THE ELIZABETHAN

Seymour Segnit

The Elizabethan

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Editorial

The B.B.C. documentary shown in September was a success in that people outside the school received a favourable impression of Westminster. They seem to have been struck by the liveliness and honesty of the people involved. Regardless of the type of institution the school represents, it looked like offering an inspiring and enjoyable way to be taught.

The film covered both the traditional and the modern aspects of school life. The major criticism from within the school was that the picture it gave was not accurate. The most usual comments were that there was too much of College and hardly anything of the middle part of the school. One teacher suggested that this was because boys around O-level age were too thug-like. It is true that the film concentrated on the more glamorous features—and teachers.

Westminster is particularly vulnerable to criticism because it is unsure of what image it wants to project. There is uncertainty about whether it is a school for intellectual superstars, fashion-conscious aesthetes or simply a stepping stone for rich kids. This was a point touched on by Mr. Zinn in his speech in defence of classics. He said that with its tradition and the talent it has at the present, Westminster could develop the reputation for being the place to send a son who was good at classics. In doing so he raised the question of whether this aspect of the image was important. It is understandable that the school does not want drug-taking and vandalism to be part of this image. It should have, however, a clearer idea of where it is going and build on this—particularly at a time when the position and importance of public schools are under examination by the Education Bill.

The most obvious area in which the school should rethink its policy is in its acceptance of girls in the sixth form. At the moment they are passing through the school but are less dependent on it than the boys. They are using it as an experience and a launching pad for getting good A-levels. In the words of one master, 'They help the boys grow up, and let them see what the real world is like.' I'm sure they don't mind doing this, but it only emphasises the fact that the girls are not fully integrated into the school, that no one has proposed an acceptable remedy. One is now directed not to write editorials on the subject of girls' dress 'because it's boring and it's all been said before'. I don't think it is boring; this is a reflection of the dead-end that the school's policy has reached.

One solution would be to take in girls at the same age as the boys. The obstacle to their acceptance is not that there are fewer of them than boys but that they are taken in when they appear to be mature young women. They are assumed to be more sophisticated than the boys 'because girls mature earlier', and are treated by both boys and masters as self-controlled adults. Emotional maturity is a factor that is judged in interviews to the school. If a girl needs what Dr. Rae labelled 'pastoral care', it is felt that perhaps it is not the right school for her. The school tries to be sympathetic to the problems of the adolescent male but appears to be totally ignorant of these as they affect the other half of the species.

Taking girls in at an age when they were not young ladies would provoke this sympathy and knowledge. The defence that is given is that it is primarily a boys' school. This is true but it is a refusal to accept the responsibility for the emotional development and welfare of one-tenth of its pupils. It is easy enough for the situation not to change. Parents of both boys and girls will uneasily support the status quo for want of something better, believing that they are getting some of the benefits of coeducation.

Thanks to the B.B.C., the school has been given the opportunity to step back and see itself as others see it. The publicity and the film's popularity should provide an incentive for the school to redefine its goals. Much of the enthusiasm and excitement of the school's atmosphere is owed to the fact that it is developing and changing. The *Daily Mail* described Westminster as 'an educational Eden'. It is not that yet—but it could be.

Bronwen Maddox

Head Master's Comments on the Questionnaire published in the last issue of *The Elizabethan*

The idea of a Questionnaire every four or five years is to identify shifts in public opinion. But as in the case of opinion polls we should distinguish between public opinion, which is what people say they believe, and popular opinion, which is what they actually believe. In the Westminster Questionnaire what people actually believe is more likely to be revealed in questions about life at school, i.e. issues of which the individual has some direct experience, than in questions on issues of which he has no experience, such as euthanasia and abortion. So I would like to confine my comments to the answers that seem to me to reveal true popular opinion.

The most obvious shift of popular opinion since 1975 is to the 'right', not the political right (interestingly enough the Conservatives receive fewer votes) but to the social or educational right which does not support the familiar radical causes. Thus in 1979, more people are against a smoking room, in favour of restrictions on hair, against the abolition of compulsory Abbey and Station, against the abolition of school uniform and College. This shift will surprise no one; the same shift in popular opinion would be found in independent schools throughout the country. The shift has little to do with Westminster but reflects a shift in society as a whole. My own view is that the shift represents a small victory for common sense over the illusion that happiness and individual liberty will be enhanced by the removal of all restrictions.

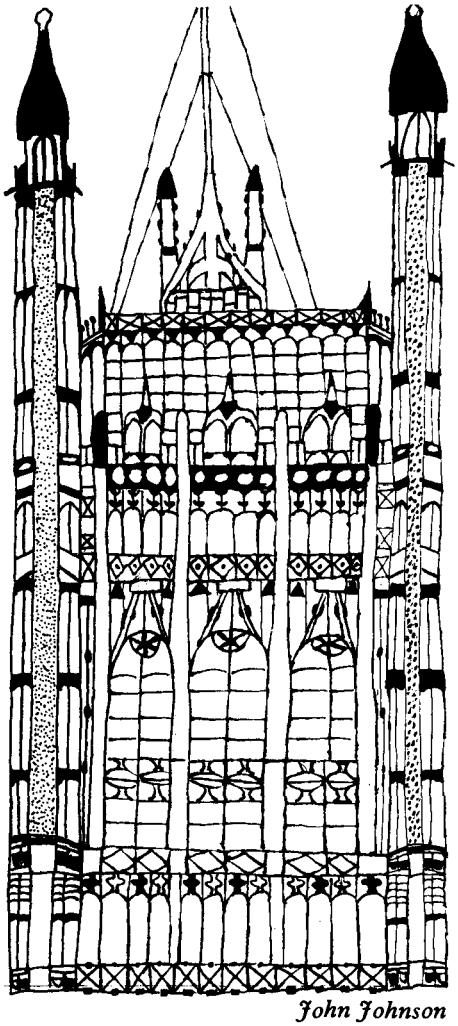
The former editors particularly asked me to comment on the questions about the abolition of guilds, Saturday morning school, increasing emphasis on academic as distinct from 'creative' activity, school democracy, co-education and the new building in Yard.

Guilds, Academic Emphasis and Creativity

I recognise that the decision to abolish Wednesday afternoon guilds for the upper school was unpopular not only with pupils but with some members of the Common Room. The objections to the decision were sincere but based on a misunderstanding of the wider context of school policy. What I want to achieve is a situation where pupils of all abilities have a good chance to fulfil their potential in Westminster's sixth form. The problem is that an environment that is right for well-motivated scholars may not be structured enough for pupils who are capable of good A levels but who find it difficult to organise and structure their work. Wednesday afternoon guilds, whatever their intrinsic value, created a 'yawning gap' in the academic structure of the week because A level candidates had no teaching at all on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. I have no doubt that many less well-motivated pupils found it very difficult to cope with this 'yawning gap'; and I am satisfied that the re-structuring of the week with normal school on Wednesday afternoon, will benefit these pupils.

But, the critics argue, the abolition of guilds and the increasing emphasis on academic achievement, undermine creativity in the school and threaten some worthwhile activities such as Local Community Service.

As far as Community Service is concerned, this has transferred to Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, as has the Stage Guild. Other guilds have been fitted in among the academic options in school time; or have moved to an after-school time on a full school day. These changes do limit participation in these activities to those who can be free at these times and that is a loss but I think the extent of the limitation has been much exaggerated.



John Johnson

The idea that the transfer of these activities to other times in the week and the increased emphasis on academic goals will mean that the creative aspects of Westminster are doomed, seems to me nonsense. I doubt whether the musical and artistic life of the school has ever been so flourishing. This is not accidental. In the last few years we have introduced music scholarships and built the Adrian Boult Music Centre; in the same period Christopher Clarke has extended the range and quality of art at Westminster. The number of plays produced is greater than in the past and what is significant is that they are increasingly produced by individuals or groups and are not the official school or house play. In the new year we shall have a new apron stage up school which, with the sophisticated lighting equipment that we bought last year, will improve the facilities for drama. I see no evidence at all of Westminster's creative energy running down or being thwarted by changes in school policy.

Those who complain about apathy or predict the end of creativity are almost always those who cannot shake off their own apathy or who have never had the energy to create anything. Those with the energy and talent to write, to compose or perform, to produce or to act, get on with the job. Westminster is rich in such talents and I am sure they will continue to flourish.

Saturday School

The possibility of abolishing Saturday morning school has often been discussed. One argument put forward in the answers to the Questionnaire is that Guilds should take place on Saturday morning. That is a constructive suggestion but I do not think it is realistic to expect day pupils to come on Saturday morning for pottery or creative writing when some already complain about having to come in for A level work; and the opportunities for community service, for example, are few on a Saturday morning.

We keep Saturday morning school for two reasons. First, we are still a school with a large proportion of boarders. Secondly, to abolish Saturday school in effect means that the school week ends at 3.55 p.m. on Friday as boarders rush for their trains. Thus the out of school activities would be cut, as would all those more informal contacts and occasions—social, intellectual, cultural—that are possible because we do not try to cram all our school life into the period between Monday morning and Friday tea-time.

School Democracy

The question that was put is worth repeating exactly: 'Should the policy of the school be decided by democratic vote or referendum of the students, parents and masters?' to which 47% said 'Yes', 34% 'No' and 19% 'did not know'. 'It is an odd reflection,' wrote a contributor to *The Elizabethan* in 1929, 'that sequestered almost within the shadow of the Mother of Parliaments, Westminster still retains her unrepresentative and oligarchic system of government.' It was not so much an odd reflection as an illogical one. Like some of his successors fifty years later, the writer was assuming that a school should be a model of society. But schools are institutions serving a particular end. If I go to hospital, I want that institution to be organised in such a way that I emerge in good health; and I find it hard to believe that this end will be achieved if the hospital's policy is decided by a democratic vote or referendum of the staff, the patients

and the patients' relatives. I should expect the staff to be sensitive to my needs and to listen to my suggestions; and I should expect them to be expert in their particular field. When my children go to school, I expect the head master and his staff to be expert, to be sensitive to the needs of the pupils and to be open to suggestion and complaint. I do not expect them to hand over their responsibility to a vote or referendum.

The concept of democracy has no place in the organisation of a school and those adults who sometimes advocate it are misleading the pupils. On the other hand a school is failing if the authorities are insensitive to the needs and views of the pupils or if they allow abuses to go unchecked. I think the editors asked the wrong question. What they should have asked (and what I hope they will ask next time round) is: 'Are the school authorities sensitive to your needs and opinions?' And those who answered 'No', might be asked to give evidence of a need that was not being met or of an opinion that had not been listened to.

Co-Education

It is interesting that the proportion who think that the present boy-girl ratio is satisfactory/desirable has risen from 11% in 1975 to 37% in 1979. The number of girls in the school has risen in the same period from 35 to 78. It is also interesting that the overwhelming majority still believe that co-education is desirable 'as a general principle'.

I doubt whether Westminster's present policy amounts to co-education. At some point in the future, the school will have to face the question of whether to admit girls at 13 to achieve something near a 50:50 intake of both sexes. My guess is that outside factors rather than dissatisfaction with the present policy will bring the school to this point. That is not to say that the present situation is without problems. Some girls complain that the school remains a determinedly male institution rather like a club that allows women in on alternate evenings and then only by the back door. I think there is some truth in this but schools tend to change organically rather than by dramatic breaks with existing practice and custom; and I have no doubt that organic change will continue to erode the male orientation of Westminster. Perhaps the next questionnaire could include a more searching question on co-education that would try to identify those areas in which the school was not being sensitive to the needs of the girls.

The New Building in Yard

It is expected that the new building will be ready for use in the Election Term 1980. Given our shortage of space it is essential that the interior should be designed in such a way that we can alter the use of the building easily and cheaply to meet changing needs. At the moment we are most in need of additional classroom space but I expect the new building to be used for a variety of purposes over the next decade.

J.M.R.

Drama

Ian Lazarus

'The Winter's Tale'

'The Winter's Tale' doesn't make for an easy school play and it would be mad to discuss it here without thinking why. For a start, it's not a play about characters; it's about ideas—harmony with 'Nature', the power of 'Grace', and so on. Hermione and Autolycus are only parts of a dramatic fantasy, a dream in which human life is seen as part of a natural cycle. We're not only interested in Leontes' madness for its own sake, but because it is a Winter which must in turn be overthrown by a renewing Spring, restoring a whole society to health.

But Shakespeare's imagination becomes reality when acted out on stage, and the producer doesn't only have to recreate the dream world but suggestively interpret it for his audience. In his summer production John Field did this admirably. He recognised that this work is too big a tapestry ever to see whole and so concentrated on the intertwined developments of Human and Nocturnal order, (a focus which was re-emphasised by his free use of Asburnham Garden). This gave the production real impact. When Mamilius' death had been reported, everybody present gazed, arms uplifted, to heaven. However contrived the effect, it certainly brought home the event's implications: we knew, instantly, that the force of "great creating Nature" had burst into the insularity of the Sicilian Court.

We were alerted to the play's patterns from the start when Time (played by Paul Rathbone) dominated the first scene, replacing the part of Archidamus. And the signposts were always there: he overlooked most of the proceedings, occasionally controlling events with an awkward gesture. Natural scenes (both photographs and paintings) were back projected onto a screen which stood behind Petrus Bertschinger's striking set (why he received no credit after the last night still remains a mystery).

The result was that the entire production had terrific coherence (no mean feat when the play spans sixteen years and nine hundred miles). Time opened each half, Hermione 'died' in a tableau in the same way that she came to life 'in a scene where time is held in suspension' (as Nicola Shaldon's dense programme note had it). The play's shape remained unaltered despite massive cuts: we kept the violence of the transition to Bohemia, and wonder on return to Sicilia.

But the emphasis on shape and pattern meant detailed characterisation was subordinated to ideas. Millie Murphy knew about Pauline's dignity and passion but didn't realise how unsympathetic her menace must be at the start of the fifth act. So the crucial tension between her domination of Leontes and the urgent pleas for him to remarry was never sufficiently established, and the resolution's significance for the Court was consequently undeveloped. Hermione had strength but not projection: so the response she secured at her trial lost credibility. Camillo, too was disappointing. This character has more control over the destiny of his fellows and the outcome of their sufferings than any other. But Sanjay Nazerali betrayed complete ignorance of the part's complexity. The brilliance of his plan to bring Florizel and Perdita to Sicilia (and the self-motivated rebuke of the risk

involved) was reduced to the vague brainwave of a limping courtier. Above all, courtly affection overwhelmed his interpretation so much that this cunning diplomat was reduced to a virtual fop. A superb Osric, but a gross misreading of Camillo.

The lack of character detail created trying difficulties in the first half. There the action centres around Leontes, a character drawn by a very narrow exploration of his sensibility. So although he is the primary source of dramatic interest, this is generated as much by the Court and people around him as by his own words and actions. His language reveals a tortured mind and we might sympathise with him for this, but the repercussions on others alienate us from him.

Now, Martin Griffiths displayed sensitivity in his interpretation and authority in his performance. But his fellow actors just refused to drive his scenes as fast as was needed; and his scared lunacy often verged on monotony. So Leontes was not only trapped within his mind but was burdened by a dramatic pace which threatened to crush him and the performance.

As soon as we got to Bohemia this threat dissolved. The theatrical gestures (such as a bubble-blowing sequence or an entire minute during which proclamations were hammered into reluctant posts, while 'simple folk' offered us wooden gawps) gave way to inspired use of the space available. Autolycus 'robbed' the audience of their programmes, the Shepherd first emerged from the greenery in front of the cloister wall. The production was most assured in the sheep-shearing scene where the complex movements (such as the dance) were totally convincing. And here at last we really did get portrayals of real depth, for in contrast to the acting to which we had become accustomed, these performances were typified by variety. Andrew Gifford's Shepherd, Nick Palliser's Autolycus, Daryl Weldon's Florizel all succeeded because they communicated the range of their characters to the limit. It was not just their youthful fire which indicated the abundance of natural energy in their scenes but the breadth of feeling which was squeezed out of every moment.

This was particularly true of Perdita. As it stands, the part is as narrow as any other in the play. But Sarah Lambourn gave an intense performance which was genuinely moving: the divergent feelings of tender apprehension, dignity, and passion emerged with effortless clarity. When foreboding (which marked even the happiest moments of her performance) finally turned into collapse—

'this dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further
But milk my ewes and weep'

the simple force of her delivery suddenly fulfilled the evening's entire promise.

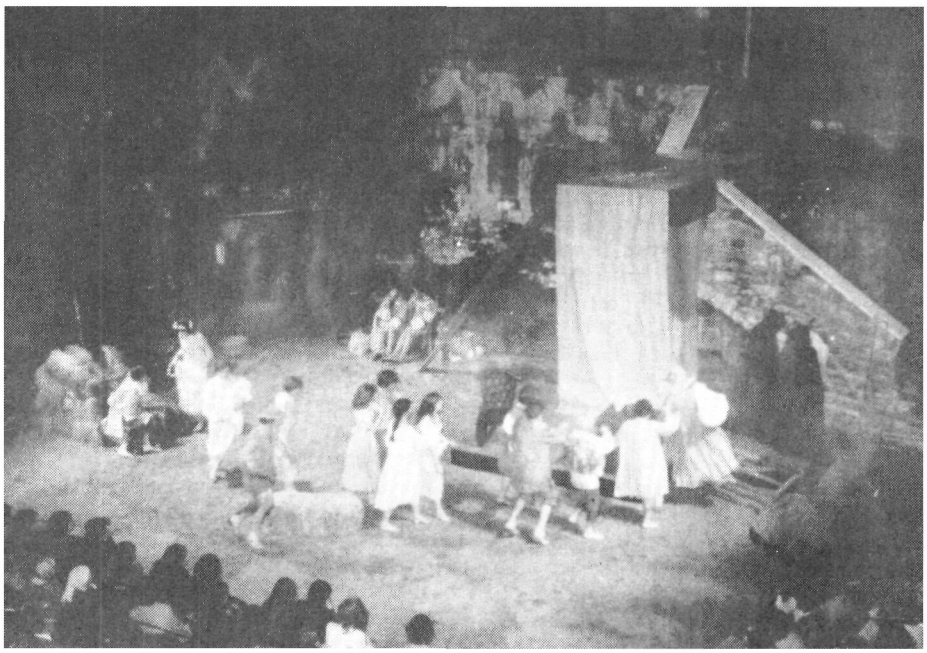
Of that promise I could say more, Chris Loveless' Antigonus deserved comment, William Purton's vivid Polixenes demanded it with his starkly original reading of the part. But theatre is not made of

Ian Lazarus

possibilities. It would be a severe mistake to pretend that this production was more noticeable for its uncertainties and difficulties than its undeniable achievements. It would, for example, be hard to forget the feeling of magic which struck every element of the last scene or the silence which touched its best moments. The power of Shakespeare's vision was never really diluted—the deficiencies only became apparent after long reflection. And there, perhaps, is the greatest achievement. John Field provided us with a dream that refused to evaporate after the final call. Instead, we were left with a clear picture—of a society of cruelty transformed by a faith in Beauty as if 'stolen from the dead'. At a time when the artistic mind seems able only to change the ugly into the sterile, 'The Winter's Tale' stands out as a supremely topical myth. And so, it was more than refreshing to see it presented in a school as much noted for intellectual arrogance as academic excellence, for apathy far more than creativity.

Terence Sinclair

Ian Lazarus



The Real Inspector Hound

Dryden's House Play

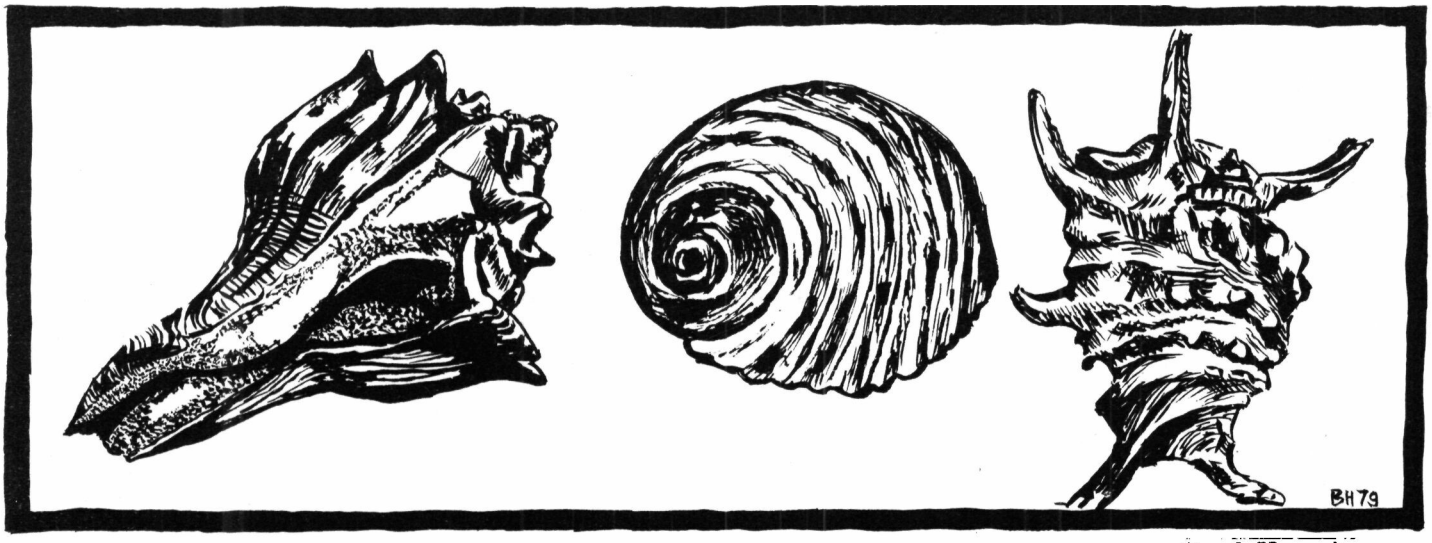
'The play; if we can call it that, and I think on balance we can', represented a fairly good attempt to come to grips with a difficult play. Stoppard's wit is always hard to bring off on stage, and in this play particularly so. It was this difficulty that meant that the great humorous potential of the play was not in fact fully realised.

James Mackie and Matthew Lloyd, as Moon and Birdboot, the two critics, gave solid, rather straightforward, renderings, when they could be heard. Neither quite managed to rise sufficiently to the occasion and, as the play progressed, one began to notice how relevant their critical remarks were to their own performances. The 'bad' actors were, for the most part, not convincing enough. Instead of coming over as intentionally bad, they were often just incompetent. Cassandra Balchin, as Mrs. Drudge, used such a horribly overdone Monty-Python-tealady accent, that she was often totally incomprehensible, even the second time round. Tom Custance was good, though somewhat expressionless, while Jonathan Goldman suffered from inexperience and lacked height, for his rôle. Sarah Lambourn and Chloë Rees were both too self-conscious, and neither looked really at home in her part. Robert Lomnitz was the best of this bunch, perfectly ineffectual, with just the right amount of lisp, and not too heavily stylized. Viv Woodell, as always, did a sizable impression of the headmaster, that much the better for being purely aural.

The second half 'lacked pace'. Not enough tension was put into it to bring off the repeat. The cast looked, if anything, bored at having to go through it all again, and it dragged its way to a rather unconvincing ending. The dénoument was not helped by the fact that the body could only be seen by people in the front row, so that the sustained visual joke was totally wasted, and everyone had forgotten about the body by the time it was discovered. Perhaps the producer did not trust in Richard Congreve's ability to lie still for an hour.

However, the production was funny, because, even after you've thrown away many of the jokes, the play is in itself funny. While this performance didn't do much to encourage this essential humour, it didn't quell it altogether. But any success it did achieve was due much more to Stoppard than to Dryden's!

A. Holmes



Brook Horowitz

Music

School Concert

The School concert held Up School proved to be the most entertaining for some time, and the Hall was filled to capacity. Amongst the items were a number of orchestral pieces, two choral works, three soloists playing fresh from their successes at the music competition a month before, and a movement from a Tschaikovsky Piano Concerto.

The programme began with the Ballet Music from 'William Tell' by Rossini, played by Junior Orchestra. This was probably their best performance yet, and even if the intonation was not always good, their conductor, John Baird, led them to a good performance.

Next, the first orchestra played two items. Firstly the overture to Mozart's La Clemenza di Tito, which failed to grip me, although it was accurately played under the assured baton of Charles Brett. I found the whole performance slightly unsatisfactory. This was followed by the last movement of Dvorak's Eighth Symphony. The orchestra played it with great gusto, and their enthusiasm never jeopardised their precision. Here was the first orchestra at its very best.

Next we heard three solo items. Justin Brown played Schubert's Impromptu in G flat with great polish, although he occasionally marred the tune by playing it marginally too loud in an otherwise excellent delivery. Charles Sewart then gave a beautiful performance of The Romance in D by Svensden for violin. The playing was wonderfully lyrical and sensitive, and the tuning almost faultless. The final solo item was the first movement of Poulenc's flute sonata performed by Sam Coles. He played it eloquently and exactly, communicating a very good understanding of the piece's humour.

Two Monteverdi anthems formed the penultimate item, sung by the Abbey Choir, with the brass group and a string and harpsichord.

While the first, 'Cantate Domino', was well-performed, the second, 'Beatus Vir', never properly recovered from a dubious start, and there was sometimes a serious lack of communication between the different groups.

The highlight of the evening was undoubtedly the first movement of Tschaikovsky's first piano concerto, with John Whittaker as soloist, and the first orchestra under Charles Brett. This movement is notoriously difficult, yet the pianist gave a brilliant rendering, but while everyone enjoyed the pianistic fireworks, one cannot help thinking that the performance would have been ever better, if he had produced a more varied and original interpretation of the work. However he impressed the audience, and must be congratulated on an outstanding piece of virtuosity.

Peter Muir

The Music Competition Finals

There were over 200 entries this year into the Music Competitions. Such keenness must undoubtedly be welcomed by the music department but it does have its disadvantages: houses were entering large numbers of competitors solely for the sake of amassing points, regardless of the fact that many had not touched their instrument for several years and were only just capable of picking out a tune. Some were not even able to do that. Although large numbers increase the spirit of competition, there is less time to hear each person playing, and more rush to get through the long lists of competitors in the various heats. The standard was certainly lower in the heats than in the past few years, and the good performers only really shone in the finals. Certain pianists, too, were weighed down by having to accompany soloists in the heats. They clearly had little time to practise their own pieces and this was reflected in their general performances throughout the competition. Thanks must go to these players, for without their help, the competitions could not have taken place.

The finals concert always lasts a long time due to the number of performers. Last year I remember my attention wandering because of this, but on this occasion, the whole concert seemed much shorter, partly because I was desperately hoping that Busby's would be able to catch Dryden's up (they didn't), and partly because the gaps between each item were much shorter. The performers were ready to play when their turn came, so that the audience was able to appreciate their talent fully.

It would take pages to write about each competitor individually, so I will only mention a few who, in my opinion, were outstanding. Suffice it to say that the standard from start to finish was extremely high and all those who took part in the finals are to be congratulated.

Of the four ensemble groups in the concert, one was particularly good. The group, consisting of Justin Brown, Sam Coles and Andrew Patten played a Trio by Teleman. This performance was the nearest that anyone at Westminster in my time has come to playing real, professional-sounding chamber music.

Because all four players had suffered from accompanying others, the piano section was rather disappointing. Only John Whittaker's performance was really satisfactory, and it bode well for the school concert later this term.

The vocal class was more encouraging. All three singers had excellent control and intonation, but Robert Maslen was the best because he introduced into his rendering of Schumann's 'Die beiden Grenadiere' great vivacity and excitement through the use of different tones of voice according to the meaning of the words.

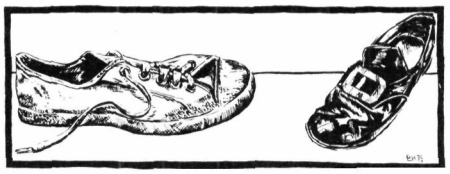
Everyone in the wood wind class played well, but Sam Coles and Nicola Hirsch were outstanding. Their tone was clear throughout, and they performed with feeling and confidence. Incidentally, Coles was awarded the highest mark of the whole competition: 19 out of 20.

Robert Dinn stood out amongst the brass section for his bright clear tone which matched the shine on his instrument. If there is any criticism to be made about his playing it is that he kept the dynamic level too high and there was not enough contrast.

The school is lucky to have so many string players, especially in the lower half of the school. This evening, Andrew Patten, the new music scholar, outshone the others in his class through his excellent intonation and sense of rhythm. Charles Sewart could have been equally good this year if he had not broken a toe on Expeditions recently. Although it is well known that violinists do not usually use their toes to play, Sewart's bowing arm was restricted because he had to sit down to perform and this resulted in a lack of clarity in tone. Again he displayed, as did Patten, a gift for performance in front of an audience, making the listener immediately become involved in the music.

Finally, thanks and congratulations must go to Mr. Brett and Mr. Baird who organised the whole competition, accompanied many of the soloists and spent nearly nine hours in a row adjudicating the heats.

Brook Horowitz



Brook Horowitz

Where have all the flowers gone?

If asked why they send their child to a private school, most parents would probably say it was because the Comprehensives are so bad. Private schools seem well disciplined, familiar, and get good A-level results; comprehensives are uncouth, unfledged and, in the main, achieve poorly in national exams. In a world of intense fluctuation, parents opt for the security of private schools, in a desperate attempt to ensure that their child grows up within a stable, traditional framework and achieves some sort of academic qualification comparable to their own. In the light of this recent boom, it seems remarkable that until a short while ago the future of the Public Schools was very uncertain. But indeed the tenacity with which they weathered those repeated assaults from the Left has gone to enhance their appeal as bastions against the ravages of Socialism.

Why was the private sector so fervently defended in the '60's? There is no ideological defence for it. The value of formal education within a society is that it ensures the possibility of social mobility (unlike a primitive system of apprenticeship into the father's profession) and also, by generating individual thought, prevents cultural and intellectual stagnation. The public schools (instead) perpetuate class barriers, and are the means by which rich children can be steered into the well paid jobs. Pompous, autocratic over-vigilant and unimaginatively academic, they have tended to stamp out individual thought. In the nineteenth century, the inventors were those who pursued science outside their formal education in the Classics, and it was ex-Public School bigots that opposed industrial reform. Some Tories argue that parents ought to have choice over their child's education; that the abolition of private schools would deny the wealthy the freedom to choose how they spent their money. This is a muddled argument, since formal education is not a commodity, but the means by which a free country ensures all its members enjoy the same opportunities: everyone must benefit equally from its existence, or they are being denied their fair share of inalienable human rights. By suggesting that human rights can be 'bought' by the highest bidder, the Tories only betray the extent to which their policies run contrary to, rather than in favour of genuine human freedoms.

Antithetical to all educational ideals, the Public schools were perhaps defended as an indispensable feature of our heritage instead. Like the nobility or the stately homes, they are quaint reminders of bygone glory. Lodged in the childhood memories of most of the M.P.'s their sentimental value probably obscured questions about their real value. Anyway, corporal punishment had stopped, girls had begun to arrive, and they were teaching a slightly broader range of subjects—they weren't such bad places after all. Propagators of the comprehensive scheme presumably felt it was better to concede over this emotive issue, and get the other educational reforms carried. The belief was that in competition with the idealistic, humane and well-equipped new comprehensive schools, the private sector would soon perish anyway, for lack of subscribers.

However this hope has not been realised, due to the (perhaps unanticipated) caution of the British public. Even initially they refused to endorse the new state system wholeheartedly, and subsequently (due to doubts provoked by the world recession) have taken a positively reactionary swing in favour of the private sector. Particularly significant is the fact that confusion and outrage after the disappearance of the Grammar Schools has lead many middle class parents to subscribe to Direct Grant schools which turned private, rather than 'submit to the comprehensives'. Moreover, the process is reciprocal. While the private system remains, all those wealthy enough (except the ideologically courageous) are bound to continue to exploit it. For at a State School, academic qualifications are only attained by the brightest children; at a private school, even fairly ordinary pupils can have the smatterings of greatness thrust

upon them. Middle class parents realise that if their child goes to the local comprehensive he will probably be far surpassed by equals in the private system. Thus, quite reasonably, they put together their savings in order to send him to a private school.

The impact of this 'panic buying' has been twofold. It has meant that the Comprehensives are largely deprived of the children from intellectually orientated homes, and thus denied the type of pupils who would give the schools the opportunity to show academic distinction. Thus they cannot generate sufficient credibility to lure bright pupils away from the private schools. It has also meant that the private schools have come under much closer scrutiny by parents than in the past, since a private education nowadays constitutes such a vast parental investment. Pupils are pressurised to make use of the privilege granted them, and spend adolescence obsessed with achieving exam grades and University places. The schools themselves must also be preoccupied with exam results, since it is these that parents are paying for; also, they must present a respectable, disciplined image, to show that they are not new-fangled, but sensible, traditional establishments. They have degenerated into academic factories, and are judged by their efficiency, not their ideals or their imagination.

Long gone are educational dreams of the '60's. School at the end of the 1970's has become a grim battle for places at Oxbridge and the other good universities. Even Westminster is not exempt: Guilds are abolished in favour of a more rigid timetable, a master has been appointed 'in charge of Discipline', there are restrictions on shag clothing, *The Elizabethan* is carefully censored . . . . harsh, but realistic measures to cater for public demands. Westminster is an academic institution, and must compete in the increasingly tough national exams. That is the simple answer to criticism of current school policy.

The criticisms, therefore, must be levelled at British education as a whole. As a nation we are caught up in a blind dedication to the validity of academic qualifications, and believe that education is simply a means to the end. University places are awarded to pupils not with imaginative minds, but with good A-level grades. It has been my experience that contemporaries with real flair and individuality have done badly at A-level, and the successful ones are generally dogmatic workers. As a nation that is floundering industrially, it is surely the former qualities we ought to be encouraging in our schools: British industry needs entrepreneurial talents to revive it, not the conservatism that is currently stifling it. What is also needed is skilled manual labourers: yet schools remain mindlessly academic, and those with manual skills must take it out on telephone boxes.

The emphasis of education must change for these serious reasons, as well as the simple fact that at present, for the majority, the school syllabus is pretty unrewarding. The onus must move away from academic exams, and towards broadly based curricula involving a great many non academic subjects. Creativity in all subjects must replace narrow cramming, and topics ought to be explored for interest's sake rather than in order to achieve exam grades. Today's youth have a great deal of energy but because it is not harnessed it is often given anti-social vents, or at best squandered. Extra discipline is used in schools to stamp out deviance, instead of a thoughtful approach which would re-channel it.

But most importantly, we must abolish the private schools, for it is their existence which has allowed this absurdly competitive helter-skelter to evolve. It certainly does not benefit the children, it impoverishes the quality of school life, and it is not in the national interest either. Yet parents endorse it with more faith than they ever greeted the idealism ventured in the sixties. Perhaps it reflects the national spirit that we prefer puritanical rigour to creative education, or perhaps the perverted Public School ethic is simply too deeply embodied in our national consciousness for us ever to dispel our notion of what education 'ought' to involve. Either way the public is at present unprepared to alter its simpleminded attitude to education, and the Conservative party will happily undermine still further the public's faith in the Labour party's educational programme. Admittedly, the State system needs substantial improvement; it is by no means perfect; but any responsible Government ought to be energetically encouraging our comprehensive schools, rather than allowing party politics to destroy the chance of this country using its education system to lift us from our current economic and cultural nadir.

Sebastian Secker Walker

'At last I've taught him something he didn't know!' E.A.S.

* * *

'Major French and Jim Cogan assured me just this morning that running was very necessary for the female system!' C.E.E.

* * *

Prospective parent and daughter viewing school—'Isn't it exciting?' 'Yes, it's lovely, it's just like the film!'

* * *

'I could pass myself off as Professor Jacobs of St. Peter's College, London.' R.J.

* * *

'I don't believe in summing up.' R.H.S.

* * *

'Hit him harder than that—I'll hit him for you.' C.F.H.

* * *

'I've taught you everything I know and you know nothing, nothing!' D.W.M.

* * *

'Isn't he elegant? He's the vertical answer to the unmade bed.' C.F.H.

* * *

'You can't just go taking days off in the middle of term.' E.R.D.F.

* * *

'I think there is such a thing as love.' R.H.S.

* * *

'I have to be protected from all these women.' C.F.H.

* * *

'Theorem: All points are the same point if you make them big enough.' E.A.S.

Moscow 1979: Simon Cellan-Jones

Norway Expedition, 1979

Cedric Harben

It was pouring with rain when we finally boarded the S.S. Venus, bound for the fjords and mountains of Norway. For most of us it was the first time we had camped and walked outside the British Isles. It was to be an unforgettable holiday.

There were seventeen of us, and enough food, for four weeks, as well as copious amounts of climbing equipment. Somehow we all fitted into two cramped minibuses, but comfort was a word that we had left far behind.

We landed in Bergen in high spirits but not to the warm Norwegian response that we had expected. One of the minibuses broke down before it was off the boat, and the first word of Norwegian that we heard was not only unpronounceable, but also unprintable; the ship's local crew was not amused.

Eventually we were on the road and passing through the sort of scenery that graces the pages of glossy travel brochures. In spite of the stuffiness of the minibus we were all aware of the freshness of the countryside, something that we would be even more aware of on our return to England.

The first night was spent at a spot that seemed to have been forgotten by time, a comment which might have been made about any one of the places we visited.

We went to Norway with the intention of climbing mountains (although Nature had other ideas). We set up our base camp at Helgedalen, a valley in the middle of a group of mountains not unlike the Cuillin of Skye in their shape, but about twice the height.

We were very lucky on the first day, the summit affording terrific views of Norway. To one side was a panorama of the Jotenheimen, the most popular range in the country. On the other side was the Jodalsbrae, the largest ice-field in Europe. Everywhere the ridges of snow capped mountains were raised above the green depthless waters of countless fjords. These were scenes that I shall remember for a very long time.

Cedric Harben

The second day was an excursion onto a glacier. For the majority of us this was another new experience. It involved quite a high degree of co-ordination and took a bit of getting used to. It was all too easy to trip over one's feet or crampon strap. The crampons claimed to be articulated, the problem was that the people wearing them were not.

It was in the height of summer and therefore all the crevasses were gaping open, and the ice and snow bridges were reliable. However, even that did not stop Alison Carey falling down one; it looked quite spectacular but the crevasse was only three feet deep. There was little other excitement on that day and the 10lbs of ironmongery that Mr. Jones-Parry had invested in was made redundant before it had been used.

There was one final day of walking from base camp. After that the rain set in. We saw no sign of the sun for six days. There was little to do but sit and fester. We read, wrote up diaries and altered the topography of the campsite, in an attempt to divert the waters of a newly formed stream that threatened to meander into half the tents on the semi flood plain that we had innocently pitched on. Thus began the worst summer in Norway for about twelve years.

Unable to walk, our attentions were averted to some of the well-known tourist spots. The Stave Church at Urnes was top of the list. These wooden churches date back to the early days of Christianity in Norway. They are outstanding examples of Norwegian craftsmanship and wood handling. Of the twenty or thirty that have survived this is one of the most impressive, standing on the top of a tiny island.

On the fifth day after the rain had started, we pulled out of Helgedalen, to try our luck a little further north. The aspirations were to climb Norway's two highest mountains, Galdhopiggen and Glittertind, both in the order of 8,100 feet high. In fact, one has to climb both peaks to be sure of ascending the highest point because the two summits share the honour, the one with the most snow being the highest on any particular day.

We set up an advance base camp in the Spiterstulen valley, just down the road from a luxury hotel. Although the weather was still not perfect, at least the rain had stopped. The valley was enshrouded in cloud for most of the time, and we never really saw the tops that we set out to climb.

It was quite hard work going up after so many days of inactivity. We reached the top in a snowstorm, which made the day more akin to a day in Skye at Easter. There was even a wooden hut on the top where one could buy signed certificates to prove that one had been to the highest official point not only in Norway, but in all Scandinavia.

After the summit, photographs, and a hurried lunch in the hut, no-one was sorry to go back down. Once in the shelter of the valley we made for the hotel, and in spite of its exorbitant prices we all settled down for an evening back in civilization.

The next day promised to be fine, and we all welcomed the chance to dry out some of our wet gear. A small party went off to climb the Glittertind, while the rest of us lazed around in the sun. But the rest was short lived for four of us, Paul Youlten, Tom Custance, Jon Ormerod, and myself, as we found ourselves packing up kit for a four day trek back to Helgedalen. It seemed like a good idea at the time! A matter of just under forty miles, full packs, and lousy weather made for a fine trip. It was nonetheless, a fulfilling and interesting venture, enriched with just a hint of lunacy.

We arrived back, wet and tired, to find that another party had been fool enough to set off on an even more foolhardy expedition, a lesser undertaking in as much as they were doing a small, circular walk to take two days, but they had insisted on setting out in the rain. They were soaked before they had got to the end of the Helgedalen valley.

As if it were some sort of Divine threat to persuade us to move on for good, the weather really let rip that evening. More than one tent was brought down by the powerful winds that swept the valley throughout the night, and the flysheet of the big Stormhaven was among the casualties.

We pulled out the next morning.

For the next week, we put away the climbing gear and became real tourists.

We knocked off a few more Stave Churches on our way north. We passed the famous Troll Wall, a 4,500 feet high vertical rock face, a formidable opponent for any aspiring climber. The fastest ascent was in five days. Needless to say, we just stood back and marvelled at it.

We travelled on to Andalsnes and then up to Alesund, before beginning the route back towards Bergen.

One of the highspots of the journey back, was a trip down the Geiranger fjord, which, according to the travel brochures is 'Norway's Most Spectacular Fjord'. Well, once you've seen one fjord you've seen them all, but this one was very impressive to say the least.

Our final ambition before coming home, was to visit the Jodalsbrae icecap. A lot of planning went into finding the easiest place to get on to it, but thanks to the weather (or the results of the weather) it turned out to be the only real cock-up of the whole trip. We were unable to get close to the cap in the minibuses, which meant taking all the gear we would need up with us. We got to within a mile of the snout of the glacier we had hoped to go up, but were prevented from getting any closer by another flood plain and a glacial river that had risen several feet because of the torrential rain, in the past two weeks.

Not only were we stopped from getting onto the cap, we were then stuck because the rain started up again. We spent the next thirty-six hours in our sleeping bags.

The story had a twist of irony to it still to come. T.J-P. had chosen not to come with us, feeling unsure of his competence on glaciers (he was the only one who admitted it, but many of us shared his thoughts). In a moment of boredom however, he wandered up the next valley and became the only member of the party to set foot (literally 1ft) on the icecap.

We arrived in Bergen a few days later, and spent three glorious days sunbathing, sightseeing, and shopping in the hottest three days of the year.

After four weeks we were looking forward to getting home once more. It was however a thoroughly successful trip. It was unfortunate that we could not achieve all that we had hoped, because of the appalling weather. On behalf of everyone concerned with the expedition, I would like to thank Messrs. Cedric Harben, Eddie Smith and Tristram Jones-Parry for making it all possible, and to thank everyone for their company and high spirits during those four happy weeks in August.

Alastair Gill

Cedric Harben

How good are we?

It is rare to come away from an English Language paper with a thought, but I must admit that I began wondering a week or so back when an Upper Shell form appeared to have no idea about the meaning of the phrase 'principles of conduct'. The popular view was that it must be something like knowing how to order a cocktail, or the necessity of a good accountant. Further discussion revealed widespread uncertainty about the meaning of the word 'moral', or the idea of 'the moral life', and in addition, a fairly widespread belief that it was somehow indecent to talk about it. Well, what has happened to 'moral education', in general, and at Westminster?

Is morality a subject that is no longer mentioned in front of the children? Parents and teachers may both feel uneasy enough about 'forfeiting respect', being labelled 'stuffy', or 'authoritarian', or 'Victorian', or 'puritanical' (the labels are numerous, and, in so far as they are primarily emotive, interchangeable) to assume with relief that moral instruction or discussion is the others' responsibility. Many adults may recognise that their own casual and selfish behaviour gives them no right to take any sort of moral line with the children for whom they are responsible. The hectic self-seeking of the metropolitan adult world, expressed in the brutality, greed and ruthlessness of Central London life, and the fashionable poses of cynicism and world-weariness powerfully, insensibly communicate themselves to all of us in ways hard to resist. 'No one else does, so why should I?' is an understandable, if irrational response to an invitation to apply moral principle to the routines of city life. It would seem perfectly natural for many of the young (or should we call them junior citizens and avoid terminology which, though exact, carries some vague slur) to conclude that 'principles of conduct', in so far as they exist at all, are things they may pick up for themselves in some extended game of hide and seek, or by a kind of beach-combing, where the value of what is found is not intrinsic and general, but affective and private.

But surely Westminster School ought to practice higher standards than the surrounding city? We are a community of people living and working together, not chance individuals passing in the street, and we are engaged in the cultivation of mental powers, an activity widely presumed to be civilising. Furthermore, we have been known to pride ourselves on the quality of our human relationships. What evidence is there, and how should we interpret it? The more familiar problems of schools, so easily magnified by adults—the fact that some people drink or smoke or take drugs—do not tell us much about the moral worth of the community. The essence of morality is the way in which people treat each other, and here the evidence is confusing. Of the 23 Upper Shell boys who wrestled with 'principles of conduct', all approved, in a questionnaire about personal qualities, of 'consideration for others', and all but one disapproved of 'highly strung' (also of effiminacy, though that is neither here nor there). I suppose the cynic would say that 'consideration' recommended itself because it seemed to demand no active dimension, while disapproval of 'highly strung' reflected the resentment by sluggish natures of the more animated ones. Still, I prefer to regard the verdicts as a recognition that ego is not the law of life. A sudden wave of concern raises hundreds of pounds for Cambodia, and yet there are constant if minor examples of indifference to those around us: interrupting others while they are speaking, or not listening to them at all; discourteous drifting in and out of plays and concerts; litter (which someone else has to clear up); 'borrowing' property and not returning it; and a tendency to regard any form of corporate activity as an unwarrantable intrusion into private time. 'Ill company,' observed Swift, 'is like a dog, who dirties those most whom he knows best.'

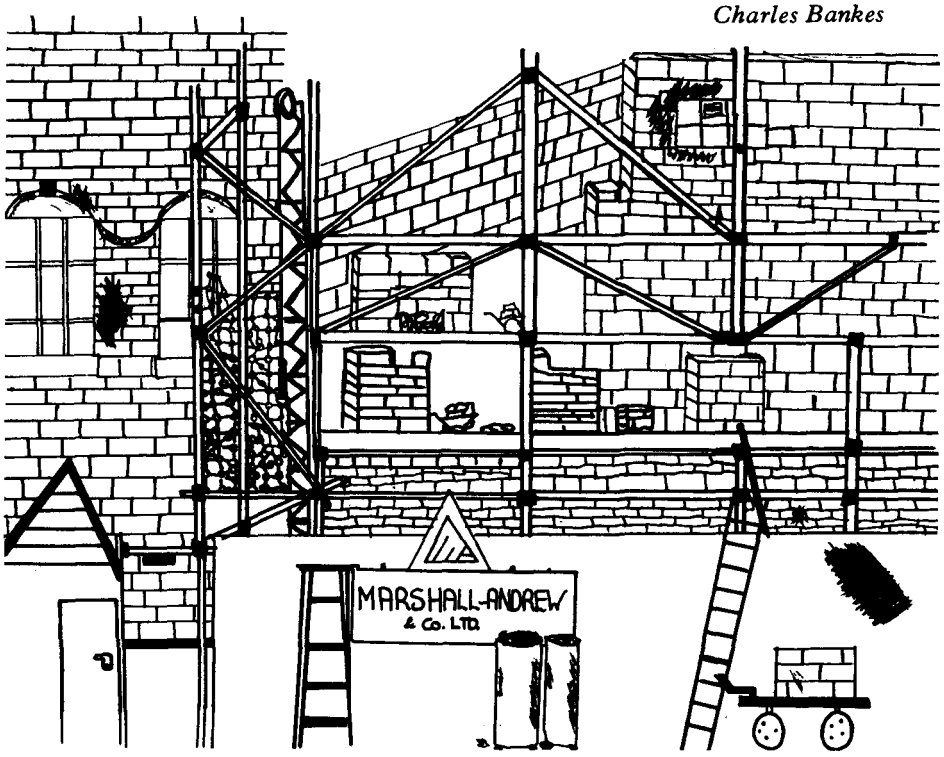
I find myself beginning to doubt whether our much-vaunted human relations have much in the way of practical achievement to justify the boast. In the classroom, young and not-so-young meet, and are mostly very decent to one another, but I think we probably recognise that only very selective aspects of our personalities are projected there, and that, in addition, the objectives of the classroom are competitive, self-seeking, and with no necessary moral constituent. F. R. Leavis' ideal of a university, 'a collaborative human creativity', does not naturally describe an institution pursuing primarily academic goals. 'I have learned', said the Philosopher, 'that the head does not hear anything until the heart has listened, and that what the heart knows today the head will understand tomorrow.'

A demographer might also observe the territorial taboos, both creating and re-inforcing social taboos, which separate young and old. When we leave classrooms, we divide in Yard and make for hide-outs up House and in the Common Room which are no-go areas for the other side. There is no natural or easy meeting place, free from academic or disciplinary connotations, where staff and pupils meet. Expeditions and theatre visits, significantly, both please and surprise, in revealing aspects of personality inexpressible in the daily routine. The young, it is always said, take their values directly or indirectly from the old; it is when the generations lead separate lives that mutual unease and divided value schemes arise, when the young become victims of the L.C.D. effect (Lowest common denominator—to be distinguished from both kinds of L.S.D. effect) and behave as if they were never off the terraces; when the old retreat to head-shaking disapproval and abdicate responsibility.

My thesis is simple: at Westminster we do not care about one another as much as we should, or as much as we say we do. We have settled for a convenient selfishness masquerading as liberalism. The causes, I suggest, are connected with the primacy of academic goals and the powerful territorial divisions of our 'village' site. I would like to see this thesis challenged, or solutions proposed. 'Morality,' said Kierkegaard, 'does not set out from an ignorance which needs to be changed into knowledge, but from a knowledge that requires to be put into practice.' As he gazes down on Westminster, I wonder if he feels his confidence was misplaced.

John Field

Charles Bankes



Teaching at Westminster

The act of leaving school is regarded as a symbolic step in the process of growing up. It indicates that you have received from the school-system, with its self-important rules and modes of operation, some of the instruction and training deemed necessary for survival and that you are now capable of independent action. Teachers alone choose to return. It is not essential to analyse their motives, psychological states or inadequacies to point out the simple truth that their decision to go back is an unusual one.

An independent school, where parents are seen to pay large sums of money is an educational institution different from that which most young people attend and Westminster is not a typical independent school. The presence of girls, the system of weekly-boarding, the day and boarding mix, the times (in my view, essential) in the day when it leaves pupils with the freedom to plan their own lives and, most significantly, the geographical position—described in a letter from a parent to the previous Head Master as 'Quite near London'—are all factors which help to make it unusual.

Any views I have of teaching at Westminster are therefore not those of a normal person looking at a typical school, nor can I make valid comparisons. My memories of my own schooldays are conveniently resurrected at times but are too vague to form any coherent picture and my recollections of teaching elsewhere too distant to be accurate or relevant. Like the B.B.C. film, I can only comment on what I see and that may not be a representative sample of what actually happens.

In spite of the changing school population, the sense of community here is very marked. This provides support and help when we need it but sometimes narrows our horizons unnecessarily. It can encourage too many of us to spend much of our social lives in each other's company; it can make us introspective, with a thirst to know what is going on, over-developed chains of communication and a preoccupation with trivia; it can lead to a lack of privacy for both teachers and taught so that a long term becomes horribly oppressive. This community, being essentially a place for the young who rightly look forward, has no memory. A change occurs—a master leaves, a new housemaster is installed, 'wednesday afternoon activities' are phased out—and within a few weeks, days sometimes, the previous arrangements are forgotten. As a master here then, you cannot live on past glories because no one recalls them: each group you teach will judge you on your effectiveness with them so that you are continually having to 'prove' yourself. As a pupil, neither early virtues nor youthful crimes are recorded with any permanence.

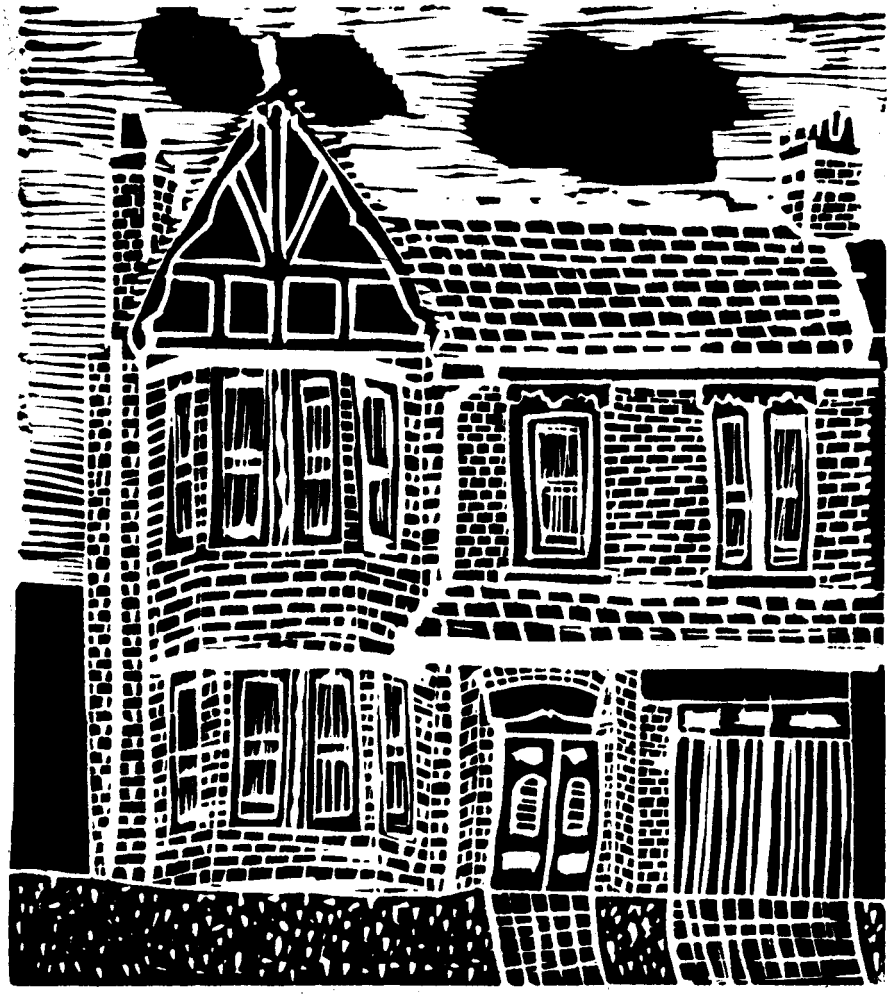
The school is not burdened with the hierarchical systems which obtain in some walks of life. In the Army, it is assumed that the pronouncement of a Brigadier, on whatever subject, is much more likely to be correct than that of a mere Lieutenant; in a hospital, a Consultant may be late for an appointment but a lesser figure may not. Here, my interpretation of an aspect of Physics is only likely to prevail if I can convince others that I am right and for me to be late for a lesson or to fail to mark a prep is considered as unprofessional and indefensible as for the Head Master or the youngest member of the Common Room to do the same. This lack of hierarchy operates among the pupils too and has destroyed the horizontal stratification of age-groups and the excessively House-oriented attitudes of yesteryear as well as making it more difficult for monitors to do the jobs traditionally expected of them.

Westminster is not a battleground where conflict exists because those being taught do not want to learn. The aim of masters and pupils is the same; only on means to that end do they differ. In the eleven years I have been here, the attitude and response of the Lower School has undoubtedly improved and this has been mirrored in their better results at 'O' level. As some pupils move to the Upper School, they may lose sight of the fact that a great deal of work is needed in any academic discipline before independence of thought can be acquired. The shallow response when this independence does not come easily is to blame the teacher for making it all too academic or being concerned only that you should work at his subject; the more mature approach is to look around at those contemporaries who are succeeding and notice that they are those who have covered the groundwork more thoroughly and are more involved in what they are doing. My main concern at the moment is that some members of the Sixth and Remove take too long to establish suitable patterns of work and do not assume enough responsibility for their own progress. Sometimes they see personal development as an alternative to academic achievement and realise their error too late.

At some time every term I ask myself why I teach here and how long I (or the school) will be able to stand it. Have I been asked to take on some administrative responsibility as a gentle hint? Is the jibe 'Those who can, do; those who can't, teach' to be completed by 'Those who can't teach, organize teachers'? In my more rational moments, my only answer is that I work here because I enjoy it. If one enjoys doing something, it has then the absorbing and involving quality that play has for a child. Perhaps I enjoy teaching here because it enables me to remain a child inside and saves me from having to grow up.

Colin Harris

Mark Owen-Ward



P.H.A.B. (i)

Ian Lazarus

I had heard from members of previous courses how enjoyable and exhilarating PHAB would be, but as the handicapped people arrived, I was at first unconvinced. However the immediate enthusiasm of those people attending with us who had been on previous courses was so infectious that even we 'beginners' soon forgot our initial constraint (and to be frank, embarrassment).

After coffee and a short rest to enable those having had long journeys to recover, we set off for a tour of Westminster Abbey and its precincts. This proved an excellent way to start the week.

After supper and an informal concert in the Adrian Boult Centre we began the laborious and back-breaking task of lifting the wheel-chairs up the flights of College stairs. I would never have believed that within a week such an effort could have become a simple and fairly quick routine.

During the seven days, 54 people took part in what was to be a most enjoyable and successful course. The fact that many were confined to wheel-chairs mattered little. Our activities included horse-riding or swimming, a visit to London Zoo, a day in Brighton, a river trip to Greenwich and seeing 'Twelfth Night' at Regent's Park and 'Two Lads From London' at the Bubble Theatre in Cheam. On three half days everyone took part in study groups, chosen from art, music, drama and a small photography class. These groups enabled the entertainment to take place up school on the final evening. This 'open-night' was enjoyed thoroughly by all, and enabled parents and friends alike, to catch a glimpse of the purpose and atmosphere of co-operation and friendship built up over the week.

It was amazing after PHAB had finished, to realise that such deep friendships could be made in one hectic week, and how much we all regretted having to say good-bye. It had been a mentally and physically gruelling week, but extremely worthwhile.

I would just like to thank Betty Roberts, Becky, the cooks in College Hall, Joan Fenton and the nurses, the tutors, the Head Master, Bursar, Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey, and most of all, Willie Booth, who together make available the school and its facilities, and without whose assistance, its huge success would be inconceivable.

I can only end by passing on to those considering taking part in PHAB, the encouragement and enthusiasm that was passed onto me. It is a wonderful experience.

Ian Lazarus

Ian Lazarus

P.H.A.B. (ii)

In the picture beside Willie is John.

He cannot walk, and is confined to a wheelchair. He cannot dress himself, wash himself, take himself to the toilet, and he cannot even speak except with a series of grunts which even the practiced ear finds hard to understand. But the most frightening thing about John to someone meeting him for the first time is the total lack of control that he has over his limbs. They jerk about in seemingly random motion, his head going from side to side.

I first met John on the first night of the course when I discovered, to my horror, that I was sharing a room with him. I was scared. It was bad enough having to share a room with one of *them* let alone John Sullivan.

So it was with much distaste and embarrassment that I began to undress him. Initially I hoped that I could get away with just stripping him down to his underpants, and dumping him in bed. But John is human. He wanted to have his pyjamas, his face needed washing, his teeth had to be brushed, and he needed to go to the toilet. He was concerned that his clothes be neatly folded and put away, and that his watch should be wound.

During the week John and I grew to know and like each other. He is my friend, and above all he is one of us. That is what PHAB is about.

It changes 'them' into 'us'.

Seymour Segnit

Ian Lazarus

Community Service

The Queen Elizabeth II Jubilee School

'Roland, Roland, don't do that!' Roland had been given the responsible job of washer up. Seeing the full potential of the washing-up liquid bottle he was squeezing it over Lorraine's head in an experimental sort of way. By the time I could take it away from him he was squirting liquid all over the place. At this point Roland threw a tantrum and had to be calmed down by a patient teacher, whilst Lorraine stood in stupefied inactivity.

They are two very different children at the mentally handicapped school where we go on Tuesday afternoons. Roland prefers not to co-operate in group activities but runs around, trying to provoke you, smiling mischievously when you fail to catch him. He screams to express both delight and anger, which can be very wearing for his teachers. Apparently at one stage he was treated very strictly and so developed no self-discipline. He now cannot bear to be disciplined. The staff seem, however, to have endless patience. No one loses their temper and somehow Roland seems to fit in, at least loosely, with the rest of his class. Lorraine, on the other hand, is a co-operative but extremely timid child. One of her teacher's aims is to get her to stand up for herself more. When Roland squeezed washing-up liquid over her, she remained quite stationary, staring at him with confusion rather than reproach. Lorraine is also friendly, with a winning smile, and a ready volunteer for jobs.

The school takes children from as young as two up to eighteen. The reason for taking them so early is that if the school is able to help a child it is more likely to enable him to reach his full potential if it has been able to stimulate him in the right way from an early age. It is also important from the point of view of assessing a child as to whether he is in the right school or would be better off in, for example, an ESN (mild) school.

The school buildings were put up, as its name suggests, in Jubilee year when the school moved from the Ebury Bridge Road. They are extremely well designed being on one level (which helps children in wheelchairs) and colourful and airy inside. There is a splash pool, which is used most by the 'special care' children who are severely mentally retarded and for whom the stimulation of waterplay is extremely important. There is also a homecrafts room with sink at child level, cupboards a cooker and a laundry area with washing machine. Here the children learn skills like bed-making, washing, simple cookery and washing-up!

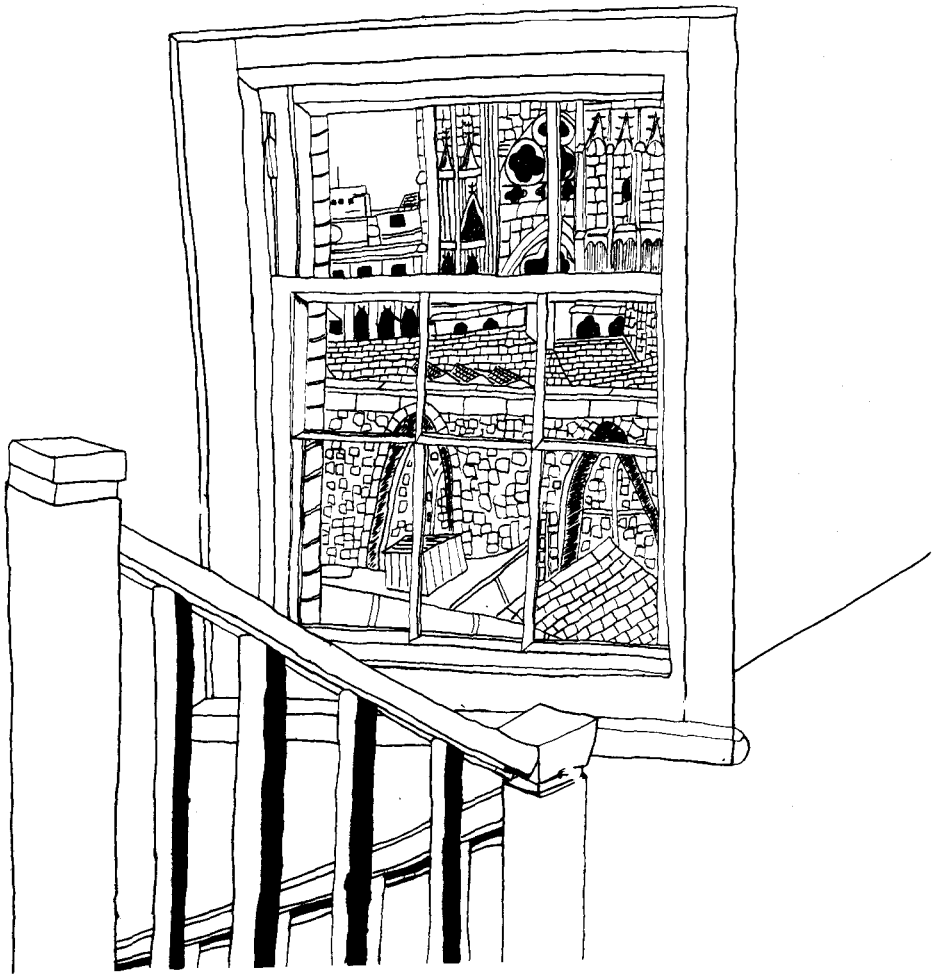
There is also academic teaching, as we understand it—learning to read, write and count. Some of the 9 and 10 year olds are on the first ladybird books. Some children cannot speak and learn a special sign language instead. It is easy to mistake lack of speech for lack of understanding unless you know this. The school has a speech therapist, who works with children individually and in groups, and a physiotherapist who helps children who are also physically handicapped.

The most striking thing about the school

is its friendliness and joyfulness. The headmistress is enthusiastic and deeply concerned for pupils, their parents and staff. Children too are friendly. I used to think that teaching the handicapped would be an unrewarding task, with little and slow progress. But the children do progress. One teacher was delighted the other day because a special care boy managed the steps into the bus on his own. From Roland and Lorraine's class to the one above there is a marked difference in maturity. Children relate to each other much better among the older group. Reading has progressed from pre-reading and the early stages to the second series ladybird books. Such steps are significant. They are helped by a simulating environment, much individual attention, and above all the immense cheerfulness and patience of the teachers.

There seems to be a widespread risk of regarding the lives of the handicapped as not worth living. This attitude comes out in such debates as whether a doctor should keep alive a baby born with spinabifida. But the mentally handicapped can lead happy and fulfilled lives and they need special help and care in order to do so. A friend working at a day centre for mentally handicapped adults said she was sure that many were capable of much more than was expected of them. They were not using their ability, had not developed to their full potential. Schools like the Jubilee School, with concern and thoughtful stimulation will help handicapped children to lead fuller, more rewarding lives.

Sarah Barber



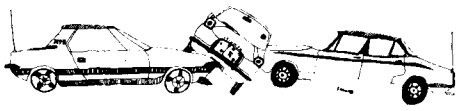
E. J. Hubbard

Literary Supplement

He glanced out of the window, and took in everything in that one short moment. He saw the block of flats, towering above him, above everything he saw, above all he represented, the semi-detached brick-roofed palaces of the middle class, who could almost afford to live a comfortable life, based carefully on the neighbours' standards, borrowed from the other side of the regulation fences, and on television adverts; the great consumer class, who had some money, and no sense. He saw the enclosing meshings of the school playgrounds, behind the block of flats, the tower of dated modern progress. He saw their knee-grazing gravel netball pitches, too small, but as big as was possible, huddled in between the warehouse, amorphously leaning, propping itself up, on nothing, unless the hoped for threat of nationalisation, and, on the other side, the gasworks, a tribute to Victorian industrial architecture, an eyesore to the uncultured of the day, who little knew, or cared to know, of its deserved place in local history. And behind them, he saw the town hall, as yet unbuilt, but only five years behind schedule, and only two million out of funds, and the buildings of the future, more blocks of flats, more gasworks, tributes to 21st century architecture, all scrupulously entered onto the local history files of the centuries beyond. He saw them all, an infinite regressing series, further than the eye could see, further than the eye looked to see, or the brain thought to question; and he saw a fire, a great pillar of flame, rolling and twisting, convulsing in patterns before his eyes, tearing at the buildings, spreading and devouring everything. It came from nowhere, from a point at the end of the infinite series, beyond human comprehension, and swept towards him, back through the future, into the present, to the first of the gasworks, and the first of the warehouses, the first playground, and they burnt, red and brilliant, the colours charging through his mind, until that too began to feel the power of the flames, and he felt his veins throbbing, ebbing and flowing with the heat, and carrying the fire to his heart itself, until he felt it must burst. He turned away from the window, pulling the trigger.

Andrew Holmes

Natasha Crowcroft



J. Albert

It is night
silhouettes
of scanning eyes
searching
through lamps
or reflected
on scattered pools.
Other people
passing the street now.
The Time critics.

Do not look at me
walk past
the silence—
like a shadow
would not leave
its footprints.

The night.
Through the rainbows
around glows
of slender neons—
There is a mind
thinking of more to think.
There are words
to be touched.
Untouchable.

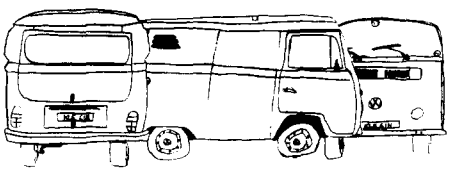
I close my eyes.
Can I picture
somewhere
a blue sky
or shades of amber?

It is night.
I am
waiting.
Deep down
the rain shall fall
for ever.
Like time.
As people do not.
Look;
The empty street now.

The non-something

Bruno Rost

C. Springate



Mother Goose

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there lived two children, a brother and a sister, in a big, big house in the suburbs, with their mother. They did not know what had happened to their father, or where he was, for when they asked their mother, she would always say 'he's gone away'.

Life was good for the children, and they had a lot of fun playing in the big garden at the back of the house. However, although their mother was very good and very kind, there were two warnings that she gave them for their own safety: one was never to eat any of the berries on the trees growing in the garden, as some of them might be poisonous, and the mother said she wasn't sure if any were or not, and the second was to never ever cross the road, for cars could come at an awful speed down that road and what the mother would do with her children run over, and the father always gone, she didn't know, and if she didn't, then no one did.

One day, when the children went out to play after tea, they found an old man sitting in the garden underneath a tree, eating something they hadn't seen before. As they were very young, they were more curious than frightened, so they went up to him and stared at him, holding hands.

'Who are you?' asked the little girl.

'I'm your father,' said the old man.

'You're too old to be our father,' said the little boy. 'You don't look anything as young as mummy does.'

'Ah,' said the old man, 'but I am as young as your mother. I've just been muckin' around for a bit, so I ain't had as good a time as you, so I just look older.' They were all quiet for a bit.

'What's that you're eating?' said the little girl.

'Called apples,' said the old man, pointing to the tree. 'Come from there.' The children were astonished, and waited, as if to see him die, or something. The girl fidgeted, and then said. 'Can I try one?'

'Course,' said the man, and reached into his pocket, and pulled out a shiny red apple just like the ones on the tree, and gave it to her.

She was scared, but took it in her little hand, and bit into it. She paused, and then bit the bit off, chewed it, and swallowed it.

'What's it like?' asked the boy.

'Well, it's . . . like . . . well . . . funny,' she said, 'but nice there, you try some.' She offered the boy the fruit. He took a bite, and swallowed it, while the man looked on.

'Yes,' said the boy, 'it's nice . . . but mummy said . . .'

'Ah, but you shouldn't believe everything mummy tells you, should you?' said the man. 'Well, now you know.'

'Know what?' asked the boy.

'Know not to believe your mother always,' said the man crossly. There was another pause. Then the girl spoke up.

'Do you ever cross the road?'

'Of course! Life wouldn't be any fun if you couldn't cross roads or turn corners.'

'But the cars . . . mummy says.'

'Oh, them! If you look before you cross the road, the cars will never get you. I live some way over the other side. I'll take you there, if you want.'

'Oh yes please,' they said. 'Do take us there, do, do!'

'Alright,' he smiled, and he took them round the side way to the pavement.

They came back, running into the house, an hour or so later. Their mother was cross, and said, 'Where have you been? I wanted to talk with you about something.'

'Mummy, mummy,' they said, 'Daddy came and he gave us an apple and he took us to his place over the road and it was so nice and can we go there again?' Their mother grew very angry and said, 'I told you never to cross the road or eat the fruit! You have disobeyed me. And you must never speak to that man again. I will have to punish you to make sure you never do it again.' And she beat them and sent them to bed without any supper and made them promise never to disobey her again. After that, things became a lot worse for the children, and—but you know what happens anyway.

Nick Lezard

* * *

After The Fire

We went along to church on Sunday
The sun was as bright as our big blonde eyes
We dipped our thumbs in the holy water
And crossed ourselves with the swastika
We passed the font where the cracks weren't showing
And prayed for the souls of the disbelievers
We listened awhile in the beautiful silence
And then as soft as a dead baby's scream
We dabbled our toes in the mere of Treblinka,
Where the crucifix shone in the glare of the furnace

In The City

Look; the salt flakes are falling
Down from a cloudless sky;
Catch them on your tongue, and hear
The warm dusty wind surround
You in tales of deeds never done.

Listen; the wind-borne dirges are creaking
Along through the bone-dry streets
Shut your eyes and smile, and taste
The pages of books enfold you
In tales of lives never lost.

Look; the streets are shining once again
Just as they always were;
Feast your eyes upon the sound
Of your iron shoes clanking along the road
Telling tales of dogs never killed.

Nick Lezard

P. White

Obituary

John Kresil

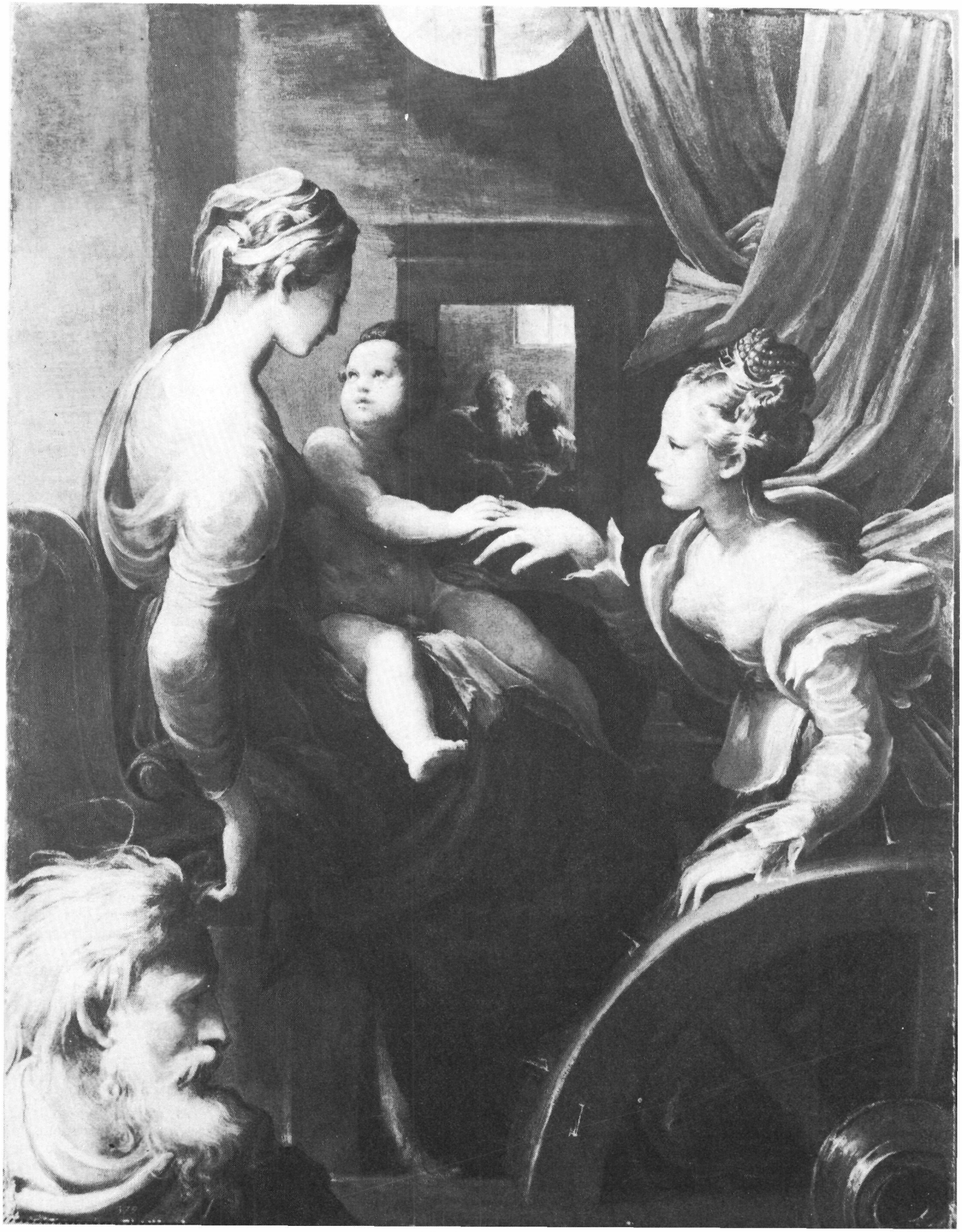
John Kresil, the School Chef, died in October. He first started work at Westminster in September 1936. He was one of a small group of devoted and loyal men and women who have served the School in College Hall over the last half-century. Though he only took over the position of chief chef a year ago, he was a familiar figure to many generations of Westminsters.

This quiet and unassuming man had many remarkable qualities. He was not only a first class chef; that we would expect. He was an excellent pianist and champion ball room dancer. His skill in cake making and decoration earned him the Master Confectioners Diploma. He made the cake for my daughter's wedding this September and I can testify to the excellence of his work. But more important perhaps than these skills of his professional and private life, were the rare qualities of his character. Though he suffered from painful back injuries as the result of war time service in the Royal Navy and from a duodenal ulcer, no one who knew him well can ever remember hearing him complain. On the contrary it was he who took the initiative when it came to helping others. He was the first to organise collections for farewells to staff, birthdays and needy causes. It was he who organised the annual domestic staff outings. And it was characteristic of him that he should have been so ready to help with the catering for Willie Booth's Physically Handicapped and Able Bodied Course in the summer holidays. He never refused to help the school however inconvenient it was to himself.

I always enjoyed looking in to see him before lunch in College Hall. He was a man of gentle humour but he presided over the kitchens with firmness and efficiency. The death of his wife a few years ago was a great blow to him but he never allowed the quality of his work to suffer. Every Thursday on his afternoon off, he took flowers to her grave.

To say that we shall miss him seems a quite inadequate statement. Westminster owes so much to those who, like John Kresil, devote their working lives to its welfare. It is so often to the unassuming that a community owes most. We must be very grateful that Westminster was able for so long to attract the loyalty of this excellent man.

John Rae



The Mystic Marriage of Saint Catherine, by Parmigianino (1503-1540)
National Gallery, London *(Oil on panel 29¼ by 22¼)*

Art

[In this, the first of a series in which it is hoped to call attention to paintings in collections within walking distance of Westminster, David Ekserdjian discusses a picture by Parmigianino in the National Gallery.]

Parmigianino: 'The Mystic Marriage of Saint Catherine'

Although this is a religious picture, it was never intended for a church, and is best imagined in a domestic setting. It is an object of private devotion, and may well have been given by Parmigianino to a personal friend. In the public atmosphere of the National Gallery it is easily overlooked, yet unlike so many paintings it gains in interest the longer it is contemplated. Both in terms of the story it tells and in the logic of its design, it remains mysterious, and my main aim is to tempt the reader to look at it more closely, rather than to proffer a spurious interpretation of its meaning.

Parmigianino, born in 1503, was at the height of his powers when he painted this little panel in the late 1520's. His style, like that of all the other great Renaissance masters, is at once highly original and eclectic. In this picture the main group, and especially the Christ Child, depend upon Correggio, who was active in Parma, while the figure of Catherine is quoted from Raphael, whose work Parmigianino would have seen later on when he lived in Rome. The boldness of the composition and the sinuous elegance of the figures, on the other hand, are Parmigianino's unique version of the style that has come to be known as Mannerism. Mannerism is often characterised as a striving for ideal beauty almost to the exclusion of content, but a picture of this period is an icon before it is a work of art, even if its subject-matter is now not always obvious.

Saint Catherine was a Princess of Alexandria, who vowed herself to Christ, and was rewarded by the gift of mystic marriage. In art it is invariably the Child Jesus who places the ring on her finger as she kneels in adoration before Him. In her left hand she holds the palm that signifies her martyrdom, and she rests it upon a viciously spiked wheel. When she refused to deny her faith, she was tied to a wheel (the Catherine Wheel), and miraculously saved from death by angels, before finally being decapitated. The wheel serves to identify her, but is at the same time a symbol of her sanctity. As Christ weds her, He turns to the Virgin, as if for approval, and the daring *profil perdu* of her head seems to betray a smile. The mute dialogue of these three principals is clearly the central event of the painting, but there are other figures present. The old man in the foreground, bearded and haloed, inhabits a space between our world and that of the picture. His proximity to Mary, and his facial type, suggest that he is Joseph. Right in the background, through an elegantly-framed door, we glimpse two figures silhouetted against the light of a window. It has been proposed that they are prophets, but more probably they are Joachim and Anna, the Virgin's parents. Thus Catherine receives the ring, not in a landscape as tended to be the norm, nor in a heavenly setting thronged with angels, but in an interior, surrounded by the three generations of the Holy Family.

Initially the setting may appear commonplace, and predominantly grey, but in fact it is full of unexpected spatial ambiguities. Parmigianino's desire to set the heads at different heights, and to place the figures at different depths, has obliged him to create a strange environment. Even if Joseph is assumed to be kneeling (Parmigianino's abrupt cutting deliberately does not let us know) the floor is considerably lower here than beyond. The Virgin's foot rests on what looks like a step up from this level. Furthermore the floor behind the main group, just visible in the gap between Catherine's left hand and right arm, is raised by another step before it reaches the door. As for the details of the architecture, they are ingeniously employed to co-ordinate the structure of the picture. Most obviously the round window echoes Catherine's wheel, while its mullion is aligned with the exchange of the ring. The doorway frames the hands too, but these effects are never routine, and the way window and door are not quite in line is characteristically subtle. If the hands are the crucial focus of the picture, then it is no surprise to find everything else symmetrically disposed about them, but Parmigianino's balancing act is never obvious. Joseph's head balances the wheel, and its smaller size is evened out by the scroll-shaped back of the Virgin's throne. The green hanging above Catherine compensates for the Virgin's dominance over her, and is an early instance of a device that was to become a rhetorical cliché in the Baroque. Lest the effect should be too overpowering, the area of wall in shadow above the Virgin's head establishes a final equilibrium. There is no narrative explanation of this projection of the wall, whose purpose is purely aesthetic. Parmigianino's concern was to invent a room that worked in pictorial terms, not to recreate a realistic environment. The illogicalities do not disturb the eye, partly because we do not think them out, but mainly because of the picture's great harmony of tone. The colours are carefully limited with this in mind, and serve to unify spatially disparate zones. Catherine and Joachim, for instance, are both clad in yellow, and there are similar resonances throughout. Basically Parmigianino composes variations on two complementary colours, red and green, with emerald played off against a dark red, and yellow-green against pink.

The delicacy and freedom of Parmigianino's brushwork, a comparatively novel benefit of the new oil technique, is best admired in front of the original, and even its suavity, triumphant in every fold and arabesque of drapery, does not compare with the perfection of the composition. If the curves and diagonals all lead us in to the highlight of the hands, other forces compel us just as irresistibly outwards. At the edges of the picture no form is complete, and our imagination is lured beyond the frame. Even the rectangular window behind Joachim and Anna is positioned to suggest real space beyond what is visible. Where every detail is painted with such love and care, it should be our pleasure to return the compliment.

David Ekserdjian

Brook Horowitz

Sports Reports

Water

The 1978/79 season was Westminster's most successful season and with 32 wins at open regattas it seems unlikely that any other school had a more successful year.

The Play Term started with a boat club of well over a hundred following the, by now familiar, structure of three squads: Senior, Colts (Junior 16) and Junior Colts (Junior 15), with the intention that by the following term each squad should produce at least an eight (most produced another crew in addition). The emphasis was on fours racing rather than sculling as has often been the case in previous years. This fact was certainly to set the scene for the rest of the season and a trend that will fortunately be continued, as over the year the boat house has gained several new training and racing fours.

The first event of the term in mid-October, when the seniors had two wins, was the Cam Autumn Fours Head. On the same weekend the Junior 15 squad won at Vesta. Later in early November the school picked up four out of five pennants (including the Head) at the Curlew Junior Head of the River. For the rest of term thoughts turned to eights, and the term ended with the Christmas Eights. This handicap race was between seven school crews, including a composite crew mainly of Seventh Form coaches which won the event.

In the Lent Term, in the midst of a bitter winter, all crews suffered from absentees, which gave ample opportunities for hidden talent to be tried out. At Molesey Head the Junior 16 crew won their division and came fifth overall, despite the appalling conditions. The same crew also won Senior B eights at the Trent Head and came second in their division at Reading. This completed the run up to the Schools' Head at Putney, in which seven Westminster crews raced. The First Eight came eleventh, having passed Latymer on the course. Both the Junior 16 crew and the Junior 15s came second in their divisions, and a Junior 15 Four won its trophy. The Tideway Head was on the last day of term and both our crews (First and Junior 16 Eights) completed the course in good times without sinking, which many failed to do.

During the Election Term all three squads raced in eights and fours. The two junior squads often raced an eight and a four on the same day, while the smaller senior squad concentrated on an eight which entered two events on several occasions. The most notable product of this was the Junior 16 Four which won at many regattas and attained Senior A status by the end of the season.

On the first weekend of term both the First Eight and the Junior 16 Four reached the finals at Hammersmith although this was essentially a preparatory regatta. The following weekend at Putney the school had four wins. However the First Eight was less fortunate than the junior crews and, although by the end of the following weekend it had been in five finals, it had only won one. For this reason the eight swapped to fours racing for Twickenham Regatta. At the Exeat both the junior squads had a good list of successes which they were anxious to carry on into the second half of term, which they did—the J 16s at Twickenham and both squads at Walton. By now most crews were having outings three times a week (excluding regatta days) and also training hard on land. The First Eight trained during their examination period for Henley, where they had a good row, but lost to St Edward's, the eventual finalists. For the First Eight Kingston Regatta gave some exciting racing to finish off an enjoyable season. Meanwhile the junior crews were rounding off their successful season with four wins at Bedford.

Roger Jakeman

Successes 1978/79

Play Term	Senior C and Junior 16 divisions	Cam Autumn Fours Head
	Junior 14 Eights	Vesta Winter Eights
	Head, Junior 16, Junior 15 and Junior 14	Curlew Junior Head
Lent Term	Junior 16 Eights	Molesey Head
	Senior B Eights	Trent Head
	Junior 15 Fours	Schools' Head
Election Term	Senior C Eights	Putney Amateur Regatta
	Senior C Fours	Putney Amateur Regatta
	Junior 16 Fours	Putney Amateur Regatta
	Junior 18 Fours	Vesta Dashes
	Senior C Fours	Mortlake Spring Regatta
	Junior 15 Eights	Putney Town Regatta
	Junior B Eights	Thames Ditton Regatta
	Junior 15 Fours	Walton Junior Regatta
	Junior 16 Eights	Cambridge Regatta
	Junior 15 Fours	Cambridge Regatta
	Junior 15 Fours	Monmouth Regatta
	Junior 16 Eights	Twickenham Regatta
	Junior 16 Eights	Walton Regatta
	Junior 15 Eights	Walton Regatta
	Junior 15 Fours	Walton Regatta
	Junior 15B Fours	Horseferry Regatta
	Senior B Fours	Horseferry Regatta
	Junior 15 Fours	Greenwich Regatta
	Senior C Fours	Greenwich Regatta
	Senior B Fours	Greenwich Regatta
	Junior 15 Fours Division A	Star Junior Regatta, Bedford
	Junior 15 Fours Division B	Star Junior Regatta
	Junior 16 Fours	Star Junior Regatta
	Junior 16 Eights	Richmond Regatta
	Junior 15 Eights	Richmond Regatta
	Junior 16 Fours	Richmond Regatta
	Junior 15 Fours	Huntingdon Regatta
	Junior B Fours	Huntingdon Regatta
	Junior/School Eights	Bedford Regatta
	Junior 16 Eights	Bedford Regatta
	Junior 15 Eights	Bedford Regatta
	Junior 15 Fours	Bedford Regatta

(From *ARA Club News*, November 1979)

Westminster superb

The 1979 regatta season must be one of the best, if not the very best, in the 170 years old Westminster 'Water Ledger'.

A dozen wins in eights is a proud record for any school boat club, but when a further 20 wins in fours is added, the record becomes outstanding.

Perhaps the most significant feature is the achievement of all but 10 of the wins by junior 16 and junior 15 crews.

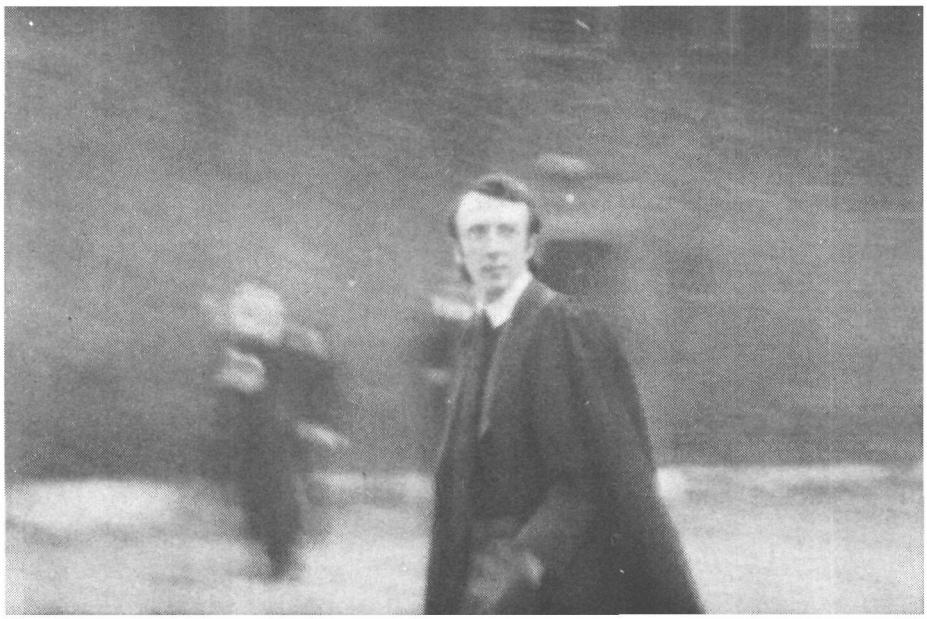
Although this could be due to poor opposition in these age groups, it should be noted that Westminster colours were seen at many regattas off the Thames as well as most of the Thames regattas held in term time.

Their best day was at Bedford with four wins. There were five hat-tricks at Putney Amateur, Walton, Greenwich, Star Junior and Richmond where the junior 15 VIII won the only Wilkinson Sword presented to a rowing event.

On three other occasions Westminster crews won twice at Cambridge, Horseferry and Huntingdon.

The progress of the junior 16 and junior 15 oarsmen in the next two years will be a matter of some interest.

Can they provide the nucleus of Westminster crews which will still be top of the form in two years?



Cricket

At the beginning of the season there was an unusually large and talented squad to choose from. Players with 1st XI experience such as Peter Harris and John Hall were still at the school, while younger players, amongst them Shah and Joyce, showed great potential.

The season, however, started disappointingly. The batting was shaky and we only managed to make 250 runs in the first three matches. But batting first against Alleyns, the team reached 152 all out; the first respectable score of the season. Beadle's fifty was particularly impressive. Alleyns struggled to avoid defeat against some accurate bowling and tight fielding, but they held out, finishing at 119 for 6.

Having been thrashed by Highgate, the team travelled to Tonbridge, where they dismissed the opponents for a mere 152 in the best display of bowling and fielding of the season. They spoiled this performance by getting themselves out for 46 against an indifferent bowling attack.

The team's best overall performance was against the Butterflies. On a difficult, drying wicket they dismissed them for 114, leaving John Hall and John Warburg to make the runs in even time. Once again the fielding and bowling was impressive. John Hall and Tony Joyce both took good catches, and Christopher Nineham finished with figures of 6 for 36.

The last two games, against Charterhouse and O.W.'s, showed an improvement in the batting. Batting second in both, we scored a total of 380 runs for the loss of only twelve wickets. All the early batsmen made runs, but David Sanders, Simon Beadle, and John Warburg played particularly well.

The season will be remembered for bowling and fielding. Paul Wilson, John Hall, and Christopher Nineham all took more than ten wickets while only Simon Beadle and John Hall batted consistently well. Some fine catches were held, notably by Nirad Shah and Tony Joyce. The wicket-keeping, shared by Matthew Byam-Shaw and Simon Beadle, was erratic but sometimes excellent; Matthew Byam-Shaw was especially spectacular at times.

The wickets and the nets were better than any in living memory at Vincent Square and I would like to thank Ray Gilson on behalf of the whole team for working so hard up fields. I would also like to thank both Ray and John Baxter for coaching and generally looking after the teams so energetically.

Played—9; won—2; lost—4; drawn—3.

The following played for the 1st XI in the 1979 Season:
P. Harris (Capt.), R. Platt, D. Sanders, J. Hall, N. Shah, S. Beadle, T. Joyce, P. Wilson, M. Byam-Shaw, C. Nineham, P. Dean, R. Lemkin, R. S. Rutnagur, G. A. C. Davies, S. Coles, J. Warburg.

Christopher Nineham

Paul Lowenstein

Shooting

Once again this voluntary extra-curricular activity has been unable to take in all the would-be shots that have applied this term. Shooting now takes place on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays after school in College attic, and its professional coaching has turned out two national champions and numerous runners-up in the last decade. Our three teams of eight compete fortnightly in the British Schools' Championships, but in this event our medal-winning techniques are at a unique, but temporary, low. During this traditionally 'off' season we have already competed in the 'Tankard Shoot' against the Civil Service Centre R.C. and the Old Westminsters, against whom we lost by an uncharacteristically wide margin.

We are arranging various outdoor meetings for next term, as well as possible excursions into the full-bore field. Chiefly we compete against adult teams because clashes in the timetable make matches against other schools difficult to arrange.

Unfortunately we will be losing the female contingent from our first eight at the end of this term but it is hoped that even without Juliet Rix and Ruth Mace the team—C. Harborne, B. Frere, J. Woolf, N. Service, J. Mackie, C. Frei, N. Hurst—will survive. To fill the vacancies we will be drawing from a pool, whose talented members include Jenny Harris, M. Sullivan and P. Stone. Thus, while Westminster School has not won the Nationals this season (although Hugo Moss came third) we are full of hope for the future.

P. M. H. Stone

Tennis

At the beginning of the Election term it seemed that we would have a weak 1st VI. Only three, Charlton MacVeagh III, Nick Humphris and Lance Levan, had any past 1st VI experience. Nevertheless we opened the season with a 9-0 victory over City of London. Our best win of the term was the 5½-3½ victory over U.C.S., a school we have not beaten for five years. Our annual trip to Lancing was unfortunately unsuccessful this term. We lost ½-8½, only avoiding a whitewash by winning the last set of the match.

During the season the team had regular first two pairs, Charlton MacVeagh III and Nick Humphris, Lance Levan and Andrew Torchia the last pair being chosen from Ben Freedman, Karen Clarke, Stephen Colton, Duncan Matthews, Adam Wilson, Ian Lazarus and Nick Marston.

Results were as follows:

Played	Won	Lost	Unfinished due to rain
11	7	2	2

The Colts VI had a successful season, captained by Oliver Bowes-Smith ably supported by Gavin Rosdale (a bright hope for the future), Nick Croft, Mark Lagesse and others.

Vincent Square also saw TV cameras, not for the BBC documentary, but for Thames at Six who televised part of our match with the House of Commons.

We are most grateful to Messrs Richard Stokes and Colin Harris for the time and work they put into the station to ensure another successful season.

Lance Levan

Moscow 1979: Simon Cellan-Jones

Brook Horowitz

The Girls' Dancing Station

The only exclusively female station has aroused considerable curiosity among Westminsters. Ever since Yard was first graced by Imogen Stubbs, flitting across in a scanty leopard* people have been asking questions about what goes on. Here, for the first time in print, are the answers.

The dancing station was founded by a group of enterprising but unathletic girls who found the available facilities inadequate. What we have got now is not much better. The floor of the lecture room is sometimes covered in splintered glass, and the record-player often threatens to depart for the Great Golden Lasky's in the sky. Many thanks are owed to Seymour Segnit for saving several classes with his electronic genius.

We are taught by a professional dancing teacher whose slim figure gives us the inspiration to kick a bit higher and stretch that little bit further. The lesson begins with an hour of warming-up exercises. Most of the groaning and Hunchback of Notre Dame-limping on Friday mornings is a result of this, but it's probably more a reflection on our fitness than on the exercises themselves. This is followed by either disco dancing or jazz dancing (which has aspirations to Hot Gossip!)

When boys see us, pale and exhausted, in Yard afterwards, they smirk and mutter things about girls not knowing what strenuous exercise is. Dancing lasts as long as the serious male stations and is one and a half hours of hard work. The most convincing proof is the example of the two boys who joined the class at the beginning of term. After one lesson they gave up, saying 'It wasn't quite what we expected.' Would too much hard work be more appropriate? However, I think they were extremely brave. Prospective male dancers, do not despair. If we can master the "Saturday Night Fever" routines, anyone can.

Monica Katz

*[*Really?: Ed.*]

and . . . . . Seven-a-side Rugby

Towards the end of the Election term a number of Wrenites, led by John Kampfner, marched onto Green and started to hurl an odd-shaped ball around. These strange antics were observed with varying degrees of interest, depending on how knowledgeable the onlooker was. Eventually, a few weeks later, a game was organized. To say it was rugby would be an exaggeration, as its only resemblance to that game was that nobody was paid.

Time passed, Election term ended and in about the third week of the Play term, Graham Mason (WW) and I went to see Dr. Rae to ask his permission to start up a regular rugby organization. He was in favour of it, but warned us that we might find it difficult to get a side together.

Two days later we had our first 'serious' game. The two sides were Grant's and Rigaud's and the match was refereed by the ubiquitous J. Kampfner. The match was enjoyed by all, except perhaps Grant's, who lost 4-20. At some points in the game there was a bit of crowd trouble. Rigaud's supporters, who were there in large numbers, seemed to enjoy encouraging Grantites who happened to be knocked over the touch line by patting them on the back with their feet. However the game was fair, and the only injury was to Nick Croft (GG) who, while doing a sterling job at full back, attempted to tackle Nick Palliser (RR). This can be likened to stopping a runaway rhino with an air-pistol. Still, being a true Grantite, Nick Croft did manage to tackle him, but unfortunately the heavy Rigaudite landed on top of him. After a couple of minutes he (Nick Croft) got up and continued playing as before, although after the match he was unable to remember anything about the incident and developed a nasty headache by the evening. He survived, happily to play again.

The next match was Rigaud's versus Wren's. This was won by Wren's, despite some dramatic runs on the wing by S. Gay (RR). This match was bloodier than the first, with numerous players receiving wounds. The score at the end was 20-8, rather a large margin considering the evenness of the two sides. Rigaud's must have started as favourites as they had selected a team of not inconsiderable size. As well as the afore-mentioned Nick Palliser there were two Water men in the scrum, both contending for the first eight. Sean Gay waded through some of the smaller Wrenites and left the larger ones standing. But Wren's, with some very skilful play, triumphed.

It was now Grant's turn to challenge Wren's. Their side was considerably better than before, strengthened as it was by the inclusion of Richard Ray, and it displayed some better team-work. The game was very enjoyable, very clean and very close. Wren's won 12-4, but right to the end it was an even struggle and the final whistle was blown as Grant's were pressing the Wren's defence only five yards out. Our try was scored by Richard Ray with a dynamic solo run. Soon after this he began to feel the ill effects of too much tea and had to go off, so that for a third of the game we played with six men. Then, for the last third, Barney Terry (WW) came on for Grant's and gave us his unbiased support.

At the moment of writing the clocks have gone forward and the nights are closing in, so rugby has been abandoned until next term. Then there will be an inter-house seven-a-side competition, if each house can get a team together. So far the only houses which have teams are those listed below, together with the names of their rugby representatives:
Grant's (Joe King), Rigaud's (Simon Meneer), Wren's (Graham Mason), College (Peter Dean), Busby's (Bruno Rost).

We hope the other houses will join us.

Joe King

Common Room Notes

Richard Woollett

Those tail-backs at the Army and Navy roundabout; a famous motorway, reached after the long journey through East London, carries the visitor the whole length of South Essex. Beyond Colchester he turns northwards through the Constable country, until on the very banks of the Orwell estuary, within distant sight of Ipswich, a grey stone and grey brick mansion appears surrounded by humbler out-buildings. This lonely outpost is Woolvestone Hall, where Richard Woollett, once a master there, now sits as Head Master. One senses he finds the eminence still rather a lonely one; yet his study immediately recalls his study in Great College Street, and in a small gathering of his new and old friends a familiar atmosphere was soon evident. Indeed a Woolvestone head of house appeared who evidently shared, or was about to share, the view of Richard so well-known among his countless Westminster friends; this vigorous young man, an Oxbridge history candidate who made light of his rugger talents and obvious qualities of government, would readily have made a Westminster head of house. He concealed altogether his outstanding skill as a flautist. It was soon clear too that Richard's skill as a cook and his gifts as a host at the dinner table were unchanged.

During his twelve years at Westminster the range of those who came to value his friendship was such a wide one. There were his colleagues, his pupils (not only the evidently gifted ones but so many who appeared less gifted), his friends at the Boat Club. He went to Putney almost as soon as he set foot in Westminster, and for a time was master in charge. It might be said that whenever Richard was at a water party on the tideway or in distant parts there was always a note of Eights Week about the occasion. Soon he became a Liddell's tutor, and entered most fully, indeed invaluably, into the atmosphere of that place, where the housemaster was his predecessor as head of the history department. The latter has recalled his somewhat mixed feelings on being told by his head of house, 'I've just spent half-an-hour with Richard, and he has solved all my problems?' A little later Richard went into Busby's as housemaster, and made an equally strong impression. Indeed so unsparingly did he give of his emotional resources to all, both baddies and goodies, if that expression is permissible, that, especially at first, there were moments when it could be feared he would exhaust himself.

A type of Richard has been discovered in Chaucer's clerk of Oxford, whose wealth was his books (those shelves of books are still as carefully arranged in their new home), and of whom it could be said, 'Gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.'

Ian Lazarus

Like Richard Busby (a physical resemblance has been imagined, if the customary portraits of Busby are reliable), he practised the life of scholarship; as with Busby. For him Westminster was not a quite different academic atmosphere from Oxford but part of the same. Certainly, to him Oxford always remained a real place, where dons were real people, many of them his friends, a place little further away in travelling terms than Hampstead, and in time it came to be peopled with his pupils and other Westminster friends. At an anxious time, when all kinds of measures for the intellectual welfare of Westminster, of schools and of the nation at large are quite rightly considered and discussed, Richard exemplified to many the *union necessarium:* he was a scholar, he was a teacher, and he could reveal, often to the more unlikely people, how scholarship is a human possibility and not just a bugbear or an impossible goal.

A grateful and eminent parent of one of his Busbites has told how Richard found in the rule of Saint Benedict a guide to governors, suggesting how the customs and obligations they enforced, or dispensed, according to circumstances were only for the ultimate good of every subject and the peace of the community in realising its aim. Richard knew so well the value of silence, knew so well what should be said and left unsaid. Indeed the truth of the matter may be that it is not so much his friendship exactly, though so many have come to value it enormously, as his underlying vitality, his 'yes to life' as it has been called, to which they feel an immense debt. He could be hilarious in season, and help others to be so, and yet we may remember most lastingly a quiet, reflective figure, outspoken in season too, whom one so easily forgot was shy.

H.C.K.

Illustration to 'The Lord of the Rings': Natasha Crowcroft

Common Room News

We welcome the following members of the staff who have joined the school since the publication of our last issue:

Mr. Patrick Lamb (Modern Languages). Mr. Lamb took his first degree at Lancaster (where he played cricket for the University), taught at the French Lycee and in Amiens, then did research at The Queen's College, Oxford. He gained a scholarship from the Sorbonne to study in Paris. He is married.

Mr. David Cook (History). A graduate of King's College, London, Mr. Cook spent three years doing research at Lincoln College, Oxford. He is a distinguished soccer player with an enthusiasm for squash and golf.

Mr. Angel Labarga (Spanish). Mr. Labarga has been deputising for Mr. Ashton. He graduated in English, French and Spanish at Oslo University and has taught at Sheffield.

Recent Appointments: Mr. Jones-Parry, Housemaster of Busby's; Mr. Stuart, Housemaster of Wren's; Mr. Baxter, Housemaster of Grant's.

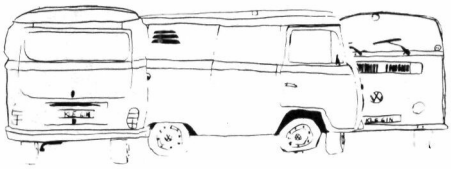
Mr. Harris is now Director of Studies, Dr. Davies Head of Physics, Mr. Edwards Head of English, Mr. Smith Head of Mathematics and Dr. Southern Head of History.

The Head Master's Secretary

Miss Joanna Smith left Westminster in December. She will be greatly missed. In the following tribute, written by John Field, he speaks for all of us.

'It has become too easy to take Joanna for granted. She herself, of course, is partly to blame. Her modesty, humility and self-effacement conceal even from those who know her well the richness of her personality, the fullness of her life, and the generosity and warmth she habitually bestows on those who have come to depend upon her. So many of you may not be aware that she is a deeply committed social worker and prison visitor, a bold and ambitious traveller in the great tradition of Hester Stanhope and Freya Stark, that she is cramming into a crowded life an English Literature degree at Birkbeck College, and that, in addition, she possesses a wide range of practical skills and interests which puts most of us to shame, especially when she places them so freely at the service of others. Renaissance woman, indeed.

'In that fragment of her life that is Westminster, she has become the fulchrum of the school's daily running. She has everyone's trust, because she is a person of total integrity and discretion. Her comprehensive memory ensures that there are no administrative crises. With tact she handles procedural problems, with sensitivity human ones. No one rings the bell at No. 17, or mounts the stairs, on however trivial or selfish a matter, without receiving a kind hearing and sensible, practical help. She is the first to spot unhappiness in others, and the first and best to provide relief. Dear Joanna, we have all had the opportunity to learn from you what practical Christianity really is. If we have not taken that opportunity, we are much the poorer for it. But perhaps there may be this much comfort in your going, that your absence will show us, however painfully, that what we took for granted was so important that we must endeavour to extend ourselves and replace it.'



C. Springate

Charlotte Carstairs

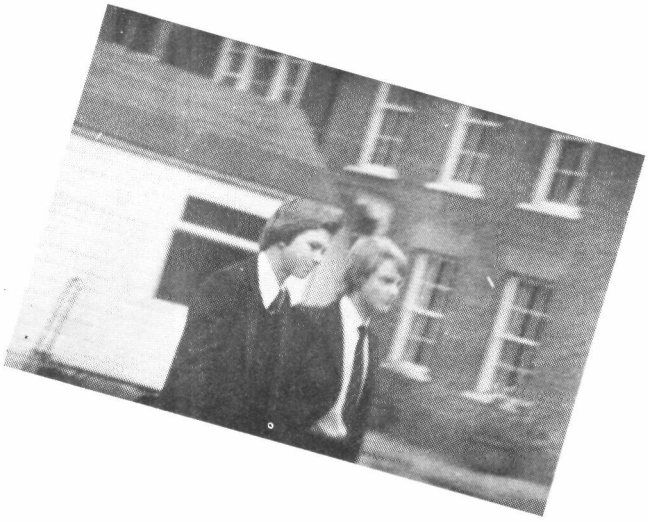
During the Election term, Charlotte Carstairs took over Rory Stewart's English classes while he was away on sabbatical leave. She had previously been teaching at St. Andrew's University in Scotland and was excited at the prospect of spending a term at Westminster. Her intelligent and sympathetic response to literature made many of the classes fascinating and startling. She preferred to teach in an informal style built around discussion, followed by a quarter of an hour of making notes in which she would take part. It was an approach more usually associated with university tutorials than pre-A-level teaching. This was greatly appreciated, even if it sometimes left her at sea with the younger boys.

The difficulties she had at the beginning were perhaps connected with the fact that it is hard to understand how the school operates or to feel part of it if you are connected with it for such a short time. Many of the boys were apprehensive about having the 'high-powered' female teacher. She attacked this bravely and with enthusiasm. She made it clear that she really didn't like being called 'Miss' or 'Ms', preferring 'Charlotte'. In one unforgettable lesson, she asked us to consider the effects of time upon people. We reluctantly began muttering sentences about time machines and morbidity. She cut across this with a cheerful, 'Of course, what I'm thinking of is the female menstrual cycle. I think it's something you boys should think more about.'

Because she had had no previous connections with the school, her impressions of it were particularly revealing. She suggested at the end of the term that she had been misled by the appearance of sophistication that Westminster gives, and had assumed a corresponding level of emotional maturity and literary skill. She admitted that she felt the term had been a waste of time. This is possibly a reflection of the high standards she set for herself or of her respect for Rory Stuart's reputation. From her students' point of view, it was not true.

Bronwen Maddox

C. R. Sewart



Paul Lowenstein

The Elizabethan Club

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

Old Westminster Notes

Oxford University: The following have been awarded First's in Greats—
P. I. Forbes-Irving, S. C. P. Knox, S. Ubsdell

* * *

J. J. Teal (1958-63, G) is the author of a novel, 'A Marriage of Convenience', published in the autumn by Hamish Hamilton.

* * *

Dr. Oliver Gillie (1953-58, R), medical correspondent of *The Sunday Times*, has been awarded the £1,000 Glaxo Fellowship for the best science article in a national or regional newspaper. The article, which appeared in *The New Statesman* last year, was about Sir Cyril Burt, the educational psychologist, about whose methods there has been much recent controversy.

Letter

The Editor November 26th, 1979
The Elizabethan

Dear Sir,

May I, through you, thank all those who have been giving me such an airing in the September *Elizabethan*. They have all succeeded in a greater accuracy than most of their professional colleagues, BUT on page 313 near the top of column one he says I'm the 'senior living Grantite!' Is there really someone at School who doesn't know my oldest friend **Lawrence Tanner**?? I thought the whole School knew him.—I have just discovered that we must have had about 1,296 lunches together between 1901 and 1907.

Yours etc.
Adrian C. Boult

[*The Editors are most grateful for this correction. The use of the word 'senior' was ambiguous and could have been read as referring either to age or seniority as a Westminster. We are happy to set the record straight.*]

As we go to press the news of Mr. Lawrence Tanner's death has reached us. A tribute to him will appear in the next issue.

52nd Westminster Scout Troop

Between September 7th and 10th, 1979, past members of the Troop enjoyed the hospitality of A. N. Winckworth, Esq. (G.G. 1931-35) at Dunchideock House, Exeter.

All those present had served in the Troop in the time when G. L. Barber was the Scoutmaster, and everyone realised the debt they owed to him.

The conversation, however, did not turn to memories of past camps and personalities, but rather to the remarkably diverse and interesting occupations which those present now enjoyed.

On looking back at the weekend, this fact itself reflects, in some measure, what we all owed to Godfrey Barber's leadership.

A similar weekend is planned for 1981 from September 5th to 7th. Any members who would like to come should get in touch with A. N. Winckworth, Esq.

Those present were:
Colin Argyle, Edward Argyle, John Baldwin, Richard Batten, Tom Brown, Henry Christie, Fosta Cunliffe, Peter Gimson, Brian Greenish, Richard Hogg, John Hooper, John Ormiston, Robert Rich, Walter Stever, Jackie Tasker, Archie Winckworth
and their trades or professions included (not in the same order):
Antique Dealer, Brewer, Civil Servant, Engineer, Editor, General Practitioner, Schoolmaster, Surgeon, Shipping

Marriage

Hickmore-Rae On September 12th, 1979, Peter, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hickmore, of Bromley, Kent to Penelope, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John Rae of Dean's Yard, Westminster.

The Elizabethan Club Dinner

College Hall is the perfect venue for the Elizabethan Dinner. Memories of one's days at school are so pleasingly recalled whilst walking through the Cloisters to dinner in Hall, after drinks in Ashburnham, with, perhaps, some old friend not seen for many-a-year.

The dinner was to many people the best we have had for some time. Hall was just about full to capacity and there was unquestionably a wider spread of years among the diners than is usual.

Among the guests were the Housemasters who had taken part in the recent Television film on the school, and the film was naturally a main topic of conversation on many tables. My own poll of views on the film was that it was good rather than bad, which in times gone by might just have been an adequate reference for a housemaid.

The guest speaker was Professor Dancy. He concentrated for the most part on being amusing, and very amusing he was. The Head Master, however, was not by any means to be outdone and there was high acclaim for both these two main speeches of the evening.

Most of those who attended would I am sure agree that it was just what an Elizabethan Dinner ought to be.

Michael Hyam

* * *

The Editors regret the exiguous nature of Old Westminster news in this issue and would be grateful if members of The Elizabethan Club would let them have any items of interest so that the next issue can cover their activities more worthily. They hope, also, that the return of The Times *will help.*

R. V. Millard

Obituaries

Bensley—On May 26th, 1979, Wimond Egbert Cornelis (1920-23, A) aged 72.
Browning—On July 30th, 1979, Robert Stuart (1910-15, KS), aged 83.
Dunscombe—On September 25th, 1979, Dr. Clement (1910-14, H), aged 82.
Eldridge—On May 7th, 1979, The Rev. Basil Edgar (1900-03, H), aged 92.
Ellis—On October 6th, 1979, Kenneth Leslie (1937-42, R), aged 56.
Hadden—On July 5th, 1979, Leonard Sutcliffe (1928-32, H), aged 64.
Harrison—On September 1st, 1979, John Graham (1923-29, A), aged 69.
Horton—On September 12th, 1979, Edward Henry (1918-23, A), aged 75.
Keay—On September 3rd, 1979, The Rev. Kenneth Douglas (1904-07, H), aged 86.
Knowles—On July 24th, 1979, Denis (1909-12, G), aged 84.
Levey—On October 15th, 1979, Maurice Emanuel (1924-28, H) aged 69.
Pink—On September 23rd, 1979, Captain Frederick Wallace (1909-13, R), aged 85.
Roberts—On June 12th, 1979, Colonel Sir Thomas Langdon Howland, Bart. C.B.E. (1912-13, G and KS), aged 80.
Turner—On August 1st, 1979, Charles Wilfrid Mallord (1917-19, H), aged 76.
Wakely—On September 26th, 1979, Brigadier William Hugh Denning (1925-30, G), aged 67.
Wilkes—On July 24th, 1979, Major Herbert Kenneth (1921-24, R), aged 71.
Young—On June 17th, 1979, Wilfrid Ernest (1906-10, H), aged 87.

Captain F. W. Pink, 13/18 Royal Hussar (Retired)

On my arrival at Westminster, Freddy was two years senior to me. As Captain of Football and in the First Eleven at Cricket he was of course a 'Double Pink'—a qualification which meant much to New Boys in those days—(I hope it still does)—but what seemed quite outstanding about him was his 'turn out'.—Whether in school or up fields, he was always immaculate!

From Westminster, he went to Oxford (Brasenose) but when War I broke out, he went to Sandhurst and was commissioned into the 18th Hussars—and soon after he came to pay us a visit. He seemed even more immaculate—a standard, as I was to learn later, that he maintained all his life.

After the war he remained in the Army and served in India. He retired in 1928, and later qualified as a Chartered Surveyor.

On the outbreak of the Second World War, he returned to the army in the 'Land's Branch' dealing with requisition of land and properties required by the Army and was posted to Headquarters Western Command at Chester.

It was here that I met him again as I had been posted there on the Training side.

Freddy was as immaculate as ever! and I managed somehow that we should share an office and that he should help me with finding rifle ranges and Training Areas.

He died in Hospital following a severe abdominal operation. He will be much missed by his family and friends. He was aged 86.

C.R.

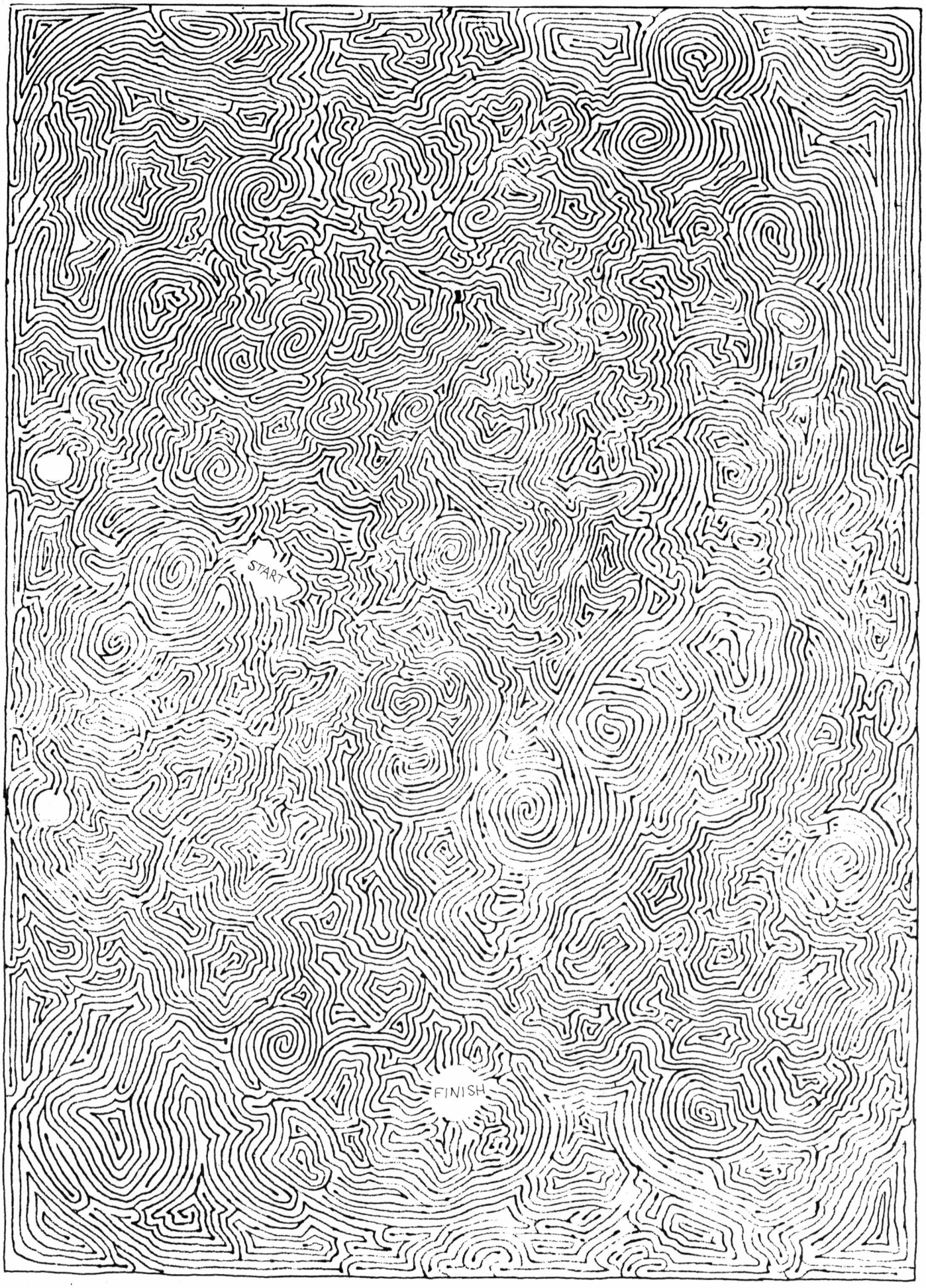
* * *

Maurice Emanuel Levey

Maurice Levey left Westminster in July 1928. For the next fifty odd years he was a familiar figure at the Stock Exchange and at Lord's, for cricket was the other great interest of his life.

During the 1939-45 war he was commissioned in the Royal Sussex Regiment and was attached to the Belgian Royal Family as liaison officer. For his services he was created a Chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Belgium.

There was hardly a day in his post-Westminster life when he failed to wear his pink and black Old Westminster tie. He was, in fact, a very loyal member of the school right up to his death.



Maze by Paul Maitland

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From
The Head Master
Westminster School
17 Dean's Yard,
London, SW1P 3PB
01-222 6904

SCHOOL CONCERT– Wednesday, 19 March 1980

Dear Old Westminster,

I am writing to invite you to the School Concert on Wednesday, 19 March, 1980 at 8.0 p.m. in St. Margaret's, Westminster, by kind permission of the Rector, Canon John Baker. The church can hold approximately 800 for a concert of this sort and we are hoping to have a good audience of Old Westminsters and current parents. After the concert, which will end at approximately 9.45 p.m., there will be an opportunity for Old Westminsters to meet each other over coffee in the School. Arrangements for this will be sent out with the tickets.

The concert will consist of the following items:

Hebrides Overture	*Medelssohn*
Brandenburg Concerto No. 5	*Bach*
Requiem	*Fauré*

If you would like tickets for the concert will you please complete the attached slip and return it to me not later than 7 March. Please do not ask for more than four tickets for yourself and your guests. No tickets will be sent out before 9 March.

Yours sincerely,

J. M. Rae

Please return to the HEAD MASTER, Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1P 3PB *before* 7 March

Please send me . . . . . tickets for the School Concert on Wednesday, 19 March 1980.

Name ..... *House* .....

Address ..... *Years at Westminster*

....

.....

Old Westminsters Football Club

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Old Westminsters Football Club will be held in the John Sargeaunt Room at the School on Tuesday, May 13th, 1980 at 6.15 p.m.

Agenda:

1. Chairman
2. Minutes
3. Matters Arising
4. Hon. Secretary's report on Season 1979/80
5. Hon. Treasurer's report on Season 1979/80
6. Election of Officers for Season 1980/81
7. Any other business

M. J. Samuel,
Hon. Secretary