

XXIX 7



*The
Grantite
Review.*

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the grantite review

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OLD GRANTITE DINNER

house diary

A PROBLEM habitually confronts the editors of this magazine when they come to the writing of the House Diary. The problem is simple, what has happened during the last term and is it of any interest to an assorted bunch of Old Grantites. Obviously there have been some traumatic and world shattering events this term, it's just that one cannot remember them when it comes to writing the House Diary! We have a new housemaster, this is a very short-lived excitement; Matron's cat has grown bigger. But has anything else happened? The weather has been good, but I believe this is true of other parts of England as well or at least so the newspapers tell us. And talking of the newspapers, everyone will doubtless be glad to hear that the *Daily Mirror* has come to join the select band of papers on the top floor.

Sport flourishes—it never seems to do anything else in Grants. Fifteen people are leaving and it seems that this large number is much in the same pattern as other houses. Nowadays everyone seems to want to get away and make full use of their time before university, some do not go to university and they can rest assured since a reputable newspaper recently asserted that it was positively harmful for someone with real artistic taste to go to university with its narrowness, even nowadays. This remark produced consternation among the Seventh who toil wearily for elusive university places.

Westminster is recognizably co-ed with a girl in that exclusive form the English Seventh. We congratulate her on her easy assimilation.

Other excitements this term have been shortlived. Rumours of drug raids and a new man to clean the basement. Perhaps he will restore sweetness and light, if he can clear the smoke away!

Meanwhile Matron is still closeting herself in the Linen Room and walking into Lunch and the Housemaster has succeeded in isolating himself from us, quite understandably.

Next term and the term after that someone will be valiantly struggling as Head of House while the editors will regretfully have left the rarified atmosphere of Grants for what we hopefully imagine will be freedom.

house news

PLAY TERM:

A. G. Walker is Head of House.

The Monitors are: S. D. Nevin, P. D. V. Miéville, C. H. Aggs, C. J. G. Forman, G. H. M. Niven and N. P. Dickson.

A. R. Hadden is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are: M. G. Everington, A. Forman, D. J. Harden, J. E. Lascelles, T. H. Mason and M. J. G. Robbins.

BAZCHNI DO:

P. J. Ashford, R. A. E. Davis, J. H. D. Carey, D. Mendes da Costa, A. R. Elliston, J. A. Serpell, P. N. Gellhorn

ERCZA NA:

D. C. R. Grieve, N. E. Wates, S. J. Williams and T. B. C. H. Woods.

The following colours have been awarded:

- Football .. *Pinks* to P. D. V. Miéville and G. H. M. Niven.
Half Pinks to N. R. Haslam.
Junior Colts to R. J. Lascelles and A. P. Macwhinnie.
- Cricket .. *Half Pinks* to G. H. M. Niven.
Colts to M. A. T. Deighton and T. J. Earle.
- Water .. *House Seniors* to V. J. S. Kinross.
House Juniors to S. P. C. H. Woods.
- Fencing .. *Half Pinks* to J. A. Rentoul.
- Shooting .. *House Seniors* to R. W. Orgill.
- Athletics .. *Colts* to S. G. de Mowbray.
- Judo .. *Colts* to N. A. C. Hildyard.
- Tennis .. *Colts* to M. G. A. Campbell.

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LILY was scraping her new red shoes against the wall. School was over and Lily was waiting for her mother to come and take her home. She opened her drawing book and looked at the day's painting with satisfaction; teacher had awarded her a silver star. She smiled and turned over the leaves, admiring her earlier sketches. She heard a pop and looked up, to find Brian blowing bubble-gum. She took no notice, and went on admiring her distorted kings and queens. It popped again.

"Brian, please . . .", she said, wrinkling her nose.

"Do you want some?" Brian asked, offering her a piece.

"No, of course I don't. Anyway I can't do it."

Brian put the lump back in his pocket.

"I like you," he said. "Aren't you going home?"

Lily nodded.

"I think your dress is very pretty."

Lily blushed a little.

"Thank you."

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"No. 8 Acacia Road. It's got sunflowers in the garden."

She hesitated.

"Show me how to blow bubbles."

Brian took the dirty white lump from his pocket, unwrapped it, and placed it in her hand with the air of a gentleman.

“Chew it till it’s soft, then spread it out with your tongue. Put some over, and some under your tongue. Then blow slowly.” Lily’s face grew red with blowing but no bubble appeared. Brian held her hand and puffed warm and sweet pink balloons into her face.

“Like that” he said “Try again”.

The little girl, with her drawing book open by her side and a satchel on her shoulder closed her eyes and huffed red and pouted cheeks.

“Lily!” someone cried. She dropped the boy’s hand.

“Goodbye, Brian,” she whispered.

“See you tomorrow, Lily”;

“Lily, what are you doing?”

“Coming, Mummy.”

“Oh, look, you naughty girl, you’ve scuffed your nice new shoes already.” Lily looked over her shoulder at Brian.

“And where did you get that horrible sweet from? You know they’re bad for your teeth.”

“Look,” Lily said, inflating her cheeks. “I can blow bubbles now.”

the heir

THE sword was drawn.
The bishop took the child and cried:
“A king is born.”
The women wept.
The bell was rung,
The monarch raised the crown and cried:
“I have a son.”
The people cheered.
The grave was filled,
The peasant shook the earth and cried:
“A prince is killed.”
The dead child slept.

eh?

by Henry Livings

THIS term, Grant’s produced Eh? by Henry Livings, following the tradition of absurd drama at Westminster recently. In fact, although it was a Grant’s production, only two of the cast of five were actually Grantites—Richard Wormald and Timothy Earle—while the two female parts were played by Candida Verne and Kate Rae-Scott from St. Paul’s Girls School, with Nigel Planer taking the remaining one.

The play centres around a modern factory's boiler house, where Val Brose (Richard Wormald), the incompetent boilerman, need only attend to his boiler for a few minutes a day. Mr. Price (Nigel Planer) wants to get rid of Val, although Mrs. Murray (Candida Verne) defends him. When he introduces his bride, Betty Dorrick (Kate Rae-Scott) and gives most of his attention to growing giant mushrooms, he destroys the plant at the end of the play.

Richard Wormald had a very difficult part, since Val is complex and rather dreamy. While he managed to bring out the character in parts, he also tended to overact in places. Taken as a whole, however, the performance was lively and entertaining. Timothy Earle's Aly, a Pakistani, was rather disastrous, but his main part (Mr. Mort) was much more successful. Aided by excellent make-up, in this part at least, he portrays the tremendously varied character very well.

Nigel Planer gave a characteristically competent performance as the officious and unintentionally comic Price. As with the performance as a whole, it was the farcical, knock-about comedy which was the most successful. Candida Verne, with a rather uninspiring part, gave perhaps the least competent of the characterisations, although she joined in the farce and other comedy with success. Kate Rae-Scott, on the other hand, gave the most polished performance, helped by a fairly easy and rewarding part. She managed to balance the ordinary girl, puzzled by what was going on, and the young wife trying to make the marriage a success.

The technical side of the play, in its own way as complex as the play itself, was handled well by John Brown (behind the scenes), and the stage scenery, by John Brown and Paul Hooper, was satisfactorily atmospheric. The play obviously demands a particularly individual interpretation, and Richard Wormald and Charles Forman, who directed this production, were successful in giving it one.

society one

TENNIS for four,
And table-napkins.
Tea-cup love in a green field
With crickets to whisper the secret of life.
But to listen is foolish
And to doubt is a china duck
On a painted wall.
Shutters to close the eyes
And curtains to witness
A frightened world of laughter and poise.
Light bulbs reflect, on hollow walls,
Their emptiness.

tonight at noon

WAS every bloody light going to catch us? Sweat was running down both sides of my brow, my scalp itched and my eyes were incredibly sore from all the smoke. The bus moved on slowly. Ah! Park Lane at last. From habit I glanced off to the left; that's where it had all begun—where would it end? Destination reached with time to spare: my armpits felt cold and damp as my long arms caught the sweaty shirt, delving into my pockets in search of something to occupy my lips.

A lot of people passed me, but I was quite oblivious until I came crashing back to reality and the sound of sinister bells. Why sinister? He's happy, they're both happy and, Oh, they find life so worthwhile. How wonderful for them simply to lie there and relax after such—they kissed, a soft, tender kiss, pressing their weary lips together and exploring each other's cavernous mouths. A kiss seemed to mean so much more after so much.

Still entwined and very much in love, I could smell their deoderant wafting up from below—Rightguard, new Rightguard, new Rightguard anti-perspirant. I became nervous. What's happened? Is she all right? Will she even come?

There were fewer people about, hardly anyone come to think of it; only tramps, drunks and—Oh God! She had meant so much to me, my whole life. How terrible to love and not be loved; even worse to have experienced love in all its frenzy, to know exactly what it holds for man and how—"Aren't you going home, love?" "You can't just stand there staring at them underwears all night. Besides, love, it's midnight and peop-"

Midnight noon, midnight noon, midnight noon—who cares?

the mutant

MEN gather in the square tonight
Tired faces surrounded in flies
The children run down the alleys
Where the rubbish lies.

Where is he they cry
Who hides him among us
We want his blood
We want his life
The rain falls in the mud.

Women talk in the streets tonight
Hard eyes gaze up at the moon
The young men regroup in the cafés
Where the singer croons.

Is he free they say
Who holds him from us
We want him killed
We want him dead
The glass is emptied and filled.

An old woman cries alone tonight
Soft hands cradle the sleeping child
The wind blows the open shutter
For the night is wild.

I have him she says
I keep him among us
I want his life
I want his love
The husband throws scorn on his wife.

easter procession — valladolid

WATER melon breasts sip the distant light
That touches card tables of brandy warmth.
Mantillas move as dusk, sensing the square
Where the bumble of bars sets behind olive-ripe throngs.
Wine-dew faces alert the waiting night.

Kindled, with slender song and censer sway
She comes, a swelling tread in candled colours.
Cowls trumpet bright, wrap a crucified crowd.
Still the ark holds all with rich ember display
Although the song's scent creeps, unseen, away.

Now, left cold, black air cuts like the bull's horn.
Thinning forms shred forever through fossil arches.
Alone, graceless, the strangers stay—showing
Cheeks, sun-gorged as the wasped apple. They ravish
These homes—museumed as Pompeii was torn.

pol and daph

AND if the father's magic had miscarried
And left Apollo
To love, leap, gain and lay
His Lady in the beech leaves,

The seed would grow
The flower bloom
And soon the Elysian midwife
Croon with the bawling boy
(Contraceptive failure causes life)

The wedding—hurried,
And the pretty pair despatched
To live in perfect harmony,
Semi-detached.

Stands Apollo haloed by a light-bulb
—Godly still—
His passion bloody-red
—Sunday joint—
Sun-god of the potting-shed.

And often then the sun
Complacently will think
That Daphne cannot run
Tree-rooted to the sink.

society two

ONCE upon a time there was a rabbit playing patience on a disused airfield, and through a tear in the queen of hearts he considered a little girl in white socks, sitting on a mushroom, and snatching biscuits from a red box.

In a corner of self-consciousness, somewhere between the extremes of infinity, she dreamed she was an object within a void, or rather, a void within an object, since her body was the object and herself the void.

Anyway the mushroom went rotten and the rabbit died, and she fell in love with herself and grew long front teeth and ate mushrooms with vinegar and sowed the end of her fingers to her husband's socks, and lay beneath plastic flowers, in her grave, with her needle and cotton and her husband.

the stream dream

RIVER water running to the sea in a day,
Will you ask me again why I want to just sit in the spray,
Without twisting, or turning, or winding, or tuning a song,
Why not follow the stream to a place where you really belong?

And you, time-begotten mountain, reaching your peak in the sky,
See the grass and the trees and the flowers which group up and die;
Did you ask me to sit for a while and not move quite so fast?
To consider the future as something controlled by the past.

As you sit by the sea for a moment before you move on,
You remember the view from the mountain you once stood upon:
You were scared when you asked if the world really could be so wide,
As you saw in the distance the river you'd just sat beside.

backlash at westminster

(Conversation with an imaginary reactionary)

- I am liberal.
- *So am I*
- Long hair?
- *Cut it off!*
- Drugs?
- *Ban them!*
- Sex?
- *Filthy, disgusting, immoral!*
- I understand you.
- *I understand you.*
- Then why are you arguing?
- *I don't know.*
- What's wrong with these people?
- *I hate them!*
- Why?
- *They are stupid!*
- How?
- *What?*

— How are they stupid?
 — *I don't understand.*
 — Never mind.
 — O.K., What are you going to do?
 — *Bring back the birch.*
 — Who will administer it?
 — *I will.*
 — Pervert!
 — *Not I! It's for their own good.*
 — Will I be included in the birching?
 — *No.*
 — Why?
 — *You are my friend!*
 — But I have long hair, I smoke pot, I love sex, I encourage anarchy, I . . .
 — *You are sensible.*
 — Oh, I see.
 BACKLASH IS TRIUMPHANT — IT MAY BIRCH YOU SOON!

free range

The cobbled courtyard stands unpregnant,
 Not full of teeming crowds.
 But empty except for a falling dappled car.
 You thought I was going to say leaf,
 Well, you're wrong,
 Pseudo-intellectualism demands the absence of obviousness
 Abstract complexities and impersonal non-sequiturs.
 Write on Milton, Shakespeare, Shaw,
 You only bore me.
 I am he who only likes his own poetical works
 And those of Turks.
 Anyway back to the mellowing courtyard,
 Logfires, Crumpets and chocolate spread,
 Turn on the T.V.,
 We're just in time for a little story,
 Jackanory, a Frost furore,
 Or a Wednesday Play,
 Which is terse
 Blank verse.

sports report

SPORT is still carried on at Westminster; rowing, fives, squash, fencing, Grove Park and football at Vincent Square. This term at Putney, Grant's possess the Head of Water in Nevin and also two members of the first eight, Walker and Kinross. In fives, Mumford is a member of the second pair. In fencing, Rentoul is a member of the first team and perhaps the head of school fencing next term. At Grove Park, Wilkinson and Royce uphold the fighting tradition of the house in rugger and swimming. But in football, Grant's excels; at present there are four members of the first eleven, Miéville, Niven, Kemp, and Haslam, but Tiratsoo and Hadden have also played. Needless to say, Grant's won the house six-a-sides football competition without losing a game. We know that this success can be repeated in the house eleven-a-sides with such talent in the lower half of the house. Unfortunately, Miéville and Kemp are leaving at the end of this term and this only leaves Niven, Haslam, Tiratsoo and Hadden from the first eleven. In addition, the Housemaster has introduced ping-pong matches against, as yet, only Busby's which are keenly followed by the rest of the house.

old grantite club annual dinner

THE 1969 Annual Dinner of the Club was held on Wednesday the 14th May. As a change of venue it was held at the Army and Navy Club, for which we are much indebted to Major V. T. M. R. Tenison who acted as our sponsor.

Mr. N. P. Andrews presided and the principal guest was D. S. Brock, the retiring Housemaster. The other guests of the Club were Mr. J. D. Carleton, the two House Tutors Mr. C. S. Martin and Mr. D. E. Brown and the Head of House J. H. D. Carey. The President was supported by Lord Rea, Mr. G. P. Stevens and Mr. R. Plummer as Vice-Presidents, and among those present were Mr. J. M. Wilson, the former Housemaster, and Mr. E. R. D. French, a former House Tutor.

At the end of dinner the President made a token presentation to the retiring Housemaster to signify the gift of the Club, which was a complete set of One Inch Ordnance Maps of England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland in a specially prepared case with an appropriate inscription. In so doing the President expressed the immense debt of gratitude felt by the House and all those connected with it for Mr. D. S. Brock's work as Housemaster.

While obviously a number of Old Grantites particularly wanted to be present on so important an occasion it was encouraging that the numbers were well up

on the year before and this may have something to do with the changed location of the dinner. Those attending were Mr. F. R. Oliver, Mr. A. P. D. Drury, Major General E. H. G. Lonsdale, Mr. R. D. H. Preston, Mr. A. S. H. Kemp, Mr. D. Nares, Dr. J. K. Morrison, Mr. M. L. Patterson, Mr. R. O. I. Borradaile, Mr. L. A. Wilson, Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee, Mr. P. N. Ray, Major V. T. M. R. Tenison, Dr. V. B. Levison, Mr. R. R. Davies, Mr. M. I. Bowley, Mr. G. I. Chick, Mr. D. G. S. Hayes, Mr. J. U. Salvi, Mr. J. S. Woodford, Mr. R. M. Jones, Mr. J. C. Overstall, Mr. M. B. McC. Brown, Mr. C. P. Wakely, Mr. F. M. B. Rugman, Mr. P. I. Espenhahn, Mr. E. R. Espenhahn, Mr. A. J. Stranger-Jones, Mr. C. D. Gale, Mr. J. T. Wylde, Mr. J. D. Seddon, Mr. G. B. Chichester, Lt. R. T. E. Davies, Mr. A. D. R. Abdela, Mr. A. J. Aylmer.

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