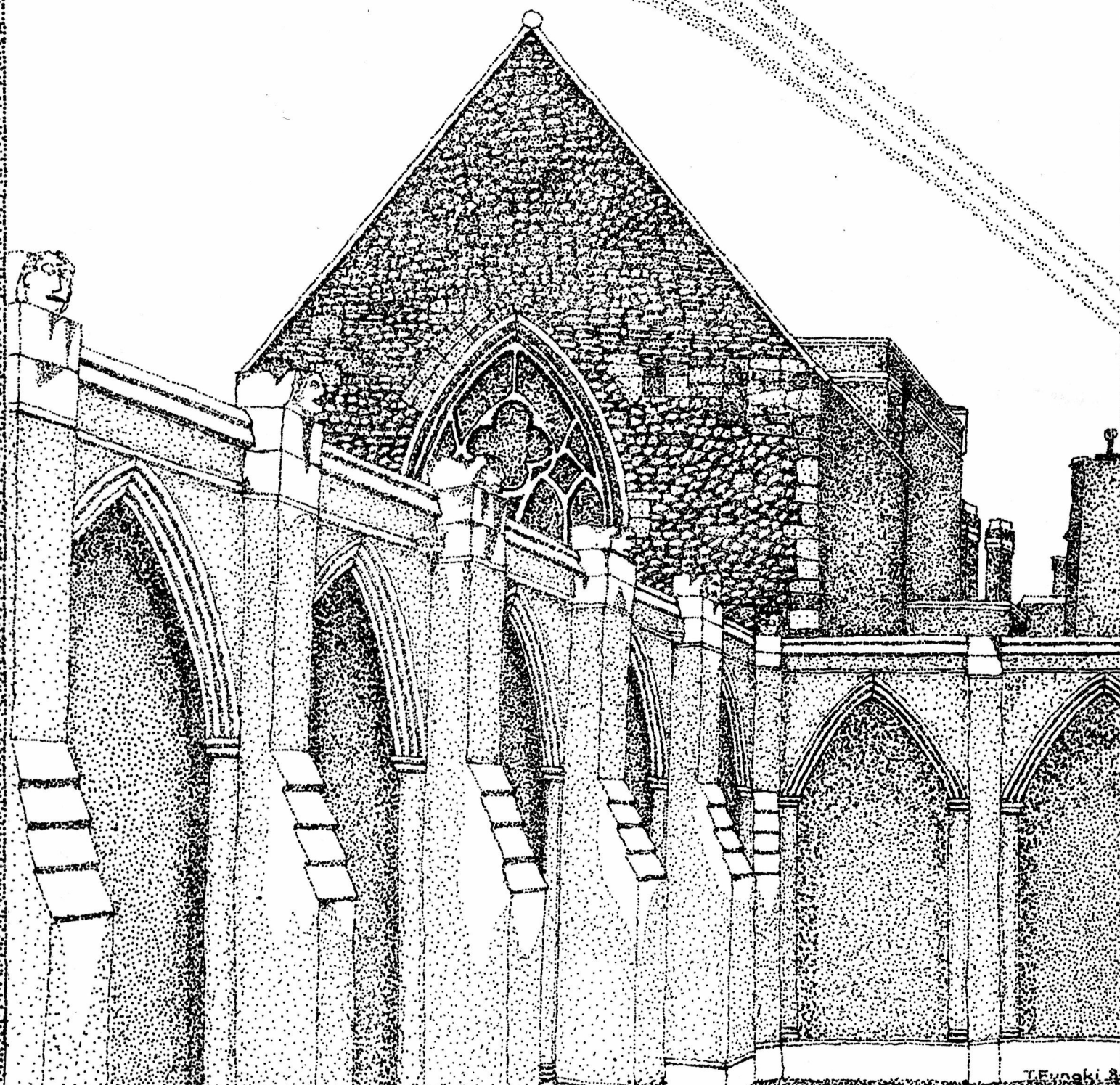


# the Elizabethan



T. Fynski

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# The Elizabethan

Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1

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## Saturday Morning School

by Todd Hamilton

Last term the Common Room and its special Working Party discussed the position of Saturday morning school and the effect of its abolition on such things as the curriculum and the stations. Then they turned to the monitors to discover the opinions of the school. But far more significant to me as a day-boy were the implications of the argument.

The end of Saturday school may well lead to a further fall in the number of boarders. The consequent increase in day-boys is perhaps to be avoided but, for whatever other reason, not because they don't take part. There is said to be a nucleus of boarders which is essential for the attendance and interest needed by any out-of-school activity. But I have never seen this nucleus materialise at any event I've known. Instead each evening has its own captive audience, regardless of their homes. Anything that fails does so because the necessary energy is simply not spent either by day-boys or boarders. One cannot defend Saturday school as protecting community spirit.

Defending it on these lines has in fact harmed whatever there is of such spirit. The monitors, supposed somehow to act as a bridge between school and Head, have hardly proved themselves to be in tune with the mood of the school. Thirteen to one against abolition is obviously not a representation of school feeling.

If, on the other hand, they are not supposed to represent the school so much as its oldest and most mature members, what say does that leave to the Fifth forms or Shell? The monitorial should try to do something for the school in return for its position.

Even if the monitors do, however, the school still needs a say. Before anyone scoffs at a referendum, let them consider. Some future parents have been consulted; the Common Room has been consulted; even the monitorial has been consulted; but a major policy decision may be reached without a single direct reference to the boys and girls who are affected at least as much as the monitors. And, one might add, who are just as capable of an objective judgment—in the sense that any change would take place after their departure.

Community spirit has been the dominant topic in the school's discussion of this issue. But rather than defend Saturday morning school on the ground that it binds our community and drive it apart in the process, let us acknowledge all its members as equal and involve them yet more closely.

### Editors:

Features—Todd Hamilton

Arts—Lucy Morgan

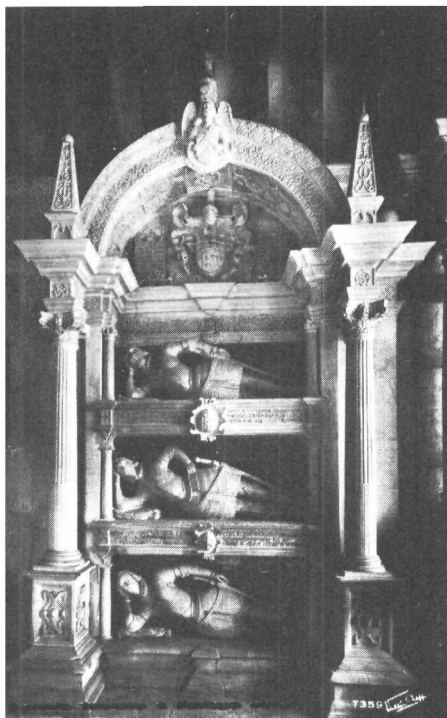
Lucasta Miller

Sports—Mike Ridley

Sequence—Luke Alvarez

Covers and captions—  
Takashi Funaki

Senior editor—  
Richard Jacobs



Can any reader identify this family monument? A descendent was at Westminster from 1772 to 1774.

# MEETINGS.

*Poetry Society:  
Michael Hofmann*

*by Natasha Moar*

Michael Hofmann is one of the up-and-coming poets of our generation and has just published his first volume of poems, *Nights in the Iron Hotel*. He was born in Germany but brought up in England where he studied English at Cambridge. He did not much enjoy academic work; writing poetry, he said, is 'the best thing'.

Michael Hofmann wandered into the dungeons amidst a large audience; he is a slender, dark-eyed young man who has had little experience of reading poetry aloud but on this occasion read his works gently and unselfconsciously. He gave an introduction to each of his poems, a series of observations on aspects of his own world. The experience of distance played a large part, especially distance from his girlfriend, whom he links in 'Looking at you (Caroline)' to the women war-time aviators were forced to leave behind. The shifts from the difficulties of physical distance to emotional claustrophobia—'another torturous scene', a 'tired argument in your parked car', in 'De-militarised Zone'. His father, about whom he spoke with ambivalence, is treated with biting detachment in 'The nomad, my father'—'What was the centre of your life-interests?/You said your family; your family said your work'.

Among the personally directed works are poems that dwell on other people's unsatisfactory relationships—'meat-and-two-veg-sex'—the paradox of technological progress and primitive life in our time, remnants of the war—concrete bunkers German hippies have painted 'with their acid peace dream'. The poet favours direct address in his poems—'you leave your small change on my floor'—and a dramatic present—'It feels sick to be alone again'—that makes each experience and image fresh and immediate.

Michael Hofmann answered a long series of questions during and after the meeting with patience and, it seemed, interest. Years of studying English has not affected his creativity; he was not struck by his own openness or preoccupied with the force of his poetry; writing poetry does not pay but he writes articles for periodicals as well. He sold a few copies of *Nights in the Iron Hotel* on the way out.

*Poetry Society:  
Peter Redgrove*

*by Luke Alvarez*

'I'm puzzling', declared Peter Redgrove as he strode into the dungeons one dark and windy March evening. And he was. He is without doubt a poet of paradoxes, a poet fascinated by 'concrete objects' and 'solid matter', ostensibly fairly basic themes, but which Redgrove manages to infuse with a disturbing air of mysticism and nightmare. With his booming voice and the wind howling outside, the purely pictorial images of the storm in 'On the Patio' and the semi-horror story of 'Killing House' had great dramatic effect and became, to say the least, distinctly unnerving.

Along with the concrete and the mystical, is the contradiction of his obsessions with carnal knowledge and religion, particularly prominent in the strong sexual imagery of 'The Proper Halo' and 'Spring'. As he hastened to inform us, "'Oiling the bicycle" could be a euphemism'. He did, after all, start writing after his first time with a woman. He told us that as he was lying there afterwards, 'peace came into his head'. Then suddenly a poem appeared. 'I almost fell out of bed', he said.

Redgrove is very descriptive, but it is not description for its own sake. He seems to be trying to relate his own emotions to those of the scene itself. If this sounds obscure, that is because Redgrove's poems are themselves often obscure. His themes are elusive and constantly changing. But as someone once said, 'To resist critical abstraction is the poet's privilege.'

In the purely religious/mystical poems such as 'The Witch who Loves Us' and 'Cross' and between these, he posed us simple little world-shaking paradoxes, such as 'What is the sound of one hand clapping? (Zen)' and 'How can an immortal God die?' Before we had time to ponder these, he had shot off into another poem or story.

Redgrove is a different class of poet compared to the others who have come this year. At the moment he is generally recognized as one of Britain's best, but apart from the high quality of the poems, what made his reading so particularly impressive was his commentary in between. He told us about himself, about why and how he writes, about his beliefs, and about the dreams and visions that have inspired him, and best of all, he explained

in each poem what exactly he was getting at—a feature much appreciated at a school reading. All in all, it was an extremely enjoyable hour.

\*

*'You are the people  
your parents should  
have warned you  
against'*

*by Dan Glaser*

The crowd was expectant. The competitors, poised and tense, cut and thrust their opponents' and their own defences aside. The final stab and we walked out none the wiser.

The problem was the motion. If a debate is going to be entertaining, the argument must be limited by its title so that none of the statements must be ruled irrelevant and all can be considered. In this case the wording was such that neither the floor, nor I suspect the speakers, could quite fathom the depths of all its implications. As Mr. Field said, it was lucky that both sides chose to argue the same point.

Because the motion was unclear it made a vote or clear-cut decision rather difficult but it did make discussion easy.

In proposing the motion Mr. Field and Ben Hamilton said that the situation now was without precedent. Mr. Field referred to the present positions of a College election of about ten years ago, who had not slipped easily into the roles previous generations had occupied and he also mentioned several times a current scholar with unconventional aspirations.

Opposing the motion Doctor Southern and Hassan Fadli maintained that the situation was the same as ever and parents and children could have stable relationships. Doctor Southern used historical examples and customary wit to explain his position in detail for the benefit of non-historians, and said that fathers and sons had always been in healthy conflict with each other. Ben Hamilton said that Doctor Southern's historical examples were inadmissible because the discussion concerned the present which they were arguing was totally different. Hassan Fadli gave personal examples to prove the point.

Al Coles the chairman reminded them that they did not have to reply to questions from the floor and consequently several questions aggravatingly went unanswered. The final vote felled the motion by a large majority.

One was left with two impressions. Firstly, that rigidly sticking to the conventional form of a debate can restrict lively discussion on a provocative subject; secondly, that although the masters through daily practice come across better than the pupils, in future they might play a more supportive role and perhaps let the boys and girls take the lead.

The battle over, the combatants depart to the common-room for tea.

# The Harrod Society

by Daniel Jeffreys

In the February issue of *The Elizabethan* the report on the Harrod Society finished with a commitment to begin this article with a discussion of what promised to be the best meeting of the Play term. The members of the society were not disappointed in their expectations. This being so our promise to discuss Samuel Brittan's address must be kept.

Samuel Brittan is the economics editor of the *Financial Times*. His weekly 'economic commentary' would be sufficient in its own right to justify the *Financial Times*' current advertising copy. Renowned amongst the economics profession, Brittan's articles influence policy makers up to and including the incumbent of No. 11 Downing Street. Brittan took 'unemployment' as his topic and treated us to an expanded version of a chapter from his excellent new book *The Role and Limits of Government* (Temple Smith).

In a recent *Sunday Times* article entitled 'Right Thinking Men' Samuel Brittan was cited as one of the main architects of the reconstructed edifice of right wing political economy. If Brittan does carry this responsibility it is mainly because of his decision to champion an obscure acronym. The acronym—NAIRU—relates to a belief about the degree to which government action can be effective in reducing unemployment. The non-accelerating inflation rate of unemployment is a cut-off rate. If the rate were say 8%, then any attempt to reduce unemployment below this rate will produce rapidly increasing inflation.

Belief in a NAIRU carries political consequences. In the pre-monetarist era governments believed in a straight trade-off. Unemployment could be reduced to ever smaller rates so long as the electorate could be persuaded to accept increasing rates of inflation. The NAIRU version of this theory suggests that the trade-off only works for a short range of unemployment rates. Once unemployment has reached a point at which the expected rate of inflation is equal to the actual rate it will not be possible to reduce unemployment any further. If government expenditure is increased in an attempt to reduce unemployment below the NAIRU its consequence will be inflation without extra jobs.

A version of the NAIRU provides an important plank of Thatcherite economic policy. In this political context the NAIRU is converted into the 'real jobs' thesis: a reduction in the rate of unemployment is only worth having if firms are taking on new employees as a result of a cut in the real price of labour. A cut in the real price of labour occurs if labour productivity increases whilst money wages remain constant or if money wages fall whilst labour productivity remains constant. If the real price of labour falls, so the theory goes, then the rate of inflation will fall along with the reductions in the rate of unemployment.

In practice, the Thatcherite version of the NAIRU has meant a dramatic increase in unemployment along with equally dramatic reductions in the rate of inflation. Brittan discussed these issues with great skill although many members of the audience were left unconvinced by his long term solution. Brittan believes that labour must become increasingly expensive and unproductive compared to capital. Many share this belief and some have suggested work-sharing or early retirement as solutions. Brittan's formula is more original, he sees a need for a wholesale redistribution of wealth to give all of us a greater share in the economy's capital base. This share-out would give all households a further source of income as a barrier against the decline in the competitive position of labour.

The theme of unemployment was carried over into the Lent Term. Our first meeting of 1984 saw Professor Maurice Peston of Queen Mary College engage in the kind of advocacy of Keynesian demand management that we expected from a past adviser of Labour chancellors. Peston had little time for what he saw as the sophistry of monetarism. In particular he argued that it was absurd to suggest that public expenditure would crowd-out private sector activity when the private sector was so unwilling to undertake any expansion on its own behalf. Peston's dislike of independent schools may not have made him the most popular speaker of the Lent Term but his single-minded Keynesianism made him one of the more provocative.

The attack on monetarism continued with the visit of William Keegan. Keegan is a splendid speaker, a man who builds an easy and immediate rapport with his audience. Keegan's message was that the U.K. is uniquely suited to the monetarist experiment because our traditions of democratic politics make it less likely that we will rebel as the mass unemployment of monetarism's first phase sets in. Keegan suggested that this political passivity will come in particularly handy when monetarism's second phase—the recovery—fails to materialise. We were so impressed by Keegan's advocacy of his position that we decided to invite him to return as a key speaker in our inaugural annual budget debate (Mr Keegan's new book is reviewed on page 36).

The anti-monetarist trio of the first half of Lent Term was completed by Professor

Tony Thirwall of the University of Kent. Thirwall has achieved some fame in economic circles for his 'deindustrialisation' thesis. Many of us are aware that the U.K. has been moving away from manufacturing as the major source of our national output. Thirwall is distinctive because he believes that this move will leave us with a constant balance of payments deficit. Essentially, balance of payments deficits result from a failure to compete with trading partners on comparable terms. If U.K. unit costs in the car industry are higher than those found in Japanese counterparts, then trade with Japan will lead to a deficit in that part of the balance of payments dealing with car trades.

Thirwall argued that unit costs are reduced through labour productivity, which in turn tends to be greater in manufacturing industries because of the concentration of capital found in those industries. As the U.K.'s manufacturing industry declined so did our labour productivity, leading to increases in unit labour costs and reductions in export competitiveness. Thirwall concluded by suggesting that a permanent move away from manufacturing industry would mean a permanent reduction in the U.K.'s standard of living compared to similar western economies. It was easy to be depressed by Thirwall's message. Indeed, one member of the audience remarked later that Thirwall's sepulchral appearance helped reinforce the suspicion that his main contribution to the resolution of the U.K.'s economic ills is to measure the body for its coffin.

After the anti-monetarists, the society followed in the best traditions of British balance by giving time to two enthusiastic monetarists, Walter Eltis and Sir Keith Joseph. Eltis, a fellow of Exeter College, argued that the Thatcher administration possesses the only convincing strategy for a return to full employment. His exposition was of such elegant simplicity that many felt he must be right. The main thrust of the argument depended upon something called the 'real money supply'. The real money supply is given by taking the growth in the nominal money supply, say £M3, and subtracting the increase in prices. If inflation is 6% and £M3 grows by 8% then the real money supply has increased by 2%. This calculation highlights the importance of a low rate of inflation. Monetarists believe that inflation is 'always and everywhere a monetary phenomenon'. They also tend to believe that increases in the money supply are caused by government spending.

This combination of beliefs leads to the suggestion that government expenditure is pointless when judged on its own objectives. If government expenditure is seen as a means of sustaining the rate of employment during recessions then such expenditure will tend to be accompanied by state borrowing. State borrowing will increase the money supply and the rate of inflation. If the increase in inflation is greater than the increase in the nominal money supply then the real money supply will contract. As the real money supply is a proxy for output the consequences are dire.



Andrew Foord

An attempt to sustain output through borrowing has led to a greater reduction in output through inflation.

Having entrapped us in the complexity of this chain of reasoning Eltis sought to press home his advantage by showing how cuts in public expenditure and borrowing could lead to an increase in national income. If the money supply is restricted, argued Eltis, inflation will fall until it is low and less than the growth of the nominal money supply. The excess, say 2%, will have an expansionary effect on the economy. 2% of £M3 is only 0.2% of national income; but an injection of 0.2% into the funds flowing through the economy will increase national income by much more than 0.2% as it passes through many firms and households.

Eltis completed his position by arguing that the unemployment caused by the initial contraction in the money supply will have a salutary effect upon wages. In the last four years this view has been well supported. Each increase in unemployment has brought a further reduction in trade union militancy and the size of wage claims. Unfortunately for the Eltis's position and the unemployed recent events suggest an alarming modification to the view that trade unionism can be contained by mass unemployment. As unemployment stabilises at 3.2 million it seems that workers only accept lower wage settlements when the level of unemployment is rising. If the level has stabilised, then those in work no longer see their jobs as being at risk. Consequently, as we enter Thatcher's sixth year in office we see an upward movement in wage settlements and a significant increase in trade union militancy.

Our programme for the Lent Term was completed by the visit of Sir Keith Joseph, the Secretary of State for Education. Sir Keith stood aside from educational issues to give us a fighting endorsement of the value of free markets. Taking 'Animal Spirits' as his title, Sir Keith used Keynes's phrase in praise of entrepreneurs as a more general vehicle for his message that free markets know best. With considerable aplomb Sir Keith handled questions that sought to expose the welfare costs that some saw as a necessary component of unrestrained capitalism.

Sir Keith is renowned for his habit of trying out future policy pronouncements in private meetings. On this occasion we were witness to a try out for his view on teacher's pay. For those who need reminding, this amounts to the belief that teachers should be given a small pay increase this year because there is no shortage of people wanting to teach. This argument is typical of the way in which Sir Keith sought to use an eighteenth century view of markets to justify minimum state intervention; even though he is as aware as anybody that a quantity of available labour is not the same as a sufficient quality of labour.

Election term is well under way as I write this. The theme for this term was 'Constraints on Recovery'. Old Westminsters and Westminster parents who might like to attend future meetings should contact me here at school.



## The Entertainer

by Maurice Lynn

With its episodic structure, clearly influenced by Brecht, and so well-suited to the concatenation of music hall 'turns', Osborne's *The Entertainer* has lost little of its freshness after a quarter of a century, despite the frequent specific contemporary references, some of which have oddly retained their resonance into the Eighties, if for Suez we read the Falklands or the Lebanon, and for Trafalgar Square we read Greenham Common.

Though not so much a 'one-man play' as *Look Back in Anger*, our interest centres for much of the time on 'the performer', Archie Rice, that faceless mask behind a mask who takes his music hall persona back home with him to his seedy seaside boarding-house—a 'routine', in both senses of the word, unbroken, in the life of a man who believes himself to be beyond feeling pain and then, moments after saying so, hears his son has been killed.

'Don't clap too hard, we're all in a very old building,' he tells us, the audience, as we yo-yo between the real-life and the music hall auditorium, thus shattering the old theatrical 'slice of life' illusion, and pulling away from the conventions of naturalism.

The message is clear enough. Archie Rice is not simply a bad comedian in a dying tradition. The crumbling music hall, this 'very old building', is England, and Archie speaks for all of us who know we are 'dead behind the eyes' and have nothing to go on living for and clapping for except the next drink and the next bed partner. If Draught Bass is the only reason Archie can think of for staying in England, he still won't leave when offered a free ticket to Canada. Loyalty to his country is as desiccated as his love for his wife, but it is his obstinate doggedness, vital and vulgar, that makes him go on 'having a go'.

That vulgar vitality was successfully conveyed in Ben Hamilton's and Owen Kellie Smith's Westminster production, outstanding for its meticulous attention to detail of period and characterisation. Tackily glamorous, the usherettes, Corisande Albert and Isis Olivier, transported one back to the world of the Locarno and

fish-net tights. In fact, no aspect of the production failed to give pleasure. The music, both written and played by Toby Stevens, was a delight, utterly faithful to the music hall register, whilst it was clear that the staging and blocking had thoughtfully exploited a wide range of possibilities. The effect achieved by Daniel Widdicombe, playing the elderly Billy, in using a creaking armchair to suggest a rheumatically back was the kind of minor detail in which the production abounded. Widdicombe soon got into his stride, despite a tendency to extract significance out of every word uttered. More 'throw-aways' would have lent variety of pace to that first Act.

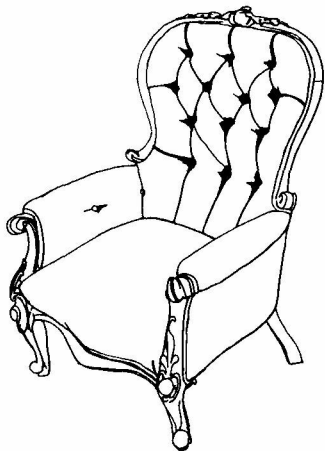
Osborne's occasionally tangential monologues can be difficult, but Ursula Griffiths, as Jean, coped admirably and convincingly. Even in silence, her facial reactions were sensitive, whilst she effectively conveyed a sense of increasing intoxication, both through diction and gait.

Felicity Brown, as Phoebe, had something of Dandy Nichols' Mrs Garnett, or even Sybil Fawlty, in her use of phatic speech to clothe silence. Her long monologue, filled with pathos, was stunning.

In the text, the character of Frank is hardly developed, even inconsistent, while the effectiveness of his song 'Bring back his body' is questionable. For these reasons, Benjie Carey had a difficult task before him, but he acquitted himself well. Questionable too is Osborne's introduction of two new characters into Act Three, Brother Bill and Graham, giving us alternating snatches of two duologues. The effect intended is clear enough, but the execution of the scene is clumsy. Both Bill and Graham are presented perfunctorily as cardboard tokens of capitalism. Within these limitations, however, Christopher Sainty and Mark Rubens eked out what they could, and to good effect.

At no point in the play did Christian Woolfitt, as Archie, lose a commanding magnetism and drive, sensitively performing and pulling the strings of the hapless 'performer'. With the language of music hall routine, steeped in cliché and innuendo, he projected that vacant 'deadness behind the eyes', inviting comparison with Ben Kingsley's interpretation of Kean—every bit as rhetorical, self-conscious and self-dramatising. 'Talk to

me'—with what poignant eloquence Woolfitt invested Archie's pathetic three-word plea! And from under all the pathos and vulgarity, he pushed through the pain. In short, a riveting performance, enhanced by a keenly sensitive supporting cast and imaginative direction. Play it again, Charlie!



Andrew Foord

## Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung

by Timothy Roberts

Ödön von Horváth has only recently received the recognition he deserves as one of Germany's (or Europe's) most talented writers of this century. He died in extraordinary circumstances in 1938 having predicted accurately but, as he put it, not pessimistically enough, the rise of Nazism in Germany. Some of his works, such as *Jugend Ohne Gott*,—'Godless Youth'—concerned the Nazis directly, here the Hitler Youth; but others, although with a political edge, are of a much wider significance.

*Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung* is about the struggle between Law and the State on one hand and the Individual on the other. It suggests that the bureaucracy and the 'small print' of the Law, while inevitable, could be applied in a less unswerving and more thoughtful way. The struggle between the individual and the State is continuous and irreconcilable. Horváth suggests that the aims of Society, as a collective, are in conflict with the aims of the individual, and moreover, and specifically here, he implies a doubt for the concept that duty to the State overrides loyalty to other individuals.

This play is based on real events which took place in 1929 in Munich. A girl, called Elisabeth in the play, was lent the money she needed for a licence to trade door-to-door by an acquaintance who believed her father was a customs official. This acquaintance then took her to court for fraud on discovering her father was only an Insurance inspector (far less respectable) believing that he would never see his money. The girl was found guilty of fraud and went to prison for a short time.

In the play, Elisabeth actually needs the money to pay a fine, ironically, imposed on her for trading without a licence. It opens

with her at the Institute of Anatomy, trying to get some money for allowing them to use her body for research after her death. This morbidity at the very beginning of the play makes it clear that there will be no sentimentality; to use a cliché, he is trying to portray the grim realities of poverty. Elisabeth falls in love with a policeman, who intends to marry her, but leaves her on hearing that she has been in prison. She cannot get a job, has no money and tries to commit suicide by jumping in a river. She is rescued but dies later at the Police Station. This is a tragedy that holds such a pessimistic view of life for the poor or unemployed under a right-wing state (such as Germany in the 30's) that it would be too easy to suggest Horváth held no hope for the inhabitants of such a state.

However, there is more to the play. The characters are not what they might seem from reading a synopsis: they are not just cardboard cutouts. There is humour, in its way, to each of them. They are almost caricatures. Their lack of faith, hope and charity is clear. But Horváth says they are not parodies—these, he says, are real people. Can this humour be taken as hope, in the face of tragedy?

Horváth put it himself. 'At best for a moment or two, an individual might just enjoy the illusion that there is a truce' in the clash between him and the state.

More light is thrown on his intentions by the excerpt, performed with *Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung*, from *Tales from Hollywood*. This is a modern English play by Christopher Hampton about German writers exiled in California during the war. He imagines that Horváth, instead of dying in Paris in '38, made it to Hollywood. Three scenes were performed which had special significance to Horváth.

Hampton's Horváth says, more or less: The communists love the people, without knowing any people. I know the people, how terrible they are, and I still love them. This surely shows something of a trust in human nature.

In production the main play was accompanied not only by the excerpts from *Tales from Hollywood* but was also prefaced by Horváth's note on the play in which he explains his intentions and some ideas on the individual and the state.

In *Tales from Hollywood*, Ian Huish, the director, played Horváth and was supported by three others from the cast of *Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung*. His is an acknowledged expert on Horváth and accepts easily and convincingly the playwright's persona,

right down to the Hungarian accent and the Trilby hat. He also shared an understanding of his intentions which helped to make them clear to us.

The changeover from English to German was fluent and impressive as he moved on to Horváth's preface. This linked the two parts together very effectively.

All the cast spoke clearly and sympathetically and there was very little evidence of the most common problem (in foreign language plays) that the actors don't really understand what they are saying.

The two main roles, the policeman and Elisabeth, were played by Nick Clegg and Henrietta Barclay, with Jessica Jacobson taking over Henrietta's part for one of the performances. Nick and Henrietta not only demonstrated a fluent understanding of the language but considerable acting talent as well. Nick was impressively unforgiving and shallow as the character demanded and Henrietta conveyed well Elisabeth's 'Alice in Wonderland' quality: as a real person amongst caricatures. Jessica was not quite so experienced in acting as Henny, but carried well Elisabeth's other aimless, resigned qualities and was, in the last act, quite impressive in despair.

Four of the cast deserve a special mention: Jenny Ash, as Elisabeth's employer, demonstrated a highly imaginative accent: pretentious and almost flamboyant she was completely involved with her pompous character. Her exit was one of the most daunting moments of the play. Felix Dux stood out due to his marvellously authentic gruff German accent and what can only be described as a complete portrayal of the stereotyped middle-aged German. Isis Olivier as Maria, Elisabeth's ill-fated friend, was convincingly chummy, affable and slightly arch and spoke German as if it were natural to her. Finally, Owen Kellie-Smith as the Dissector was distinguished by a theatrical inventiveness which contributed greatly to the play's strong opening. He was endlessly eccentric, twitchy and lively and, where it was demanded, extremely funny.

In the end, Ian Huish must be congratulated for turning what could easily be an ignored, obscure event into a major institution, and for taking the play to King's College Theatre, and on, during the Easter holidays, to Hamburg and Munich to be performed to real live Germans. Considering the success last year's play had at the German School in London, this shows not impetuosity but faith in his cast which is not misplaced.

### Germering-Unterpfaffenhofen

Montag, 2. April 1984

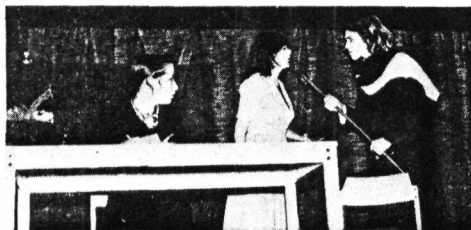
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Nummer 78

Englische Schüler auf ihrer Tournee auch in Germering zu Gast

## Westminster-Ensemble zeigte deutsches Theater

Ian Huish inszenierte Ödön von Horváth's „Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung“ in der Originalsprache



Schüler der Westminster School bei ihrem Auftritt: Jenny Ash, Henrietta Barclay, Owen Kellie-Smith.



Frau Amtsgenichterstatt (Sarah Wells) und Elisabeth (Henrietta Barclay).

Foto: B&B

# Glaube, Liebe, Hoffnung in Germany

by Isis Olivier

Otto stood, propped up against a railing, hiding under his green, felt hat; a nervous smile. We were all there, all, except Janine that is; even Jenny had remembered to come, with a full size mannequin tucked under her arm.

By evening we had arrived in Hamburg, and found ourselves in a large, uncluttered house. There, we were warmly welcomed by our hosts, half-a-dozen loaves of French bread, several tomatoes and a little mountain of Brie; but not one tiny Würstchen could be seen.

The following morning was allocated to rehearsing a play that no one (with the exception of Otto, who was jumping up and down frantically like Rumpelstiltskin) could take seriously. What? English school children performing a play in German? That was one thing; but, performing it in Germany, in front of Germans? Crazy!

Our hosts certainly made a wonderful audience, and our first performance was greeted with unbelievable enthusiasm. All that I can remember of afterwards is a vague haze of wine and bubbly, excited faces.

The stage in Munich presented us with a new problem. No longer was it a question of too little space (the stage in Hamburg having been rather 'cosy', shall I say, and half-filled by the firm presence of a grand piano) but one of acoustics. They were appalling—and I was rapidly losing my voice. More rehearsals; though by this time Otto's nerves had somewhat settled, and we too had come to better grips with our respective parts.

From behind the stage, the play was hilarious. Almost unable to speak above a whisper, I was being stuffed with pills, vitamin 'C' tablets and honey, as we tried to coax my voice back; make-up was being flung in all directions; Owen's hair needed to be greyed; where was the walking stick? And the bottle of wine? The last desperate gulps of red wine were extracted from the bottles used in *Tales from Hollywood*, leaving whoever with a wide grin, looking slightly flushed; thunder came out of the telephone, and Nick was shuffling about with his trousers around his ankles; a pregnant cat appeared on stage; a bottle smashed, the cat panicked, Simon clutched; Ben stood in the middle of the stage, shaking with convulsions; Lex was bobbing up and down, bent intently over the telephone shouting 'Mama! Mama!' and Henny, with a temperature of one hundred and two, was dying, having said her bit about the 'schwarze Würme' ... then all was still. Everything stopped, and the curtain went down for the last time.

# Ubu Roi

by Paolo Vaciago

It does not surprise me, after all, how easily in this school, where productions are often rejected at the least trace of cliché, a peculiar play can be utterly misunderstood; how shamelessly the same fingers which each time point out faults and corniness presume to claim the worthlessness of last year's Busby's production just because its content and meaning were not extremely obvious.

Many were delighted to learn that this play was written by Jarry when he was fourteen years old because this would allow them to think that it is just an empty, childish play; a vulgar satire against one of Jarry's teachers, and nothing more. But let me just begin by pointing out that when *Ubu Roi* was first publicly performed in 1896, Alfred Jarry was no longer a teenager and had intensely revised his play; what was then put on was what a mature Jarry regarded as worth putting on, and even if he had not revised it and the play we now have were the first edition, this would not reduce any of its importance. And indeed, detached from its initial school significance, *Ubu Roi* gained a much wider meaning and a much greater value: no more a pantomime of private interest, *Ubu Roi* became a satiric comedy which struck at the meaninglessness and the violence of social conventions; and Pa Ubu, this horrible, grotesque human puppet, supported by his monstrous wife, eager to gain only power and riches, greedy for anything, puffed up with cynicism, brutality and fear, highlighted the average pettybourgeois of Jarry's time (and certainly, today, one of our time), attracted by the thought of power and glory, but cowardly in their presence.

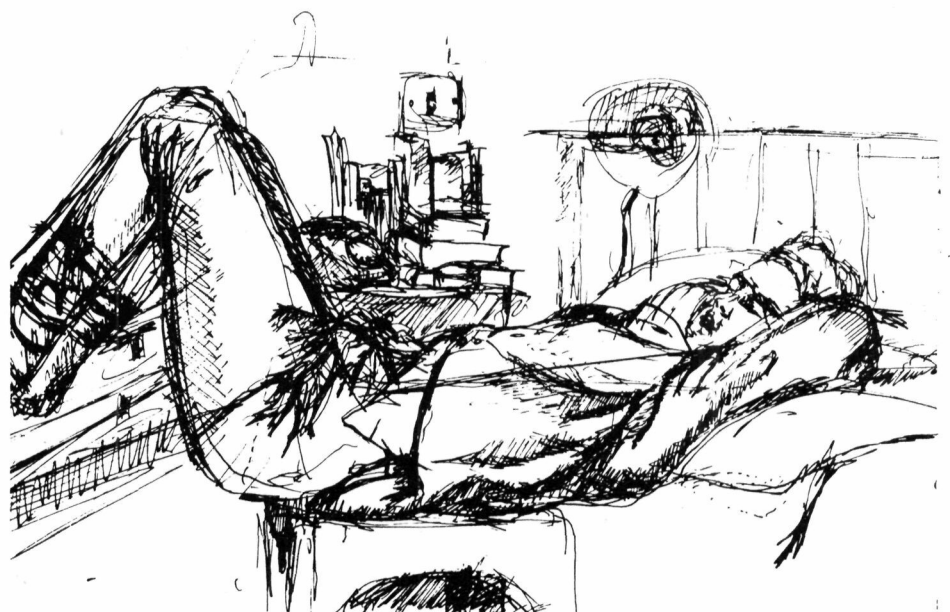
But, what is more, far from producing merely a cheap satire, Jarry also put on a play which, whether he meant it to or not, really opened the way to the theatre of our

century. Perhaps it would be exaggerating to claim that subsequent leading theatrical figures were directly indebted to *Ubu Roi*; or even, at certain times, that they showed any particular awareness of it as a model, but this play broke the traditional ways of staging and acting, and the whole conception of theatre; a break from which they have profited.

The traditional plot itself is transformed completely and loses most of its importance; its intricacy and contrivance return to a level similar, and even inferior to that of the *Commedia dell'Arte*. But while Molière and Goldoni exploited a pretty elementary plot to spend all their efforts in the denouncing of human nature, still producing a continuous story, Jarry on the other hand not only exploits it but also shatters it in countless ten-seconds-long scenes, and the result he achieves is not a story with a beginning and an end, but a hectic sequence of shots, each one representing a facet of Ubu's character so that by the end of the play we have got a general impression of his rotten mind. And it is a result of this shallowness of the plot that Jarry could easily set this play in a more or less fairy-tale setting, where he could much more effectively create the right circumstances to express what he had in mind.

It is the plot regarded as the main component of the play which loses its importance, not the plot regarded as a handy instrument which enables the author to express himself.

As unrealistic as his settings, are Jarry's characters. Neither agreeable nor harmonious, they are exceptionally grotesque, closer to animated puppets than to the real life facsimiles of naturalistic drama; the extent to which Jarry tends to diminish the moral and psychological complexity of his puppets seems to be completely new. We aren't meant to analyse the words and actions of Pa and Ma Ubu as if they were Macbeth and his lady; rather, it is ourselves whose reactions to the play we have to consider: we are neither interested in the inev-



Robert Katz



itable decline and fall of the Ubu Empire, nor does this fall provide us with a didactic moral code (the evil is going to be overcome, do not exaggerate! etc.), but it is the impulses which the play, with its cheerful cruelty, its elements of coarse verbal inventiveness, its parody, its punning and even its emptiness of traditional features, generates in the audience.

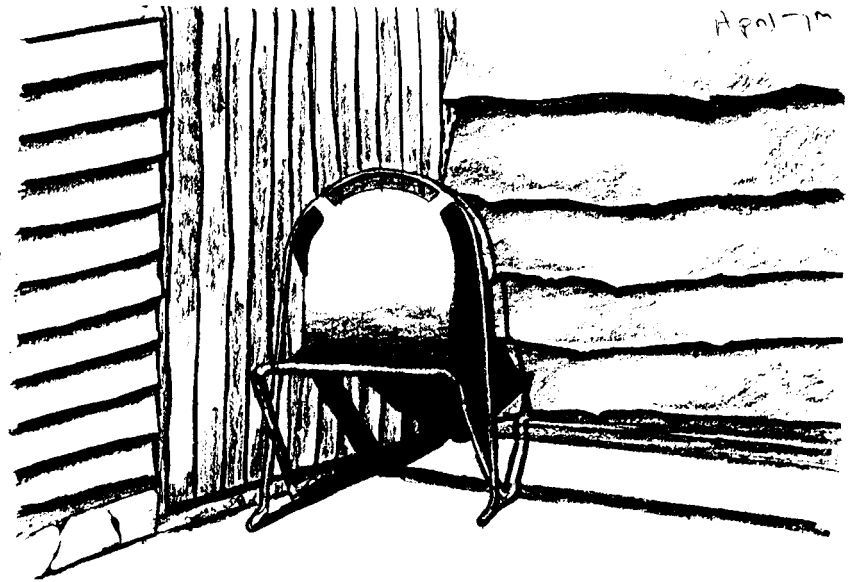
And how irritating is the kind of puppets which he has chosen for his play! The puppet is no longer regarded as something which can do good or bad but whose decisions are made by someone else: it has become a being whose manipulator lies in its own head; he has lost his neutrality and can now be blamed or praised for his actions, but cannot control them, for he has not yet gained full autonomy and probably never will; there still is, in his head, something which manoeuvres him.

And Jarry's play does not just dimly understate this fact, but points it out to the full. We are puppets, we are not men as we would like to believe; we do not behave according to any high minded rule or principle, but according to our own instinct which we usually like to call morality or beliefs; and the instinct of the majority becomes law, though this cannot in any way prevent others from behaving according to their own instinct. We like to be free to do what we want, and we like others also to be free to do what we want, and indeed there is nothing they should think about except what we want, and it is most disturbing for us not to be able to reproach or punish them when we want, and in the way we want.

No surprise then that, as it was at the end of last century, this play was a shock at the end of last year. You would not expect the main character to greet you shouting 'merde!', but it was a shock also because each one of us hopes, on the grounds that man evolves and improves, that one day everybody will be perfect; men will live peacefully and will not have to stand up for their own freedom and safety. This play forces us to realize that things will not change; everyone will always appear as an enemy to others, and others to him; we are never going to reach a state of absolute harmony. This is not because we are hampered by any external force, deity or whatever, but because we are the possession and instruments of our own subconscious selves.

Thus *Ubu Roi* can also be regarded as a lethal attack against any kind of establishment, the bourgeoisie first of all: as there is no universal moral code, accordingly no one has the right to claim the priority of his; and we cannot be certain to be right, we cannot be right in being certain. There is no escape; at the very second you accept the existence of any truth, this is the first you have to acknowledge.

Perhaps the last meaning which this play conveys is that we should not think about truth altogether, but rather just live and take things as they come, like the animals we are. This does not mean that we should not make some use of our minds, but the fact that we have minds does not mean we can discover everything either, especially as this everything doesn't exist, or at least is in no way conceivable.



Andrea Owen

## Farces, comedies, houseplays

Air has been generating, dust stirring about the matters of houseplays, the drama timetable, over-pressurized technical resources, the want of a proper theatre, and we may hope for some easing of the problems sooner or later. Meanwhile the shows go on, and come off; two contributions, *An Italian Straw Hat* from Ashburnham, Alan Livingstone-Smith's last play as housemaster (and, it is hoped, not last performance as Walter Plinge) and John Arthur's *The Relapse*, from Rigauds, were in School last term and they are the subject of this brief review. (Piers Gibbon airs some personal views elsewhere in this issue.)

The French farce and the English restoration comedy were presented very much as different species of theatre: Ashburnham, as often, called on group solidarity for a broader, racier style, aiming for gusto rather than delicacy of touch; Rigauds, drawing on skills developed by John Arthur in his drama-workshop, were more selective, polished in delivery and stylised in gesture. The central performances were, correspondingly, in strong contrast: Todd Hamilton's Ferdinand was in manic pursuit of the plot and the hat—and unshakably pursued by his own wedding-party—and, as with Brian Rix, it was easy to relish the sheer bravado, the unembarrassability of the play's preposterousness; Jonathan Hearn's Nonancourt, the pursuing father, was painted in broadest caricature, unsurprisingly and delightfully reminiscent of *Ubu Roi*, where he was the pursuing mother. Part of the pleasure in this approach lies in what must sound like, and is not intended as, a backhanded compliment: Hamilton and Hearn (indeed, the whole cast, Plinge included: also notable were Tom Gross, Sophie Martin and Lucy Aitchison) were being themselves in the roles and the recognition of this for the audience is an undeniable source of houseplay satisfaction—and per-

haps a reason why farce is a traditional choice. Brian Rix is always Brian Rix.

The opposite was the case from Rigauds. Max Jourdan as Loveless and Lauren Flint as Lord Foppington were presumably recognizable to their families but many will have shared my surprise at the complete absorption in role offered in these two fine performances: the articulated poses, the stylised gestures, the crisp delivery were remarkably achieved and appropriate to the mannered surfaces of this (rather unfeeling) play. Four good actresses (particularly Carli Lessof and Felicity Brown) made for strong acting through the cast; even such a small part as Jonathan Chip-pindale's Syringe was crafted.

No less different were the production-styles. Ashburnham went for naturalistic sets, involving the full stage and culminating in what perhaps no other House would not only consider but pull off—the mechanical apotheosis of the hat, achieved without apparent magic (and perhaps in anticipation of events at the Registry, or at Ashburnham, or both). Rigauds found a visual idiom for the play that was exact and economical: elegantly designed and painted screens were deployed on blocks in front of the stage to suggest a variety of settings and it was a particularly deft touch to use mirrored surfaces for Foppington's glassy narcissism. Tom Mohan, bewigged at the harpsichord, guaranteed smooth transitions of scene. This was an attractive, simple set; my only query was that the action (perhaps appropriately) remained in a rather flat, narrow band across the stage; one of the Ashburnham pleasures was the use of the deep stage for such necessary plot-devices as when the wedding party were getting drunk and disorderly behind closed doors. The delicious Rigauds costumes were a distinctive feature; a problem was that the slick, rapid delivery of (particularly) Tom Jourdan made, in this acoustically savage hall, for very difficult audibility from the back: Ashburnham's broader, blunter approach didn't run this risk.

R.J.

# Theatre of Defence

by Lucy Morgan

Surely I am not the only passenger on the 77a who is grinding my teeth as we yet again thunder down Whitehall? To your right in the mornings and your left in the afternoons, ladies and gentlemen, you can hardly have failed to observe one of London's less notable attractions—the 'Theatre of War'. With frontage more extravagant than anything in Leicester Square, and situated in the most influential area of London, between the cinemas and Parliament, it is hardly surprising that the 'Theatre of War' pulls in the crowds. From the top deck I cannot decide which I find most objectionable—its tasteless subject matter, or its overt purpose as propaganda, not to mention the larger than life pin-ups of our attractive leaders. I wonder if they sell life-size Churchills inside?

Determined to prove her preconceptions, our intrepid adventurer descends from her bus. 'FOR THOSE TOO

YOUNG TO REMEMBER, IT IS AN EDUCATION' proclaimed a poster. Educate me, and I'll write about it, I promised. Everything inside proved far too dull to interest anybody except the usual groups of small boys who frequent such places. But what an education! The displays (rusty dummies clothed in dusty remnants) depicted scenes of excitement and intrigue and hunky heroes. There seemed to be no connection between these and the delightful soundtrack, which was of sexy '40s singers—with the gentle pitter-patter of machine guns in the background. Nowhere was there a dead body—not even a dead German. Equality between the countries, presumably so as not to offend the tourists, was carried to the point where the baddies looked a lot more glamorous than us. It is indeed a Theatre of War. War is idealised into a great game for the chaps (two token lady nurses). There are lashings of super British propaganda films playing all the time, yet nobody else's, for, despite admitting that the Nazis were good at war too, the chief message is that we were better at it than them, so there. The worst some of our fellows got into was a spot of mud, but their

cocky expressions and burning cigarettes coolly implied that 'We're not beaten yet'.

The 'Theatre' sprang up in a period of post-Falklands Thatcherism and I feel that its political and, most important, moral message is wrong. War is not fun and should never be represented as such. I enquired who the proprietor was, half hoping it would be Mark Thatcher, and the answer was equal to my expectations. I'm sure everybody will be quite relieved to hear that the owner is a decent and respectable Tory. Perhaps some of us even know him. I am thinking of all the Westminsterers who frequent the 'Raymond Review Bar' in Soho. Mr. Paul Raymond, evidently not content with only one brand of pornography, has spotted a profitable new line for 1984. Should we be proud of the fine example our local businessman is setting of private enterprise? I trust that the 'Theatre' is a lucrative investment, at £3 per head to get in, and who knows what favours from No. 10 besides. Mr. Raymond is old enough to remember the sordid tragedies of the Second World War. He deserves much worse than another spanking from a schoolgirl.

# The Play's the Thing

by Piers Gibbon

Westminster has a high reputation for its drama. I have seen some astonishingly good productions as well as a few almost wholly without merit. This article is intended, however, not as an attack on the dross that sometimes appears on our stages; I have been in some prime dross myself so that would be hypocritical. Instead I hope to describe what putting a play on at Westminster is like and perhaps suggest how this painful process could be modified to produce more and (maybe) better plays.

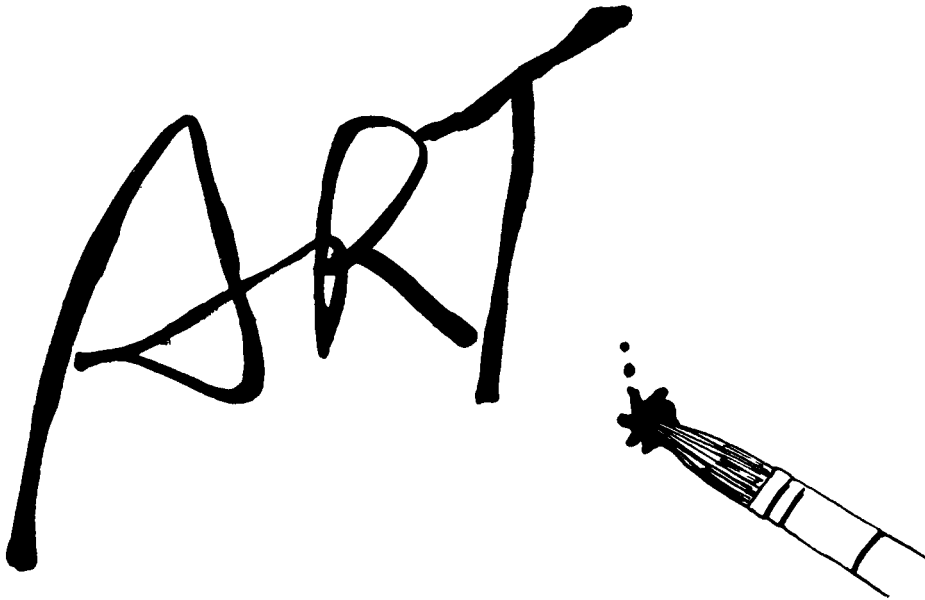
The great divide at Westminster is between house plays and 'school' plays. Thus a potential director will be hit either by inspiration or his housemaster. If it was not his housemaster's idea in the first place then the director will often have the error of his ways pointed out to him (plays lead to mock A level failure which leads to very real A level failure and thence, by a natural process of decline, to a chronic lack of Oxbridge candidates). If, however, it was his housemaster's idea then it will be he who decides the play, writes the first cheque and presents his case to that doler out of money and dates in the almanack—the drama committee. Should the director not have his housemaster's blessing then he will have to plead his own case in front of the committee. That done, and assuming he is successful, the next step is of course into one of Westminster School's theatres. Actually, there is only one real stage left—the visually impressive but acoustically disastrous north end of School. The lecture room used

to have a stage at one end but this has been removed; the space is now taken up by a huge mountain of stacking chairs. The dungeons are cosy or claustrophobic depending on how many people come to see your play and there being only one entrance also limits your choice of play to those whose stage directions do not include 'enter/exit severally'. Westminster is fortunate in that it has many corners and gardens that are readily convertible into auditoria. The south end of School with its doors, panelling, *trompe l'oeuil* and massive gilt organ is especially suitable for traditional sex 'n violence Jacobean tragedy. Rehearsals here, however, will be punctuated by those whoops, beeps and explosions from the computer room that herald the destruction of the invaders from Thargg.

In rehearsal the production's fate will depend largely on the master in charge. What tends to happen is that a housemaster will act as a mediator between his houseplay and the Common Room. But if it is a 'school' play there will often be an administrative obstacle course for the director to negotiate. This is not set up maliciously but when a director is told by the third master he has approached that, no, he is not the master in charge of moving pieces of wood around Up School but why not try Mr. X or Miss Y or school monitor Z, dark suspicions often begin to form in his mind. These paranoid delusions generally include a belief that certain members of the Common Room have come to regard drama as a filthy vice, inherent in adolescents; it will go on in its little dark corners regardless but on no account should it be encouraged. In truth the Common Room, if approached

tactfully, are extremely kind and will often go out of their way to be helpful. The trouble is, perhaps, that the benefits of plays cannot be quantified, Xeroxed and sent to potential customers like the A level results. At the moment a director has to present a complete package to the Drama Committee in order to get his money and dates. Because this takes place, necessarily, one or two terms before the actual date of production, precipitate decisions are often taken. Perhaps the first committee a director should face is one whose brief is simply to offer advice. Again, as individuals, every member of the Drama Committee is very willing to offer their help but all too often it comes too late to reverse drastic decisions.

The list of petty and minor complaints that can be made about the drama facilities at Westminster is endless (and can be countered by an equally endless and petty list of excuses). The Westminster School make-up kit, for instance, consists of six sticks of greasepaint (last seen on the professional stage in the 1940's), some curdled cold cream, a bottle of moustache glue and a can of grey hair spray. More money needs to be spent, not on individual productions, but on the resources available to all plays. The lighting, scenery and costume departments are presided over by extremely energetic and helpful people but we need to re-think how best to utilise what we have and decide what else needs to be bought. Perhaps some of the money spent on the annual summer plays could be diverted? But Westminster is presumably not unable to afford to pay for them while improving the facilities to theatre generally. I am confident that such an investment would be vindicated.



## Women and the Pre-Raphaelites

by Lucasta Miller

Preoccupation with women is a dominant theme in Pre-Raphaelite pictures. Women are idealized into two basic types with polarized characteristics: 'the lilies and langours of virtue' and 'the raptures and roses of vice'.

Rossetti's 'Girlhood of Mary Virgin' and 'Ecce Ancilla Domini' (an Annunciation) fall into the first category. The lily, a symbol of purity features in both pictures. In the 'Girlhood' Mary is embroidering such a flower—a premonition of the annunciation in which, the needlework finished, the Angel Gabriel appears with a lily in his hand. The Virgin is solemn and calm—even, perhaps, a little bored. The books to the left, presided over by an angel, include the Latin inscriptions 'temperantia', 'fortitudo' and 'fides'. These 'virtues' are similar to those of self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, important Victorian values expressed by Tennyson in his poem 'Oenone'. In the poem these 'virtues' are offered by Athene, 'earnest' but 'cold', to Paris, who eschewed them for the promise of sexual fulfilment given by Aphrodite 'fresh as foam'. Women who offer 'raptures' are harder for men to resist. In 'Ecce Ancilla Domini' there is, however, sexual imagery. The Virgin is in bed; the lily is, paradoxically, being used as a phallic symbol. But, like 'snow-cold Athene', Rossetti's Virgin, clad in white, shows little reaction save vague timorousness, and no ecstasy. She *does* appear languid. Compared with Annunciations of truly pre-Raphael painters (e.g. Simone Martini's in the Uffizi, or Lippo Lippi's in the National Gallery, about which Ursula Griffiths wrote in the last issue's *Sequence*), the emotions of this conception are perhaps too

immaculate. It is interesting that Christina Rossetti modelled for the 'ancilla domini'—in her poetry she unconsciously refers to her own sexual repression (she never married, wanting to remain pure).

Also with this innuendo of Mariolity are a number of pictures representing nuns. Connected with the nuns is a preoccupation with death, most overtly in 'The Vale of Rest' by Millais. Two yellow wreaths, significant of the nuns' 'marriage to Christ' are resting on a grave stone: death and marriage are connected. Shakespeare's Isabella (in Holman Hunt's painting) would rather have her brother die, than 'yield up (her) body... to such abhor'd pollution'. In 'Convent Thoughts' (by Collins) a nun 'sicut liliū inter spinas' contemplates the crucifixion of her 'bridegroom'. Is the metaphorical meaning of 'death' (orgasm) relevant to the nuns' obsession?

In a drawing by Millais called 'The Eve of St. Agnes' the artist illustrates Tennyson's poem. By legend, maidens are supposed to have a vision of their future husbands on this night. The nun sees Christ, and eagerly looks forward to death when the 'marriage' will be realized:

*'He lifts me to the golden doors;  
The flashes come and go;  
All heaven bursts her starry floors...  
And deepens on and up!'*

It has been suggested that the silver caster on the table, which also appears in Millais' 'Mariana' and 'The Bridesmaid' (two unwillingly chaste and frustrated women) is a phallic symbol. The 'Galilean' is perhaps not quite so 'pale'; nor has the unconscious mind gone 'grey' at his touch. Interestingly, Euphemia, who was later Millais' wife, posed for 'The Eve of St. Agnes' while she was married to Ruskin. The marriage was later annulled; he refused to consummate it.

In complete contrast to these (outwardly at any rate) white women, are the sensuous femmes fatales who appear mainly in Rossetti's work. They are voluptuous, with thick hair and richly-coloured clothes.

Rossetti's 'Venus Verticordia' is perhaps the most overtly erotic. Surrounded by 'roses' and honeysuckle she holds a fruit in one hand and an arrow in the other—obvious sexual symbols. Tennyson's description of Aphrodite 'with a subtle smile in her mild eyes' could be referred to this Venus—beguiling, vaguely deceitful and dominant. In the poem Rossetti wrote to accompany the picture Venus is presented as cruel (probably a more general idea about women). When she sees a man 'at peace' she renders 'the wandering of his feet perpetually'. Ruskin said of the picture: 'the flowers... are wonderful in their realism; awful... in their coarseness: showing enormous power...'. The word 'coarseness' is peculiar. The flowers are painted with typical delicacy, so Ruskin must be alluding to their metaphorical meaning.

Ruskin's fear of women, who have 'power' and whose sexuality is 'awful', leads on to the idea of female cruelty. In 'Stages of Cruelty' Ford Madox Brown depicts a little girl beating a long-suffering dog with a spray of love-lies-bleeding which signifies either 'hope-less' or 'heart-less'. A young woman is unconcerned about and contemptuous of her lover who seems, on the other side of the wall, to be in torment. An unfinished picture (by Ford Madox Brown) called 'Take your son, Sir!' is a perverse—almost sadistic—parody of a Madonna and child. It features a young woman, with her white teeth clenched in an expression of calculating cruelty. She roughly holds a naked baby whose skin looks unnaturally shiny and diseased. Behind her head is a round mirror which could be almost like a halo; on the wall beside her are stars. These emblems of the Virgin give the picture a very disturbing quality. It almost seems blasphemous, especially in its age of Christian morality. In the convex mirror we see the distorted reflection of a man—the child's father—advancing with mocking arms outstretched. The woman is intending to thrust the child into the arms of its father, not, from his expression, a kind man. The perversity of the picture is heightened by its lurid colouring. The tone of the picture is obviously cruel; its interpretations, when it was first painted, however, are enigmatic. It was, strangely, understood as a painting of 'unity' and 'devotion'.

Women, in the pictures in the Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition, seem to have been regarded in general only in connection with sex. The nun-like women are preoccupied with their sexual frustrations and repressions, whether conscious or not. They are morbid in comparison with the power of an early Renaissance St. Clare, for example, which is truthful without the clandestine innuendo. The erotic women are given obvious sexuality—sultry Prosperine's pomegranates, and the phallic sun-dial pointing to the ecstatic face of Beatrix, for example. But they are, however sententious this may sound, over-rich and unwholesome. L. S. Lowry said of Prosperine, 'I don't like (Rossetti's) women at all, but they fascinate me, like a snake'.

# Bill Brandt's Literary Britain

by Katy Bassett

The doors closed with a muffled thud behind me and I passed into a dark world as overcast skies hunched threateningly over wind-swept moors and castles where gloom lurked under every stone. I had entered Bill Brandt's literary Britain.

His black and white photographs of the homes and haunts of writers taken in the 1940s are presently exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum in a long dimly-lit room behind glass which seems to be restraining their overwhelming energy from bursting out into the silent carpeted room. They represent a personal interpretation of this country during and after the First World War with their bleak sombre landscapes echoing the mental attitude of the nation.

Although Brandt's photographic approach can, like Benjamin Britten's music, be connected with the mood of the decade, the dramatic atmospheric power of his work prevents it from seeming dated and gives a timelessness to Hardy's Wessex and the Brontës' moors. The almost complete absence of people in the photographs also accentuates the vastness and permanence of nature.

Brandt described his work as, 'lighting and a viewpoint', and it is the simplicity of his work that enhances the essential beauty and dignity of his subject. However, each photograph is artistically and technically the work of many hours, for, not only did Brandt choose the depth of field to create

the awe-inspiring force of Wuthering Heights snow-strewn foreground or the frame of soft foliage for Tess's cottage, but he also created his works of art by experimenting laboriously in the darkroom using his characteristic hard grade paper for high contrast, perfecting the misty light and black silhouettes of Salisbury Cathedral (perhaps symbolic of marriage and death), or plunging unnecessary detail on Melrose Abbey into darkness.

This simplification, characteristic of the contemporary posterization in art, gives impact to Brandt's work especially when combined with an original angle of light. It emphasizes the form in his photographs. Curves, lines and shapes interact with the employment of reflections and shadows giving symmetry and balance. Brandt, influenced by Man Ray, sees as an artist and uses his medium to create a compact



satisfying image and, like a poet, succeeds in making new things seem familiar and the familiar seem new.

The variety in Brandt's work, like the welcome sight of the wheel-wright at Dickens' forge at Chalk or the soft tone of Wordsworth's Dove Cottage, gives relief from his austere, powerful photographs. He records both interiors and exteriors of buildings and ranges over a panorama of landscapes from garden to cliff; he captures gentle sunlight in romantic morning mist at Christ's College, Cambridge, battered land under low, glowering skies around Flint Castle, and moonlight or candles in some of his architectural study; he has the distance in bright detail behind a sweep of foreground shadow in one picture and the reverse in the next, yet his distinctive style always infuses the scene.

The photographs do not always evoke the atmosphere of the short literary quote which accompanies each one, but the photographs can be appreciated without recognition or association. The literary extracts, assisting understanding of the photographs, give the exhibition shape and continuity, but Brandt's task was rendered difficult by the changes wrought by time on his subject matter so there are some gaps in the coverage of his topic.

Despite the fact that some of the photographs exhibited, especially those of some writers' homes, seemed unworthy of display in association with Brandt's landscape masterpieces where the personal and impersonal meet, it was the impression of solemn rain-drenched graveyards merging with rolling hills and towering walls and pillars—the climate and vigour of Britain—that haunted me as I left the exhibition and returned to the busy London street.

## Soft porn, no, but is it worth it?

by Luke Alvarez

I am never quite sure how people write photographic reviews. Indeed, I am never really sure why they write them. Whether it is a new exhibition or another horribly over-priced glossy book, the reviewers are always totally incapable of telling us whether or not they actually like the pictures. The professional photographic press concentrates on the photographer's 'brilliant career' and on how much he gets paid for every assignment; the amateur magazines can spend pages lovingly describing the intricacies of camera and lens, what exposure, how many filters, and so on, while the general newspapers tend to wax lyrical about recurring themes, meaningful composition and social symbolism. The minor detail of whether the photographs are worth seeing or buying is rarely mentioned.

Frank Colcord's exhibition of photography in the Carleton Gallery last term reminded me of the only interesting and comprehensible photographic review I

have ever read—a short, witty piece entitled 'Soft porn, yes, but is it art?' This does not quite apply to Colcord's pictures—one photo of a fully clothed Jay Colcord could hardly be considered porn, however soft, but as so often with photography, the question of whether or not it is 'art' is valid.

Yes, there are recurring themes: Lots of grid patterns and converging verticals, skyscraping tower-blocks, pavements shooting away into the vanishing point, the reflecting rectangles of dirty window panes, and so on. If you looked hard enough, you could probably even dig up some sort of social comment in all the dreary urban scenes. The technical skill required to compose, shoot, and process the pictures is doubtless admirable. But so what? Deep meaning and effort does not make anything artistic. Surely the artistic photos are the ones that have some sort of positive effect on the viewer—the ones that people like. In a medium like photography, where not that much technical skill is necessary, this is surely the major criterion.

Having said all that, I feel I should now say what I actually thought of the pictures. I did not like the urban landscapes, the picture of Centrepoint, the South Bank, and Archway, which merely seemed to be

featureless compositions of stained concrete. I did not find them grim or depressing—just uninteresting. The green wall of forest outside a 'Florentine Villa', the ship 'Caravaggio', and the desk lamp entitled 'London: Home', looked unremarkable and there seemed to be no particular reason for including them.

I did, however, very much like the photo of the Paris fountain with the confusing interlacing of surface reflections with the shiny flagstones on the bottom. I also liked the heavy contrast of dark shadow and brilliant sunlight on the brass taps of an old sink. The photo of the blue door, padlock and shadow on the King's Road was very satisfying with its immaculate cleanness and bright sunlit colours. My favourite was the excellent picture taken at a World's End tower block, of Jay standing on a stream of splashed paint in a pool of flashlight surrounded by deep darkness. The similarity of the paint and the flashlight created a distinctly weird and striking effect.

All in all, this was quite a mixed exhibition. None of the pictures was incompetent, but quite a few were just not compelling. But the five or six very good photos made up for this. It was worth seeing for these alone.

# Romanesque Art

by Natasha Nicholson

An exhibition of Romanesque art sounds tedious, if not boring. 1066 means Hastings, artistically the Bayeux Tapestry and perhaps some stone carving in certain cathedrals. Of course these assumptions are true but the range of creativity in England during the period 1066-1200, as covered in the exhibition at the Hayward Gallery, extends far beyond this.

The exhibits, mainly sculpture (including a huge number of capitals) and manuscripts with a certain amount of mural work, stained glass and other media, are chronologically distributed through four principal rooms which cover the reigns of the six monarchs from William the Conqueror (1066-1087) to Richard I (1189-1199). An introductory room 'sets the scene' with a meagre display of pre-1066 art, dominated by a central row of 1984 pseudo-Romanesque arches in alcoves. Annoyingly this construction which *could* have been designed for sitting on to read your catalogue, while soaking up the 'atmosphere' (more dominant in the similarity vaulted treasury), was not. A

quiet voiced attendant will politely tell you to go away.

The arrows lead you past a selection of huge black-and-white church interior photographs, ideal for this gallery which relies heavily on large areas of space (reminiscent of a cathedral?) and the theme is continued by the slightly dimmed lighting.

Under Henry I, creativity flourished due to the infiltration of new art from the continent; particularly notable is the Gloucester candlestick, an elaborate design involving many minute figures. It bears the inscription, 'This flood of light, this work of virtue, bright with holy doctrine instructs us, so that Man shall not be benighted in vice.' Somewhat optimistic, perhaps, but it demonstrates the importance placed on religion at the time.

Christianity is the main theme of the exhibition, but not the only one. The secular books contain interesting, stylized illustrations: the one on the 'Marvels of the East' shows a Blemmyae (a human form but with the head beneath the shoulders), and another illustrates herbs that can be used for medicinal purposes.

Don't miss the Bury St. Edmunds Bible (a beautifully illuminated manuscript in the next particularly spacious room). The slideshow in this same room is useful for

placing the exhibits in terms of the architecture of the time. Though a bit short on information, it creates an apt atmosphere and emphasizes the importance of the church's wealth in commissioning work. One particular pleasure is that the usually disjunct effect of the staircase on Hayward exhibitions is minimized by the effective, if small, display of stained glass on the adjoining wall.

Henry II's room greets you with a huge door mounted on the wall as you approach. The work feels suddenly more advanced—there are full size statues for the first time (a French influence) and a bishop's mitre survives.

Continuing along the upper gallery you reach the final room—a collection of fairly nondescript watercolours of Romanesque architecture, though Turner's work stands out: this is presumably meant to bring the subject up to date.

At least the needs of those who can't afford a catalogue (£9.95) are catered for here with a cheap, informative, fully illustrated, introductory guide. The exhibition is also well-labelled, not only on the individual exhibits, but in introductory pieces on the wall in each room which are genuinely helpful.

So, don't be put off by the title. Go and see it if you can.



*Romanesque carving from the Norman Cathedral at Canterbury: found in the West Cloister Bays during restoration, 1968-72.*

# Upper Shell and Remove Art Exhibitions

by Juliet Carey

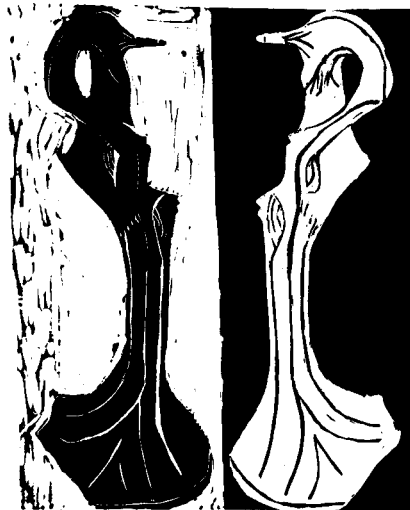
Ranging from quick pen-and-ink sketches of gateways, bridges, garden sheds and obelisks to longer, slowly developed projects based on animal skulls and faces made up of letters; from studies of kodak film-based coke cans to plasticene masks and houses built of clay bricks—the area covered by the Upper Shell in their art exhibition was broad.

The basic contrasts in style, techniques and compositional and observational ability were most clearly seen in the black-and-white sketches. Here, without the hindrance of colour, the drawings could show to some extent the essential qualities of the art of each boy—the amount of movement desired and how it is achieved, the amount and quality of space and depth, the nearness and intensity of the scene itself. Hugh Cameron's building site for example, static, simply composed and linear, was very different from the forceful, energetic market-stall by Boris Mills, so clearly full of movement. Owen Dyer's drawing of a caravan showed a good use and knowledge of tone—graded from the middle of the picture upwards—providing strong directional and moving force. The use of tone and the strength of the lines themselves perhaps made up for the placing of the objects so firmly in the horizontal band across the paper. A more successful composition was seen in James de Waal's market-stall—this presented, through his use of a strong composition, the control of the actual drawing, resting solely on the lines.

Strangely, when colour is used, the unity of the work can become lost. Single objects can still be as successful when a small number of colours are used, as in the drawing of a single fruit and its shadow.



Andrew Patten



James Welsh

However, whatever the success of the colour in a single fruit, when a group is drawn the consistency and unity of the whole can weaken. Similarly, without the introduction of colour, the unity of objects and space was seen to be more successful in the larger, charcoal still-lives. Those most striking were those which were concerned not primarily with composition, which could lack confidence and strength, but in the contrast of tone. All were balanced tonally, if not compositionally: Boris's for instance pushed over too much to the right, although the space that goes back into the picture to some extent allows it to spread forward. Probably due to the time spent observing such things as tonal balance and direction of space, the colour studies taken from these still-lives of cooking utensils were far more successful than other attempts at colour. In these the fundamental qualities of one shape against another, of one space beside another, of one distance and change of light from one object to another, seemed to have acted as a guide and as a frame on which to place the colour. Those with a limited number of colours—for example Catto's—were certainly most satisfactory.

Animal skulls provided an immediately visible form of design to work on. Symmetrical from the centre, the skulls were used to form the basis of similarly symmetrical designs, most spreading quite definitely from a central point. However, some—Welsh and Robinson among them—preferred to experiment with separate bones, and these bones when facing one another took on quite different, rather sinister, soldier-like qualities. Where the simplicity of some of the designs using whole skulls made them rather empty, here the more simple, the more threatening and strong the bone forms seemed.

The success of this work was combined in the larger examination still-lives, where all the qualities so far exhibited separately have to be brought together and controlled.

The round surface on which Wertheim's still-life was placed provided an obvious basis for a good composition; he used this well, spreading from it a carefully controlled, though not at all static

composition, and a picture built up of well connected tones and forms, all of them working both with and against one another to maintain interest throughout.

It seems to me that pieces of pottery that have the greatest strength in them are often those that could be said to be clumsily made and not very carefully finished. Whatever, it was the pieces that appeared to have the greatest force behind them that struck me when I looked at the pottery. An eagle holding in its claws a fish was the first to catch my eye; on closer inspection the clay was roughly handled, the glazes unevenly and undeliberately placed and yet all the force was in the claws and in the bird's head looking down. Little more seemed necessary but what was there was certainly strong enough. The same simple, unpretentious and yet completely satisfactory forms were seen in Charles Campbell's large and very living bear, and in Evan Dyer's duck which seemed to show a definite feel for the very weight of the clay and used this knowledge to place the form very firmly on the surface, the result full of a static sort of energy.

Max Jourdan's pieces stood out for their superior technique, producing a more finished, more confident feel: a house immaculately built of tiny bricks, a palette of paints from tubes I felt sure would be squeezable and full of more paint. Next to the rest of the work these pieces seemed at first almost too controlled and yet there quickly emerged a feeling of the movements seen more obviously in the rest: in Jourdan's work restrained but nevertheless there, indeed rather strengthened in its very restraint.

The same uninhibited simplicity of form and predominance of mood over technique was repeated in the plasticene masks and plasticene figures: the expressions were all-important upon the faces and the general air of the figures certainly more important than their actual accuracy of form.

Generally, there was a marked quality about the Upper Shell work—a combination of confidence and spontaneity, energy and control.



Guy Hills



David Neviasky

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From one wall a charcoal portrait and a bright, red-clad Kate Miller looked across at a breakfast table covered in milk, toast, Kellogg's cornflakes and sheep's skulls. Quiet, coloured pencil sketches were placed next to portraits made up of pink, blue and black blocks—botanically correct twigs faced near-abstract figures. This was the Remove art exhibition.

The work of two boys did, I think, stand out—David Neviasky and Christopher Guest's. David's stood out primarily because he had experimented furthest and with the most success in the qualities and techniques of various materials and subjects. Charcoal figures, real and sculptured, an 'Impression du Matin' in oils and printed fish were just a few. A sketchbook of drawings done in Florence, all quick yet sensitively vital (two of them are reproduced on this page) illustrated his abilities as a draughtsman, but throughout his work it is, I think, his handling of space that makes much of the impact. He, more than any of the others, gives a strong sense of a relationship between the picture itself and the viewer. One is placed firmly where he wants one and directed by him in and out of a definite, clear and very real space. Even where a painting is constructed of what could become a number of flat, rather dead areas of colour, those colours too are given a sense of space and movement back and forth from one plane to another.

The same ability to evoke space, movement and direction was seen in Christopher Guest's work—although in a generally more subdued and less forceful manner. Strong colour and composition related objects and surfaces to one another. Figure studies gained their life from single, almost perfectly felt lines: a larger oil painting of a still life was held together by a completely convincing system of balanced colour and form, blocks being used instead of line.

Charles Wiseman's work seemed less successful, but a portrait in pencils showed a highly developed drawing ability. Many of the colour studies were lacking in form, though there was a sense of the need to unite the whole picture surface in all his work—balance of tone and layout drawing the eye over the whole.

Christian Woolfitt seemed to be most concerned with dramatic effects of both form and colour, sculptures being drawn with a full understanding of the effect of their forms and tones could give, if exploited. The contrast of one tone or colour against another certainly struck the eye in his still-lives, painted, drawn or made up of pieces of newspaper. In some cases he had flattened the forms out and had concentrated on the colours and tones only; in another the actual forms of the objects, behind, in front and next to one another seemed more important. It was, I think, this concentration on certain qualities of the subjects he chose, combined with strong and unforced composition that gave Woolfitt's work its definite and confident character.

In striking contrast to the drama and energy of his work was that of Mark Scott and Michael Hunt. Although fluent and successful, both showed an interest in and understanding of quieter, less tightly related colours. Mark seems to have

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David Neviasky

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developed cross-hatching to a level that can be used in all his work which consisted mainly of large and forceful life drawings. Strong, sensitive lines, complemented by flowing if slightly restrained areas of tone and colour, prevented his work ever seeming flat. The figures and skulls, all accurately and feelingly drawn, sat well upon the paper, spreading outwards from a central form or line. Michael Hunt worked with bright, blocky and very clear areas of colour, gaining much of his effect from the simplification of his subject, both in forms and tones. A very large gouache face perhaps illustrated this best. From a clear, pink background emerged a face, mainly blue and broken up into large areas of flat colour; the effect was certainly striking and would have been extremely suitable for a poster of some kind, although its purpose was not made clear in the exhibition.

A similar graphic quality was seen in the drawings of Jamie MacCartney which, ranging from a true self-portrait to skulls and life-drawing, showed a very thorough and skilful use of his materials. At times the plasticity of the forms seemed almost to simplify his subject matter, but the forms retained nearly all of their vitality—a vitality which Kate Steiner achieved by leaving areas of plain paper in her work. This enhanced the pictures, solving very simply and successfully the problem of overworking and so deadening the work.

Despite the contrasts between the Remove artists there was never any conflict between styles and subject matter: hanging so closely side by side the work of one seemed to enhance that of another rather than show any kind of hostility to it. And the same might be said of the art of the two master-potters, Alex Hansen and Jean-Luc Harnay, who also exhibited together in the Carleton Gallery: here, in a quiet way, was the term's least-visited, most beautiful work.

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MAGAZINE



Virginia Woolf  
(Beresford)

## Twentieth Century Portraiture by Ajax Scott

For the adventurous Westminster, the National Portrait Gallery has never perhaps been as obvious a place to visit as its neighbour. It neither boasts a coffee shop nor such an extensive list of famous exhibitors, but the potential viewer must not be daunted by either problem for its purpose is entirely different. Rather than being just a collection of distinguished pictures, it is primarily a collection of famous or important national faces, many of which, whether immortalised in childhood history books or Madame Tussaud's wax, are instantly recognizable and hence all the more amusing. Such is the case with the new twentieth century section.

Faced with a serious shortage of space (the whole display only spans six small rooms) its designer, Michael Haynes, cunningly decided to make many of the exhibits come to the viewer rather than the viewer come to them, and thus these pictures are mounted in revolving stands, placed into the wall, which present one side for upwards of forty-three seconds before turning round to show another. The whole idea works very well, the only problem, as someone remarked, being that almost as soon as you have decided which picture you like best, the display moves round and you have to wait a complete revolution before it reappears.

Each panel is headed with bold letters proclaiming 'the early Labour Party', 'great comedians' or some other theme, and the documentary and historic aspects of the whole exhibition are made even clearer by the presence of signs explaining most sections, be they about the origins of the Second World War or the artistic significance of the Bloomsbury Group. Though there are many paintings,

drawings, cartoons and even busts in the display, most of the revolving cases contain photographs, and this highlights the increasing emergence and importance of photography as an artistic medium. Bill Brandt's moody portrayal of Harold Pinter beneath a stormy East End sky contrasts sharply with the more straightforward press photographs of various now-forgotten industrialists, but I am sure the sitters were all equally satisfied with their final representations. (The possible exception is one H. G. Ferguson, who appears rather bemused perched on top of one of his 'new revolutionary, light, manoeuvrable tractors' in the middle of Claridges Ballroom.)

Many of the photographs on display are now glorious period-pieces and rightly famous. Angus McBean's series of figures connected with the stage—including Ivor Novello and Sir Robert Helpmann, the former in front of a backdrop of a vast, blown-up piano and music score, the latter surrounded by the first page of *Hamlet*—could almost be weird surrealist montages if the sitters did not look so terribly serious and brooding. Similarly the same photographer's double profile shot of Vivien Leigh sums up perfectly the intangible glamour of the forties film star, while the press photograph of boxer Jimmy Wilde—'the mighty atom' of 1919—looks tailor-made for reproduction on the nation's cigarette cards. (It was disappointing to note that his neighbour in the display did not look nearly as heroic as the actor in *Chariots of Fire*.)

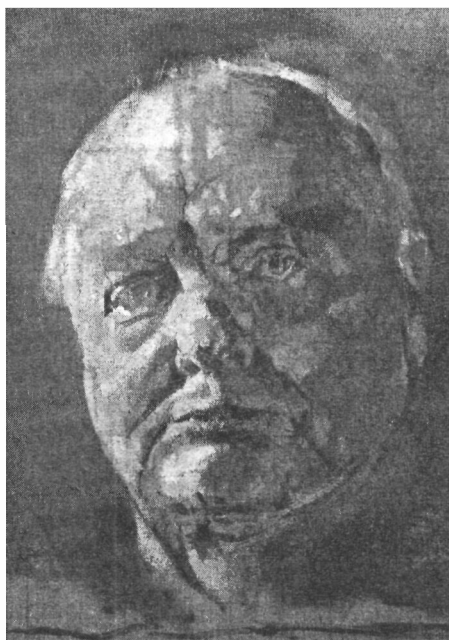
Though the immediacy and accuracy of the photographic image, above all in the media, has inevitably in some ways superseded the art and craft of the often subjective portrait painter, it is interesting to notice the ways various artists included in the exhibition have used the camera as one of their tools. Andy Warhol's representation of Mick Jagger is based on a photograph, but the character of the image is taken much further, and indeed



enhanced, by a montage technique, as the artist's eye transcends that of the camera. Similarly Bryan Organ's sometimes notorious portraits of famous public figures originate principally from photographs he has taken of his subject, and it is perhaps this that results in the stark realism of the finished painting, though this style often says much more than the photographic images it resembles. His portrait of Harold Macmillan in particular is an especially powerful study of old age. Each wrinkle around those slanting, half-closed eyes depicts the burden of responsibility the subject has carried and the decay that is now setting in despite the comparative youthfulness of the mind inside. The whole face appears slightly unreal and the viewer is further distanced from the subject by the dark band painted across the bottom of the picture, which cuts off everything below shoulder level.

At first, from a close distance, Graham Sutherland's oil sketch for a portrait of Winston Churchill seems to convey the same character, and it was perhaps for this reason that the sitter and his wife disliked the final product so much that it was destroyed. On a longer inspection, however, this small study begins to exude a certain warmth and intimacy. The texture may be rough and the black lines harsh, but gradually they soften and the viewer is drawn in by dark ringed eyes that are just blue enough to set them apart from the khaki greens and browns, and the blacks and whites that make up a large part of the rest of the picture. This is not the confident, public face of the Churchill we are used to but one far more private; the eyes are full of understanding, and though there is no cigar resting between his surprisingly thin lips, the viewer's attention is caught by the faintest touch of red that marks them.

Fortunately this picture, one of the best in the exhibition, is placed at the end of a passage and can thus be seen from a distance greater than three feet, but because of the shortage of space, it is impossible to do this with others which require similar treatment. One such work is





Patrick Heron's 'Cubist' portrait of T. S. Eliot, painted in 1949. The picture is far less complex in composition than most of the early works of the movement's founders, and the predominantly bright greens, blues and flesh tones are not really compatible with Picasso and Braque's dull greys and browns. Nevertheless, though the clues to the work's subject are far more obvious than in many true Cubist pictures, intellectual Westminsters trying to put faces to their heroes will have more luck with the more straightforward representations of Beckett, Orton, Bacon or Freud (Lucien). In Heron's picture a rough outline of the subject's head is cleverly filled with a profile which merges into a full frontal view. The most important details of the face are economically sketched in with thin caricature-like lines, though an atmosphere of pensive reflection is still conveyed by the pursed lips and averted angle of the left eye; the rounded and slumped shoulders alone give the impression of approaching old age. (Eliot was sixty-one at the time.)

If, in a fairly light-hearted manner, Heron was trying to analyse the interrelation of forms and the structure they represented, while still preserving some of the character of the sitter, Ben Nicholson's picture of himself and his second wife, Barbara Hepworth, is far more concerned with the purity and harmony of form itself. Executed in pencil and oils on canvas, the starting point of the work is two profiles set close beside one another, both facing to the left. From its curls the face on the plane nearer the viewer is obviously female, though apart from this and the different shapes of the eyes the two are virtually indistinguishable, thus reflecting the nature of their relationship. Both profiles are very stylised, composed solely of curves which closely echo one another, and these shapes are again mirrored in Hepworth's curls and the shadow which



her face casts on part of that of her husband. This dark area, running all the way around Hepworth's profile, serves to divide the two, but it also symbolises their closeness for the shadow of her lips forms another mouth coming to meet her own. This spirit-like third face is given further expression by a fine pencil line bordered with faint pencil strokes that continues the outline of the lips with a nose, eyebrow and shadowy eye, held shut as if in passionate embrace. However, what really reflects the emotional closeness of the two artists is the overall rhythm and harmony achieved within this apparently simple construction of near-abstract forms.

Various of the other works in the exhibition were painted by artists intimate with their sitter—Duncan Grant's two colourful portraits of Vanessa Bell are particularly fine—but perhaps the most interesting are Pasel Tchelitchev's pictures of Edith Sitwell. A whole small room is devoted to her, its walls hung with photographs, drawings and explanatory notes. A television interview, though running slightly long at thirty minutes, offers a fascinating and amusing insight into her conscious, though contrived, eccentricity, but most interesting of all are some of the visual images on display she chose for herself. In the interview, wearing her famous 'bird-king's' hat, she explains, 'I can't wear fashionable clothes—I would look too ridiculous' and thus dons a medieval costume for the Cecil Beaton photograph taken in front of an ancient tapestry in the family home. In the largest of the Tchelitchev pictures, a full length depiction which mixes stark realism with surreal perspectives and proportions, her dress is dull and plain, her hair ragged and shoulder length, her face frighteningly deadpan and haunting. But perhaps the most unusual is the Tchelitchev in gouache and sand. The whole atmosphere is one of pensiveness, and the light, halo-like, backdrop to her head almost gives a sense of piety. Gone is the pride and bravado of some of the other pictures—though aged

forty at the time of its execution this could well be the unhappy and pathetic teenager she herself described. Clothes are unimportant, the hair is chopped short and her features exaggerated. A long, hooked nose dominates the hollow elongated face, emerging from deepset eyes and placed above a mouth that is just a thin, faintly red slit in the lower jaw. The perspectives on this jaw, the neck, the nose and right ear are all slightly skew and the sprinkling of coarse sand over the highlighted areas gives parts of the picture a peculiar smoothness and uniformity that contrasts sharply with the rough backdrop framing the head. Though a surprisingly haunting likeness, the picture is most striking for the character and atmosphere generated by its unusual materials, and it was this quality that so endeared it to the sitter.

This is one of the more 'difficult' pictures in the whole display, and is thus passed over by many of the visitors, but where the exhibition succeeds most is that there is always something for everyone to pass on to. Not only is there a fascinating range of artistic styles, but also a very broad cross-section of society on display. Here, regardless of previous rank or profession everyone is equal. George V is tucked away in a corner next to an arctic explorer, while the neighbour of Alexander Frederic Douglas-Home, Lord of Home, is Marie Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, founder of the Mother's Clinic for birth control. I myself was particularly pleased to see a vintage photograph of George Formby, complete with ukelele, and dog, but there is truly something for everyone. The exhibition is free and well worth visiting. Be adventurous.

★



Samuel Beckett (*Arikha*)



## Play Term Concert

by Richard Kennedy

One of my favourite lines of Beethoven is in a letter; he wrote to Härtel one evening in September 1808: 'Here is one Symphony (No. 5); my servant will bring you the other one about 11 or half-past'. The first performance of the Pastoral Symphony took place three months later in perhaps the most outstanding concert programme of all time. It also included first performances of the 5th Symphony and the Choral Fantasia, and it was the last time Beethoven played a concerto (the G major) in public: his complaints were numerous, including the poor audience and the intense cold.

It was cold for the School Concert last December 14th, but an audience of about 300 more than filled the seats set out in a new arrangement Up School. The *Pastoral Symphony* formed the second half of the programme and it began rather cautiously. The composers inscription above the work is 'mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei' and so the listener is to expect rather a record of impressions than actual sound-pictures. For me this was then a somewhat uncomfortable arrival in the country, but perhaps I was distracted by the junior boys near me who chose this first movement to fool around (mind you, the interval didn't finish until 9.30 p.m. so perhaps one should be thankful they hadn't left early). With the Andante however we were properly underway, and if the nearest brook seemed to be the Thames and the nearest fields were Tothill then the woodwind was working its spell. The playing of the principals was excellent: I could see Bruno Prior and Mark Radcliffe sharing the oboe leads, but who the bassoon, flute and clarinet were I do not know. Syncopated entries and exposed solos created a marvellous party spirit, and the brass and menacing cellos produced a wonderful storm. Thereafter the sensible tempi chosen by John Baird found the orchestra in expansive mood, whether in

anticipation of divine favour or the liquid refreshment to follow. This was a vigorous reading of an ambitious work, indeed the first complete Beethoven symphony to be heard at Westminster for some years.

The first half of the evening was a pot-pourri of Westminster music. Beethoven was the ice-breaker, a movement of his *C minor Sonata* played by Martin Greenlaw. After the sombre maestoso opening, the semi-quavers of the allegro became rather frenetic—this is not a piece for cold fingers. The theme needed clearer articulation I felt: nevertheless it was a fine send-off by the pianist, who returned to Canada the next day with an Oxford scholarship under his belt.

Kate Bolton offered two flute pieces, of which the Fauré *Fantasia* was incomparably the better played. She showed marvellous breathing technique, and her restrained mood offset the technical virtuosity she displayed. The preceding Handel sonata lacked dynamic range; more seriously, she had to live with having tuned flat at the start—and so did we! Peter Muir (OW) was the skilful accompanist.

Even concerts are punctuated with jingles nowadays, so Rigaud's Choir followed. Carefully trained by John Arthur, they have a good top line, but the balance with the instruments was poor, at least at my end of the hall. One item was called *California Dreamin'*, and I never caught what it was about, though winter featured somewhere.

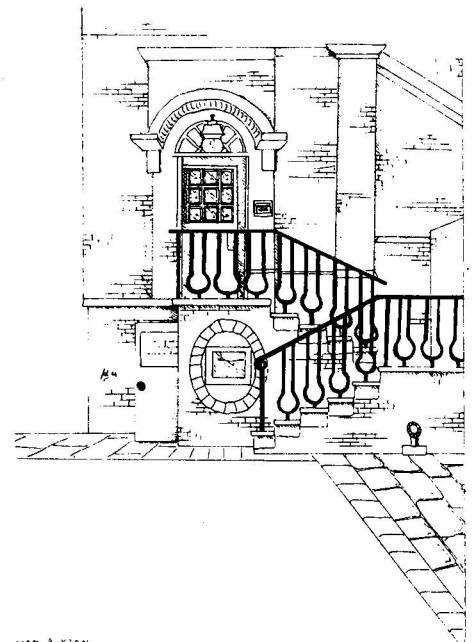
Preparations continued interminably for the Jazz band, before our socialising was interrupted by 'Is Tom Buhler in the audience?' The dozing drummer revealed himself to be told 'You're on!' This group is quite a gem. Now coached by Geoff Williams, and directed by Adam Winter on piano, it knows its limitations. A secure bass and drums lay the foundation, and I particularly liked Jonathan Brown's silky trumpet riffs.

And so to Vienna for some mature Mozart. He was 30 when he finished his *A major Piano Concerto*. The soloist in the first movement was Christopher Sainty.

Here was a confident, crisp account from memory, perhaps adding fuel to the 'mathematicians lack emotion' lobby. I prefer to think of this happy work as the musings of the inventor rather than the poet, and the cunning modulations of Sainty's cadenza suggested he agreed. The school orchestra gave good support, but the strength and quality of the upper strings caused one problem: they needed to play more quietly right through the soloists' phrases, not just at the start of them.

Musically then, this was a fine concert, and considered alongside the carol service two days later it is clear that John Baird and his staff intend to maintain the high standards built up under Charles Brett over the last few years. A concert is more than musicians, though, just as a play is more than the actors, and the drama department has a thing or two to teach about presentation. What a ragbag of dress we saw in the orchestra. And when it came to applause, even some soloists just looked embarrassed, picked up the music and walked off. Of course the music staff shouldn't have to do everything: a stage manager is probably what is needed. Then the lighting and seating can be sorted out, and the continuity between items improved. Simplest of all, we want to know who is performing, and the players deserve a mention in a more detailed programme. Then, if the weather could be fixed, even Beethoven might have no complaints!

\*



ADAM BUXTON

Adam Buxton

## Early music concert

by Richard Stokes

In the past seven or eight years Westminster has been fortunate to hear at concerts and in the Abbey a bewildering variety of early music, and though Charles Brett has now departed, the supply is far from exhausted. Names such as Pelham Humphries and Frescobaldi are becoming familiar, their styles recognizable—indeed, there was nothing bewildering about the Early Music concert given in the Adrian Boulton Music Centre at the end of last year.

This was due in great measure to Frederick Martin who, with Michael Fields, compèred us most skilfully through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, explaining the nature of early instruments, the social conditions under which the pieces were written and displaying a breathtaking knowledge of the period. We began with the madrigal group singing, to Frederick's lute accompaniment, three pieces—a hesitant, halting start, with the lute drowned and the singers hardly coping with the acoustic, until Emily Hayes sang out confidently in *Humour say*. The concert really caught fire with a performance of Bach's double concerto for oboe and violin, in which Mark Radcliffe and Andrew Patten dovetailed most elegantly; attack, rhythm and tone were all excellent and the performance was only marred by a little uncertainty in the devilishly difficult baroque cello passages. The Vocal Quartet gave a confident account of the *Tempest Masque* by Pelham Humphries: Sophie Chalk's mezzo and Chris Springate's baritone were both impressive, but Emily Hayes was the only singer who had the confidence to dispense with the score. The Early Music Consort's performance of the Frescobaldi breathed confidence in every bar, and the antiphonal effect from Lambert and Radcliffe, each accompanied by a different group of instruments, was delightful.

In fact, the whole evening was a delight, and although Frederick leaves, I hope that Michael Fields and friends will continue their exploration of early music. At this rate we will soon be responding to Frescobaldi, Humphries, Dowland, et. al. as music, different from eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth century music, but as beautiful, and finally ditch that ugly, insulting epithet 'early'.

## Lent Term Concert

by John Arthur

The orchestral concert for the end of the Lent Term took place in St. Margaret's, which provided a welcome change of surrounding and acoustic, both for the performers and audience. The atmosphere was also enhanced by the proper lighting of the performers made possible by the Stage Guild's new lamps; such details provide a focus of concentration and add to enjoyment.

The School Abbey Choir began the concert with a performance of Purcell's *O Sing unto the Lord a new song*, with the Chamber Orchestra conducted by Tom Mohan. Timothy Woolford was in exuberant form in the bass recitatives and airs, such that the choral entries following the matureness of his voice seemed muted; despite clear diction and sensitive phrasing (I am told by my little friend in the audience) the choir did lack volume. Emily Hayes and Henrietta Barclay were true and blended sympathetically in the duet.

The School Orchestra then assembled under Stuart Nettleship to play Elgar's *Serenade for String Orchestra* Op. 20. This splendidly English work drew fine, responsive playing, rich sound and sensitive rubato, and provided good moments especially for the cellos: they might have given more in the climax to the second movement, but their rising figure in the third was exciting. This was a thoroughly enjoyable performance.

Tom Mohan returned to conduct the Chamber Orchestra in Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, and had from time to time to do some rescue work as the *ripieno* group threatened to run away with the piece. Perversely, as St. Margaret's chamber organ was being used, (played as in the Purcell by Martin Ball) for the *continuo* as a change from harpsichord, this piece would have benefited from the use of harpsichord, which would have kept the rhythm steadier. The *concertino* parts were played by Natasha Deighton and Corisande Albert, recorders, and Andrew Patten, violin. This solo group is given long and difficult phrases, and there was much to enjoy, and although the recorders suffered from occasional intonation problems, the violin produced some sparkling passages.

The climax of the evening came as John Baird conducted the School Orchestra in a splendid account of Schumann's *Overture, Scherzo and Finale* Op. 52. The woodwind contributed largely to the full round sound and firm rhythms of the *allegro*, and in the middle movement the dotted rhythm was nicely articulated and contrasted with the broad middle section. The *Finale* was magnificently confident.

The evening was relaxed, but it was a relaxation that comes from good preparation of material and confidence in what the players were presenting, in other words a relaxation that leaves musicianship room to breathe and the audience free to enjoy the performances in the knowledge that whatever blemishes may occur will not impede its appreciation of a work as a whole. It was valuable to play in or listen to complete and contrasting works, and, for the soloists, it was good experience to be able to perform with a sympathetic orchestra. For the audience at least, there was the additional fun of observing three conducting styles, from Tom Mohan's regular beat, through Stuart Nettleship's coaxing of sound from his strings, to John Baird's generous spraying of handfuls of notes into the air. To these energetic men, the performers and their teachers, are due the thanks of the audience.



J. Cornish .

Joe Cornish

# The Clash

by Bahman Sanai

*The Clash have been hailed as 'the greatest rock 'n' roll band' and seen as a sinister political force; they have been dubbed rebel rock-bandits and accused of hypocritical self-satisfaction. Their recent 'comeback' concert in Brixton is reviewed below.*

The Clash, once leaders of the punk movement, have been through many phases and faces in reaching their 'comeback' in 1984. They ran away to America; they 'sold out' to the middle classes; they 'betrayed punk rock,' and, finally, Mick Jones, guitarist and co-songwriter of the original trio—comprising himself, singer/songwriter Joe Strummer, and bassist Paul Simonon—was sacked for 'departing from the original idea of The Clash', which The Clash seem to have done rather well anyway. 'I don't want to hear about what the rich are doing/I don't want to go to where the rich are going' earned wild support in 1976 and hysterical laughter in 1984. But can The Clash, with all their ideals, their new hopes, their past glory, and their reputation for a powerful live act, be a punk rock joke, a 'Rebel Rock' laughing stock?

To a packed hall of several thousand, Strummer's lads (Joe and Paul plus three competent but rather nondescript new faces) attempted to regain their credibility and potency. In charging a fiver for a ticket (from an agency), they were challenging us: 'Gamble your money. Will the new Clash be worth it?' Certainly the new Clash looks re-toughened: a blonde-orange mohawk atop Strummer's head, and brand new Army surplus gear for all the new lads. The Academy is a venue where the stage can be seen clearly from three sides, and, after some rather boring but enthusiastic support bands, all eyes were towards stage. The music over the address system stopped, and, after we had been treated to a short Strummer monologue, the band burst into 'London Calling', their tradi-

tional opener. For those wanting a rendition of The Clash at their noisiest, this concert granted full satisfaction: their greatest hits, from 'Janie Jones' to 'Rock the Casbah', from 'English Civil War' to 'Know Your Rights'. No 'Washington Bullets' or 'Straight to Hell' here: people even pogoed to 'Radio Clash'. Strummer's emotional, imploring singing added power to what punches The Clash still have left to pull, and, although singing 'Baby drove up in a brand new Cadillac' and almost having an emotional breakdown in the process is a little over the top, one could hardly fail to appreciate the mighty Clash repertoire. Huge sets of floodlights at the back of the stage blinded us every few seconds, and a set of video screens showed selected highlights from *Mad Max* and other films (Joe, this is not the organised violence against the establishment you preach: *Mad Max* extracts might have been expected from AC/DC or G.B.H., two mindless, violent bands, but not the Clash. In fact, The Clash would do well to take an example from groups they influenced: Stiff Little Fingers wouldn't be seen showing *Mad Max* videos at their concerts). In between songs, we were treated to some Strummer ranting: 'Stop being trendy and lethargic and vote!' Then they played 'White Riot'. What, Joe; is it vote now, riot later?

If the Clash want credibility—and they have the intelligence to be respected even outside popular music circles—they should start playing songs *they* can believe in themselves: how can you sing "The Guns of Brixton" (a stern warning, written in 1979 to the authorities, about imminent unrest in the black communities, played in the Reggae style) and 'I fought the Law and the Law won' in the same concert? These accusations of hypocrisy have been levelled at The Clash many a time, but, in ploughing through with 'I'm so bored with the U.S.A.' while living in L.A., they have lost the following they want—and had originally—and have picked up a middle-class support. 'How many of you are unemployed?' barks Joe. No-one replies: The Clash are playing to the part-time punks. If

they had cut down their breakneck pace to sing 'Straight to Hell' instead of 'Tommy Gun', people might start thinking of The Clash as what Joe, Paul and co. want to be thought of as. For the moment, playing old songs plus a smattering of new material—sounding, with the exception of two or three good tunes ('Ammunition', 'All Fall Down', 'This is England') like rejects from 'Give 'em enough Rope'—may satisfy those who venture out £5 for the concert, but does little more. They *did* play with ruthless power and passion and there was an abrasive edge to their songs—in spite of the absence of two of The Clash's incisors in Mick Jones. But this is not enough.

A critic wrote of their *London Calling* album: 'If ever music could influence politics, this is the music to do it'; consequently, they must be able to influence the *music* scene. But if The Clash plan to kill pop and make 'Rebel rock rule', they will have to stop living on memories of the past—particularly contradictory ones—and write for the future. They have brains—Strummer is no statesman, but his lyrics can be moving, particularly sung with the involvement he gives them—and they've got brawn. Use them, and I can picture a revived force in rock music—although a band with the tough-guy paramilitary image of The Clash can hardly appeal to the consumers of 'Kleenex pop' who buy a group to number one. Strummer's aspirations of cracking the charts may be impossible, but his ideology will be respected and credibility (partially) restored if he stops the ever-present rot.

As far as a concert experience goes, The Clash can still have few peers: the atmosphere at Brixton was magnificent. But they still have a lot to prove on record and a lot of memories to erase. Strummer and Simonon won't like their group being reviewed in *The Elizabethan*; however, they have to show the people of the music-buying public (from a skinhead to a housewife) that they mean what they say—or else they really will become a laughing stock.



Zac Sandler

## Musical Events at Westminster

The less discerning among pupils and masters may be quite unaware of just how much musical activity goes on at Westminster and of how much time and effort is put into it. There are the obvious 'big' events like the school concert which crop up once a term and are finished within two hours; and the choir sings the occasional anthem, doesn't it? It is the aim of this article to put the record straight and to show just how wrong the assumptions cited are.

To begin with the question of music in Abbey: there has been an astonishing increase in both the number of events and the time taken over their preparation. Those with more clouded memories could easily have forgotten, for instance, the excellent series of Bach recitals given by Martin Ball on the Abbey Organ during the Play Term. The series provided a welcome change of routine, satisfying musically, while not intruding too much into the basic ritual of morning abbey.

The Abbey Choir has been very active. It has devoted a major part of its rehearsal time to learning the art of Anglican Psalm Singing properly, and then is used in instructive demonstrations in Abbey so as to help the congregation. Psalms aside, in the Lent Term the choir also sang Byrd's 'Sacerdotes Domini', Bach's 'Herr Jesu Gnadenonne' (this involved instruments as well), and Hassler's 'Jubilate Deo'. This last piece was also sung at the Confirmation Service. But by far the biggest Abbey event was a performance of Purcell's 'O Sing unto the Lord' for chorus, three soloists and chamber orchestra. Also performed a few days later at the School Concert, this involved Tim Woolford as bass soloist, Emily Hayes and Henrietta Barclay as the two sopranos, the choir, and a chamber orchestra with Geoffrey Morgan, harpsichord. The whole was vigorously held together by Tom Mohan. To Tom Mohan, indeed, is due no small thanks for all these events; he has put in untiring energy and effort into rehearsals for all sorts of concerts, and has managed to improve the choir to such an extent that they can sing anything from Duruffé to plain-chant.

During the Lent Term, several smaller groups met and rehearsed regularly; these groups function not merely for giving concerts, but more importantly to provide experience for young musicians of regularly playing in ensembles and learning the discipline thereof; staff preside over each of them. All of these groups are scheduled to be playing in public during the Election Term. And at the beginning of the 1983 Play Term, Frederick Martin started the Westminster Early Music Group. M. Martin is nominally a French Teacher, but in fact he holds a Masters Degree in Music from the University of Poitiers. He is a professional lutenist and specializes in Early (pre-eighteenth century) Music. The group is flexible but



John Kulukundis

consists of about eight to ten players, with the occasional addition of voices. It meets on Tuesdays and is scheduled to give a performance of Charpentier's 'Te Deum' in May, which has been its chief project over the last three months. It also occasionally plays items in Abbey.

There were two house concerts during Lent Term, given by musicians in Wren's and in Liddell's. Both illustrate well the amount and variety of musical activity at Westminster and both were quite substantial affairs—the Wren's was the longest that house has ever had and lasted for nearly two hours. Liddell's has a long history of good musicians, and despite its having lost such stars as Charles Sewart, it seems to be maintaining its standard very well. Soloists include Andrew Patten, who gave a lovely performance of Beethoven's Fourth Violin Sonata with Tom Mohan—let's hope Andrew will go on to develop his playing after he leaves; he is a very talented player. Also Bruno Prior, our principal oboe, displayed his firm technique and beautiful tone in a rather anonymous Sarabande and Allegro by Grovlez. A young pianist, Alex Clegg, beguiled his way through one of Poulenc's 'Mouvements Perpetuels' and Alfie Coles played a piece by Handel (oboe again). There was also an 'Early Music Group' which played a set of dances by Praetorius—this group is absolutely unconnected with the aforementioned one and as far as I know this was a one-off event, but they played the dances very well. Corisande Albert and Natasha Deighton, recorders, with Andrew Patten, violin, and Tom Mohan accompanying, gave an assured interpretation of Bach's Fourth Brandenburg Concerto, first movement, shortly before they were to perform the whole work in the School Concert. The perennial rock item, which seems to be an inescapable element of all House concerts these days, was 'One for the Vine' by Genesis, which was played by a group directed by Tom Buhler (drums). A good concert, this.

The lengthy Wren's concert included no less than six very substantial solo items, as

well as two shorter ones, and four ensembles. It seems that, underneath our noses, Wren's has been busy accumulating the best musicians and that all that effort is just now coming to fruition. It would be impossible to comment on, let alone do justice to everybody, but the three most notable were definitely Sterling Lambert playing Schubert's 'Arpeggione' Sonata, first movement, on the viola; Mark Radcliffe, our other principal oboe, playing Saint-Saens' Oboe Sonata, second movement, and Daniel Glaser playing a Bach Flute sonata and a showpiece called 'Carnival of Venice'. All of these were excellent; Mark Radcliffe has often demonstrated his ability to make anything sound fabulous, even if of mediocre quality; and Daniel Glaser has given recitals Up School; but Sterling Lambert must be the hero of the evening, as he tackled a very lengthy movement with total mastery and balance, never showing any sign of tiring or wavering his intonation. He is clearly a string player in the making. Other soloists included Benedict Baird playing part of a Vivaldi cello sonata, Jonathan Brown, trumpet, playing a Handel aria, Julian Anderson playing his new piano piece, 'Two:One', and Matthew Broadbent playing a trumpet suite by Lloyd-Webber. The real Early Music group, most of whose members happen to be in Wren's, played two anonymous dances of the Renaissance, which were somewhat curious harmonically; there were two trios, by Mozart (from the 'Skittle Trio'), and Haydn (part of a trio in F). Finally, the 'pop' item in the Wren's concert was a Jazz Band's 'After Midnight' which brought the whole thing to a close pleasantly enough.

I hope this article has shown that music plays an essential and prominent part in Westminster's life as a whole, and, indeed, has come recently to occupy a much more important part than heretofore. The atmosphere is healthy and vigorous, and I am sure it is doing and will do the school much good to have such lively activity. Let's hope people realise this and keep it that way.

A.J.D.



Henry Kemp

# Not Swann, not in Love

by Gavin Griffiths

'What is the point of a book', thought Alice, 'without any pictures or conversation?' Cinematic adaptations of Great Novels seek to remedy Alice's complaint. However, one would imagine that trying to immortalize Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* on film is as heroic but misguided as tackling Annapurna in trainers and shorts. Volker Schlöndorff has had a sprightly crack at the foothills with *Swann in Love*, extracting the one supposedly self-contained passage from the book and lavishing upon it considerable effort and money.

Proust's plot is pretty thin: Swann, the middle aged boulevardier and dilettante, falls disastrously for the posh prostitute Odette. She mucks him about. Eventually Swann decides he must marry her and as the marriage unfolds he lives to regret his decision. Schlöndorff peps up the paucity of drama by compressing most of the story into a bleak but arguably awkward twenty-four hours.

Jeremy Irons portrays Swann much as he portrayed Charles Ryder in *Brideshead Revisited*; he sucks in his cheeks in a suggestively mournful manner, squints quizzically away from the camera and dresses

very smartly. But whereas in *Brideshead* details of costume and furnishing offered a pleasant relief from the pseudo-religious snobbery of Waugh's mawkish diatribe, it is unhelpful with Proust to be continually struck by funny hats and beribboned bustles. The surfaces obtrude.

For the Swann section is a meditation on falling in love, with the emphasis on the Fall. When Swann, worn threadbare by passion, wanders into the Guermandes soirée and hears the Ynteuil sonata, Proust dissects his misery with inflexible precision. The music recalls 'the forgotten strains of happiness' and 'in place of the abstract expressions "the time when I was happy", "the time when I was loved", which Swann had often used before then without suffering too much since his intelligence had not embodied in them anything of the past save fictitious extracts which preserved none of the reality, he now recovered everything that had fixed unalterably the specific, volatile essence of that lost happiness; he could see it all: the snowy, curled petals of the chrysanthemum which she had tossed after him into his carriage... the contraction of her eyebrows...'

Involuntary memory becomes a form of imprisonment. In the film, however, as the music strikes up, all we see is Jeremy Irons wobbling about wild-eyed as if being battered by a bout of flatulence. His reaction seems no less pretentious than that of the sappy society ladies whom we are supposed to deplore.

The scene exposes the director's difficulties. Forced to omit Proust's labyrinthine (and sometimes elephantine) analyses, Schlöndorff is stranded with a static costume show. Only in the funny party scenes, when Schlöndorff can adopt and adapt Proust's 'conversations', does the film catch fire.

Of the other lead characters Delon is hammy but a giggle as the Baron de Charlus, and Ornella Muti looks suitably fleshy and comfortable as Odette. They do as well as can be expected.

My chief fear is that people leaving the cinema will echo the remark of a friend of mine: 'Does anything happen in the rest of the book?' Perhaps the worst moment of all is at the end of the film when Swann and Charlus are seen on a park bench nostalgically chewing over old times like a pair of senescent pensioners watching the tide retreat at a south-coast resort. This seems a cheap substitute for Proust's own conclusion where Swann reviews his mistakes with clipped disillusionment: 'To think that I've wasted years of my life, that I've longed to die, that I've experienced my greatest love, for a woman who didn't appeal to me, who wasn't even my type!'

The final exclamation mark is worth several hundred yards of celluloid. Let's hope that directors will one day learn to steer clear of masterpieces and concentrate their efforts on jingoistic romps like *The Jewel in the Crown*.

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# Cookery

by Tom Harrison

Curry and Banana Halva, it was. And so one Thursday afternoon three dark and gloomy figures emerged from within the hallowed walls of Sainsbury's. They had run out of paprika. We marched on, three sodden conglomerates of clothing.

'Excuse me, where can I find some paprika?'

'I hate bananas.'

The first was answered: the second was not; he bought himself a yoghurt (pot?). Pleased as punch, we trundled back, our feet scraping through the puddles.

'What's wrong with bananas, anyway?'

The next day we all assembled, fresh from a full day's school, our hands and faces covered in ink. The previous day's purchases lay untouched on P.J.N.'s sideboard. This time we were at full strength; five of us and P.J.N. The food was rapidly

going. We gathered round for instructions, and set to work.

Before two hours were out, we sat, sunk in our chairs, our faces (and feet) dripping. P.J.N.'s plant-sprayer, empty, lay floating in the sink, amongst a wreck of unsalvaged china. The curry smelt. The Banana Halva, a kind of paste with a faintly rural air, lay heaped in the centre of a large flan dish. And P.J.N.? He was kneeling on the floor, brooding over a pool of fertilizer.

Each and everyone's secrecy ensured, we settled down to the matured fruits of our labour; P.J.N. propping himself up on the end chair. The curry was surprisingly satisfactory, and after a prolonged logic-slicing debate, we came to the generous conclusion that this was the best course since last term's lemon meringue pie.

The Halva was strange. I thrust my fork at it, with no clear desire behind my actions but that to defer the inevitable conclusion of the evening: the washing-up, the one cloud that casts a shadow over these otherwise interesting events. The evening was

just beginning to break, though for the Halva it would take longer. The fork hung hopelessly from the pudding's centre, the attack repelled. The washing-up was upon us. Some time later, feigning drunkenness for the benefit of the jealous onlookers, we emerged from Number Two Barton Street, the victims of a comparative success.

Some may say this is a 'wet' option; and indeed they would be right. But, though we have been branded in numerous ways (the 'Cookery Guild' or the 'Gluttony L.S.A.'), ours is a serious venture, a body stirring for the advancement of the art, the investigation of new techniques, and the discovery of our own very distinctive style of cooking. And with the foundation of a second truly gluttonous establishment, we are proud to say, as we approach the anniversary of our birth, that we cater for people from all walks of life (eleven in all). We offer a wide range of possibilities for the blooming youth: the separation, cracking, boiling or frying of eggs, and a little enjoyment.

Hampstead Living : Andrea Owen

*Well there I was  
Minding my own business  
Waiting for the Bomb*

*(But in the meantime  
As the bomb winged towards me  
I was in the bath, giving the kiss of life  
To my wind-up green plastic frog)*

*When suddenly, Wham!*

*A letter fell through the letter box.  
Hey, the Bomb! I thought  
And got out of the bath  
To check it out.*

*But because it was the end of the world  
I didn't put on any clothes  
And I felt mighty stupid  
Naked in the middle of the world.*

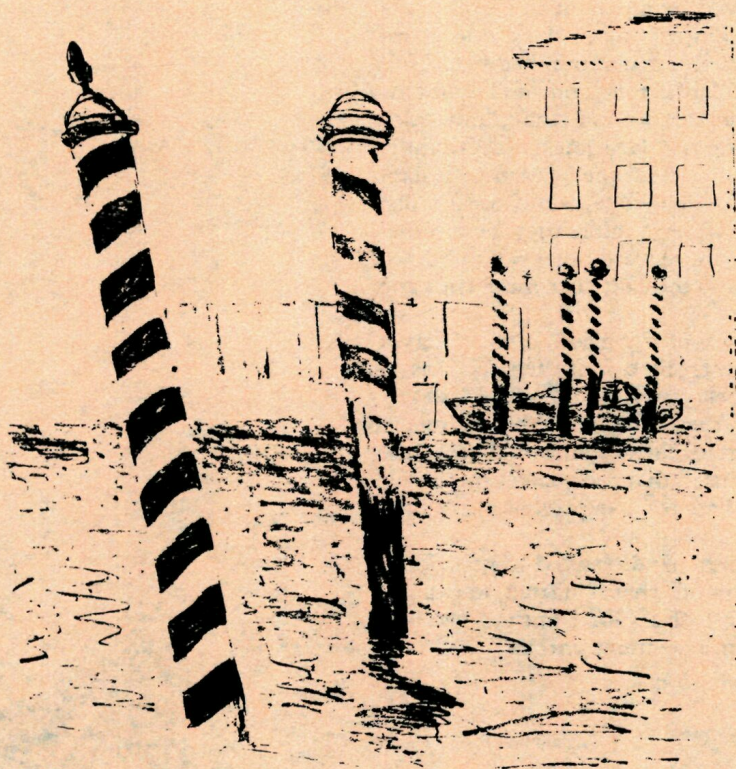
## Sequence

### Poetry and prose

Andrew Foord

Cry : Jonni Raynes

*'I am frightened.'  
All this way, I came  
In my Sunday best,  
Without a voice  
To utter those words.  
I came only to  
Glimpse you; to waken  
The years.  
And then a cry:  
'O I am lost.  
Help me, for  
I am lost.'  
A sad cry, whispered  
Close behind.  
Here's remembering  
Mine.*



Gossip : Rupert Dean

*Loud squeal off room.  
'I need a tete-a-tete.'  
Loud squeal in room.  
Disappearance into corner of room.  
There follows a short whisper and  
Giggles.  
Loud squeal from corner.  
'How dreadful.'  
'What am I going to do?'  
'How dreadful.'  
Loud yawn in other corner.  
The room drops dead.*

Thomas Harding

*The man fell:  
Grasping at the hollow air,  
His legs and thoughts twisted  
In unnatural contortions.  
His hair, streaming behind,  
Daring not to overtake  
The doomed man below.  
His arms jerked for freedom,  
Freedom of control and normality,  
His head flung back,  
Almost straining to catch  
A glimpse of Life  
Towering above him;  
Laughing.  
All that remained  
Was a two-lined note,  
Left, forgotten, on the windowshef.*

Moses : Thomas Harding

Born with rushes as swaddling clothes, I was hidden like an illegitimate babe. My buoyant cot sparkled in the Egyptian sun and caught the eye of royal maidens bathing. One, particularly fair, examined my home, with tender-hearted curiosity. Soon I experienced the comfort and luxury of the richest temples of Egypt. With noblemen for playmates, and gold coins for toys, I quickly learned to distrust and dislike money. I learned about the 'male murder laws', which had devastated many communities of my beloved brethren, of their slavery, and of the inhumane conditions that they were forced to endure.

At the age of manhood, I returned to my people, the Israelites. I fled the Royal Palace to Midian; there I became leader of my first flock, the flock being of a Midianite priest. I joined with his daughter, and then I met with God, my first encounter, through a burning bush. My ideas strengthened, my spirit revived, I marched back to Pharaoh. Like a man I knelt before him, my words whispered and bent, but still I shouted, 'I've done it, we're free!', after my first audience.

How stupid I was, we were still slaves, beatings increased, rationing decreased, deaths did not. Finally, I demanded to see Pharaoh; a monologue was granted, reluctantly. I warned him of God's wrath, he would not listen, his gentle nation crumbled before him, he remained sturdy, but then his son died; I did not want that to happen, but I feared God more than he; we were free and alive. We were soon on our way, only to be hounded down to the sea of blood, and then saved by our faith in God.

We proceed from a watery death, to one of thirst and starvation. Our numbers had diminished, a generation had been born with us. I had endured loss of faith, rebellion, and immense physical strain. I wearily climbed that wall of stone, undecided whether I wanted enlightenment or not. He came amidst thunder and lightning. After many an hour, I descended, laden with slabs of untidy script. I rested upon a dulled ledge, out of breath, just above our extensive camp. They weren't mine, they were someone else's, pagan! The slabs once more were Sinai's, flung down in anguish and disappointment, and the calf, once more cups and rings.

Why was stone always the cause of my grief? First in Egypt with those harsh and brutal bailiffs, then those ten sections of elementary law, and then that rock of water. Why was I so impatient? Was it the forty years of frustration finally becoming too great for me, or was it my concern for those who would breed the religions of the future? How confused that rock makes me; I love it for that life-giving water, and hate it for depriving me of milk and honey.

But now, upon this hill, above the lands strived so hard for, I am glad I chose Jeremiah, to finish off what is started, to beat off the evil ambitions of his brother Joshua; for I am too old, impatient, and, most important, I'm becoming unreliable.

Bitch : Laura Hackett

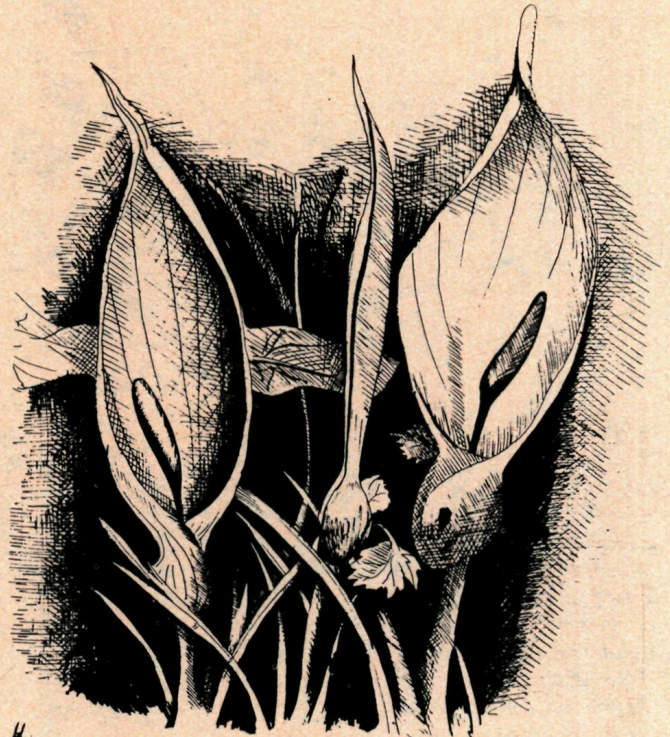
*She stands above the crowd;  
The clouds of condescension  
Settling with infinite repose  
Around that nether region  
Where sense is drowned.  
And one good man and true  
Falls out of sight and sound,  
Sinks to depths of unrelieved joy,  
Weighted by her callous comments, seething glance;  
Longing for the caress of her biting tongue,  
The honour  
Of her refusal to acknowledge any other  
In such chilling, thrilling terms.*

*Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in Night:  
God said 'Let Newton be', and all was light.*

Alexander Pope

*And Einstein was: and God, where Newton stood,  
Saw that it was comparatively good.*

Todd Hamilton



Adam Buxton





Robert Katz

Jessica Jacobson

I was sitting in a room one day. I was on my own but then the door opened and four others walked in. That is to say, three others walked in and the fourth slouched in. He had his collar turned up, his sleeves rolled up and his name was Gripper. His name was actually Sebastian Godden-Greene, but what did that matter? He collapsed carefully into an armchair and asked for a fag. He knew no-one would, but that wasn't the point. He half closed his eyes, then closed his eyes, then yawned.

Thomas was meanwhile standing pleasantly in the centre of the room. The main problem was that he was not right now the centre of attention. To try and correct this sad state of affairs he embarked on a loud and obscene monologue on a fairly unobscene topic. After about five minutes a slightly desperate glint appeared in his eye. He picked up a chair and threw it at somebody's head. It missed but did draw more of a reaction than his speech had so far done.

Anna had emitted a good little feminine scream as the chair flew unexpectedly across the room. She exchanged the much used aren't-these-boys-so-incredibly-pathetic-and-immature glance with me, regretting all the while that none of these fine examples of pathos and immaturity had their hands on any part of her body at the time. She got up and straightened her dress elaborately. No-one was watching the second time she did it either. Thomas had not stopped talking yet and Gripper was still busy being bored and cool.

Maurice grabbed the chair that had come within an inch of blinding him and stood holding it aggressively above his head. He looked very beautiful, threatening and deep, all at once as he did so. His smile, barely formed but definitely there, displayed his realisation of this. He also looked extremely pompous and probably realised that as well. Even Maurice could not remain standing like that indefinitely for the sake of looking beautiful, threatening and deep. He was eventually forced to put down the chair and sit on it, content now with looking merely majestic.

I had not moved since the arrival of Gripper, Thomas, Anna and Maurice. I did a quick character analysis of each one of them. How eager to impress they all are, I thought and how confident they are in their ability to do so. I shut my eyes and felt quite wonderfully, unquestionably and entirely superior.

Nicolette David

*I stepped into a cavern of yellow light,  
Littered with people.  
Heat and worldliness of the rush hour  
Enfolded me into a state of mindlessness.  
One empty seat:  
Why isn't anyone sitting there?  
The yellow and brown checked material is etched in my mind.  
I plunked myself down, and breathed.*

*She turned and glared.  
I think she noticed everything  
—she was that kind of a person.  
Perhaps solitude sharpens perception?  
Sitting next to me, like a hen brooding  
Over a cluster of plastic bags.  
She interrogated my uneasy conscience  
With her eyes.  
I think they were black, those eyes.  
Intact; true to themselves; dark: self.  
'Why are you sitting there?' they seemed to say.  
'Get out. My territory.'  
She was like a hostile queen,  
And primitive.*

*She was bundled up in coats.  
'Do they keep you warm on park benches?'  
God I sound superior!  
'Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London?'  
I wanted to understand you, you wanted none of it.  
You were right, you were strong.  
You frightened me away.  
I began to feel uncomfortable.  
I got up and walked away.  
I wonder where you are now?  
Is it pity?  
But you would hate me for that.*

Thomas Harding

*The icicle hardened facts  
Are melting, slowly with  
The heat of controversy,  
Empooled with truth  
Overriding, hate-distorting,  
Twisting, corroding—  
Until the manufactured reality  
Oozes out of the time-bitten  
Mincing machine:*

*Two thousand were murdered—  
'Rubbish!'*

To me  
The words  
'Elizabethtown,  
Lancaster County,  
Pennsylvania, U.S.A.'

mean two months every two years of reassuring luxury.

The immaculate green waves of corn form a secure wall  
about the smooth macadam, as we drive in;  
a sixty foot yellow 'M' to the left brings on a maniacal craving  
for a quarter pounder, and overweight women rock on their porches  
with a glass of iced tea, a bowl of pretzels.

The humid warmth feels relaxing the next morning;  
in a T-shirt, a pair of slacks, and flip-flops, we walk up  
the lane to the Hypermarket. Pure, white, neon-lighted aisles;  
things we dreamed of—water melon and corn on the cob,  
Grape Soda and pop tarts, bubblegum icecream and Angel Food  
Cake.

Staggering back beneath big brown packages, we look  
at the trimmed hedges, spotless lawns, a polished Chevrolet  
moves leisurely past, some kid floating behind it  
on roller skates.

Later we sit wrapped in the reassuring and meaningless  
colour of the television, absorbing 'The Price is Right',  
our favourite game show, or Mork and Mindy. Of course, there's  
a can of Mountain Dew balanced on our knees  
while we chew a piece of Super Large, Grape Flavoured,  
Hubba Bubba Bubblegum.



Robert Katz

'Tis not right that, as we halve,  
Some are free, and free to starve;  
While, as long as tyrants feed 'em,  
Others eat, but starve for freedom.

Song For Amritsa Well : Thomas Harding

They grasped for the red rimmed sanctuary—  
poisoned by life—itching, tearing, biting.  
Bloody trails fled, confused, carved  
Into the squared-dulled granite.

The lead layered air  
Hid the viscous volley of death  
From the sharp-ordered minds  
Of the slit-eyed daggered men.

They settled like dust  
Upon the breast-burdened rock.

Blood-stenched khakis sluiced out  
Past the shrieking of the mighty-mauld  
And molten iron gate—shaking,  
Tolling, lamenting—shedding  
Encrusted passive-wanton globules:

Not a sound, not a sound; not a sound—

# Geoffrey Shepherd

The windows of that study on the first floor of Singleton's were our kaleidoscope of life in yard. During Geoffrey's nine years in that room several school generations have passed for whom he is principally the registrar, just as they know no head master but John Rae, no Westminster without girls: people to whom the Corps is a legend and the war of 1939 to 1945 is history, as the war of 1914 to 1919 was to our generation. A tank commander in Normandy, adjutant of a tank regiment and afterwards in political intelligence, Geoffrey was among the servicemen who returned to Oxford more businesslike if less fresh perhaps than the usual intake from schools, and was at St John's during the incumbency of A. Lane Poole (*From Domesday Book to Magna Carta*).

Westminster quickly captured his affection, chiefly for its humanity and its talk, its sophisticated intellectual life and its ready laughter. On his mother's side he is a Frenchman, and proud of it: beside him was the ever lively, ever gracious Gretchen. It was not his new German relatives who had any reservations, but his French ones. He deeply enjoyed teaching at all levels in the school, particularly teaching his beloved *grand siècle* with its enduring studies in passion and in comedy, but the moderns too, Camus, Sartre. An instance perhaps of Westminster's deep and enduring intellectual life, which there are always gifted boys to sustain: when we were struggling in the history room with *L'Etre et le Néant* Geoffrey and his crowd were also into Sartre a few rooms away. Geoffrey is always an appreciator of Theo, not the only one among us Geoffrey would get to laugh at himself. He loved firing and being fired by young minds responding to literature, and perhaps felt a friendly vocation to redress the balance against the laudable if sometimes arid textual scholarship prevailing in the faculty. We have laughed together over those reports long ago intoning 'His prose is careless and his appreciation of literature is immature'. The future, after all, is with what is immaturity now, as the Latin Play was put there to tell us.

The Westminster Geoffrey joined in 1952 was becoming accustomed to Walter Hamilton as head master. School, which mercifully no one had dreamed of calling the 'great hall', was still a ruin under a temporary roof. Powers in the land were Preedy Fisher, James Peebles, John Wilson, Laurence Burd, Francis Rawes. Stephen was still in Wren's and Liddell's not yet thought of. Once a week it was Corps. Geoffrey's share in this was the R.A.F. section, that always smart and effective body, and, as always, he believed in discipline and order. But like the discipline in war it did not quench humour or stifle comradeship. We remember that glider up fields, how it set off in an unexpected direction at a Corps inspection, straight for the ladies, who duly screamed little ladylike screams. Geoffrey remembers pouring a bucket of water in front of the thing to get it going, while Ronald, officer commanding, was left to explain



Alex Williams

to a royal inspecting officer what in the world he was doing. Those of us with liberal inclinations (the Westminster of those days was not in all respects a very liberal minded place) opposed passionately at a memorable masters' meeting a projected assault course at Grove Park (what is Grove Park, do I hear?). Geoffrey defended it passionately, the need for discipline, toughness, these boys, and so on, until he broke into that well known silent laughter: yes, as assault courses went, it was a very mini-assault course, and of course our boys were fine. When the Corps *folded*, its legacy was those arduous training camps, of which Geoffrey was a pillar, rejoicing in the company of Denny and Ronald, who, let us say, did the *stunts* while Geoffrey's special care was the base and its essential supply of hot and honest plain food and some sort of comfort.

In 1963 there was a shift in the old guard of housemasters. John Carleton, the happy Under Master of yore with his hat on the back of his head and that pipe he would knock out against the New Dormitory wall on his way into school, now head master, called on Geoffrey to go into Busby's, the Busby's of Preedy and then Francis, of the Busby Play and the Clarion, no easy legacy. Nor had Geoffrey at least been accustomed to the pastoral and administrative burdens many learn in a day house first. In Busby's over the next eleven years he came to know and appreciate the realism and optimism and seriousness of the senior boys, even if he had naturally also from time to time to say no and to check. He says he is specially grateful for their kindness to his family. It may be for others to point out that Gretchen and the children played the converse part in providing a splendidly human family atmosphere at the centre. When Barbara gave the prizes at the regatta on the eve of her marriage, I received in the crowd the somewhat wry comments of the groom as the senior oarsmen, receiving their trophies, responded each with a chivalrous kiss on her cheek. My own lot was to be sent into Liddell's, which of course I would not have changed for Busby's or anywhere else. Geoffrey as a neighbour was a tower of strength, always there to point out that what seemed sometimes enormous difficulties were not unique to me, to reassure and encourage and conjure up a smile. He and Gretchen were frequent guests at those happy evenings at the top of Number Eighteen: my Russian housekeeper, whom God rest, became devoted to Gretchen.

Geoffrey shared my initiation by Liddell's heroes into the pleasures of tennis, football and rowing, though as a former rugby player at Sevenoaks School he had perhaps less ground to make up. We stood at Pangbourne when the victorious eight was dished of its chances of going to Bled (Is this fair? Now into cricket, as an extension of my education in sport, I sense that boards of selectors have difficulty with imaginative decisions, perhaps the more the more obvious the decisions.). We listened reverently to Stu calling on the footballers to be ready for the cross (it seemed a good preparation for the Sunday liturgy) or declaiming, at one severe encounter with Winchester, 'Pass the ball accurately to one another, and roll it along towards the goal'.

John Carleton, it has been suggested, was ideally suited to guide Westminster at a time of dramatic change in schools and in the world around them, a time, I guess John would have said, to that extent much like any other. It was Geoffrey's responsibility and privilege to be allowed to play a positive and welcomed part in John's successor's new approach to changing problems, and to handle as registrar the recruitment of the school, cope with those impossible statistical projections. Perhaps he was also privileged to give from his experience a needed ballast, at a time when youth, or at least the middle reaches of the common room, seemed sometimes very much at the helm. I sat beside Geoffrey up school as John Rae explained in very warm terms why he was calling on Geoffrey to come out of Busby's in order to face this new challenge, posed by John Wilson's retirement. As a not insubstantial possibility for the post myself, though mercifully spared, I was the more impressed, if nature made the occasion seem to me in this unimportant respect a triumph of fact over tact.

The stocky figure, this good digger in of toes, whose warm feelings are so often disguised under an appearance of gruff severity, leaves Westminster with the happiness of so many Busby's and wider friendships, and says that at least the Whitstable home where he and Gretchen will be based is in a town of young people as well as old. As Liddell's became my Westminster home, so Busby's was his: some of us have heard the fervent rendering, no doubt entirely devout, at house prayers there of some familiar words: 'Good Shepherd, may we sing thy praise within thy house for ever.'

C.K.

## Richard Kennedy

Richard Kennedy, who joined the Mathematics Department in 1977, is leaving at the end of the Election Term to become Deputy Headmaster at Bishops Stortford College.

Richard came to Westminster after teaching for six years at Shrewsbury. Coming from a strong mathematics department he brought experience and skill to the department as it was growing to its present size. His results in the classroom speak for themselves. Richard has with patience and thoroughness maintained a high standard of teaching: his common sense and non-sense attitude have produced an environment within which his pupils have flourished. His contribution has been pivotal in ensuring continuously good results.

Soon after his arrival Richard joined Wren's as House Tutor under Christopher Martin; he made his level-headed understanding and advice readily available to his tutees. Within the school under his guidance the Christian Fellowship was injected with new enthusiasm. Outside he has for many years combined an active Christian commitment with his athletic skill in running the Schools' Christian Fellowship Sports Camps at Basingstoke. One of his major contributions as Master in charge of Athletics at Westminster has been to dispel the image of Athletics' Sports Day as having been lifted from Waugh's *Decline and Fall* by moving it away from Vincent's Square and eliciting professional help.

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## Tizard Lecture 1984: Langmuir-Blodgett Films

by David M. Chinn

This year's lecture was given by Professor Gareth Roberts, head of the department of Applied Physics and Electronics at the University of Durham, whose services to science have recently been recognised by his election as a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Professor Roberts began by outlining the development of L-B films, initially pioneered by Irving Langmuir and Katherine Blodgett in the 1930's in America. The best-known scientist in the history of L-B films was undoubtedly Margaret Roberts (no relation to the lecturer) whose only scientific paper was on the subject. We all recognised her photograph as she is better known by her married name of Thatcher.

Professor Roberts then went on to discuss the science of L-B films. They are basically made from oil films floating on water. These films consist of large organic molecules with a water-loving 'head' and a water-hating 'tail'. By careful control of the surface pressure of the water an extremely

In the very short time since he assumed responsibility for University Entrance he has tamed the mountains of University Prospectus, Open Day Invitations and even gone so far as to understand the whims of the new Oxford entry procedure! It is perhaps not surprising that at this stage in his career he should go on to find a role where his organisational skill should find more scope: it is this facet of his many talents that the school will so greatly miss and Bishops Stortford gain so much. Richard and Jo leave with our best wishes for the future.

E.A.S.

## Frédéric Martin

If, amongst its other educational rôles, Westminster remains a hot-bed of culture, then Frédéric Martin has been a constant source of heat, and we shall be very much the poorer with his departure.

As a teacher, he has, by his own admission, been happier with the small, committed group than with the larger throng where his conscientious devotion both to his pupils and his subject have at times gone unacknowledged. Not that his interests have been confined to rarefied 'explanations' of French literature. The gleam in his eye when consulted on a point of detail in a Rimbaud poem is just as bright when he is discussing early music, English architecture, painting and sculpture. One admires his readiness to lead a school group to theatre, gallery or concert hall, and 'lead' means here far more than 'accompany', his

quiet, patient elucidations having sparked an interest and an understanding in the lucky listener of the vital need for holding on to our cultural heritage in an increasingly mechanistic society—knowledge that will endure and blossom in those whose ears were receptive to his wisdom.

No athlete, Frédéric, but his mind is as agile as any well-trained physique, and what versatility was to the fore in his practical involvement in Westminster music, as in his theatre direction and those lively after-school play readings that complemented his lessons.

Many a colleague will miss his invigorating early-morning company as he made his wind-swept way down Victoria Street, clinging to a madrigal score, a volume of French verse, and a lunchtime apple—in that order of importance! We shall all miss his presence as a catalyst of the arts. *Reviens nous voir souvent, Frédéric!*

M.L.

## New Members of the Common Room

We extend a warm welcome to the following new members of the Common Room: **A. Hobson** (Classics), **B. Lovell** (Electronics and Computing Science), **C.S. Nettleship** (Music), **Mrs. J.L. Cockburn** (French and Spanish) and **J.R.M. Young** who has been teaching for Ian Huish during the latter's schoolmaster-fellowship at Jesus College, Cambridge.

thin film, one molecule thick, can be formed with the molecules packed closely together. If a carefully prepared solid is passed slowly through the film this layer of molecules can be transferred to it intact. The equipment used for this is called an L-B trough which keeps the film at a constant surface tension and raises and lowers the solid.

The lecturer then discussed applications of L-B films. An obvious one is electronics where insulating films are often required. We were shown graphs comparing the efficiency of Field Effect Transistors prepared with L-B films and by traditional oxide methods, and we were told that the L-B films were considerably more effective. They do, however, have certain problems: being composed of fatty acids they decompose above about 150°C and are prone to bacterial attack. We were then shown slides of a number of highly complex carbon compounds which apparently do not have these problems. Numerous other possible uses of L-B technology were mentioned and one of the most spectacular of these is the possibility of creating sensors of extreme accuracy and small enough to be implanted into the body to measure levels of essential salts, enzymes etc.

Professor Roberts introduced a more light-hearted note when, about half way

through the lecture, he stopped for an experimental demonstration. After a short preamble on liquid crystals, he showed us a coloured display which changed its many colours in time to some Welsh singing he had recorded. Pleasant as this was, it confused much of the audience as it seemed to have nothing to do with L-B films. The lecture was accompanied by an interesting film on L-B technology and a superb exhibition, both in separate rooms for those interested. The exhibition contained an L-B trough, a huge and impressive piece of machinery, and some beautifully coloured examples of L-B films as well as a display of some articles so that the more difficult points of the lecture could be considered at greater length.

I am afraid I must end with two criticisms. We were all annoyed and embarrassed by having to wait over 15 minutes when the overhead projector bulb blew and a spare was not immediately to hand. The other complaint is that so few members of the school could be bothered to turn up to this excellent lecture. The Tizard lecture is always both interesting and presented in such a way that the least scientifically minded of us can understand, so I recommend that more take the opportunity in future to hear great scientists speak on fields in which they are world leaders.

# In the Cuillin Hills

by Cedric Harben

The most beautiful place to stand on a fine Easter afternoon in the whole of the Scottish Highlands is on the hump of one of the huge glacier-smoothed boulders perched between sea and sky on the very lip of Coire Lagan ('Hollow Corrie') on the Isle of Skye. For two thousand feet below the amazed and tired climber the burn emerging from the corrie tumbles over the vast boiler-plates, quiets somewhat as it flows through the golden-brown bog, and eventually disappears over a moraine on its way to the silver loch. The wide sunlit sea dotted with islands like grey battleships feels its way into bays and coves, lapping up towards the bright green campsite where the mountaineers rest after their exertions. This scene is framed on one side by the sheer black and broad rock-climbers' paradise of Sron na Ciche ('Shoulder of the Breast'), the hard routes now etched out in dribbles of white snow, on the other by the untidy slopes of Sgurr Dearg ('The Red Peak').

Behind the exhilarated climber on his perch, and even more glistening than the silver sea, are the snowy slopes reaching fifteen hundred feet towards the jagged crest of the Main Ridge of the Cuillins. Some are wide expanses covering otherwise dreary scree, others barely disguise desperate cliffs, yet others are mere gullies snaking their ways up towards the peaks, offering the easiest routes for the energetic.

On yet another brilliantly sunlit morning most of the Westminster party camping on the green field by the placid loch had opted for a climb of Sgurr Alasdair ('Alexander's Peak'), the highest summit on Skye. Another party, punch-drunk maybe with previous unexpected achievements, chose the horizontal plane rather than the vertical and had set off to look for the Viking port and settlement along the coast on the peninsula which points towards Rhum and its own island Cuillin Ridge.

The climbers strode easily across the dry heather and grass. Ahead, black pinpricks on the gleaming snow, one group was already plodding up the gully—the Great Stone Shoot—beyond the frozen lake in the corrie. They left steps in the firm snow for the others to follow. The climb up this remarkable thousand-foot gully, narrowing to a col almost at the top of Alasdair, was easy, if laborious. They were glad of ice-axes for support and security on the 45° slope. Suddenly as they came up to the narrow col, hot, panting, shedding extra sweaters, the views exploded all around them. Sea and sky, snow and black rock and brown bog dazzled them. They could see more or less all the coastal mountains of West Scotland, as well as those ethereal silvery-grey islands riding the Atlantic... The corrie looked much deeper, its slopes much steeper, than they had from far below an hour before.

The final few minutes of the climb of Alasdair were the most exciting. As usual

the climbers roped up in groups of three and four and kicked their way up the icier ridge, in the hope that a slip of one could be arrested by a combination of the ice-axe and rapid reaction of another on the rope. A slip here could have been serious, although the ground immediately under foot was quite easy. For two hundred feet or so the final ridge climbed gradually as if towards the prow of a ship riding the waves of ridge and corrie all around, the slopes on either side disappearing rapidly over great cliffs to quite invisible depths. The exposure here was exhilarating and stunning, the summit itself on the very prow's tip, sensational. Full concentration had to be kept up on the climb down to the col. Then, ropes and cagoules packed away, the descent to the corrie was very fast and wonderful—a barely predictable slide and tumble on the safe snow right down to lunch by the frozen lochan with its unbelievable view to the sea beyond the smooth boulders. The Mars bars tasted even better than usual after the thrill of the climb, of the view and the breathtaking descent.

Our day on Sgurr Alasdair was only one of several equally exciting during this year's Easter Camp. This was Westminster's tenth Skye camp and the anniversary was celebrated with the best weather of the decade.

The camp began quite energetically with the main train party (a little bleary after the

Loch Coruisk. This was a Westminster 'first'—'Bagged for the School...' to quote a leader of a school C.C.F. camped next tent-door to us. Mark Tocknell, Roger Lazarus (OW), Patrick and Neil Ridley had an epic climb on the precipitous peak of Bidean Druim nan Ramh ('Sharp Peaks of the Ridge of Oars') near the jagged centre of the main Cuillin Ridge. Cedric Harben, Roger Lazarus, Robert Goodwin, Simon Cohen, Neil and Jason Wheeler (OW) had a splendid day on Bla Bheinn ('Blue Mountain'). This is an isolated peak surrounded by lochs and fjords, prominent at the focus of the horseshoe-shaped Main Ridge, from there a curtain-like spread of peak and snow draped across the Westerly view. Mark went for two days to a fine camp site between Bla Bheinn and the Cuillins at Camasunary with Martin Milner, Julian Peck, Alex McDougall, Alex ('Cheesy Snacks') Dellaportas and Adam Pope. They explored Loch Coruisk—the grandest place in Scotland—the 'Bad Step', Sgurr na Stri ('Peak of Strife'), and walked out fast in the heat to the Sligachan Inn. Sadly, this once-famous climbing hostelry still had not shed its winter cobwebs and was miserably deserted!

No day passed without everyone being active on the hills, or rock-climbing in a nearby sheltered cove, or taking a trip to the weird Quiraing at the North end of Skye. The marvellously sunny weather, the spectacular views, made even more dramatic by



*The summit of Sgurr Coir' an Lochain; the main ridge in the distance.*

overnight journey) walking through to Glen Brittle from Sligachan Inn on their arrival on a dry afternoon, to be greeted by the advance party that had put up the big tents and got the home fires burning. The next day the entire party auspiciously climbed Brauch na Frithe ('Brae of the Forest') in fine form, picking up walking and ice-axe techniques on the way. We saw little in the still mist near the top, for the fine weather was only to begin in earnest the following day. For most of the rest of the period of the camp, a cold Easterly wind kept the skies dry and mostly clear, and apart from a shower or two at night, there was no rain or snow at all.

Many memorable days in the Hills followed. Roger Jakeman (OW) with Anthony ('Bruce') King and Patrick Flood-Page climbed to Sgurr Coir' an Lochain ('Peak of the Corrie of the Loch'), a remote peak between the Main Ridge and dark deep

the clarity of the air and the lingering snow cover, made for a successful camp in many ways. But the good nature and excellent humour of the boys (with maybe a touch of thick-skinned super-enthusiasm of the leaders!) contributed immeasurably too.

Each year I wonder whether we should go to Skye, again, at Easter. But it draws me year after year, for every day on Skye is different from every other. Every day, each week, holds out the hope of a sensational view, a fulfilling climb, a jolly evening in camp after a good day in the hills. Sometimes we have to be content with just a few such excellent moments to make it all worthwhile. After this year's enjoyable and highly successful expedition, I do not expect to have to worry too much about whether to return to Glen Brittle and the incomparable Cuillin Hills in 1985 for the eleventh time.

# A Letter from India

by Sophie Chalk

Having been in Sundapore for eight weeks my first impressions have remained surprisingly unaltered. I travelled from Delhi in 36 hours, walking the last half-a-mile across fields in the twilight to the village. On my nearing the first collection of huts, two or three semi-clad, scruffy children rushed out. These were joined by at least a dozen others, shouting 'Namaste (Hello) sister'—an ever-reassuring greeting. Immediately I knew it wouldn't be so bad and I wasn't mistaken. Even now, when our faces are a common sight to all, we are greeted by 'Namaste' wherever we go in Sundapore. The acceptance one feels in the village makes it difficult to go into Raxaul even, the nearest town—there we are just other westerners, ready to be ripped-off.

The village was opened by Brother Christdas (Baba), an Indian Christian, less than two years ago as a medical and rehabilitation centre for leprosy patients. Now it houses and gives work to 300 or more people and treats 2,000 outside patients. I am sometimes surprised that it works as well as it does. Baba is continually besieged by what seem to us to be insurmountable problems, yet he says 'Problem is a word that doesn't exist in my dictionary'. The latest has been the completion of a road into Raxaul. All the landowners have given their land, except for one who wants to sell rather than give. For a few weeks now four or five deformed villagers have sat outside his shop in the town, looking as ill and deformed as they possibly could. Custom has declined for the poor man, yet he will not concede, so the men of the village went to cut without permission. Last night the completed stretch of road was torn up. Bricks are probably flying by now, but Baba will succeed.

The people living in Sundapore are ex-patients, often accompanied by their families. They work either in the school, hospital, cattle-farm, building sites or fields. For leprosy victims to work in this way is a form of rehabilitation far more

effective than any medicines produced. They regain their self-esteem, lost because of the stigma attached to the disease and the social ostracisation that results from it. The belief that leprosy is a manually transmitted disease is mere superstition; specialists are still uncertain of how it is transmitted but it is certainly not by touch, and so the suffering these people experience emotionally and physically is all the more frustrating. Children are often disowned by their families since any knowledge of leprosy in a family means that the other children cannot be married off. Sundapore has a number of these orphans, who show hardly a trace of the disease, but cannot lead a normal life because of it.

The village is hardly as I'd imagined it. It consists of groups of dung-huts in the middle of flat, open fields of wheat and rice. We sleep on wooden beds with the very necessary provision of a mosquito net attached above; we eat dhal and potato curry with either chapati or rice three times a day; drink sweet milk tea; wash ourselves out of buckets of cold water and wash our plates with mud and straw. No telephones (very odd!) and only one hour of electricity each day. My illusions of looking beautiful in a shari were dispelled the first day I wore one. The Indian women, of course, look stunning—emaciated by western standards, dark-skinned, and they naturally can tie 6 metres of material in a becoming fashion. For us wearing a shari has posed many problems. Getting up at 5 or 6 a.m. is bad enough, but having to dress in a shari and appear decent, albeit bleary-eyed, to eat one's curry at breakfast is almost impossible. The women take good care of us, however, and we are continually hauled into huts by strangers, stripped of our clothes and shown how to dress 'properly'.

I have worked in the hospital since my arrival with one other girl—dispensing drugs, nursing and giving physiotherapy classes. It may not sound much, but it has occupied us fully. Forty-five patients, not unlike a very large family of young children, demand a lot of attention. The majority are admitted for rest, food and medicine needed for the treatment of reactions (sudden outbursts of leprosy caused by emotional or physical traumas). We do get a few, however, who have TB or malnutrition and one man presently who severely burnt his legs while having an epileptic fit. The attraction of the work we do is easily analysed: satisfaction. To teach a man to walk who hasn't done so for a year because of TB of the spine, and who perhaps mightn't have survived or walked again, is an exhilarating experience, to say the least. The affection shown towards us by the patients, who have often been deserted by their friends and families, is a constant driving force and lifts one's spirit again just when it's most needed. It is difficult to explain fully the satisfaction gained from this work—I have felt nothing similar before. Just to hold someone's hand when they are having a bone removed from their foot or are crying, makes me feel good. Emotional attachment is a dangerous aspect of our work, however. When someone dies whom you've nursed for weeks, it is



Hugh Cameron

difficult to go around smiling and laughing as normal, but so admirable when one can. The first death after my arrival—a man who had TB—was a great shock. At first all I could think of was that I'd been cutting his nails the day before and feeding him milk. The hospital workers were superficially unmoved, but I realise now that they cared equally—it's a matter of strength. It was only the other day we discovered that one of the doctors gets up at 4 a.m. to carry out the major operations of the day alone in the dark. From now on I'll be holding a torch for him, but can't believe it's really me, who never opened an eyelid before 7 a.m. in England unless I was physically forced to.

The heat is perhaps the only thing which might drive me home. We spend a lot of time dreaming of cold baths and icecream. The cohabitators of our huts are also a major deterrent—rats, mosquitoes and flies. The mosquitoes here don't just bite, they are a constant threat to one's sanity as they munch away happily twelve hours a day, and then the flies move in. They are no less barbaric and bite open cuts—so basically it's a 24-hour torture at first, until one finally gives in to the fact that trying to kill them is futile revenge, another fifty will be in your net in ten minutes. The only time when one feels at home is when we have storms. They start up very fast; within ten minutes a gale will be blowing, with lightning and thunder such as is never seen in England. The mosquitoes and flies hide and we sleep with two or three blankets. The seasons are equally quick-moving. Three weeks ago we were wearing jumpers and now it's 35°C-plus during the day (42°C in Delhi last week).

Indian customs and traditions are so different from the West that at first I was surprised by them. Women breast-feed in public here and quite often a two or three year old child will run up and have a quick, cheap meal. Babies are sent to sleep by rhythmical slaps on the head—in England that would be termed 'baby-battering'. I was also surprised when I first visited the post office. I was informed they had run out



Alex Cooper

of stamps and to return on Monday. I can now understand why half my letters don't get home, since I could see the sorting of mail from the counter—a simple procedure of throwing sacks full of letters on the floor and sorting them from there—I expect quite a few of mine are propping up table or chair legs in Bombay or Calcutta by now. If a shopseller has no change he will give you sweets instead or send his 'boy' off to the next shop to get some.

At the moment there are five English volunteers here; the number was as high as eight recently. It is extraordinary how different from each other we all are and yet we get along well—it is something to do with being so far from home and working together. Social barriers don't exist here—everyone goes around in their old, scruffy clothes, looking equally unattractive (no mirrors, thank God!) and age bears no significance among us. Daphne Rae, who has been involved with this project from the beginning, has recently left after a visit of five weeks. She was fabulous with the people and I am surprised to find myself missing her nagging me to tidy up our hut or stop smoking bidis. One of our continual dreads is that we've 'cracked' as we sit here laughing at the most trivial of jokes. One night over supper, for example, Baba suddenly seemed distressed, shouting 'Oh no! What has happened?' We were all surprised by his outburst and concerned. A mosquito had 'committed suicide' in the hairs on his chest. Today he rushed off to umpire the brick fight over the road-building and as he was leaving took off his crucifix, saying 'I'd rather He didn't watch when I join in'. For you these jokes will seem hardly funny—it's significant somehow of our mentality, mixing with that of Indians, whose logic it's difficult to grasp! Baba is an extraordinary man—not what I expected at all. Small, grey hair and a big grin which hardly ever leaves his face. His sense of humour is wicked, often far from 'Christian', however that may be defined, but it is that which keeps us going.

Daphne arrived with I don't know how many suitcases of drugs. We all laughed as she produced 10,000 worm pills, thousands of antibiotic capsules and four wholesale boxes of rehydration salts. She dewormed the whole hospital, much to the dismay of the patients, most of whom produced delightful looking things within a couple of days. We're now laughing on the other sides of our faces—I am currently being dewormed (ugh!) and last Sunday had minor dehydration which isn't much fun either.

Having spent nearly two months here I am still surprised by Sundapore. It is truly a utopian village for India; it is the people who've been shut out of the society that make it so. It has been difficult to write coherently, sitting on the floor of my dung hut, with children moving in and out, dumping the occasional baby in my lap. I hope this letter may inspire some of you to do such work in your 'year off', purely for your own benefit and enjoyment. If anyone is interested in visiting Sundapore, he or she should speak to Daphne who can tell them more.

## To the Edge of China

by Karen Clarke

The bus turned right into a wide dusty compound surrounded by sandy-coloured baked-mud buildings. As we halted, three bicycles ridden by small women frantically pursued us across the bumpy ground. They jumped off alongside the bus, put their bikes on their stands, opened the large white boxes precariously balanced on the back, grabbed a handful of icesticks and rushed towards us shouting, 'Icecreams, icecreams'. We bought one each and tried to take off the tissue wrapper which had dissolved onto the water-ice and watched the women stretch their hands up to the people leaning out of the bus.

Crunching melon pips and sunflower seeds underfoot we headed for the shade of the matting, under which the local people, Chinese Turks, were preparing a meal. Two grumpy women lent over the large vats of oil, stirring coarse home-made noodles and a pulp of vegetables. The daily bus from Kashgar arrived and the three ice-cream cyclists pedalled off to intercept it. We joined the food queue, bought wooden tokens and were given a large plate of noodle-pulp in return. We sat on benches at a high, square wooden table and used our own chopsticks. Four Cantonese from Hong Kong from the newly arrived bus came straight to us and sat down. We did not want to draw attention to ourselves as foreign devils (the standard phrase for Caucasian foreigners) who were not allowed to travel on this route. The fact that we had an official pass for Kashgar was irrelevant; it did not include the cities on the way at which we were not to stop. The only officially permitted way to go to Kashgar was to fly, which we could not afford. But local people know little of regulations and we hoped to rely on the country dwellers' natural kindness to foreigners to get there by bus. Even the bus driver was unaware he was not allowed to take foreigners. As we chatted to the Hong Kong Chinese we were gradually hemmed in by a curious crowd and we feared the police might come to enquire.

The Cantonese took out shiny new hand made daggers and sliced two melons. One said, 'The knives are from Kashgar; all the locals wear them and the markets are full of stalls selling daggers.' Another said, 'The local people hate Chinese', looking at me, 'but it is OK if you look European. Oh, and remember', this time looking at Alex, the only boy in our group, 'don't wear shorts; the locals throw mud and refuse at you and jeer. And you', the Hong Kong Chinese said, looking at us three girls, 'must keep your legs covered. It is a Muslim area, so don't show your ankles.' The importance of the differences of religion had not struck us so forcibly before. A different race lives in North West China, not Han Chinese, but Turks with knives, quite different from the reserved Chinese we had met elsewhere. The crowd watched bemused and curious, not understanding a word when we spoke

in English but sometimes when we switched to Mandarin to overcome the lack of English of the Hong Kong Chinese a few men turned to listen, then translated to the local dialect for the eager audience. We asked the H.K. Chinese how to avoid the police. 'Stay in the local boarding houses; even if they insist you go to the main hotels, just make excuses and they will relent.' The H.K. Chinese shared the sliced melon, left the rind on the table in a mess as seemed to be the custom. We parted.

The driver climbed into his seat; his four children followed; Chinese and Turks alike filed back to their seats, inquisitively raising their eyes to look at the foreigners. Babies who had been lain across the seats to sleep were gathered up to give space and we regained our seats at the back of the bus.

We followed the main street out of the village; the green trees and cultivated fields ended as abruptly as a drawn line and we continued along the edge of the Taklamakan desert. The road deteriorated into a stony track in an old river bed. Rocks built up in the centre of the track made climbing laborious and our descent like a dangerous obstacle course. Above towered ash-grey splintered rocks; there was no greenery, birds or animals. The sun was behind us, the dust filled our hair, we were wet from sweat and the water in our water-bottles had become tepid. For hours the bus crawled upwards. Several overturned trucks littered the wayside, their loads of straw scattered and their drivers sheltering under a straw shade, no bigger than an umbrella, but our driver never thought of stopping to ask if they needed help. There was no sense of danger from bandits, just a feeling of nothingness in a lifeless place. Finally we breasted the summit and after a short descent were on the plateau which extends to Kashgar. The Pamirs lay to the West, the Tian mountains to the North and the Taklamakan and the Karakoram to the South. The desert was not a sea of sand and the oases did not have palm trees; instead the desert was a sprawling mass of grey rock and grit, and the oases were occasional irrigated fields surrounding sun-dried whitewashed houses.



John Blystone

# Liberty For Some?

An interview with Dr Gordon Pirie, Director of the Adam Smith Institute

by Noreena Hertz

Adam Smith (1723-90) was a Scottish political economist and philosopher, whose book *The Wealth of Nations* exerted substantial influence on subsequent economic and political policy. Smith's name has been borrowed by Dr. Gordon Pirie to provide a label for his policy unit situated 'somewhere in Little Smith Street'. The Adam Smith Institute was founded by a group of young Scottish students who all attended St. Andrew's University in the 1970's. They were all great admirers of the eighteenth century enlightenment, of such intellectuals as Hume, Rousseau and Ricardo. Each founding member believed that the Adam Smith Institute would provide a breeding ground for empiricism, rationalism and optimism. They hope to recreate the atmosphere of 'little Athens'—the nickname for the circle of enlightenment philosophers. The notion of a 'little Athens' provided a clue for many of the comments that Dr. Pirie made in the course of our discussion. One felt that Pirie was a carpetbagging philosopher-king disconsolately seeking a kingdom that long ago ceased to exist.

The Adam Smith Institute was founded in 1976. Appropriately, as 1976 saw the one hundredth anniversary of the 'Wealth of Nations'. This anniversary gave the Institute a source for its motto—'Knowledge is the wealth of nations'; a choice which emphasises Pirie's idealistic belief in the efficacy of ideas and rational debate as vehicles for social change in their own right.

Noreena Hertz put our questions to Dr. Pirie, with Daniel Jeffreys providing supplementaries when Pirie threatened to hedge or hypothesise. Our discussions took place in the ever curious surroundings of the Church House restaurant.

**Hertz:** Should all markets be left to market forces, even those producing public or merit goods?

**Pirie:** Not all, but in more fields than one would suppose. Even a good such as street lighting which might at first be thought rather difficult to provide by the private sector would in fact be much cheaper if privately produced and state financed. This would be due to the fact that firms would be competing for the contracts to erect street lighting and thus forcing lower prices.

**Hertz:** The Adam Smith Institute has a reputation for being very right-wing. Is this reputation deserved?

**Pirie:** No! The Institute was founded to promote libertarian policies, to act as a catalyst forcing rationalist approaches into public debates. We do not have positions upon immigration, crime and pun-

ishment, censorship or other typical right-wing issues. Our beliefs rest upon the promotion of the freedom of the individual so we do oppose the G.L.C. as it detracts from this freedom.

**Hertz:** What do you mean exactly?

**Pirie:** Well, take the grants the G.L.C. gives to minority groups. It immediately assumes that 'minority' means socialist political groups such as the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament or Gay One-Legged Lesbians. I personally would much rather give my money to the Royal National Lifeboat Association or the Salvation Army.

**Hertz:** Does the Institute approve of current government policy?

**Pirie:** Yes, on the whole we do believe this government is moving in the right direction. They are doing a lot right. Our only criticisms are of things they are not doing, such as their preparedness to accept the status quo on education—93% of people get only second-rate education, for example.

**Hertz:** Reducing the restrictions on markets quite often involves reducing the freedom of groups or individuals. Is this trade-off always worth the benefits?

**Pirie:** In the case of groups I believe this always to be true. Groups can often form a lock on supply. The unions and closed shops such as solicitors and even the state hold too many coercive powers, which create inefficiency and barriers to entry in the labour market.

**Hertz:** Does the Institute acknowledge the private affluence/public squalor distinction?

**Pirie:** (with hesitation) We believe that the public sector's position tends to favour the capital account as opposed to the current account. The public sector is by nature seedy, dingy and inefficient. Putting a lot of money into it is a futile exercise. Public squalor is an inevitable outcome of public monopoly and supply. Private affluence is the only means for getting rid of it. Surely it would be better to live in a society in which the poor were two times better off and the rich three times as rich. The distribution of wealth is not an issue if everyone has enough money to live a dignified and sufficient life.

**Hertz:** Does the Institute believe there are any limits to privatisation?

**Pirie:** Although there are certain limits to privatisation, there are a lot less than one might think. Even the armed forces, for example, a traditionally public sector concern, could benefit from certain private firms in areas such as catering. Ambulances are another suchlike area that could benefit from private contractors as 97% of their use is as a free-taxi service for non-emergency cases. However, in the political world that we live in a move to introduce private contractors would be met with uproar, whereas a little amount of benefit to a great number of people gains great public support.

**Hertz:** Some activities carry externalities. The market will not force firms or individuals to meet these external costs. Is there a role for the government here?

**Pirie:** Yes, there definitely is. The rule of the thumb of the government should be to prevent harm caused to others, or at least to impose a cost on firms for externalities, such as pollution.

**Hertz:** Does the belief in the effectiveness of markets mean a belief in no government intervention or minimal government intervention? If the latter, how do you determine the minimum?

**Pirie:** Government intervention is necessary in certain cases such as imposing a cost on industries for externalities and also for providing services such as education and a National Health Service, for those in our society who are incapable of managing their own disposable incomes in a satisfactory manner. The freedom of the individual would be enhanced by lower taxation as it would provide him with a greater choice of what to do with his income. It is, however, important that the government provides services to those in its community who feel unable or are unwilling to make these choices personally.

**Hertz:** How important is parliamentary democracy to the objectives of free market economies?

**Pirie:** There could be many benefits without parliamentary democracy and a libertarian restraint seems an ideal alternative. However, in this country political and market decisions seem to go hand in hand. Effectively there is more freedom in the economic situation than in the political one. One can choose between a wide variety of brand names, yet there the MP's in the Commons form a kind of closed shop. It must also be noted that the majority does not always act in the best interest of the individual.

★

After conducting this interview, I was left with several doubts as to what exactly lay behind Dr. Pirie's comments. Although claiming not to represent a right-wing organisation, several of his comments could have been interpreted as such. His private affluence/public squalor answer seems to point to right-wing politics. His after dinner talk in which he confessed his anti-feminist views and stated chauvinistically that men and women are not suited to the same jobs for physiological and psychological reasons, can only be described as a decidedly reactionary view.

He also came across as more of a philosopher than an economist, toying with logical niceties whilst ignoring the difficulties posed by practical politics. I wondered whether he was really in favour of individual rights as he so claimed. There was a nagging doubt that the man in the street didn't interest him and that the 'individual' he was referring to was in reality the 'intellectual'. Knowledge may contribute to the wealth of nations but initiative, intuition, imagination and even compassion are of an equal or even greater importance.

★



# Eton versus Westminster: A novel view of eighteenth century politics

by Jeremy Black

The *London Chronicle*, a leading London newspaper, in its issue of 14 February 1760, carried an 'Epigram by an Eton boy' that gave a novel view of politics over the preceding thirty-five years. It presented politics as a conflict between the products of Eton and Westminster. These were the two leading British schools in the eighteenth century, the only large boarding schools drawing their pupils from all parts of the kingdom. Harrow in the mid-eighteenth century was only a preparatory school for Eton, Rugby and Shrewsbury drew boys only from the immediate neighbourhood, and Winchester was of lesser importance though the defective school list of the period makes it difficult to write with accuracy on the nature of its pupil body.

drunk from a Westminster School feast, where he and Lord Carteret (being both Westminster scholars) had dined together, he went directly to Sir Robert Walpole's, and made a tender in form of Lord Carteret's service, offering at the same time to be surety for his good behaviour... Newcastle keenly supported a series of protégés who had been at Westminster. Prominent examples included Thomas Robinson (1695-1770), appointed Secretary of State in the Southern Department in 1754 and ennobled as Lord Grantham, and Andrew Stone who became Newcastle's confidential secretary. The shared consciousness of former Westminster pupils was kept alive by their annual meeting. Carteret had been a prominent attendee in the 1730s and a steward on several occasions. The meetings continued important throughout the century and the list of stewards often included the influential and the powerful. Thus *St. James's Chronicle*; or, *British Evening Post* for 1 April 1769 carried an advertisement: 'The Anniversary Meeting of the Noblemen and Gentlemen educated at Westminster-School, will be held on Thursday the 6th of April, at Mr. Almack's Room, in King-Street, St.

intended for the one, and I was powerfully recommended as the other; but from the confusion of the times, the determination was long held in suspense, until the Duke of Grafton suddenly resigned, and Lord North succeeded as First Lord of the Treasury. I soon afterwards had an interview with the latter; when, in his own frank manner, he freely declared, that as the Duke of Grafton was Chancellor of Cambridge, his Grace would naturally wish to nominate two of that University; but that, as he was a member of Oxford, he should therefore prefer his own, and intended to appoint Dr. Markham and Mr. Jackson.'

Thus, the 1760 epigram is of value in drawing attention to an area of eighteenth century patronage that is too often overlooked.

February 14 1760 *The London Chronicle*

EPIGRAM by an ETON Boy

As, on a board well-pois'd, boys sink and rise,  
As scales one falling, t'other upward flies,  
The sons of Westminster, and Eton school  
Hold, in affairs of State, divided rule.  
†P—ltn—y<sup>1</sup> was drown, and envying  
‡Walpole's<sup>2</sup> height  
Strove long, in vain, to rise above the knight.  
The †P—lh—ms<sup>3</sup> next rose up to high renown,  
But cunningly they first pull'd Walpole down.  
†Gr—nv—ll<sup>4</sup> aloft was, like a Meteor, seen,  
He blaz'd one morn, and disappear'd at e'en.  
‡F—x<sup>5</sup> in his bold attempt was soon laid sprawling,  
Just on his rise, he fell, for fear of falling.  
Quick, †H—ll—s<sup>6</sup> mounted, ever in a hurry,  
And on the rising side up started  
†M—rr—y.<sup>7</sup>  
That scale is sinking now: 'tis tit for tatt:  
Beware ye Westminster's of †P—tt<sup>8</sup> and  
Pr—tt.<sup>9</sup>

†Bred at Westminster. ‡Bred at Eton.

1. William Pulteney, 1684-1764, created Earl of Bath 1742, leader of the opposition whigs 1725-42.
2. Robert Walpole 1676-1745, created Earl of Orford 1742, 'Prime Minister' 1721-42.
3. Thomas Pelham-Holles, first Duke of Newcastle, 1693-1768, and his brother Henry Pelham 1696-1754, the two leading members of the so-called 'Old Corps Whigs', who effectively ran the ministry, in the period 1744-56.
4. John Lord Carteret 1690-1763, Earl Granville.
5. Henry Fox, first Lord Holland 1705-74.
6. Wills Hill, second Viscount Hillsborough, 1718-93.
7. William Murray, first Earl of Mansfield 1705-93.
8. William Pitt 1708-78, first Earl of Chatham.
9. Sir Charles Pratt, Earl Camden, 1714-94.



Bruce Gerry

Westminster and Eton products dominated parliament and the political world. The vast majority of parliamentarians, both peers and M.P.s, for whom records of their schooling survive, had been to one of the two schools. In the 1750s Westminster supplied the larger number of M.P.s, by the 1790s Eton. It is clear from the political records of the period that school links played a role in politics. Lord Hervey recorded in his memoirs (p. 733) an episode in 1737 when the Duke of Newcastle, then Secretary of State for the Southern Department, attempted to persuade the leading minister, Sir Robert Walpole, to invite Lord Carteret, a leading member of the opposition, to join the ministry: 'One night that the Duke of Newcastle came half-

James's-Square,' and it listed as the stewards the Earl of Thanet, Viscount Courtenay, Mr. Baron Perrot, the Bishop of Cloyne, Sir Robert Bernard Bt., Pughe Pryse, John St. Leger Douglas and Richard Bagot.

The poem printed herewith is clearly a fanciful account of British politics, but the role of school links in the intensely personal world of eighteenth century politics cannot be discounted. Joseph Cradock in his *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs* (London, 1826, p. 105) printed an interesting, and candid account revealing the influence of university ties:

'The appointment of a Preceptor and Sub-Preceptor to the Prince of Wales was then much talked of. Doctor Hinchliffe was

# Visit to HMS Battleaxe

by Matthew Leeming

It's a long way to Plymouth in the back of a minibus; having started out with reasonably coherent comments on biting issues of the moment, by the time we reached the M5 interchange we were reduced to crooning One Man and His Dog and Ten Green Bottles, encouraged and instructed by our mentor of the moment, Mr. David Critchley. Plymouth Y.M.C.A., our destination, would at least be different. On arrival, we embarked on a brief tour of the West Country night life, and very brief it was too. Fighting our way back through the drunken break-dancing morass, we achieved the sanctuary of our Y.M.C.A. beds.

Saturday morning dawned dull and late, and it was with rather less than joyful hearts that we trekked towards the dockyard, to be greeted by chalk notices informing us, amongst other things, that Security Condition \*\*\*\*\* (classified, I'm afraid) was in operation, and that the Nuclear Incident Escape Route was through such and such a place. Suitably impressed, we greeted our guide for the day, Sub-Lieutenant Mark Phillips R.N., who escorted us to the quay-side, where H.M.S. *Battleaxe*, 3,800 tons, lay alongside. After coffee in the wardroom, we decided to start our visit from the bottom, with the machinery spaces. H.M.S. *Battleaxe* is gas-turbine propelled, and her lower decks are filled with gleaming Rolls

Royce engines. A barrage of facts followed, and we returned to the upper deck and Sub-Lieutenant Phillips' cabin (which seemed rather larger than the average Grant's study) and on to the gallery to see lunch being prepared for fifty people in a space of similar size. The foredeck and the Exocet missile-launchers rounded off the morning, together with a demonstration of the ship's emergency breathing apparatus.

Observations over the whole day indicated that the central point of this complex fighting machine was the wardroom bar: here we were plied with strong liquor, and were greatly impressed by the hospitality shown to us by the officers present. An extensive lunch was served, followed by more coffee, and then we departed for the Bridge and the Operations Room (both full of sinister electronics, which we were told not to remember, though my Physics 'O' level pass was not sufficient for me to gain a great insight into their operation).

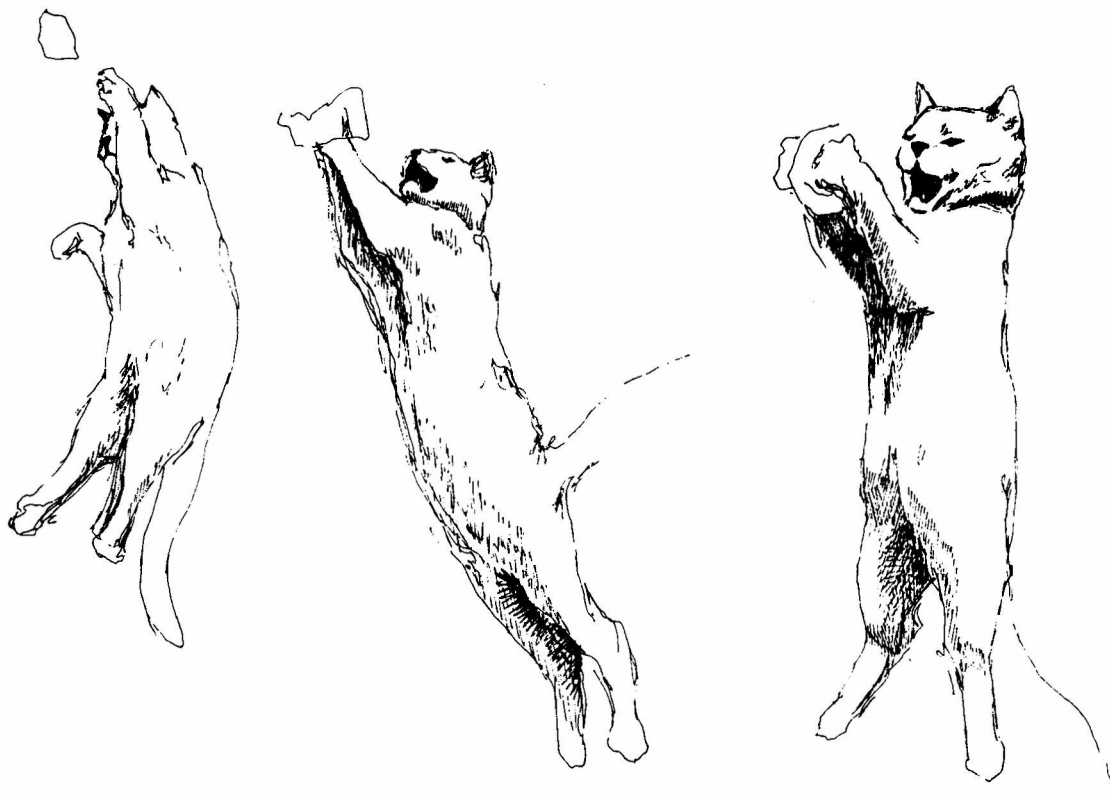
Finally, up onto the top deck for an inspection of the ship's guns and other harm-infliction machinery (unfortunately the ship's helicopter, Asterix, was away for repairs). At this point the tour was suspended until the early evening, which left us with several hours to kill in Plymouth—as it turned out, not much busier on a Saturday afternoon than it had been the previous evening. The place to be was clearly the local H.M.V. shop of all places, but being there didn't seem all that great, so we all returned to the Naval Base in the minibus.

Supper was preceded by more Naval hospitality, and followed by still more—half the wardroom focussed its resources on

the thinking man's Ludo, whilst the other half ran up a huge mess-bill at the bar; all most congenial. The festivities eventually broke up at around 2,300, when we returned exhausted to the beckoning doors of the Y.M.C.A.

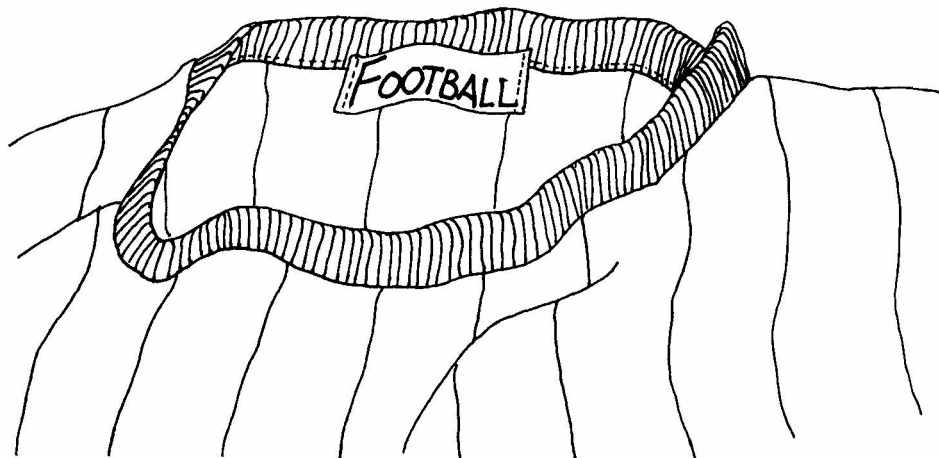
Sunday, and we staggered to breakfast sometime in the middle of the morning. We had been promised a visit to H.M.S. *Swiftsure*, a nuclear-powered submarine: on our arrival at the barbed wire fence around her berth, we were issued with basic radiation detectors, and descended into the extensive black hull. Once inside, we were met by Lieutenant Nick Marshall, who despite his height operated very successfully in such a confined space, and taken for coffee in a minute wardroom (almost as small as a Grant's study). H.M.S. *Swiftsure* had just come out of refit, and was virtually deserted, which was no bad thing considering the lack of space onboard. Nevertheless, the crew had no difficulty in moving about at great speed, and looked confident and very competent despite their compressed surroundings. Unfortunately, most of the inside of H.M.S. *Swiftsure* was classified, and so we saw only a small part of her. Even so, it was quite an insight.

The success of the trip was confirmed by the subsequent decision of three quarters of the party to investigate further the idea of a Naval career, and I would certainly recommend anyone even remotely interested in such a thing to join any repeat of the trip. Thanks are due to Mr. David Critchley and to the wardrooms of H.M.S. *Battleaxe* and H.M.S. *Swiftsure* for a most enjoyable weekend.



March 26<sup>th</sup> 1984

Andrea Owen



## Football Tour

by Mike Ridley

Five football fixtures spread across north-western Europe was the basis of Westminster's first football tour, as Dr. Rae stated before we set out, 'in living memory'. Eighteen boys, six adults and two minibuses cruised the highways of the Low Countries, getting lost, singing the occasional song and wondering when the 'fun' would begin. All the players delivered on the football field and in terms of conduct by fighting hard on the pitch and not at all off it. A few beers were drunk by, hopefully, all of us, but the riotous holiday which was secretly hinted at by the football staff before departure never materialised. While we saw a few sights, both cultural and those related to Amsterdam, the football tour was in this respect lacking of incident. Perhaps we are far more responsible than we care to admit.

The first match against the British School of Brussels was a disaster. While not all of us played in the match, we all felt the shame of losing 2-1 after having travelled all that way. Thankfully we responded by winning three of the remaining four games, playing brilliantly against the German club side F.C. Wassenberg and winning 5-1. The 'boss' was heard to comment that it was the best performance he had ever seen by a Westminster side and likened the shooting of Tony Goldring to that of Malcolm Macdonald in his prime! We moved on to Holland to confront an Ajax junior side who played a different game to us. It was football of the calibre I would happily pay to watch, and left us recognising that football was a game we only pretended to understand. We were not good enough to stretch them in any sense of the word, but it was an unforgettable experience and one in which we still had our moments—a missed penalty, the astonishing sight of our strikers on a few occasions outpacing their defence and fishing the ball out of the canal in the pre-match kick-about. Nevertheless, they had beaten us in pure football terms and 8-0 reflected both teams' merits. Robin Catto summed it up when he said that he played against a left back who would probably play for Ajax one day and possibly even Holland.

Saturday saw us leave school, showered in peanuts, crisps, fruit, chocolate bars, fruit cake, wafers and cheese snacks, symbolic of the goodwill and endeavour the headmaster, the bursar and the school had put into the tour solely on our behalf. This proved handy as we arrived at our Valenciennes hotel too late for a meal and dined on the remaining goodies. We felt collectively sick the following morning on facing our first training stint, because of the food and because we had to justify in sweat and effort our inclusion on the tour and the tour itself. Pounding round the concrete carpark on the first day was for me the most testing moment, and reflecting in the shower afterwards things looked up. I hadn't been sick or fainted. We did have determination and we did deserve the tour, having won the third highest number of matches in a full season for any Westminster side.

Our surroundings on the first half of the tour were quiet and abandoned. Dover was empty, the boat was deserted, the hotel lacked people and even the Belgian First Division match between Anderlecht and S.V. Waregham was played in a deathly hush—no chants of 'Here we go! Here we go!' to remind us of the Shed or the North Bank, or for that matter of the miners strike raging at home. On entering an almost

empty and yet homely bar near Valenciennes several prominent members of the party were happy to bring both a bit of life to the place and a stimulus to the local economy, and we soon had 'Rock around the clock' playing on the juke box, accompanying our pinball games—the star, myopia and all, was Simon Hard—lagers and relaxation. Going to the toilet out the back, an event which we all tried and then rushed back to describe to each other, involved wading through puddles of water in the dark, realisation that there was no toilet and sudden and very necessary improvisation. Wet shoes meant that you had been put off by the bark and ferocious leap of the alsatian just out of reach!

The pitch on which we were to play the British School of Brussels lacked a centre circle, penalty spots, had enormous penalty areas and goal lines that did not connect with the goals. Ray Gilson did us proud by ordering around the native groundstaff in sergeant major fashion. His invaluable work in packing our suitcases onto the minibuses, ensuring we awoke and departed in time and fixing the flat tyre amply deserved the chants of 'Gilson is our leader' with which we thanked him.

Tuesday and Wednesday brought two matches, courtesy of the British Armed Forces, in West Germany. On the Wednesday we were shown around the airfield control tower, the radar room and aeroplane hangar at R.A.F. Wildenrath. I think we were meant to be bursting with excitement at seeing real, live, killer aircraft at close range. I wouldn't begrudge the air force men the pride they felt in their base, equipment and mission, but I felt a bit troubled eating off an R.A.F. plate.

Jim Harrison summed up the Cologne nightlife with the immortal line, 'Oh what a boring letdown!' After being the sole visitors to a disco on Wednesday night, we returned early to our beds only to catch a glimpse of the 'management staff' leaving the hotel at half past midnight. We wished them luck! Cologne itself with its modern buildings reflected the extensive allied



Johann Cruyff talent-spotting

bombing, and Cologne Cathedral was magnificent. In any case Amsterdam lay ahead of us.

At Arnhem we kicked a football around on a bare stretch of ground, feeling like ghetto kids. Here we felt the simple joys of messing around with a football and the thrill we felt there summed up the essence of the tour. We weren't kitted out in flashy colours but we did have a bit of skill and a lot of fun. By now we were beginning to feel like professional footballers, and the groin strain I picked up added to this belief. Playing with an injury, and twice playing two games in consecutive days, I felt I was now more of a footballer. I had only expected to play two full games and had anticipated touching the ball forty times on the tour. As it was I played four of the five games, gained a bit of composure on the ball and learnt an immense amount. Becoming fitter and fitter, for the first time in my soccer career I was no longer handicapped by thinking that I would be unable to last the game in terms of fitness if I played as hard as I could. This was a great feeling and I felt real pride in my game.

We travelled into Amsterdam on Thursday night after a rest day. While Amsterdam is a beautiful city, at night the vice is obvious though I did not feel our witnessing it would upset ourselves or the city unduly. Yet an encounter with a 'local' girl was not the laugh I had imagined. The fear and caution in her eyes still haunts me today. In Amsterdam humanity is stretched to its limits. The next day we played the Ajax juniors. Admittedly they were far superior and we did not play at our best, but the headmaster, David Cook and Colin Powell said we played excellently and we were not downcast, even if their half-time comments of 'only four down, that's brilliant' seemed rather humorous. We won our last game easily, 4-1 against the International School of Amsterdam, and then packed our bags for the overnight ferry home. On the ferry from the Hook of Holland to Harwich we drank our complementary beers and were all visibly worn out. As the boat tipped gently from side to side our dance steps led us from one side of the dance floor to the other, and then back again. We were not going to fight the rocking of the boat.

We split up after being brought back to school, leaving quietly and forgetting to say thankyou. Happily I have been given a chance here to say a warm thankyou to all who were involved in the planning and the running of the trip, and principally to David Cook who both during the tour and the football season brought an enthusiasm and love of the game to the members of the 1st XI from which we all benefited. Hopefully there will be many more football trips for him and the younger players to look forward to. Judging from this tour, there certainly will be.

\*

## Football

Westminster football has enjoyed a much improved year. Under the new partnership of David Cook and coach Colin Powell, the ex-Charlton Athletic winger, the First XI achieved a satisfactory record of:

Played 28, Won 12, Drawn 5, Lost 11.

By spending a great deal of time with the younger players as well, they have been able to pick out and cultivate talent from an earlier age than in previous years. This, allied to the considerable efforts of Stewart Murray, Richard Stokes, David Brown, Robert Court and Tony Nolan, has produced some excellent results for the Colts and Junior Colts, and the emergence of very promising players such as Simon Anderman, Conrad Levy, James Griffiths, Mark Aspa, Danny Cogan and Nick Hudson.

After two early defeats by a classy Forest team and a fit, match hardened Eton side, the First XI achieved good wins against Aldenham and Westminster City. The first real sign of the team's ability came against Repton where, after a tremendous equaliser by Ben Sullivan, we were somewhat unlucky not to snatch a winner, Repton clearing the ball off the line twice in the last five minutes. A disappointing defeat by Lancing followed, but then came an eight match unbeaten run. A draw against Winchester was followed by fine wins over Highgate, Chelsea Casuals, Kimbolton and Alleyns. This last match was a splendid team effort, holding on for a 4-1 victory with only ten men for the last 25 minutes after Mike Ridley was carried of unconscious following a clash of heads. We only drew 2-2 with Kind Edwards, Witley, when Tom Horan's 'winner' was ruled out for dangerous play, and threw away our advantage against Ardingly in a hard physical game, before beating St. Edmund's, Canterbury, comfortably.

Two defeats at Bradfield and John Lyon, Harrow, were a far from ideal build-up to the most important match of the season at Charterhouse. They demonstrated that, though we could produce football of a very high quality, we lacked that essential consistency of performance one associates with the likes of Malvern and Shrewsbury. The Westminster-Charterhouse fixture is the oldest in the schools football calendar and we duly rose to the occasion against a side who had only lost once in the current season. It was an eventful day in all aspects—the coach broke down and we were forced to change by the side of the Kingston bypass. Nevertheless, we overcame all the setbacks, ran straight onto the pitch and held their powerful team to a 2-2 draw much to the annoyance of some 200 vociferous Carthusians.

The Lent Term was slightly disappointing, our form being far too inconsistent. Nevertheless, there were fine wins against Haileybury, Chelsea Casuals—who put out a very strong side in the vain hope of escaping the indignity of losing to a school side twice in a season for the first time—St. John's Leatherhead, U.C.S. and King's Canterbury, the latter being a

highly enjoyable inaugural fixture between the two schools.

The First XI players deserve considerable credit for their efforts throughout what has been a very long and arduous season, culminating in the highly successful European tour. They attained a level of fitness envied by most other schools and probably unsurpassed by any other group of Westminster sportsmen past or present. We were well served in goal by the diminutive Rupert Levy, who consistently showed exceptional positional sense, and the highly promising James Kershen. Tim Stagg progressed from an exciting, attacking full back to a pivotal midfield player and completed two classy years in the First XI. By common consent he was the outstanding player on the tour. Francesco Conte took over as right back and looks to be a player of real ability. Chris Springate was by far the best 'header' in the side and did remarkably well considering the terrible setback of a broken leg in the previous year. Damian Cope brought great speed and a scholarly tactical awareness to the role of sweeper and bears much of the responsibility for the solidity of the defence. Left back Jon Zilkha departed at Christmas and was replaced by Simon Alderman who, at the age of 15, was the outstanding young player of the year. Steve Drawbell dominated many games. He was by far the most consistent player and always made his physical presence felt whether in midfield or at the back. His all round efforts earned him the player of the year award. Ben Sullivan was the most naturally gifted player, both creating and scoring goals, notably a hat-trick against Chigwell, the best side we faced. Tom Horan was the season's most improved player, an extremely hard-running and unselfish striker, who did much to aid the development of his younger fellow striker, Tony Goldring. The latter has the potential to become an outstanding goalscorer next season. Whatever *The Times* may have said it was Tony who made the equaliser at Charterhouse. Robin Catto often had the misfortune of being substitute, but he still demonstrated how effective wing play could be and also scored perhaps the most important goal of the year, that equaliser at Charterhouse. It was my privilege as captain to lead the team, an experience I shall never forget and one made easy by the ability and maturity of the players around me. None of what we have achieved this season would have been possible without the dedication and enthusiasm of David Cook and Colin Powell and on behalf of the team I would like to thank them for all their efforts during the year. We have also benefited from the continual encouragement of the elder statesmen of Westminster football, Stewart Murray, and from the support of the parents and members of staff who have braved the winter elements to watch us. Finally, our thanks go to Ray Gilson for producing the best pitches in public school football at Vincent Square.

Owen Pennant Jones

\*



## Water

The Senior Squad, having shown the potential to produce a very good VIII, seemed to fall apart during the Lent Term owing to a lack of motivation among its most successful oarsmen. The over-intense pressure of the last two years, together with 'A' level commitments, explain why only Amir Kooros of last year's triumphant J.16 Squad performed in this year's School's Head. The 1st IVs finishing position of 8 was therefore not too disappointing. The J.16 IV, however, rowed well, finishing fifth in their category, and although a light crew, have the ability and talent to do well this summer.

After an unhappy transitional period at the end of the Lent term, James McDougall, Chris Sainty, David Chinn and Amir Kooros decided to reform the IV which enjoyed such success at J.16 level. Having trained hard in the holidays, they should be one of the most competitive school IVs this summer. As a result of this, the other senior IV, containing the H.O.W., S.O.W., and Simon Collins, is left short of one oarsman for the regatta season—a situation still not satisfactorily resolved. As Alex Gandon and Antony Goldman are both now ineligible for Sen.C rowing, this problem has been compounded, but it is hoped that an VIII can be put together for Henley which will fulfil the potential of such a large, heavy, and previously successful squad.

The J.15 VIII did not share the success of the J.16 IV in the pre-season heats, but with a little dedication could well realise their promise. The introduction of a new programme of sculling at J.14 level, under the excellent tuition of Tom Mohan, seems an interesting and worthwhile alternative to the more traditional coaching methods which have operated until now.

Antony Goldman  
Chris Sainty  
Jean-Luc Harnay

## Fives

The Sports Editor of *The Elizabethan* has really surpassed himself in efficiency and competence this term; he has asked me for a report by Saturday (giving me a day to do it) despite the fact that he has known that a report has been needed since about half way through last term. However, I suppose I cannot complain because for the last report he gave me approximately twenty minutes so when I say he has surpassed himself I really mean it. I just wish that next time he surpasses some other people too.

Having said that, I will move on into the report which is what I know you are all dying to read. Last term was another reasonably good one—however, since I no longer have the book with all the results in, I cannot say any more than that. (I think we played about fourteen and won about six or seven, but these figures are from memory and are probably totally erroneous.) For all the twenty-odd people who are reading this report in the hope of an ego-boost, here comes the bit for you, when I start handing out compliments about how brilliant you all are. Go to the next paragraph.

People who played well: C. J. Morrell, Jake Lyall, David Lomnitz, J. Rubens, G. Barton. Those who are not on the list, do not be offended; I may be biased against you (such as I am against one player in the Junior Colts) or I may just not have seen you enough to be struck by your amazing skill. Maybe you can impress me next time.

At this point, since I was so rude to Mr. Stuart and Mr. Jones-Parry last term, I want to show our heart-felt gratitude for all their work: Thank you, Mr. Stuart, and thank you, Mr. Jones-Parry. No thanks to the Sports Editor whom I reckon should be given the golden handshake.

A. C. King

## Netball

Despite the desperate attempts of the authorities to suppress the rising popularity of Netball, at the beginning of the Lent term we achieved double-station status. Consequently, we consider ourselves beyond the realms of shag and all its implications of lackadaisical involvement. Far from lying complacently in wait for opposition we took it upon ourselves to adopt a new-look Netball strip and set out to gather fixtures.

Sadly, our first match against South Hampstead ended in defeat (10-6). Nevertheless the pride lost on discovering that our opponents were from the U-15 age group was restored when we learned that they later won the Middlesex Rally, the Henley of Netball circles.

Thus, unperturbed, we went into serious training in preparation for the match against the Common Room. Sponsor forms filled, we raised over £100 for Beauchamp Lodge. Our new-found team spirit proved invaluable in the greatest clash of the season (blue/pink vests and an orange netball?!). Jim Cogan and Dave Cook's desperate state became evident as the former wavered in exasperation (later dispelled when he scored a rejuvenating goal) and the latter resorted to foul play. This we believed to be the sole Common Room tactic; fortunately the girls managed to reciprocate all unnecessary aggression. Despite innumerable injuries our revenge for last term's defeat was sweet. Stunned by our improvement, those in positions of power felt obliged to include us in this term's Pink List.

Our first ever inter-school victory followed the next week; we beat our long-standing rivals, Queen's College 11-8.

Third Pinks were awarded to the team of the day, and after only minimal bribery. Last term's influx of spirited players has obviously paid dividends. This has been the most successful season in the history of Westminster Netball. We're over the moon, Robin!

As the Remove girls hand over to the Sixth at the end of the term, we take our opportunity to wish them all luck. We will be sadly missed.

Carli Lessof



Jason Rubens

## Judo

Judo they call the philosopher's sport. It is not the solitary man's struggle against the elements, nor an exercise in team excellence: it is a discipline of personal self-control. Few other sports can claim a philosopher for a founder. Few of us of course can claim to have mastered even his movements, let alone our own minds. But from time to time humble club judo, even at Westminster, can give glimpses of that ideal image.

One would not have thought so, admittedly, given our recent results: three matches in the Play Term brought two defeats and a victory; four matches in the Lent Term brought only one more victory. Eton alone was to us as we were to Tonbridge, St. Dunstan's and Aldenham—smaller, lighter and less experienced. Our groundwork wanted strength and our standing work lacked confidence. But there have also been encouraging signs.

Our team may be weaker than several years ago, but it is definitely more balanced. Its seniors are fewer and less mighty, but by the same token less awesome. Certainly the juniors, as they fill more gaps, magnify our shortcomings; yet that means also far more

experience for such people than they would have had three years ago. The sum of these trends might well appear to be total mediocrity, where the peak of achievement is reached half way along the line-up. But it is for the station as a whole that it is most significant and will probably even be beneficial.

For judo is primarily a sport, whose subtler meanings cannot compete with the rosy bruises of a bully or the overbearing insensitivity of one senior. Who can utilise their potential who is never allowed to find it? Who wants to? On the other hand two equals have the same chance of discovering what it is to understand balance, what it is to gauge one's own strength, what it is, in fact, to be so in control of one's own physique and so sensitive to one's partner's that 'the gentle way' seems less of a sarcasm when used to describe combat sport and more of an impossible dream. And from there of course, say the philosophers, can come all that self-awareness can bring.

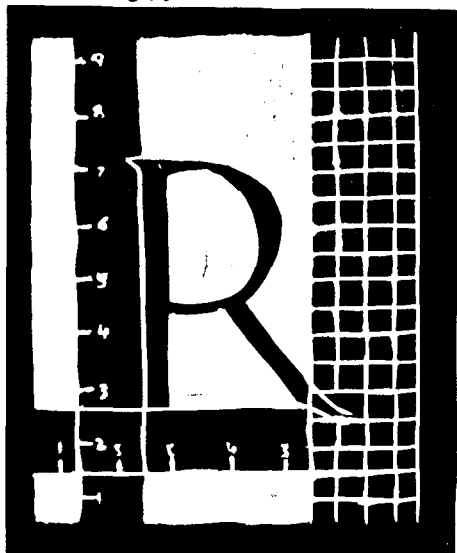
Thus either responsible seniors or a wide balance of juniors is crucial to the health of the station. For both reasons we now must be healthier: six of the eight newcomers in the Play Term have stayed and another four are here from Lent. But what is really encouraging is not the points on their

record, it is the energy, the willingness, the plomb, indeed the phenomenal keenness which has gathered them so much momentum. The demonstration that there lies success is the rewarded perseverance of Jason Lyon, the whirlwind attack of James Welsh, now a green belt, and the neatness of Stephen Sie, who is living proof of the potential of pure skill.

Equally impressive has been our seniors' development. Henry Male by the Play Term developed quite an idiosyncratic style. It is exactly that thought and continuous agility of tactic which is to be seen increasingly in Neil Ridley and Bruno Prior. Now by the Lent Term they have produced some spectacular play, the one nimble and supple, the other quick and strong. Each is in no small way responsible for the upturn in the station, most notably in enrolling the girls.

For the final symptom of this new health has been the girls' station. At last a sizeable group of similar ability was found of interested girls. Perhaps it is a brief phenomenon; but while it lasts it serves finally to dispel the myth that judo is solely blood and bone, and to encourage the essential aim that it be a pleasure and a sport and also something more.

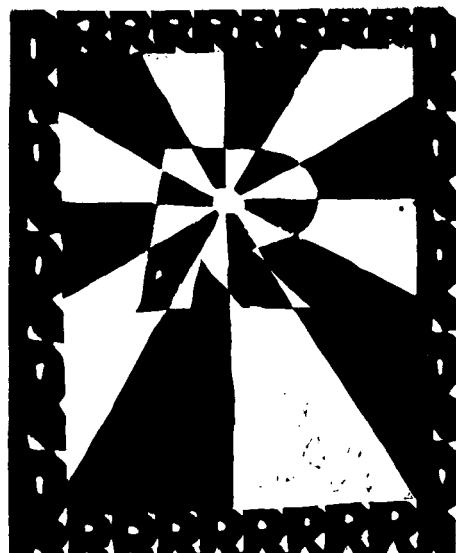
Todd Hamilton



Tom Browne



Neil Ridley



Andrew Foord

## Book Review

**WILLIAM KEEGAN:** Mrs. Thatcher's Economic Experiment (Allen Lane pp. 240, £9.95)

*Reviewed by Daniel Jeffreys*

Imagine an unsuspecting political party, steadily plotting its course through the trade winds of Butskellism. At a crucial moment the captain at the helm puts on too much sail and finds himself dismasted. As the ship wallows in political indecision a group of opportunist pirates with a different view of the sea's forces seize control. A melodramatic description, but true to the tone of William Keegan's highly entertaining new book.

Keegan analyses the demolition of the post-war economic consensus through a

fascinating tale of intrigue, infiltration and intellectual inspiration. The intrigue came from Margaret Thatcher and Sir Keith Joseph as they worked to wrest the leadership from Edward Heath. The infiltration came through the persuasion of the monetarist study centres which turned the 'Treasury view' around to sympathy with a laissez faire view of the economy; the Institute of Economic Affairs and the Centre for Policy Studies figure most prominently. The intellectual inspiration came through journalists such as Peter Jay and Samuel Brittan who attempted to translate the complexities of monetarism into the eternal verities of libertarian democracy. Taken together, these three groups made up what Keegan calls 'The Evangelicals'; it is the evangelicals who hijacked Heath's drifting derelict.

Keegan's book gives us a great deal of insight into the political processes which

led to the ideological dominance of monetarism and free market economics. Keegan maintains pace with many anecdotes, some original, including striking pictures of Lawson's dominance within the Treasury and the notoriously difficult relationship between Margaret Thatcher and Gordon Richardson. Even with all this, there remains a major source of dissatisfaction. Keegan is scrupulously fair to all the participants in his drama yet he is well known for his deep antipathy to Thatcherite monetarism. Perhaps he believes that Margaret Thatcher's record is his best source of a critique, yet a critique is what we expected. The book offers nothing of the intellectual challenge to monetarism that Samuel Brittan offered to post-war Keynesianism. It may be that Keegan has such a challenge in hand and merely awaits his moment. If that is so, we can accept this book as a stimulating aperitif.

# The Elizabethan Club

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

## Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting the One Hundred and Twentieth Annual Report, covering the year to December 31st, 1983.

The Annual General Meeting was held on October 5th, 1983. The Minutes of the meeting are included in this edition of *The Elizabethan*. The Club's Annual Dinner was held in College Hall on October 5th. The toast of 'Floreat' was proposed by Lord Cameron of Balhousie and was responded to by the Head Master. As always the Dinner was a most enjoyable event and continues to be a major point of contact between OWW. It is hoped that in 1984 even more younger members of the Club will be able to attend and to this end the Club has again agreed to subsidize those members who left School after 1979. In addition we want to make a special effort to encourage lady OWW to attend and will make them most welcome. This year the Head Master has very kindly agreed to speak on activities at the School and issues of importance to Westminster in the future which should be of particular interest to all OWW.

The Club's second Garden Party was held in June in College Garden. With fine weather and a good turnout it proved to be a considerable success. This year the club extended invitations to Members of the Sixth and Remove forms and their parents which provided them with an informal introduction to the Club. There was a great range of years represented at the Garden Party and so in 1984 the Club has decided to erect markers as House assembly points.

In 1985 the Club would like to draw its members to the Elizabethan evening in College Hall planned for Saturday, February 16th. This is a new venture for the Club and it is hoped there will be a keen response from Members.

The activities and results of the various sports sections have as usual been the subject of separate detailed reports in *The Elizabethan*. In its continued efforts to involve more OWW the General Committee is always open to new ideas and suggestions for events or special sections and OWW are therefore urged to contact the Hon. Secretary, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London SW1. Similarly, if anyone is interested in other sports please contact the Hon. Sports Secretary, Mr. Jeremy Broadhurst, c/o the same address.

On behalf of the Committee

Miss Amanda J.B. Gould  
Hon. Secretary

## Annual General Meeting

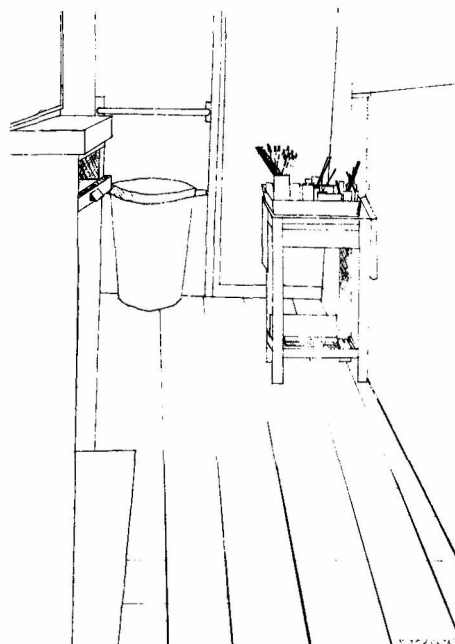
The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the School on Wednesday, October 5th 1983, with Sir Paul Wright, KCMG, in the Chair.

The General Committee's Report and the Accounts for the year ended December 31st 1982, were formally approved.

Mr. Michael Tenison was re-elected Chairman of the General Committee and Mr. Michael Baughan was re-elected Hon. Treasurer. Miss Amanda Gould was elected to succeed Mr. Christopher Cheadle who retired after five years as Hon. Secretary. The Club wish to express their gratitude to Mr. Cheadle for his service to the Club. Mr. Jeremy Broadhurst was re-elected Hon. Secretary of the Sports Committee.

Mr. F. A. G. Rider, Mr. J. L. C. Dribbell and Mr. J. H. D. Carey retired by rotation from the General Committee. Miss Sara Foster retired during the year due to commitments abroad. Miss Tina Beaconsfield, Mr. Jonathan Carey, Mr. Graeme Kirk, Mr. Michael Rugman and Miss Patricia Whitty were elected to fill the resulting vacancies.

Mr B. C. Berkinshaw-Smith was unanimously re-elected as the Hon. Auditor and the Chairman expressed the Club's gratitude to him for his services.



Matthew Johnson

## Old Westminsters' Lodge No. 2233

On April 12 1984 Robert John Woodward (A) was installed as Worshipful Master, Philip Andrew Duncan (W) as Senior Warden, Charles Anthony Hackforth (HB) as Junior Warden. The Lodge meets at the school four times a year in January, April (installation), June and November. Further information from the Secretary, Richard Walters, Selwood, Cradle End, Little Hadham, Ware, Herts.

\*

## Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London SW1 on Wednesday October 10th 1984 at 7.00 p.m.

Miss. A. J. B. Gould  
Hon. Secretary

### Agenda

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on October 5th, 1983.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report
3. To receive the audited Accounts for the year ended December 31st 1983.
4. Election of Officers
5. Election of General Committee
6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor
7. Any other business

The names of candidates for any of the Club Officers, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, c/o Dean's Yard, London SW1, so as to reach her not later than September 28th, 1984.

## Old Westminster News

**Mark Bostridge** (1974-78, A) has won the Gladstone Memorial Prize at Oxford.

**Stephen Shay** (1975-79, B) and **Christopher Clement-Davies** (1975-78, A) have been awarded Harmsworth (Major) Entrance Exhibitions to the Middle Temple.

**Frank Spufford's** (1977-79, QS) prize-winning short-story "Melchior" was published in *The London Review of Books* (Vol.6, No. 8).

**Nicholas Barker** (1946-51, KS) and John Collins' *A Sequel to an Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets ...* has been published, with a new edition of the *Enquiry*, by Scolar (£65 per two-volume set). 'An immense amount of valuable research.' (*T.L.S.*)

**Jack Rendle** (1921-26, A) was awarded in December a B.A. degree, with Upper Second Class Honours in History and Philosophy, from the Open University.

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for **Old Westminster Lawyers** was held on 6th March, 1984, at the Athenaeum Club. Mr. R. E. Ball, C.B. was in the chair and twenty-seven OWW were present. The Right Reverend Gilbert Baker OW (formerly Bishop of Hong Kong) and the Head Master were the guests and spoke after dinner.

## First Class Honours 1983

### Oxford

<b>R. Keating</b>	Greats
<b>W. Maslen</b>	Mod Lang
<b>Kate Tyndall</b>	History
<b>J. E. T. Jones</b>	English Mods

### Cambridge

<b>T. J. Winter</b>	Oriental Lang (Arabic) pt 2
<b>E. Harcourt</b>	History pt 2
<b>C. Harborne</b>	Engineering pt 1B
<b>H. Bottomley</b>	Mathematics pt 1B
<b>Sarah Barber</b>	Nat Science pt 1B
<b>P. Vatistas</b>	Engineering pt 1A
<b>D. Wolpert</b>	Mathematics pt 1A
<b>E. Levy</b>	Mathematics pt 1A

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## Marriage

On October 29 1983, at Riverside, California, Christopher Adrian **Robertson**, (1954-59, QS), son of Mr. and Mrs. Alban Robertson, to Alix Ann, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rhodes of Redondo Beach, California.

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# Letters

April 9th, 1984

Dear Sir,

At a time when many have been paying just tribute to Theo Zinn, I have noticed a mention or two in your columns of one I.F. Smedley. An interesting letter from Peter Harrison described his *modus operandi* as Housemaster of Ashburnham, but apart from the odd anecdote little has been heard of what he really did for Westminster. By coincidence Theo and Snogger each ruled over the Busby Library for thirty-four years (I give Theo an extra year for his shade to linger). Smedley gave his last lesson there just fifty years ago.

Leaving mannerisms apart, both will be remembered as fine scholars, great teachers and endearing men. Smedley took what even in those days was described as a 'brilliant' first in both parts of the Classical Tripos, having learnt his Classics at Shrewsbury. In 1892 he won the Porson Prize for Greek Verse, and two years later he was elected a Fellow of Pembroke. His C.U.P. edition of Sallust was a model of succinct and penetrating scholarship. He came to Westminster in 1898 and taught there even after his official retirement in 1932. He died in Switzerland in 1936.

If I may fish for a moment in the delicious waters of controversy, I believe Smedley stood for the Cambridge tradition in the Classics. He aimed, whether in translation or in composition, at lucidity. This sprang from his concern for the right use of language—'a sort of feeling for words', as he once modestly claimed to have. There was elegance too, but this was a by product, not an aim. Dare I suggest that an Oxford approach, though just as scholarly, puts more emphasis on ingenuity? Perhaps a line of distinguished Dark Blue Public Orators has something to do with it. The scholarly 'in-joke' meant nothing to Smedley.

His teaching may have been more by example than by inspiration, but it was no accident that in two generations his pupils included D.S. Robertson, Fellow of Trinity and Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and David Hinks, who was elected a Fellow of Trinity when only twenty-two, and was surely a Regius Professor to come, had he not died of leukaemia in 1948.

Smedley an endearing man? Yes he was, and I often think how much wider our early education would have been had we listened properly to what seemed at the time endless digressions from the text we were studying—on music, poetry, philosophy, travel, or whatever subject surfaced in his mind to illuminate our clumsy renderings of great authors. When well into his sixties he began to teach himself to play the piano, and it was sad that he had so few years in retirement to enjoy this solace.

He left two visible legacies. One was the anonymous gift of panelling and furniture to the Busby Library shortly before he died. The other was a volume containing selected Greek and Latin 'versions', written by himself, of passages from English literature and history. The weekly dictation of these was a feature of his teaching, and while the command of style, language and idiom is unerring his Greek iambs and Latin elegiacs show a poetic sensibility in its own right. The Latin of

*Macte, puer, puerum qui te subduxeris illinc  
omnis ubi fluxa est gloria, nulla manet*  
seems to me an improvement on Housman's original.

Not everyone knew that his wife Gertrude was herself a good Classical scholar. Occasionally the word went round that a less convincing version one week was not his own, but 'Gertie's'. However that may be, it was she who not only collected and had published *Greek and Latin Composition* (C.U.P. 1936), but had a complimentary copy sent to all surviving pupils of his Classical VIIth.

Dear Snogger, how little we really appreciated him in our impatient youth. We could however still listen with understanding to the break in that rasping voice as he read to us on a dank Armistice Day evening from the funeral oration of Pericles. Many of his early pupils had died in World War I, and it was said, truthfully or not, that he had lost a son. Westminster has been lucky to have two such exponents of a civilised past.

Yours faithfully,  
**F. W. Pagan** (1926-31, KS)

L 5, Albany  
Piccadilly  
London W.1



February 28th, 1984

Dear Sirs and Madams,

A few years ago your predecessors called a halt to the letters reminiscing about the masters of the 20s and 30s. Now that you have opened your columns again to this subject, may I offer my own contribution? I recall in particular Liddell, Burrell and Etheridge.

It was Etheridge who had the high-pitched, monotonous but insistent voice—not Burrell, as wrongly remembered by one of your earlier contributors—and we were somewhat in awe of his quick wit and incisive control of the class. Liddell was a relatively mild and kindly teacher, and his only memorable characteristic was a perpetual sniff.

I agree with J.L. Willoughby that Baa Lamb Burrell was the most likeable. He had a great sense of humour and a sort of benevolent sarcasm. When he asked a boy to explain the workings of some calculation, the boy might say, 'Well Sir, six times seven is forty-two . . . '—'Just one minute!' Baa Lamb would say, and then disappear behind the blackboard ostensibly to work this out: and then he'd emerge and announce confidently to the class, 'He's right, you know!'

A year or two after leaving school, I was doing my midshipman's time in HMS *Repulse*, and someone gave me a maths problem which looked so simple but was in fact quite infuriating. It did however help to while away many a middle watch, though I must have consumed several signal pads. Finally, I wrote to Baa Lamb (then retired) for help, and he not only sent me the solution but added an even more tricky one of his own. May I briefly set out both for your readers puzzlement?

A 100ft ladder leans against a very tall building at such an angle that it touches a small abutting shed at a point 10ft from the building and 10ft above the ground. How high up the main wall does it reach? Baa Lamb's solution was extremely neat: his return problem was a shade more difficult. Two ladders are set in opposition in a narrow alley, one of 50ft and the other 20ft. They cross each other at a point 6ft above the ground. How wide is the alley? Naturally, drawing to scale is not acceptable.

One other memory of the masters persists, concerning Hilary, who was always known as Dakers, I forget why. He had a habit of clearing his throat with a curious noise which we often imitated and which can best be conveyed in print by 'Boom Hah!'. To this day I often find myself unconsciously copying this ridiculous mannerism.

Yours sincerely,

**Dennis R. F. Cambell** (1921-1925, RR)  
Colemore  
Alton  
Hants

★

February 16th, 1984

Dear Editors,

These anecdotes of Costley-White and D.M. Low, who during my years at Westminster took over the Headmastership and the Classical Sixth respectively from the great Gow and even greater Sargeant, may be worth your adding to the excellent selection published in your February issue.

In Costley-White's first address to the whole school on taking over, his main theme was the active collaboration he hoped for from us all in carrying on the great work and traditions of his predecessor. The closing punch-line, delivered with much brio and its impact increased by his curiously sibilant intonation echoing round Up School, was 'don't just sit back like a row of passive buckets waiting to be pumped into'; whose double entendre was much too much for the risible faculties of the groundlings in his audience, whose mirth took some stifling.

In Low's first term we were reading aloud a Browning poem. He suddenly told the boy who was reading, 'please skip the next line and then read on'. As a result the line in question, 'with twenty naked nymphs to charge his plate', is the only line which I can still (at 82) recall. Certainly no permissive he, to use the modern argot.

Tempora mutantur etc.

**A. H. T. Chisholm** (1916-21, A)

The Athenaeum  
Pall Mall

January 11th, 1984

The Editor,

While I enjoyed reading No. 698 immensely, I feel it important to point out

some inaccuracies in Jim Cogan's otherwise excellent tribute to College Matron June Buxton. May I quote the sentences in question? . . . June has remained, I think, a true Australian. Her direct no-nonsense dealing with scholars, her irreverent humour, her practical good sense, her self-sufficiency all come, I'm sure, from her Colonial background but she is (at the same time) very English, very much at home in a London Art gallery or elsewhere sampling metropolitan pleasures.' Reference to Australia as a 'Colonial' (with a capital C) land is not only inaccurate (Australia's status as a colony terminated in 1901!), but is also an insult to self-respecting Australians who, rightly, view their country as a sovereign, independent nation. Implicit here also, it seems to me, is the notion that visiting art galleries and other 'metropolitan pleasures' is a peculiarly British pastime. Having spent a number of years in Australia in the 1970's, I can testify that such 'metropolitan pleasures' as opera, exhibitions of both domestic and international art, theatre, domestic and international cinema, among many others, are in abundant supply in several Australian cities. International recognition of many Australian film productions may serve as additional testimony.

Although the afore-mentioned inaccuracies may appear trivial and perhaps irrelevant to the tribute itself, such national stereotyping is the stuff of which cross-cultural misunderstanding and antagonism is made.

Yours faithfully,

**Philip V. Hull**

Department of Psychology,  
University of California,  
Berkeley, California 94701,  
U.S.A.



*Sterling Lambert*

## Obituaries

**Archer**—On February 27th, 1984, Reginald Stuart (1915-17, H), aged 81.

**Bare**—On January 7th, 1984, Reginald George (1914-18, A), aged 83.

**Brousson**—On February 17th, 1984, Group Capt. Richard Henry Corthorn, O.B.E. (1927-31, A), aged 70.

**Byers**—On February 6th, 1984, Charles Frank, Baron Byers, P.C., O.B.E. (1929-34, H), aged 68.

**Cary**—On November 15th, 1983, Christopher Alexander George (1963-67, G), aged 33.

**Clark**—On March 13th, 1984, Arnold Staffurth (1908-12, G), aged 90.

**Cobbold**—On December 30th, 1983, Temple Chevallier (1918-21, A), aged 79.

**Corbin**—On February 26th, 1984, John Charles Neal (1962-67, L), aged 35.

**Davies**—On December 17th, 1983, Ralph William (1921-24, G), aged 76.

**Drury**—On January 1st, 1984, Reginald John (1903-06, A), aged 94.

**Edmonds**—On January 12th, 1984, Derek King (1932-37, H), aged 65.

**Gorell Barnes**—On November 12th, 1983, Henry (1952-57, A), aged 44.

**Grumitt**—On December 21st, 1983, Henry Thomas McAuliffe (1938-40, G), aged 58.

**Hooper**—On November 18th, 1983, Roger Cecil Sherriff (1923-25, R), aged 74.

**Ivimey**—On December 9th, 1983, Charles Campbell Walter Reid (1925-27, G), aged 73.

**James**—On February 28th, 1983, Major John Trewartha (1926-27, R), aged 70.

**Jamieson**—On January 22nd, 1984, John Gordon Hillhouse (1926-30, G), aged 71.

**Keymer**—On March 19th, 1984, Kenneth Cooper (1919-23, H), aged 78.

**Mabey**—On April 30th, 1983, Harold Victor (1910-12), aged 86.

**Macgregor**—On January 29th, 1984, John Eric Miers, O.B.E. (1905-07, A), aged 93.

**Norbury**—On December 24th, 1983, Dr. John Henry Frederick (1924-30, H/KS), aged 71.

**Palmer**—On December 18th, 1983, John Whicher (1918-23, R), aged 78.

**Pickering**—On March 6th, 1984, John Bryce (1920-22, A), aged 76.

**Pritchard**—On December 4th, 1983, Dr. Martin Lewin Blake (1946-51, G), aged 50.

**Saunders**—On October 8th, 1983, Jan David (1973, L), aged 24.

**Stockford**—On October 11th, 1983, Arthur Joseph (1920-22, H), aged 77.

**Wade**—On January 15th, 1983, John Roland (1904-09, KS), aged 93.

**Whitney-Smith**—On January 16th, 1984, Charles Alexander (1926-31, H), aged 71.

**Yolland**—On December 2nd, 1983, Dr. Reginald Horace (1906-09, G), aged 92.

★

## Lord Byers

Lord Byers, PC, OBE, leader of the Liberal peers in the House of Lords since 1967 and an outstanding personality in Liberal Party politics for the past quarter of a century, died on February 6th, 1984 aged 68.

He was twice chairman of the Liberal Party, a former Liberal Chief Whip in the House of Commons and a man whose ability and driving force would have carried him to high ministerial office in either of the other two political parties. But he was a dedicated Liberal and devoted himself without stint to the waning fortunes of a party whose service brought few rewards. He was not only a forthright and effective speaker but also a first-rate administrator and the Liberal Party owed much to his zeal.

As leader of the Liberal peers he was held in high respect in the House of Lords—as also among those who had known him in the Commons—and played a responsible part in the handling of political business at Westminster.

Charles Frank Byers was born on July 24, 1915 the son of a Lloyds underwriter, at Lancing, Sussex. He was educated at Westminster School and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated with honours. He also distinguished himself at the university as a hurdler and in 1937 was awarded a Blue for athletics.

In the same year he was president of the university Liberal Club.

When the second world war began Byers enlisted in the Royal Artillery. He was commissioned in 1940 and later served on the staff of Field Marshal Montgomery, with the Eighth Army in the North African campaign and with 21 Army Group in North-West Europe. He was three times mentioned in despatches, was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and awarded the Croix de Guerre, with palms. He left the Army holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was made OBE in 1944.

After the war he turned to politics and at



*Edward Grigg*

the general election of 1945 he was elected Liberal member for North Dorset, which he won from the Conservatives. As one of the reduced group of a dozen Liberals in the new Parliament he quickly made his presence felt and by 1946 he had been appointed Liberal Chief Whip.

He held this post for four years and during that time he spent much effort in selecting and inspiring the 495 candidates sent to the polls by the Liberal Party in the general election of 1950. It was at this election that the party suffered a major electoral disaster, when only nine of its candidates were elected. Byers himself was among the defeated, losing his North Dorset seat—in a three-cornered fight—by 97 votes.

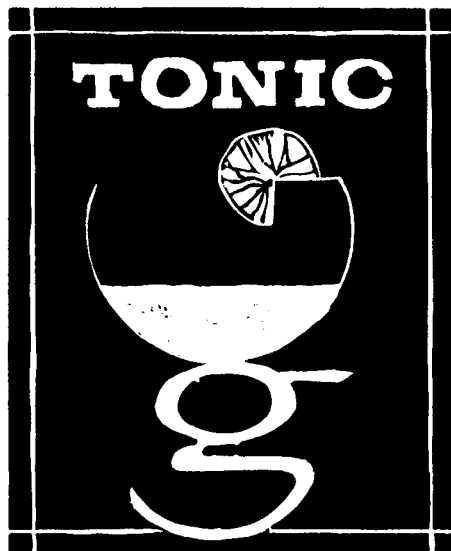
This ended his brief career in the House of Commons. He was defeated again at North Dorset in the general election of 1951 and when he contested a by-election at Bolton (East) in 1960 he was also defeated there.

It was not until he was made a life peer in 1964 at the age of 49 that Byers got back to Parliament. In the 14 years that had intervened he had combined business activities with strenuous administrative work and campaigning for the Liberal Party. He was chairman of the Party from 1950 to 1952, the party's campaign manager at general elections and an effective political broadcaster.

From 1965 to 1967 he was again chairman of the Liberal Party. In 1967, when Lord Rea resigned, Byers was elected leader of the Liberal peers, after a contest with Lord Wade. He then gave up the chairmanship of the Party and of its political directorate.

Byers was chairman of the Committee of Inquiry into athletics which reported in 1968 and recommended that there should be a single governing body, to be named the British Athletics Federation, for all sections of sport. He was sworn onto the Privy Council in 1972.

He married in 1939 Joan Elizabeth Oliver—a fellow student of his Oxford days—by whom he had one son and three daughters.



*Matthias Hauger*

*From The Times*

## Mr. Reginald George Bare

Reggie Bare who died on January 7th, 1984 aged 83 had a distinguished rowing career. Having won the Colquihoun Sculls 1917 and 1918, he went straight to the R.M.A. Sandhurst where he organised with W. G. Cass (RR) their first rowing Eight, which rowed in the first one day Peace Regatta at Henley 1919.

He was a member of Thames R.C. and stroked their Eight which won the Thames Cup in 1920 and rowed No. 2 in the Eight winning the Grand Challenge Cup 1923. This Eight was chosen to represent the country in the Paris Olympics 1924.

Commissioned into the Middlesex Regiment in 1940 he joined the 2nd Bn. The Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment where he trained young soldiers for the invasion, being given command of D (4.2-inch Mortar) Company which embarked for Normandy June 8th, 1944. Whilst reconnoitering near Lisieux in preparation for a further advance Major Bare was severely wounded in the side, back and left arm. As a result he was 'Mentioned in Despatches'.

The following is an extract from the *History of the Kensington Regiment*: 'In him the Company lost a gallant and popular com-

mander who had done sterling work in the formation and training of the Company, as well as in these early stages of the campaign, and who richly deserved the Croix de Guerre with Gilt Star subsequently awarded to him'.

Reggie's wounds were to affect him for the rest of his life and he suffered considerably, always bearing his pain with cheerfulness and fortitude. He was a gentle man who always had a cheery greeting for his many friends. He had a career in the Eastcheap Food Trade with Peek Bros. & Winch, and later Balkwill & Blackman before starting his own firm Yuill Bare & Co.

A keen member of the Old Westminster's Lodge, of which he was Worshipful Master 1934-35, he was honoured with Grand Rank in 1966.

His widow Nora lives at Virginia Water and he has one son Ian farming at Romsey.

★

Major R. G. BARE Croix de Guerre, 2nd Battn., P.L.K.R. The news of the death of Major R. Bare, on the 7th of January 1984, brought a deep sense of regret tinged with relief as he had over two years of miserable suffering and illness that reduced him to a mere shadow of his former self.

I first met Reggie, as he was

affectionately known, at Netheraven, in the Autumn of 1943. He was then taking part in a 4.2 in. mortar course with abounding energy and dedication. Absolutely devoted to duty mingled with a sense of fair play and loyalty epitomised Reggie's attitude to those with whom he served. Reggie was appointed 'D' Coy Commander early in 1944, a post that he filled with great professional skill and human understanding. Unluckily he only saw a couple of months of active service in Normandy before he was very seriously wounded, that entailed over fourteen months in hospital. He richly deserved the Croix de Guerre subsequently awarded to him.

Major Bare was frequently present at the Officers' Dining Club annual Dinner where he was always welcomed with open arms and he has been sadly missed of recent years.

It can be truly said that he was a fine, capable officer respected and admired by all who knew him. I am proud to have served under his command and to have known his friendship.

John G. Clayden  
Captain

from *The Journal of the Princess Louise's Kensington Regimental Association*

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# Sports Reports

## The Old Westminsters Football Club

1st XI: Won 13, Drawn 3, Lost 5.  
2nd XI: Won 10, Drawn 4, Lost 6.

The 1983-84 season has been a great success. Both teams came close to doing a cup and league double. In the end though, the only trophy won was the First Division Champions Cup. After the club's most successful win in the Arthur Dunn Cup in living memory, the 1st XI lost 2-1 in the semi-final at Charterhouse. For the 2nd XI, defeat in their last two matches cost them a place in the Junior League Cup Final and promotion from the Third Division.

Yet at the beginning of the season we were concerned about ever turning out a 2nd XI consistently. To a considerable extent the club's success is attributable to the willingness of more players than ever before to make themselves available every week. But there has also been a larger than usual intake of new players who have strengthened our pool. Joss Newberry in particular has had an excellent first season and he was outstanding in all the Dunn matches. The 2nd XI has benefited especially from the introduction of fit new faces, such as Paulo Paglienrani, Richard Congreve, Martin Taube and Paul Skarbek as well as the return from Down Under of the skilful Andy Watkins.

The 1st XI's new captain Andrew Graham-Dixon must take much credit for both the exciting Dunn results and the consistency in the First Division matches. On the field the 1st XI have added rugged physical commitment to their thoughtful possession style of football. Off the field Andy has ensured that there has been enthusiastic attendance at Wednesday training. And along with Tim Kerr he has been our most consistent goalscorer.

A few players deserve special mention. The goalkeeper Ben Rampton has played excellently. His performance at Repton in the Dunn Cup was the most authoritative goalkeeping I have seen in any class of football. At centre back John Fenton's bravery and effort has, as so often in the past, held the defence together. And in midfield we have been fortunate to possess two of the League's most gifted players, John Barkhan and Alex Peattie. Provided that there is the same preparedness to play week in week out, the 1st XI will do well in the Premier Division next season.

For the writer, the match at Repton in the Dunn Cup embodied the character of the club. The left back and the Secretary, the sweeper, arrived one minute before kick off at the ground. (A small detour had been made to Burton General Hospital to deposit a body with a broken arm at the casualty unit.) Amid the general frenzy in the dressingroom, the right wing sat serenely in a corner, engulfed in a cloud of smoke from

his twentieth cigarette of the day, wearing a different strip from the rest of the team. Ninety minutes later a partisan Repton crown had been silenced by our ceaseless running and tackling. Needless to say, our winning goal was a thrilling solo effort from our right wing, Chris Lake.

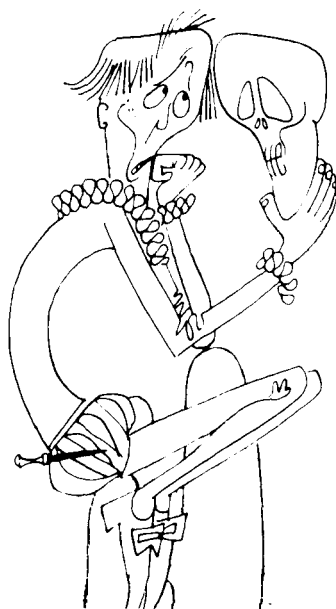
Despite their narrow failure to win a cup, the 2nd XI have had an enjoyable season. The team has had a happy spirit and there has been an unselfish hardworking approach throughout. In goal, in defence and in midfield we have been well organized. This has provided a sound platform for our quick forwards, many of whose goals have been scored in exciting counter-attacks. Brian Clough would have been proud of their style.

Our future success depends on the best players from the school joining us as soon as they can. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings from late August until the end of September we practice at Vincent Square. Newcomers are welcome and can get to know the club at these enjoyable sessions.

Finally, I would like to thank our Fixture Secretary, Adam Kirr, for all his work. Because of an injury Adam was unable to play this season, but he took a great interest in the club's affairs despite his own disappointment. Anyone connected with the club over the last five years will know that its present revival owes much to Adam's success in encouraging others to play for us.

S. Taube

\*



## Shooting

Once again Old Westminsters Rifle Club is to be congratulated on coming first yet again in the Fletcher Cup. This is the second year running that we have won this event where a considerable number of Old Boys teams compete for the cup. The Rifle Club consists of a small but talented band of sportsmen who would welcome any Old Westminsters who would be keen to share in and help continue the Club's success. All those interested Old Westminsters please contact the Hon. Secretary.

H. Moss

## Athletics

The highlight of the Athletics and Cross-country season was the revival of The Towpath Cup, along the Long Distance Course to the Putney Boat House. Nine Old Westminsters ran plus several guests and the event was won by Tim Woods in 17 minutes 51 seconds. Stephen Instone outsprinted Jim Forrest for second place. Further down the field the challenge between 14 stone former Cambridge University Shot Putter John Goodbody and 17 stone former Oxford University Discus Thrower Nick Nops ended in a 2½ minute triumph for the Light Blue. At least four Old Westminsters ran in the London Marathon. Jim Forrest, Stephen Instone and Nick Harling, still school record-holder for the Long Distance Race, all finished in under three hours and Dan Topolski, the Oxford University Boat Race coach, limped on a badly damaged leg to a creditable 3 hours 26 minutes finish.

It is hoped that in 1984 at least six runners will take part in the London Marathon.

J. B. Goodbody

## Fives

The 1982-83 Season proved another successful one for the Fives Club. The 1st Team came third in Division 2, despite key players being unavailable on a number of crucial occasions. The 2nd Team came fourth in a closely contested Division 3, only two points adrift of the runners-up, and were generally unlucky due to injuries and last-minute withdrawals, which resulted in the team conceding vital points at an important stage of the season.

This season we are again competing in both Divisions, and with 25 regular players the club is flourishing. Traditionalists will be horrified to learn that we have this season been asked to field a Ladies' Pair.

Anybody who is at all interested in playing Fives please contact the Hon. Secretary for information.

A. J. Aitken

## Real Tennis

Although the Real Tennis Club have had mixed results, the state of the club is considerably healthier today than it has been in the recent past. The Club has recruited a number of new members, namely Anthony Hornsby, David Roy and Katrina Allen, who have strengthened the pool of players considerably.

Our first match was against Holyport, which we won 3-2, the match being won in the last game by David Roy who finally overcome an old and wily opponent. Against Canford I am afraid the leaner and younger limbs of the boys were too much for the Old Westminster and we succumbed rather easily, losing 5-0. The match against Petworth was narrowly lost 3-2 and Charles Williams showed us all how the game should be played with a talented and purposeful performance. The club is still looking for more new members and all those who are interested please apply to the Hon. Secretary.

J. Wilson

\*

### Cricket

E. N. W. Brown, 6 St. George's Mansions, Cawston 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.

\*

## Election of Members

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

### College

**Potter**, Christopher W., 42 Patshill Road, London NW5.

**Rae**, Emily, c/o 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1.

### Grant's

**Adams**, Kenneth P. J., 3 Pembroke Studio, Pembroke Gardens, London W8 6HX.

**Baars**, Adriann Williem, Peg Tiles, Wilton Lane, Jordans, Nr. Beaconsfield, Bucks.

**Baddeley**, Gary Christopher, Waltham House, Great Waltham, Nr. Chelmsford, Essex.

**Clark**, Edward Drake, 1 Charlwood Place, London SW1.

**Donovan**, Daniel Seamus, 52 Willow Road, London NW3 1TP.

**Earle**, Laurence Foster, 6 Queensdale Road, London W11.

**Gane**, Daniel Charles, 5 Brookway, London SE3.

**Gough**, Nicolas Philip, 15 The Little Boltons, London SW10.

**Guppy**, Constantine Robert Karim Lec, 8 Shawfield Street, London SW3.

**Handel**, James Wilton, 43 Barham Avenue, Elstree, Herts.

**Hornsby**, Frederick Tom Wortinston, 216 Sheen Road, Richmond, Surrey.

**Satchu**, Alykhan K. Mansur, Kaunda Avenue, P.O. Box 90121, Mombasa, Kenya.

**Schofield**, John Matthew Thornett, 6/7 Willerton Lodge, Bridgewater Road, Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 9TF.

**Shaw**, Adam Justinian, 37 Lamont Road, London SW10.

**Skarbek**, Paul Anthony Henry, The Old Rectory, Purse Caundle, Nr. Sherborne, Dorset.

**Van Til**, Luke Henry Moorcroft, 25 Carson Road, London SE21.

**Wood**, Paul Nicholas, 47 De Vere Gardens, London W8.

**Woodford**, Philip James, 76 Pope's Grove, Twickenham, Middlesex.

### Busby's

**Bowler**, Isobel M. W., 9 Hatton Road, Bedford, Middlesex, TW14 8JR.

**Collingwood-Anstey**, Titus Alexander Mark, 183 Coleherne Court, London SW5.

**Fink**, Jerome Emmanuel, 30 Chalfont Road, Oxford.

**Hall**, James William Joseph, 17 The High Street, Morton, Nr. Bourne, Lincs.

**Hansen**, William Joseph, 21 Steele's Road, London NW3.

**Jefferys**, David Charles, 8 Norfolk Road, London NW8.

**Martin**, Hugo Enders, 11 Gordon Place, London W8 4JD.

**Owen**, Daniel Paul Michael, 1 Horbury Crescent, London W11.

**Shaw**, Darren Raymond Nicholas, 18a Braga Circuit, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

**Waterstone**, Martin James, 81 Cadogan Place, London SW1.

**Whittome**, Dominic Mark D., 39 Markham Square, London SW3 4XA.

**Yawand-Wossen**, Yared, 1 Marlborough Court, Pembroke Road, London W8.

## Rigaud's

**Ashman**, Matthew David, 7 The Green, Stevenage, Abingdon, Oxfordshire.

**Law**, Jane S., 6 Phillimore Gardens Close, London W8 7QA.

**Phillips**, Alan M., 61 Brampton Grove, London NW4 4AH.

**Poole**, David Richard, Bucksford Mill House, Bucksford Lane, Great Chart, Ashford, Kent.

**Williams**, Paul F., Flat 27 Queen Court, Queen Square, London WC1.

## Liddell's

**Albert**, Justin Thomas, 9 Holland Park, London W11.

**Armstrong**, Mark Alfred, Via XX Settembre 20, Biella 13051 (VC), Italy.

**Colman**, Jonathan Stephen, 5 Beechworth Close, London NW3.

**Hearne**, Christopher James, East Heath Lodge, 1 East Heath Road, London NW3 1BN.

**Lawrence**, Tristan Mark, Covers, The Common, Cranleigh, Surrey.

**Roussel**, Edward Paul Lefevvre, Flat 1, 4 Holland Park, London W11 3T6.

**Williams**, Daniel Alexander Riddell, Catsfold Farm, West End Lane, Henfield Lane, Henfield, Sussex BN5 9RG.

## Dryden's

**Albion**, Adam Smith, 48 Bryanston Court, George Street, London W1.

**Cartwright**, Edward, 5 South Villas, Camden Square, London NW1.

**Congreve**, Richard Galfrid Gregory, 21 Farmer Street, London W8 7SN.

**Goldstein**, Lisa, 30 Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, London NW8 0JY.

**Lunn**, Timothy Edward, St. Andrew's Vicarage, Julien Road, Coulsdon, Surrey CR3 2DN.

**Silver**, Nicholas Charles, 314 Norbury Avenue, London SW16.

## Ashburnham

**Khiara**, Christopher, 91 Gunterstone Road, London W14.

**Mackay**, Aeneas Simon, 90 Lansdowne Road, London W11.

**Mackenzie**, Fiona J., 4 Kent Avenue, Ealing, London W13 8BH.

**Nosher**, Phiroze Eric, 2 The Orchard, Blackheath, London, SE3 0Q4.

**Plowden**, Edmund Chicheley, 69 Albert Street, London NW1.

**Rossdale**, Gavin McGregor, 16 Marston Close, Fairfax Road, London NW6.

**Semple**, Robert Harold William, 83 Burbage Road, London SE24.

**Smith**, Grant Darren, 22 Sheffield Terrace, London W8.

**Tinker**, Siobham (née Rae), c/o 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1.

**Wheeler**, Jason Laurence John, 81 Great Thrift, Petts Wood, Kent BR5 1NF.

**Whitty**, Patricia M., 158 Lancaster Road, Basement Flat, London W11.

\*

# The Elizabethan Club

## Balance Sheet December 31st 1983

1982		£	£	1982		£	£
	<b>GENERAL FUND</b>			25,662	<b>INVESTMENT at Cost</b>		27,410-56
	Balance at December 31st 1982	21,614-46			Market value at		
	Life Subscriptions (20% proportion)	1,350-00			December 30th		
	Profit on realisation of investments	1,444-15			1983 was £40,489		
	Non-recurring increase due to				(1982 £35,373)		
	collection of life subscriptions in				<b>CURRENT ASSETS</b>		
	one instalment	8,810-00	33,218-61		Balances at Bank	14,716-77	
21,614					Less: Sundry		
	<b>INCOME ACCOUNT</b>				creditors	250-74	
	Balance at December 31st 1982	6,765-21					14,466-03
	Excess of Income over Expenditure	1,010-26					
6,765			7,775-47	3,411			
28,379			40,994-08				
694	<b>SPORTS COMMITTEE FUND</b>		882-51				
29,073			41,876-59	29,073			41,876-59

M. C. BAUGHAN  
Honorary Treasurer

### REPORT OF HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have examined the accounts set out above which have been prepared under the historical cost convention. My audit has been carried out in accordance with approved auditing standards. In my opinion, the Accounts give a true and fair view of the state of affairs of the Club at December 31st 1983 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

33-34 Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1EW

B. C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH  
Chartered Accountant

# The Elizabethan Club

## Income and Expenditure For The Year Ended December 31st 1983

1982		£	£	1982		£	£
102	Administration	63-80		5	Annual Subscriptions	5-00	
500	Computer	522-40		500	Bequest	563-40	
220	Honorarium	250-00		3,490	Life subscriptions	5,400-00	
1,440	Taxation	921-00			(Proportion 80% of £6,750)		
	Purchase of two benches for Vincent Square	352-36		3,719	Income from investments (gross)	2,733-76	
2,075	Sports Committee	2,150-00		29	Profits on Garden Party	273-73	
2,767	The Elizabethan	3,750-37		(158)	Profit on dinner	44-30	
481	Excess of income over expenditure	1,010-26					
7,585		9,020-19	7,585				9,020-19



Robert Eskapa

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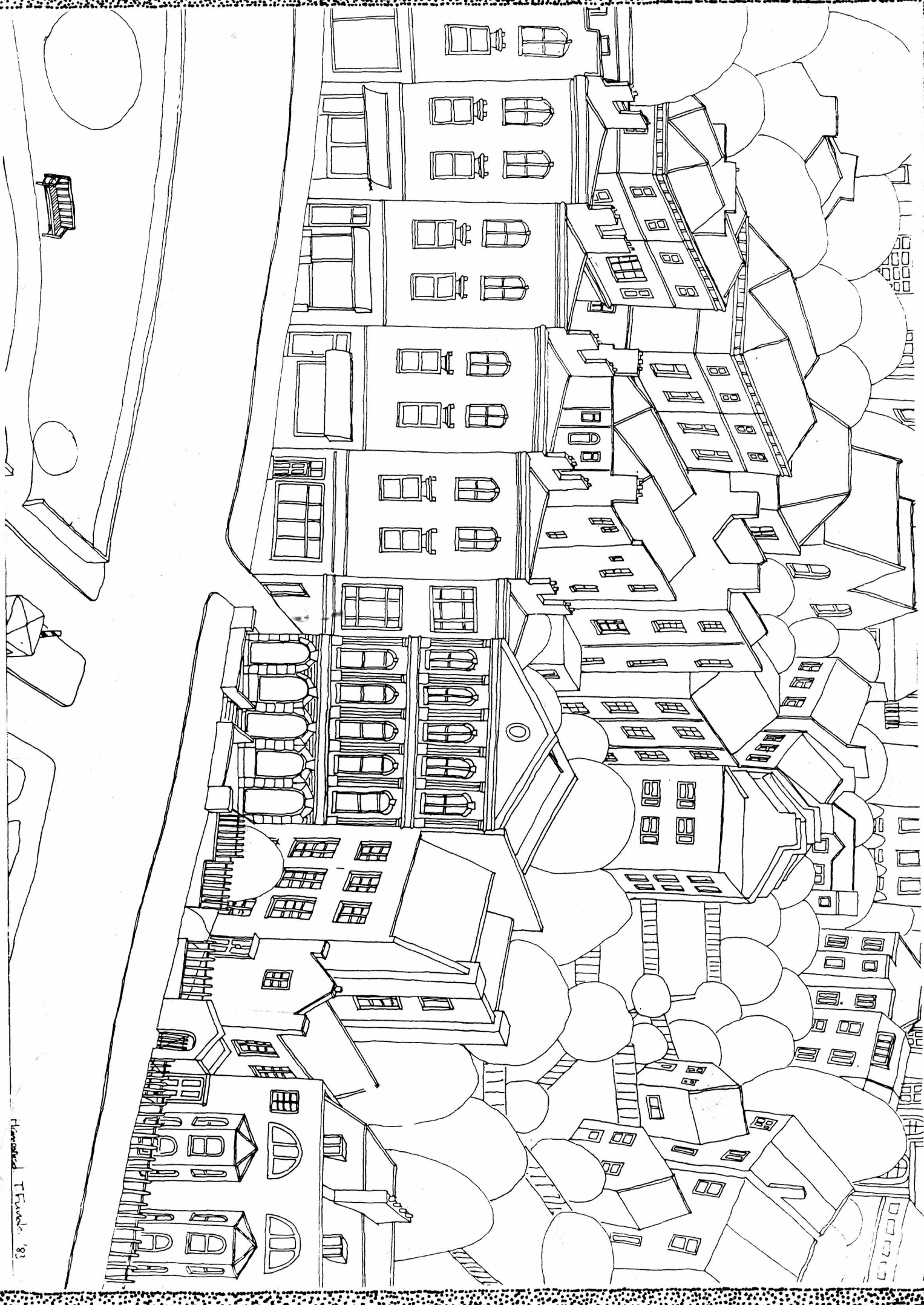
**61 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. Tel. 589 1266**

**20 Gt. Portland Street, W.1. Tel. 637 0619**

**and "at"**

**Selfridges, Oxford Street, 2nd floor.**

**Peter Robinson, Oxford Street**



Harvard Tower '83