

The Elizabethan

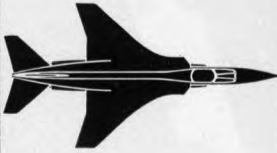
It being customary at this season for the youths of Westminster School, & the other boys in the liberty of Westminster, to attack one another with dubs & staves, the former were apprehensive that the latter would be too hard for them, & hired the apprentices of Bridewell Hospital as auxiliaries; their assistance made their masters victorious; for which services they were so bountifully rewarded, that they afterwards got drunk, and quarrelled with the constable and the watch, and wounded several of them, causing such a riot and disorder, that the Guards came from Whitehall and seized fifteen of the boys, who were secured in the Gatehouse.

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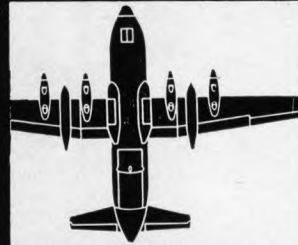
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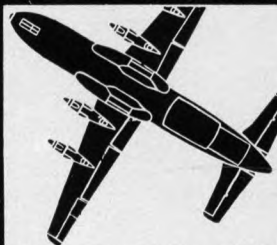
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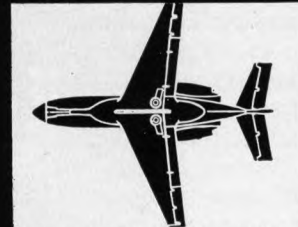
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Photographs by John Creedy unless stated

The Elizabethan

Mood

(An Editorial)

John Marenbon

There are cracks here; spiders, cankers, acid-eaten dust-sheets, the burrowing of worms. The kraal is exposed in the full sun of an early April day. Its demi-gods: "We are not little replicas of the fearsome Old-Testament model, commandments and wrath and all that . . . simply human beings a step higher than you in the hierarchy. Some of us are even very pleasant, clever people (but we are much too modest to say so)." The chiefs: "Full eight and fifty months ago, when I was first a boy at this establishment . . . and I was pious too." The witch-doctors (self-appointed) "Churn in a little war with love, a smoke-bomb with the holding hands. We'll make our brew a mixture that will satisfy the most fastidious of us. And the demi-god was wrathful, and said, 'Get your hair cut' and shave—well, now I'm growing old you see." The lesser tribesmen, of the one hue of charcoal-grey, but profoundly assorted:

"Who plays that game . . .

"I found out that that day . . .

"When the clouds are gay . . .

"What a shame . . .

"Crazy, awful rhymers; beat him up!"

Beneath an overarching sky, scattered with demi-gods, (the deity proper is further for most) above a narrow layer of soil, in the autumnal forest, they hunt. The animals slump. "W.W.F.?" "Couldn't give a damn!"

Jacob is there, deprived of his inheritance for this crystal of a moment: Rightfully would he inherit, but for the wall. It circles round and round. A sword pierces a captive animal. Jacob paints and writes, builds and learns, is eternally ephemeral.

Westminster is not a cardboard box. It cries for something more. We are not made of paper. Paper is the litter that collects in the drains and doorways of the cardboard façade of Dean's Yard. It is the notice boards. Brass drawing pins. It stuffs the files and dustbins that we stack in tidy corners round our houses and our homes. Some have mice. And if one detects a squeal of superficiality in our day to day dream lives it is because the Egyptian papyrus has given way to skin and the flesh of gentle minds. Gyrate like the whirlwind of litter on the flagstones to something more. To the sky the pyramid steps. God still plays in Abbey, Bach and Handel and Purcell. The base extends beyond the school and the cardboard façade. We can still play: diminishing scholars with work, some with words, some friends, but different coloured bricks. The predominant colour is the desert dull gravel in Little Dean's Yard of sand, Yet shines; for on this we tread our lives at school and in it lies the key. It is Abbey property. Here in the more than cardboard box of bricks there lies a deep religious core from which our nihilist and despairing minds may spread down into mineral renaissance and out into London. For Westminster is not made of paperwork pencilled or printed more. Papiermâche and collage are the articles of reality in time to damn all revolution and self-consciousness. But reality is nothing when minds can expand further, into creativity.

The Elizabethan's purpose has been to make an incision into life at Westminster. It hardly feels the wound, it is so anaesthetized. Let us make a horizontal slice from the top, remembering this is the icing and the artificial cherry, and the school still has mice.

Collages

Willie Taunton

"I suppose the litter round the school livens the place up a bit." Yes, there is evidently life there, somewhere. Some faces, as they march to lessons, simply stare. Smile at a friend. Usually quite uncontrollably—they are delighted by the act of nodding their heads and baring their teeth (Martian Anthropologist). "Private study. Come and have a cup of coffee" or "I'm going down to the Army and Navy; B- doesn't like. . . ."

"I don't want to push this too far, but it is an established law that we do not go into other people's houses. I know I am being a bore." War and Peace.

All this is conversation; perhaps the most interesting utterance of all came in a dialogue between two anonymous merry "Wilbymen".

—Just look at the daffodils.

—Just look at that mess.

—Lord, what we need is a "No Litter" sign.

—Have you seen the new signs under the main gate? First they painted the lampost and put up byelaws, then a "No Through Road" sign and a "No Parking" sign and another one that says "School" . . . with a large girl briskly leading off a very small boy by the hand. Monstrous! The true answer is to be found in the ever increasing Rae hordes of our noble Lord and Head Master. Every afternoon more and more. Scream, shout and swift retreat into no. 17. Yes there's life there somewhere! But the stern Wilbyman was intent on his work. He sat down pensively and muttered. Lord, what we need is. . . .

We have made a brief survey of the litter around the drains and doorways of the school. Finds: A Greek prose. A letter in Spanish.

vuestra amiga

Carlotta.

An empty packet of Murphy Sequestrene (R) corrects iron deficiency. Place away from children and foodstuffs. Read directions before use.

Some computer paper 57936431734248. Anyone interested in random numbers?

Part I The Christian Year. Advent O AMOR QUAM ECSTATICUS creator of the stars of night Thy peoples' everlasting light. A page of Richard II and a piece of paper identified by its subject matter to be of St. Augustine.

This is the rubbish that we find round Westminster, apart from: Cheeselets, Mars Bars, Milky Ways, Wine Gum packets and Coca-cola tins. All other material of any interest we fear had been picked up and disposed of by the noble Wilbymen.

Let us briefly mention that all these mountains of waste come directly from that excellent establishment the school store. There is a lot to be said for the width and diversity of stocks offered by the school shop; less for the affluence of the polluter consumer of Dean's Yard, Westminster SW1. It is in this shop that the school tailor works industriously: with a word of thanks and congratulation for his magnificent efforts to improve the style and cut of school suits, we move to more everyday aspects of Westminster life.

I might just note though that the situation at which western civilisation and Westminster School has arrived, with the apathy, the affluence, strain and depression of "modern life" is historically ripe for religious renaissance. We can only wait to see if this will come.

Activities last term were largely internal; Pol. and Lit. Soc. and many others have temporarily run aground as has also the baby that Piers Russell-Cobb has been nurturing, Poetry Society. However, perhaps one should congratulate the postal strike, whom I sense is the chief menace here, for promoting that insular quality in other schools, that seems to achieve so much; two small internal, informal ideas were pursued: the art room was opened for afternoons regularly throughout last term: small poetry meetings of Westminster work were arranged on the frequent church red-letter-days around Lent and its preliminaries. The motive was to provide a creative outlet for busy and work-stifled poets in our midst; *The Elizabethan* does not yet provide a very satisfactory one. The meetings were conducted in peace and interest, on occasions breaking out into spiritual fervour, but the products were also generally too long to print here. The quality was high.

Professor Lloyd-Jones gave us an exciting reading from his inspired new book on Zeus and the Greeks, Geerynn Tosh, a short talk on seventeenth century politics and literature. Some intelligent people were bored.

After this, activities, societies and collage dive into forgotten myth. This is a sketch of the surface of Westminster. We need a very different probe and outlet for the inner aspects. In these there are multitudinous contradictions. In contradiction there lies all humour, in the form of incongruity. The collage as a study of communal habits is denied this wit and would be a very dull affair if it were not for the litter and the daffodils.

PROBLEMS

School Buildings and Facilities

Neville Walton

One of the many spin-off benefits of a city school is that its spare time is limited. Whereas many provincial public schools extend over large expanses of grounds, Westminster School is compact. Almost the whole school is centred on a yard no more than a couple of hundred feet wide. Thus the excuse that such and such a building is a prohibitive distance away, resulting in a decision not to bother to go to the building, does not hold water. Consequently, one would expect that the school buildings would be well used as a result of their easy accessibility.

There are various school—as opposed to house—buildings. We have a Library, a Lecture Room, Science Labs, an Art Room, a Music Room and numerous Music Practice Rooms. Indeed the school possesses almost the whole range of facilities a city school could reasonably be expected to provide. The question posed is whether these facilities are put to the best use outside class-hours.

Certain of our facilities are fully used thanks to the persistent efforts of various artists—particularly Adam Forman—the Art Room has opened its doors to all-comers three times a week between 4.00 and 6.00. The Music Room is often used by boys wishing to play records on the school's first-class equipment. With the present large numbers of house plays being performed the Lecture Room and School stages have been in pretty well constant use during the second half of term. However, many of the school facilities are shamefully under-used. A prime example of this is the school library. At any one time one can count the number of

people in the library on the fingers of one hand. We have one of the most beautiful and well endowed school libraries in the country and yet there is almost no use made of it.

Take, for example, the Gallery Room which contains a wide range of modern novels, books on philosophy and a selection of recent non-fiction. Only 30 books have been borrowed this term. Why is this? Either this is another facet of the so-called “Westminster apathy”—boys have no desire to read books not obtainable in paperback—or else boys are not given enough encouragement to explore and use the library. At the present time the only official introduction to the Library given to new boys takes place very early in their first term and lasts only 10 or so minutes. This alone is inadequate. New boys are so awed by the new school environment and so muddled by the whole host of new rooms they are presented with that this introduction to the School Library cannot be assumed to have any lasting effect. Surely boys should be encouraged, even forced if need be, to discover for themselves and to use the facilities for study and pleasure which the Library offers.

Similarly the Science Labs should be open for longer than at present. There are plenty of boys interested enough in investigating chemical processes or in constructing miniature electrical circuits and similar gadgetry to warrant an extension of the laboratories' opening hours. These boys should be encouraged to pursue their interests at all times and not only when an open exhibition is anticipated.

John Marenbon

Towers build and spires conspire a framework wrought as firm as iron. For books and succour, boys have tramped inside, and drown the corridor with noise. All at once the babble is leashed, and movement bound, to the dominant tower spire. This sways in the wind and glitters in the sun, scattering brocades of diamonds lightly onto the deserted standing places in Yard. First arrangements have become first lessons; their articles, questions. The boy in the front row who is distinguished by size and beauty, is scribbling abstract designs on last term's exam papers. He needs discipline. Will benefit from the institution (which is: (1) times and clocks that don't go round: (2) things written, that are not, at that time, complete: (3) anything but absolute truth: (4) the spires and towers, as you see them when they press inwards, on an overcast day). Our boy now goes "up House". Say the stairs are of stone, and the building cavernous: the echoes multiply, are knitted together, touching sometimes in a stony embrace; eventually they create an artificial dynasty of order. But what does our boy care? He is clever, can do the work he's set, is given friends, sport; can find other amusements.

Now the sun has disappeared; the tower is there, immovable as ever, marching on through Westminster, past the City, past the ports, past the mountains, even to the ends of Christendom. Our boy picks up his paper, line ruled after line for 30 times and his pen, ink rocketing from one side to the other of the tank. Then, as thought correlates with thought and with action, the pages fill up, are turned and left to dry and wait "And that was no displeasure, and the rest of life is like that, but mostly a little more fun".

By a miracle it's bright again. Having left the arches and gates (our boy occupied somewhere else) it is to be noticed that the institution has fallen into place. Next the institutions of parliament and the Church are subjugated and then the ordering and the barriers; but perhaps at one of these times there is some kind of explosion (or, at least, there has been one in the past) Maybe it's red with the London Transport buses glowing inviting to join hands with theirs in trust. Then after this a real dynasty can be built: of the sun shining on all of the tower and spires, of the diamond eternal in growth.



East Twickenham and Richmond

Nicholas Alexander

While the old people sit round their fires,
Still of coal and coke,
And the hippies in the café on the corner
Smoke, get high, and watch the rain,
To their eyes only in glorious technicolour
And anonymous figures shrouded in a surfeit of
umbrella
Trudge up and down the High Street,
Looking for bargains or shelter,
The rain turns to drizzle,
The sun makes a valiant attempt to break through
the clouds,
And wins; warmth returns to the earth.
In the distance a train to Windsor can be heard
Or a church clock striking the hour every hour at
ten past the hour.

But now the public have arrived,
The river is no longer a cool meandering path of
tranquil beauty,
It is transformed into a traffic jam on water,
One boat following another,
Changing bumper to bumper for stern to bow.
The river banks are crowded as well,
As though countless lemmings had come to commit
suicide,
And, at the last moment, changed their minds.
The hippies part with their shoes,
The old people with their fires.

Pen-ponds, that famous haven of peace,
Is changed into a seething rubbish dump.
And everywhere people like lice
Crawl from one "beauty" spot to another.

The sun goes down. The people vanish.
They return to Wandsworth or some other rest of
modern urbanity,
The hippies return to reality and with luck some
"friend's" bed,
The old people return to their fires.

The commuters collapse by their televisions,
And outside in the twilight the waste paper blows
about,
As in some long forgotten western ghost-town.
The grass grateful of the return to normality
Tries to raise its crushed head.

Tomorrow life will return,
And the quick blood will flow once again in the
town's veins,
And only lit windows cast their bright,
Or steely-blue television light on the deserted
street,
And even they blink and finally shut their cyclops
eye.
Why should a new day come?
But it will; and with it a new life, new hope:
And another death.

C. M. Catherwood

We live in an age of scepticism, and that scepticism is manifested very strongly here at Westminster—especially as concerns Christianity. People here are trained to criticize and their favourite target is organized worship. The Abbey is a very definite cause of this criticism, as the majority of Westminster boys associate Christianity to, what is to them, fifteen minutes of sheer boredom.

Perhaps this is just a reaction of people of our age to anything formal—anything to do with the hated "Establishment", and it is therefore not really a hatred of Christianity in and of itself about which boys know very little. It could also be that Westminster is, and proudly so, a very liberal school, and that as a large proportion of parents are obviously bound to be very liberally minded people to send their sons to this school, they also have very liberal attitudes towards

religion—an attitude of mind which they pass on to their children. This second explanation seems, on an analysis of the attitudes of individual Westminsters, to be a more likely reason, though the first reason may well be true concerning a minority of boys.

Yet despite the preconceived attitudes of Westminsters to religion which they carry into the Abbey with them every morning, the services do not pass without making some sort of impact. One boy, one with very liberal views and even more liberal parents, told me that whenever he had problems, he often found himself praying for help in the morning Abbey Services. Seeing many professed liberal humanists turning up to the voluntary Confirmation Service, and praying after the Communion makes one think that Westminsters may not be as hostile to Christianity as they make out they are.

A Man that Looks on Glass

Humphrey Jack

There was darkness, and there was light: there was rest, and there was no striving. And only once did he hear voices and they said: The Test.

The cell was a cube, eight feet on a side. The floor was smooth, neither slippery nor cold, and three of the walls were made of the same dull yellow material. The ceiling was brightly luminous, and white. He had it all to himself: he shared it with neither person nor object.

The fourth wall was glass, and he could look through it. He stared long at what he saw.

He looked into a cell like his own, and an unshaven, wild-eyed young man stared back at him. He did not move.

The sight inspired memory. Did he know the man? Surely not. For that matter—*who was he himself?* How old was he?

He felt suddenly foolish.

“My own reflection,” he said, and stepped sideways to prove it.

The other man continued to stare, then put his hands up to his face, and fainted.

He ran over to the glass partition, and thumped on it. It was cold, and solid: it absorbed the sound completely.

The other man lay silent.

He called, and beat on the partition with his fists: it was hard, and now it misted over with his breath. He tried to wipe it off, but he wiped clumsily, and he could not see properly: the figure on the floor was grotesquely distorted.

When he awoke, he wished that the light would get less: it shone brightly into his eyes, for his head was against the floor. It took an effort to turn it.

The other man was pressed against the glass, staring down at him, and the glass had distorted his expression into contempt.

He clambered to his feet in some embarrassment. The eyes followed him. He turned and strode nervously—only one stride and one step—to the other side of the cell. He turned and looked. The eyes still followed. Determinedly, he looked away. After two minutes (one minute? half a minute? a few seconds?) he looked up.

He met the eyes.

He was not totally disconcerted. He forced a smile. An idea struck him. He advanced to the partition. He paused for a moment—it was difficult to think, with those eyes staring into his.

He raised his knuckles.

“Tap *tap tap tap tap* . . . *tap tap tap* . . . *tap* . . .”

When he had finished the sentence, he looked up to meet the eyes again.

They stared back at him uncomprehendingly.

Very deliberately, he turned his back. He looked at the blank surface of the wall. His eyes skidded off, to the edge. Then down, to the corner. Then along, to the glass wall. Then up, to the face.

An increasing selfconsciousness came over him. He looked at his hands, dangling by his sides. He put them behind his back, felt silly.

And raised them, and carefully made horns at the stranger.

The stranger lifted his hand likewise, and smiled.

He did not realize the tiredness and sleepiness that was coming on him, until he stumbled and fell on one knee. He laid down, and prepared to sleep, turning his face to the wall.

Within fifteen seconds, he turned over to see if the stranger was looking at him.

He had a choice.

He could lie and stare at the stranger or be stared at.

He could lie on his other side and know that the stranger was staring at him.

But within fifteen seconds, he must turn over. That was part of that choice.

He took the third choice.

He flung himself at the wall, gibbering and howling. He bounced from one smooth surface to another, bruised. He leapt into the air, he screamed defiance.

He saw the stranger break. He saw him fling himself at the glass. He saw his face connect sharply, cover with blood, rebound. He saw him slump to the ground.

He followed him. He threw himself at the glass wall, his arms behind his back, and joined the stranger in the only way he could.

He remembered only one thing from the darkness and light that followed: four gentle words:

“He was your brother.”



REVIEWED

The Science Exhibition

G. Lemos

The Science Exhibition, as usual, tried to have it both ways. As the scientists are catering for a considerable non-scientific gathering which expects to be amused, they had to provide many trivial items. Many serious scientists were, I expect, disappointed by the lack of truly scientific exhibits. On the other hand, the majority of visitors seemed to be amused by the "weapons simulators" and the like on the ground floor. Large numbers watched demonstrators of high explosives with considerable glee. On the whole, however, the more serious exhibits seemed to have been overlooked. Upstairs, in a more sober biology department, what was on display was of a more scientific nature. The origins of life were being rediscovered. Nervous activity in cockroaches was being investigated, and, as expected, there were photographs and articles illustrating the danger of pollution.

What was significantly lacking, in my opinion, was a supply of new experiments, worked out at the school. Perhaps this is too much to expect of Westminster science, but, in spite of everything, all the exhibitors are to be congratulated. After all, they are exhibiting primarily for their own benefit, and if they derived great pleasure or new knowledge in devising their experiments, they cannot be blamed for the irrelevant cries of the critics.

Red

We have College to thank for the recent liberation of this country from the tyranny of the heavy hand of capitalism. Their noble effort reached a climax towards the end of last term when, to the sound of hurried orders, the RED (?) Flag was set proudly flying where once the Royal Standard, that hated symbol of repression, had fluttered. It is fortunate for our comrades of the next generation that Film Guild was available to record for posterity the heroism of those who, rendered invincible by the purity of doctrine in those little red

books they were so fervently waving, planted the banner of communism on the dying body of reactionary imperialism.

We were shown those medieval horrors of daily life under College monitorial, where the down-trodden juniors were herded by armed seniors around the house under the pitying gaze of their future saviour and House Master; the villain of the piece, much practised in the part, was their Head of House.

There is, however, a chink in this wall of repression, and Lancelot need not remain in the clutches of the wicked baron indefinitely. With a gaze at the heavens that would do justice to the very worst western, a figure in red robes arises (together with a short burst of colour on the screen) to lead the fight. Previously powerless, he is shown the Little Red Book. With this new inspiration College revolts and, aided by defection in the monitorial, they bring the film to a conclusion when the Head of House himself is shot by the House Master in a duel.

Concert

Benjamin Chain

A mixture of real musical talent, and a generally relaxed and informal atmosphere at this term's concert (even, it seemed, among the performers) led to its undoubted success as a school event of the term.

The main thing was the absolutely key role played by boys themselves in this concert, which for once was made manifestly obvious to the audience. After a perhaps slightly sticky start, when the difficulties of successfully bringing off a performance by a brass band were made evident once more the concert got well under way. White gave a performance of Granados's "Andaliera" with an energy and vigour which were apparently untouched by nerves for the "occasion"

and the romantic melodies were almost always not only in the forefront but musically played as well.

The idea of including boys' compositions, though not a new one, appears to have been once again extremely successful. Though Nicholas Freeth's unorthodox but interesting composition was for some rather fragmentary and disjointed, perhaps with more experiences such faults will be removed; certainly the potential was there. Apart from this, to play guitar and piano in the same piece could be regarded as a bit of a gimmick and did rather break the flow of the music. Caplin's composition too, very ably played by Wilson on the clarinet, was a great success. The rather romantic melodies and the strong imprint of Beethoven style were bound to appeal to the more traditionally minded among the audience, and for everyone it was both easy and pleasant to listen to. The rest of the first half, the junior solos, and the wind trio all to a larger or lesser extent contributed something to the evening, and the latter in particular gave a really competent and polished performance. Finally the first half came to a rousing finish with Grahame Kirk giving a lively and beautiful performance of Dvorak's violin sonatina which did credit both to Dvorak and himself.

So the first half passed both pleurably and quickly: each piece following on fast to the previous one, and without a hint of boredom exhibited by the audience.

The second half opened with the Mozart mass. Though a rather solid and slow moving work, Mr. Byrt certainly seemed to be doing his best to get the very most from singers and audience and though at times the treble choir did seem a little weak, all went reasonably well. The Beethoven piano concerto that followed was I think one of the best performances of a concerto given by a boy for a long time at a school concert. Not only were the difficult passages technically smooth and flowing but May gave an extremely musical interpretation of the work as a whole and the audience appreciated it. And then Borodin's Polovetsian dances; both orchestra and choir really rose to this final effort and consequently performed it with all the fun and energy the work calls for, giving both the audience, and I think themselves a lot of pleasure. If after the loud applause this received, the embarrassing silence following the singing of the school song was rather a shattering anti-climax, this will merely serve as a warning for the future, but nobody much seemed to care.

Altogether the concert was an extremely encouraging sign as to the direction in which school music is heading and it is only to be hoped that the music-staff will provide every initiative and help not only for orchestral performances but for the formation of smaller chamber music groups and soloists in order to exploit the musical resources of the school, which I think are so great, to their utmost potential.

The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew

J. A. Marendon

After "The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew", the College Play seems to have become established as a certain kind of play that can be looked forward to each year. "The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew" was cleverly produced and vivaciously acted. It provided great enjoyment for its audience, and only flagged for about 10 minutes before the end, when the actors' hitherto excellent fluency and ensemble drastically declined. The production was professional: well-managed lighting and sound, efficiently worked-out use of space. The "blank" stage proved flexible and seemed surprisingly spacious.

The acting was amateur, but gloriously so. Neville Walton gave an extrovert, music-hall performance as the goody-goody knight. Neil Margerison projected well the huntin', shootin' and fishin' baron and Stephen Ruttle gave a virtuoso performance as his block-headed assistant. The knights were suitably varied: John Sanderson made the most of his rather predictable part, Douglas Gifford presided gracefully; and perhaps nothing in the play was quite so funny as David Ekserdjian's Sir Graceless Strongbody, heavily mustachioed and rearing for the joust. David Robinson's storyteller must have been the envy of any who stupidly scoffed at the general lack of control and professionalism amongst the actors: he was very clear, without having to raise his voice unnaturally. And George Lemos was successful in playing his part of Regius Professor of Magic without the excess of comic posturing which might have spoilt the strain of humour which his performance came to represent.

A few may have criticized this play severely, calling it vulgar, puerile, even boring. But anyone who watched it with an open mind will realize that extroversion, of which the play was full, is not the same as banality, and that enthusiasm as much behoves the man as it does the child. Those who found it boring are, perhaps, themselves to blame, for the play demanded some reciprocation inside the audience of the fun which was brimming over on stage.

“The Lion in Winter”

The Grant’s Play

Seeing “The Lion in Winter” one could hardly have imagined the controversy it caused at the beginning of the term. Realizing that it was too large and unwieldy to be performed *in toto*, several members cast around for other plays. Eventually a compromise was reached, only Act I was to be performed, and fortunately it appeared to be a separate entity, for nothing happens in Act II either.

In the main the play itself was rather an unwise choice having no real development and a certain whimsical quality. This the actors, on the whole, coped with rather well—although the difficulties were particularly obvious in Henry’s final speeches which frequently lapsed into melodrama through no fault of his. The political intrigues on which the play was based, were painstakingly pedantic and the dialogue was perhaps a little pretentious.

The actors on the whole did well—Simon Mundy playing that “walking pustule” Prince John in the right spoilt, almost tragi-comic manner. Eleanor—the scheming, twisted queen, willing to use anyone, including her sons, was played by Rosemary Brown, and she perhaps used her voice and body to better effect than anyone else. Tim Earle gave a very contained performance, suggesting greater depths behind his words than did in fact exist, while both his brother, as Phillip of France, and Marcus Campbell as Geoffrey were very convincing. Poor Madeleine Howard, whose part had so little scope did what she could, while Ian MacWhinnie as Richard Lionheart was sometimes lacking in force and occasionally in audibility.

The directors used the huge stage up school extremely well, and the actors were never dwarfed by the size of it. A great deal of trouble had obviously been taken over the set, indeed over the whole thing, but it could be said that a fair amount of useless hanging around went on on stage. However it must be remembered, although it could very easily have been forgotten, that it was a house play, and a remarkably good one.



“The Winslow Boy”

The Liddell’s Play

At the Liddells play one does not expect to be entertained by an excellent example of drama, not excellently, but uproariously staged. This year, however, we were confronted with a serious attempt to perform an equally serious (though debatably meritorious) play, fresh from the West End stage, by a young, inexperienced, though keen tribe of Liddellites. One was made initially apprehensive by a casual glance at the cast list; no sign of any of the veterans of Liddell’s drama—only two actors above the SHELL—and two novice producers. Perhaps little was to be expected of such a cast; doubtless they were viewed with considerable scepticism by the average Westminster theatregoer. Though their efforts yielded, by critical standards, an unmistakably mediocre result. I am sure that the greater part of the audience were pleasantly surprised by the degree of professional effect that was attained. Mark Vincenzi had considerable “stage presence”, though being a tall, slightly croaky adolescent he seemed not a little incongruous in his role as a distraught and matronly spouse. Denis Petropoulos, Martin Kingston, and Stephen Garrett gave competent performances, though each suffered, to varying degrees, from vocal weakness and droopiness of bustline. Jeremy O’Shanohoun’s appropriately dry interpretation was equally impressive.

Perhaps one should not “make allowances”, for, despite occasional competence, the play as a performance lacked lustre. The absence of the experts was unhappily conspicuous, and should have penetrated the balloons of apathy of the Liddell’s seniors.

Pity that they slumbered on amid the monastic calm of that same dark and musty labyrinth.





Hamp

This play, coming at the end of a good crop of House productions last term took its civilian Westminster audience by surprise. Chris Paul-Huhne is what the news would call a "self-styled dictator". He and his cast are, mostly certainly, men of initiative; it was only when they felt the true burden of the responsibility of a first night that failed, that they developed into true figures of the modern army—men of initiative and responsibility—a sect of enterprising individuals who cooperated into a highly technical and complex manoeuvre.

From the civilian audience's point of view there was no house with which to associate, no authority in this production. It has a latent neophobia of strange notices and pieces of paper, and organization without authority, which is essentially revolution. It had little cause to fear on the first night. Self-styled military dictators tend to choose excellent and keen soldiers, but they make them perform unrehearsed and unpractised manoeuvres. The result is downfall.

What separates dictators from this Westminster producer is that he has a second chance, and the military dictator does not. Raising the shout of "What if that mess had been the real thing" and apparently oblivious to the fact that it was, he embarked on the 2nd night with greatly increased professionalism. This time parts were known. The play gave the impression of ease and fluency and fitted into the same excellent set up-school with more life and vigour.

The situation, now a classic one in modern literature, is of course a pathetic one. We sympathise with Hamp—a truly gormless Adam Forman. He is forced, in fact dared into a war that he cannot comprehend. He is not clever enough to analyse his situation, his character cannot be categorised. This perhaps is what the Army fails to, or chooses not to understand. He does not have the imagination to lie, but his honesty gives him complete faith and confidence in Lt. Hargreaves, who stands as lawyer in his defence, who understands him and uses words so much better than he can. Lt. Webb, a confident Nick Paterson sees the hypocrisy of the situation when he breaks down with: 'He was a likeable little bastard, after all:' we do not blame Hamp for his desertion because he is so completely thoughtless and witless, so unsophisticated. Ben Rampton as a very convincing padre made us sincerely feel the punishment is out of all proportion to the crime.

However full justice was not done to the differing emotions—we approached both points of view—a cold Midgley O'Sullivan on the one hand, who believes with Webb that this sort of rot should be prevented, and Hargreaves on the other who is sensitive in his approach toward the individual. But the feeling of frustration and hopelessness was not truly conveyed on the stage. The play left the audience frustrated not by this, but by the futility and apparent irrelevance of the production in a 1971 context. This will always be a problem in producing plays that deal so closely with contemporary situations that have since become outdated. This was a brave choice of a good play; all concerned deserve a medal.

SPIRIT OF WESTMINSTER



*Rev. Harding is producing Richard II
in Ashburnham Garden at the end of
last term*

SOLID SPORT

Judo

It is pleasing to look back on such a successful Lent term. The club together has won every match but one. Individually the seniors have all distinguished themselves in the various matches; the juniors have tried hard and not without success. This was the first term in a long while that we have been able to field a junior team. They have fought in all our matches and have done well despite their inexperience and uncertainty: Quayle in particular has been called upon to supplement the team in most matches and has proved his noble worth.

We owe a lot to our coach, Mr. George Chew (4th dan) of the London Judo Society who in the past year has done great things for our skill and fighting spirit. The beneficial effect of his coaching can be gauged by our success at gradings. During the past term alone, Mr. Wightwick won his black belt; Mark Peters and Nick Hildyard were awarded their blue belts; Phil Alexander was awarded his green belt; Dick Bradford and Jeremy Shall won their orange belts and Pete Dribbell his yellow. The first junior awards in the club were made to A. M. Weir (3rd mon); C. Quayle (2nd mon); and P. T. M. Brookes (1st mon).

The postal strike made it hard to arrange matches last term and so the number of victories has been restricted, but this term we should be able to remedy that. Of the matches that we have fought, however, we have had some notable achievements. Against their opponents from Brighton, Mark Peters brought off a beautiful shoulder throw, and Olly Frankel a very neat armlock. And finally, but by no means last of course, my throw at Dulwich—modesty prevents. . .
Simon Crome (Captain)

Unfortunately the judo club at present is very small, which means that anyone leaving the club, or even off for the day, can do serious damage to the team. This is not so much the result of poor recruiting as the physical limit on the size of the club. The mat space we have at present is not great enough to support more than about 20 members in the club. To ensure a consistency in the standard of the team even on a term-to-term basis we need more members. But until we have more mat space this won't be very easy. If and when the sports centre (mentioned elsewhere) is built at Vincent Square we look forward to having a much increased mat area: perhaps even to a full sized mat of 48 feet square. We could use it, even with our present membership.



Photo: John Brown

Present Grades:

1 black belt	1 brown belt	1 4th mon
	3 blue belts	1 3rd mon
	3 green belts	1 2nd mon
	2 orange belts	1 1st mon
	2 yellow belts	

Match Results:

		seniors	juniors
Westminster			
Won against Tonbridge	8-1	-	-
Won against Dulwich College	12-9	6-2	3-4 3-3 (30-27pts.)
Lost against Merchant Taylors'	6-2	2-0	4-2
Won against Brighton College	5-1	3-1	2-0



The Annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held on the 23rd February at the Waldorf Hotel. Mr C. W. Shearly-Sanders was in the chair and Thirty-seven O.WW. were present. The Head Master and Mr G. W. R. Morley (President of the Law Society) were the guests and spoke after dinner.

COMMEMORATION SERVICE

Stereo recordings of last year's Commemoration service will be available if there is sufficient demand. Through the Editors of *The Elizabethan* as soon as possible please.

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Fives

In spite of what seemed a much weakened team, our record for last term was very good, with 3 wins, 1 draw, 2 losses. This season's side was taken from Neil Margerison, Hugh Simon, Andrew Aitken, Paul Hooper, Brian Godden, Julian Brigstocke and Philip Wilson.

The number of people who can play fives as a permanent station is restricted by the fact that there are only three courts. And so it is particularly heartening that many came along to play Fives on Monday and Wednesday evenings after tea. This should improve the standard of future teams if it is maintained. There is scope both for the beginner and the mediocre player—please come.

N.M.

Grove Park

Grove Park continues to attract about 100 boys from all levels of the school. Choices include football (Mr. Cogan) and rugby (Mr. Field); running (Mr. Michael Brown) is still an option, but now usually takes place nearer the school. The garden is still flourishing in the hands of five or six enthusiastic, if amateur, gardeners. For the other station day the options remain the same as before, but there is talk of extending them to both afternoons. Mr. Muffet continues as nominal head of Grove Park, but is often busy elsewhere.

Old Westminster's Football Club Season 1970-71

So far the results of the Club this season have been a little disappointing. In the first round of the Arthur Dunn we lost 4-0 to the Old Chigwellians in a replay at Chigwell. The first game at Vincent Square had ended in a 1-1 draw. The main reason for the poor showing in the replay was that nobody had played football for the four previous weeks, due to bad weather.

The results in the Arthurian League are 1st XI, P. 9, W.4, L. 5 and "A" XI, P.8, W.2, L.6.

Since Christmas David Drew, last year's School Captain who also played for the Public Schools' XI, and Stuart Surridge have been playing for the 1st XI and have added some greatly required youth to the team.

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Westminster Football Club will be held at the School on Tuesday, April 27th, at 6.15 p.m. by kind permission of the Head Master.

D. A. Roy, Hon. Secretary,
49, Pebworth Road,
Harrow.

Water

This term's rowing has been aimed at the School's Head, although several other events were entered earlier in the term, in order to gain racing experience. In February, the 1st VIII went to the Shrewsbury Small Boats Head, where Pete Fabricius came second in the Sculls, and Hugh Watkins and David Somervell were fourth in the coxless pairs. The colts did well and won their division at the London Schools' Regatta the same day.

At the Reading Head of the River, the 1st VIII moved down two places from last year, to finish thirteenth, but this was expected, as the two Oxford crews were new entries. However, they finished second to Eton in the Junior/Senior Division. The Tideway Head, only three days before the Schools' Head was treated by the crew as a training row, but nevertheless they won the Junior/Senior Pennant, and came twenty-second overall, higher than any previous Westminster crew.

In the Schools Head, the 1st VIII got off to a rather poor start, and at Harrods, St. Pauls' had almost caught up. However, they proved their superiority in a very powerful and well controlled second half of the course, but I am sure that the entire crew was very surprised when it was announced that they were the first ever Westminster Eight to come Head of the River.

Thus it has been a very good term for Nick Bevan whose undivided attention has done so much for the Boat Club.

Pete Fabricius

Squash

Unfortunately last term, as the one before, the Colts managed to retain their recently unbroken record of defeat. This is mainly due to the lack of match experience—only six matches have been played this year. No matches are arranged for this term and there was no senior team last term. However, individual games have been won and there are hopes of a good senior team next term. All is not yet lost!

Fencing

Last term Westminster beat Brentwood, ace fencers of the school battlefield, and Mr Livingstone-Smith's well-trying humour remains as surprisingly stable and pleasant as ever. Fencing never really changes: the "stalwarts" chat on interminably. Whether the team wins or loses no one gets carried away by *patriotic* fervour.

Football 1st XI

This year, for the first time, football has been played throughout both Play and Lent terms. Athletics is now no longer a compulsory station so that, whereas fixtures have previously ceased about the middle of February, this term they have continued throughout and given us the opportunity of meeting more sides than normal.

After the Play term's near fiasco—only three games out of 18 were won—five players from the very successful colts team were drafted into the side. There can be no doubt that this has been one of the major factors contributing to this term's outstanding success. Perhaps most noticeable has been the presence of Anthony Macwhinnie in a forward line that was in desperate need of a player who possessed an accurate and powerful shot in both feet. Abel Hadden's strong running has also been well exploited by Jeremy Lascelles' long crosses from the right wing.

The defence has looked much more stable this term when playing four backs. Undrell Moore has used his height to the best advantage along with Roger Cohen who has played increasingly well. Ben Rampton in goal has made very few mistakes and some quite remarkable saves—witness the fact that we have conceded only 10 goals in 11 games—four of those in a disastrous game against Charterhouse, about which the less said the better.

But as usual the midfield held the key to success. Jim Durie, with very effective tackling and clever distribution of the ball, initiated many successful attacks. Andy Watrous and Pat Wintour have both played consistently well—the former scoring the all-important first goal against Eton (4-0)—perhaps our greatest success this term and fine revenge for last seasons 0-5 defeat.

Other notable victories were achieved against Chelsea Casuals (2-1), the most exciting game of the season, Old Bradfieldians (5-0) and Brighton College (2-0).

As regards the future it is all too easy to predict seasons of success and victory. But with only three players leaving one can perhaps visualize the so-far unforeseen spectacle of Lancing, defeated at football by Westminster.

One thing that has been very encouraging is the greater support that the 1st XI have had not only from masters, but also from the school in general. We are very grateful for their support and hope that it will continue to increase.

	Played	Won	Draw	Lost	Goals	
					For	Against
Ist XI	10	7	1	2	21	10
(Lent term)						
Overall	27	11	4	12	43	48

Stephen Ruttle



Photo: John Brown

The Destruction of Memories

John Bevan

Cold graves, made colder by rotting flowers,
Monuments of forgotten memories,
Guarded by a headless martyr,
Who died through knowing why he lived.
A mother weeps with anguish over her still-born
twins,
As a tanner smiles sadistically at rabbits born
dead in traps,
Cracked caressed by wreaths of weeds,
Under which the remnants of personalities,
Lurk to twist the minds of the unsuspecting.
A parson potters between the stones,
Like a gardener tending his flowers,
And as flowers flourish in the sunlight,
In moonlight, death becomes reality.
Those cold slabs of chipped dead stone,
Yet living on in the thoughts of widows,
Though remembered persist in thrusting
Their memories on the unfortunate,
Till they becomed engraved in the souls of the
living
Who tear their hair, weep and pray
At the feet of the symbolic statue.
At last, the tombs crumble at the mercy of time
And now new dead torment new living,
And time controls the unceasing destruction of
memories.

O.WW. Deaths

- Abady**—On December 1st, 1970, Harold Temple Abady (1917-21, H.), aged 67.
Fevez—On November 18th, 1970, Derek John Fevez (1918-20, G.), aged 67.
Davidson—On December 11th, 1970, John Colin Campbell Davidson (Viscount) (1903-07, A.), aged 81.
Felix-Jones—On December 28th, 1970, Ivor Felix-Jones (1914-16, A.), aged 71.
Franks—On December 29th, 1970, Capt. Rudolph Keane Franks, M.B.E. (1893-96, H.), aged 91.
Troutbeck—On January 15th, 1971, George Lancelot Troutbeck (1903-09, C.), aged 80. A classics master at the school, 1926-51.
Twisaday—On January 18th, 1971, John Herbert Cloeté Twisaday (1901-04, G.), aged 83.
Cleary—On January 19th, 1971, Robert Cleary (1935-38, A.), aged 49.
Ormond—On February 9th, 1971, Guillaume Francis Ormond (1910-12, H.), aged 75.
Merivale—On February 10th, 1971, Walter Herman Hodgson Merivale (1931-34, H.), aged 53.
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NOTICE

Future editions of THE ELIZABETHAN will take the form of two separate annual publications, one a school report and the other consisting of both feature and creative writing at Westminster.

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