong case, though, for the view that, of all who have passed through Westminster School, Locke has contributed more than anyone to Western civilisation, and to our idea of that civilisation.

He was born into a Puritan family in Somerset. But for the Civil War he would not have come to Westminster at all. The Long Parliament assumed responsibility for the running of the school in 1647. Colonel Popham, a member of that Parliament for Bath, and the local patron of the Lockes, was entitled to nominate candidates for Westminster. John Locke arrived at Westminster in 1647, and became a scholar in 1650 at the age of 17. His school account book, and a letter written to his father in 1652, when he was a candidate for Christ Church, give us vivid impressions both of day to day life and of the necessity of influence in the seeking of advancement.

	£	s.	d.
A thread wind			4
For making two pairs of breeches	10	0	
For <i>Homer</i>		10	
For bringing the things	12	0	
Given the woman for making the beds		1	0
For a bed	5	0	0
A knife for M. V. F. K.		1	3
A <i>Greek Grammar</i>		1	8
When I was not well		5	8
Comb-case and looking [glass]			8
For Four weeks' lodging and fire	18	0	
To Dr. Busby	1	0	0
Washing		4	0
A pair of shoes		2	10
A looking glass			8
Abbot's <i>Geography</i>		1	6
A comb			6
Spent evening with Mrs. Susan		1	0
For sending a letter			2
Pair of salts		6	0
Lucan's <i>Pharsalia</i> in English and Latin		3	6
A paper book			5
A general calendar			6
Buttons		3	0
Given to the maid			6
For mending my boots		1	0
A penknife for my brother			6
For mending my clothes			9
Cutting my hair			2
An Act for the School			6
Godwin's <i>Antiquities</i>		5	9
A trunk		3	6
Bandstrings		1	3
A purse			3
Candles			7
A box			4
A candlestick			5
A tinderbox and steel		1	0
For entrance		10	0
For double commons		3	6

Most dear and ever-loving father,
My humble duty remembered unto you. I have to my utmost done what lies in me for the preparation both of myself and friends for the Election. Captain Smyth I find most ready and willing to lay out himself for the accomplishment. Thereof neither is Mr. Busby anyway wanting, he having spoken to the electors on my behalf, and although my Latin oration be not spoken yet, he hath promised me that my Hebrew one, which I made since, I shall—which I would desire you to be silent of, for there has been something already spoken abroad more than has been for my good.

If I be not elected (but I have good hopes) pray send me word what I shall do, for we hear that there will be very few chosen.



Pray remember my humble duty to my mother, and love to the rest of my friends. Thus desiring your prayers, *sum Tuus obedientissimus filius*

John Locke

It isn't to Locke's major philosophical contributions (on human understanding and the foundations of stable government), however, that I want to draw your attention in this short piece, but to his 'Thoughts Concerning Education', of 1693. This work, radical and even heretical in its own day, has since largely passed into the mainstream of modern educational theory, if not always the practice.

Three basic assumptions underlie his ideas. First, that a young mind is like 'white paper, or wax, to be moulded and fashioned as one pleases'. Second, that though education is important ('Of all the men we meet with, nine parts of ten are what they are, Good or evil, useful or not, by their education'), the heart of it is the development of character, through experience, not the mind, through formal instruction. Third, that a child is a product of nature, like a tree, and must be treated with the attention appropriate to his stages of growth if he is to develop into healthy maturity.

There is no evidence that Locke retained any fond feelings for either his school or his teachers. Though he advises parents to spare no expense to get the best tutors ('Tis not good husbandry to make his Fortune rich, and his mind Poor'), he was aware both that the qualities needed by good teachers are rarely—or ever—found, and that, at the critical stages of youth, a teacher is no substitute for parents. As for schools, 'it is foolish to hazard one's son's innocence and virtue for a little Greek and Latin.' He must have had vivid and resentful memories of the brutalities both of schoolboy life and of Dr. Busby's teaching, so terrifying satirised as life- and youth-immobilising by Pope in the *Dunciad* (1742):

Then thus. 'Since Man from beast by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain;
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind...

So it is to parents that his educational ideas are addressed. In infancy, not too much mollicoddling. Children must be hardened to experience. Air, and cold, and shoes that let in water are recommended. Indulgence corrupts 'the Principles of Nature'. Though children love liberty, and must be allowed the freedom to be children, and to play as much as they wish, they must also be treated as rational creatures from the start. Firmness must be exercised to establish the right habits in infancy, above all the habit of subordinating 'appetite' to 'reason'. Rewards and punishments should consist not of treats and beatings, but of praise and disgrace, which are social in character. There should be as few rules as possible; what is much more important is example and imitation: 'Bid them view this or that good or bad Quality in their practice.' Company, therefore, is of supreme importance (contact with servants must be discouraged). A child thrives on change and variety, is averse to tasks and burdens, and should be allowed to do things when he has a disposition for them, so that 'he will have a liking and inclination to what you propose to them to be learned'. Locke advances the persuasive—and neglected—idea that firmness with children when young is the foundation of greater friend-

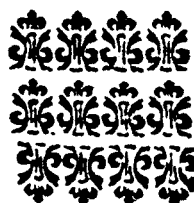
ship and familiarity in later years, and that the gradual relaxation of discipline in adolescence leads to a relationship of trust, affection, and openness, without any need for command. 'The sooner you treat him as a man, the sooner he will begin to be one.'

In comparison with upbringing, Locke's estimate of the rôle of formal learning is low. It is only fourth in importance after Virtue, Wisdom, and Breeding, but since none of these can be taught directly, Learning assumes an overvalued place in the lives of the young. 'What a-do is made about a little Latin and Greek, how many years are spent in it, and what a noise and business it makes to no purpose.' However, his ideas for learning are both reasonable and innovative. It should begin with simple ideas, suited to a child's capacity and notions, and grow when these are understood, and as the child himself grows. Observation and the passage of time will achieve more than intensive instruction. The best learning is achieved by playing e.g. dice with letters or for spelling and word recognition. Languages should be taught by talk and reading, using parallel texts, and not by grammatical rules: 'Languages were made not by rules, or Art, but by Accident, and the common Use of the People. And he that will speak them well, has no other Rule but that.' What is taught should be determined by reason, not custom; too often then, as now, the arbiter is custom.

In the most vigorous paragraph in his 'Thoughts', he identifies the helplessness of teachers, cast by the fifteen or sixteen year old as enemies to their freedom, and the irresponsibility of parents who send their sons away from home at the very age when they need the support and protection of family and friends:

'But to put them out of their Parents view at a great distance, under a Governour, when they think themselves too much men to be governed by others, and yet have not Prudence and Experience enough to govern themselves, what is it, but to expose them to all the greatest dangers of their whole Life, when they have the least Fence and Guard against them? Till that boyling boisterous part of Life comes in, it may be hoped, the Tutor may have some Authority. Neither the stubbornness of Age, nor the Temptation or Examples of others can take him from his Tutor's conduct, till Fifteen or Sixteen: But then, when he begins to consort himself with Men, and think himself one; when he comes to relish, and pride himself in manly Vices, and thinks it a shame to be any longer under the Controul and Conduct of another, what can be hoped from even the most careful and discreet Governour, when neither he has Power to compel, nor his Pupil a disposition to be perswaded; but on the contrary, has the advice of warm Blood, and prevailing Fashion, to hearken to the Temptations of his Companions, just as wise as himself, rather than to the perswasions of his Tutor, who is now looked on as the enemy to his Freedom? And when is a man so like to miscarry, as when at the

SOME
THOUGHTS
CONCERNING
Education.



LONDON,
Printed for A. and J. Churchill,
at the Black Swan in Paternoster-row, 1693.

same time he is both raw and unruly? This is the Season of his Life, that most requires the Eye and Authority of his Parents, and Friends to govern it'.

Would Locke, looking at modern Westminster, think it successful at producing

'vertuous, useful and able Men in their distinct Callings'? Or that it inculcates in young gentlemen the rule 'not to think meanly of themselves, and not to think meanly of others'?

MEETINGS.

Bruce Kent at John Locke

by Todd Hamilton

Response to the invitation was strong. Whether drawn by his name or by the issue, the audience had waited five hours to hear Monsignor Bruce Kent. Some no doubt were there to hear more about what could disrupt half-term.

Talk rested little on the march, though. He mentioned it once and there was a question posed with that in mind, but it was far more an opportunity for the speaker to explain the unilateralist stance; and he spoke in an impromptu, fluent style that suggested how often he must have rehearsed the theme.

First of all, it had nothing to do with pacifism. There did exist pacifists in the movement; he himself was a pacifist. But that was not by any means the reason for his involvement. Rather, he described how, by joining the army from a very 'establishment' background and serving in Nigeria and elsewhere he began to perceive World Peace in a changing light. The overall state of the planet was war, not peace. Limited and independent wars were in fact the norm.

Thus the indirect confrontation between the two superpowers was less on a global scale—in which case deterrence had a practical role—more on a national scale. As the nuclear weapons spread so the danger spread of such limitation assuming nuclear overtones. Deterrence, as the government brochure on defense illustrates, became meaningless when nations decided to plan not for elaborate sabre-rattling, but for war.

Limitation would seem possible if the weapons allowed it. Thus the technological quality itself had become the solvent to global thinking. The moderating fear, namely of retaliation, would be radically altered if the enemy developed prior means of disabling his opponent. In a crisis, therefore, fear of being destroyed on the ground could provoke a pre-emptive strike. The Pershing II missiles, for instance, took fifteen minutes from Germany to Russia: the war must begin fifteen minutes before it had been declared. Then a new anxiety arose: fear of pre-emptive strikes fostered

computerized warning systems. Each year, he said, there were 50,000 nuclear accidents due to computer nerviness.

So, he concluded, if the tension induced counted for more than the weapons themselves, where did he come in? What did he believe? He was a multilateralist. He was a 'regionalist'. He was a bilateralist. He was a unilateralist: he maintained that every nation could make a move unprompted as easily as it could under negotiation. It might not be the same move, but it would, while maintaining security, demonstrate a willingness to relax the tension. For America a unilateral move might be a no-first-strike resolution; for Britain, it would be the rejection of its weapons. These were not only useless for our defense but even a form of suicide; they were a contribution to Nato's arsenal, but not to its security. Meanwhile they fuelled the tension of confrontation.

In all this, he steered clear of the moral side. He did say in answer to one question that it was not worth dying the victor if victory required such immoral means. But by and large he argued the practicalities—a virtue as his morality must seem almost unarguable. What is more, given the cynicism of the Floor, the moral argument would have distracted him from his principal purpose.

Surely, the questions implied, the movement was naive? It was naive to hope for a state of total disarmament. It was naive to trust the strong to be merciful. It was naive to resist the progress of knowledge. It was naive, finally, to hope that in a crisis nuclear weapons would not simply be resurrected.

Against these fears he offered the security of international treaty and the moderating pressure of self-interest. The audience was not satisfied by this, demanding more concrete proof that mankind was not doomed to run with the current of Progress. It was perhaps because he refuted this rather than dealt with the specific questions that his answers were treated as evasive: cynicism and pessimism were all very well, but offered not the slightest hope for our future.

What could CND do, asked several. Educate, he replied. Ignorance so often seemed to characterise the opposition, whereas grassroots elements of organizations, such as even the Church, were beginning to listen. All stood to benefit from a deeper understanding of the circum-

stances past and present. Meanwhile a long-term objective of education was to alter our perception of the world: historically, our anxieties over threats have expanded ever wider globally. There is no reason why they cannot change again.

* * *

Kate Miller, of the Art Department, responds to Lucy Bland's John Locke talk. Extracts from an editorial interview with Ms Bland also appear below.

Why we still need Feminism

by Kate Miller

This is the matter tackled by Lucy Bland in her John Locke lecture (9. xi. 83) when publicly for the first time at Westminster some of the concerns of the Women's Movement were described—in curiously simple terms. She made no new claims for emancipation: political, legal, economic or sexual: she challenged us all to do something about role-stereotypes, to adopt the feminist practice of negotiating the reduction of all the myths about masculinity and femininity and of analysing the power structures to which women feel themselves subordinated, so that male and female alike, we might come closer to realizing dual aspirations—of creating both a home (and family) and a place for ourselves in the real world, a career. She did not address herself specifically to females in the audience as if she thought that they might already be conscious of the dilemma of the assumed equality of girls (young women) at this school. She gave no indication that she had expected people's attitudes to Feminism to be properly developed although it became disappointingly clear during questions that nobody had more than a naive or rhetorical argument for or against sexism. She may have underestimated the state of our present confidence that we have no need of feminism in a mixed sixth form since, on the whole, it is felt that, as Simone de Beauvoir writes in 'The Second Sex' (1972): 'The modern woman accepts masculine values; she prides herself on thinking, taking action, working, creating on the same terms as a man.' Girls at Westminster are being educated as boys are. Their intellectual standards are inspired by the same great writers, scientists, statesmen; their creative impulses and imaginations are fired by the same works of art and literature music, theatre and film and by the existence in Art of strong forces, be they great characters or currents of thinking. Vocational training and guidance is not part of the schooling required for a professional business or academic life.

Lucy Bland outlined the evidence, however, for the inequality still perceived by many critics in the education of girls to-

wards different ends from those of boys. She referred to the grudge often expressed that it is not 'natural' for a woman not to accept that her place is in the home, not 'natural' to eschew marriage and procreation. She questioned the assumption that boys *will* be boys and that their supremely masculine tactics may be condoned as evidence of their drive while girls are supposed to quell any overtly masculine tendencies towards initiative-taking and independence. She called this last activity self-monitoring and pointed to the constant need for it in any public social context; a female may never present herself as feeling totally at home in the outside world. Home itself is the one place where she is not at risk.

In her quiet criticism of the basic social arguments for persevering with traditional male/female roles, the speaker hardly hinted at the usefulness and possibly universal applicability of the feminist mode of research: to review human achievement in terms to which no gender can be attached. For there is implicit in the feminist challenge to history, in the desire for political and social change something fundamental to the aspirations of all who want civilisation rather than mere survival-of-the-fittest—a sense of what society might be *at its best*. In ancient matriarchal societies women legislated for and effected production in every aspect of the community on home territory, men were responsible for the collection of all resources from the outside world. In the modern industrial world this division obtains still but only by a complete reduction of woman's obligations to society: her authority, her duty and her service is confined to the domestic realm. Last year Mrs. Thatcher recommended that working women return exclusively to the home and family. Exclusively is the operative word. Men are not urged or invited to do likewise. Feminism disputes not only women's rights but men's, and it is particularly in asserting the right—not necessarily the obligation—of all humans to participate in the alternative arena, home or other outside world, that the voice of Feminism, and sadly of Feminism alone, is still needed.



J. H. M. Breach

* * * * *

Daily women come across situations they find objectionable. There is a whole set of strategies . . . again this language of war! . . . To react aggressively isn't helpful because then they can dismiss you. Humour can be an extremely powerful way of taking them on . . .

After the second world war, particularly, lower middle class women entered higher education on a scale they never had before and that gave them aspirations which went unfulfilled . . . Women's ideas were influenced by alternative cultures such as black liberation in the States. . . . A lot of working class women have subsequently become involved, and have taken up feminist ideas in particular ways; protests about equal pay, childcare facilities, trade unions. Feminism has provided refuges for battered women—and has also revealed that a lot of middle class women

are battered in the home. There are now fourteen rape crisis centres in the country . . .

The women's movement is split about Greenham Common because a lot of women there present the cause of peace in terms of themselves as mothers. I think it puts us back into the biological definition. But one line of thinking sees the desire for war as linked up with the way masculinity is thought about and lived out in our society. I certainly don't see it as any innate quality, but masculinity and the way that men acquire it is bound up with ideas about violence and aggression. I certainly don't want a matriarchal society but I do question the validity of relations that are based around competitiveness, and this in turn leads to questioning the basic principles of capitalism.

(from an interview with Lucy Bland)

The Harrod Society

by Daniel Jeffreys

A new department opened in the school at the beginning of Play Term. The Economics department has begun to establish itself at the top of Ashburnham House and with a new department comes a new society. To provide a forum for economists from universities, the media and industry it was decided to establish a lecture society. In the tradition of these things a name was needed. A check through the record of Old Westminsters failed to provide anybody who could challenge the claims of the obvious choice, the late Sir Roy Harrod, the first biographer of Keynes.

Having alighted upon Harrod it made sense to call on his son, Dominic Harrod, to open the society. Arriving puffed after a hectic afternoon working on an important programme analysing the post-O.P.E.C. economy, the economics editor of the B.B.C. gave a polished performance mixing wit with incisive exposition. Apparently an unreconstructed Keynesian, Harrod seemed to have little time for some of the more arcane elements of government policy. However, he was forced to concede that if that other Old Westminster economist managed to remove the second head of the unemployment/inflation hydra then the society would be forced to take another name.

The second meeting saw a second Old Westminster, Professor Colin Harbury of City University, produce an impressively detailed exploration of market failure. Ranging over the six major causes of market failure Professor Harbury made the unusual decision to settle on the uneven distribution of income as the major cause of market failure. Highlighting the distortions in investment and consumption produced

by an uneven distribution of income, Professor Harbury produced some original statistics on the mobility of individuals between different levels of wealth and income. The most startling revelation from these statistics was the discovery that years of redistributive taxation has made hardly any impact on the distribution of income.

The following week, Harbury's lecture was balanced by a visit from Arthur Seldon, Editorial Director of the Institute of Economic Affairs. It is possible to sum up Seldon's lecture by reporting a remark that he made as we walked across Yard. Looking up at the Victoria Tower in all its night splendour Seldon wondered how much the experience was costing him. The talk that followed explored the many ways in which the market mechanism might produce a more efficient allocation of resources than state directives. The question and answer session was the liveliest yet with Bill Rood producing two very telling questions on the privatization of health and social services. Hassan Fadli tried a Marxist critique but was neatly captured by a statistics trap that opened up beneath him after his assertion that the average Russian worker owned more capital than his western counterpart. Salisbury-Jones gave most trouble, pressing Seldon on the difficulties of the private provision of public goods.

At the time of going to press an already successful first term awaits its most exciting visitor. On December 9th, Samuel Brittan, Economic Commentator of the *Financial Times* visits the school to give us his view of the prospects for a reduction in unemployment. A report of this important meeting will appear in the next issue. The theme for next term is 'Deindustrialisation and the level of employment'. We have five sessions booked, all VIth form Westminsters and OW's are welcome to attend, although OW's should telephone me first.

Harrod Society Meetings, Lent Term 1984:

January 25th

Wynn Godley, Director of the Department of Applied Economics, University of Cambridge, 'The Structure of Stagflation'.

February 1st

Professor Maurice Peston, Queen Mary College, University of London, 'Investment-Led and Consumption-Led Recovery'.

February 8th

William Keegan, Economics Editor of *The Observer*, 'The scourge of monetarism'.

February 10th

Professor Anthony Thirlwall, University of Kent, 'Deindustrialisation in the United Kingdom'.

March 2nd

Walter Eltis, Fellow of Exeter College of Oxford, 'Alternative strategies for a return to full employment'.

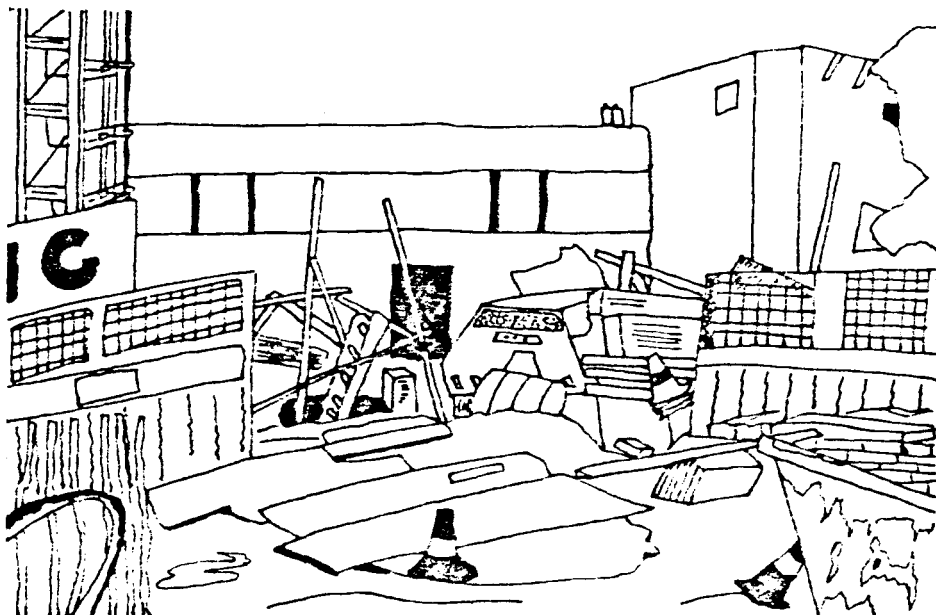
All meetings take place at 4.45 in the Lecture Room, Ashburnham House.

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Edward Usick



The William Thomas Society

by Simon Hard

The William Thomas Society has met 28 times during the past three years. Despite the obscure origins of William Thomas himself, many distinguished speakers have kindly given up time to deliver talks on a wide range of medieval and modern historical topics. The tone has varied from academic (Robin Briggs on 'Revolt and Social Structure: Seventeenth Century France') to popularising (Alan Sked on Metternich). Some talks have been specific (Christopher Matthew on 'British Security Services, 1900-1945'), others have covered centuries (John Maddicott on 'The Englishness of English History'). The audience has usually numbered between fifteen and thirty, and it is to be hoped that Westminster sixth-formers (whether studying history or not) will continue to take the opportunity to hear history at first-hand from some of the authorities in their respective fields. In 1984 the Society will devote more attention to intellectual and social history.

A. Alvarez reads from Zbigniew Herbert

by Paul Hollingworth

Al Alvarez kicked off with what will be a series of Poetry events. He came to introduce everyone to his favourite current writer. During the proceedings he read what he believes is one of the best poems of the twentieth century—*Elegy of Fortinbras*. The Dungeon played its part as an intense underground venue. We were all locked in and cut off; drawn into snap shots of Poland. Poland of fixed Nazi occupation and Stalinist repression. Poland of tumult and imagination. Making love against a background of bombs, annihilation, abandonment, disintegration and desolation.

Rosy Ear and *Tongue* were 'kind of love poems', warm up punches. They were also poems that stuck the most. The erotic and

political *Tongue* had this:

'She whom I deprived of a voice stares at me with big eyes/and waits for a word.'

Rosy Ear was just as memorable:

'It would be good to write a poem
a poem about a rosy ear
But not so that people would say
what a subject he chose
he's trying to be eccentric.'

Herbert is opening up endless possibilities. He does not want to be sensational for sensation's sake. He is excited: 'delicately I essayed/the exotic taste/of a rosy ear'.

There were clashes. The Economic or Philosophy select, various play rehearsals and England versus Luxembourg all at once. Even though the result was immaterial, as they say. So the turn-out was under 50. In *Mr. Cogito reads the newspaper* such statistics numb. Daily readers are anaesthetised by present violence—'you could get used to it'. Killings are justified, morbid details everywhere. But we are lost when we deal with numbers—they don't speak to the imagination'. 'Plunge with delight' reveals the depths of the morbid fas-

ination:

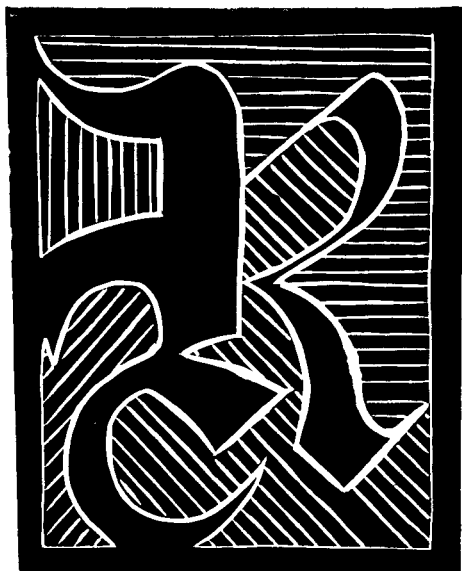
'a subject for meditation:
the arithmetic of compassion.'

In *Episode in a library* language in a poem is like a 'salamander eaten away by ants':

'... Now as I watch the death of the words, I know there is no limit to decay ...'

This echoed T. S. Eliot: 'Words fail, though meanings exist' and words 'move, slip, slide, perish'. Then there is 'nothingness and dust' until we can only feel the crudest emotions.

I ran off to buy his *Selected Poems*, published by Oxford University Press. It's the one with Herbert looking challengingly straight at you. Alvarez himself wrote the introduction to the outstanding Penguin Modern Poets edition. That's the one with the poet's face etched away or developing out of stark, leafless desolation. Etched away by suffering and hinting at the loss of meaning of his work during the process of translation. But 'Spig' as Alvarez affectionately referred to him, means a great deal to the English reader.



Jake Lyall

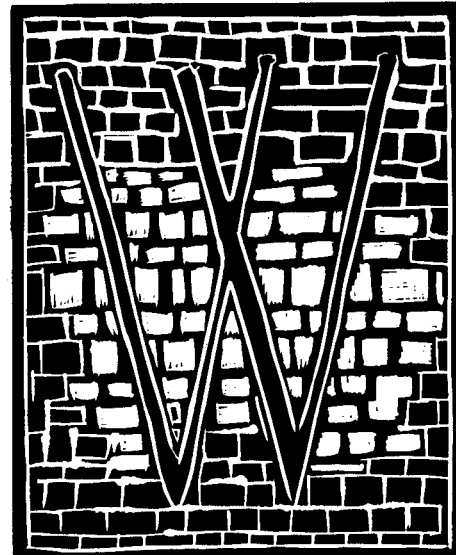
Hugo Williams by Charles Wiseman

Hugo Williams read in the faded Dungeon, straining his eyes over his latest poem sheets. When he was finished, he walked to the side with the door. Then fairly interesting questions began. He told us Robert Lowell had inspired his use of autobiography as subject matter. He read a poem about a master called Rae. The poems were nostalgic, mostly about his school days and his father who was an actor. 'Before the war', was the theme of one poem and a phrase he often heard when he was young. 'It seemed like a place in France where the sun always shone,' he said, in introduction.

Later he explained his style and feelings: he enjoys creating, making a poem, fitting a series of amusing ideas together into it. Technique and rhythm are important. He uses no metaphors, similes, and does not wish to 'express' himself. Self-expression in poetry he believes is becoming a middle-class habit and psychotherapy. He does not

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The Poetry Society, unlike the others covered in this issue, is motivated and organized entirely by students. Two recent meetings featured Al Alvarez and Hugo Williams.



G. P. Weldon

like the lofty idea of poetry. 'My poems are not poetic.' He has a prose-like style, no rhymes, no unusual language. His poems were often about clothes and appearance, a self-consciousness appropriate to description of adolescence. One poem is about combing his hair over his eyes in front of the mirror, and trying to find his parting; another is about his mother scratching three slits into the heels of his shoes so that he should not slip but he does: these are personal involved memories of childhood. He wishes to entertain the reader but the experiences he describes also give us glimpses of his world and sensitivity.

Some people were moved by his poetry, others looked at each other and scribbled messages, and Hugo Williams felt he read too quickly; but he enjoyed the many varied questions and people's interest. He is influenced by modern poets Thom Gunn and Philip Larkin. Originality, he thought, he should work towards, and mentioned the Chinese who in the Ninth Century did not believe in writing anything of their own until the age of fifty, when they were mature. However, he invented a character called 'Sonny Jim' who featured in some of

the poems, a person who shares his house and falls in love with a girl, but he does not get on well with him. He does not believe abstract things like love should be described in poetry as they have no meaning. 'Sonny Jim Falls in Love' is a poem which does not describe love in an emotional way, but not because he had anything to hide. On the contrary, he claimed: 'Every poet has a piece of ice in his heart' which enables him to be honest and write.

He went for a pint of beer with some of us after the reading and was more relaxed. It is impossible to make money out of poetry but it is the only thing he can work at, and he sees it as a medium for the future; people play video-games and do not read novels any more, but poems are short and printable in magazines.

He is married and has a daughter of seventeen. He wrote a travel book for America recently, 'which turned into a sort of story'. The conversation drifted on to music and I was fascinated to find he had written the words to some songs in the seventies for Wilko Johnson who is a great friend of his, and he loves 'Rhythm and Blues' music.



The Magic Flute

by David Ekserdjian

The Magic Flute was a wonderful example of collaboration, not just of drama and music, or of high and low characters on the stage, but of all sorts of groups who do not always find it easy to work together as well as they would like to. Boys and girls, and both of them and their teachers, the School and the Abbey, even the combination of professional musicians and amateurs, they all helped each other, and made their particular contribution. Furthermore, *The Magic Flute* was a triumph for all concerned, because although school entertainments are unusually important for the participants, the audience deserves to be treated decently too, and in this instance they must have enjoyed themselves a great deal more than they could ever have hoped.

The truth of the matter is that for many people, even the musically inclined, the thought of going to an opera is enough to chill the blood. For those whose spirits sink as the lights dim at Covent Garden and Glyndebourne, the very idea of a school putting on *The Magic Flute* must have provoked considerable alarm. Schoolkids' Shakespeare has nothing on this, they must have muttered darkly, and stayed at home or emigrated to South America. It would have been pointless for old hands to reassure them that John Field and John Baird have both brought opera to the Westminster stage in the past, and that it has worked. I think they would both agree, however, that this was their most successful effort to date.

The opera was performed Up School, on a rambling and informal stage that spilled down into the body of the hall, with the orchestra ranged along its left-hand side. This arrangement, necessitated as it was by the smallness of the stage and the lack of an orchestral pit, in the end turned out to be an unqualified success. One of the great problems with opera is the yawning gap between the action on stage and the audience, not least because it is filled by the musicians all dressed up in their stuffed shirts. Here the audience found themselves thrown together with the performers, and became almost a part of the spectacle. Since characters also made entrances and exits through the audience, the sense of watching opera in the round was a very real and highly enjoyable one.

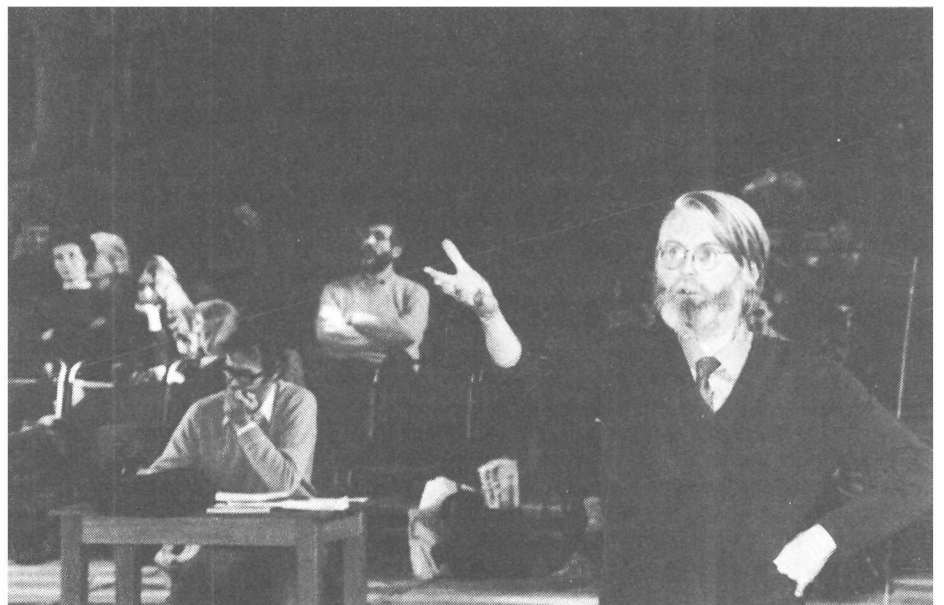
There are all sorts of reasons why *The Magic Flute* makes an excellent choice for a school opera. Not only is it a lovely fable that is concerned with ideas of good and evil, youth and age, nobility and ordinariness, government and oppression in such a way as to make it a sort of pantomime version of *The Tempest*. It is also full of comedy and romance, but they do not disguise a serious side that can be recognised without our needing to know about its probable reflection of Mozart's Masonic beliefs. On a purely practical level, it requires a large cast of characters, some with fairly small parts, and a chorus. It is an opera in which the arias are divided by spoken dialogue as opposed to formal recitative, and this allowed for an eminently satisfactory compromise solution. The arias were sung in the original German, which not only guaranteed authenticity, but also allowed Modern Linguists to laugh loudly at the jokes, while the dialogue's being in English allowed us to follow the story as much as that is ever possible. Given that various characters change their moral allegiance about halfway through, the plot is never exactly crystal-clear, but a synopsis was also thoughtfully provided.

The Magic Flute is set in a not especially precisely defined fabled East, and in this production the visual inspiration was principally drawn from the world of Oriental miniatures, with colourfully-dressed figures moving in front of brightly-painted

scenery. This ensured that the stage was never dull to look at, not least because there were considerable and impressive changes, and because the team of painters under Kate Miller and Philip Needham had done such sterling work. Kate and Philip, who was further responsible for the lighting, deserve to be congratulated for a contribution that is all too easily taken for granted, but which is particularly vital in an opera like this, where fire and water, and light and dark are so very important. Kate was also in charge of the costumes, many of them made up of old bits and pieces, but all of them looking splendid on the night, and capable of making a number of familiar figures, notably among the ranks of the priests, look unrecognisably distinguished. There was also a splendid dragon, an acid test for any *Flute* that was passed with flying colours.

John Field's direction was characteristically heroic, not least because it cannot be easy to make singers act, although a knack for inspiring actors to surpass themselves may well have been valuable previous experience. Individual touches and ideas, typically with the Geniuses and the Animals, were illuminating even to hardened *Flute*-watchers, and derived from the fresh approach of someone who did not need to strain to come up with original insights. But above and beyond this, the great achievement was to maintain a sense of continuity so that the action never came to a halt. Not least with the switch from English to German, there was a danger that events would appear to take place on two levels to a greater extent than was always intended. As it was, a vernacular, un-elevated approach to the dialogue together with particularly expressive but never stagey acting in the arias made for a memorable and believable flow.

John Baird's conducting also held the performance together, albeit in a different way, by inspiring the orchestra to new heights. Looking like an urban guerilla version of Brahms (and not exactly unlike Papageno either), he controlled the musicians so that they never drowned the singers, but also let them play when they





were on their own. His interpretation was light and entertaining, yet at the same time the very opposite of trivial. The standard of playing was really impressive, and this in spite of the fact that the intimate scale of the orchestra inevitably exposed any weaknesses. A special word of praise for the flautists themselves (Kate Bolton and Dan Glaser), whose playing was enchanting and quite possibly enchanted.

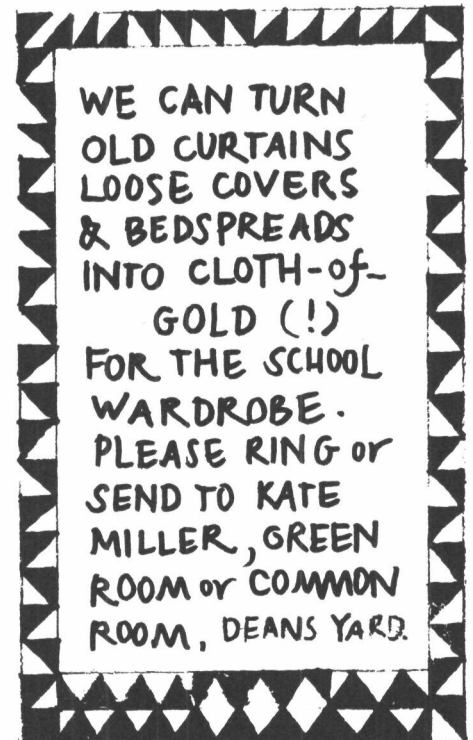
Tamino and Papageno are the most important couple in the opera, much more so than Tamino and Pamina, for instance. They are there from the beginning, and what happens to their ladyloves is of lesser weight, which is hardly surprising considering Sarastro's denunciation of women as creatures who talk much but say little. Gerard O'Beirne came as near as anyone ever will to convincing me that Tamino is not a drip (what sort of a hero has his dragon killed for him by Ladies?); he sang with great confidence and lyricism, and acted with charm. That Alan Luff's Papageno was less operatically trained was as it should be: Mozart's librettist, Schickaneder, was the original interpreter of the role, having cleverly given himself the best part, but I doubt if he sounded like Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau either, and bet he was great fun too. Only Charles Taylor's all but show-stealing Monostatos was a comic rival, and predictably their initial encounter was one of the evening's highspots.

I attended the last night of the production, and therefore missed Gillian Coles as Pamina, and Tim Woolford as Sarastro. They were praised to me and to the skies, but I also enjoyed hearing Joy Puritz and Richard Morris, who were both excellent. It does not diminish the quality of the principals to point out that this simply wasn't the kind of entertainment that relied on its stars.

For the rest, Dorothy Maddison coped majestically with the fiendishly demanding role of the Queen of the Night, and managed to convey feeling and not just give a display of technique, while Evelyn Tubb made an affecting and attractive Papagena.

It is not a large part, but she made it seem larger, and made us wish it was larger still. The various Priests and Armed Men were looked after by the combined forces of school and common room, while the Three Ladies (I think there were four of them the night I went, because one vanished Covent Garden-wards at half-time) combined the required vocal resources with a nice line in self-mockery.

It is never hard to be negative about anything if you really want to, but it would be foolish to criticise this *Flute* for failing to be things it never could have been, and wasn't trying to be. Not just in its own terms, but as an entertainment that cast a new light on a truly great work of art, it requires no allowances or excuses. My only regret is that by going on the last night I was unable to return for a second helping.



Photography
by
Dimitris C. Sivyllis



The Changeling

by John Arthur

The programme designers for *The Changeling* omitted to tell their audience who had written the play. To correct them may lay me open to academic argument, but it will be instructive. Thomas Middleton wrote the Court scenes, while William Rowley was responsible for the scenes in the asylum. There is some evidence that he also influenced the play's tight structure. Certainly, for all the maddening Jacobean delight in the lewder manifestations of insanity, the sub-plot contains vital echoes of the main story: the beautiful Beatrice is spiritually deformed having succumbed to the ugly de Flores; Antonio and Franciscus change into madmen to woo Isabella, who, unlike Beatrice to her true husband, remains faithful to her foolish one, and who threatens therefore to have her lascivious keeper Lollio killed by her would-be lover.

Middleton and Rowley combined to produce an immensely powerful, *theatrical* piece; Gavin Griffiths and Patrick O'Hara, perhaps because of the difficulty for two people to steer a straight line through any play, directed a production which, for all its good moments, lacked cohesion and strength.

Some unfortunate technical decisions undermined the play from the start: the actors only rarely emerged from the set of oddly hung black and red drapes. Different costumes might have helped, as would most certainly better lighting; de Flores especially suffered from having to deliver major speeches from total darkness. A bright, badly focused Fresnel on the rear curtain was a permanent distraction—what was its purpose?—and the lack of side lighting and systematic colouring added to the impression of flatness. Equally harmful was the decision to blackout between scenes, which slowed the pace, disrupted the link between the two plots, and, most irritatingly, allowed the audience to applaud scenes, which is highly disruptive in any serious work. A bridge was constructed, presumably for the lead-up to the murder of Alonzo, but then under-used and inadequately lit.

Yet on stage was a very talented cast. The lines were beautifully spoken—often too much so for Middleton's realistic manner—but sometimes curiously passionless. Thus Alsemero (Edmund Hubbard) at the beginning of the play, and in love with the soon-to-be-married Beatrice, allowed no feelings to escape on his

I must now part, and never meet again

With any joy on earth.

It is of course not rhetoric that is called for, but simply a physical and mental response to what the lines means, an avoidance of the stereotyped stance or gesture, a search for the truth of the line. And if anyone should argue that these standards are too high for school drama, they do an injustice to these players. Helena Bonham-Carter, as Beatrice, is well able to control the audience with her eyebrow, let alone her eye, and



Edward Usick

often did so, yet was allowed long entrances with her gaze on the floor. When enough was asked of her, notably in the magnificent last scene of the first half, she was superb. Having ordered the abhorred de Flores to murder the man her father has chosen to be her husband, Beatrice thinks the matter is closed, and she is free to marry Alsemero. De Flores ruthlessly exposes his trap:

A woman dipped in blood, and talk of modesty!

Beatrice is made to see that 'Murder . . . is followed by more sins'. Yet this Beatrice, stunningly portraying the woman's fascination for the deformed de Flores, flings herself sobbing into his arms. Piers Gibbon, as de Flores, also played this scene best, exposing the inexorable logic of the obsessed mind. It had taken Gibbon a while to get the measure of the role; he began, in defiance of this description of himself

Though my hard fate has thrust me
out to servitude,

I tumbled into the world a gentleman
as a servant, cringing as well as deformed.
De Flores must be a match for Beatrice; his facial deformity is enough, and we should see the power of the mind (and, to be blunt, the body) that is so fatally to ensnare and yet satisfy Beatrice.

Here's a man worth loving!

she exclaims as de Flores sets off to murder her maid and set fire to the house to cover up her infidelity and treachery. The strange lust that loves what it loathes was not earlier evident because of the way in which the opening scenes were played, but from this point, Gibbon's portrayal gained in stature as he shed the mannerisms, and his murder of Beatrice and suicide were chillingly and efficiently done.

Act II began oddly, with Beatrice, on the eve of her wedding to Alsemero, and her virginity just a memory, angry rather than fearful, but then her experiments with potions were done for laughs, which sorted ill

with either emotion. Surely the laughs should have been reserved for the parallel scene with the unfortunate Diaphanta, unfussily played by Felicity Brown. Lack of certainty about where to allow a laugh also bedevilled the asylum scenes. Isabella (Isis Olivier) relentlessly and feelingly resisted the onslaughts of one real madman, Lollio (unevenly portrayed by Tim Hare, veering between obscene comic invention and less well-placed shrieks) and two feigned ones, refugees from the Court, whose rather smart clothing they inexplicably retained throughout their ordeal. Of these, Antonio (Nick Clegg) was the more persuasive lover, but the less virtuoso madman; Tristan Olivier was notable in making us believe Franciscus' fantasy of primroses and violets. Later in the same scene, vital lines connecting the two plots

Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes

I shall behold mine own deformity . . . were lost to (unrehearsed?) barks from the offstage madmen and resultant audience laughter. Other serious or dangerous moments were similarly lost.

The shock waves of Beatrice's spiralling descent into hell pass beyond her murdered maid, deceived husband and wounded father (Ned Jewitt as Vermandero). The two changeling madmen are accused of the murder of her first fiance Alonzo (Mark Pennington), a deed hotly revenged by his brother Tomazo. This part was given strength and reality by Freddy Vogelius. In the absence of any profound response from Alsemero, it was from Tomazo that we gauged the horror of the deeds played before us. He showed us genuine grief and anger through his flexible handling of the verse and command of the stage. He named the deeds of Beatrice—'murder and adultery'—and reminded us of her fate in the torments of hell, where, he says;

. . . there are wraths

Deeper than mine, 'tis to be fear'd,
about 'em.

Having believed in his wrath, the comparison was awesome.

Other bouquets and other brickbats could be delivered, but I would prefer to be more general. The performance I saw was free, apart, perhaps from the lighting and a misplaced sound cue, from any embarrassing individual performance or incident; the choice of play was bold and original; the verse was well-spoken. Yet the production lacked shape, pace, and above all technique. It is not enough, even—or especially!—in school drama, to speak well. Movement, gesture, grouping, lighting, costume are all part of the expertise. Young actors must practise these skills as they might their music or football. They must watch this country's leading directors and actors (there was one in the audience) and see how they tackle their work. They must match intellectual delight with visual treats. For the theatre (unlike most other forms of relaxation) is about getting other people to share what you believe in; it is the art, to misquote *The Changeling*,

Whose magic has this force thus to transform.

Gavin Griffiths replies

Well, confession time, I suppose—if pushed for a response, I'm not sure I like the theatre much; or rather the word 'theatrical' creates an acute sense of internal discomfort, suggestive as it is of glittering visual effects and a fluent choreography of gesture, etc. etc. The tedium of much British Intellectual Theatre is arguably a result of megalomaniac directors ignoring the central importance of words in order to impress their audiences with their own half-cocked interpretations: nothing is more tiresome than trying to understand why the chorus is dressed in shiny black poly-bags or why Lady Macbeth is howling her speeches while swinging from a rope ladder or why Hamlet cannot see his father's ghost. It really is time plays were given back to the audiences by giving them back to the actors; at least actors are less likely to bully us with quarter baked notions of artistic relevance. At worst, they merely show off.

Yes, let's take Shakespeare. After Coleridge, one of the greatest early nineteenth century critics is Lamb: and one of the greatest pieces of Shakespearean criticism is Lamb's essay on the tragedies 'with reference to their fitness for stage representation'. We have all of us been beaten into insensibility with the cliché that Shakespeare makes 'great theatre'. Every year there is an 'O' level question about it. Lamb, foaming with romantic vigour, hammers this notion with cheerful violence.

He argues that, by its very nature, the stage is inclined to coarsen, corrupt and destroy the subtleties and ambiguities of our greatest poet. There is so much in Shakespeare's plays 'which come not under the province of acting—with which eye and tone gesture, have nothing to do'. Lamb continues on Hamlet: 'Hamlet's profound sorrows . . . which the tongue scarce dares utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor who comes and mouths them out before an audience, making four hundred people his confidants at once? . . . the actor must be thinking all the while of his appearance, because he knows all the while the spectators are judging of it. And this is the way

to represent the shy negligent retiring Hamlet!'

Of course Lamb is being aggressively facetious but he is reminding us what a bastard art form the theatre is likely to be. He has a point. With writers of the stature of Shakespeare, or indeed of the stature of any of the major Elizabethan and Jacobean playwrights, the more consciously you direct, the more likely you are to pervert the words of the play. 'I am not arguing that Hamlet should not be acted but how much Hamlet is made another thing by being acted? And Lamb had only actors to contend with. Modern audiences must struggle with directors as well, directors who illuminate the play by groping for underlying themes and who poke about for imagined structural coherence. Give over.

Westminster actors should not, must not imitate the paid professionals. School acting opens up all sorts of opportunities for risk: improvisation must be encouraged, energies employed for spontaneity. This will look amateurish, and so much the better. Anybody who has sat through University productions will realise how stilted and dreary this irritable fidgeting after professionalism can become. If a Westminster director can avoid an 'overview' and concentrate on the words, then the playwright has a chance to reassert himself, and the play become again something ambiguous and disquieting and newly-born.

Of course Westminsters should learn about lights and how to sew breeches, as this will help create a magical fairyland and all that. But it is vastly more important that the actors meditate upon the text and let their gestures and actions be dictated by their mood as they utter the lines. Of course it will look a mess; of course it will not be an aesthetic treat. But it may achieve a chaotic integrity; may achieve Lamb's dream of natural acting.

The Changeling came nowhere near this ideal. But Patrick O'Hara and I would like to think it was a tentative step on that difficult treacherous and painful path. Or perhaps we are just making excuses for idleness. Hard to say, isn't it? Certainly, we are not the judges of that . . . ?

Unrehearsed? Yes, why not, from time to time?

The Servant of Two Masters

by Richard Stokes

John Arthur's production in Ashburnham garden was remarkable for several reasons. This was a Theatre Workshop production; the team had been together for most of the year, not always working on *The Servant of Two Masters* but always working together. The result was a performance—all too rare at Westminster—that was not only thoroughly rehearsed, but gave the impression of great spontaneity. The show was very funny and elaborately planned. I went both nights, not just to admire the direction (the timing was often brilliant) but to giggle immoderately at Lombardi's (Benjie Carey) aggressive use of mask, Pantalone's (Max Jourdan) enormous range of gesture, Silvio's (Jo Cornish) assumed lisp, Smeraldina's (Patrick Dickie) flirtatious flightiness, Florindo's (Jamie Catto) sparring with his spaghetti and, above all, Freddy Vogelius' acting and miming as Truffaldino, the eponymous servant of two masters. His obsession with his belly and his Houdini-like deliberations were hilarious.

The first night was better than the second. The cast were obviously delighted by Tuesday's warm reception, and I imagine that their delight went to their heads in the first act of the Wednesday performance . . . the second half recovered, however, with better pace, timing and no muffed entries.

Goldoni's difficult play with its tortuous plot and lack of characters (the actors portray traditional *commedia dell'arte* types rather than characters) demands enormous discipline, slick timing and talented mimics. The indisputable success of this production proved two things. First, that I must have been off my head to dismiss a decade ago all of Goldoni's plays—and he wrote two hundred and fifty—as tedious. And, secondly, that the Fifth and Lower Shell at Westminster, often regarded as undisciplined and disruptive, can work together with great dedication under a talented director to produce a most disciplined, funny and memorable evening.



Knock

by Ian Huish

Since the days of Molière, and even earlier, doctors, hypochondria, 'le foie', have belonged to the stock-in-trade of French comedy. In *Knock ou le triomphe de la médecine* the medical profession comes in for the coup de grâce. The play was written in the summer of 1923 'vite et dans le joie' for the great actor Louis Jouvet, to whom it is dedicated. This information, along with other helpful notes on the play, was provided on the programme of Frédérick Martin's first stage production at Westminster.

Le Docteur Parpalaïd, played with subdued dignity by Stéphane Khasru, is leaving St. Maurice after 25 years to take up a practice in a large town. In the opening scene he is trying to sell his broken-down wreck of a car (ingeniously constructed by Alex Hansen, Christopher Morgan, Jason Rucker and Peter Thomlinson) to his successor, Knock. Mme. Parpalaïd, portrayed with elegance and great wit in her facial expressions by Janine Burke, aids her husband in portraying village life and the practice in glowing terms.

Like so many of his literary forebears Knock is a complete fraud; his knowledge of medicine stems from advertisements and a careful reading of the directions for use on medicine bottles; he has no other qualifications. He is however canny enough to recognize that all of his new patients



want their hypochondria treated and rather enjoy being told how ill they are. Patrick Caron-Delion's presentation of Knock, while linguistically flawless, tended at times towards the sinister, surely not what Romains intended in this play 'écrit... dans la joie'. In the opening scene of Act Two, one of the most successful in this production, we see the good doctor at work on Sacha Gervasi, a wonderfully simian town-crier; he is asked a series of farcical questions about his symptoms and soon the poor man is convinced that he only has a short time to live. Knock's practice blossoms as a cross-section of the local community come into his surgery full of

arrogance, only to leave reeling at the shock of what Knock has to tell them about their true 'condition'. Funniest of these by far was Jenny Ash's show-stopping entrance as *La Dame en violet*: 'Vous devez être bien étonné, docteur, de me voir ici'.

By the Third Act Knock has taken over the village, the local hotel is now a hospital; its manageress, Mme. Rémy, admirably played by a bustling, gossipy Noreena Hertz, explains to Parpalaïd, who is on a visit, how much things have changed. Parpalaïd is much impressed and desirous of changing places with Knock but the local folk are outraged at the very suggestion. Knock ends up convincing Parpalaïd that he is a sick man and in need of treatment and the play closes with Knock's summons to the man he replaced:

'Pour ce qui est de votre état de santé, et des décisions qu'il comporte peut-être, c'est dans mon cabinet, cet après-midi, que nous en parlerons plus à loisir.'

All the actors entered into this performance with great verve and commitment; obviously some accents left more to be desired than others; the comedy, particularly the timing, was inevitably disappointing when compared with a professional production. None of this mattered when set against the achievement of producing this delightful comedy in French at Westminster. Congratulations to all the cast and to Frédérick Martin. Typically he did leave one thing out of an excellent programme and that was his own name.

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The Birthday Party

by Philip Needham

The Birthday Party (1958) was Pinter's first full-length play. It is complex yet, at face value, apparently pointless: we are left too much in the dark about motives for the action to seem to have obvious point.

Goldberg and McCann, the emissaries of some organisation, arrive in a seedy boarding house whose only lodger, Stanley, has offended them in some unspecified way. The simple, elderly Meg, who runs the boarding house with her deckchair-attendant husband Petey, seems to regard Stanley ('that boy should be up') as a son but the relationship seems also to have a sexual component: in one sense Stanley can be seen as Meg's lover.

The Oedipal pattern may be a key to the subsequent action. Meg fabricates a 'birthday' to give Stanley a present; Stanley, for his part, teases Meg ('you're a bad wife') and frightens her by saying that 'they're coming in a van... they've got a wheelbarrow in that van'—but we might ask which of them is to be taken away and whether it's only her fears that he's playing on.

This incestuous relationship is emphasized by Stanley's fear of Lulu, the blousy neighbour: he is too frightened to leave the security of the house to take her out and of

the sexual threat she represents. These fears are compounded when Meg announces the expected arrival of her two new lodgers.

Goldberg and McCann subject Stanley in Act 2 to intense verbal assaults and threats which culminate, during the party, in Stanley trying to strangle Meg and rape Lulu. This may be the attempt to break the incestuous pattern: the thread running through the torturer's crossfire would seem to suggest this: 'Why did you never get married?... Why did you kill your wife?... Where's your old mum?... You contaminate womankind... Mother defiler... There's no juice in you'.

Petey, who missed the party, is aware of the torture, helpless against Goldberg but does protect Meg (who believes it to have been 'a lovely party last night') from the knowledge of Stanley's breakdown. He urges her to 'let him sleep' while Goldberg's car, the van of Stanley's teasing, arrives to take him, ostensibly to a doctor.

Does the organisation represent society outraged at Stanley's disorder? Are Goldberg and McCann personifications of Stanley's fears? Or is it just contemporary tuggery against the non-conforming?

There was much to commend in Wren's production. The design, a simple grey box set, lent emphasis to the drabness both of Stanley's boarding house and his protected life, though it did less justice to its warmth

and security. The lighting was uneven; the use of three theatre lights caused each actor to cast three distinct shadows on the backcloth and, when moving, to throw shadows on the others. It is well to remember that these lights are designed to operate at 30 feet or more and that an angle of 45 degrees or more removes the problem of interference. It might have been better to use the track lighting. This draws attention once more to the desperate need for theatre lighting designed for a small space to be fitted into the Dungeon. (The light behind the back screen served an unclear purpose: if it was meant as a window, a simple black painted line would have had the effect more sharply.)

The six performers were well balanced. Perhaps Jessica Jacobsen's Meg could have done with less emphasis on the soft side of the role, and James Kershen's McCann and Emma Harries' Lulu perhaps lacked sustained conviction. But Guy Weldon's Petey poignantly showed an attempt at strength quickly lost under attack, Daniel Glaser's Goldberg (though too rapid delivery robbed the rhythmic patterns of some of their sense and power) was admirably strong and vital in his insight into a contradictory nature, and Luke Alvarez's Stanley was frightening and convincing as he broke under the pressure. He and Guy Weldon, joint directors, deserve commendation for a *Birthday Party* with conviction.



The Music Competition

by Peter Muir

A message to those of you who, like myself, had always assumed that school music competitions were unwieldy organisms scrawling their ugly, bloated torsos over most of the week: my dear sirs, you are in error. The major innovation in this year's slim-look competition was that the vast bulk of events had been compressed into a single day.

And some day: it began at 9.20 a.m. with elementary piano and ended over twelve hours later with Kate Bolton of Dryden's triumphantly clasp the cup—a gigantic feast of music, even if some of the individual morsels were not wholly digestible. I joined the scene at 1 p.m. for a feast of a different kind, a special Music Competition Luncheon in the Dungeons, attended by the Headmaster and the bigwigs of school music. The atmosphere was one of restrained excitement. Problems of the morning were discussed: one adjudicator had qualms about giving string and wind players of equal merit the same mark 'as strings are harder to play'; another wondered if the spread of marks he had given was as wide as those of his colleagues. Individual performances were commented on in between mouthfuls of decorously presented salad, cold meat, cheese, fruit and *Beethovenwein*—aptly chosen, though not very aptly named, I'm afraid, as it was neither great nor fiery.

So, at 2 p.m., on to the first event, the house ensembles. These have not escaped the whirl-wind of change sweeping through this year's competition, the principle novelty being in the marking: ten points awarded per *player*, not as before twenty per *group*. This means a trio is marked out of thirty and a nonet out of ninety, which is fair enough as it is proba-

bly easier to organise three groups of three players than it is one of nine. The event did not lack its surprises: a Rigaud's trio performed the two songs from Samuel Beckett's *Watt*. Beckett does not furnish his songs with a melody, but he does at least provide a rhythm, though to be honest you would scarcely have thought so from this performance. The second song, however, which is devoted entirely to the croaking of frogs, showed up the talents of the ensemble rather more (they sounded like a chorus from *The Muppet show*).

At 2.30 I moved to the Adrian Boulton Centre for the elementary piano semifinals. This requires a little explanation. Previously instrumental categories (woodwind, brass, etc.) used to be subdivided into senior and junior classes. This year these categories are based on standard rather than age, so that there are three classes (elementary, intermediate, and advanced, marked out of 20, 25, and 30 respectively), and the entrant plays in the appropriate section (determined by his Associated Board standard and/or the assessment of his teacher). This has the obvious advantage that it gives everybody something to fight for. A complex, though meticulously calculated system determines each level to have two or more eliminatory rounds. The various instrumental categories merge in the final round, or before, as the representatives from each group are whittled down to just a handful, an ingenious timesaver. One *disadvantage* of this *modus operandi*, at least for a casual listener, was that as far as the elementary piano semis were concerned there was really not a great deal to look forward to, as all the contestants were between Associated Board grades I–IV. Still there is always the unexpected. . . At first no surprises: renditions of the (misnamed?) *Entertainer*; Mozart played, with sledgehammers, apparently; something else, with feather-dusters. Then the Unexpected; one little fella produced from what looked like an outsize typewriter case something which looked like an outsize typewriter—an ac-

cordion, everyone's favourite instrument.

Back to the Dungeons at 3.00 to revive an ailing critical faculty with a glass of *Mozartwein* (much more successful this one. Definitely a hint of eighteenth-century Vienna). After that two more events: advanced piano semifinals and elementary finals, supper at 6.30, and then at 7.30 to the first of the two big events of the evening, the house choirs. I don't remember ever seeing so many people at a musical event at Westminster. The exuberant atmosphere Up School, which made the last night of the Proms seem like a grandmother's afternoon bridge party in Bexhill-upon-Sea, was all vaguely reminiscent of the Greaze. Frankly this kind of background did not help excellence of delivery but to assess this event on purely musical grounds would be like judging *Star Wars* on the strength of the script. First on, Busby's, emphasized this point by a rather striking punkish appearance. College were next and carried the idea of conventional attire to an almost surrealistic extreme: a bizarre cornucopia of hats, headbands, cravats, ties, morning tails etc. This was one of the best items, with home-grown lyrics and careful coordination (though possibly a shade long). Wren's then gave a clear and very sober account of *Daisy, Daisy*. Rigaud's had hit upon the idea of a rhythm section to liven things up (and to keep the group together). They were also helped by very intelligent conducting. I suspect this was the best of the lot. Dryden's, Grant's, and Liddell's all sounded an edge under-rehearsed, with singing at times degenerating into good old simian yells.

Improvements are needed here. The order of the items was determined in F.A. cup-style by drawing names from a hat. This had the rather unfortunate result that Ashburnham, who gave an intelligent, well-rehearsed performance of Purcell, rounded off events. Furthermore, a guest adjudicator, in this instance Mr. Adrian Cruft, could scarcely be expected to put the event in its context, nor to get the various 'in'-jokes which littered College's offering. More sensible would be to have the house choirs as a separate event to be held the day before the main body of happenings (as, for example, the jazz section was this year), with a panel of judges chosen from the music staff, who can get into the spirit of the thing rather more. (I understand the idea is currently under review).

School emptied as water from a bath, and after a short break, those of us remaining witnessed the climax of the day's events: the advanced finals. A more suitable venue would have been the music centre as the Hall was cold and unfriendly (as it always is on a chilly Autumn evening when only partially full) and the piano needed a tuning. All this, however, was swiftly forgiven and forgotten as one became engrossed in the beautiful playing. Andrew Patten played first with a tasteful performance on the viola of Glazunov's *Élégie*. He has an agreeable, confident tone and rather flattered this unpretentious little number by sensitive shaping. His violin item, the first movement of Bach's E major partita, was less secure. This is extremely difficult music,

and Andrew only created problems for himself by starting off rather too fast for comfort. Intonation was at times sour, though the parts he had mastered were delivered with suavity. Kate Bolton (flute) gave a controlled and elegant performance of the first two movements of Handel's G major sonata. Next a piano item, Oliver Rivers, our very own Associated Board Scholar, with Debussy's *Reflects dans l'Eau*. Technically this was a very polished performance, with discreet phrasing—perhaps there was not a wide enough gamut of tone-colours (difficult I know on that piano). Poulenc's oboe sonata followed this, and I do not think I have ever enjoyed it as much as in this performance by Mark Radcliffe, where the oboe subtly blended with the delicate harmonies of the accompaniment. John Graham-Maw then gave an appropriately soupy rendition of a violin piece by Massenet titled *Meditation*. Not great music this, and if such a thing as an 'authentic' performance of Massenet, this has to be it, with a nice, full, if slightly mannered vibrato and lots of lovely scoops. The evening's music ended with Martin Greenlaw playing the first movement of Beethoven's Op. 111 sonata. Earlier on he had given us a fine rendition on the cello of a virtuosic if uninspired *Tarantella* by W. H. Squire; his Beethoven, however, was for me the musical highlight of the day. Martin not only got all the notes, a remarkable feat in itself, but had managed to create an almost wholly successful interpretation. One small criticism: I do not think there was quite enough dramatic contrast between the dark and desperate introduction and first subject group, and the reposed second subject.

It was certainly a relief to find the finals had been slimmed down from a marathon into a short, and thoroughly enjoyable concert. Credit for this as well as the other changes goes to the new music director, John Baird, who made the shrewd move of working in close consultation with the housemasters and any other interested persons. I came away tired but elated by over seven hours listening, with the feeling that this year's music competition had been a distinct success.

Alex Palffy



London Music Fair

by Gerry Ashton

On Friday and Saturday November 18th and 19th musical events were held up School in connection with Classical Music magazine's London Music Fair. Friday evening was devoted to music in all kinds of schools, and to all kinds of music, from Beethoven to rock, performed by young people from five to nineteen. I was lucky enough to be able to enjoy that evening's music in company with a more varied collection of people than has ever before sat on those uncomfortable canvas chairs. Parents, siblings, friends of the performers, a good audience of Westminster boys and girls saw and heard full orchestras, chamber choirs, a primary school percussion band, reggae, steel, jazz and rock bands.

The concert opened with the Westminster School orchestra playing the first movement of Beethoven's 'Pastoral' symphony, and soon the chilly November gave way to a country where the sun shone, lambs gambolled, brooks traversed the vale, birds twittered. It was an auspicious beginning, and when the young boys and girls of St. Peter's primary school, Eaton Square arrived to perform we were in a very receptive mood. After some sophisticated and to my untutored ears rather advanced work on the vibraphones, the young people embarked on what was to be a high spot of the evening.

It was a dramatic recitation and enactment, with ethereal musical background of what was described in the programme as 'The Hungry Caterpillar'. Could this be, I wondered, breath baited, Eric Carle's classic 'The Hungry Caterpillar'? It was! For those who do not know the libretto (available as a Picture Puffin at only modest cost), this is the story of a gluttonous grub who eats through one apple, two pears, three plums, four strawberries... all the way to the nice green leaf he consumes before becoming a cocoon and then beautiful butterfly. The clearest of readings accompanied graceful lines of children swaying this way and that in an imitation of the caterpillar, in shades of Mothercare green and white.

After the Eaton Square chrysalids had withdrawn, to thunderous applause, the Grey Coat Hospital fifth year choir—ten or so girls—sang two songs by Howells. The discipline in their performance was admirable; words were clear, intonation good, attention to their conductor complete. Grey Coats later entertained us with a Reggae Group as well as an impressive school choir. Their fifth year choir was, rather like our Rigaud's House choir, an example of a smaller unit within the larger framework finding that it can be unexpectedly good.

The special musical intake of Pimlico School had two offerings, both of an exceptionally high standard; the cello sonata by Van Goens and the first movement of the quartet in E flat K428 by Mozart. A 'special' musical intake indeed—their output is good too! The quartet members were

clearly enjoying having such an attentive audience, and their performance was correspondingly alert.

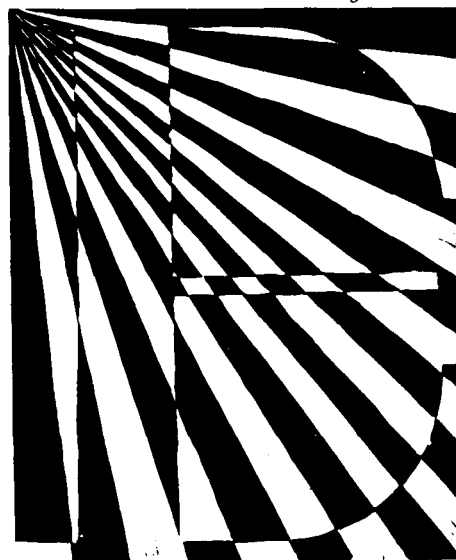
The Under School choir with its performance of Michael Hurd's *Jonah-Man Jazz* was in good shape, rhythmically tight, getting every word across. The Early Music Consort, a recent development at Westminster, was in fine form delicately balanced and full of fun. 'Fusion' the rock group from North Westminster really did dazzle us with a highly accomplished performance. Our own 'Oliver's Army' knew this was a difficult act to follow, but they were equal to it—although their fans left something to be desired.

Unfortunately, the splendid steel band played to a much depleted audience, but one which was enthralled by such an unusual and visually striking presentation. Another peak of professional prowess was displayed when the well known Kingsdale Big Band struck up. How much time, effort and sacrifice is required in order to launch a team like this whose playing will bring fame and credit to its school?

All the evening's events were a joy on the musical level, but two other things need to be mentioned. First, the fact that Westminster was host to such a variety of young musicians and their supporters—that hall has probably never had such a mixture of folk in it before. Secondly, the informality of the occasion did not in any way detract from the seriousness of the musical endeavour, nor from the enjoyment of it by the audience. Young children handling their instruments with care, helping each other carry stands and chairs efficiently, combined with earnest musicianship, meant that the informality was not shoddiness, but part of a special atmosphere created by the mixture of young people in the hall. Concerts can be fun; all young people, of whatever age can make good music. I look forward to the next London Music Fair.

P. S. The following day School witnessed the Boosey and Hawkes Symphonic Wind Band Competition. Hundreds of players from all over the country brightened this drizzly day with their enthusiasm, their skill and their shining instruments. A good time was had by all!

Joe Banks



Contemporary Music

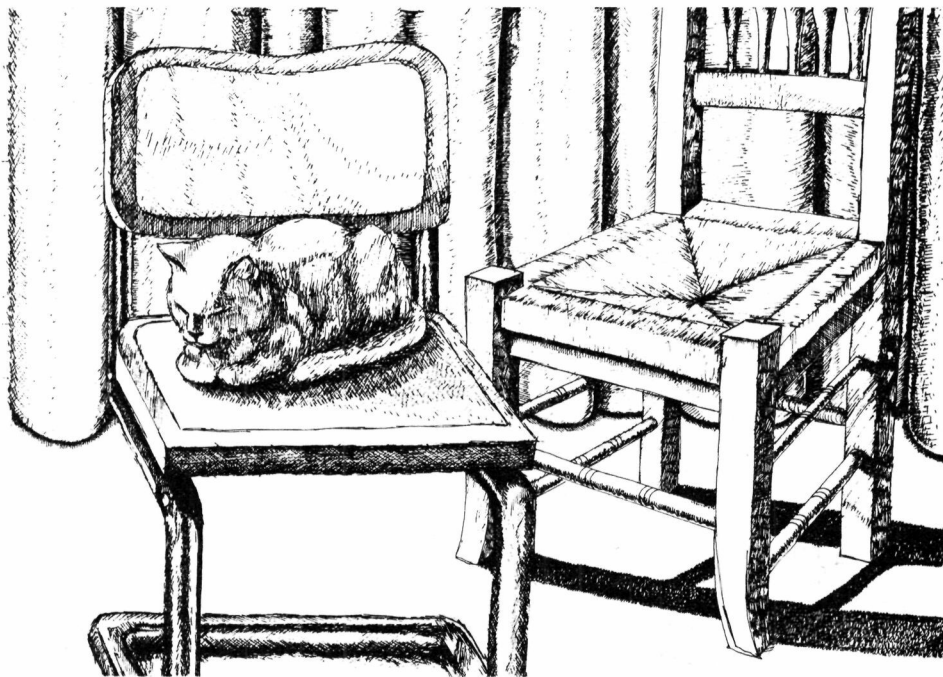
by Julian Anderson

Over the years, Westminster has contributed quite a few figures to contemporary music. Among those now making a name for themselves there are: Richard Blackford, whose opera 'Metamorphoses' recently created quite a stir at the Royal College of Music where it was premiered a while ago; George Benjamin who in 1980 became the youngest composer ever to have a work performed at the Proms—his atmospheric orchestral piece 'Ringed by the flat Horizon'; Terence Sinclair, who had his chamber opera 'The Terrorist' performed at this year's Edinburgh Festival Fringe; and most recently there has been Peter Muir, who left in 1981 and who is now pursuing his musical studies very successfully at the Royal College. In addition there have been many Westminsters who have taken a keen interest in the newest music and are frequently seen at the important concerts.

I will therefore devote the rest of this article to introducing three of the major figures of recent music who are now well established as masters and whose achievements constitute the backbone of virtually all music today. I have purposely chosen three composers with recent anniversary celebrations to ensure that opportunities to get to know their music are plentiful. They are: Olivier Messiaen (b. 1908), Iannis Xenakis (b. 1922) and Elliott Carter (b. 1908).

At 75, Elliott Carter's reputation as a very intellectual composer of intricate yet gripping scores stretches across both sides of the Atlantic, and he is recognized as by far the greatest post-war American composer. His output is not large but every work is a major one, of considerable length and breadth. Every score also presents formidable problems to performers, calling on extreme technical and emotional dexterity, and employing a complexity of notation which verges on the impossible. Audiences increasingly find, however, that the strenuous efforts required to listen to his music are amply repaid by intellectual satisfaction.

His methods owe little to any 'school' of composers. They consist primarily of a very explicit use of drama which is enhanced by a rigorous attitude to intervals. This means that Carter will take a musical interval and associate it with a particular instrument or group of instruments—for example, the major sixth interval might be associated with a group of flutes. The flutes play it in a certain, very defined way with rhythmic and melodic characteristics. Against the flutes another group, the strings, say, may concentrate on another interval, the minor second, with their own very defined characteristics. A third group may be playing yet another sort of music. No attempt is made to mediate between the three groups—they are independent, and although at times one group may seem to communicate with another the group remain independent usually to the end.



Andrea Owen

Carter capitalizes on the tension inherent in this situation, with its resonances of imminent conflict and intolerance—a suitable metaphor for modern man's problems. Carter applies this type of writing even to apparently ordinary combinations. The Piano Concerto of 1965, for instance is not merely a work for piano and orchestra, but a work for piano solo, a concertino of eight instruments and full orchestra. The concertino serves as a sort of conciliation service, trying desperately, but vainly, to reconcile the wayward piano with the strict dispassionate orchestra. (It is perhaps interesting to note that this work was written in an apartment near to the Berlin Wall).

In the 2nd and 3rd String Quartets, Carter found two interesting solutions to the arrangement of this apparently normal combination. In the Second he has all four players totally separate from each other, musically in their sharply different characters, and physically by having them placed as far apart from each other on the stage. Similarly, the Third Quartet divides them into two separate duos. Still very active as a composer Carter will no doubt continue to shock and surprise in his own very individual way, quietly independent of anyone else.

Another composer certainly not noted for soothing audiences' ears is the Greek-born, French-naturalized Iannis Xenakis (b. 1922). He also owes little to anybody else in contemporary music. He was trained as an architect (he was Le Corbusier's assistant from 1947 to 1963) as well as a musician but his education at Athens University was abruptly curtailed by the outbreak of the war. He served in the Anti-British resistance, undergoing guerilla warfare, exposure, torture, and finally, having been condemned to death, he escaped illegally first to Italy and then, in 1947, arriving in France with a terrible battle-wound. Nadia Boulanger refused to accept him into her composition class. Olivier Messiaen finally took him under his wing and Xenakis atten-

ded Messiaen's analysis class for a period and, with advice from Darius Milhaud, that completed Xenakis's musical training.

Xenakis's scars from Greece were more than physical; he has never forgotten his homeland; the majority of his works have Greek titles; and the hard, rocky, sun-drenched landscape of his youth clearly had a profound influence on the sort of music he would later write. At its most characteristic Xenakis's music is one of absolutely individual energy and intensity, flattening everything in its way. He uses harsh sonorities of exhilarating ferocity, juxtaposes sound and silence in dramatic manners, will roar one minute and evaporate into a whisper in the next. Many of his pieces require extraordinary acrobatics from performers who have to assault their instruments. Rehearsals have proved that it is impossible to attempt most Xenakis with anything less than 100% energy.

The evolution of this sound-world took place in several stages. His first decision was that the totally organised serial music of Pierre Boulez or Karlheinz Stockhausen, say, was not for him. In this he was very much a loner. He then applied to music the scientific laws of probability and group theory to music. The first work to do this was 'Pithoprakta' ('Probability Actions') for 46 string instruments, wood-block, xylophone, and two trombones. Here he also translated ruled surfaces of his architectural designs into continuous string-glides (which are of the same proportion and altitude as the surfaces). Here he also employed 'clouds' and 'galaxies' of pizzicati or bowed masses of sound. The wood-block serves as a sort of signal for these events to start or stop—Xenakis asks for as loud an instrument as possible, to make a full impact. Indeed so much so that the players of the New York Philharmonic were to be seen cringing with the anticipation of the deafening wood-block blows when they performed 'Pithoprakta' in 1967.

Later, Xenakis applied the theory of

games' to music to produce 'strategic' music, and then sets and symbolic logic to produce 'Symbolic Music'. His most famous work of the former type is 'Duel' for 2 orchestras, and his major works of 'Symbolic Music' include 'Herma' for piano, and 'Eonta' for brass and piano.

In his most recent (post-1965) works, Xenakis has tended less to concentrate on a single technical aim, and addresses himself to wider musical and emotional areas. A striking feature of this music is its sweep and breadth and its renewed concern with basic rhythm and melody. In 'Psappha' for solo drummer, for example, there is nothing but pure rhythm (with a consistent beat) which is perpetually permuted to produce one of the noisiest and most exhilarating pieces ever composed for one performer. In 'Jonchaies' for large orchestra (1977, 'A plantation of rushes'), all the 100-odd players join in ferocious unisons which fade into and out of each other. It is still very much a work of Xenakis in asking from the strings five minutes of frenetic down-bows played with all the force the players can muster.

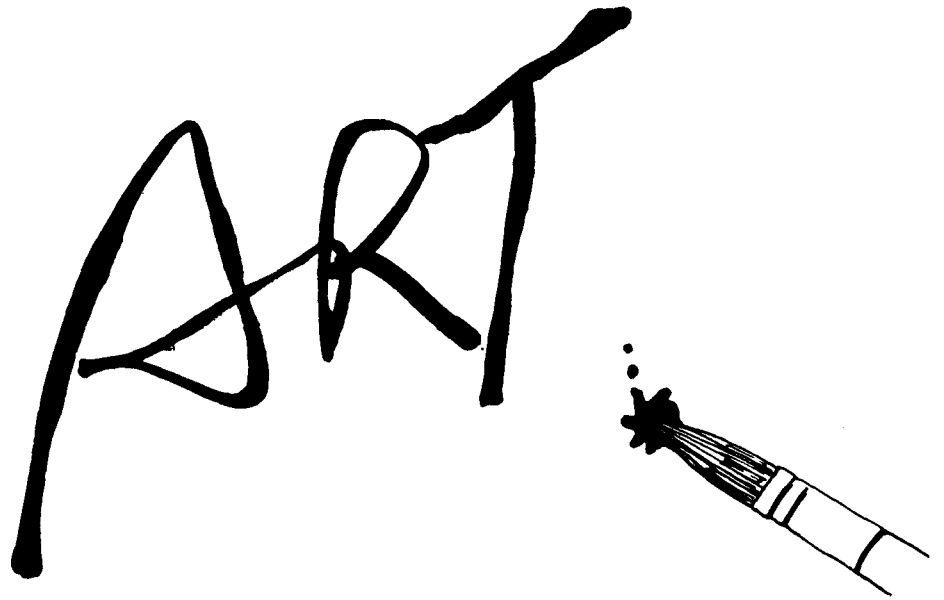
Xenakis has also used computers for musical ends and is the founder and director of the Center for Mathematical and Automated Music (Ce.M.A.Mu.) in Paris.

I would like to end with a brief tribute to the French Olivier Messiaen (b. 1908), who is 75 this year. Messiaen is one of the few modern composers to have reached a very wide audience without any stylistic compromise. He is also one of the most influential composers alive, having taught hundreds of composers from Xenakis, Boulez and Stockhausen to the latest generation of French Composers (George Benjamin also studied with him).

Messiaen has restored the importance of rhythm in music and has virtually invented the modern style of piano and organ writing. He is a naturalist and a professional ornithologist: he has used birdsongs as his major melodic and harmonic source for the last thirty years (his collection of birdsongs ranges from North American to Chinese birds).

Now the culmination of his life's work is his opera 'St. Francis of Assisi' which lasts for over four hours and is scored for mammoth forces, and which was premièred at the Paris Opéra last November. As the title indicates, Messiaen is also a devout Catholic and this permeates almost every aspect of his works; he has been organist at the Église de la Sainte Trinité in Paris for over fifty years arousing alternatively horror or rapture in his congregations with his unconventional improvisations. He has given spiritual support to many thousands in all circumstances, and his unflinching sincerity and integrity are an example to us all.

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Exhibition by Rachel Gundry

by Lucasta Miller

The most impressive aspect of Rachel's exhibition was the technical variety displayed: we were shown her capacities in different artistic skills from life-drawing to collage. In her life-drawing she shows a notable awareness of tone—of light and dark. Here we can see the first intimation of a bold, confident element which recurs throughout Rachel's work. Disappointingly she has a tendency to leave out drawing the face which she did in three out of five drawings where the face was visible. Even within a time limit she could perhaps have indicated the features—this would have given the pictures a more finished appearance. Some of these life drawings—especially the terracotta-coloured nudes—have a hint almost of African tribalism. Strong and rather exaggerated, there is here a possible influence from Picasso's quasi-African work.

After these exceptionally good life drawings Rachel's pen and ink figure drawings were rather less confident. Their problem was a lack of any supportive background. There was no indication of space; the figures seemed to hang suspended in mid air. However, pen and ink is a difficult medium to manage; once you have drawn something it cannot be erased. So, very sensibly avoiding being rash, these drawings are more timid. Rachel appears to be happiest when using thick strong lines and blocks of colour or shading to express her subject matter; this is not a quality of line drawing.

Exploration with colour is shown in the series of vivid lino-cuts. As a progressive set of prints they work very well indeed. They were well thought out in advance in terms of their presentation: each one leads into the next, sometimes with new patterns superimposed over the top. As a set they are easily comprehensible in their interrelation. This time by use of colour she expresses her characteristic boldness.

With this boldness it is not surprising that Rachel has chosen Henry Moore's sculptures as influence. She has taken photographs of them to improve her understanding of composition: to learn how to put an object effectively within the four sides of a frame. Two charming small figure sculptures of her own, included in the exhibition, echo both the rather primitive African influence and that of Moore. Taken more directly from Moore is a complex composition which includes drawings taken from Moore sculptures. The three preparatory pictures, done in subtle shades of grey, are, I think, more successful in fact than the finished picture. Its different layers of colour and tone—extravagant and adventurous—nevertheless make it perhaps too disjointed for the different elements to assimilate one another and become one unified picture. However, the idea of developing a theme, from photographs, to preparatory studies, to a finished composition, was very good and well executed.

In a loud, psychedelic, abstract painting of a face there is uninhibited explosion. I cannot understand Rachel's intentions well enough to give an interpretation of the picture, but it was a fascinating idea; it exudes her characteristic confidence. Here again creep in the African influences with two rather primitive, figure-like shapes. The picture which I think is the most compelling in the exhibition also has vague connotations of the African. It is entitled 'Together' and is apparently of a man with a begging bowl. It has the technical excellence of her life drawings, but has an extra, emotional power. The person is leaning his head upon a weary hand. The eyes are paradoxically exaggerated yet lifeless. I think it is the eyes which give the picture its force.

Apart from the general element of boldness among the pictures there was no other universalizing idea. Although the exhibition was well thought out in its presentation, throughout the pictures there was no definite, continuous style to identify the artist with a specific personality. But this, I suppose, can come only with experience.

The Essential Cubism

by Rachel Gundry

This was, incredibly, the first major exhibition of Cubist art to be shown in a British gallery, and as such must be seen as a truly essential event. As its title implies the collection was comprehensive, and contained many of the most well-known works from this crucial and dynamic stage in the development of twentieth-century art.

Cubism was in its very nature absolutely essential in showing future artists the way past the conventional aims and methods of western art, that, despite the innovations of the post-impressionists at the start of the century, still remained firmly rooted in a renaissance tradition. It was a revolution in artistic terms. . . an explosion of courage and conviction. It inspired, giving artists new impetus and fresh perception to break through the barriers imposed on free expression by art still based on three-dimensional illusionism.

Breakthrough and breakdown of inhibition in creativity should have been simultaneously reacted to by its audience, for the cubists also showed a way to a freer and more individual, feeling, response to art. However through lack of exposure the word 'cubism' has become like yet another barrier to people's understanding and appreciation. It has, in this country, assumed an image of complication and irrelevance, and is wrongly associated with calculating intellectualism. A symptom of how long overdue this exhibition had become is that most people still think of Cubism as modern art. Relative to the fast progression of artistic ideas after the cubist period (1907-23) the cubists are now very dated . . . over sixty years old.

Part of the problem of cubism, and the abstractions that followed, is that they are seemingly categorised in such a definitive way that somebody looks at a picture and thinks they are far too ignorant to ever 'understand' it. All 'isms' should be mistrusted for the expectations they arouse of pre-packaged concepts, accessible only to those willing to learn about them. This is absolute rubbish, and distorts the whole pattern of artistic development as no period or style can be truly isolated. People would feel more confident in accepting new forms if they were presented as part of a natural, flowing progression.

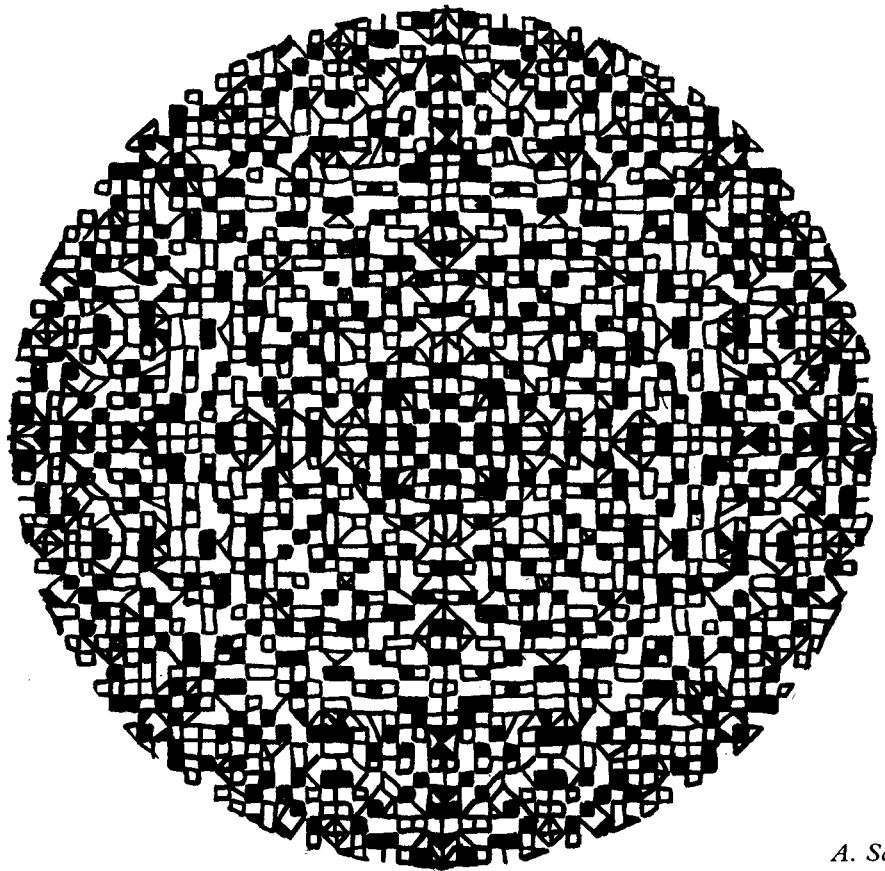
Perhaps it is unfortunate that the cubists (Picasso, Braque, Leger, Gleizes, Derain) ever tried to explain what they were doing, and the people who took it up were intellectuals and writers, who discussed and theorized over it endlessly in increasingly complex and idealised terms. It is, after all, impossible to ever reach a clear conclusion about the artists' ideas and aims since they are mostly illogical and contradictory. For instance they changed the form, as perceived by the eye, into a series of linked planes on the canvas, because they believed this method would more truthfully represent that form's volume as seen from many different angles, instead of just one. As one

of their fervent defenders put it: 'The external appearance of things is transitory, fugitive, and RELATIVE. One must seek the TRUTH and stop making sacrifices to the banal illusions of the optics.' One of the problems of dealing with the 'banal illusions of optics' in this way is that the form is reduced to two-dimensional shapes, like an unfolded map, with seemingly no volume at all. The quest to find the ultimate relationship between painter, object, and painting can not be satisfied by any amount of theory.

But this is no criticism of the attempt; the essential aspect of cubism was the fight, the curiosity, the rebellion against accepting that art was a tool to create an illusion of reality as seen by one man. What appears on cubist canvases IS truth, not an attempt to imitate it. The picture itself had a new

space, which would predetermine where the audience should view from; in the same way the artist no longer predetermines an interpretation of his picture. As cubism became more sophisticated it turned into visual poetry where atmospheric abstract patternings are scattered with references to factual reality, in the shape of words, or wood-grain, triggering off sub-conscious associations in the viewers mind. Is this, as the cubists believed, a closer communication of the experience of seeing?

Obviously not for many of the people who went to see the 'Essential Cubism'. Tastes are still within the confines of the renaissance tradition. We expect to learn, with no real enthusiasm to find out for ourselves. Cubism was, and is, a fantastic adventure, and if we relax we will find ourselves responding with similar energy. A



A. Saer

status . . . it became an object in itself, not merely the representation of that object. This makes a new starting point for confronting the dilemma of placing three-dimensional reality on a two-dimensional surface. The new freedom this gave artists was also expanded by the use of different textures on the canvas; they started to use sand mixed into the paint, and doing semi-collage using pieces of newspaper and wood-effects (later influencing 'ready-made' art). The interlocking, faceting and fragmenting of form is fascinating to follow, and as the whole effect was deliberately provocative it is also, unsurprisingly, confusing.

This means our response is forced into being far more than purely intellectual. The spectator also has new freedom . . . to react emotionally in a totally different way. The artist is no longer at a specific point in

work of art is not complete until the audience creates it into an experience.

The 'Essential Cubism' was an excellent way to experience the progression of cubist themes and approach, with the work spread out in chronological and stylistic groups. Seeing how diverse the range was, really proved that it is wrong to try and define a movement as vigorous as cubism, as every new idea sparked off ten more; they never achieved what they wanted because there was always more to explore, so the art was never static. Even the originator of the movement did not 'understand' in the way that we expect to:

Cubism is . . .

'like a perfume . . . in front of you, behind you, to the sides. The scent is everywhere, but you don't know where it comes from.'

—Picasso.

Venice in London

by Michael Hugill

Barnum and Bailey, with their huckstering slogan 'The Greatest Show on Earth', have almost been outdone by the critics who greeted the Royal Academy show 'The Genius of Venice' when it opened last December. 'One of the most exhilarating exhibitions of the century' (*Sunday Times*), and 'A life-enhancing experience' (*Daily Telegraph*) are just two instances of the ludicrously inflated language used. The first is unsubstantiable hokum and the second, which borrows a phrase from the once-famous aesthete Bernard Berenson, bears no relation to the way people really react to painting they admire. Does anyone ever say, on leaving an exhibition: 'Gosh, I feel exhilarated', or 'I say, Charles, don't you feel your life has been enhanced? I know I do'? Art-critics seem to live in a hermetic world and write in a manner which has little to do with human behaviour outside it. This exhibition is, in fact, an ambitious and lavish display which will be of enormous interest to art-historians and will certainly appeal to anyone at all concerned with art. Where, then, will it leave the less informed visitor, lured inside by these huge claims?

Let down, I suspect, and possibly made to feel myopic and insensitive if he honestly doesn't feel uplifted and excited. A fine show has been over-sold by people who use language which is subtly self-flattering and excuses them from exercising their proper function, which is to discriminate.

There is a further serious point. Is sixteenth-century Venetian art all that it is cracked up to be! Does it go without saying that, for example, Tintoretto and Veronese must be unreservedly admired? Amongst people who are interested in painting I doubt whether it would necessarily be accepted that this period of Venetian art represents some sort of high plateau for them. Moreover the blanket 'hyping' of a whole period tends to inhibit the only kind of appraisal of individual pictures that really matters—the honest personal reaction that means that you are absorbed or fascinated, or alternatively tells you to move on. Judging by the number of people at the Royal Academy who were seen drifting through the galleries, spending about thirty seconds in front of picture after picture, one can only conclude that, having been told that it was all perfectly splendid, they were determined to 'do' the whole show so as to justify the expenditure of £3.50.

Venetian art can be very rewarding or endlessly boring. For the Londoner the

best way to test his own reactions is to start, not at Burlington House, but at the National Gallery. Titian, the unassailable master, is very well represented there, and he is not 'exhilarating' in the way the hucksters suggest but demands close attention. A good place to begin is in front of one of his early works, 'Noli me tangere', for it is one of the paintings that exemplifies the radically new turn that he, his great master Giovanni Bellini, and his contemporary Giorgione gave to European art. It is quite small, less than a square metre, and its colours have dimmed, so that it must be looked at patiently and carefully if it is to say anything. It shows the moment when Mary Magdalen sees Christ after the Resurrection. Behind the two central figures, whose relationship is very subtly depicted, is a landscape with luminous evening clouds and a small group of buildings on a hill, touched into warmth by the setting sun. If the eye now comes back to the foreground figures it will be seen that the way this artist treats the Magdalen's carmine and white garment and Christ's bluish-white shroud shows an extraordinary ability to make material things fascinating. In this one, unspectacular picture the painter conveys a quite new view of humanity, material objects and nature—one which is difficult to put into words but might, inadequately, be described as 'lyrical'.

Titian's achievement in this picture owes everything to Bellini and to his fellow-pupil Giorgione. You can see his debt to Bellini round the corner in the next room where, in 'Madonna of the Meadows', there is a strikingly beautiful and atmospheric landscape, more formally constructed than Titian's, but which has something of the same feeling about it. As for Giorgione, a mysterious figure about whom little is known and who died young, Burlington House will be the place to assess his revolutionary influence.

Nearby there are fine examples of the later Titian, who became a tougher and perhaps less sensitive artist than in the Giorgionesque 'Noli me tangere'. There are portraits like 'The Vendramin Family' (look at the old men and the young children on the right, as well as his treatment of the sumptuous clothes), or the 'Portrait of a Young Man' (where the bold head and the rich blue sleeve compete for attention). The mythological painting 'Bacchus and Ariadne', with its ecstatic portrayal of movement and vivid colour, is typical of the kind of thing which won him fame and patronage throughout Europe, but like the other pictures needs to be pondered if it is to be enjoyed, though a casual glance shows that he treats even imagined experience in a way which is both realistic and strongly sensuous. This is his chief legacy to other painters of the century.

Tintoretto, one of the best known of these, is not well represented in the National Gallery, whereas Veronese is inescapable although, significantly, you don't often find people looking at him for long. A huge 'Alexander and the Family of Darius' is typical. It is a masterpiece or just an example of an enormously gifted artist with a talent for composing a grand theatrical mise-en-scène? Neither at the National



Titian: *Noli me tangere*

Gallery nor at the 'Genius of Venice' show at the Royal Academy is it possible to find enough evidence to make one's own judgement on this and other questions but the Academy show offers, nevertheless, many other rewards, particularly if the visitor doesn't attempt to take it all in at once.

At the Royal Academy, the room that provides the key to all that follows is the one devoted mainly to the pioneer Giorgione and his followers. In view of the fact that only two or three paintings in Europe can be firmly attributed to him it is not surprising, nor does it matter, that he is not now allowed by art-historians to be responsible for any of the ones in this show, for some of the elusive qualities that he introduced into his own painting were picked up by a number of his contemporaries (apart from the young Titian) and they are much in evidence here. The poetic treatment of landscape mentioned in connection with Titian is hardly to be seen, but the manner in which he undertook one of the most prized functions of art—the representation of the human form—is exemplified in some splendid works by his 'Circle' or by named contemporaries. He was the first artist to find a way of suggesting with his brush the intangibles about a person that can never be captured in a photograph, not by using the soft contours and cold objectivity of Leonardo, but by seeming to surround his figures with air and space. Look, for example, at the figure of 'Saint Sinibaldus' by Sebastiano del Piombo (which is based on a painting by Giorgione), where the effect of both reality and mystery is somehow achieved by suggesting, in the encircling niche, an almost palpable atmosphere. And there is a 'Portrait of a Young Man' (labelled 'Circle of Giorgione') which, by similar but indescribable means invests the sitter with a kind of noble melancholy which seems to suggest some inner, contained emotion. These seem to me to be miraculous achievements. The other aspect of Giorgione's work that amazed his contemporaries—sheer fantasy—is absent here but in compensation there is the large unfinished canvas 'The Judgement of Solomon' which, in another sense, is 'fantastic', if ultimately baffling. These early decades of the sixteenth century have more to offer, I believe, than most of what follows in this exhibition, with the single exception of Titian.

Titian's best and most searching portraits are scattered all over Europe and the examples collected here, although impressive, do not really show him at his most compelling. Nevertheless there is a riveting example of his ability to paint children in 'Ranuccio Farnese as a Knight of Malta', where the boy's vulnerable expression contrasts touchingly with the red-gold doublet that his noble status requires him to wear. As for his skill in portraying violence and brutality (for which his patrons, like us, clearly had a taste) there is at one end of the scale the high colour and compressed action of 'Tarquin and Lucretia' and, at the other, the static construction and virtual abandonment of colour in the very late

'Flaying of Marsyas', an ugly and painful treatment of a scene of sadism in the old man's final uncompromising manner. Confronted with a stark canvas like this, words like 'exhilaration', 'enjoyment' or 'excitement' are utterly inappropriate. And there are no others.

The talents of Veronese as a masterly decorator on a huge scale obviously can't be shown here, but the smaller paintings reflect his astonishing versatility, as for example in his 'Temptation of Saint Anthony', a powerfully sensual painting, even if it seems contrived in comparison with Titian. The other great painter of the age, Tintoretto, is at his most characteristic in huge pictures dealing with supernatural events in a dramatically literal manner. The one example shown here is not typical.

Finally, on a first visit, no-one should miss the roomful of paintings by Lotto, about whom most people know very little, although the 'Portrait of Andrea Odomi', owned by the Queen, is much reproduced and is both highly original and convincing. In bulk, the variety of styles in this room seem to show an artist with no distinctive personality, although two of them seem to have evoked some quite extraordinary reactions from the critics. The President of the Royal Academy was heard to say on TV that his favourite picture in the whole show is Lotto's eccentric and banal treatment of 'The Presentation of Christ in the Temple'. But perhaps he was teasing. The picture which draws the crowds and has been described as 'a stunningly convincing por-

trayal of psychological tension' (*Sunday Times*) and 'an extremely beautiful painting' (several pundits, who were certainly not teasing) is Lotto's 'Annunciation'. Stravinsky once said that intellectuals often lack taste, and this seems to be a case in point, for this picture is faintly absurd, not to say dotty, with its high-diving God-the-Father, a Virgin who seems to be crying 'Help, get me out of here!', a beefy angel triumphantly signalling a successful three-point landing, and a cat which looks as though it had been put in to fill a gap in the middle of the composition. But then the British are suckers for cats.

This flippancy about a much-admired painting is not a suitable note to end on in a short account of one person's impressions of an absorbing show. Much has been left out, not least the drawings and sculpture. Yet even in an exhibition as generous as this the particular qualities of Venetian art can only be hinted at. Some of these artists only make their true impact when their work is seen *in situ*: the religious masterpieces of Titian in the Frari Church, Veronese in the Doge's Palace, Tintoretto's supremely moving 'Crucifixion' in the Scuola di San Rocco. Only in Venice, too, can the works of the father-figure of this period, Giovanni Bellini, be seen adequately, either in the churches for which they were painted or in the main art gallery, which also houses some incomparable Giorgiones.

But it's a fine exhibition and should be seen, taken slowly, several times. Then get a ticket to Venice.



Titian: Ranuccio Farnese

Joel Productions

by Patrick O'Hara

Towards the end of term a small but distinguished audience sat in the Lecture Room to watch the first screening of Bill Brittain-Catlin and Rachel Gundry's films. There were about half a dozen of these, accompanied by tape-recorded music. *Pea Picking Dreamers* was the best. It opened with shots of an Industrial town, some taken in the midday bustle, some as the sun was rising. Loud jazz reminded me of documentaries about European towns. The scene changed to the country where Bill and his sisters were gardening and drinking tea in a dilapidated hut. Humorous allegory was suggested when Bill, dressed in a three-piece suit and bowler, forced his sisters to work until Rachel, sporting a large red flag, came to their rescue. Rachel and her flag

ended the film perched optimistically at the top of a tall tower.

Some of the films lacked cutting, one in particular. In this Rachel cavorted around a Henry Moore on the Embankment, while an old man conducted an imaginary orchestra for her. There was something of the family cine-film in this one. In contrast, the most innovative was a film about acid-tripping. This was a stream of hearts, spiders, and colours superimposed on a mundane background. Every now and then messages—'I must concentrate so that no one may know my condition'—would appear scratched in a wobbly scrawl. No less experimental was the accompanying sound, a German language cassette speeded up and slowed down, mixed with random radio reception. Each of the films had its own style, ranging from zany humour in *There's an Ice-Cream in your Kitchen Mrs. Gorilla* to the experiments in *Acid*. It's nice to see something different here.

'... your thoughts are not your experiences, they are an echo and after-effect of your experiences.'

(Nietzsche)

We seem to need to justify and think out our response to experience, therefore distancing ourselves from the most real part of a situation or atmosphere, which is the feeling. Surely this is self-protection,—concealing the intensity of raw emotion, perhaps in the fear that others will mock at open expression, which makes you vulnerable. Immediate feeling has to be expressed; thought or analysis is often used to repress that urge. Ideas will come after any disturbing experience, but must not be used to correct emotion and direct expression. With a new sense of our potential feeling, we will be more brave in our expression and suddenly find that it is simple.

(W. B.-C. and R.G.)



'*Bloody Kids*', a film by Stephen Poliakoff (1966-69, W), was seen by Lucy Morgan.

Bloody Kids

by Lucy Morgan

Bloody Kids is a tale with a moral, about anarchy. The story centres around a twelve-year-old boy; the psychology of one person is a better subject to portray than soon out-dated political opinions. It demonstrates the types of people that urban poverty and chaos produce. The film documents 'street culture, soap opera and sinister surveillance systems' and reactions to such phenomena by different generations. Various themes are used in different contexts. Neon lights whine in almost every scene. There is no outdoor fresh air. Night and day are lit by the same colours. Shots of brilliant red and blue neon—police cars, ambulances, a fire engine, in the disco—are edited tightly to increase anticipation of danger, especially when colours fall across the characters' faces. The camera makes mundane places look strange and exciting. Because it is a powerfully visual film the conversations are comparatively sparse and

they are convincing. This is unusual in a film written by a 'television writer'. The characters speak a peculiarly cliché-ridden slang—abbreviated and disconnected sentences. Yet this is evidently their native tongue. It is the language of tough television cops and robbers. Television is an integral part of their lives.

Television permeates the film. All the programmes are violent. In some rooms invisible sets can be heard screeching and shooting. All of Leo's experiences have come from the town he lives in, and television. Neglected by his parents and abandoned to these influences, he is very observant. Hard slanting eyes stare out of the child's face. He is independent, perfectly selfish and has no moral code except self-survival. He cannot distinguish between his life and his fantasies. In one scene Leo, questioned by the police, transfers his own obsessions on to his friend Mark—'Sometimes he talks about killing people'—and somewhere in the room there is a television, which we hear faintly—'You're not telling the truth. You're lying to me' and the sound of a woman being hit.

In the town there are three age groups. The adults in school and out of it have no

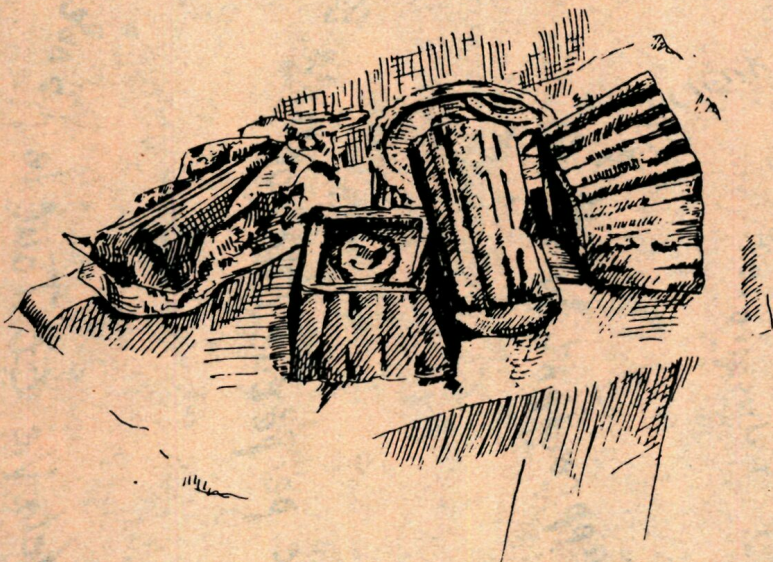
respect or control from anybody. Teachers gave up years ago. The police chief is an hysterical idiot. The older teenagers have much more energy and aggressive power. Carried away by the new situation, they can create destruction, but do not understand it well enough to take advantage of its chaos. These people appear frightening although they are sad and suicidal. Much more frightening is the quiet restraint which the children have. They pretend to respect adults in order to manipulate them better. They are the only ones who understand what is happening, in terms of themselves, because their generation is self-centred. They can survive in the anarchistic world. The film suggests what may lie in the future. In the police station, the hospital, the pedestrian precinct, and even in the school's entrance, there are televisions. These do not yet show such violent programmes as appear in the networked programmes. There are cameras and hidden eyes installed everywhere. The film warns us to beware of surveillance systems, with all their political implications. This film is made to appear highly realistic. However, no possibility of an alternative fate is allowed. Its intention is to warn.

You can watch the whole of London in November from Primrose Hill. It is an expanse of moist amber green and grey watercolour. The wet white sky hums with mist and traffic. Cold breaths of wind and small wellington boots flick dead leaves upwards again: dead leaves and dead fireworks, trodden into the grass which is turning to mud. The mud cakes on shoes going once more to the museums on Sunday afternoons, once more across the Heath to an anoraked recital at Kenwood the same evening.

Everything outdoors is disappearing, and only early in the morning you notice the old Michaelmas daisies, coated with frost and mildew. This year's apples are growing soft and waxy in the attic.

By the time you get up from the bench on the top of the hill the copper rooves of Regent's Park are fading and London is becoming Prussian blue. Now when you find a cafe to drink tea in Russian tea glasses it is already dark. The darkness reminds you of Christmas, like Covent Garden, too new, balancing at night like pantomime scenery, pretend and precarious. On the river the whole city shakes fluorescent in the black bottomless water.

At last very late down the steps into the underground, the rush of air down the tunnel is no longer warm, and the carriage is steamy, heavy with damp wool and overcoats. You wish you had remembered your gloves and fall asleep.



Katharine Peterson

Nick Clegg

*My love blasted you from my mind
Your skin too silken to be seen
Your voice slipping through my brain
Your movements fluttering from within.*

*But now. Yes, I can see you now,
Too dumb, squatted in my eyes,
Poisoned like a dying pearl,
A killer's vengeance—twisted.*

Henry was lying in bed. Henry was ill. Henry had a mother, a father, a sister. And a dog. Henry was twelve and was bored. Henry's dog fidgeted at the foot of the bed. Henry's mother came in. She saw the dog.

'That damn dog,' she said. 'That damn dog is always doing things it shouldn't. All it does is dig. Digs holes in my lawn. Digs holes in Mrs. Crossley's lawn.'

Mrs. Crossley was their neighbour.

'Digs holes in Mr. Wright's lawn.'

Mr. Wright was their other neighbour.

Then Henry's mother paused.

'Here's your sister to keep you company.'

And in came Henry's sister. And Henry and his sister played together to keep Henry from being bored. The first day; they played. The second day; they played. The third day; they played. The fourth day came and Henry's sister was dead.

Henry's dog dug holes in the garden. He dug everywhere.

'She fell in front of a tube train, Henry,' said Henry's mother. 'It was an accident,' she said.

'They say a metal spike cut really neatly through her neck,' said Henry's mother.

'Thank goodness it was a quick death,' she said.

'They say her blood gushed all over the track,' said Henry's mother.

'Thank goodness it was quick,' she said.

Henry's dog dug everywhere. Wherever he dug, he used to bring back a smell. If it was the garden, it was fresh-cut grass, weeds, crumbly rich earth. If it was Mrs. Crossley's garden, it was the same. If it was Mr. Wright's garden—the same.

And night came. Henry's mother went to bed. Henry lay awake thinking. And day came. And Henry's dog went out of the house to dig as usual. And night came. Henry's mother went to bed. Henry lay awake thinking. And day came. Henry's dog was still out, digging. And night came. Henry's mother went to bed. And Henry's dog came back. Henry was glad. But Henry's dog had brought back a different smell.

Henry's dog smelled of dirt, decay, death. Suffocation, closed spaces. The earth, rotting wood, worms, deep-down wet mouldy earth. Scrabbling, bones, death, coffins, coffins, death. Henry realised. Henry swallowed.

Henry swallowed, because Henry had heard something on the stairs.

It was the middle of the night.

Soft, silently thumping footfalls.

Henry's dog smelled different.

A shuffling tread getting nearer.

That damn dog. That damn dog, digging everywhere. All it does is dig. Always doing things it shouldn't.

Footsteps fairly near, near, very near, here, right here, now.

The door opened.

There was company for Henry.

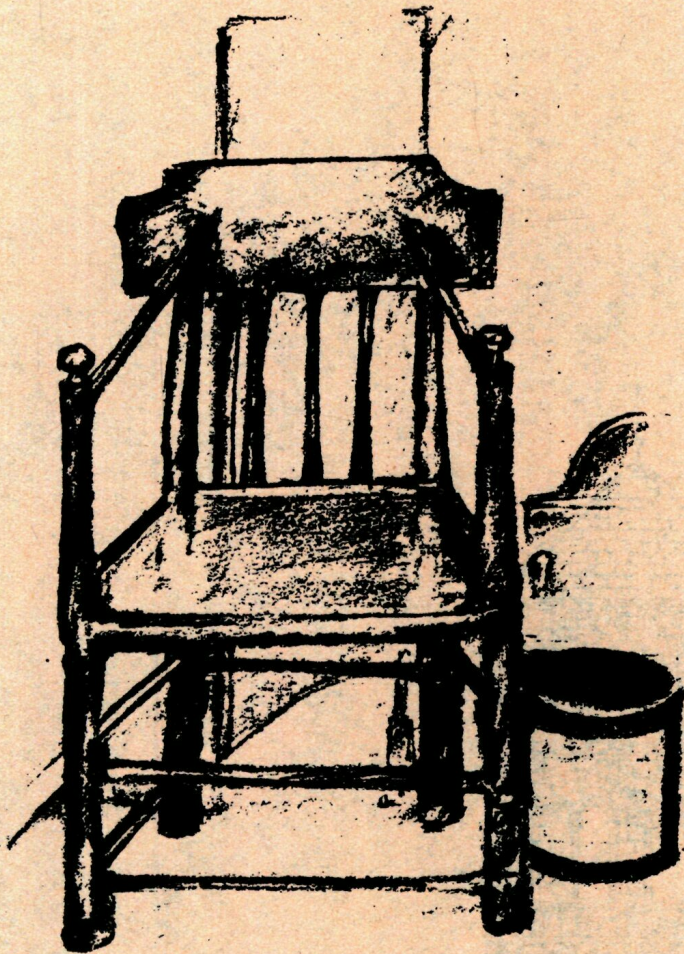
Nous? : Chris Durrance

*Qui est ce dieu qui nous gouverne.
Nous pouvons tout faire, que pouvons nous faire?
Nous commençons les guerres, nous finissons les vies.
Nous faisons les bébés; nous sommes les bébés.*

*Qui est ce dieu qui nous donne tout.
Nous avons les missiles, nous avons les chômeurs.
Nous avons la religion, nous avons le cricket.
Nous faisons les bébés; nous sommes les bébés.*

*Je ne veux pas de toi, mon dieu.
J'aime ce monde, je l'aime.
Je ne commence point de guerres, je ne finis point de vies.
Je fais les bébés; mais
Je ne suis pas un bébé.*

Many mornings had heard this tongue laud the pleasant greenness of this land. And how many cynical, fresh minds had sneered at his greenness; and how many had been captivated and lifted by his wisdom. As that face, that gait, had slowed and mellowed, how much quicker had that mind seen the point, or anticipated impertinence, and crushed it. But as success after failure had gone into the world, somehow the stone and paper had been impenetrable and he had lain hidden in this chronic cocoon. They found him one afternoon, hunched, as usual, over a thick book, but that thick tongue was hanging out onto the page, stuck down with saliva. Was it that much of a change?



Renata Tyszczyk

*I have sat here in the grey light,
In the green shade,
On the warm earth,
By the loving trunk and thought.
I have thought but it has not helped.
I have wrapped my heart in dead leaves
And the trunk hugs my back
But it has not helped.*

The Memory : D. W. M. Lemkin

'Mind your backs', bellowed the voices of the young men with their loose green and yellow vests hanging over the huge expansion of their chests, shoulders and muscles. Edmund, clad in his heavy winter coat, watched them march through the gangway formed by the tens of little boys just beginning to row. How professional the crew looked, how powerful! All worked like clockwork, nothing ever went wrong, not with the Trinity School first eight. He looked at them from bow to stern watching the rebellious bowman crouching as if he didn't care about anything in the world and the ever-faithful stroke-man, the coach's pet, always so efficient and proper and the pride of the crew. Then there was the coach, a tough man with no worries about defeat, so confident and determined. To the common novice they were the elite, the intangible Gods of the water, never to be troubled by anything; nothing would stand in the way of their war-path to inevitable victory.

Rubbing his hands in the icy cold, he noticed the launch, the coach's launch, which sped across the water cutting up the soft ripples of the winter river. What is rowing coming to, he thought. In my day the coach had a cycle and a cornet, that was all. He smiled as he thought back to those days of the heavy eight, large rudders and the coach on the towpath riding that rusty old cycle. He chuckled as he thought of poor old Hoggy, the coach, hitting something on the stony towpath and going head over heels onto the ground. How cruel all of them were to him, he thought, when they put salt in his tea, punctured his bicycle wheel, stole his cornet! Wonder where he is now, he pondered, dead I should think, buried in some obscure country graveyard.

Then he felt sad at all those days gone past. Where were they now, he thought, dead like old Hoggy. The boat was still in the boathouse, dusty, unused and out-of-date. Britannia was her name; how fine she was as she glided across the waters of Marlow, Twickenham, Chiswick, Walton and Henley. She was the Queen of the Thames, the boat of boats, she was invincible. That was the memory and this was the present when she lay still and silent and unreachable on the top rack of the concrete boathouse.

Edmund had done some rowing at Oxford but it was never like that here. Rowing at Trinity was unique in its people and its atmosphere; the first eight was like a family, one big family which suddenly broke up in the last year; he never saw a single member of that crew again. Those were good times for him and yet somehow he wished they had never happened because he so hated the dispersal of the crew. Everyone else took it in their stride but Edmund couldn't bear it; just when he was settled and happy. What a thing to happen! It was like marrying a girl and then she dies; you always regret meeting her in the first place. Well, the crew was Edmund's wife and after he left Trinity School he never married again, never again did he commit himself to anything or anyone because he could not bear to face the end when it inevitably came.

All crews were on the water and the young bachelor stood alone in the old boathouse. He felt a hand on his shoulder; he turned around and confronted a tall man with a moustache and a clean tweed jacket.

'You must be the new man', remarked the man with an air of faultless formality.

'Not quite', replied Edmund.

This man was the only person that could ever understand me; he was the only man I have ever loved. His eyes probed into the depths of my mind; he registered my emotions and knew what had caused them. When we were alone together, our thoughts fused into a unison, we became as one.

Every day I would walk five miles to see him, I craved his presence, he had become ingrained in my soul; existence without him had become meaningless. He always stood in the same sombre room; there was no furniture, only a cold stone floor, dark wood panelling and a small window. I would ease open the heavy door and watch him gazing out at the magical scene that was framed before him. He held his huge hands clasped behind his back, his long fingers entwined around each other in an intricate lattice. His breathing was slow and heavy and I focused on the rise and fall of his broad shoulders. I loved every single aspect of this man: his cumbersome body imprisoning a mind that strove to reach up to the heavens, his ugly face dominated by a nose that had made him an outcast, forever banished from his own society.

He always knew that I was there, even if I had not made a single noise. He would beckon at me and his breathing would get faster and lighter. Turning his face towards mine he would smile with his eyes, creasing the tiny lines at the corner of his mouth and taking my feeble hand into his. We would remain in this position for several minutes, exchanging words along the invisible path which the interlocking of our glances had formed. Some days his eyes would be glazed and tears would glimmer at their corners; he would squeeze my hand even tighter, reassuring me and I too would squeeze back. We would then turn to look out of the window again.

He knew the answer to every problem, every question. Each blister from my treacherous walk was worth a single word from his mouth. He was the only person I have ever loved.

The girl and the visitor; mutual embarrassment: two heads bowed in shame, or in respect perhaps, and an eternal, unclimbable grey wall which separates them. On his side there is greenness and serenity, a garden quite unkept and, anyway, the wildness is paradise. On the other hand the girl is staring at the floor. She used to lead a real life of pink brick and reading, and now there is to be a baby.

But the greenness of imaginary heaven can never be reconciled with her existence. Now she will get up and her book will slip from her lap and land creased, spine upwards, red on red marble. She will run up the steps, tread on the hem of her skirt in her haste, steady herself and cry. Days used to pass, one by one, reading on the verandah in the long harsh morning shadow—not really reading, that is, for soon she would be married and her thoughts would wander; though marriage no longer seemed to matter, very much.

Such an intimation of motherhood. She would pull a lily out of the vase on the wall and begin to peel back the stem, idly, and her tears would fall onto the petals: brine on white wax.

Catherine Beatrice Chaytor 1907-1983

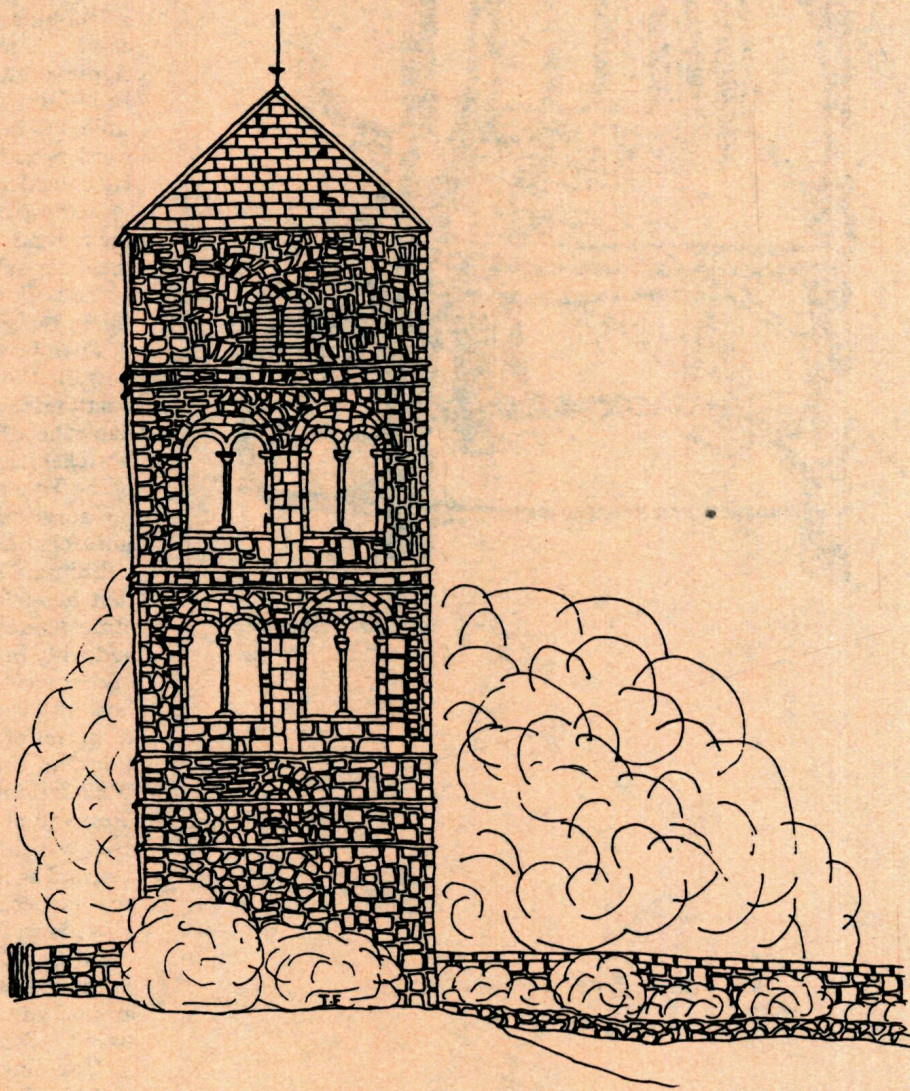
*What passing bell?
A recognised comfort.
The final confession
Of a withering sacrament.*

*Once: wedged in the armchair,
Fat with green Patience:
Cigarette ashes went
Dribbling down your cardigan.
Only now are you missed.*

*Your life and your works
Were retold through the pulpit,
'A great raconteur and teller of tales'
A greatly feared temper:
It lurked: and once exploded,
Then a heart attack.
And then another.
And then another.*

*And then no fat nor cigarette,
But sucked-out folded skin.
Great pleats of empty pity
Under your chin.*

*Over mulled wine and biscuits
No one thought what to say.
Many left quickly,
Whose respect for the dead
Had run out of words.*



Takash: Funaki

Theo Zinn

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice; and look first at the plaque on the wall to the left of the Carleton fountain, where you will find eight lines of accomplished hendecasyllables recording the occasion and purpose of the fountain's construction; then walk up School and look at the shell; there you will see one of the most ingenious elegiac couplets ever written:

*Scorpius egregiam molem percussit Elissae;
Rursus Elissa aedes dedicat egregias.*

MCMLX

The skill and ingenuity lie in the fact that not only was the subject matter laid down—the destruction by an incendiary bomb of School of Elizabeth I's foundation and the opening of the new one by Elizabeth II—but the first letter of each word was also fixed in advance, to give the acrostic *Semper Eadem*, the motto of Elizabeth I. Here then are two notable examples of an ability, rare today but conspicuous in Theo, to compose freely Latin, or for that matter Greek, verse in a variety of metres.

This ability, coupled with his powers to encourage his pupils, enabled him to maintain the flow of epigrams for Election Dinner for thirty years. In the earlier part of his time, when verse composition was a regular part of the classical curriculum, many pupils could write epigrams unaided, and there are still some today. But, urged on and encouraged by Theo, many who had never dreamt they could do such a thing hammered out an epigram.

By the world at large—for he drew an audience not merely from London and the Home Counties, from Oxford and Cambridge, from all over England, but from Sweden and Germany, where he also took one production—Theo will be known principally for his fourteen productions of plays by Plautus and Terence. In 1954 the gap of sixteen years since the last Latin Play gave him a free hand to continue, adapt, or abandon what had perhaps become a rather stylized tradition. His decision to approach the matter *de integro* and produce Plautus and Terence as though they were contemporary authors was a triumphant success. All the performances were marked by liveliness, careful characterisation, complete audibility, accuracy of pronunciation, and above all by the way the actors spoke Latin fluently and convincingly as though it were their native tongue. All those who took part found their appreciation of the Latin language and its literature greatly enhanced.

A similar increase in understanding of Greece and Greek was achieved by the very successful annual parties—initially of Westminster boys only, but later boys and girls from other schools too—which for many years Theo, together with Ted and Dorothea Craven, took to Greece. In 1956 Theo took to Russia the first school party to go there since the war, and a second in 1965.

Further examples of Theo's versatility are his knowledge and teaching of Russian, and his composition of a Requiem to the traditional text. His knowledge of languages was already apparent when he was a

boy at Charterhouse. In those days *The Sunday Times* produced crosswords in a range of languages. Theo did them all. His Requiem has been performed a number of times, and is a convincing and enjoyable work. Besides this, he and one Shell he taught put on an opera adapted from Apuleius' *Golden Ass*, with libretto written and music composed by members of the form and himself; another wrote a Greek Tragedy, *Themistocles*, which was performed by a third Shell a few years later.

But his greatest achievement at Westminster lies in his eminence as a teacher, shown both by the standards he obtained and insisted on, and by the admiration and affection of his pupils. Theo was appointed to Westminster in 1950 as Form Master of the Classical VIIth, becoming Head of Department in succession to David Simpson in 1960. The Seventh, a form that has now virtually vanished, was then the most important and distinctive feature of the education offered by Westminster, so that to appoint the right man to be Form Master of

very first days, aware of the intelligence and creative ability of his pupils, and two of his principal aims were to make them realise their potential and think for themselves. He was constantly questioning and challenging received ideas. Possessed of the gift of thinking quickly, he was by nature a spontaneous teacher, one who taught *de improviso*; but the ground was covered, and linguistic correctness and idiom were held of equal importance with ability at General Paper work. Brought up at Charterhouse in the tradition of going through pupils' work individually, he was always aware how much he owed to this and made it one of the main features of his own teaching.

During Theo's thirty-three years at the school, the numbers reading classics in the country as a whole have steadily declined; but it was both heartening and a great tribute to him that at Westminster numbers and quality were maintained. Some years were smaller than others, but on average there has been no decline. This to some extent offset his inevitable sadness at the



Alex Padamsee

a Seventh was a vital matter. The choice for the Classical Seventh could not have fallen on a better candidate. In those days Scholars and their peers would spend three years in the Seventh, which, with A Level being taken almost *en passant*, gave their teachers the opportunity to educate them to a width and depth that is not possible today.

This was precisely the field for Theo. To him, classics is the joy of reading particular authors, and the exciting emotional, as well as intellectual, experience of reading and composing. He infected his pupils with this joy and experience, and it was his ability to do this, combined with the close personal relationship, regularly reciprocated, that he established with them, that made teaching worthwhile for him and provided him with his inspiration. He was always, from his

disappearance of the Seventh and the decline in the level to which it was possible to teach. The reputation he established at the universities, particularly at Oxford, to which most of his pupils went, was kept as high as ever by his scholarship record, remarkably constant in quality as well as in numbers.

One day, consulted about a possible replacement for Theo on his retirement, replied that there was no such thing. Nothing could be more true; his individuality and entirely personal style are inimitable; his devotion and uncompromising adherence to his standards and principles are unlikely to be surpassed. It is as one of the great classical teachers of the century that he will rightly be honoured and remembered.

G.D.M.

Si Monumentum Requiris . . .

by Tom Holt

Many things in life are hard to do, but two are very hard indeed. One of them is finding a place to park in Oxford. The other is writing a tribute to two teachers with the overwhelming influence of Theo Zinn and Denis Moylan without tending towards hagiography or libel.

When I first came under that influence, I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to learn enough about English literature to get me into Cambridge, and then get a proper job. This was not to be; I am now starting my fifth year at Oxford. As a postgraduate Classicist. Damn.

The love of Classics which is responsible for this sad state of affairs came chiefly from Theo Zinn, without question. He has that ability to inspire and communicate enthusiasm that is all too rare among those who claim to be teachers (especially in Universities). But enthusiasm is not enough, and the excitement of one's first brush with Plato tends to evaporate quickly when horrible things like syntax and vocabulary have

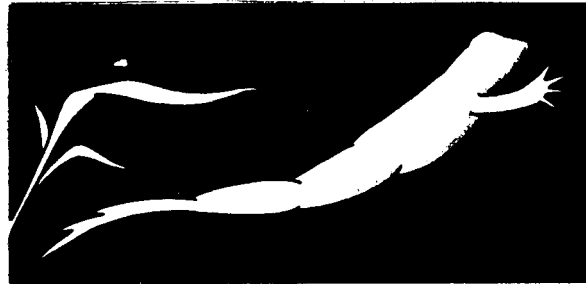
most incidental) insights into Homer were with me and comforted me as I walked through the valley of the shadow of A-levels, Oxbridge, Mods and Finals.

Well, dammit, this has become a Life of the Saints, despite the querulous note I managed to inject at the beginning. Perhaps it is time, distance and nostalgia; I do not think so. My good memories of Westminster are almost exclusively of the Overwhelming Influence; in other respects I am not a victim of the Best Days of Your Life complex.

As a result, I tend to identify Westminster with the Busby Library and that rather bleak room off Up School. This effect must result from something more than the memory of two highly efficient teachers. The enthusiasm and the scholarship could have been daunting and offputting had not Denis and Theo been able to make their subject so enjoyable. Here Denis Moylan's achievement seems in retrospect to have been greater; while (up to a point) Aeschylus and Plautus are not entirely without their own intrinsic interest, Thucydides' use of particles needs a good deal of help before it can claim to entertain. Denis's scholarly, beautifully controlled wit and his often stern but unfailingly lively and good-humoured atti-

to teach, that is a minor part of his role. He is there to be caricatured, loathed and slandered by his pupils. Grossly unfair impressions of Denis and Theo's mannerisms and favourite sayings drew us classicists together into a sort of religious sect, with a common ritual (the hand extended for the five pence fine, the mystic vocabulary of spiels, stimmungs and franklys) and almost a common personality. And even if 'Le Latin ne nourrit personne', I have yet to meet an ex-pupil of Theo and Denis who is dull, lifeless or humourless. When beside the waters of Cherwell we sat down and wept, we kept alive the old rituals, and may our tongues cleave to the roof of our mouths if we ever forget the book-laden table in the Busby Library, or Melloids.

When I finally lapse into my Old Man and the Sea phase, what I shall most likely dream of is Latin Plays and Election dinners. They most of all turned the Classics from something you did during the day into a craft you delighted in using. They were pleasures far beyond the usual thrills of amateur dramatics and the chance of left-over port. They offered an ideal combination; an irresistible opportunity to enjoy yourself while being part of an unimpeachable tradition. They even seemed to give a purpose to studying dead languages and past cultures.



to be dealt with. Now Theo will teach you any number of rare words and magnificent phrases which encapsulate essential Classical concepts; but it was Denis Moylan who taught me all I know about Conditionals, which is more than I (or he) ever expected.

Not that Denis is just a technician. He too can communicate interest, even a sort of fascination, for the uncompromising machinery of the Greek and Latin languages. His very precision and insistence on the right word, the perfect construction, inspired me; not Greek Made Easy but Greek Made Challengingly Difficult. Perhaps he did not introduce me to concepts and modes of thought which filled me with amazement and curiosity, or fill his narrative with perfectly chosen quotations ('It's a quote, boy. Write it down') delivered in that majestic, oh-so-easily-imitated voice. But he taught me something which is hard to learn—scholarship.

And my profit on't is, I can, even after four years in the South Midlands, read a page of Thucydides when I have to without sweating blood, even (occasionally) understand the nuances. Together Theo and Denis made a perfect team. Not that the demarcation was in any way formal or exclusive; Theo's methodical way of hacking a path through an Unseen, and Denis's (al-

tude enabled me to come to terms with the unlovely contents of Abbot and Mansfield in a way that pure application never could.

My strongest memories, of course, are of Theo. It is ten o'clock at night in the teaching room of his flat in the bowels of College. Every available inch of wall-space is covered with books, from Loeb's to Elzevirs with, here and there, a brace of incunabula Virgils; a slab of Gandhara sculpture lies on the table and we are discussing Sophocles. Next door the telephone rings and Theo disappears for ten minutes. It is an Oxford don, discussing the pronunciation of some abstruse hapax in Plautus, or a shadowy figure with news of a rare Kate Greenaway almanac. Then back to Sophocles, and thence to Plato or Homer, and the latest Lloyd-Jones heresy. Ah, that unforgettable man, larger than life in every sense—and we his equals in everything but learning, our tempers flaring if our passionately maintained hypotheses are contradicted, involved in something more important than schoolwork or preparation for some sordid exam. Both Denis and Theo seemed to identify with what they taught so much that one came to identify it with them. That connection being made, the subject could never be boring.

A schoolmaster, after all, is not just there

The Westminster Latin Play, producer T. Zinn, prompter D. Moylan, is still, for me, the best justification I know of for a way of life and an attitude of mind that is growing harder to defend every day.

Theo will not thank me for that last sentence. I get the impression that in his eyes the Classics are one of Man's most precious possessions. Fire, the wheel and so on are expendable; not the trinity of Latin and Greek, rare books, and cats. But I fear that the defence cannot last very long now that the two great champions are passing into the West. Other teachers may be as diligent and conscientious; they too may stay up half the night going through Unseens and Proses with their aggravating charges, perhaps even put on another Latin Play. But I fear that the confidence and motivation have gone, the profound love of the Classical idea that I learnt at Westminster, and which keeps me here, struggling through Coldstream on Geometric Pottery out on the Oxford ring-road. My praise for Theo and Denis may well seem excessive, but anyone who could turn me into an academic is either a True Prophet or at least a brilliant heretic.

*

Barry Cumberland

Mischievous, severe, sparkling, generous, kind and irascible, Barry was never afraid of speaking his mind. Many will remember his talks in Abbey, many his homilies—and everyone, I think, respected the way he defended his passionately held convictions, at the risk of sacrificing his own popularity—which, of course, he never lost. He had no trouble from the disaffected rabble, and his expeditions to Paris seemed to be peopled by his own French sets who, like most of his pupils, referred to him fondly as Barry—pronounced with a distinct bilabial voiced spirant. His firmness was appreciated, so was his wit.

Like many who occasionally feel they are not, he was an excellent teacher. Those sparkling eyes revealed his enthusiasm for France, and his wardrobe, complete with Pierre Cardin ties, made him more a Parisian than a Midlander. The nineteenth century novel was his speciality, and he loved to write about it, talk about it and teach it. It was through his work on Stendhal that he met Professor George Steiner, whom he invited to Westminster last year, where that extraordinary cultural journalist gave a memorable lecture.

Barry was unobtrusively generous with his time; ever ready to stand in for poorly colleagues, quite remarkably industrious, he would spend hours each day after school either immured in his classroom, up Grants or taking parties to concerts, plays and films. After four years at Westminster, he leaves to tour the world. Whether he will then resume teaching at school or university, or start to preach professionally from the pulpit, where he spoke so committedly in the Abbey, remains to be seen. He will be very much missed here and in many a famous restaurant for miles around. Bonne chance. R.R.S.

Pueri Collegae Valet

by David J. Critchley

It is perhaps not inappropriate, as my year at Westminster draws to a close, that I should stand back and sum up my impressions.

You may not know that I came to Westminster from a school where some of the boys were so poor that even their socks, pyjamas, and pocket money, were only provided for them out of the bounty of the school. Beware, Westminsters; they were not as wealthy as many of you are, but they were every bit as bright. You Westminsters have a distinctive, and almost indefinable, air. At the risk of being too blunt, let me say this. You worship two gods, Success and Wealth; both, I might add, gods that have the distinction of devouring their devotees. A game or race that is lost you consider wasted; allowed discretion in dress, you flaunt the costliness of your clothes; you flock to the subjects of the future, without realising that what today seems forward-looking may in a generation's time seem merely to have been fashionable. You are not curious enough about the other things in life. Where is the boy who can number and describe the different kinds of stone from which the abbey is built? Who can tell me what birds make use of the trees in Dean's Yard? Which of you that comes from a Jewish family can tell me where in the school the name Joseph Preston is to be found engraved in Hebrew characters?

You are optimists: there is nothing wrong with that, but optimism is like the topsails of a ship, fine in a following wind, but useless when you are dismasted (which in this life you will from time to time most assuredly be). Then it is revealed that it is the ballast that keeps the ship on an even

keel, and prevents her turning over when all motive power is gone. Where is your ballast? Do you know your psalms? Why do you look so blank when you hear an allusion to the Old Testament? Probably because you are city boys, valuing what the city values, and used to the bustle of life. You leave home early, day boys, to fight your way into school (I know too well what it is like to travel regularly in London at that hour); then in the evening you fight your way home; there is preparation to be done before you go or after you arrive; I presume you eat; and so finally to bed. Or do you compress the evening still further, by trying to fit in the television programme or the video film? Relax! Write (metaphorically, I suppose) half a dozen lines of verse on your shirt cuff before you leave in the morning, learn them on your way in, and repeat them to yourself on the way home. Rush less; and you full boarders, per contrarium, do not idle away your time; think more. You cannot hear the still small voice unless you yourselves are quiet.

Perhaps in all this I misjudge you. God grant that it may be so.

Since this article was written Mr. Critchley was asked to undertake more teaching at Westminster.

★

New Members of the Common Room

We warmly welcome the following new members of the Common Room: **D. G. Jeffreys** (Economics), **C. R. L. Lowe** (O. W., Classics), **T. V. Mohan** (Music), **L. Steenman-Clark** (Maths) and **M. Lynn** (French).



Adam Buxton

Andrew Brown and Richard Jacobs have both spent recent academic time in America. The former gives an account of six weeks at a summer school for high school juniors held at Milton Academy; the latter, after an eight month exchange with Henry Ploegstra of Trinity School, New York, offers random American notes in despair of doing justice to his happy time at Trinity, with which it is hoped Westminster can continue to exchange.

An American Summer-School

by Andrew Brown

Canadian air and we gently baked, Gulf air and we steamed, more often the latter. In the lush, leafy, sprinkler-ridden Boston suburb of Milton the students who had gathered for the six weeks of Massachusetts Advanced Studies Program enthusiastically worked on. In the elegant science labs, constructed in the days of low cost energy, the chemists and biologists sweltered: Milton Academy can no longer afford to run the energy-guzzling air conditioning system. In America school stops in mid-June to avoid the worst of the summer heat, yet here were 300 students from state secondary schools eagerly feeding their intellects in less than conducive weather conditions for the sake of their college futures at the cost of \$2,000 for six weeks.

M.A.S.P. was founded to enrich the education of Massachusetts state school children who aspired to a course at 'a good school (university)' but who were suffering from state budget cutbacks which, for instance, meant that high school pupils could learn physics without ever handling apparatus. Pupils are chosen for M.A.S.P. on the basis of school recommendation and interview by a travelling panel: there are many applicants for each place, and a high proportion of those who are successful receive financial aid from the M.A.S.P. endowment. The program was originally designed to move around the Massachusetts private schools but Milton, the first host, was so successful that M.A.S.P. seems stuck there.

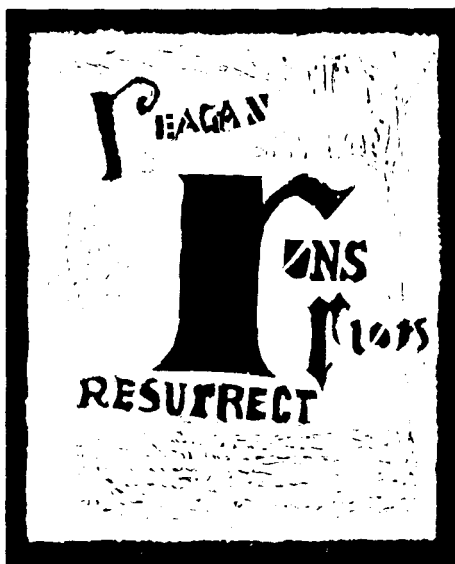
Undoubtedly, its proximity to Boston favours the enrichment process: during the six weeks there were visits to films, concerts, theatre, centres of local government, the harbour and historic sites. One course, 'The city as subject', used the techniques of investigative journalism to train the students in writing skills, observation and the sociology of city society. Each student took a full time course occupying sixteen hours of class time per week with preparation on top (for instance, Biology, Chemistry, French, Politics, American Writers...) and eight hours per week of a 'writing' course, also with additional preparation. The writing course was designed to improve writing skills but did not have to tie up with the main course: many of those who took 'science writing' with Peter Gwynne, an expatriate Englishman who is the U.S. correspondent of the *New Scientist*, were on arts main courses.

Huckleberry Harrod



This was an exhilarating experience: I have never come across such a thirst for knowledge, such a degree of application. Little comes free in the U.S.A.; self-improvement is a prime motivating force. Certainly, the students could be failed on their final examination. One was expelled for plagiarism. Some couldn't stand the academic pace and the pressures to socialize. They lived and played hard and most came away with favourable reports which might help them in university applications. A college day halfway through, attended by representatives of leading universities, helped pupils to firm up their choice for applications.

I came away exhausted but stimulated by the new experience. My two children, then aged six and ten, too: they had both been in Milton junior summer schools whilst I was working. Replete with cold salmon and salad from the faculty farewell lunch, our family sped away to the easier pace of my in-laws' lakeside cottage in the New Hampshire forests.



David Hollingworth

American (but not New York) Notes

by Richard Jacobs

A royal wit, visiting Philadelphia, remarked that the town was very agreeable but for the difficulty that everyone he met was called Scrapple and they ate a noisome thing called a biddle. The family Biddle is to Philadelphia what Winthrop is (I think) to (I think) Boston but I never discovered (despite dark New York threats) how scrapples tasted.

Philadelphia is self-consciously grand, oddly like Bordeaux. A perplexing feature is that the best two, rival, fish restaurants are both called Bookbinders; another is a lavish hotel that had to close for years because a man happened to stay there once who happened to be a legionary who happened to die sometime afterwards.

It's not compulsory to get out of the train at Philadelphia because the ride from New York south will take you to Washington. Here Wilde didn't compose an epigram to the effect that, if there was something innocent about the decadence of New York, there was something manifestly decadent about the innocence of Washington. The famous bit looks like a renaissance study for an ideal city and is about as humourless, and Georgetown is where I'd like a house, please. The National Gallery is early Italy, well presented, and makes the Philadelphia museum look rather drearily comprehensible—but for a familiar bit of glass, at the end of a particularly dreary succession of basement rooms. Richard Hamilton? No. The real thing, the large glass, the broken one and Duchamp was quite happy to leave it that way. I was alone with its smashed wonders, a bachelor, even.

The ride north from New York is different. There's a jolly commuter train to New Haven. Executives gamble and drink their way home on it and the service is appropriately saloonish. The barman, on one trip I was on, reeled stupendously among the moneymakers chanting 'Come on folks, the bar's still open,' and the loudspeaker shortly after gave a fine, bitter version of an Amtrak formula: 'This is Wilton. Exit carefully. Please check your seat, luggage rack and the area around your seat for your personal belongings, coats, bags, cases, reading materials—(pause, withering tone)—and all your other junk'.

In New Haven, Yale scientists work in exemplary New England colonial houses. The Department of Statistics (where the industrious bee may be computing its thyme as happily as at Appleton House) lives in the kind of beauty that is poignant to account for, but the international conspiracy against sociology is confirmed by their mean little hatchery. Yale's wild and fearsome English school, home of structuralism's post-department, is in the quiet old brown bit (not that I found it because I didn't).

I saw a lot of New England (I crossed the

Thames at New London and thought of—but I shan't fabricate). And Boston. As I draft these notes I'm leaving Boston for the last time. It's lovely. I'd like to mention a tall green tower called Hancock which is the loveliest glass thing I've ever seen. But Bostonians have reason to fear and dread it. For some months its windows have been falling on top of them. Litigation currently extends to the glue manufacturers and one irony is that Hancock is insurance. Harvard is very nice, thank you, and if anyone would like to found a chair of wine-tasting there I'd be quite happy to sit in it.

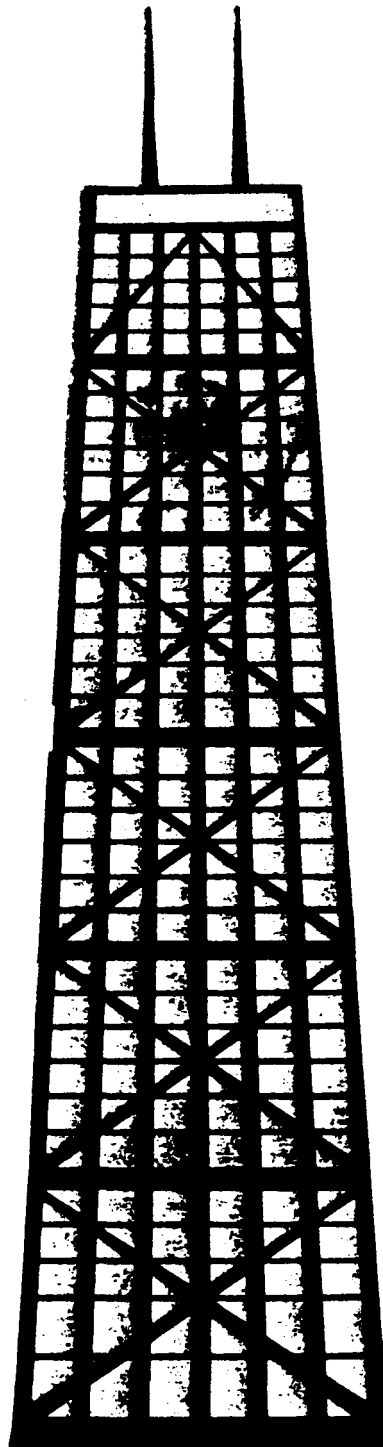
An eight thousand mile train trip took me through July and, roughly, a clockwise circle starting south-west from Chicago. A fortnight in San Francisco was a series of unrequited, disloyal passions for more beautiful tall buildings than are good for the spine. To live on one of the hills or in Sausalito is consummately unimaginable so I climbed all the hills and walked over the golden bridge instead. This is the city beautiful. In Merced, some Greyhound hours away, I heard a mocking-bird and saw it mock. It ran through its repertoire, flew off whenever a bather dived into a Hockney pool and was back mocking for the tousled hair-tossing resurface. And three days in the Napa Valley were vinous and serious work, as usual.

On both coasts I was asked how I was *today* and instructed to have a nice day *now*; together with the habit of putting stresses on many words as late as possible (waiting for *Godot*) this tempted one to brood mildly about American time. New Yorkers, at any rate, assert their cultural buying-power by turning up to concerts late (and by walking out of contemporary incursions into the subscription repertoire). A Danish girl I met on a train to Chicago had been mugged the day before; her assailant had left her 75 cents for, as he put it, 'your own little ride home tonight'. Even the mugged have a future. So do those who insure against it. In San Diego I heard of doctors paying \$75,000 annual premium for insurance against law-suits. The same evening I met a bronzed, grizzled general in a Jacuzzi (sic) who said, of Vietnam, 'Yes, I think all the time about my war. But it was an honorable cause'.

News was heady with a teacher being sacked for marrying a Jew and with Gerry Falwell's pleasant doctrine of AIDS being divine retribution; a TV interview with Derek Freeman, who has angrily contested Margaret Mead's Samoan anthropology, featured an exchange about the existence of 'menstruating pianos'. There was no Watergate on at the time, so they had an 'Altergate' instead. This involved Republicans claiming that the Hansard-equivalent had been 'altered' to misrepresent their views. Thus the remark—'I am prepared to meet with any reasonable committee'—had been wittily transcribed for posterity with a 'not' after the 'am'.

The *Boston Review* carried excerpts from a very angry book accusing Balanchine (then alive) and Baryshnikov of encouraging anorexia nervosa among New York ballet students. The woman as machine (Duchamp's glassy vision) was certainly

the impression I got from watching the company. The implications about high capitalist consumption of art might as well not be pursued (T. S. Eliot winning two Tony Awards for *Cats* while the film industry costume-dramatizes and teen-romanticizes nuclear war) but it was easy to see the case for state arts patronage, especially when the R.S.C. *Alls Well*, rapturously reviewed, had to close early in its run because it wasn't by Rice and Lloyd-Webber. Yet everything to love and admire in America—like the Frick collection—is funded by private money. A newsagent near Carnegie Hall said, 'Sure, I have stamps,' and sold me a 20 cent stamp for 30 cents. 'I have to live.' I'd like to, in New York.



Chicago

The Lyke Wake Walk

by Ursula Griffiths

The prelude was ominous. Meetings where everyone seemed to turn up in running vests, pages of instructions (de Silva compasses—death from exposure) and incredulous raised eyebrows: 'You're not really doing that Lyke Wake thing are you? Do you think you'll make it?'

'I don't know.'

Then there was a seven-hour journey northwards in an old, old minibus, with rucksack straps drumming on the roofs like hailstones, only lasting longer. We counted the junctions till supper and sang, and did not sleep.

At Osmotherley it was cold and clear, much colder and clearer than London ever. Still with no conception of 42 miles we were sent off up the first hill: 'You're group five: there'll be tea and coffee at Hensby Bank.' The full moon lit the road grey-green through the trees and five-miles-an-hour felt easy. For the first ten miles we took bearings, rationed chocolate, timed the carrying of the rucksacks. We reached the moor and climbed up. The ground hardened, the trees grew few and the stars grew sharper and more numerous. Then the more tired we got the more dreamlike it felt, an expanse of black sky and an expanse of black earth. At half past four, paper bags of College Hall cake and proper petrol-stove coffee, and on again. Just then the packs were rather heavy.

We sleepwalked along the old gravel railway embankment, by now tasting neither the chocolate nor the conversation; and then it was dawn, the horizon bleaching from black to pale blue, the heather iced white, the sky pink and yellow and a jet trail eastwards into the sun, a gold streamer.

We left our enormous breakfast on the ridge still hugging mugs of tea and made an erratic way over the watershed, which was not as frozen as it looked, so we all got wet feet. After another brief encounter with Cedric and the minibus and Vivaldi, very clear, in the middle of nowhere, we arrived at the highest point (to say it was downhill from there would be deceptive). Yorkshire began to look more like Dartmoor: valleys, youth hostels and mountain ash. Other people appeared, always going in the opposite direction, with breeches and sticks or running in tracksuits. They began to remind you how tired and uncivilised you were. Saturday lunch was at one in a real car-park with a wooden litter bin; under the Fylingdale radar domes, ominous.

The last eight miles were hard on the feet and very pretty in the teatime sun. We sang desperately, hymns, very old songs, *Jerusalem*, and then suddenly at half past four was the radio mast, large and close: five more yards and sit down. We cannot get up again, and move in a haze of mugs of tea and beer, bunks and sleeping bags for another twelve hours. We go home, down the motorways again; semi-conscious and very smug.

Ken Livingstone at the Annual Pimlico Lecture

by Todd Hamilton

Once more, London's local government looks set to be abolished. Westminster has always disliked County Hall: 'County Hall is the place where collective and socialist policies are tried in a revolutionary atmosphere', said Lord Salisbury in 1894. Indeed then and in 1934, when Herbert Morrison led the L.C.C., the government tried to abolish what it found an obstinate and hostile partner in administration. Thus when the leader of the present G.L.C. spoke at the Annual Pimlico Lecture it was not just to defend Ken Livingstone against Margaret Thatcher; it was to defend local government against central government.

Mr. Livingstone attacked the Conservatives' plans on the simple ground that their new system could never satisfactorily replace the G.L.C. It would always be impossible, anyway, for a central authority to provide properly for London. The prosperity and ease of the outer districts diluted the figures. The figures then masked a crisis in the inner city, where housing was short, industry depressed and male unemployment at 20%. These chronic needs begged undivided and tireless attention from a sympathetic champion—something only locals could offer.

Given, though, that a central authority could understand such problems there was no guarantee of its meeting them any more efficiently than the G.L.C. He then proceeded to outline the major uses of their budget, demonstrating that such costs could neither be avoided nor better handled. For 95% of the 850 million pounds

spent by the G.L.C. last year went into four areas—debt, transport, fire services and industry.

The debt was a legacy of sixty years of essential rebuilding. Schools, Housing and Transport raised debts which the G.L.C. was charged at its birth with repaying. That sum, 2½ billion pounds, had so far been reduced by half. Would, he asked, a government quango staffed by financiers, whose job depended upon the existence of that debt, show quite the same zeal in reducing it? Yet, however, atrociously they handled it, what power would any electorate hold over them?

Transport had been a similar success. The new policies had restored the situation of ten years ago. To cut back the subsidy and privatize London Transport ignored several statistics. There had been in the months from May to October a 15% rise in users, and a consequent rise in traffic flow. There were seven million people in London, whom the city simply could not accommodate in cars. There had been 3,700 more road casualties following the rise in traffic after prices had risen. To dehumanize the transport system would produce a situation such as is on the Paris metro: for lack of guards, one is seven times more likely to be mugged there than anywhere else in town.

Some subsidy even the monetarists acknowledged to be inevitable; but the difference between his and their estimates—100 million pounds—was surely a price worth paying, considering the benefits in human and ecological terms. At this point he condemned those who opted out of paying because they never used it: it was a principle of selfishness that destroyed the most basic idea of cooperation on which civilization was founded.

There was little to say about the fire brigade. You could privatize it, you could not seriously deprive it of funds. What could a

quango do significantly better than the G.L.C.? For as in all these instances, rates would still have to be levied. The difference, however, would be that now the ratepayers, no longer electors, were powerless to interfere.

For the last area, he admitted, there could be savings made. The G.L.C. spent 60 million pounds in bridging loans each year. 10,000 jobs were thus tied up in industry and such investment. Anyone else could easily save that money because no one else would care about 10,000 jobs...

Mr. Livingstone then proceeded to talk about the remaining 5% of the budget. The new legislation, he argued, not only failed to fulfil its own aims but actually destroyed more than it saved. Some of the money went to functions like licensing. The licensing board would no longer be a committee of ten men in County Hall, but one man—or more—in each of the 32 boroughs. In other words the new system would waste money in hundreds of quite apolitical offices by needlessly multiplying the paperwork.

Some of the money, again, went into controversial areas. All these—like the committees for Peace, Gay Rights and ethnic minorities—would be swept away. The gain would be an average rate rebate of 1½ pence per week per family. The loss would be in human decency and civil rights.

He concluded by harking back to the days of the Vestries, abolished for the very vices of corruption and inefficiency which he foresaw bedevilling the quangos. He mourned the trend towards ignorant and distanced central authority, and the destruction of Londoners' democratic control over themselves. His last word was an analysis of the government's motives: as the G.L.C. had proved the success of an alternative, so the government that insisted there was no such thing must remove any evidence to the contrary.



Edward Grigg



Hugh Cameron

Philip Woodford left Westminster last summer, having spent five terms here. He now writes about his new school, Greycourt Comprehensive in Ham, Richmond.

A New Experience

by Philip Woodford

Greycourt School begins to stir. The time is approximately 8.50 a.m. The first suggestion of activity is as sleepy pupils secure their bicycles in a large rack designated for the purpose, situated in a yard overlooked by classrooms. There never seems to be a huge surge of people into our formroom before the registration period; the room is simply full before 9 o'clock, with no discernable influx. Broadly speaking, arriving just a few minutes after nine, one would not incur the wrath of the teaching staff. However, it is a risk that few people seem prepared to take on a regular basis. Once silence has been established, the register is taken by the form tutor. Every one of the forty forms in the school has such a tutor, whose responsibility it is to keep order during both morning and afternoon registration sessions, to liaise with other staff members on matters of discipline and academic progress, and generally to watch out for members of their form, help with problems and so on.

In the fourth and fifth years, i.e. ages 14-16, students are working towards their GCE and CSE examinations. Along with the compulsory subjects, Maths, English Language and Literature, Physical Education, Leisure Pursuits and Social Education, one has to choose six 'options' from quite a wide range. So, at 9.20, there is little chance of staying with members of your form for the ensuing lessons, although, in fact, the form 'unit' is far more important than it ever was at Westminster.

I think that it is fair to say that teaching

techniques are more 'traditional' at Greycourt than at Westminster, in the sense that the lessons are approached perhaps in a more orthodox way. There is much less scope for spontaneity in the classroom, and syllabi are more rigidly kept to; however this certainly does not detract from the atmosphere of the lessons, which is pleasant and relaxed in almost all cases. Class sizes average out at about 22, although my German group is made up of only 12, which surely cannot be equalled at Westminster before the VIth form?

There is little to distinguish one day from another at my new school. In Little Dean's Yard, each day had a particular flavour to it; one could almost sense that it was a 'Station day', for example. At Greycourt there is no such flavouring, although I think that the timetable is planned in such a way as to make each day break down into more 'digestible' units, so to speak. There are 8 lessons per day, split, almost without exception, into four double lessons, each one hour, ten minutes in length. There is a mid-morning break of 15 minutes, as well as a lunch break from 11.55 to 12.55. The school day finishes promptly at 3.30, unless one is involved in extra-curricular activities, such as sport or drama. Ends of lessons are signified by what can only be described as a 'hooter', faintly reminiscent of the siren on an American Police car.

When people question me about the changes involved in adapting from Westminster to Greycourt, certain questions always come up. Therefore, perhaps it would be helpful to comment upon the main areas of apparent interest.

What are the pupils like? By and large, all the students have been very friendly, and, perhaps surprisingly, not too inquisitive about where I have come from. Adapting to mixed classes, which I would have had to do at Westminster anyway, caused no great problems, as I expected. The students come from very diverse backgrounds, and

one could certainly not categorize them in this respect.

Is there much academic pressure? There is not the same kind of feeling, as unfortunately I felt at Westminster, of being constantly 'pushed' to keep up with everyone else and to achieve very high grades. The pressure is on just enough to ensure that everyone does what is required of them; there is certainly always enough work to keep one occupied.

How does discipline compare with Westminster? There are definitely no disciplinary problems at Greycourt, and the usual array of essays, detentions etc. are meted out for misdemeanours. People constantly find loopholes in the uniform regulations, although periodically students are subject to 'uniform checks', and can get into trouble, if not correctly dressed.

Then people are often interested in the more 'minor' changes, and ask questions like: What sports do you play? The emphasis is placed on a basic grounding in a variety of sports. The compulsory ones include: Rugby, Basketball, Soccer, Hockey, Athletics and Cricket. We have a double period of Physical Education per week. On top of this, we have a double period of Leisure Pursuits, optional sports subjects, which include: weight-training, ice-skating, squash, badminton, orienteering and so on. Do the pupils have a say in how the school is run? Each year, students from each age-group elect people to represent them on the school collegium, or pupils' council. The collegium has little or no influence on school policy, although certain decisions are given to the collegium to make.

I hope, in this very short piece, I have begun to describe what it is like at my new school, and how I have had to adapt to certain changes. I miss Westminster, its atmosphere and vitality, but believe that Greycourt is more suited to my needs and temperament.

The Salvation Army

by Daniel Christianson

The Salvation Army hostel in St. Anne's Street, Westminster is a grim Victorian building with opaque yellow windows. The only entrance is through a purple side-door inset with a small grille which allows only a glimpse into the forecourt within.

The hostel appears to be an austere, Dickensian relic from the beginning of the century, an impression which seems to confirm the worst preconceptions of the Salvation Army hostels as being inhospitable regimented institutions.

However, by contrast, the interior of the building is very clean and well maintained. The men have access to private bathrooms and television and games rooms which are attached to most of the dormitories.

The staff are very helpful and informal. By making it a policy to employ some of the men in cleaning and maintenance jobs around the hostel, no rigid division is created between Salvation Army staff and the people who have to live in the hostel.

There are very few restrictions imposed upon the men. They are free to come and go as they please. Even the daily Church services, which are such a characteristic feature of the Salvation Army, are only attended on a voluntary basis.

The dormitories are closed for only two hours each day (to allow them to be cleaned) and even this restriction does not apply to the old age pensioners who can stay in their bedrooms throughout the day. In a hostel with a capacity of six hundred men, it is important that a person can identify his bed as his own territory. It is a place where he can feel secure within an environment which may otherwise seem very impersonal.

The Salvation Army does not just house these men, it tries to provide assistance which may not be sought by the men outside the hostel environment—for instance, because of the social stigma associated with alcoholism, compulsive gambling or mental disorders which many of the men suffer from.

A psychotherapist visits the hostel regularly to treat depression, schizophrenia and alcohol related disorders. If a man has a severe drink problem he can be referred to a de-toxification centre run by the Salvation Army. However, this treatment is only voluntary and men are never forced against their will to attend the centre.

A part-time nurse also comes to the hostel three times a week to attend to minor complaints such as influenza and bronchitis. The men can also buy second-hand clothes for a nominal charge and eat all their meals within the confines of the hostel.

The building is a self-contained community where the men are never compelled to go into the society outside. Perhaps this is wrong. Isolation from society may encourage rejection of any environment outside that of the hostel. As a result some men opt out and remain isolated for many years. However, you must admire the motives of

the Salvation Army and their humane treatment of the less privileged. They believe first in the liberty of the individual and his right to determine his own future. It is possible to remain institutionalised indefinitely, but the means are always open to the men to improve their lives. In this way, the Salvation Army may restore their self-respect, the confidence to bring order to their own lives, which is so valuable yet so hard to regain once lost.



Phab 1983

by Felix Cornish

For me, as with the majority of able-bodied people on the PHAB course, disabled people were people you hurried past in the street and avoided staring at, or just smiled sweetly but self-consciously at if you inadvertently caught their eyes. It was convenient to think that they didn't really exist or were quite all right in secluded hostels where someone else would look after them. Yet there was a certain degree of guilt that motivated me to join the PHAB course last summer, and by the end of the week that guilt had become not self-satisfaction, nor depression, but a new awareness of what disability actually involved.

The very fact that a wheelchair-bound person is a few feet lower than an able-bodied person makes communication initially very difficult, as you have to look down at them and this alone can lead to the sort of condescending conversation usually held with small children or dogs in a patronizing tone of voice. Yet the thirty physically handicapped people on the course were the same ages as we able-bodied members, if not older. They were also every bit as sensitive. They were ordinary people who were confined physically—but certainly not mentally or spiritually—by their wheelchairs. They supported football teams, disliked certain pop groups, became angry at times and had views on world issues, while some of them had steady jobs.

It was at first difficult to get into conversation when we all assembled in Little Dean's Yard; they weren't only strangers, but strangers in wheelchairs. However, our efforts were amply rewarded. The ice melted on impact and glowing personalities began to shine through. From then on we never looked back during the seven days packed full of activities—both laid on and improvised, from 7.30 a.m. to 1 a.m. (and beyond).

On the first evening a fascinating mime show by Jiri Stanislav emphasised our newfound feeling of togetherness; we were collectively hypnotized by his movements.

Study groups supervised by members of the school staff occupied most mornings. These were geared to producing creative material for the public 'entertainment' on the last night. Yared disappeared into London with a motley crew of trigger-happy photographers while the less energetic PHABers painted and sculpted, rehearsed a play and devised musical accompaniment for the same, stopping at regular intervals for leisurely teabreaks.

After huge lunches which catered admirably for various people's hang-ups we set out on ambitious expeditions. We visited safari-parks, theatres, department stores, parks and museums, many of which were totally new experiences for the physically handicapped members of the course and their enthusiasm gave these places that we were so used to new leases of life.

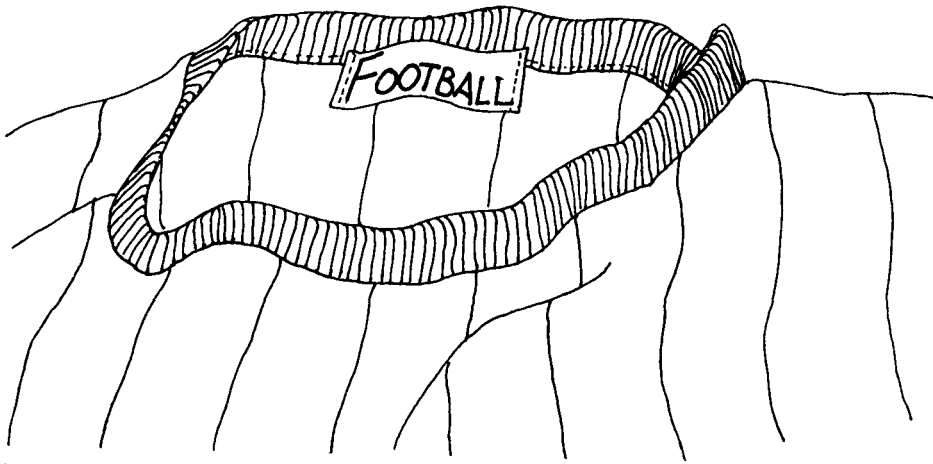
Everywhere we could have just hopped on a bus to get to, now involved so much pushing, lifting and telephoning in advance, but the physically handicapped members showed no frustration and their good humour kept us weary and sore-footed ABs going for many a mile under blistering heat.

Then, all too suddenly, time caught up with us and the week drew to a close. During the well-attended public entertainment there was a deliberately chaotic performance of 'Alice in Wonderland' held roughly together by Gavin Griffiths, while John Arthur's band provided suitably stylish accompaniment. The painters and sculptors put on a vivid display on the theme of animals, while Yared and his candid cameras exhibited their professional labours.

A disco lifted our flagging spirits late into the night until, at last, we were all keen to get to bed. Our last breakfast was a sad occasion and for once the snap, crackle and pop was the loudest noise in the hall. Then the minibuses and family cars arrived to collect the PHs and after emotional good-byes, we were left in an uncannily tranquil Little Dean's Yard with only our memories for company and the prospect of seven more weeks of relatively dull holiday.

The PHAB course is not a contrived situation for disabled integration with everyday society, but rather a taste of the benefits that both physically handicapped and able-bodied would reap is that was the norm. It is an eye-opening week that can shape the rest of your life.





Interview with Colin Powell

by Mike Ridley

This new football season has seen many changes for Westminster football. Stewart Murray stood down from managing the First XI and David Cook took over this position. More significantly Colin Powell who played over 400 league and cup matches for Charlton Athletic was brought in as coach, and is now present full time at Vincent Square.

After only one term Colin has been accepted as a great success, both by the players and the rest of the teachers involved in football. He had much to say in reply to a few simple questions about public-school football in general.

—I am very pleased still to be earning from football. I always said that when I packed up football I would like to stay within the game, whether it be coaching, managing, scouting, anything really. Football has been good to me and I'd like to stay in it.

So perhaps you might like to move on from Westminster?

—If a job came along where I knew it was secure and I knew it was safe then I would consider it, but coaches' and managers' jobs, they get the sack every year or every two years. It is an up and down business; I wouldn't really consider it.

What were your first thoughts about teaching from within public-school football?

—The first time I met the lads at Westminster I saw an obvious difference. The kids that came down to train at Charlton were from working class, well not even working class, backgrounds. Rough and ready. It is different, but I've found with public-schools, obviously the lads pick up things a lot quicker. Even if sometimes the skill factor is not there compared with the Charlton players, you can say something and they pick it up straight away. I find that a big difference.

—I am very pleased to see an improvement in terms of results over previous seasons. I am not saying all of it or any of it is down to me. The thing to work on is the team. You can obviously work on individual play but our team work is very

good, and a very good spirit.

Do you feel under a lot of pressure that the team does well?

—I want them to win. I think everyone in public-school football will say after the game 'well played' and 'unlucky' or whatever, but deep down they want to win as much as anyone.

—I did enjoy travelling to Eton. I didn't like the comments when I got there, like 'Is this your old school?' Obviously the facilities are magnificent really. It was an eye opener, I had never been there.

Were you surprised to see us get such big write-ups in *The Times*?

—Yes, that's another thing. I thought that someone was just taking the mick really when they said 'Oh yes, we're in *The Times*'. But that's tremendous, to coach a team that has write-ups in *The Times*. I think it is good, and we got a good result then, one-one against Repton. It's nice for the lads as well.

—The headmaster takes a great interest in football. When I went to school, secondary-modern, the headmaster really didn't care if we had won, lost or played, but the headmaster comes up here, watches games, training and is involved a lot with football. That is good for the lads that play and I think it is an incentive to Dave Cook and myself.

—I have to be careful what I say about the old pink stripe that we have just got rid of. I know it is a tradition in the school and a lot of people object to changing it. The blue kit looks nice, probably most of the lads would prefer it. There is just something about football players in pink. I've never ever seen it before. I think the lads would play as well or as badly whatever kit they had on. I can understand the old boys that have won their pinks: they probably think now that it is absolutely worthless, but obviously it is not. I think everything changes in time.

—I don't think the First XI is excessively physical. I have never told them to go out and kick or hurt people. If there is a 50-50 ball you go in to win it, fairly. Teams that can tackle and get their tackles in, in the right areas, will probably win the game. I have never been sent off, playing for 15 years as a pro. I don't like the physical football, but if the ball's there to be won fairly then go and win it.

—Yes, I suppose football could clash with the intensive academic education of

Westminster. Really that is for the lads to decide themselves. It gives the lads a couple of hours off from studying and makes it enjoyable. I think, like anything, you can study too hard and get a bit stale.

1st XI Football Results

Forest	H	0-3
Eton	A	0-3
Aldenham	A	3-0
Westminster City	H	4-0
Repton	H	1-1
Lancing	H	0-2
Winchester	H	1-1
Highgate	H	3-1
Chelsea Casuals	H	3-2
Kimbolton	A	3-0
Alleyns	A	4-1
King Edward's Witley	H	2-2
Ardingly	H	2-2
St. Edmund's	A	3-1
Bradfield	A	1-3
John Lyon	H	2-3
Charterhouse	A	2-2

*

Netball

This term the Girls' Netball Station—run ever-gallantly by Robin Aizlewood—has been exposed to frightful horror. The infiltration of vast numbers of VI form girls, sprucely attired in flashing white plimsolls and pristine navy knickers etc., has had a profound effect on the original members. Some of us have been infected by this unmitigated show of zeal; others have reverted into a languid state of sub-human indolence when it comes to physical exertion (perhaps this is due to the impediment caused by tight skirts and stiletto heels!).

The high point of the term was our victory over the watermen. In a frenzied game these seven clumsy hulks were forced to resort to violence in a vain attempt to assert their 'male authority'. However, Rogin was not deceived and we won 11-3. Moreover, in a fit of magnanimity we forgave their neanderthal attitude (in the face of our victory) and took them to Macdonald's afterwards for a conciliatory coke.

Less successful was our game with the formidable girls of Queens. But we achieved our highest ever score in a league match: 19-8. With the new improvement in our ranks we should do even better in future.

Our deepest disappointment of the season has been our exclusion from the Pink List. Is this sexism? Surely Netball is far more morally uplifting than either Football or Water? It's about time we were taken seriously. And when will we be issued with colours for our valiant efforts? A Full Pinks scarf would go beautifully with our fresh pink and white complexions.

Janet Cotter-Howells (Captain)
Lucasta Miller



Rowing at Westminster School— A Personal View

by C. J. D. George

Does Westminster School Boat Club aim high enough?

The answer must be, not at present. The photographs, trophies and notice boards in the tea room at Putney tell of the school's regatta success and it is a fine record in terms of number of wins, especially in the younger age groups. But was it really so long ago that we had a Blue? Indeed is a Blue, surely a modest achievement in rowing excellence really the right criterion? Would a notice board of Internationals be of greater significance? Has Westminster ever produced Junior Internationals? If so, why not a notice board for them? The achievements of Daniel Topolski, surely the school's most successful oarsman, are barely recognised. Yes, he was a Blue, but he was also a heavyweight international (at 10 st 10 lbs!), a lightweight international medalist and ultimately a lightweight World Champion.

Westminster aims for excellence, individual excellence in its academic achievements; surely it should aim for individual excellence in its oarsmen also.

Before suggesting ways in which we can alter the balance towards individual excellence we should ask some further questions.

What purpose does water station serve?

The functions of the boat club can be divided. The most prestigious is to enable those who wish to excel to do so, but it must also cater for those who wish to row only for enjoyment: both functions must be equally important in a school club. The teaching of rowing to these two groups of boys should be identical for the first two years, at J14 and J15 level, except that the keener group would do Saturday station. This should ensure that those who wish to row only for enjoyment are taught to row properly, and should make water station more interesting for the younger groups, so that fewer boys give up.

What changes can be made?

The basis of good rowing is good technique and this is best learned at an early age. Surprisingly the first suggestion would be to eliminate completely rowing at J14 level. In this year the emphasis should be on single and crew sculling only. Pressure of competition at younger age groups has forced Westminster away from sculling and boys are forced to row as soon as they have passed the most elementary of sculling tests. This must be reversed. We should not enter any competitions at J14 level, and many fewer at J15 and J16.

There are many factors in favour of sculling. For example, muscular development is not lop-sided as with an oar, it is symmetrical; in a single sculler there is no one else to blame, an individual's merit is truly assessable; the great variation in size and ability can be accommodated easily. There are wide bottomed 'play-boats' identical in all but speed to the racing single, in which complete novices can learn in almost total safety. The acquisition of skill at this age is greater and retained longer because the boy is growing into his skill; the psychological harm of imposing an eight outing on a group is eliminated and crew sculling can be introduced to those who are interested. There is no reason why this principle cannot be extended to an eight-man sculler, indeed one such boat entered the A.R.A. Centenary Pageant last year. The development of balanced physical development, not to mention the all important watermanship which will follow the application of this policy, will pay great dividends when the time comes to learn to row. I would suggest that the first rowing lessons are started in the J15 year by incorporating short introductory outings into a longer programme of competitive fine single sculling.

Most traditional rowing, outside the sport, is done with a fixed seat and a squared blade: I am a firm believer that

rowing should be taught as it developed, for the sliding seat and the feathered blade are fairly recent innovations in the long history of rowing. The basic technique of rowing is simple, subtleties come later. My proposal, therefore, is to follow the basic rowing technique until sufficient skill, endurance and racing ability have been developed before a transition to sliding seats is allowed. This transition must be accompanied by a land-training programme designed to strengthen the new muscles being brought into use.

Land training is an integral part of any serious endurance sport and the effort devoted to it could be increased in intensity and duration as it is a very efficient use of time. It can also be an integral part of learning to row at novice level, for with the scarcity of water time it is land training that increases the cardiovascular and muscular endurance/strength systems. This is true for both enjoyment and competitive groups, for the development of musculature and technique go hand in hand.

At its simplest, the aim is to move a boat past a blade which is stuck into the water during the drive phase of the stroke. The length, frequency and power of the strokes are all that is important; with a correct balance of land and water training these objectives can be achieved more rapidly than without land training.

How else can we improve our rowing?

Westminster has pursued a policy of buying wooden boats despite the advances in modern plastic shells. It is true that early carbon-fibre boats had a shorter life than wooden ones but this is not now the case, and Westminster should buy some for its top crews. A proper understanding of rig has not yet filtered through to the club and efforts must be made for not only the coaches, but also the crews to understand the principles of rig. Smaller boys need smaller boats, blades and easier gearing and cannot properly use hand-me-downs from top racing crews.

Education of coaches

There are four coaches at present at the club who have the combination of interest and ability to teach rowing successfully. One is a boy at the school; none have any of the A.R.A. qualifications to teach rowing. None has any qualifications to teach land-training, and the qualified P.E. teacher has many other commitments. Our present system of novice coaching will require a complete change of approach if the ideas outlined above are to be introduced. Clearly more qualified oarsmen are required to run both land and water training at all levels.

What can the boys do?

The integration of rowing with academic success is a key factor in both school and university rowing, (some ten years of my own rowing experience was at university). It is generally true that to be a successful competitive oarsman you have to exclude all other interests: only very occasional exceptions occur. This means that to achieve excellence you should be prepared to mini-

mise or eliminate other interests, apart from work and rowing, at the time you change from J15 to J16. If this is unacceptable, then you should row for enjoyment, not to win. It also means that you should devote as much commitment, energy and organisation to academic studies as to rowing. The key is organisation. It is no good excelling on the water, failing to make the grade academically and then giving up. Access to some of the best rowing available is at university and it is to this aim that academic efforts should be made. The track record for the University of London is better than Oxford, and Oxford is better than Cambridge, with respect to international representation in the last decade.

The benefits

It is of considerable consolation that despite the restrictions in other fields of interest imposed by the self-discipline of rowing, other important side benefits accrue. Club and crew spirits are fostered, self-confidence and self-reliance develop, character and physical wellbeing improve. These traits, developed in the artificial atmosphere of a club or crew, are of great benefit in the outside world. The successful, properly organised crew is in fact likely to do better in their exams as a consequence of the pressure of rowing discipline. Physical wellbeing has a direct benefit; recent research has shown that endurance exercise reduces the effects of stress by the release of hormones called endorphines. The phenomenon of oarsmen who claim to do their most productive work after an outing is well known.

Before Westminster achieves success measured in terms of Purples, Boat Race Blues or Junior selection a change of attitude is required in one other important aspect.

It can no longer be regarded as being adequate to train for 36 weeks a year. Each four week break in mid-Season, at Christmas and Easter sets us back. It takes at least three weeks to reach the point where we left off, giving a total of seven weeks loss of fitness. At the very minimum, holiday training should be adequate to maintain the existing level of fitness, or even to improve it. For the oarsman who wishes to win at the top levels Water station should carry on throughout the Christmas period, with perhaps 7-10 days off, and at Easter there should be a training camp for a 10-14 day period, ideally with two outings a day.

We have a club with the potential to excel. We have a history of excellence. We have adequate facilities capable of development into good facilities. W.S.B.C. must respond to the changing standards of rowing. The challenge must be taken up by coaches at all levels, for it is as important for them to study and improve their rowing knowledge as it is to keep up with changes in their academic subjects.

Let us set our targets now: a Henley medal, a National Championship win, a Junior International Vest and lastly, but not least, Boat Race and London University crews composed of as many O.W.s as possible, for only then will we have proved ourselves both on and off the water.

Water

Nineteen-eighty-three was another successful season for the Boat Club but the ultimate goals were not achieved.

The first major disappointment was that the senior four lost half of its crew because of pressure from work, and it was decided to race as a pair when the opportunities arose, in order to leave the J16 eight intact to race within its age group.

The strength of this crew enabled the club to achieve 21 regatta wins with some notable races, particularly over their arch rivals Eton, St. Edward's and St. Paul's. The most pleasing wins were at Marlow Regatta where the eight won J16 eights and the stern four won Junior fours, beating Eton crews in both finals. On the strength of this the crew was awarded its Pinks, the first time a crew of J16's has had this honour. The eight represented the school at Henley, but were unfortunate to meet the Eton 1st eight, the eventual winners of the Princess Elizabeth, in the first round and were soundly beaten.

This defeat, coming soon after a sprint defeat by St. Edward's at Reading Town, dispirited the crew after a heavy season. The crew were determined to prove themselves the fastest in the country at J16 level at the National Championships, having undoubtedly been the fastest during the main regattas. At Nottingham however they were surprisingly beaten by the St. Paul's J16's in the coxed fours and the eights final in close succession, and had only the silver medals as consolation. There is no doubt that the two goals of a large number of regatta wins and being the fastest crew when it matters are not achievable without very careful training: it is to be hoped that this crew will face the intensive training required at senior level with renewed vigour. The transition will require dedication and a willingness to learn what rowing at the top Junior level is all about. Having been awarded Pinks early they owe it to the

school and themselves to make a success of their first eight year.

The stern four of the J15 eight also went to Nottingham but failed to qualify for the J16 fours final. They had had modest success however in the regatta season gaining one eights win and two in fours. These results do not reflect the real worth of a very determined squad. Under Dr. Chris George they have concentrated on a technical and 'professional' approach to rowing, acquiring not only skill and good technique but also a wider knowledge of the mechanics of rowing.

During the Play term this group, particularly the A-four, has been training with the seniors to everyone's benefit, and did quite well in the Fours Head. At Vesta Winter Regatta, Westminster crews lost in 3 finals after close racing in the Senior C, J15 and J14 events.

The J14 crew, next season's J15's have improved a great deal this term and a thriving squad has produced two talented eights coached by M.I.W. and David Chinn. Cedric Harben has not been coaching this term, concentrating on running Rigaud's, but we hope he will again make an appearance by the summer term.

There are once again possibilities within the club for wins at several levels in the Schools' Head and we look forward to another good season in 1984.

Jean-Luc Harnay
Tim Roberts

Regatta successes:

Putney Amateur	J16 4	J15 4
Putney Town	J16 4	
Twickenham	J16 8	J 8
Worcester	J16 8	
Monmouth	J16 4	Senior C4
	J16 8	
Hereford	J16 4	Senior B4
Walton	J16 8	
Reading Amateur	J16 8	
Reading Town	Senior C4	J16 4
Huntingdon	Senior C4	J16 8
Marlow	J16 8	J 4
Horseferry	Novice 4	Novice 8



Benjamin Glasstone

Cross-Country

Run, Run, Run . . .

by Richard O'Hara

Morale is no less than corporate health. It is the vital principle that enables one to meet and overcome the challenge of a hard working day. For this, knowing your organic chemistry or your French vocab is not enough. It is necessary to enlist the soft factors—motivation, satisfaction and collaboration—to attain true morale. People approach this goal in their own way: football, swimming and rugby are but a few. Sport should be satisfying and rewarding. I consider athletics to be both of these. Satisfying in the sense of achievement and in the thought that, provided the training is done properly, I know that it is the best thing for me; and rewarding in that, as well as receiving material prizes, by running one feels better and actually lives longer!

There are two aspects to running. There

is sport and there is play, the race and the run, the experience and the aesthetic expression of the experience. The race is a true incident. Only the conditions are artificial. My entire self is engaged in a genuine struggle against time and distance and those around me. All my strengths, both physical and emotional, are called upon to decide the issue. The race is 'a great and continuing endeavour, a representation of all the primitive virtues and fundamental gifts of man'.

Because it involves these primitive virtues and fundamental gifts, the race is an uplifting event.

We all have an inner voice asking: 'Why am I trying so hard? Why am I knocking myself out? Man is a maximiser, pursuing ease or hardship, pleasure or pain with equal intensity. We can direct all our energies into making life easy, or we can undergo day by day, minute by minute conflict with ourselves, only if we know why we are doing it.

Not only can one train the body while one is using the mind; it will actually work better when the body is in motion. Take an

hour a day and use it for a walk, run, cycle or swim. Then come back and put the products of the brain's activity on paper.

In the beginning, both body and mind will balk, but with pertinacity the mind will tune into a better, clearer understanding of the problem in hand.

The gun sounds. As a horde, we stream down the first hill, then up the next at almost breakneck speed. All of us are caught in the contagion that seizes groups. Reason departs, instinct takes over.

The first mile is all of this. I am drawn along by the contagion, kept at this speed by my new suggestibility. I believe that this incredible speed is not only necessary but possible, and I hold it, soon to find many others losing some ground. The army that started is beginning to break down into platoons.

I enjoy competitive running because one depends on oneself, giving a sense of personal satisfaction and achievement. The determination for success is immense, driven by an almost insatiable dream of reaching the top.

Fives

Since I have been told to steer clear of the conventional sports report by the Editorial, I will try to mention Fives as little as possible. However, let me first say that it has been a very good season for Fives and we have won most of our matches. Having said that, I must now go into the reason for why I like Fives and the attraction it has rather than the conventional reel of facts, figures and compliments that usually fill the page.

The peculiarity of the court certainly plays a major part in making the game a fascinating one, especially for beginners—they do not know where the ball is going to go; in fact, they do not know where anything is going to go because the rules are totally baffling for the first three weeks of playing. In addition, the novelty of hitting a ball with ones hand rather than into a racquet is a major contribution to Fives' popularity as a sport. This could probably be explained in Freudian terms—and I have heard the view that Fives is a game for masochists; all those grunts and groans echoing out of the court and the sheer agony every time the ball is hit, combined with the frequent occurrence of being hit with this very hard ball (sometimes in very painful places), seems to support this argument. However, despite all the pain, it definitely is a good game—and a very exciting one as well. I hope that is enough on my views on Fives.

I would normally say 'Thanks to Messrs. Stuart and Jones-Parry' at the end of a report but since the Editorial do not want this sort of 'banal' thing, I will not say 'thank you' to Messrs. Stuart and Jones-Parry. Instead, I would like to say thank you to the Editorial for their kind permission to allow a Fives report into this highly esteemed magazine.

Results: Played 14, Won 8, Lost 6.

A. C. King

Shooting

As I think back over yet another term, I begin to wonder whether the range has degenerated into a social club, such are its apparent attractions. The usual crowd of girls appeared at the beginning of term; is it Caspar Woolley I ask? But as the daunting prospect of lifting butt to shoulder, and causing the propulsion of a chunk of lead 25 yards into a predominantly white piece of paper grew near, there was a rapid exodus. Much to her credit, Fiona Cousins is a regular visitor, and against all odds is shooting very well, somewhat undermining the prevailing belief of total male superiority on the range. As ever there is a massive influx of rowdy juniors, among whom there are some promising shots, and the coach professes to be 'well pleased', although he seems to regard them as the bane of his life.

In April Jason Wheeler, Daniel Donovan and Julian Peck put in an appearance at Hendon for the Civil Service Shoot. And in the summer Jason and Julian, with Caspar in tow, graced Bisley, where Julian attained the rank of Marksman. As usual we shot quantities of League cards, again Julian triumphing with second best gun-score in a very good division. Another success was the club secretary, much to his embarrassment and everyone else's amusement, not to say disbelief, winning his division! Perhaps it's the better light due to the range's bicentennial paint, for which we must thank the Captain and Secretary, footprints courtesy of Martin Milner.

The annual loss at the Tankard Shoot was much enjoyed by everyone, and the team picked up some useful hints from the ever helpful Centre Rifle Club and Elizabethans. They, incidentally, won the Old Boys cup, with a new record score of 495.

The school's Christmas Shoot will be held on Saturday December 10th, the school championships being held the day

before. An inter-house competition will be held next term.

As always many thanks are due to Mike Russell, our extremely hard-working coach. If anyone incites us to get on that range and at least hit the diagram, it's him. Otherwise he'll 'chuck us down the stairs'!

Jonathan Baxter

Swimming

Before our last summer season, the swimming team had been going through a difficult patch. We had begun to rely almost solely on our resident Ethiopian and saviour—now swimming for Brown University. This year, however, we won almost all our matches, helped by a professional coach, Dr. Brown's eager assistance and our mascot-like friend, Jerome, loyal to the team for almost a decade. One of our most challenging matches of the term took place at the R.A.C., when two senior members of the team proved that the Head Master loses with grace, except in backstroke where he excels.

The team's 'avant-garde' managed to win consistently, Nigel Brahams coming first on more than one occasion, but highest praise must go to the middle and junior levels of the team (James Pickering, Andrew Butler, Stuart Yates). Adam Winter has proved to be startlingly good on front crawl.

We seem to go through a number of coaches; ironically, we have had two of the ten national-standard coaches and, to our embarrassment, our first coach was spotted training four year-olds in Dorchester Baths. But under Neville Cross we have almost doubled our weekly distance (and learned many unusual South African terms). Our thanks go to Dr. Brown who has taken over during transitional periods. We look forward to support from the Head Master in our bid for our own pool!

P. Caron-Delion
J. P. O'Hara



From the Archives

Library and Archives: a request

John Field, the Librarian and Archivist, is trying to put together a collection of works published by Old Westminster in the last fifty years, and would welcome contributions, whether books or articles. He would also be pleased to receive any archive material about Westminster or Old Westminster to add to the school archive, which contains a photographic section as well as one for manuscript and printed material.

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One Hundred Years Ago

Vol. IV. No. 10.

February 1884. Price 6d.

Turning to the lesser events of the year, we may mention the demolition of the picturesque but ruinous house formerly inhabited by the late organist, Mr. Turle. A new building is rising on its site, under the direction of Mr. Pearson, which will be, when completed, in connection with Ashburnham House on the one side, and with the great schoolroom on the other. Though the quaint old house, with its irregular and whimsical architecture, was a feature of Little Dean's Yard which we cannot but regret, yet not only was it necessary for the purposes of the School that it should be destroyed, but the unsafe condition of the structure itself made its disappearance in a short time inevitable under any circumstances. For its successor, the name of the distinguished architect whose services have been obtained by the Governing Body, is sufficient guarantee; and a generation will soon spring up who will not miss a building which they never saw.

THE SINGING CLASSES

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—Can you, who are generally so well-informed on all School arrangements, tell me what is going to be done in Ashburnham House to compensate the singing classes for their ejection from the room where for some time they have been wont to practise?

The pianos in Ashburnham House are now standing useless, and the singing classes are again doomed to College Hall, just as they were beginning to enjoy their emancipation from that essentially unmusical place.

Might I also inquire whether any steps are being taken towards the fulfilment of the promise made last term of buying a harmonium, that we might have a hymn at our service in Abbey every morning? I am sure that many people could be found to play it; and it would be some compensation for the injuries we have suffered in being moved out of the choir.

Trusting that someone in authority will be stirred up to take further steps in the matter,

I am, dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
Cantor.

Two Hundred Years Ago

My dear Mother

I must own I have been very negligent in writing, but you must not suppose it entirely out of idleness, for I have had a great deal to do both in the writing & fagging for the Sen^{rs} but you may now give me Joy of being a Second Election Boy. I intend being very studious this Year to make up for my last. but I am afraid I must have a new set of School Books for I have not two Books of my own, it is not out of negligence that I lost my Books, but you know we are obliged to Lend them to the Sen^{rs} & that is the way which they were all Lost.—but however I will buy as many out of my own Pocket as I can,—

I am sorry Isabella is not to go into Publick this Year, as I expected to have seen her the mirum aevi. Dickens got in Second into college. He will have a sweating Year of it—

—I hope my Father & I are well, my Duty—

Your affectionate son
H. F. Mills

May the 30th 1783
I shall write to my sister soon—



The Elizabethan Club

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

The Elizabethan Club Annual Dinner

The Annual Dinner of the Elizabethan Club will take place on October 10th 1984. Members should put this date in their diaries; further information may be obtained from P. G. Whipp Esq., 85 Gloucester Road, Richmond, Surrey TW9 3BT.

The Elizabethan Club Garden Party 1984

The Elizabethan Club Garden Party will be held again in College Garden at 6.00 p.m. on Saturday June 23rd. Over 400 attended the last party and the Committee are very hopeful that the figure will be nearer 500 in 1984.

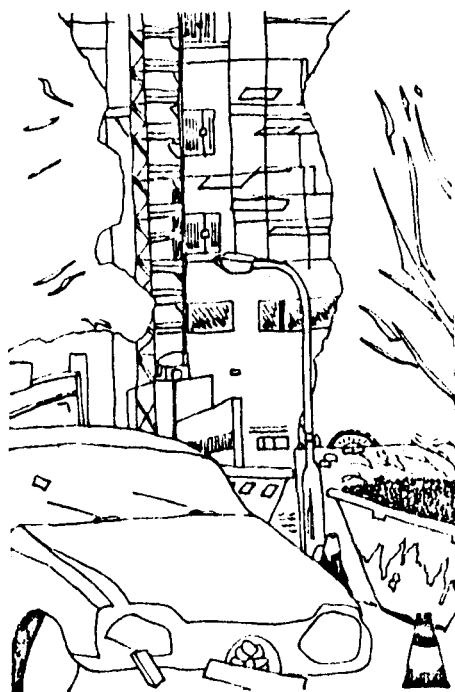
The Development Office will be running a Bottle Tombola this year for the School Appeal and the new Development Officer, Neil Mackay, would be very grateful to receive a bottle or a cheque in lieu from as many Old Westminsters as possible.

The Development Office,
Westminster School,
5A Dean's Yard, SW1P 3PF.

Ashburnham Society

A correction: after we published an account of the Ashburnham Centenary Dinner in the February, 1983 edition of *The Elizabethan*, it was drawn to the Society's attention that our records of Old Ashburnhamites were incomplete and that, as a result, we had wrongly described Mr. L. C. Denza (1906-08, A) as the most senior Old Ashburnhamite. The holder of that honour is in fact Mr. R. J. Drury (1903-06, A), who celebrated his 94th birthday last November. The Society should like to congratulate him and extend our apologies to him for the omission.

38



Edward Usick

From *The Times Diary*: 'Nigel Lawson, the new Chancellor, may be a Tory dry, but he was also educated at Westminster, and this, in the quirky patois of the school, makes him an Old Wet.'

Old Westminsters' Lodge No. 2233

The lodge meets four times a year at the school. The Worshipful Master is installed in April in each year. The present principal officers are Hugo Ball (W. Master), Robert Woodward (S. Warden) and Philip Duncan (J. Warden). The lodge is open to all OWW and masters. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Richard Walters, Selwood, Cradle End, Little Hadham, Ware, Herts, SG11 2EW.

A party will be given at the school in March 1984 for **Theo Zinn**'s old pupils, to mark his retirement. Further information may be obtained from Dr. E. Pratt at the school, who will send out details nearer the time.

*

Alan Howarth, who taught at Westminster in the seventies, has been elected Member of Parliament (Con.) for Stratford.

M. E. Adie (1943-48, KS) has been appointed Bishop of Guildford.

M. J. Hyam (1951-56, R) has been made a Recorder on the South Eastern Circuit.

R. C. MacCormac (1952-57, B) is to be a member of the Royal Fine Art Commission.

Tessa Ross (1977-80, A) is President of OUDS.

Marcus Alexander (1971-76, QS) has been awarded a Kennedy Scholarship and a Harkness Fellowship to study at the Harvard Business School.

Andrew Gifford (1976-81, L) has been made an Exhibitioner of Trinity College, Oxford.

Simon Craft (1977-82, R) played for Oxford in the Varsity Match on 7 December 1983. He is the first OWW soccer Blue for thirty years.

S. C. P. Knox (1970-74, B) has been made a Benefactor of the Middle Temple.

Hugh Pagan (1958-63, QS) has been elected President of the British Numismatic Society.

1945: *The Dawn Came Up Like Thunder* by **Tom Pocock** (1938-39, G) has been published by Collins.

Pre-Requiem for a Clown by **Rupert Strong** (1925-29, HB) has been published by the Runa Press.

God for Nothing by **Richard MacKenna** (1962-67, R) is to be published for Easter by the Souvenir Press.

Carnford's Creation by **Tim Jeal** (1958-62, G) is to be published in July by Collins.

Letters

Dear Editors,

Now that we are all well into our anecdote, I cannot resist the temptation to recount an incident which I feel sums up the admirable characteristics of both Dr. Costley-White and Mr. Smedley ('Snogger').

The latter was telling the Modern Seventh that it was Garrick who, when playing Macbeth, in the passage about 'the multitudinous seas incarnadine', said 'making the green' (i.e. the sea) 'one red' (i.e. red all over), whereas earlier actors had referred to the sea as 'the green one'.

At that moment the Headmaster came in, on some no doubt urgent administrative business, to be greeted with: 'Ah! There you are Headmaster! Well, now. What do you say? Is it "making the green one red" or "making the green—one red"?'

In Snogger's nasal pronunciation this was virtually incomprehensible and Dr Costley-White was visibly taken aback but, quickly regaining his customary composure, he replied: 'I'm inclined to agree with you, Mr. Smedley.'

The Elizabethan is getting better and better every issue. I suspect it is the feminine touch we have to thank for that.

Yours sincerely,

G. B. Parker (1926-30, HB)

Four Winds,
Busbridge,
Godalming,
Surrey.

Sir,

May I be allowed to continue or even to terminate the Smedley saga?

I remember well an occasion when he addressed the Modern Seventh in the Busby Library thus: 'There are, in the Royal Borough of Kensington, notices which state "Persons shall not allow or permit their dogs to deposit their ordures on the pavement." I suppose that "allow" means you stand helplessly by, whereas "permit" means "actively encourage".'

On such pearls is education based.

Geoffrey Somerset (1925-30, KS)

70 Vineyard Road,
Newport,
Shropshire.

*

October 20th, 1983

Dear Editors,

In your last issue Kenneth McGregor asked for one of his College contemporaries to comment on the Rev. A. G. S. Raynor (Pee-Wee) as a housemaster, having said that he was apt to show a sadistic streak in form. He was, in fact, a sadist, and the only difference in College was the physical separation between ourselves downstairs and the man upstairs in No. 3, Little Dean's Yard. I cannot remember his ever coming downstairs except to take Evening Prayers. He was in no way a housemaster as the term is now understood, and, while I suppose he had some contacts with the Captain, I cannot imagine anyone consulting him except in an emergency, or in the queue asking for permission to go to the Army & Navy Stores. No questions were asked then provided one asked for either writing paper or sausages—anything else caused difficulties and delay.

On retirement he was presented by the Dean & Chapter with the living of Steven-ton, Oxon. One of the things I have always wanted to know—and never shall—was how the parishioners got on with their Rector.

Pee-Wee was, of course, one of the band of superannuated masters kept on by the war, and it was not surprising that they should have developed their various idiosyncracies. McGregor (probably because his maths were not bad enough) did not mention the man whom I found the most lovable of the bunch—'Baa Lamb' Burrell. His fiercest reproach to his set was 'My dear Christian brothers—are we men or washerwomen?'. It was unfortunate for 'Holy' Nall that his form had a high proportion of young K.SS, as he hated them with an intense hate, describing them as perpetuating a continuous fraud on the School's benefactors. A successful jape (on which I have never ceased to congratulate myself) was to persuade all the resident K.SS in Nall's form to enter for the Lady Eastlake Drawing Prize. So one morning he turned up to find a substantial proportion of his form missing. When he discovered that they were all seated in Dean's Yard, thoughtfully provided by the Establishment with chairs, easels and everything else that they would need to produce a drawing of a house in the S.W. corner of Green, his fury knew no bounds, especially when he discovered that not one of us had ever had a drawing lesson. The fact that one of us tied with one of Kneen's candidates for the prize only came out later.

What with Pee-Wee in form and Pee-Wee in College, I was glad enough, early in 1918, to take an opportunity of getting out

and starting a career. For the next thirty years I had no contact whatever with the School (being abroad for most of the time), but from 1948 to 1962 was closely connected. Not once during that period did I come across a College contemporary at a School function, or Up Fields, nor, to the best of my belief, did any of them send a son to the School. My own faith in the School not only survived, but has been more than justified.

Yours sincerely,

J. L. Willoughby (1915-18, KS)

2 The Grange,
Mere, Warminster,
Wilts, BA12 6DZ.

November 3rd, 1983

Dear Editors,

When I was at Westminster we were taught—well, told—that soccer (Association Football) as we know it was invented towards the end of the seventeenth century by two London schools, Westminster and Charterhouse. They liked the game but disliked the legacy of anarchic brutality from medieval times. Consequently they devised a set of rules for their own private use. These included the dimensions of the playing area, controlled by the convenient space available (Dean's Yard); eleven players per side, only one of whom was allowed to handle the ball; and some sort of offside rule. These rules seemed to work—at any rate fewer players were maimed and no more were killed—and so they gradually spread.

Thus the story. It was first told me by my father (A. G. R. Henderson, 1899-1904), and he had first had it from an OW of the 1850s, though I don't know where *he* had got it from: so it seems to be a story of some age. When I was at school everybody seemed to believe it, including me (well, you do, don't you?).

Is it still current? Do Carthusians have a similar tradition? More to the point, is there any substance in it? If nobody knows the truth of the matter, could some skilled person go into it and publish the results if any in the Elizabethan?

If it all turns out to be substantially true, the Governing Body should march *en masse* upon F.I.F.A. to demand a plaque in Dean's Yard marking the birthplace of The World Cup.

Yours sincerely,

A. J. Henderson

2 Oak Avenue,
Bricket Wood,
St. Albans, Herts.

P.S. Shock, horror! When and why did 'School' find itself turning into 'The Great Hall'? And where have Busby's birches gone? And why were large chunks of last year's Commen in English? All ancient institutions are wise to examine their habits and traditions regularly and to discard the harmful ones: but they are unwise to mess about with the harmless and charming ones, even if they are pointless. Individuality gets eroded, and they become as drab as everybody else. Quirkiness and continuity have a positive value.

September 14th, 1983

August 30th, 1983

Dear Editors,

The unsolicited arrival of your July issue was most welcome, and many thanks. If you have space, I should like to add yet another slant on the school in the twenties, all too distant but still vivid now.

I arrived at College in 1924, along with Kim Philby and eight others. Our daytime quarters were somewhat barbaric; a small room with 'kitchen' table and bench, a corrugated iron partition with jagged top separating it from the stone passage which ran the length of the building—this to enable us to hear 'Elec', the fag call shouted continuously. The nearest junior to the door had to go, at the double, and might be sent to the Army and Navy Stores even before morning Abbey, to buy a monitor some essential(?) article. We were strongly advised by the monitors not to associate with Town Boys. This seemed absurd, and of course we ignored it. We were victimised by the 2nd Elections, our immediate seniors, with frequent application of the swagger cane.

Kim (we didn't call him that) was a very pleasant boy, and a good friend. In his last year he became self-absorbed, playing classical music on his H.M.V. table model most of the time, though he was no musical performer. He had no obvious political views but seemed to be smouldering about something. He also seemed to enjoy watching others in conflict, and backed the underdog. I saw no more of him at Cambridge, as he was at Trinity and I went to Pembroke.

John Hilary Lee (1924-29, KS)

Uplowman,
Mill Road,
Felsted,
Dunmow, Essex.



Kim Philby, 1961

Photograph
by Jane Bown

Dear Sirs,

In my school days I was told an incredible tale to the effect that, somewhere in my native Devon, might be seen a unique sight—two pancakes no less, the trophies of the only Westminster ever to win the Greaze twice. I had forgotten all about this till a few weeks ago, when I was paying a visit with a party to Fursdon House, near Tiverton. There to my surprise I saw these still preserved in a glass case of family relics! The owner of the house, Mr. Edward Fursdon, told me the winner was his grandfather. I see from the Record that he was G. E. S. Fursdon (1909-12, A). Two faded photographs, dated respectively 1911 and 1912, showed him in the correct greazing attire of those days—tail-coat, 'jampot' collar and tie! The 'Cook' in both photos was none other than Harry ('John') Angel, much as I remembered him at many a Greaze ten or more years later. These fragments of pancake, though grey with age after 70 years, were still intact and recognisable for what they were. A pity my younger contemporary Rev. S. H. P. Ensor kept his for only a year!

Yours faithfully,

Rev. R. S. Chalk (1918-20, R;
1920-24, KS)

40 Mile End Road,
Highweek,
Newton Abbot,
Devon TQ12 1RW.

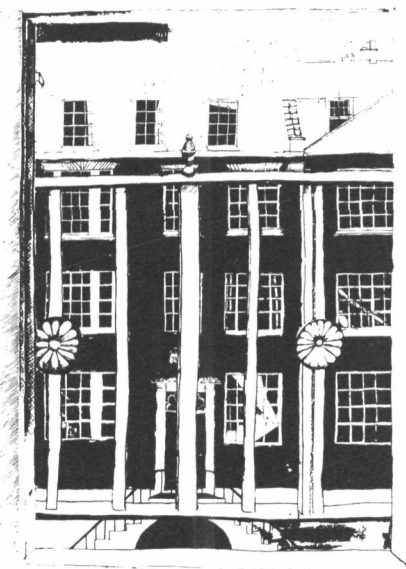
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A. C. Mortimore (1925-29, A and B) has kindly sent this correction: 'David Gordon, in the July issue, refers to the Renshaw brothers as former Wimbledon champions. The Renshaw brothers did not go to Westminster. No doubt the writer had intended to refer to the 'Doherty brothers'. We apologize to Mr. Mortimore whose earlier letter about the Doherty's had been mislaid. In it he wrote: 'R. F. was Wimbledon champion from 1897-1900, and H. L. from 1902-1906. Together they won the Doubles title eight times, and the American title twice. Sadly, both died young, apparently of natural causes. R. F. died at 38 in 1910, and H. L. at 44 in 1919.'

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Obituaries

- Archibald**—On July 25th, 1983, James Montgomery (1933-37, G), aged 63.
- Brown**—On March 10th, 1983, Dominic Otway Pearce (1954-58, A), aged 42.
- Clegg**—On July 6th, 1983, Dr. Hugh Anthony, C.B.E. (1914-19, KS), aged 83.
- de Selincourt**—On June 6th, 1983, Michael (1917-22, KS), aged 79.
- Gibbens**—On October 27th, 1983, Dr. Trevor Charles Noel, C.B.E. (1927-31, R), aged 70.
- Howell**—On October 15th, 1983, Lieut. Col. Harry Alfred Adrian, M.B.E. (1912-17, R), aged 85.
- Jenkins**—On July 29th, 1983, Hugh Archibald (1915-19, H), aged 82.
- Johnson**—On October 3rd, 1983, Dr. Edward Clifton (1917, H), aged 81.
- Jones**—On May 21st, 1983, Humphrey Lloyd, C.M.G. (1923-27, KS), aged 73.
- Junks**—On April 12th, 1983, Douglas Clarence (1914-18, H), aged 83.
- Keel**—On May 11th, 1983, Frederick Compton (1926-30, H), aged 70.
- Myring**—On May 12th, 1983, Cecil Warren (1921-26, KS/A), aged 75.
- Overbury**—On November 6th, 1982, Robert Edward (1929-34, A), aged 67.
- Scrase**—On August 28th, 1983, John Edward (1914-18, A), aged 82.
- Smith**—On May 20th, 1983, Sir (William) Gordon, Bt. (1930-34, A), aged 67.
- Stock**—On June 23rd, 1983, Roderick Brian (1932-36, G), aged 64.
- Strange**—On March 23rd, 1983, Richard Fairbrother (1917-21, R), aged 79.
- Taylor**—On April 12th, 1983, Aubrey Francis (1935-39, A), aged 61.
- Tudsbery**—On May 9th, 1983, Marmaduke Tudsbery (1907-08, A), aged 90.
- Waterfield**—On November 18th, 1983, Alan Bernard (1919-23, H), aged 78.
- Welch**—On May 22nd, 1983, Jack Redmayne (1916-21, H), aged 78.



Lucy Morgan

The Rev. Dr. Eric Abbott

The Rev. Dr. Eric Abbott, K.C.V.O., Dean of Westminster from 1959 to 1974, died on June 6th at the age of 77.

Eric Symes Abbott was born on May 26th, 1906. He went to Nottingham High School, whence he passed with a classical scholarship to Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1925.

A first in Part One of the Tripos was followed by a John Stewart of Rannoch University Scholarship, and a first in Part Two seemed inevitable. However, membership of the College Boat Club and a Trial cap as a cox in 1928, a multitude of friends, and, even more, the Presidency of the Student Christian Movement in Cambridge drew him away from the highest levels of scholarship and he had to be content with a second. He had not been committed to ordination when he went up to Cambridge, and it was only late in his University career that the call to the priesthood became plain. He went to Westcott House as a student in 1928.

After a short spell at St. John's, Westminster, he was drawn away from parish work to become Chaplain, and later Warden, of King's College Hostel, London, and also Chaplain to Lincoln's Inn. Then his work began at Lincoln Theological College, where he was Warden from 1936 to 1945. With the loyal but unobtrusive support of his nominal superior, the Chancellor, he produced a succession of young clerics, who, in spite of his scrupulous regard for their individual gifts and temperaments, were of a plainly recognizable stamp.

In 1945 he was called back to King's College, London, as Dean and again as Warden of the Theological Hostel. He performed with conspicuous success the share which fell to him of the government of a highly complex academic institution until struck down by serious illness.

The enforced rest however led to a full recovery. In 1956 he was elected Warden of Keble College, Oxford, when it was entering upon a new phase of life as a full college of the University.

But though he soon overcame the sense of feeling a stranger in Oxford and looked forward to many years there, this was not to be. After only four years, he allowed himself to be persuaded to succeed Dr. Alan Don as Dean of Westminster.

At his installation on St. Andrew's Day, 1959, he preached a sermon on the text 'Sir, we would see Jesus', and spoke of his vision of the Abbey as a great church in which (without its ceasing to be true to all that is best in Anglicanism) all questing men, irrespective of faith and race, would see Jesus.

In the years that followed, the realization of this vision was his overriding concern, whether he was taking his part in the daily services, presiding over the Chapter, creating orders of service for special occasions, welcoming the head of a foreign state or entertaining countless visitors.

At the same time he found the energy to serve the Church as a whole and the Anglican Church in particular as the chairman of

numerous councils and committees.

He was deeply concerned and active for Westminster School and found time to pay frequent one-day visits to the Community of the Epiphany at Truro of which he was Warden.

The climax of his tenure of the deanery was the celebration in 1965-66 of the 900th anniversary of the founding of the Abbey. This, beginning with the inaugural service on December 28th, 1965, continued for twelve months. During that time there were held fifty special services, in addition to the ordinary Abbey services, and each of these was a major occasion requiring detailed organization.

The theme chosen for the anniversary celebration was that of 'One People' and the Dean's aim, in seeking to relate the Abbey to the needs and aspirations of the modern world, was to proclaim a message of reconciliation.

He felt that the Abbey, as a Royal Peculiar, was specially fitted to forward the ecumenical movement. At his invitation the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and the heads of other Churches took part in several of the special services and for the first time since the sixteenth century a Roman Catholic priest was heard preaching from the Abbey pulpit.

Abbott's intellectual and administrative gifts might have led him to high positions in the academic or the ecclesiastical world, but his ever widening pastoral ministry, left no time for the pursuit of specialized academic interests, while the insistence of his medical advisors excluded him from the episcopal charges which would otherwise have inevitably fallen to him.

From the point of view of external observances he would have ranked as a very Prayerbook Catholic, but his theological position was one of a highly characteristic but very definite Catholicism, in which a deep devotion to the Church of England was altogether free from the irritating insularity which sometimes accompanies that admirable loyalty.

He was the spiritual director of many married priests and their wives, but his own vocation left no place for thoughts of marriage.

From *The Times*

Peggy Francis

To many Old Westminsters even the name Peggy Francis will perhaps be unknown or forgotten, having possibly been merely read and scarcely noticed at the foot of some brief communication emanating from the Westminster School Society. But to any who were concerned with the Society or the administration of The Elizabethan Club she will be a very distinct and well remembered personality. Though never in the limelight, she was one of the most loyal and devoted servants the school has had. She was Secretary of the Westminster School Society for thirty-seven years from its foundation in 1937. How many, apart from Dr. Busby, can boast such a length of service?

*



Yet her appointment was chance and only temporary! Lord Greene asked her if she could help him for ten days just to get the Society started; and her first meeting with the then Honorary Secretary, Sir Anthony Grover, was a brief discussion in The Times Book Club in Wigmore Street. But no appointment could have been happier or more successful. She rapidly became in effect the Society's executive officer and ran its affairs with enthusiasm, devotion, and that thoroughness and attention to detail which were so characteristic of her. These qualities enjoyed full scope at the time of the Quatercentenary Appeal in 1960. She played a principal part in the planning and running of this, and carried out, under David Carey's chairmanship, the substantial enlargement that then took place in the scale of the Society's activities.

Those few who worked closely with Peggy will not forget her determined and forceful character or her own very personal way of doing things. But everything she did was permeated by her charm and friendliness, so that even a rebuke never hurt but was lit by her delightful and ready sense of humour.

Her health had begun to decline several years before she retired, so that her retirement at Folkestone was not the free and happy time for which her friends had hoped and which she had richly earned. But not even ill health could daunt her indomitable spirit and, weak though she was, she managed to continue living in her own flat until just the last few days. By those who knew her she is deeply missed. Her presence always brought happiness.

G.D.M.

Mr. James Archibald

Mr. James Archibald, M.B.E., J.P., who died on July 25th at the age of 63 possessed a remarkable combination of business ability, social grace and the imagination and drive of an artist of originality, qualities which he brought to his work as a film producer, writer and director. He was chairman and managing director of James Archibald & Associates from 1963.

James Montgomery Archibald was born on April 3rd 1920, the son of a regular army officer, Brigadier Gordon Archibald D.S.O., who counselled him not to go into the Army and allowed him to go as a day boy to Westminster School. He went up to Merton College, Oxford in 1938 where he gained a haldblue for fencing and, eventually took his M.A.

Just before the outbreak of war, he was seconded to Sir William Fraser, Petroleum Adviser to the War Office, and was instructed in the art of blowing up oil installations, which he was able to practise in France, following Dunkirk.

With the Special Forces, he was dropped by parachute many times into occupied France. Later, he served in Yugoslavia with Lieutenant-Colonel (Sir) Bill Deakin. James Archibald was himself a Lieutenant-Colonel at 23 and was appointed M.B.E. for his work in Yugoslavia. On being discharged from the Army in 1947, he was given a special assignment in Switzerland with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company which lasted for three years.

After some further study at Oxford he became, in 1950, Assistant to Mr. (now Sir) John Davis of the Rank Organisation. There began his abiding interest in the moving picture. He was the managing director's representative at the Pinewood Studios and at Denham Laboratories, with wide responsibilities.

In 1956, he moved to J. Walter Thompson Limited, where he became a director and used his experience in film-making to great advantage, introducing first-class talent from the film world into commercial television.

By 1963 he was able to achieve his ambition of becoming an independent film maker. He won much praise and many awards for his documentary films for industry and about music and the arts. Just before he died, he finished an hour-long film for the Royal College of Music Centenary Year. In all these activities Sheila, his wife, whom he married in 1956, was his partner and producer.

Painting and music were great interests in James Archibald's life. He was involved in the work of numerous music and arts charities and institutions as disparate as Yehudi Menuhin's Live Music Now!, of which he was a founder and first chairman; Trinity College of Music, London; and the new National Jazz Centre, of which he was also chairman.

He was chairman of the National Music Council for six years from 1974.

James Archibald was above all concerned about the community in which he lived and particularly about young people and the

quality of their life. He was a strong believer in the benefits to be gained from well-organised comprehensive education; a belief he demonstrated by sending his two sons to a London comprehensive.

He had an acute sense of history, exemplified by his love of archery and membership of the Worshipful Company of Bowyers, of which he was the current Master. He served the community as a Justice of the Peace in Inner London for eighteen years. He held to old-fashioned ideals of loyalty and unselfishness and was devoted in his service to others.

He leaves a widow and two sons.
from *The Times*



Sterling Lambert

Mr. M. T. Tudsbery

Mr. Marmaduke Tudsbery Tudsbery, C.B.E., who was the B.B.C.'s Civil Engineer from 1927 to 1952, and who during those years was responsible for much of the design and construction of transmitting stations and studio premises, died on May 9th at the age of 90.

Perhaps his most lasting achievement was his work on Broadcasting House in London. Tudsbery was responsible for finding the site and recommending its purchase to the B.B.C. He was then closely associated with the architect in the design of the building with the aim of ensuring that the complex requirements of a broadcasting headquarters were met.

Those were early days, and new ground was being broken. But the building proved to be a considerable success, and attracted tributes from broadcasters in many parts of the world. Broadcasting House was hit by a 500 lb. bomb in 1941, but was so well built that it was not seriously damaged; and it has remained in use without modifications of any consequence since being built in 1930.

Of the team who worked together to establish the B.B.C. only two names are recorded on the panels at the entrance to Broadcasting House—John Reith and Marmaduke T. Tudsbery.

Mr. Tudsbery was born on October 4th, 1892, and educated at Westminster and

Imperial College, London. He went as a trainee to the Yarrow shipbuilding yard in Glasgow. He served in the First World War, being commissioned into the special reserve of officers of the Royal Engineers, and remained in the Army until 1925. He then joined the infant B.B.C., and remained with the corporation for the rest of his working life, serving as consulting civil engineer from 1952 to 1960.

M.T.T., as he was known, was a man admired by all his colleagues and feared by some. He was courteous, precise and at times devastating if he was not in agreement. He was by nature an autocrat, who was completely master of his profession, and he insisted on the highest standards of professional conduct. He found it difficult to admit of compromise. His influence on aspects of civil engineering work in the B.B.C. was profound, and it is beyond doubt that he had a beneficial influence on broadcasting development.

A lifelong bachelor, Tudsbery revealed little of his private life to his colleagues. For many years he was an active member of the Athenaeum. He often used to take extensive holidays abroad, and afterwards would write lively accounts of them which he had privately printed and distributed to his friends.

From *The Times*

Dr. H. A. Clegg

Dr. H. A. Clegg, C.B.E., F.R.C.P., who died on July 6th in London aged 83 had, as editor of the *British Medical Journal* from 1947 to 1965 played an important role in creating for the journal, the reputation it now enjoys.

Hugh Anthony Clegg was born on June 19th, 1900 the third son of the Reverend John Clegg, a country parson in East Anglia. Educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, he qualified at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1925. House appointments at Barts and the Brompton Hospitals followed, and after completing his M.B. in 1928 he took the examination for membership of the Royal College of Physicians of London in 1929. Then as now this was regarded as a prelude to a career in consultant medicine, but alone it did not suffice.

Private financial resources were almost a necessity for the aspiring consultant in those days. Clegg had none, and it was partly because of this that in 1931 he joined the staff of the *British Medical Journal* as a sub-editor. As events turned out, he could not have made a more apt choice of career, for his particular and somewhat combative qualities found full expression in restoring an ailing journal to the front rank.

Clegg became editor at the beginning of 1947. The objective he set himself and his colleagues was to give the *B.M.J.* a reputation of the highest international quality as a general medical journal. With characteristic drive and imagination he set about improving the quality of accepted and commissioned contributions for publication.

One feature of editing a journal owned by a large professional organization attained special emphasis in Clegg's mind. It was that minorities must be allowed fair space for expression of their views. Committee men are apt to interpret democracy as the suppression of all opposing views when the majority view has found expression in a vote on a motion.

Thus, although the leading articles in the *B.M.J.* were intended to give a fair account of B.M.A. policy on political subjects, Clegg made a point of allowing the free expression of any view, justly argued, in the correspondence columns. Moreover, often enough the B.M.A. had not had the opportunity to formulate a policy on an important issue before the *B.M.J.* must comment on it as a matter of public interest. Its leading articles could therefore on occasions run counter to what this or that person or committee considered right and yet be within the general framework of B.M.A. policy.

As a journalist he was in the front rank, having written thousands of stimulating and well-informed leading articles for the *B.M.J.* as well as in his later years contributing a weekly page—amusing, instructive and irritating by turns—over the aptly chosen *nom-de-guerre* 'Pertinax'.

On his retirement the B.M.A. conferred on him its Gold Medal, and he had been made C.B.E. in 1966.

Clegg married in 1932 Baroness Kyra Engelhardt, and they had one daughter and one son.

from *The Times*

Sports Reports

Cricket

Golfing Society

Once again the Society had a full programme of events, but suffered from the usual problem of getting the best players to turn out for the vital events.

The most encouraging aspect of 1983 has been the number of new Old Westminsterers who have registered their interest in golf. All that remains is for them to turn out for matches and meetings.

The year started well with a good win over Uppingham in the annual two day match at Hunstanton and Brancaster. The next match against Cheltenham was lost due to the fact that they put out a much improved team following several years of defeat. Against Camford and Repton, victories were recorded.

The Summer Meeting at Seaford was again a great success with all places being filled. The Spring and Autumn Meetings at New Zealand were enjoyed by all. This Surrey course, where we have gone for several years, is ideal for Society meetings.

Our results in the Halford Hewitt, Bernard Darwin, Grafton Morrish and Royal Wimbledon Putting were all a disappointment. None of the performances matched the potential of the sides available. However, with our new intake of players, we look for better results in 1984.

All Elizabethan Club golfers are welcome at all or any of our events and anyone interested should contact the Hon. Secretary.

B. Peroni

Statistically 1983 was disappointing for Old Westminster cricket in that only two matches were won. However, apart from the final game of the season against Beckenham and the first round of the Cricketer Cup against Haileybury the statistics are misleading. For example, of the eight drawn games the OWWs were in a strong position to win the game at some stage during the final overs.

One of the many highlights of the season was the week-end trip to the Isle of Wight to play Newport. Blessed with fine weather a splendid weekend was had by all including Nick Nops whose efforts to find a suitable spot for wind-surfing were denied by the flat calm. The OWWs thank Robin Hillyard, a stalwart of both OWW and IOW Cricket for suggesting and organising the short tour. On the cricket front OWWs were narrowly denied victory. After making 142/6 on a huge playing area, thanks to a fine all-run partnership of 91 between Nick Brown and Anthony MacWhinnie, OWWs were held up by a stubborn last wicket partnership despite some hostile seam bowling from John Barkhan who took 5 wickets.

The Cricket Fortnight was blessed with fine weather and batting to match both from the OWWs and the visitors. Unfortunately, the OWW's attack with the exception of Tim Bailey lacked penetration throughout the fortnight to the extent that four hundreds were scored by the opposition and only three opposition teams were bowled out. In two of these instances the OWWs won and in the other against the Rugby Meteors were only 16 runs short of victory. In defence of the bowlers it must be said that Ray Gilson provided splendid batting tracks and that in certain matches the fielding was lack-lustre.

It is, however, encouraging that Tim Lunn the School Captain in 1983, was the bowler to set up the OWW victory against the Incogniti by taking 6-55.

In the School match Rupert Levy scored 76 for the School and it was good to see him play his strokes for the OWWs. His best score during the fortnight was 60 against Beckenham. Of the other younger members of the Club, Richard Rutnagur scored over 300 runs including a thrilling century against the Lords and Commons. Ray Gilson showed his all-round skills in this match scoring 62 and taking 6 wickets and all but winning the game.

Although the batting was inconsistent there were some memorable innings during the fortnight including a match winning 90* from Simon Hamilton against the Eton Ramblers, a thrilling 56* from Ian MacWhinnie against the Old Cheltonians and 94* from Nick Brown against the Adastrians. The OWWs had to wait until the end of the fortnight for the best performance. Anthony MacWhinnie had shown excellent form throughout the season and against the Old Wykehamist his class shone out. He came in when the score was 92/6 and proceeded to dominate the Winchester attack until he was last out for



John Chippindale

71 scored out of 115.

Mention must also be made of Tom Rider's return to top form at the end of the fortnight, Tim Bailey's hostile fast bowling and Ian MacWhinnie's aggressive batting. For those who have not played in recent years Alan Yuille showed that there is always hope. Invited to play within an hour of his return from two years in the States he proceeded to stroke the ball with accustomed ease and was undefeated on 65 against the Hit or Miss.

We are indebted to Head Master for allowing OWWs to use Vincent Square, and to Ray Gilson for all his hard work. Our thanks also go to our hard-working scorer, John Ventura.



Real Tennis

Since the last *Elizabethan* no matches have been played by the Real Tennis Section. However, we are happy to report that there are a number of keen and potentially talented players who have joined. There is still room for many more members and we would welcome anybody who may be interested in taking up this sport. Anyone who would like to join, please contact the Hon. Secretary.

J. Wilson

Lawn Tennis

Old Westminsters' Tennis had a better season than for many years though again fairly extensive efforts to track down new players achieved only very limited success. However some success there was and some half-dozen more recent Old Westminsters came on a more or less regular basis.

On the match side, we got through to the second round of the D'Abernon, persuading the first side we'd beat them if they dared play us and then were soundly beaten by a very good Winchester team. This defeat, coinciding with the Secretary breaking his elbow, brought the season to a rather premature close.

It is hoped in the not too distant future to recruit some of the more recent Old Westminsters to play. Anyone who is keen on tennis and who would like to play at Vincent Square, please contact the Hon. Secretary.

N. R. Walton

Summary of Results

P 17 W 2 D 8 L 7

OWW v. *Haileybury Hermits*. (Cricketer Cup First Round) Haileybury won a faster scoring rate.

Haileybury 285/7, OWW 73/5.

OWW v. *Newport (I.O.W.)*. Match Drawn
OWW 142/6, Brown 50; Newport 104/9, Barkhan 5-33.

OWW v. *The School*. Match Drawn
School 176, Sanderson 4-49; OWW 168/8, Colville 64.

OWW v. *Lancing Rovers*. Match Drawn
Lancing Rovers 265/5; OWW 149/8, MacWhinnie A., 50.

OWW v. *Lords and Commons*. Match Drawn

OWW 262/6, Rutnagur 113, Gilson 62; Lords & Commons 198/10, Gilson 6-30.

OWW v. *Rugby Meteors*. *Rugby Meteors won by 15 runs*

Rugby Meteors 170, Morrison 4-57; OWW 155, MacWhinnie A., 50.

OWW v. *Eton Ramblers*. *OWW won by 6 wickets*

Eton Ramblers 152; OWW 155/4, Hamilton 90*.

OWW v. *Marlborough Blues*. *Marlborough Blues won by 62 runs*

Marlborough Blues 196/9, Bailey 5-78; OWW 134.

OWW v. *Beckenham*. *Beckenham won by 87 runs*

Beckenham 258/2; OWW 171, Levy 60.

OWW v. *Stragglers of Asia*. *Stragglers of Asia won by 7 wickets*

OWW 194; Stragglers of Asia 195/3.

OWW v. *Adastrians*. Match Drawn
Adastrians 224/9, Rutnagur 4-65; OWW 191/8, Brown 94, Hamilton 44.

OWW v. *Incogniti*. *OWW won by 5 wickets*
Incogniti 178, Lunn 6-55; OWW 179/5, Brown 64, Rider 43*, Hillyard 40*.

OWW v. *Old Cheltonians*. Match Drawn
Old Cheltonians 222/8; OWW 217/8, Rider 57, MacWhinnie 56*.

OWW v. *Old Wykehamists*. Match Drawn
OWW 207, MacWhinnie A. 71; Old Wykehamists 183/9.

OWW v. *Hit or Miss*. *Hit or Miss won by 4 wickets*

OWW 214/5, MacWhinnie I. 91, Yuille 65*; Hit or Miss 216/6.

OWW v. *Harrow Wanderers*. Match Drawn
OWW 197, Welch 48; Harrow Wanderers 193/8.

OWW v. *Beckenham Wizards*. *Beckenham Wizards won by 7 wickets*

OWW 106; Beckenham Wizards 110/3.

Ebby Gerrish Awards:

Outstanding single performance:

A. P. MacWhinnie 71

Old Wykehamists

Overall performance:

E. N. W. Brown 354 runs, 3 wickets, 3 catches

If you wish to play for the Old Westminsters during the 1984 season or would like to receive a fixture card please contact the Secretary.

The First round of the Cricketers' Cup, *Westminster v. Ampleforth College*, will be played up Fields on Sunday June 3rd, 1984. The final will also be held up Fields on Sunday August 12th, 1984.

E. N. W. Brown

Fives

The 1982-83 Season proved another reasonably successful one for the Fives Club. The First Team came third in Division 2, despite key players being unavailable on a number of crucial occasions.

The Second Team finished fourth in a closely-contested Division 3, only two points adrift of the runners-up, and were unlucky with injuries and last-minute withdrawals, which resulted in the concession of vital points.

This season we are again competing in both Divisions, and with over 20 regulars membership continues to grow. So too does the fixture list, and traditionalists will be horrified to learn that we have been asked to field a Ladies' Pair. Aspiring recruits (men too) please contact the Hon. Secretary.

A. J. Aitken

Football Club

The club continues to field two sides every Saturday during the season. Both teams play in the Arthurian League.

The club has managed to recruit many of the best players who have left the school in the last ten years and the standard of football has improved as a result. But we are very keen to attract new players.

Anyone who would like to play for the club is urged to contact either the captain Andrew Graham-Dixon (tel. 01-267 8446) or Simon Taube, the secretary (tel. 01-272-4682).

The Annual General Meeting of the club will be held on May 8th, 1984 at 6.15 p.m. in the John Sargent Room.

S. Taube

Would all Old Westminsters interested in any of the sports sections listed below please contact the appropriate secretary. Everyone is most welcome.

Cricketer:

E. N. W. Brown, 6 St. Georges Mansion, Causton Street, London S.W.1.

Football:

S. Taube, 30 Sussex Way, Holloway, London N.7.

Golf:

B. Peroni, Stancrest House, 16 Hill Avenue, Amersham, Bucks.

Real Tennis:

J. Wilson, 10 Ranelagh Avenue, Barnes, S.W.13.

Shooting:

H. Moss, Lasham House, Lasham, Near Alton, Hants.

Athletics:

J. B. Goodbody, 1 Northampton Grove, London N.1.

Fencing:

E. Gray, 85A Stockwell Park Road, London S.W.9.

Lawn Tennis:

N. R. Walton, 20 Canonbury Park South, London N.1.

Fives:

A. J. Aitken, 14 Kylestrome House, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

**The Head of The River Race
1983**



