



THE ELIZABETHAN



THE ELIZABETHAN

No 714

Election 1995

CONTENTS

Diary	5
Station	8
Drama and Music	15
Features: <i>A Liberal Education</i>	24
<i>Brief Recollections of an Inspection</i>	26
<i>Doctor Busby</i>	27
<i>Chaplain's Report</i>	28
Literary Supplement	30
Common Room News	38
Societies	46
Travel	54

Editor: David Hargreaves
Art Editor: Carol Jacobi
Typesetter: Nick Stevenson
Photographer: James Nicola
Printers: Dryden's Printers Ltd

DIARY 1994 - 1995

Amidst a blaze of media interest following Westminster's pole position in the A Level League tables, school started on Tuesday 30 August - at least for all the staff and the wider community who came in that morning for a flurry of pre-term meetings. Despite the (still considerable) shock of an August beginning, people were sweet-tempered and relaxed - at least until about three o'clock that afternoon when Heads of Departments battled with the logistics of A Level choices and setting, and Housemasters confronted new pupils, worried parents and old lags.

By next morning, Yard looked less like a school playground and more like a catwalk for the young to show off their suntans. Only the Common Room looked anaemic. There were 668 pupils on the roll.

Prep School Headmasters converged on Dean's Yard for the now-annual dinner on 9 September, attended also by many Housemasters, Tutors and Heads of Department. A group of Fifth Formers, about ten days into their Westminster careers, face the considerable social hurdle of meeting their former Headmasters for a few minutes of chat up School, before being ejected into prep while the grown-ups get down to the serious business of a thoroughly good dinner in College Hall.



Under Starter's Orders: Athletic Sports Day 1995

The School Regatta on Saturday 10 September had a special poignancy this year, being the last public sighting for many of the boathouse before its virtual complete rebuilding. Plans for its renovation have been mooted, with increasing urgency - amounting to desperation - for some time. A more detailed report appears elsewhere.

Sailing: Andy Mylne led a sailing weekend for some ten or so boys and girls during 17 - 19 September along the south coast - conveniently arranged to coincide with a no-school Monday. The Westminster community displayed an impressive unanimity in welcoming this dispensation. There was not much rest for Philip Needham however, who staged *The Threepenny Opera* for the rest of the week - a demanding piece, executed with great accomplishment after only a fortnight's rehearsal.

The Long Distance Races on 23 September: at about three miles even for the seniors, from Barnes Bridge to Putney, the distance is not so very long. There were a range of ingenious pleadings for LO's by some tenacious malingerers, yet it remains a popular event: all nine houses produce full teams in each age group, the huge majority of whom run with

commitment and enjoyment, though possibly few engage in a great deal of formal training.

Lower School Expeditions: some 360 pupils and 45 staff set off with a combination of pitons, crampons, nylons and (in the case of the Fifth Form) squeaky clean walking boots to various destinations. Maurice Lynn went off to discover Calvados and affected surprise that his expedition was possibly the most over-subscribed in history. Mark Williams and David Hargreaves spent a lot of time loading and unloading bicycles into hired vans, as opposed to watching porters do it on trains. Something to do with the Citizen's Charter, apparently, lay at the root of it. Beyond the usual hazards of erratic weather and food, and a few aching muscles, no disasters were reported. Those who do not organize and take expeditions may find it difficult to believe the tremulous relief that attends a safe return.

7 October saw Peter Hamilton host the annual celebration for Christopher Wren's Birthday, a celebration of the musical and dramatic talents of new pupils, and a remarkably effective means of filling out a Wren's programme which might otherwise have to fall back on an encore of *The Volga Boatmen*. Four nights later Grant's staged their remarkably successful production of *Quartermaine's Terms* - the first of a number of highly adept pupil productions this year.

Exeat for a fortnight began at 1pm on Saturday 15 October. Opinion amongst the great majority favours this long break, though one may sniff dissent from the present writer. Nonetheless, it is certainly used to full effect by many. Watermen headed for Paris for the Pairs Head, Russianists for Russia (rather obviously), fencers for Leicester (perhaps less obviously) and iron men and women for the Lyke Wake Walk. Just as their limbs had begun to recover from these exertions, the Expeditions Society organised riding and gliding for the second week of exeat.

Fifth Form Parents Evening on 5 November: a format for this has gradually evolved over the last few years. Drinks and supper in Houses first, during which it is fervently hoped that hospitality and the sociability of Housemasters, Tutors and each other will soothe everyone into a condition of benevolence for the more formal part of the evening when the Head Master and others address new parents, and try to deal with the questions sent in advance. Some of these are fairly specific and curricular orientated, and others anything but. But most parents seemed highly satisfied by the occasion.

Sixth Form Entrance exams were held on 5 November, after a brace of Open Days earlier in the term. The annual cycle of examinations and interviews is the cause of much heartache for large numbers of ambitious boys and girls competing for relatively few places. Also fiercely competitive, the Oxford Entrance Examinations began the week of Monday 14 November - the last time but one this will happen, it now transpires, as Oxford prepare to abolish their traditional written entrance papers.

In Parenthesis: the Head Master's performance of David Jones's little known radio play about the First World War opened on Wednesday 23 November to considerable critical acclaim. Those readers (admittedly few) who saw David Summerscale move straight from chairing an epic, complex

committee meeting to preside over the opening night of his own production, without revealing the least hint of fatigue or stress, could only stand back in awe. Clearly Head Masters are made of stern stuff.

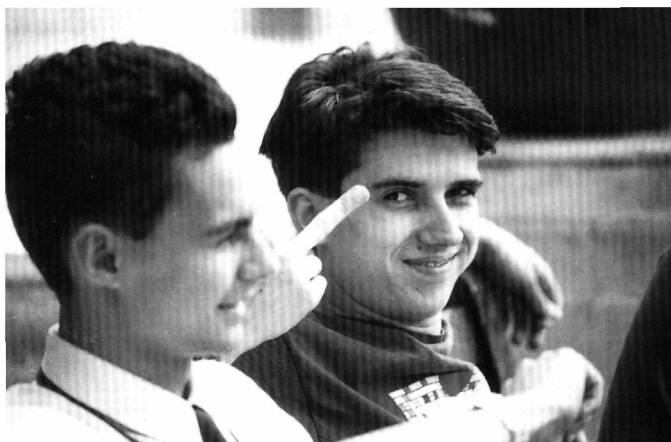
Still more examinations: Fifth and Lower Shells moved up school from 29 November to flex their academic muscles - no small ordeal, given the number of papers they were required to sit, and the late stage in this extremely long term. Helen Sharman's well-attended and well received Brock Lecture on 6 December came by way of welcome relief to all who attended: no revision was required on the part of the pupils, and no marking afterwards by the Staff.

The Carol Service was held on Monday 12 December, attended faithfully by the usual assortment of parents, pupils, staff and a substantial number of OWW. This is the eighth year the Service has been held in the Abbey and, though some old stagers miss St Margaret's, nobody can doubt the popularity and indeed intensity of what is, first and last, a school and family occasion with an entirely voluntary congregation. Service over, Houses once again threw open their doors to hungry (and pretty chilly) guests for mince pies and mulled wine.

House Tutors, their eyes bright with what might euphemistically be called a sense of anticipation, set off with their charges for a variety of films, theatres, pizzas, bowling alleys and laserdromes. Housemasters, according to circumstance and temperament, struggled to reconcile their house accounts, nursed duodenal ulcers, or packed their skis. Not so very different from the pupils, perhaps. Next morning, after the traditional end of term service and a morning of sort-of-normal-school, everyone could start to bask properly in the full horrors of Christmas shopping.

LENT Term began on Monday 9 January, with the return of the boarders (looking relaxed and rested) and Staff (looking less relaxed and more dyspeptic). That evening, a Parents' Evening was held for the parents of boys and girls new to the VI Form - an innovation, but one very generally welcomed. It followed the now predictable format of dinner up House followed by addresses from the Head Master and others up School.

No Man's Land opened on 11 January - remarkable for its use of some hitherto not well known actors, schooled to great effect by Peter Holmes. A review appears elsewhere. The performance was also notable for its location in the Camden



Yoel Sano and Lorrin Braddick



Overlooking Yard

Room. As numbers of directors have been heard to comment through the years (sometimes a little ruefully), the school's lack of any fully equipped and purpose built theatre has, perforce, encouraged a good deal of inventiveness when it comes to searching out locations.

Modular examinations: while high powered curricular discussion occupied the minds of various interested parties in the school, the Maths Department A Levels began on 16 January: a fact that would have seemed bizarre until recently, but is now very much a fact of school life. For those exasperated by the erosion of their normal timetables, the Netball match vs Common Room that Thursday gave the chance to settle a couple of old scores.

On Friday 23 January, an excellent evening of Chamber Music was held up School, in which a little remarked figure was present who certainly was an object of some speculation to certain colleagues. This same gentleman reappeared at the beginning of the following week in his official capacity as leader of the team of OFSTED Inspectors.

Inspection: a potentially difficult moment for any school, and certainly the week long visit beginning on Monday 26 January marked the culmination of a huge amount of work, much of it tedious but mandatory data processing, by the Under Master and Director of Studies. Reports and analysis await the appearance of the final report from the Inspectors. Suffice to say that the present writer was struck by the Inspectors' ability to ingest coffee on the run - an accomplishment which marked them out as men and women who had inevitably, before assuming high administrative office, been teachers. Dryden's House Play, staged this week was, appropriately enough, Tom Stoppard's *Confusions*. With the departure of OFSTED on Friday, there was - not quite coincidentally - a highly successful party held in the Library by Governors for Common Room, with the added indulgence of no Saturday school the following day. That was a weekend, when everybody loved everybody.

Upper Shell exams began the following Tuesday - back to reality, indeed, and a week later the Drama Festival opened for three nights - much enjoyed, and well attended. A report appears elsewhere. In a break from the usual practice, the annual Bringsty relay was held on 16 February, two days before exeat, a cheerful occasion - far more than the histrionics exhibited by certain pupils bemoaning their selection might suggest. Exeat began on the evening of 16 February, though there was no rest for the Expedition Society who departed hurriedly for a weekend in Snowdonia, or for

those oarsmen off to Chester for the Great Britain Junior Trials.

The second half of the shortest term of the year saw a veritable orgy of dramatic and cultural activity, inaugurated most appropriately by a Remove football match against Common Room. Tactfully, the Remove came second. *Un Simple Soldat* opened for three nights on 22 February in the Drama Studio, The Tizard Lecture by Professor Kroto took place the following night, and - just in case anyone was finding it hard to kill time - the Opera Workshop was held (to great acclaim, albeit from a disappointingly small audience) the night after that.

The Greaze on 28 February, by contrast, sought to cater for those whose cultural predispositions favour something a little more spontaneous. Though occasionally terrifying to police, the event evokes much appreciation, from both spectators and those participants still alive at the end. This year's winner was George Zitko (AH), who still expresses outrage at having to return the gold sovereign, traditionally presented to the winner. The Dean's begging of a Play, equally traditional, is happily less notional.

College's production of *The Birds* opened for three nights on 1 March - widely enjoyed, and much admired especially for the courage of the Director who managed to persuade and manage his entire house on to the boards. A more sober line was struck on 3 March when candidates presented themselves for Confirmation. The Grant's House concert was held on 6 March, a whiff of relaxation and pressure running parallel to the rigours of Remove Examinations throughout that sad week. An antidote of sorts was found by some in the canoeing trip that weekend under the auspices of the Expeditions Society.

Delhi Public School sent a group of visitors for a visit starting on 12 March and at once embarked upon a dizzying round of sightseeing and travel: did they, one wonders, find time to see the Schools' Head on Monday 13 March? See the GCSE Drama Presentations held in the Drama Studio mid-week? Attend the School Concert? A very unwell John Baird managed shakily (but successfully) to preside over the first performance held that Thursday in St James's Piccadilly, but was happily much recovered for the final and triumphant one in the Abbey the following Monday.

Term ended that Wednesday. A group of Hispanists set off to Valladolid and, perhaps more sybaritically, a party of skiing enthusiasts who had decided that Europe was passé, winged their way to Vermont. Watermen left for Greece, purely for exercise of course, and Geographers for a field trip to Swansea. This provoked a little less envy, but they reportedly had a very good time.

ELECTION term began on 19 April, with the Dean as preacher in the Abbey Service that day. The following evening, a large gathering of OWW, Common Room past and present and that small gathering of present pupils who knew him, converged in Abbey for a memorial service for Stewart Murray (CR 1957-1992) who died, tragically soon after his retirement, in March. A text of Geoffrey Shepherd's address appears elsewhere. Jim Cogan also spoke with great sensitivity, and a reception was held up School afterwards.

The occasion was both poignant and convivial, and a proper tribute to a revered colleague and friend.

After a weekend of intense rehearsal, the Summer Concert was held on Monday 24 April with what looked like an awesomely long programme, but was in fact a highly enjoyable occasion, notable for the conducting débuts of certain pupils. A Jazz concert was also held that Friday and the Lower Shell Geographers spent a couple of improving days at Sevenoaks. On 2 May, William Bennett OBE and the Allegri Quartet were the performers in this year's Adrian Boulton Concert which, as usual, saw School filled to capacity from an appreciative audience, with a special emphasis being given in the Head Master's welcoming address to the need to raise funds for music bursaries. The next three nights saw the Busby Play produced - most successfully by in-house Tutor Damian Riddle.

VE Day on 8 May and a whole holiday for the school: a no-school Monday was intensely appreciated but this was also an occasion of remembrance: the present writer, conducting a straw poll in his classroom the next day, was impressed by the numbers of pupils who, along with their families, had observed the previous day's two minutes silence with due decorum.

Wren's Play opened on Tuesday for three nights from 9 May - a highly successful treatment of Pirandello's *Man, Beast and Virtue*. On Friday came the shared Hakluyt's and Liddell's Concert, followed by Rigaud's solo offering the following Wednesday and Dryden's and Wren's two nights after that. Monday 15 May saw the Lower Shell Parents' Party, by way of bathetic contrast perhaps.

Blowing away any cobwebs, the next afternoon - a day of uncertain weather, but which just about held - was the annual Athletic Sports. For a few people this will have evoked some still raw memories of the late Stewart Murray, organiser of so many past sports days. Many more were also missing the presence of Tristram Jones-Parry, now Headmaster of Emanuel, the definitive swift judge of track events, no matter how blurred and chaotic the finish. Still, 1995 Athletic Sports proved a highly successful occasion, slickly organised by Kris Spencer.

The final week before Exeat was the final one of the year for GCSE and A Level pupils who by this point were deeply immersed in the rigours of revision. Or meant to be. Common Room spent less time teaching large groups, but ever more giving extra lessons to the anxious and the needy. Just to remind the Sixth Form that, one year from now all these worries would be theirs, they endured examinations for the second half of the week in all their A Level subjects.

The weather, and tempers in certain instances, blew hot and cold. School photographer John Everitt, combining the saintliness of St Teresa of Avila and the reckless courage of Sir Rannulph Fiennes, photographed a very rowdy Remove on Green on Friday. Gavin Griffiths, overseeing the whole operation, was briefly seen hiding behind the Head Master's Saab. Bill Phillips published the list of Lower School Expedition choices, and that brought the Fifths and Lower Shells into their best temperamental form, too, as an earnest round of negotiation began outside the door of Common Room.

Exeat, none too soon, started on Saturday 27 May and everybody went home with a song in their hearts.

STATION

FOOTBALL 1994-95

If you delve back into the archives of Westminster School Football, I imagine you will discover that the performance of the 1st XI this season compares very favourably with anything in the past. The fixture list is by any standards a challenging one and there are very few 'soft' sides. When success does arrive therefore, there is ample cause for celebration. One of the primary reasons for this turn of fortune was the return of a significant number of last year's rather dismal 1st XI who were now a little older and wiser and more importantly under pressure from an able crop of players from the previous year's successful U16 side. The integration of these players into a smoothly running unit capable of beating sides looked on the surface an onerous task. It proved to be the opposite and much of the credit for this should perhaps go to Nader Moshir-Fatemi who commanded the respect of all the players. The quality of football played was sometimes outstanding and the level of technical ability shown by some individuals eye catching. Not only were the side capable of scoring goals but, defensively, they looked organised and mobile and made opposition forward lines work hard for openings. We developed into a side that were comfortable in possession and could generate good passing movements. There were occasions when greater directness would have been more appropriate and sides were not pressurised or made to pay for mistakes as much as they should have been. However, even an impartial spectator could not have failed to appreciate some of the football played.

The season kicked off before term started with a few days pre-seasonal training which provided an opportunity to inspect the goods on offer. Fitness levels were obviously low, but by the time of the Winchester game the nucleus of the side was fairly well established. The first three games proved to be convincing wins but the following fixture against an orthodox and battling Eton side at one stage looked beyond us. Two well worked goals in the last 10 minutes prevented our first defeat of the season. The ability to rescue something from an apparently hopeless situation is not a quality readily identified with Westminster sides, but here was a group of players who believed they could always score goals, even in the twilight seconds of a match. A good win over Kimbolton was followed by a very disappointing cup game against Brentwood where we played some exceptional football but suffered from dramatic lapses in concentration at critical points. The side recovered from this and proceeded to demolish an Old Westminsters side where physical strength usually favours the old boys. The eleven soaked up a certain amount of first half pressure where we went one down, but then turned the tables on the OWs and played some of the most convincing football of the term. Two draws brought the first half of Play term to a close. The first against Lancing was bitterly disappointing, especially since we dominated the entire game, but circumstances (many out of our control) seemed to conspire against us. A poor result away against a good Repton side, on the back of a two week half term and a three week break was followed by an excellent set of results, the highlights being the victory over old rivals Charterhouse and a brilliant draw against one of the two top sides in Independent Schools' football, Ardingly College. This really

was a game to savour, and a tense encounter where we more than matched them for skill and commitment concluded with us equalising from the spot in the dying minutes.

We continued to play well during the Lent term although the sides are traditionally less strong and won the majority of games. John Bentham represented the south ISFA U19 side and looks a promising prospect for next season.

In the midst of all this back slapping it should be noted that the conduct of some players in both the First and Second XIs this season was totally unacceptable with the number of sendings off and behaviour off the field of play a source a continual embarrassment to the school. I in no way want to detract from the considerable efforts of the vast majority of well balanced individuals who have contributed to our success this season, but must stress that some of the behaviour witnessed on coaches, on the pitch and after games will not be tolerated. We began to develop a reputation on the circuit for being foul-mouthed, abusive and generally ill-mannered. We have allowed standards to slip and must put this right so that we might build on our success without unnecessary hindrance.

Finally I would like to thank all masters in charge of school teams for their tireless devotion to the cause, and Mr Ian Monk for all his hard work in preparing the pitches throughout the two terms.

Jeremy Kembell



Up Fields 1995

The Players (goals scored in brackets)

Nader Moshir-Fatemi (10) captained the side superbly. A genuine two-footed player and play maker. Good balance and skill and tremendous work rate.

Amir Azimi-Azad improved this season in many aspects of his game. Handling was very sound but he needs to concentrate on his positional skills

Iain Barnes filled the vice captain's role, organised the back four very ably and developed into a very competent central defender. Good control and good in the air.

Hasan Hameed (15) certainly made the grade as a goal scorer showing both pace and skill. Caused the opposition problems by drifting out into wider positions and running at defenders.

Vincent Tang (4) made an invaluable contribution by his versatility. Good ability on the ball and worked tirelessly in midfield.

Xabier Humphrey displayed moments of outstanding individual skill. His pace also became an important factor in our ability to cover as a back four.

Jo Suddaby became an essential unit of the back four as centre-half. He was a mobile and competent marker but showed touches of real flair when in possession.

Heneage Stevenson made the right full back position his own and proved a testy competitor. Showed a high level of skill and commitment.

Robin Godfrey (7) has been part of the Westminster 1st XI for 4 years and made an impressive contribution especially this season. He is a dominant and aggressive force in midfield and has great ability in the air.

Cameron Ogden (8) is a skilful and tricky player. When on song can prove a real handful for fullbacks with his quick change of direction. Needs to develop more composure in front of goal.

John Bentham (8) has excellent ball control and an extensive repertoire of skills. Tends to play in patches. Needs to make a fuller contribution and improve his treatment of opposing players and referees.

Russell Korgaonkar (4) Super sub! Has had a difficult season wearing out the grass on the touchline. Shows great potential as a target man and goal scorer. Needs to concentrate more on the basics of such a role.

Sam Fox (2) came into the side in the Lent term and looked a useful prospect for next year. Playing out of position, he showed great skill and directness of attack.

Others who played: T. Steele, N. Liddell, S. Ahsani, F. Venini (1), A. Jones, G. Zitko, S. Woods-Walker, J. Korgaonkar.

1st XI FOOTBALL 1994-95

Play Term (1994)

Date	Opponents	Result	Goalscorers	MOM
10 Sept	Winchester	3 - 1	Hasan 2, Nader (pen)	Cameron
13 Sept	Westminster City	3 - 1	Hasan 2, John	Robin
17 Sept	Kes Witley	5 - 0	Hasan, John 2, Robin, Nader (pen)	John
20 Sept	Eton	2 - 2	Robin, Filippo	Robin
24 Sept	Kimbolton	4 - 1	Hasan, Cameron, Robin, Vincent	Nader
27 Sept	Brentwood (Cup)	1 - 4	John	
8 Oct	Old Westminster	4 - 1	Hasan 2, Russell, Vincent	Hasan
11 Oct	Lancing	3 - 3	Hasan, Cameron, Nader (pen)	Nader
13 Oct	Forest	1 - 1	Robin	Jo/Amir
1 Nov	Repton	0 - 5		Hasan
5 Nov	Highgate	4 - 0	Hasan, Robin, Russell, Nader (pen)	Jo/Lain
10 Nov	Bradfield	0 - 1		Jo
12 Nov	Chigwell	1 - 1	Robin	Jo/Xav
19 Nov	Brentwood	0 - 3		Jo/Lain
22 Nov	Aldenham	4 - 0	Hasan 2, Cameron, John	Hasan
29 Nov	Charterhouse	3 - 0	Hasan, Cameron, Russell	Lain
10 Dec	Ardingly	1 - 1	Nader (pen)	Nader

Lent Term (1995)

24 Jan	Sevenoaks	5 - 1	Cameron 3, Robin, Nader (pen)	John
4 Feb	Casuals (Friendly)	1 - 2	Nader	Jo
25 Feb	St Pauls	2 - 2	Sam, Russell	Nader
28 Feb	Kings Canterbury	7 - 0	John 3, Vincent 2, Nader, Cameron	Hasan
4 Mar	Oratory	2 - 4	Hasan, Nader (pen)	Nader
9 Mar	UCS	1 - 0	Sam	Lain
14 Mar	Bedford	2 - 1	Hasan, Nader (pen)	Nader

Top Goalscorers

Hasan Hameed	15
Nader Moshir-Fatemi	10
John Bentham	8
Cameron Ogden	8
Robin Godfrey	7
Russell Korgaonkar	4
Vincent Tang	4
Sam Fox	2
Filippo Venini	1

FIVES 1994-95

This season has seen a much increased interest in the sport, especially among the oldest and youngest members of the school; there are now 20 members of Common Room playing Fives regularly and, whereas previously most people came to try Fives purely because they were useless at everything else, now every member of the Fifth form is given the opportunity to try Fives in compulsory PE lessons. Perhaps another reason for the much increased interest is that this season has also seen the first ever Westminster students female Fives pair grace the courts (Jane Townsend-Rose and Sarah Grylls). The traditional Westminster spirit of intense competition has also been invoked by the introduction of in-school tournaments within the Fifth form and in collusion with the Common Room.

For all these ingenious improvements we have to thank the dynamic, Fives-supremo leadership of John Troy who took over the station and has, remarkably, become a top class player/teacher in under a year.

The results were encouraging if not triumphant: 7 wins, 2 draws, 8 losses. Undoubtedly they would have been better if Wellington, St John's, Leatherhead, Cranleigh and Aldenham had not panicked and cancelled at the prospect of facing us. No doubt next season will show huge improvements as John Troy's plans come into action. This seems imminent as there is now an intensive off-season training programme run by Mr Troy and our excellent coach Mr Hutchinson.

The seniors were plagued with injury this season but usually managed to get three pairs hobbling onto court from a pool of Rupert Higham (Captain), Paddy Dickinson, Conrad Shawcross (Secretary), Markos Lemos (all Remove); and Lucien Green and Saul Albert (new Secretary and Captain), Will Boyd, Ollie Youngman, Anis Abou Rhame (all VI). The Juniors were very strong with the Lower/Upper Shell first under-16 team of John Rixon and Nick Forgacs, and the promising under-15 pair of Max Grender-Jones and Serge Cartwright.

Further congratulations to the Busby's Fives team (Bevan Swaly and Max Grender-Jones) for beating Wren's in the finals of the Fifth form House competition, and to the winners of the Staff/Boys competition (still in the semi-final stage).

Full Pinks were awarded to Dickinson, Shawcross, Green and Albert; Half Pinks to Lemos, Boyd and Youngman; Colts to Barber, Forjacs, Frew, Okumura, MacDonald, and O'Dwyer; Junior Colts to Grender-Jones and Cartwright; Junior Junior Colts to Kanaber and Swaly.

Nothing was awarded to John Troy but here is a big thank you from us all!

Rupert Higham (AH)

WATER 1994



l to r: Thomas, Norden, Moore, Marston, Waring, Siniscalco, Saintry, Gothard. Cox: Wignarajah. Henley 1994

High water due to heavy rainfall led to all the early Head of the River Races in the Thames region being cancelled, and so the Schools' Head was the first race of the year for most of our crews. In spite of this lack of racing experience, there were some outstanding performances. The very young 1st VIII (with three J16's and one J15) worked hard to defend the previous year's position in the Head, finishing 12th overall. The promising J14 Octuple won their event by nine seconds, defeating old-time rivals King's School Chester. The Girls' Junior Novice VIII won their event by an even greater margin, but unfortunately were unable to accept the prize as one of their number had become suddenly ill and been replaced by an OW.

The Easter holiday was the busiest ever for the Boat Club, with trips to Hong Kong and Belgium. The J15's and Girls competed in the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club Centenary Regatta, where all crews met with success. The 1st VIII went to Ghent for a week of training, including racing at the International Regatta, where the J16 coxed four beat some very strong German opposition.

Following these two training camps, it was decided that the small number of oarsmen in the Upper School made it more sensible to compete in fours for the first half of the Election Term. This proved correct; the few weeks before the National Schools Regatta were very successful for all the squads, especially for the J16's who were now racing against people of their own age.

Putney Town Regatta, two weeks before National Schools, was also the occasion of the Tea held to mark the retirement of Mike Thorne, who had been the School Boatman for almost thirty years. The event went very well, supplemented by some convincing victories from the School's crews in the Regatta which he has been organizing for many years.

Almost all our entries in the National Schools Regatta reached the final of their events including our first ever crew in the Girls' Championship VIII's. The J15 2nd VIII won a bronze medal on the Saturday as did the J16 coxed four, who decided to race even though their strokeman was suffering heavily from the effects of sinusitis.

The second day of the Regatta brought still more success, with Tom Marston (RR) winning the gold medal in J15 single sculls and the J16 coxless pair of David Thomas (QS) And Ben Gothard (LL) taking the silver medal in their event.

After Exeat, as always, exams and other school activities made regular crews an impossibility for most age groups, but there was still success for many in smaller competitions, especially at Carmel Regatta.

Careful organising meant that in spite of the increasing numbers of public examinations sat, it was still possible to put together and train an Eight for the Princess Elizabeth Cup at Henley. A vigorous performance at Marlow Regatta against St Paul School, Concord, USA (who went on to win at Henley) was the first real test of the ability of the crew of two week's standing, and a suitable step towards Henley.

In the first round of Henley Royal Regatta, the crew was drawn against Bryanston School, whom they beat soundly by two and a half lengths. The second day brought them up against the strong Hampton crew, whom they held on to for much longer than anyone expected, never reducing the pressure on them until the final stroke. All of this bodes well for the future, as many of the crew still have two or more years at the School.

After the end of term, the two J16 pairs from the Henley VIII raced at the National Championships against some very stiff competition, including the pair which had won at the National Schools Regatta. This time however the Hampton pair had to be content with third place after being defeated by both the pair of Christopher Waring (RR) and Jim Moodie (LL) and the National Schools silver medallists, who also beat the previous records of both the National Championships and National Schools Regatta. Later during the Summer, Ed Sainty (LL) went on to represent Great Britain in the European Championships VIII, which won the gold medal.

OWW have continued to achieve great success. Richard Muirhead (RR 1985-90) rowed in the winning Goldie crew. Guy Ingram (LL 1985-90) and James Wells (BB 1986-91) rowed at bow pair in the victorious Imperial College VIII in the Temple Challenge Cup at Henley. Graham Smith (RR 1988-93) added to his collection of medals with a silver medal at the Under 23 World Championships and went on to race in the coxed four at the World Championships. Claire Lloyd (BB 1991-93) and Catherine Murch (BB 1991-93) raced against each other in the stroke seats of their respective eights at Women's Henley. Durham University Women's Boat Club now has Katie Bailey (HH 1991-93) as President and Nuria Norell (BB 1990-92) as Vice-President, with Alex Duncan (RR 1998-93) helping to coach.

The Play Term saw continued success in sculling events, with the efforts of Tom Marston (RR), Ben Jesty (DD) and Paul Stricker (AH) helping to win the Team Prize at Pangbourne Junior Sculling Head for the second year in a row, and there were also promising performances from the J13's in quads at Hampton Small Boats Head.

Perhaps the most noticeable event during 1995 will be the rebuilding of the Boathouse. Recent growth in the numbers of Watermen and the introduction of Girl's Water has far outstripped the capacity of the old building. While the Grade II Listed façade will remain intact, the other walls and interior will be rebuilt to provide new changing rooms, a larger Tea and Meeting Room, and more rack space for boats. The project should be completed in early 1996, and should prove a good base for furthering Westminster's rowing success.

David Thomas (QS)

1994 Wins: 41 in total

In Eights

Putney Town J15

In Octuples

Schools' Head J14

Chiswick J14

Putney Town J15

In Fours

Hong Kong Yacht Club J+, WJ+
Ghent, Belgium J16+
Chiswick J16+
Inter-Regional Championships J16-
Putney Amateur J16+, J16-
Putney Town J16+, J15B+
Coate Water Park J+, J16+
Docklands J16+
Carmel J+
Cambridge Autumn J15+

In Quads

Carmel J14
Hampton Small Boats Head J13

In Pairs

Poplar J18-
Putney Amateur J16-, J15-
Coate Water Park J+
National Championships J16-

In Doubles

Putney Town J14
Cambridge Autumn Mixed
Hampton Small Boats Head J14

In Single Sculls

Ghent, Belgium J16 (Marston)
Poplar J16 and J15 (Marston)
Coate Water Park J16 (Marston)
National Schools J15 (Marston)
Carmel WJ Novice (Metreweli)
Cambridge Autumn J14 (Jesty), J13 (Stricker)
Pangbourne Junior Sculling Head J16 (Marston), J14 (Jesty), J13 (Stricker)
Hampton Small Boats Head J15 (Marston), J14 (Jesty)

CROSS COUNTRY

Rather to the surprise of some, cross-country has produced some good results this year. In the gruelling Knole Run at Sevenoaks - a six and half mile horror right at the start of the Lent Term - we came 28th out of 33. Sounds modest? Sensational compared to previous years. And we were the only London school there. This isn't a coincidence: serious cross-country needs broad acres and high fells.

Within London, perhaps predictably, we did rather well. The Intermediates, our strongest age group just now, came 4th out of 10 in the Highgate Relays and the Juniors 8th out of 15. The Seniors, especially, put on a very strong performance in the London Schools and certificates, medals and invitations flowed in consequence.

Our in-house events were as well supported as always. It isn't unimpressive that each year, some 150 boys and girls run the towpath in October, and 72 go hell for leather in the arduous Bringsty Relay. I relish their involvement, and appreciate the support of colleagues - not just those who turn out to spectate



The Bringsty Relay 1994

(though that's valued) but those who don the old singlet and shorts and run themselves. I like to think that these events can, almost despite themselves, become a focus of conviviality within the community.

Our boys and girls who decide to work hard have gained enormously in fitness, speed and self-esteem. Our biggest handicap is that Hampstead Heath lies six miles north and not in Little Dean's Yard, which makes training a little less spontaneous. But that is no reason not to seek to continue to improve: our pupils, if motivated, are highly competitive. Thanks indeed to retiring Captain and Secretary, Sebastian Smith and Karim Wali, to Dr Tim Price, a valued addition to the staffing in the short while he has been here, and above all to Mark Tocknell, grey eminence of the station and a great running companion.

David Hargreaves

PUNT RACING

With the departure of Bob Goodfellow last year, it may be said that the first stage of the sport's development at the School came to an end. Iannis Karras, Leon Menezes, Dan Hahn and others had shown what schoolboys could achieve against grown men in racing punts. Chris Uff improved on their record in the best-and-best category. Bob, doubling with Chris, and on his own in two-foots and best-and-best, won major trophies at regattas. Who, in a sport that takes no account of age and is regulated by status, could expect more? Punt racers come to their prime in the twenties and thirties: the only way that lighter weights and lesser years can match them is by better steering and superior technique at turning the rye peck, and those skills take years to learn.

Happily for the School (and for punting, too), a group that committed itself to learning such skills in the Fifth Form is making fine progress in the Lower Shell, and promises to improve on the achievements of earlier years. Their prowess over the past year has encouraged the Thames punting Club to promote Under 16 events at regattas during the summer and autumn. Last season, as a result of this policy, Westminster's were able to enter more events and win more of them than ever before. Leading the way was the present Captain, Ashwin Assomull, who won his Novice Restricted in the opening weeks of the Play Term, to be followed by the Secretary, Alex Knowles, winning his at the next regatta. Overall, the Station won twenty trophies in open competition with other clubs.

Perhaps the most significant for the future (though in the lightest-hearted category) was Tom Gentleman's and Xandi Imboden's win at the Wraybury and Old Windsor Regatta, when they overthrew four gigantic skiffers and their consorts to win the Lady Dixie Cup for Mop Fighting in Canoes. It sounds easy enough until you try it. In fact, the cup and its plinth are inscribed with the names of some of the most distinguished puntsmen of the past forty years as winners. The cup will be on the table at this year's Punting Dinner, along with others won last season.

Peter Holmes

CRICKET

Barbados Tour, January 1995

As I write this report on the 1st XI Cricket tour to Barbados, it is already well into the English summer and England have just lost the First Test to the West Indies by nine wickets inside four days at Headingley. Another 'blackwash' seems on the cards and obituaries are once again being written in the national press about the state of English cricket. In stark contrast, Westminster cricket would seem to be on the up and up, and in many respects the tour to Barbados was something of a landmark, a firm indication of the progress made in the last few years. The last tour was in 1991, the destination was Australia and we were hammered in every game. Most of us feared the worst when we set off from Heathrow just after Christmas. Would we experience our own 'blackwash'?

The start was not propitious. Our leading fast bowler, Hasan Hameed, managed to lose his passport in the car park at Heathrow, but we were all soon on our way, courtesy of BWIA, lovingly known as 'BeeWee' to all of those who risk flying with them. From the moment we arrived in Barbados, we were treated like royalty, nothing was too much trouble and the experience for all the party of practising at the Test ground at the Kensington Oval was something they will never forget. There was even a crowd of locals to cheer us on and provide no little encouragement and advice. The tone was thus set for the whole tour: vocal crowds and wonderful receptions. I have never met a people who love their cricket the way the Barbadians do, and I am just sorry we were destined to be so accurate in our warnings to them about the Australians.

So what of the team's fortunes? In the school matches we lost three matches and then contrived to defeat the island champions by eight wickets. Our bowling and fielding were excellent throughout - we bowled out the opposition in every game - but batting proved extremely difficult and our Achilles' heel. The expected and much feared fast bowling onslaught materialised from the first match and our batsmen showed courage and determination in facing at least two bowlers who are clearly destined for greater things. One of them, 'Stan' Collymore, even played against England U19s who were touring Barbados at the same time. Above all, the team showed tremendous team spirit, the legacy of hours of practice at the Oval and Lords, perhaps even of the pre-tour fund-raising events such as the 24-hour indoor football extravaganza up School.

The highlight of the tour was the match against the Barbados Schools team. It was an extraordinary contest in which we managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. Barbados batted and scored 40 without loss off the first five overs. I was contemplating a score in excess of 250 off the allotted forty overs when Hasan Hameed began bowling with West Indian pace and hostility. We caught our catches and the other bowlers followed Hasan's lead. Barbados were duly dismissed for 78. Could Westminster conceivably defeat Barbados? Unfortunately, no. We were reduced to 60 for 9 before Andrew Jones set about their bowling. Victory seemed possible until he was brilliantly caught six short of our target. Barbados celebrated as though they had defeated Jamaica, and then we knew how seriously they had taken our challenge. We had lost, but we had come a very long way in the four years since the Australian debacle. The results have

already been apparent this summer with some fine individual and team performances, climaxing in victory over the MCC.

It would be wrong to end this report without mentioning three people, who have made invaluable contributions to the development of Westminster cricket. Quite simply, no other school can possess two better or more enthusiastic cricket coaches than Roland Butcher and James Kershen, while nothing ever seems too much trouble in terms of practice wickets or general encouragement for groundsman Ian Monk. They all went to Barbados and I can only hope they maintain their links with Westminster cricket for many years to come.

David Cook

RUGBY

The 1994/1995 season will stand as a landmark for Westminster Rugby. Not only did the teams revel in some fine victories - the senior team against Charterhouse at home and the Under 16's at Highgate stand out - but the achievements on the pitch were all attained while the station's organisation was being radically restructured.

This restructuring was initiated by Dave Cook who acknowledged Rugby as an official station, rather than merely an Option. Shortly after that essential alteration was made, the giant step was taken to move from the team's traditional grounds at Battersea and transfer to the comparatively luxurious facilities of Richmond RFC. The final transformation came with the employment of a permanent team coach. This was Kevin Bell who, by the end of the season, was revered for having united a confident team spirit with some on-field performances that were rarely seen before in a Westminster team. It is therefore remarkable that such gains were made in Giles Brown's first season in charge of the station, following the departure of Danny Gill. The Head Master must also be thanked for the support he provided for the transition.

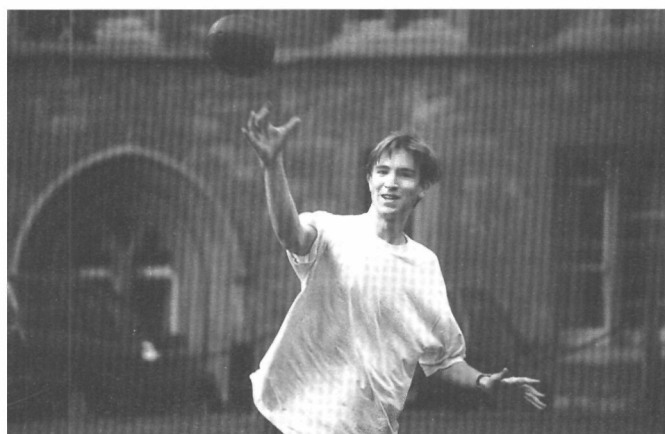
It has to be said that the senior team's successes were substantially founded on a hard-core of Remove players. However the fact that Upper Shells and VI Formers were increasingly filling some vital positions in the team on a regular basis bodes extremely well for the next year's season.

The senior team's season began tentatively and it was not until mid November - by which point which he had won one and lost one match - that the full rewards of Kevin Bell's intensive training were reaped. The turnaround occurred against The Oratory. The weather was far from ideal, we were playing away and several of the team's regulars were missing. However, an early score by our newly recruited winger, Srige Sri-Skanda-Rajah ignited our confidence and ability, and it was soon clear that there was a potential rout to be had. We did not shirk the challenge: two more tries came from the backs, two from the forwards, a conversion, a penalty and Nick Boyce Cam remarkably converted a drop goal attempt. The match was won 32-0.

On 8 December came a win that was the result of some of the season's gutsiest rugby. We were playing at Mill Hill in a deep mud bath that required us to raise our level of fitness so as to defend grittily an early lead secured by Grant Steadman's try. The second half was an example of true end-to-end rugby. We did not cross their line, but more importantly we did not succumb to relentless Mill Hill

pressure. The win was also vital in order to sustain through the Christmas holidays the momentum that we had built up in the first half of the season.

That we did was proven in our first match of the Lent Term against the American School in Uxbridge. The full time score of 18-3 did not do justice to the fact that we had produced some moments of play which were not particularly akin to the '15-Man' rugby approach with which Jack Powell is presently trying to instil the present National side. Having secured victory in the first half, the second half was a case of spinning the ball wide, and it was this in mind that we almost produced the move of the season. From a successfully executed penalty move, the ball passed through the half backs and centres - without one player failing to beat his man - and then from the outside centre (out of a tackle) to Andrew Howe who was left to complete a glorious run-in. However, due to a last minute crisis of confidence, the distinction between try-line and dead-ball line blurred and Andy dived into touch.



Rugby

The season's most rewarding match was that against Charterhouse on 9th February. Having started rugby as a school sport at exactly the same time as Westminster, the two teams are often closely matched. This made it all the more disheartening that the first time we clashed with them this season (at the end of November) we lost badly. Amongst ourselves, there was a strong feeling that they were not a team which deserved to beat us 43-5. This time, a rousing pre-match talk sent us out in exactly the right frame of mind. From the sounding of the whistle, the Forwards' obsessive attitude towards securing possession led to our winning first, second and third phase ball. No team could have taken such relentless pressure without punishment and it was not long before Tim Kellow broke from inside centre. He was tackled a few metres from the Charterhouse line, but Tom Munro was there in support to finish it off. Not complacent with our lead, the ball was carried straight back into the Charterhouse half and the thumbscrews were turned on them once more. A hefty Steadman tackle left their fly half to be stretchered off to an awaiting ambulance, and from the penalty that followed, Grant Steadman charged over. The score now read 10-0.

Charterhouse then tried to kick themselves out of trouble. However, Rob Ellender, at full back, fielded the ball faultlessly time and time again. This eventually led to his feeding Nick Boyce Cam who then ran over half the length of the pitch to score. The game stabilised in the second half, but the Charterhouse defence did not stand a chance when Peyton Burnett burst through from a post move. A penalty and conversion took the final score to 25-0.

Tom Munro (RR)

Results

First XV

vs Eton	(A)	Lost	32-0
vs Harrow	(A)	Won	7-0
vs The Oratory	(A)	Won	32-0
vs Charterhouse	(A)	Lost	43-5
vs Mill Hill	(A)	Won	13-6
vs US School	(A)	Won	18-3
vs Bradfield	(A)	Lost	17-5
vs Charterhouse	(H)	Won	25-0
vs Epsom	(A)	Lost	38-8
vs St James'	(A)	Lost	12-0
vs Q.E. Barnet	(H)	Won	13-5

Total Points: for 126, against 156

Under 16's:

vs Highgate	(A)	Won	41-0
vs Epsom	(A)	Lost	55-3

SWIMMING

This year saw the return of more active competition to the Westminster swimming team.

The team, which included several Lower School pupils, secured an historic victory against the City of London School with Hill, Forder, Mangos, Vasco and Wellman winning all but one of the races.

This win gave coach Harry Oppenheim renewed hope and with a tailor-made training schedule and an eager team the prospect of beating the American School of London seemed within our reach. Unfortunately, their 25-strong squad (many of whom had to swim only one event) overcame our 7-man team.

It came as a relief to swim a relaxed friendly match against Emanuel School - TJP's new residence. The emphasis was on best times (achieved by Abrahams, Grant and Wellman) and giving some of the less experienced swimmers a chance to compete. Emanuel beat us by one point.

The house swimming competition was won for the fourth year running by Grant's with their three-man team. Liddell's and Ashburnham came second and third. Grant's and Liddell's have been blessed with great strength and expertise in their teams in recent years.

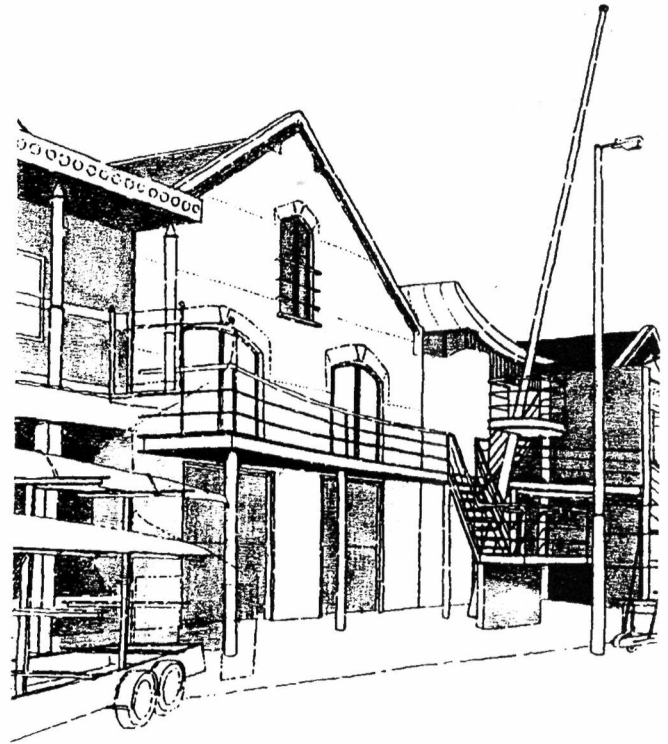
We look forward to swimming against Emanuel again, at Chigwell in their outdoor pool and in the Bath Cup and Otter Medley all in the same week this summer.

We look forward with patience and longing to the day when Westminster has its own pool, to the day when six early-morning training swims per week by large numbers of pupils (encouraged to join us by our superb facilities) is the norm...

Ben Wellman (GG)

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL BOAT HOUSE

The School Boat House, originally called Clasper's Boathouse, was probably built in 1882 or soon after when one John Hawks Clasper leased the land for 37 1/2 years at a rent of £1 per annum. The land was then sold in 1918 by Lord Westbury for £1000 with certain restrictive covenants including that 'the land shall not at any time hereafter be used for the purpose of a hospital for infectious diseases nor for the storage or destruction of town refuse manure... nor shall gypsies or others be allowed to encamp thereon...' It then changed hands again the next year for £800 being sold to the School in 1921 for £2125.



Engineers Ove Arup's view of the refurbished Boat House

As far as can be determined some refurbishment took place at that time and again in the early 1950s. Consequently it is hardly surprising that it is now in need of a major rebuild to bring its nineteenth century design up to date, particularly as much of it was in danger of falling down. Planning consent has been given and work has started. Being in a conservation area the façade is being retained, but little else will remain.

A mezzanine floor is being incorporated and the additional space will allow for a larger tea room, ergo room, and much needed girls' changing room and showers. On the floor above will still be the boys' changing room and showers, but with a different roof and floor these will be totally new. There will also be a second story on the single story boat storage shed in which will be a two bedroom flat for a member of staff. Many modern building features are being incorporated in the design without spoiling the overall character. However, the cost of such an extensive rebuilding project is high and it is part of the Millennium Appeal to be launched later this year.

David Chaundler, Bursar

DRAMA AND MUSIC

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Ashburnham garden is an ideal setting for this, one of Shakespeare's most loved plays. Performed in the week after the title day, it marked a welcome return to the Summer Shakespeare after an absence of three years.

My aim was to go back to the text, to get away from the overlaying of 'ideas' and gimmicks that have predominated since Peter Brook's seminal work of the sixties. I wanted the verse to speak for itself. The emphasis was therefore on clarity of diction, clearly defined line and projection. - concepts the cast picked up quickly and effectively.

Tom Munro's impetuous, enthusiastic Lysander, Ben Holden's darker, more brooding Demetrius, Naomi Benson's sharp, aggressive Hermia and Blaise Metreweli's gentler but determined Helena, created a strong quartet of lovers.

The Mechanicals, led by Giles Game as a pedantic, know-all, out-of-his-depth Bottom and Nick Jackson's clever but impotent Quince, created an atmosphere of chaos as they incompetently rehearsed their play and tangled with the fairies.

Oberon and Titania were played by Refik Gökmen and Lola Solebo, both with authority; Refik created an Oberon, certain of his rights as king and determined to force them on Titania



Naomi Benson (DD) as Hermia and Tom Munro (RR) as Lysander in A Midsummer Night's Dream

The Garden always presents the problem of whether to add any furniture; the use of a rake to create Titania's bower sat somewhat uncomfortably in the natural setting but gave the necessary height. The single set allowed very little physical distinction between the three worlds of the mechanicals, the court and the fairy. This was achieved through costume, bearing and mode of speech. I particularly wished to emphasise the magical, other worldly quality of the fairy kingdom with a predominance of gold, white and diaphanous fabrics, gold face paint and gold hair spray. Movements were gentle and floating. Puck, of course, is of this world but yet not of it; his costume and makeup was more earthy, a gilded grubby school boy.

at any cost. Lola brought out Titania's underlying strength of character and intelligence.

Christian Coulson was a Puck of impressive flexibility and strength, at once impish, full of schoolboy pranks and knowing, athletic and carefully controlled. This was an outstanding performance demonstrating Christian's total involvement in his rôle.

The remaining cast supported the production well, with Sam Spanier as Theseus, Georgina Shelley as Hippolyta, Nima Tehranchi as Philostrate, Arjun Chatterji, Adam Chapman, Conrad Shawcross and Adrian Elliot as the Mechanicals. Ed Tyerman, Tom Balogh, Jannen Vamadeva, James Acton,

Alexie Calvert-Ansari and Nick Clark created a core of singing and dancing fairies.

A special mention is deserved for Alex Knowles, best known for his technical work, who nobly made his stage debut in the role of Egeus, at the last minute, when the role fell vacant.

The difficulty of bringing power to the Garden makes lighting a difficult task. There are never enough lights to give the versatility you wish for. Alex Knowles, Matthew Byng-Maddick and Alvin Chuang created a lighting field that, as the sun lowered, filled the garden with magic.

Throughout the play music transported us from one location to the next. Edmund Jolliffe composed a score of matching magic and beauty, ideally suited to the demands of the play, and from the viola, conducted the band - not an easy task in the open - with authority.

Philip Needham

This production was sponsored by the Elizabethan Club.

CONFUSIONS

by Alan Ayckbourn

Up School (24, 25 & 26 January 1995)

This time the dangers were obvious. Dryden's had their (deservedly) rave review from me for last year's *School for Scandal*. Mark Tocknell, sea-green incorruptible that he is, gently mentioned that he was looking for a reviewer for *Confusions*. Naomi Benson, its Director, made muted and heroic efforts never to let the burden of putting on a play interfere with her History A Level. Dark eyes all noble and suffering.

Emotional baggage, you know. And, when it came to it, I didn't feel like going: filthy wet night, Up School seemingly too big a venue. Still by the final night (when I went) it was unusually well attended - well over a hundred people.

Confusions is really a sequence of five interlinked single act plays which deal with alienation. The context of this can vary, Ayckbourn is telling us, but the dysfunctional behaviour it provokes is ubiquitous and, itself the cause of further isolation. Lucy (Emily Matthews) was an innocuously overwrought mother and deserted wife in *Mother Figure* whose Joyce Grenfellish handling of her prying neighbours seemed at first just agreeably idiosyncratic. But when not-so-bright Rosemary (Becky Hewitt) and Terry (Syed Hossain) rapidly succumb to the infantilization, their reversion strips away at a stroke the pretensions of their own lives.

Harry, the perennial bore in search of a *Drinking Companion*, reminds us too that lonely people are frequently embarrassing, even to themselves. Sam Spanier exploited this without mercy: a beaming smile that looked like something he'd bought from a down-at-heel carnival, a series of half-hearted boasts and bad come-on lines to his new-found friends who had, supposedly, the advantage of youth, but not perhaps much else. Paula (Sarah Culpeper) leant away from Harry as he mooned over her with yet another unwanted vodka and tonic, but out of genteel manners rather than out of conviction. When her friend Bernice (Emily Matthews) arrived, each of the girls became perceptibly more dismissive of Harry's ludicrous posturing. But the point is they are all on their own: Paula's carefully non-committal body language,

more than any of her lines, suggests that (until Bernice's arrival at least) Harry may not quite be wasting his time.

The loneliness explored *Between Mouthfuls* is that of married couples. Alexis Namdar gave a stylishly convincing portrayal of Pearce (aka Mr Rich and Thoroughly Unpleasant) eating acrimoniously with his wife (Becky Hewitt) - suitably catty, though one could see easily she might at some point have been a kitten. Ayckbourn is less interested in his adultery than in the fact that the co-respondent is Polly, wife of Martin, a devoted and diligent employee of Pearce's, coincidentally eating at an adjoining table. When all is revealed to Martin, his cuckold's horns are only fashioned by his terror as to what this may do to his job prospects.

Gosforth's Fête is loneliness of the scoutmasterish sort that the British intuitively understand. Gosforth likes running the village fête. It gives him an excuse to invite dignitaries, hold a big clip board and stand centre stage. But the mistake is to dismiss him as only a bore. It transpires (in glorious stereophonic sound, indeed, due to a cock-up with the microphone) that he has also impregnated the tea lady, no longer in her first youth but affiancé to the local scout master. Her own precarious chances of status and companionship now hang in the balance. The histrionics of the fête are merely a thumb nail print of the turmoil of their minds. And just as, to the sophisticated metropolitan, a village fête is a poor and unimportant thing, so the love triangle of Gosforth/Milly/Stewart is unlikely to appear on the cover page of *Hello*. But the stakes for them - who have nothing else, nor are likely to - are high.

A Talk in the Park brings all these themes to a conclusion. Four people, on four park benches, pursue their solitary thoughts. A fifth emerges, the classic unwelcome bore. With a semblance of politeness, the original occupant of the bench moves off to the next bench where she - with the confidence born of one who has just dismissed another - herself becomes the unwanted person. Placed out of context, our veneer of confidence, our totems of acceptance - all disappear.

This was a highly disciplined production which did full credit to the intentions of the playwright. Ayckbourn is more demanding to stage than he can appear, partly because there is a formidable technical repertoire (notably in *Gosforth's Fête*) which renders the play meaningless if it is not carried out exactly. Alex Knowles, in charge of the technical side and Ben Wellman's stage team never slipped.

Unlike Coward, for instance, Ayckbourn has no obvious musicality to his writing and it is precisely that luxuriance of language that can tide over a few flat moments in a production. The comic qualities of the lines (the indispensable precursor for any more critical evaluation) do not carry themselves, but require great precision of movement, of cadence, and of timing. Set against these demands, one could only be deeply impressed by the final result. Emily Matthews did a deliciously batty Lucy, a nice English girl sent raving mad by maternity. Sam Spanier's Harry was pitiless, though just occasionally inaudible. As Gosforth, he made me feel I'd been meeting him in the Sussex Downs all my life. Sarah Culpeper's Paula, a weary small town girl, was tremendously strong: glassily sexy if there could be something in it for her, impatient if there wasn't. Alexis Namdar was hawkish and splendidly patrician as Pearce, and Yogesh Daryanani wide eyed and beautifully miscomprehending - a splendid and clever juxtaposition,

fully exploited. Dario Thuburn's waiter was the outstanding comic performance of the night - beautifully impassive voice and features, with two madly brilliantined locks of hair falling over his temples. Here was the definitively imperturbable waiter whose sole response to the outrages perpetrated by his guests was a gentle lift of the eyebrows.

Susan Horth's Milly was a marvellously intelligent interpretation - too powerful to be a cameo, but all the mannerisms consistent with the part, with the pitiless wringing of hands and the urgent smile. She gave Milly a strength too (quite absent from her blubbing idiot fiancé, noisily but nicely done by Howard Gooding or from Gosforth himself) that was not out of place, and dovetailed well with a delightful performance by Tom Balogh as the Vicar. My sincere congratulations to whoever chose that splendid flannel grey for him - coals to Newcastle, I thought, and he did the part beautifully: anxious, decent, a shy man forced to play a public part and not much good at it.

I was glad to see the Director Herself put her feet up on a park bench herself just before the end, and delighted by the languid hauteur with which she dealt with unwelcome strangers. Alex Isaac and Syed Hossain too were both models of affronted masculinity, one subtly wheedling and the other gruff and uncomprehending.

Confusions, if it needs saying, shows that Houses can produce plays (not any play, but many) to just as high a standard as a school production - also, with just a few caveats, that a determined and intelligent pupil (not all again, but quite a few) can attain a level of production which most of the Staff who direct plays, would be proud to achieve.

David Hargreaves

UN SIMPLE SOLDAT

de Marcel Dube

February 1995

Yet another play about the aftermath of World War II? Not quite. *Un simple soldat* focuses on post World War II from a Canadian angle. Canadian literature is sadly overlooked according to Mark Williams; with *Un simple soldat* he introduces it to Westminster, to be followed up next year by a Sixth form exchange trip to Montreal.

The play focuses on Joseph's, 'le simple soldat', return to the family after the war. Michael Zolotas gave an excellent interpretation of the frustrated 'voyou' (he never made it across the Atlantic to the front line) whose utter selfishness has a devastating effect on the family. Michael's drunken renditions were particularly convincing! Meanwhile father Eduard (brother Emmanuel Zolotas) portrayed the lenience, anxiety and despair of the indulgent father trying to get his son on the straight and narrow. Few in the family are ecstatic about Joseph's return, least of all step-mother, Bertha, (Geno Maitland-Hudson) and step-brother, Armand (Chris Afors) who is diametrically opposite to Joseph: hard working and reliable. Only step-sister Fleurette (Nathalie Simpson) innocently full of admiration for her big brother is delighted to welcome him.

The difficulties of staging a play originally written for television with the luxuries of numerous scene changes were admirably coped with. The set was incredibly compact to

meet drama studio dimensions and quick scene changes were overcome by clever use of lighting and 1940's French music.

An excellent introduction to the largely unknown world of Canadian literature - may the trips to Montreal unearth much more!

Elizabeth de Vise

NO MAN'S LAND

Harold Pinter's *No Man's Land* begins with whisky in a pleasant room. It passes through fine arts and champagne breakfasts, ending in further whisky and forever-winters. The newly-curtained Camden Room made a grand setting for the four-man play; large enough to separate the Cast from one another and intimate enough to close the gaps between stage and audience. As Director, Peter Holmes shaped spaces and pace in this formal venue to give Pinter's pauses room for air. The audience was, properly, left between an uneasy appreciation and jolly laughter.

As Hirst, the precisely dressed artist, Grant Steadman mastered the Play's central performance with apparent control and understanding. The difficult dialogues between Hirst and Spooner, played by Alex Winter, were tense and wistful by turns; the uneasy memories of their relationship were brought out with sympathetic caution. James Goldsmith and Iain Barnes, as Foster and Briggs, were both comic and threatening as wide boy and ex-thug turned butler, respectively. *No Man's Land* would seem a hard play to put on without a capable cast. Grant Steadman was able to work his audience, drawing out the fullest confusion of response from us. *No Man's Land* has set a strong precedent for future drama in the Camden Room.

Patrick Mulcare (WW 1986 - 91)

IN PARENTHESIS

In Parenthesis was not exactly what I expected. Although the theme of war is not rare in plays at Westminster - *Ghetto* is a recent example - and being familiar with much of the literature, Sassoon and Owen especially, I felt I knew my stuff. As I turned to David Jones, I found what I did not expect: a long poetic study of a man's experiences in the trenches, culminating in Passchendaele.

First presented as a play for wireless, it was a challenge for the cast to begin to understand it, and then to communicate that understanding to the audience. David Jones's play has a deep and heartfelt anger, without the sentimentality that is so often a problem in drama. Led by our stoic director, Mr Summerscale, we grappled, tentatively at first, through the sometimes obscure language but gradually came to find our way more easily. As a member of the cast, I cannot judge objectively the impact of the play upon its audience. Strong teamwork characterised the production, and I suspect many came away from the play greatly affected by it, and most especially by the condition of the common man, John Ball, during this dark time in history.

The darkness and the claustrophobia of the play, the blind fumbling down the lines of trenches and over obstacles all perfectly exploited one of the most effective and imaginative sets I have seen used Up School, with Andrew Bateman

working to a standard many professional set designers would find hard to meet.

The other great asset to atmosphere, which came near to stealing the show, was the score: deep dramatic orchestral pieces by John Baird (now included in his *Gloria*), interspersed with traditional World War One songs, brought a new dimension to the text, especially the heart-rending *Agnus Dei* and the haunting *Timor Mortis*.

Christian Coulson (QS)

This production was sponsored by the Elizabethan Club.



The Director

THE BIRDS

College, up School, Lent 1995

At the City Dionysia festival at Athens in the year 414 BC. the play *The Revellers* by Ameipias won first prize, but only the second prize-winner *The Birds* by Aristophanes survived, with its own opportunities for fun and revelry remaining undiminished. College took full advantage of what remains a very unusual play. Its cast includes twenty four named species of birds and its setting is Cloudcuckooland (Nephelococcygia), a walled bird city-state half way between the realms of men and gods where it can intercept orisons and sacrificial smoke from the one and divine intervention from the other, acting as a kind of middlebird. From such a perch the newly bewinged can vet and veto all the opportunists who wish to cash in on the city or sport wings to their own advantage. This gives Aristophanes an opportunity to satirise contemporary self-seekers (who translate well into any age as a Ben Jonson, Henry Fielding or Jonathan Katz well understand) and indulge in a little slapstick blasphemy at the expense of the immortals.

College plays specialise in using their entire House in the cast, much in the spirit of Dale Inglis' diligently inclusive mural at the foot of College stairs which took a recent College production of *Lysistrata* for much of its inspiration. We were presented once again with an enormous classical cavalcade, this time a little tempered by the august presence of the translator, David Barrett, in the audience. The foreground of the play was very much stolen by the wry acting of Giles Game and the endearing straightman act of Subhi Sherwell, but the background was composed of mysterious avian cawings and cooings from a primitively masked fifth form chorus of birds who harmonised strangely and discordantly with the mystic measures of Sinan

Savaskan's music. Ed Tyerman led their extravagant grumblings with a troubled, interrogative note as he sought to expose the determined idealism of the questing Athenians, saved by a kind of naïve good will and determination, admirably reinforced by the in-jokes, puns and crisp put-downs of Giles Game. The clear, sceptical authority of Christian Coulson's Hoopoe bird - tinged with some little arts and vanities - created a formidable presence at the opening of the play, commanding the whole of school. The simple but powerful rocky set by Dale Inglis which backed him being later replaced by an entire glittering city revealed to us in all its glory by Jonathan Katz as a kind of rude mechanical.

The structure of the play in the second half is such that it allows for lots of opportunities for walk-on parts as Aristophanes lines up all the sharks and fakes of his day. Once the audience got the idea it was a case of waiting eagerly for the next applicant for avian status to be interviewed and exposed. Particularly memorable here was Stephen O'Brien with his tiresome oracles and the endearing rhetorical patter of the ragged poets played by Tassos Tsitsopoulos and Lefkos Kyriacou whose shabby charm was enough to strip Samson Tang of his meagre garments despite his loyal service throughout the play. Yemón Choi, armed with a ghetto blaster, celebrated the empowering pleasures of flight chanting 'I'm Gonna Fly High', and his streetwise enthusiasms were duly rewarded. Thomas Baranga, Jo Suddaby and Alex Aiken were also shady aspirants for birdworld but their occupations were too suspect to allow them entry. Poor Sophie Topsfield, playing the divine rights of Iris with the appropriate hauteur and resulting humiliation was sent packing, though the final delegation of gods played by Refik Gökmen (Poseidon), Tom Montagu-Smith (Heracles) and Jesse Hershkowitz (Triballian God) were able to enter into the negotiations which occupy the finale of the play. Here particular mention must be made of the superbly inventive costumes by Freda Bates and Anne Tucker, especially those gory cyber-punk arms wielded over the audience by the Triballian God with improvised derangement.

This was a carefully choreographed play which used School expansively and imaginatively, allowing as much inventiveness and topicality as possible whilst retaining the mysterious and alien undercurrents of a very ancient play. College was emptied for three nights as men, women, boys and birds ritually surprised and delighted a large audience. The final auction of the props on behalf of the World Wildlife Fund had me narrowly avoiding paying £25 for a stuffed raven, but I *knew* that it wasn't a real raven - they couldn't fool me.

Richard Pyatt

MAN, BEAST AND VIRTUE

Wren's House Play

This play, by Luigi Pirandello, was full of irony and sharp observations of humans under pressure and the contradictions in their behaviour. The irony of the 'honourable Man' (the teacher Paolino) having to lie and deceive, the saving of virtue from a wife who has not been virtuous and who is not loved by the husband who should love her, and the desperate attempts to get the husband to sleep with the person he

should - all these ironic themes were never lost, even though the play progressed at a fast pace. This showed good directing by Georgina Jones and Gabriel Coxhead.

But - maybe - they should have introduced more of a change of pace in the play. Paolino, the 'Man', was portrayed brilliantly and with great humour by Tom Welsford but a little too frenetically at times. This is where a change of pace would have helped.

Paolino is visited one morning by his lover, Mrs Perella, who is two months pregnant by him, to say that Captain Perella is coming back home from sea. This causes him all sorts of anguish and, after getting rid of his pesky students, he concocts the rather unmanly plan - with the help of his neighbouring doctor and pharmacist brother - of drugging the Captain to make him want to sleep with his wife. Mrs Perella, painted as 'Virtue' in the play - and very literally so in one scene where Paolino applies garish make-up to make her more alluring - is a rather shy and mistreated wife, played well and sensitively by Eleanor O'Keefe with all the airs of someone who is about to undergo tragedy.

Eventually the Perella family get together with Paolino to eat a meal - as Paolino is the tutor of the Perellas' only son. But Nick Jackson, playing Captain Perella (the 'Beast'), is his usual rotten, rude sailor-self: throwing spaghetti across the floor, shouting fiercely at his son and managing - most importantly for Paolino and his lover - to eat some of the drugged cake, at least the parts which he did not drop on the floor.

After a sleepless harrowing night for Paolino, wondering whether the Captain will sleep with his wife (thus saving her virtue) or whether the drug failed, he arrives in the morning to find a negative signal. But after ranting on to the just-awake Captain, Mrs Perella awakes and gives the positive signal much to Paolino's relief. All's well that ends well.

The play had many funny, as well as uneasy, moments. Some of the best were the knowing comments and insinuations made by the two maids, both played by Dapha Ben Zvi; the complaining, cheeky remarks by Paolino's two pupils (Adam Ing and Samir Nathoo); the ridiculous whooping noises made by Nono, Mrs Perella's son (Serge Cartwright) imitating his pregnant mother; and the devil-may-care charm of Toto, entertainingly played by Taddeo Harbutt, and a perfect foil for the exaggerated propriety of Paolino.

Everything added up to a very funny and most enjoyable evening, a loss to all those who missed it.

Ben Yeoh (QS)

DRAMA FESTIVAL

Taking place in the Lent term, this was a new style of dramatic event at Westminster.

The aim: to provide a forum for prospective pupil directors and for writers in an very tight drama schedule. The brief: a short play, about 30 minutes duration, with a cast of no more than five.

Three evenings with different programmes resulted, presenting the works of giants of contemporary theatre, those of less well known playwrights and home produced plays. Most of the plays were directed by the cast. Groups performing ranged from Fifth Form and Lower Shells of the

Drama Workshop through Upper Shell drama GCSE groups and Sixth form girls to Remove comics.

For obvious logistic reasons, a basic set of an off white backdrop was common to all plays, altered by the furniture used. Lighting was quite a challenge; the aim was to satisfy the many very diverse demands, to create a sense of openness, physical or spiritual claustrophobia, or the gloom of a mediaeval cell, as required.

The programme comprised Samuel Beckett's *Catastrophe & Come and Go*; Harold Pinter's *Revue Sketches*; Peter Barnes's *A Hand Witch of the Second Class*; Joe Orton's *The Ruffian on the Stair*; Luigi Pirandello's *The Man with the Flower in his Mouth*; Lynda Marshal's *With all my Love I Hate you*. There were two plays written by pupils: Noah Birksted's *The Threshold of Decision: two visions of truth*, a play that questioned our perception of events we are involved in and our response to the unexpected, and *Mr Wu's Frightening Experiences Fishing for Haddock: a tragedy in twelve acts*, by Giles Game and Matthew Perry. This was a sequence of, sometimes, interrelated sketches, owing not a little to the comic style of Monty Python *et al*.

Unfortunately a performance of Ionesco's *The Lesson* and a compilation of writings from the beat generation, *Every Other Beat*, were withdrawn owing to illness. Notwithstanding, three evenings of wide ranging drama were enjoyed. Cast and directors felt that it had been valuable and a worthwhile event, though inevitably disappointed that their work would be for a single performance.

Philip Needham

THREEPENNY OPERA

Up School, September 1994

Mounting a production or musical in three weeks is a daunting task at the best of times; it is even more so when everyone involved is caught up in the hurly-burly of daily life at Westminster. However that is just what was successfully achieved in September with Kurt Weill's *Threepenny Opera* in an English adaptation by Marc Blitstein.

Bertold Brecht based *Threepenny Opera* on John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera* of 1728, advancing the action to the start of the Victorian era and rewriting most of the dialogue and lyrics to reflect conditions in Germany of the Weimar Republic in 1928. Brecht's fine adaptation drew from the composer one of his most immediately appealing scores and many memorable 'hit' tunes which often lead lives of their own in the repertoires of jazz singers all over the world.

The Westminster production was directed by Philip Needham, with Guy Hopkins as Musical Director. Mention must at once be made of a visually stunning set designed by Dale Inglis which convincingly depicted the squalor and 'seediness' of the relevant parts of London in 1837. The principal rôles were played with confidence and maturity by Olivia Browne as Polly Peachum, singing with lyricism and fine projection, and Heneage Stevenson who proved to be something of a revelation as a singing actor in the part of MacHeath. Ben Murray played the exploitative Mr Peachum with suitably wry humour, while Blaise Metreweli sang Mrs Peachum with an impressive range of vocal colours and

portrayed the character with a convincing show of world-weary cynicism.

Smaller rôles were consistently impressive and mention must be made of Ben Linton as the Street Singer, Christian Coulson as Filch and Naomi Benson as the devious but devoted Lucy Brown. The band that was assembled to play for the production followed Weill's original 1928 scoring for small ensemble and worked hard to achieve an authentically dry, hard-edged sound.

Guy Hopkins

OPERA WORKSHOP

Up School, 24 February 1995

It was from the first of Shauna Beesley's opera workshops that the 1992 production of *The Marriage of Figaro* emerged which began the tradition of the Play Term opera. In 1993 followed Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* and last Autumn Weill's *The Threepenny Opera* was staged.

The workshop is an informal presentation of operatic scenes. The singers, who learn extracts from a number of works, both rehearse and perform under direction before an audience.

In February the selection of extracts included some from Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* together with a scene from Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*. The latter was a conversation between the heroine, Sister Blanche, and the lighter hearted Sister Constance sung by Sarah Grylls and Rebecca Hewitt. This was exceptional in its combination of great charm and intensely moving power for any who were at all familiar with this superb opera. For the excerpt from *Don Giovanni*, Leigh Melrose (OW) returned and helped to bring to life two differently directed versions of the same scene with the Commendatore's statue for comparison.

These events often occasion delighted astonishment in the audience when young, developing voices are heard from soloists whose ability to sing at all has probably been a closely guarded secret. David Cox's *Papageno*, among others on this particular evening, gave us just such a pleasing surprise. We look forward to seeing what operatic work this promising group of singers will do while they are still with us.

Penny Baird

LENT TERM CONCERT

Westminster Abbey is a glorious setting for a concert, but its acoustics do not favour all sounds equally. Some are enhanced, some are lost in the vast space. All performers have to work with the building, and accept it as an equal partner in the musical enterprise. The Lent Term Concert offered three very different works which exemplified the range of acoustical possibility.

Guy Hopkins, the School Choir and Orchestra and the Medici Choir, gave a fine account of Haydn's *Te Deum*. The opening *Allegro* was briskly taken, well articulated with firm entries which exploited the resonance available and served the energetic writing splendidly. In the central *Adagio*, the vocal lines were well differentiated and balanced, and one had the

feeling that the singers were listening to each other with full appreciation of each others' contribution. Here, however, the words themselves were perhaps not crisp enough to sustain their journeyings in the vaulting. The *Aeterna fac* is a confident affirmation of Haydn's faith, with a prominent (and here relished) rôle for timpani and busy strings. This was a splendid performance which began the programme with energy and expectation.



Abigail van Walsum

The second work was Rachmaninov's *Piano Concerto No. 2*. I had better say right away that I think it is a mistake to play the piano in the Abbey; the sound, designed for the concert hall or drawing-room, cannot compete with the stone-clad space, either by itself or in competition with strings and brass. Just a few moments with the woodwind gave real pleasure, and made me wish that I had been at the first performance of this programme in St James's Piccadilly. But I shall not go on about it, for the performance was clearly intensely musical. Nicholas Hagon (HH MS) was in total technical and emotional control and had perfect understanding of his material; his frequent glances to the conductor, John Baird, were those of complicity and empathy. In the first movement, the strings, especially the remarkable Westminster 'cello section, were superb in the Big Tune; the brass was on top form for the call into the second subject, and the horn (Will Stevens GG MS) engaged smoothly and with marvellous expressiveness with the piano in the final section. At the start of the *Adagio sostenuto* it is the flute which has the tune over the piano's lapping arpeggios, and Rowena Cook (GG) gave a beautifully sustained performance here. At last, the piano has all the ideas, with 'cello and woodwind support, and it was here that Nick Hagon's musicianship was most evident in his control of phrase and line. The piano returns to its arpeggios, leaving the first violin (Heneage Stevenson RR MS) high piano above. (Incidentally, what is the difference between the Westminster Orchestra and a professional one? - In the former, the Leader has to move the conductor's rostrum between items.) The *Allegro scherzando* gave Hagon his best opportunities for direct communication with another big tune taken broadly and with great understanding. Strange cymbal interruptions led to a slow middle section ending with a virtuoso bridge passage, brilliantly negotiated by Hagon, before the piece ended with full orchestra enjoying itself, as it legitimately might.

The final work was a new *Gloria* by John Baird. This had special interest for me, because some of the thematic material was from the music that John had written for my

production of *The Tempest* a few years ago; I had loved it then - would I like it in its new guise? The opening, *In Terra Pax*, is slow and dark, evocative of the Creation, and then high flute over pedal strings and timpani. Long lines of slowly moving sound are broken by sudden squalls of cross rhythms and shifting time signatures. The sustained choral sound, with taxing moments for the tenors, exploited the ample Abbey acoustic to thrilling effect. The baritone Justin Harmer OW sang the intense account of the creation. Death comes early into this *Gloria*: using music from another of John Baird's dramatic collaborations, *In Parenthesis*, a small choir with Christian Coulson as baritone soloist sings the *Timor Mortis* from behind the Screen. This music recurs in the later movements, its final occurrence for solo baritone chillingly sung in a way which reminded me of the ambiguous figure of Death in John Baird's earlier *Treble Chance*. The *Laudate Dominum* uses a *Tempest* theme in a lively canon which chased antiphonally around the church in spirals of sound. The soloists, soprano Ruth Davidge, mezzo Alison Wheeler and baritone join in the song of praise until it deliberately loses its way and dissolves itself in ecstatic confusion; the movement ends in a quieter manner, reflecting on the Incarnation. There were intervals for percussion and for strings (dark and tense) between some of the choral sections - for which the choir must have been grateful, so sustained is its part - all finely executed. An impassioned, almost tortured setting of the *Agnus Dei* preceded the final choral movement, *Attende*, with its full soprano sound in the *glorificamus te* dotted figure. Baritone and strings close this fascinating new work in which the musical idiom and the extra texts combine to suggest a contemporary question-mark over classical interpretations of the *Gloria*.

This was a fine concert, a tribute to the quality of all the musicians at Westminster (including those physicists and chemists who turn up in the woodwind) and the imagination and sheer hard work that is evident in the standard of what is done. With a classical liturgical piece, a Romantic Concerto and a new commission performed in the Abbey, it cannot be said that the pupils are not offered wide experience in inspiring surroundings.

John Arthur

HENRY VII SINGERS

Given the busy and varied schedule it has had this year, it is easy to argue that the re-named choir, still rehearsing under the patient auspices of Ms French, could not have got off to a better start. The choir welcomed several new members at the beginning of the Play Term, and together we have performed widely: in Abbey during Advent and for the school Carol Concert, in St Faith's for the quiet, and we now hope musical, dignity of the School Communion, on the roof of Ashburnham House for May Day, and even in front of the House of Commons, winning unexpected coverage on national television. Our programme has been far more diverse than in previous years, extending from plainsong to Britten, and the choir has continued to provide an enjoyable opportunity for members of the school to practise chamber singing and develop a choral repertoire. Altogether it has been a productive and rewarding time, and, with forthcoming performances to include a Handel anthem with orchestra in the Abbey, Allegri's beautiful *Miserere*, and the traditional

madrigals at the Election Dinner, some might say the best is yet to come...

Giles Game (QS)

ELECTION TERM CONCERT

The Election Term Concert is one of the highlights of the musical calendar. Each year at the very start of the Election Term, the School Orchestra meets for a weekend of intensive rehearsal. The schedule is demanding and the fruit of much labour is presented on the Monday evening which follows.



John Baird conducts

The concert began in fitting style with Haydn's Symphony No. 104, known as the *London Symphony*. With Alexander Shelley (LL MS) in control of the baton, the opening chords typified the clarity of playing present throughout the first movement - an impressive conducting debut for one of Westminster's outstanding cellists. Shelley then resumed his seat in the orchestra as Ben Linton (GG MS) left the violin section to direct the second movement (Andante) - another well-judged performance which explored a wide dynamic range. Both young conductors showed great promise, and I thoroughly approve of the music department encouraging its students to develop skills in this area.

We were then treated to a complete change in genre, with a mature and controlled performance of Debussy's First Rhapsody with Benedict Gilman (DD) as the clarinet soloist. Kenneth McAllister directed the orchestra with the unenviable task of cueing a series of tricky chromatic entries to which the players responded very well.

Another of Westminster's outstanding cellists then gave a performance of the Bruch *Kol Nidrei*. Alex Evans (CC MS) played with both clarity and precision, accompanied by the full orchestra under the direction of Guy Hopkins. One particular difficulty with string soloists is often accuracy of tuning - it was pleasing that Evans showed no difficulty in this respect.

Some more Haydn was next on the programme. Jonathan Toub (HH) gave a crisp performance of the *Trumpet Concerto in E flat*. Toub showed remarkable control over several tricky passages in the upper part of the register, and his music was well-received.

The first half of the concert concluded with the final two movements of the Haydn *London Symphony*, with which the concert had begun. This time Sinan Savaskan took charge of the baton. The third movement (*Minuetto and Trio*) contained some tricky ornamentation which the orchestra handled with precision. I particularly liked the phrasing from the woodwind section. The fourth movement (*Allegro spiritoso*) opens with a folk melody theme which returns repeatedly throughout the movement. The audience clearly enjoyed this final movement, and the level of applause drew the conductor back to take a curtain call.

The idea of splitting the Haydn Symphony and taking applause between movements, as of course used to be the practice, had much to commend it within the context of this concert. It produced a programme with a better balance of quick and slow movements, and allowed each conductor to receive due credit for their efforts.



Alex Evans

The second half of the concert also began in an unconventional style - two movements from the Beethoven *Piano Concerto No. 3 in C minor*, performed by two different soloists. Giles Game (QS) was first to take the seat and appeared relaxed as he played the *Largo* (second movement), showing a high level of competence. Game then made way for Nick Hagon (HH MS) whose performance of the *Allegro* was every bit as impressive as that of the Rachmaninov in the previous concert. The movement culminated in a virtuoso cadenza which amply demonstrated the full extent of Hagon's formidable technical abilities: the applause he received was thoroughly appropriate.

John Baird remained at the rostrum to direct the penultimate item - a rendition of the second movement of the Mozart *Concerto for Flute and Harp*. Rowena Cook (GG), who has delighted audiences at Westminster on so many occasions, again took the floor with her flute whilst Abigail van Walsum (RR) took her position at the harp. Their performance certainly lived up to my high expectations. For many this was one of the highlights of the concert - a good all-round performance.

The orchestra then rounded off the concert in splendid style with the Beethoven Overture from *Egmont*. This piece employs impressive percussive forces, with the piccolo soaring above the orchestra in the final section. The audience showed their appreciation to both the conductor, John Baird, and the Leader, Heneage Stevenson (RR MS).

It is a credit to the musical life of the School that so many of our pupils are both willing and able to participate in such a venture. The overall standard of performance was high, with several soloists showing an outstanding degree of maturity in their music-making. The concert was a fitting end to the series of concerts with which we have been entertained.

Richard Hindley

Diary of Musical Events at Westminster School, Lent Term 1994 - Lent Term 1995

JANUARY 1994	
Fri 21	First Chamber Music Festival - Elizabeth Turnbull adjudicating
FEBRUARY	
Fri 11	Liddell's/Hakluyt's Concert up School
Wed 16	School Concert (including Janacek's <i>Sinfonietta</i>)
Fri 25	Grant's Concert - Adrian Boult Music Centre
MARCH	
Wed 2 - Fri 4	<i>Ghetto: Play with music</i> up School 7.30pm
Sat 19	<i>St Matthew Passion</i> - Bach. St. James's, Piccadilly
Mon 21	Abridged <i>St Matthew Passion</i> in Westminster Abbey
APRIL	
Fri 22 - Sat 23	Charity Rock Concert Up School
Sun 24	Orchestral Weekend
Mon 25	School Concert (Concertos) Up School
MAY	
Wed 4	Spring Madrigals from College roof
Thur 6	House Singing Festival up School
Thur 12	Adrian Boult Memorial Concert <i>Hanover Band</i>
Wed 18	Wren's/Dryden's Concert up School
Fri 20	Ashburnham/Busby's Concert up School
Tue 24 - Thur 26	<i>The Mysteries</i> (Gym) with music organised by Simon Piesse (QS)
Fri 27	Concert of Pupils' Compositions (Adrian Boult Music Centre)
JUNE	
Fri 10	College Concert up School
Thur 23 - Tues 28	Lower School Music Expedition to Cornwall
Thur 30 - Tues July 5	<i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i> with music by Edmund Jolliffe (LL)
JULY	
Mon 4	Jazz in Yard
Tues 5	Leavers' Concert up School
AUGUST	
Wed 31	School starts - Orchestral rehearsals begin.
SEPTEMBER	
Tue 20 - Fri 23	<i>The Threepenny Opera</i> by Kurt Weill. Up School
OCTOBER	
Fri 7	Sir Christopher Wren's birthday party (music and sketches from new pupils)
Fri 14	School Concert (Beethoven - <i>Pastoral Symphony</i> ; Fauré - <i>Requiem</i>)
NOVEMBER	
Sat 19	Concert in St. James's, Piccadilly. Fauré - <i>Requiem</i> .
Wed 23 - Fri 25	<i>In Parenthesis</i> - by David Jones. Play with music - Simon Piesse/John Baird
DECEMBER	
Mon 12	Carol Service in Westminster Abbey, 7.00pm
JANUARY 1995	
Sat 14	Chamber Music Weekend
Fri 20	Chamber Music Festival up School - Fred Applewhite adjudicating
FEBRUARY	
Fri 10	Busby's/Ashburnham Concert up School
Wed 15	Contemporary Music Society Concert up School
Fri 24	Opera Workshop
MARCH	
Mon 6	Grant's Concert up School
Thur 16	School Concert in St. James's, Piccadilly (first performance of John Baird's <i>Gloria</i>)
Mon 20	School Concert in Westminster Abbey (repeat)

The Camerata continued to fulfil their typical engagements - performing at Mary Feilding House and playing in the Royal Institute vestibule before the lecture. They also formed the chamber orchestra for the concert in St James's, Piccadilly on November 19th which included Fauré's *Requiem* and a cello concerto by J C Bach with Alexander Shelley (LL) as soloist.

The successful Chamber Music Festival, instigated in January 1994 with prizes funded by the Elizabethan Club, was repeated in January 1995 after a Chamber Music Weekend - an abbreviated version of the Election Term's Orchestral Weekend.

In the May Singing Festival, Tristram Jones-Parry was the chief adjudicator. Busby's and Ashburnham's winning entries were both highly entertaining, well choreographed and sung with great vitality.

In the two choral concerts, each taking place in St. James's, Piccadilly and then Westminster Abbey, the Abbey Choir and the Parents' Choir were joined by the Medici Choir. The 1994 work was Bach's *St Matthew Passion* and in 1995 John Baird's *Gloria* had its first performance in a programme that included Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto with pianist Nick Hagon (HH). In both concerts Justin Harmer, formerly of Rigaud's, returned to sing *Christus* in the *St. Matthew Passion* and the part especially written for him in the *Gloria*.

FEATURES

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

What is a Liberal Education?

Westminster has often been described as a place of liberal education. Perhaps because some congratulation seems implicit in this, it is not something we have rushed to deny.

In the wake of endless Government initiative, however, the kind of education offered at any school - maintained or private - is arguably less liberal and less independent than ever before.

We asked three people at Westminster their opinion as to what exactly constitutes a liberal education: Steve Adams is Head of Physics, Charlie Miller is a Remove pupil with a 2E offer from Oxford, and Gavin Griffiths is Head of English.

Einstein claimed that in education 'the development of general ability for independent thinking and judgement should always be placed foremost, not acquisition of special knowledge'. He also claimed that 'the only rational way of educating is to be an example'. Putting Einstein's philosophy of education in place would require a flexible curriculum and inspirational teachers. At Westminster we certainly have some of the latter but the ever tightening constraints of curriculum and coursework make the former mere fantasy, and often the pressures of school life inhibit the performance of even the most energetic and imaginative teacher. To develop the abilities of our students without exhausting them we need a curriculum which allows and encourages time to study and a pattern of life which enables teachers to prepare and develop new and challenging approaches to their subjects. At the moment many good teachers live from day to day simply because they are swamped by commitments and responsibilities and many potentially academic students struggle to keep up with coursework and preps which demand far more of their time than their intellectual attention. The pattern of the school week does little to alleviate this, Saturday morning school has the double effect of increasing the workload for the weekend whilst effectively halving the time available to deal with it. It is little wonder so many of the school community show such obvious signs of stress as term wears on.

Of course, Westminster's do remarkably well when judged against the 'objective' standards of public examinations. But so they should - after all, the school carefully selects its entry at 13 and 16, so success should be assured. Do they really need to prove they can pass GCSE in 10 rather than 7 or 8 subjects? Do so many need 4 A Levels? With a greater choice of subjects and fewer examinations we might find better motivated pupils and more time to teach them. This might allow the flexibility for more setting in order to teach each according to his or her needs and ability. It might also allow spaces in the day where students choose between advanced academic, remedial, cultural or sporting options even in the lower school. In the upper school Oxford teaching and STEP preparation might even fit in the timetable! Any reduction in time pressure should allow us to address our pastoral responsibilities more effectively too. Westminster is a remarkable place but it feels crowded and rushed and many

more delicate souls might leave as better balanced and better educated young men and women if we had a little more time to share with them in a relaxed and informal way.

But the central and essential part of education at Westminster is what happens in the classroom. Here lies the power to inspire or to turn off, to entertain or to bore. We have many exceptional students and it is our duty to show them what it is that excites us about our subject and to help them to understand and master its subtleties. However there is also the danger that, in praising our own subject we belittle

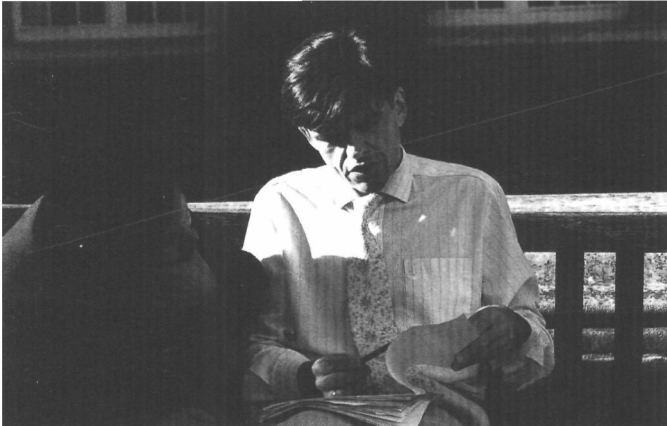


In pursuit of truth? Queuing for the School Store

another's. This may often happen by simply reinforcing the prejudice of our students or we may be more actively involved. Leibniz wrote that 'in the least of substances, eyes as piercing as those of God could read the whole course of the universe' and one might add that in any subject one might read the book of knowledge. There is a common endeavour and language behind the specialised dialects that apparently separate science from the arts and we should not deny its existence. The illiterate scientist and the artist who boasts of his scientific ignorance are both unbalanced and potentially dangerous. The two cultures are as much an issue here and now as when C.P. Snow first coined the phrase and this is the generation which will have to deal with the ecological and social problems which stem from inappropriate and unthinking applications of technology, often for political or economic advantage.

A liberal education must allow freedom for individual development. Our present curriculum attempts to achieve this by keeping up as large a number of subjects for as long as possible. I think this is a mistake. It leads to repetition and

ultimate dissatisfaction for those who yearn to go more deeply into an idea or subject. It leads to a battle on too many fronts for those who struggle. The average Westminster gets by, but with how much pleasure, and how much remains in a year or two? It has been said that education is what remains when you have forgotten all you learnt at school. If we let GCSE and A-Level syllabuses set limits on what we offer then very little is likely to remain.



Revision

Steve Adams

Westminster has always prided itself on being a bastion of the humanist spirit. Portraits of Camden, Jonson and Locke festoon classroom walls as idols to the intellectualism of the past. But, at the end of the twentieth century, more than four hundred years after the school's foundation, has Westminster lost this 'liberal' pulse? Is the education here becoming a constraint rather than a means of achieving intellectual freedom?

The term 'liberal education' is a difficult one to define. In the 1940's, R.M. Hutchins and M.J. Adler, at the University of Chicago, sought a return - in terms of educational theory - to the Aristotelian 'humanistic' or 'liberal' ideal. They thought that teaching should be reduced to four elemental disciplines: grammar, rhetoric, logic and theoretical mathematics. They argued that these would teach the basic arts of reading, writing, speaking and reasoning - the foundations of a cultivated and clear-headed intellect.

In the real, modern world, such a programme is too rigid. For the purposes of this essay, I shall define a liberal education as one which is concerned with a general rather than with a specific training of the mind; an education that focuses not on vocational coaching or over-reflective qualifications, but on a rounded, civilising preparation for life.

Westminster is privileged in that nearly all its pupils expect to progress serenely to university at the end of their school careers; the school knows that its products are destined for at least three more years of the rather unreal stasis of the educational system. We need no vocational training, as the last thing that crosses most of our minds - apart from prospective medical students - is the thought of a real job. Therefore, Westminster's educational policy is constricted simply by the requirement of A Level. Examinations have become the framework within which the school must

function and within which it must seek to provide a 'liberal' course of study.

The idealist's argument would either be to scrap exams altogether - not a feasible option - or to produce papers shrewd enough to test not only acquired data, but also the 'liberal' skills without which simple knowledge remains inert. In reality, A Levels are much more a test of learnt facts than of semi-abstract 'liberal' qualities; since they are a national test with thousands of participants, they have to be systematized, and facts are the concrete and universally applicable gauges of achievement.

One might think that a 'liberal' approach is impracticable in a system based on examinations: A Levels force us to specialise, and to learn closely modest chunks of those three or four specialisations. But the study of the tiniest atom, or a single line of poetry, can develop the most general and disparate capacities of the mind, and most academic subjects one not only in the details of the topic, but in the staple constituents of the human intellect: faculties like reason, imagination, argument and analysis.

Any academic discipline has an interest potential for 'liberality', provided that a teacher is sensitive enough to draw it out. But on top of this intrinsic 'liberality', Westminster has the power - a power derived entirely from this institution's singular position - to shape and extend the A Level course to fit its own didactic purposes.

The school is lucky enough to possess a rather exalted name, a name that engenders similarly lofty expectations of both pupils and teachers; in addition to this, Westminster's status as a private establishment provides it with more autonomy than a state school, and consequently more capacity to determine its own educational agenda. As a result, the government's syllabus can be seen less as a strict code than as a required structure upon which people can build and even depart from.

This could be perceived as some kind of hybrid 'liberalism', but one suspects that the school views its own peculiarity not as a moral privilege, but as a practical advantage; it seems self-evident that the more widely educated Westminster's candidates are, the better they perform in exams and interviews. In my time at Westminster, I have been put through a laudable régime of 'general' subjects, as supplements to my A Levels: general English, general History, general studies - if the aim of a 'liberal' education is general rather than specific, then I have been well catered for. But such initiatives, unavoidably - given their brief nature - seem to bestow upon their pupils merely an ability to talk superficially about a topic. Perhaps some University admissions tutors have been fooled as a result, in which case the system has achieved its immediate purpose.

Conversely, among the staff, there is a strain of adherence to the traditional virtues of learned perfection of tightly academic skills. The stoic retention of Latin prose composition as part of the A Level course, a venerable exercise only persisted in by a handful of stubborn schools, is one of the last remnants of the strict education that boys originally underwent up School. Maybe a 'liberal' education is a combination of these two apparent opposites: a fusion of the erudite with the articulate.

But a 'liberal' education is *not* the school's first priority. As a private school, Westminster not only has the benefits of

independence, but also the restrictions native to a financially orientated organisation. Unlike other public schools, Westminster is not rich in assets or endowments, but it relies on school fees as its only source of income. Therefore, the school's educational creed becomes more utilitarian, and the school's educational achievements become vital to its continued success; the fewer Oxbridge places and 'A' grades its students achieve, so the prestige and therefore the financial prosperity of the school decline. The school becomes locked in a strangely cyclical movement and the most material aims in education, by necessity, supplant any idealistic sentiment. Exams attain paramount importance.

In today's world, in which competition has become an all-embracing state, whether on a national scale or in terms of university places and jobs, Westminster has had to adapt to survive. Camden may rotate in his grave to see the precise and mundane requirements of A Level, but the school has had to evolve to endure the survival of the fittest that the educational world represents. In the modern world we are no longer educated for education's sake. School has become a vehicle on which we are carried to a career, a vital part of finding a job, whereas for scholars in the 16th century at least a large part of their purpose was to grow wiser.

Perhaps Westminster, beneath the struggling morass of day-to-day school, retains a sense of its rôle as a guardian of humanistic values. However, the system demands that such values be trimmed - if not lopped off completely - so that things can be regulated. Indeed, a totally 'liberal' education seems an impossibility inside any regulated whole. At Westminster the requirements of the outside world engender pragmatism; maybe these requirements mean that we are taught well, but not necessarily well-educated.

Charlie Miller (AH)

Liberal Education, the phrase, has been misused to justify philistinism in most of its twisted malformations. When I first began teaching in a public school, it meant any activity that removed children from the classroom: kicking a ball, showing off on stage, playing the flute, climbing a hill, throwing a pot, patronising the poor and disabled. The



A degree of scepticism from Gavin Griffiths

essential point was to close books (which were necessarily boring) and get out 'there' and do something worthwhile. The rudest word in a teacher's vocabulary was 'academic' which everyone recognized to be a synonym for 'narrow', 'sterile', 'life demeaning' and 'dull'.

On the other hand, in state schools, 'liberal education' meant closing books so that children could govern the lessons: children could express themselves freely - through their imaginations, for God's sake. Toddlers produced poems without any glancing reference to syntax or spelling while everybody else watched videos about the slave trade. Topics and Projects ruled the day.

In both state and public schools, the desire to throw up over learning was the same; they just chose to different paths to achieve their aim.

Now the Tory Government has added its twopenny worth and tells us that books are OK, providing that they are of *use*. So now we learn Latin, not to read Tacitus, but to enable us to program computers; we learn Russian, not to read Pushkin, but to order a McDonald's Diet Coke in Red Square; we study science to work for ICI; and knock our English into shape to learn the rhetoric for re-negotiating a Third World Loan. Grudgingly, the books are open providing that we have a precise notion of their 'cash-value'. Awful.

Liberal education, if it means anything, ought to mean valuing that we learn for its own sake: to be interested in history in order to learn more about the French Revolution, rather than to become a big noise in the City. Academic work has an absolute value: the quality of a society really can be measured by its ability to produce and appreciate its literary and scientific culture.

Even as I write these words I feel a bit awkward: so ruthlessly has it been drilled into me that our pupils should be up on the high hills of Life rather than sitting in a library learning the moral value involved in the effort of honest academic work.

Of course, a lot of academic work is drab; it is only once in a while that, through the fog of boring bits, does some light gleam - knowledge? truth? A light that can cast a strong shadow over the prevailing philistine philosophy of those who shriek for the need of a 'Liberal Education'.

Gavin Griffiths

BRIEF RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INSPECTION

You learn a lot in your first term at the Great School, especially how to interpret ambiguous messages.

You have been chosen as one of the Fifth form pupils whose work will be looked at by the inspectors. It will certainly be interesting and may be fun.

Decoded this reads, *You have no choice; it will involve extra work and fun is the last thing it will be.*

And so it was with last term's visit by the school inspectors.

I had to collect all my work together and poor Mr Low had to mind it, in case I dropped it in the Thames or flushed it down the loo I suppose. I ceased writing messages in the margins and doodling in the tempting spaces and tried to make it look neat.

The inspection week arrived. We were excited. What would happen?

'Ronald, that is such an interesting point. Boys, let's all listen to Ronald's suggestion.'

Strangely, the week before, 'Ronald, that's enough, we have to get on,' would have held sway. Photocopies appeared from the hands of those who have never used them. They were A3 size and did not fit the desks. They fell on the floor. They became muddled. I wondered what the inspector thought as I put my hand up to say I had two wests and no easts. One teacher was unaffected, no pictures, no worksheets, no videos, no hands-on, just a normal, interesting instructive lesson. Zero points for him I feared.

Finally my chance to contribute. I had a sleepless night deciding whether to be honest. Mr is a really good teacher, Mr has trouble with discipline, Mr is a bit boring, Miss is wonderful. I wouldn't exaggerate; I would be truthful. I joined my two fellow fifth form representatives and we agreed that we would say what we felt and keep the comments among ourselves.

The inspector sat in the corner with a pile of papers on his lap, none of which looked like our work. He produced a printed sheet.

'What do you know of the school policy on bullying?' he asked.

'Well, we don't really think...'

Cross on the form.

'Have you or has anyone you know at the school ever been bullied?'

'No. No. Well somebody once...'

Cross on the form.

'If you or somebody you know were bullied what chain of command would you use to report it?'

'Well, there's no official chain, but you can tell your housemaster, form teacher or tutor.'

Cross on the form.

Similar questions followed. We felt very disillusioned. We wanted to say what we liked about Westminster and to make some constructive comments.

So, after two terms, I'm wiser. Don't believe everything you are told and especially don't believe every report you read.

As Livy might have said to OFSTED, *eventus stultorum magister*.

Maxwell Grender-Jones (BB)

Usually when the doctor comes to your house it means there is an illness about. To me the thought of having Inspectors visiting the school seemed to indicate that some ill had been discovered at the school. Anticipation rose - what had their sources discovered? Had we been observed in some questionable act? Far from it, we were told that our school had been targeted for inspection as 'an example for other schools'. Although this was a little less exciting it gave one a feeling that in some way we might have contributed to 'this example'. I dare say that the school would have grabbed the opportunity to choose the candidates, but we were told that the choice of pupils had been at random.

We were to be interviewed and reviewed. My God, did that actually mean that if I failed a test when they were here that I could in some way 'dampen' the school's reputation? To my

immense relief it seemed that I alone could not bring down the walls of our school. For three people in each year were selected for personal inspection to review our school.

Our work was scrutinised and interview dates were set up. This started me thinking again. What should - and shouldn't - we say? One could have expected a briefing from the school on this, but reassuringly the whole thing was totally above board. Had I been of a malicious nature I would have had a perfect opportunity to cause mischief. But I'm not, I hope, so I praised instead.

I don't really like being interviewed but it wasn't exactly the hardest thing to do. The questions weren't what I would call searching.

Alexander Isaac (DD)

A LATE PLAY FOR DOCTOR BUSBY

A service commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Doctor Richard Busby was held at his monument in the South Transept of the Abbey on the 5th of April 1995.

Four Queen's Scholars of different Elections - Giles Game, Simon Piesse, Saul Lipetz and Thomas Baranga - accompanied by a group of Common Room members, came to the East Cloister Door after Evensong, where they were joined by the Very Reverend Michael Mayne, the Dean of Westminster; the Reverend Canon Donald Gray, the Rector of Saint Margaret's; and the Under Master.

Congregated about the monument were representatives of the community past and present, Abbey and School, Common Room, parents and pupils - indeed, a Home Boarder of the 1920's who happened to be in the Abbey by chance, stayed to be an honoured guest at the ceremony.

First, the inscription on the monument was declaimed by the Scholars in Westminster Latin - a translation resulting from an exercise that Andrew Mylne set his Lower Shell group was given in the Order of Service.

There followed a reading of the letter sent to Doctor Busby in 1686 by a former pupil, Robert Creighton, asking that his son should be admitted to the School, after which a wreath of pink roses was placed by Giles Game at the foot of the monument.

A prayer of thanksgiving for the life and works of Richard Busby was said by the Dean, and an encomium, taken from *The Antiquities of St. Peter's, Westminster* of 1715, was read by the Under Master.

The Dean said the School Prayer, and pronounced the Blessing to end the service.

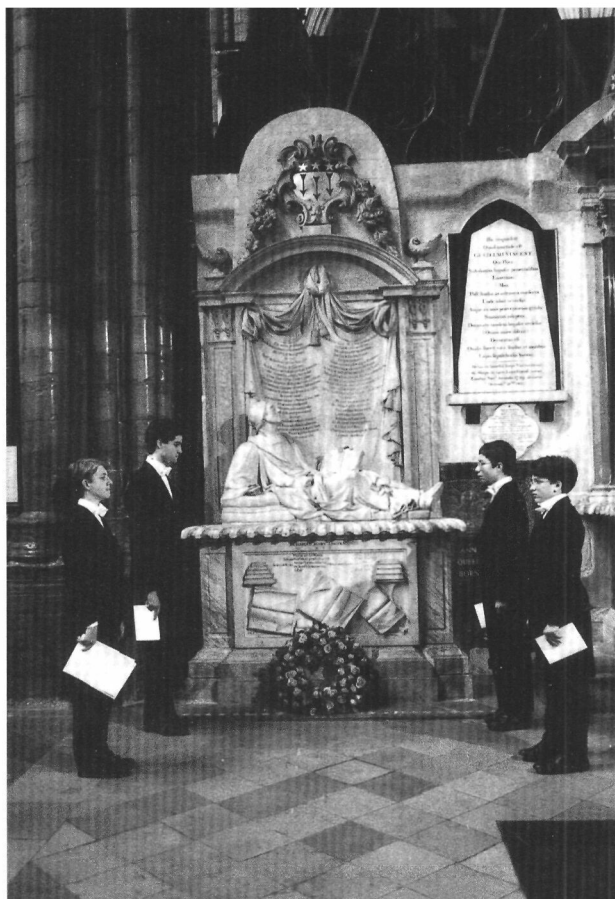
The occasion concluded with refreshments in the Camden Room of Ashburnnam House.

Since the commemoration took place during the Easter holidays, it was not possible to involve the School as a whole. Another commemoration, therefore, will be held at noon on Friday 22nd September (Doctor Busby's birthday), to be followed by a Late Play and a No School Saturday. The luxury of a long weekend may further endear the memory of Doctor Busby to the School. It is an appropriate tribute, too, for while he was free with the use of the rod on his pupils, he was equally generous in granting them plays - so much so that an anonymous critic of 1690 wrote that 'there are soe

many play daies beg'd and granted, that in some weeks the boys are from schoole full halfe the weeke, and now and then more than halfe'.

Perhaps this ties up with Doctor Busby's maxim: 'The fathers govern the nation; the mothers govern the fathers; but the boys govern the mothers, and I govern the boys.' Whether he did so by rod, or by play, or by a judicious admixture of both, we honour him as the man who saw Westminster through a Civil War, a Republic, a Restoration and a Revolution, and at his death left a School whose academic reputation was unparalleled - in Robert Creighton's words, 'the best school in the world'.

Peter Holmes



Homage to Busby

The following rendition of the Latin inscription on Doctor Busby's monument was made by Thomas Edlin and Saul Lipetz, with assistance from Edward Hill and Kar-Mun Kit, all of the Lower Shell, as a classroom exercise.

'Behold the Effigy of BUSBY, placed below, as he appeared before the Eyes of his fellow men! If you long the more to see that image, which has been fixed so deeply in their Minds, consider the luminaries of each of the Universities and of the centres of Commerce, and the Chief Men of the Courts of Law, of Parliament and the Church: and when you have observed the harvest of their Achievements, so varied and so rich, for which He was responsible, reflect how great He was who sowed the seed. He was certainly a man who acutely perceived the Ability planted by Nature within each individual, and who cultivated it to best advantage and successfully developed it. He was

a man who informed and nourished the Minds of the Young by teaching them in such a way that they learnt how to be wise as much as how to Speak; and while they were being educated as Boys, they gradually matured into Men. As many as came forth into the Public Domain, thoroughly steeped in his Discipline, so many were obtained by the State and by the Church of England. They were Defenders, all of them Sources of Loyalty, and, most, hard-working. Finally, whatever the Reputation of Westminster School may be, whatever has flowed from there for the benefit of Mankind, is owed especially to Busby, and, moreover, will be owed to him for Eternity. God wished a Citizen so useful to his Country to flourish for many Years, and with an abundance of Riches; in turn, He devoted himself, and all he owned, energetically to promoting a sense of Duty: to help the Poor, to cherish the Literate, to erect Churches - that for Him was truly to enjoy Wealth; and whatever he had not expended when Alive, he bequeathed to those Purposes in Dying.'

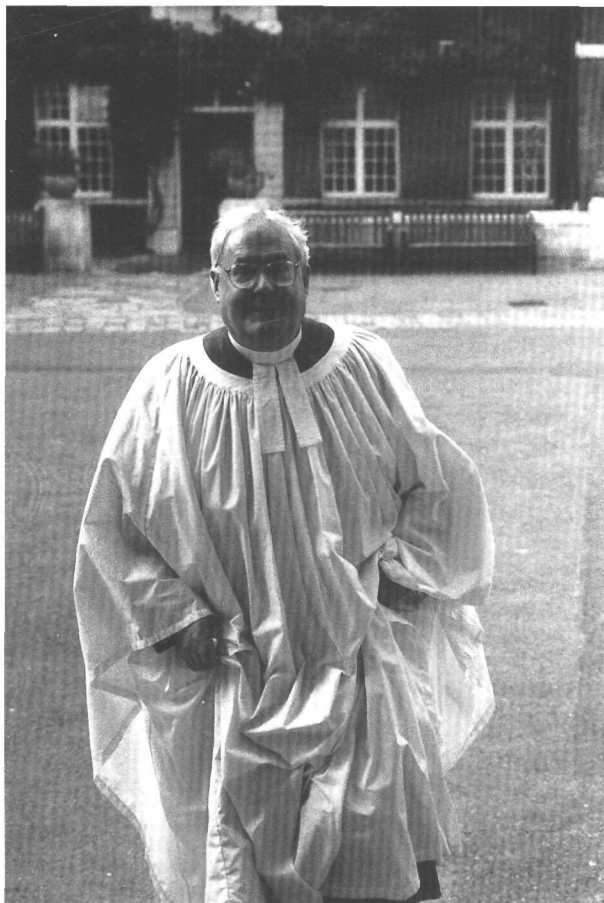
FROM THE CHAPLAIN

Three or four weeks into Play Term in 1991, I was doing what I always had done as a school chaplain in other places in Divinity lessons with boys in their first year. A member of College who is now in the Sixth Form and a regular communicant told me quietly that he had been through a great deal of Biblical exegesis in another place too, and would welcome the opportunity for a freer approach to questions he actually wanted to raise. On asking around, discreetly and warily as the Prayer Book rubrics say about baptizing precious babies, I found that he was not alone. Upon reflection (something which clergymen are supposed to do) I agreed with him. I discussed this in higher places and decided that a continuation of what I had always done was likely to be oppressive to all concerned, not least to me. So we began a process whereby the members of the Fifth Form in the single period each week given to Divinity set the agenda themselves. This was to be an informal process, with nothing pre-arranged. Four Fifth forms later it still seems to have been a valuable decision.

What the trade calls life issues are discussed and the question of belief in God is the one which is addressed most, often in terms about how believing can be possible in such circumstances as we temporarily experience spiritually, morally and, even, politically. The issues raised range from revelation (to say nothing of the Book called Revelation... all that business about the Beast 666 and Nostradamus' prophesies) to drug abuse, encompassing the concerns of human sexuality as well as the theological and religious considerations of our life.

These are concerns that need to be addressed in a situation of some confidentiality, and I think they are taken seriously where they need to be. A middle-aged priest's change of direction was justified, especially since I remember another, slightly older, middle-aged priest saying to me years ago, 'The trouble is, we keep answering questions which interest us, but which rarely touch the lives of people with whom we come in contact.'

I have developed a rationale of my rôle as an uncle, or even great-uncle, figure in the school. As the same priest quoted above said, 'I leave myself lying about so that if I am of any use they can find me.' A school chaplain's vocation, like that of any other minister of religion, is to raise and sustain the belief question. He is not there to convert people to any particular point of view - even to Christianity - but to minister to faith already held. I find there is a great deal of faith about in the company of the young; usually not on the terms of the Church of England in its dogmatic mode, but certainly in a form towards which Anglicanism can make an inclusive response. That is the right way round, I think: not that people respond to the Church's claims, but that the Church responds to people's claims. In that way, the claims of God Almighty stand a chance of being heard.



'To raise and sustain the belief question': the Chaplain

There is much less going to Abbey as a whole school than there was when a contemporary OW bishop was in College. Three times a week for twelve minutes is the ration of attendance; but rations (I write after the commemoration of VE Day) tend also to be a share of resources, and statements are made about belief and its implications, and the invitation to 'taste and see how gracious the Lord is' is offered in a multi-faith community.

In some circles, a liberal approach to belief (and, therefore, a liberal response to its demands) is suspect. The epithet 'wishy-washy' is often used for middle-of-the-road exponents of belief like me. In Abbey, every word uttered from the pulpit or the lectern is heard (or not) by representatives of a multiplicity of traditions, only some of which traditions are religious. A hard-edged pronouncement would be counter-productive. An inclusive explanation is preferable, as long as it is put beside statements made by

other people in the same location from time to time. By no means all those statements should be by people over nineteen. What justifies an inclusive approach to me is what happens when I ask for silence as a component of an act of worship and there is. It can be sensed that the silence is put to use. No one can have control over how the silence is used, but there have been complaints about it not being long enough. Whatever God does with Abbey, and God does a great deal, from our point of view as a school it is a pooling of insight, an acceptance that we are accepted by whatever we have learned God to be. I would hope that endless wrangles about whether God exists would be undercut by the presence of God who is.

What we do in Abbey and what we do in Fifth Form Divinity are in parallel. Not infrequently the Registrar brings prospective Westminster parents and their children through the lecture room in Ashburnham where Fifth Form lessons happen. He has been generous enough to remark that parents had noticed that the participants were talking to each other about things which matter to them. If this leads to greater understanding and respect between people and towards God, it is worthwhile. If this school cannot raise awareness of the need for respect and sensitivity towards all human groupings, with its unique position as a reference point in a cosmopolitan city, it might not be rash to say that nobody can. Furthermore, Abbey and Divinity lessons are specific occasions when God's grace is a factor in experience. Unless it is the factor above all others, both are emptied of meaning. And they are not.

Richard Ballard

THE ELIZABETHAN LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The Effects of Intemperance

by Thomas Munby (WW), winner of the John Field Prize 1995

Good as last year's vintage was, the parrot did not seem to be appreciating it. Or perhaps that should be parrots; as most of them could see two, except for Edna, the chamber maid, who, being short-sighted anyway, could see four, and Elanor, who, being too young, even by seventeenth century Provençale standards, had had nothing but water to drink.

Elanor, a naturally sensible girl, although only five years old, was greatly puzzled; the whole world, or everyone in it at any rate, seemed to have gone mad. Edna, who was normally so terribly awake and attentive, had fallen into a deep, intoxicated slumber. The junior chamber maid, Chantal, seemed to have lost her terror of making any blunder and was grinning happily and giving wine to the parrot, when she could find his beak with the glass. From further down the garden, Elanor could hear the raucous laughter of her father, Lord d'Arsey, punctuating the giggling and occasional excited shrieks of Janette, the young kitchen maid, or Scrubber, as she had heard some of the harvesters call her.

But what puzzled Elanor the most was the behaviour of her brothers and sisters. They were a pretty silly lot, she knew, but this surpassed anything that she could remember them doing before. The twins, the eldest of her siblings, were laughing wildly as they fed one of the uneaten pies to Claude, the diminutive black and white cat. Jean-Paul, the middle child, was sitting, red in the face, on Couchette, the quiet pig, trying, without much success, to urge him on by throwing apples in front of him. When finally persuaded to move, Couchette took a few steps forward, knocked over the parrot stand, provoking squawks of 'Who's a damn stupid animal, then. Hic,' and throwing of Jean-Paul who lay unconscious on the steps. Elanor continued to watch as the others followed his example and gradually passed out.



The Effects of Intemperance (Jan Steen 1625-79) © National Gallery Publications Ltd

Lord Louis d'Arsey opened his bleary eyes, and promptly shut them again. The bright July sunlight stung his aching retina like lemon juice. Why was he asleep in the middle of the gardens? He forced his eyes open and painfully focused on the wine-jug lying upended beside him. Oh hell, of course, they had finished gathering in that year's grape harvest and had celebrated in traditional d'Arsey style by drinking the product of last year's.

Still, that did not explain why he was in the garden. He had woken up numerous times lying under one of the great d'Arsey dining tables, on similar occasions, but the lawn was a new one to him. Oh well, he would remember sooner or later - hopefully, later. Groaning, he struggled to his feet and staggered into the house, away from the painful sunlight and seemingly deafening humming of the cicadas. He began to make his way, beetle-like, towards his room, but paused as he passed the steps down to the cellar, where, even now, most of the vineyard staff were dozing.

He began to remember more: Marie-Thérèse, his wife, was visiting her sister in Paris and, without her restraining presence, this had got a bit out of control. Perhaps starting on the second brandy cellar had been a mistake. He could hazily remember a few details and he did not relish them; the picking team using Robien, the big-headed foreman, as an unconscious human battering-ram to break open the pigsty; the fight in the cellars between the butler and Ledroitore, the battle of 1582, which he had umpired; Janette, the scrubber, the less he thought about that the better, really; his wife, on the day of her departure, telling him that she would return on St Paul's Day, that memory, at any rate, was not one of horror. He sighed and staggered outside again to splash his head in the fountain. He could hear the church bells ringing in the distance, and the sound of hymns drifting over the fields; somehow they were quite soothing. Which hymns were those? They were the hymns they sang on St Paul's Day! His hangover suddenly cleared; he ran back to the house and began frantically slapping and kicking the servants back to consciousness.

The carriage rattled on, not far now from its destination of Le Château d'Arsey. Inside it, Lady Marie-Thérèse was feeling distinctly guilty. It was wrong of her to deceive her husband and disguise her frolics about Paris as visits to her sister, especially as her sister was a nun. She was quite surprised that her husband had never seen through the deception, but dear Louis was always so

trusting and so virtuous. Somehow that made her vile deceptions even worse. She could not bear the guilt, she would have to confess everything to him when she arrived.

The carriage swung through the gates and started up the drive. Lady d'Arsey was somewhat surprised at the noise of activity coming from the house, unusual on a Sunday, and she was even more surprised at the sight of Couchette and some of the other pigs, out of the sty, wandering around the gardens. Obviously, something had happened. This hypothesis was confirmed by the wine jugs lying scattered on the ground, the deep red colour of the pool and the various unconscious servants and labourers. She felt even more sorry for Louis having to deal with the servants getting drunk.

Then, she saw something, her husband's hat, one that she had bought for him, lying on the ground beside the unconscious, half-naked and smiling form of one of the young maids. Good God! Thoughts of confession vanished from Lady d'Arsey's mind and were replaced by thoughts of indignation. She now approached the house with a clean mind, ready to deal with the perpetrators of this vile display.

It's a Dog's Life

by Daniel Rhodes (AH)

Our story begins just before Wednesday teatime. Rex Harrison is a confused eleven year old. Every day, at about this time after school, Rex sits on his bed and thinks. Of course, this isn't spectacularly unusual; many of us like to ruminate in solitude at some time during the day. But one thing has been on Rex's mind for some time - the last couple of weeks in fact. Why did his parents name him Rex?

He had found out that being called Rex had certain disadvantages; there were the obvious comparisons with the famous character actor, and more importantly it made him sound like a dog - a fact to which many of his schoolfriends owed their favourite playground jibes.

Rex had decided that this Wednesday teatime he would raise the point with his pious mother and his overworked, exhausted father over the vast oak dinner table. An only child, the dinner table represented a huge divide between parents and son: as they sat talking at one end of the table, Rex would struggle to project his mild prepubescent tones over the dinner table through a bouquet of flowers and a huge teapot. After a while his mother heard him gesturing to speak and leant her head towards the child.

'M-mother,' he said. 'Why did you decide to call me Rex?'

She immediately began to stare at the child, pursing her lips and checking the side of the table with her long spindly fingers. She suddenly smiled a hideous sarcastic smile and replied:

'Because we thought it was a nice name at the time. Why do you ask?'

'Oh. Nothing. Just interested, that's all.'

Years passed by, and Rex thought little of the matter from then on, until he was fourteen. Rex's parents had gone away to visit his mother's best friend in the south of Portugal for a week and Rex, like so many lucky only children, had the whole house to himself, and the opportunity to hold an incredible week-long drugs and alcohol bonanza in the front sitting room. Except Rex had no friends with whom to party - his mother had insisted that he was to be tutored at home from the age of twelve onwards, and Rex was left to a week of all too familiar isolation and frozen meals.

As the week continued and Rex gorged himself on chips and television, he decided to explore the forbidden zones of his parents' rooms. He was an extremely introverted, not to mention stunted and underdeveloped young man, and this exploration, which would have been second nature to many kinds, took hours of careful contemplation.

He scuttled along from dark staircase to dark corridor to looming doorway - he was having second thoughts about this - he dragged himself through the thick musty air of the master bedroom, towards the wardrobes and chests of drawers. He went through every chest, compartment and shelf in the room systematically, from bottom to top, left to right.

Little was of interest - old photographs, make-up, souvenirs, but he eventually found something of interest - a dog collar. His parents had never mentioned owning a dog, and had always told him they didn't have the time or the interest for a pet.

His parents returned and Rex decided not to mention the discovery for fear of getting himself into trouble, and things stayed the same until just after the boy's sixteenth birthday. He had grown a little, but he had still not been introduced to the outside world and spent his days in the dark house. His father brought home a present for his mother - a small east Asian miniature dog. He was asked to leave home the following month.

The Boy We Met On the Bridge

by Sophie Topsfield (CC) - Gumbleton Prize 1995 entry

Humming softly, I found a knife and slit open the envelope, drawing out two pages of Celine's enticing script. A folded newspaper cutting fluttered to the ground, however, and my pleasure at receiving the letter vanished, I glanced to the bottom of the page:

P.S. There's something I meant to tell you. Do you remember the boy we met on the bridge - the weird one?... Cutting enclosed.

I stopped reading and stared deliberately at the smooth cork tiles of our kitchen floor; there lay the article, waiting to be unfolded.

The bridge where we first met had been the panerelle du Palais de Justice in Lyon, a footbridge which some modern architect had crowned with two bright red beams, soaring upwards and meeting in a tapering column above our heads. The night was tense with beauty, the air suffused with gentle warmth and the sky a ceramic dark blue, pocked with stars.

I had gasped on stepping out of the car into this brilliant world.

'We'll make our own way back,' Celine told her parents, while I hurried forward to the bridge. I think it had red railings: the sweet, bright, shiny vermillion of the illuminated column above. For some time I stood at one end, drinking in the sleek silver of the great river below, solemnly wrinkling and unwrinkling, and the panoply of brightly-lit landmarks on the other side.

Splashes of peppermint-green light marked the edge of the bank, fanning out into the dark water, smearing into dark halos. Through the dark, the buildings facing the river gleamed in crisply painted white, their windows forming rows of small squares, cut from black photographic film. Scattered shutters were bathed in lemony-gold and everywhere, milky lights shone from among the maze of French buildings. It was an intoxicating sight.

Celine, slight and pretty, had moved on ahead in the darkness. She had been uncharacteristically subdued all day and now stood in the middle of the bridge, far out over the water, leaning blankly.

With a jolt, I noticed that she was not the only one. A few yards on, leant a second figure, intent upon the same scene. I went towards Celine, the bridge ringing slightly at my footsteps.

'Bon soir, Mam'selle,' called the stranger politely, as I took my place beside Celine. I greeted him in return.

'It's so beautiful...' I murmured inadequately.

'Yes,' Celine said, 'with all the lights.'

'You're so lucky. I wish I lived here.' A little breeze began to toss our hair into our faces.

'I think I'll go and sit on that bench over there,' she said. 'Do you want to come?'

'In a minute.'

As I watched the river, I sensed the stranger at my side. I turned to look at him; he was young and English it seemed.

'I didn't realise you were English,' he said. He smiled uncertainly, a bit embarrassed but determined to introduce himself.

'No, I didn't realise you were, either. Nice to meet you.' We shook hands; his smile seemed to be contagious. He was quite tall with slightly wavy brown hair.

He was keen to talk, I thought, so we chatted a little about England, and what we were doing in Lyon. He was a language student in one of the summer schools. It sounded a nice life.

'Well, it is and it isn't.' His face fell, almost rigid in its severity. He looked away from me, down at the treacly water. 'Oh, I don't know... I expect it's just homesickness or something.'

'I'm sorry,' I said quietly, unable to forget that he was, after all, a stranger. But he was gazing ahead now; his glinting eyes forged a path to the string of sugared-sweet lights along the lengths of the banks, each oozing its promise of excitement and variety. His isolated face showed a stony fascination.

We stood together in silence. Cars rasped in the distance and hints of music swept past us.

Finally, he turned, remembering, and asked me, with a touching politeness, what I planned to do the following day.

'Oh, I don't think Celine and I are doing anything much. Today was pretty busy.' Too cautious, I suppose, but I did not know him. Nor was I sure that I wanted to.

'I've got to visit the art gallery,' he said, seriously.

'I think Celine said something about going there,' I blurted out. I felt my cheeks grow warm.

He hesitated.

'Maybe I'll see you there, then.'

'Yes, that would be nice,' I said, awkwardly. Celine was looking restless. 'I think we have to be getting back.'

It was odd that Celine's curiosity made me defensive.

'Was he nice?'

'Yes he was, actually. Quite sweet. He seemed a bit depressed though.'

'I know - you should have seen his face when I stepped onto the bridge.'

'Perhaps he's lonely.'

'It's more than that. Actually, I thought he looked a real psycho. He was looking at the water - sort of staring - as if, you know, as if he wanted to jump in.'

This surprised me.

'In fact,' she added, 'I could have sworn he was undoing his shoes when we got here.'

'Stop being so macabre, Celine. You're really exaggerating.'

'I'm sure he was,' she said stubbornly. 'You can't tell - just because he seemed nice on the surface... You don't know him. What's he doing, going for midnight walks on his own?'

I refrained from mentioning that it was nowhere near midnight, and that the question applied equally to us. Celine was my friend.

I did wonder about her assertion that she had seen him loosening his shoes... I remembered her eyes, fully open and bright with certainty, as she made the claim. Crediting my acquaintances with a propensity to lie has always been somewhat hard for me.

Yet could she be believed? Lonely Student Bids Last Farewell to the World. I sought his face again, young-looking, with its direct smile. Reserved at times, perhaps, but surely not in the grip of some tragic desperation.

I went to the gallery alone the next day. I did see him, and we had lunch together - tentatively, he invited me.

We sat outside on the pavement, underneath a flamboyant umbrella charged with hard flat shapes of colour. It hovered above us like some air-borne crustacean, while shoppers swam through the tongued heat of the summer afternoon.

His face always turned towards mine - to see which baguette I would prefer, which of the fluted pastries revealing fruit purées in the crystallised hues of a bursting sunrise.

We had long since crossed the barrier that lies between small talk and the open plains of real conversation. I think he was made to listen - to my worries, and to my stories - and then to talk about himself, when all I wanted was to sit, leaning lazily on my elbows, letting the nape of my neck toast gently under the French sun.

When his odd mood on the bridge occurred to me again, I was determined to speak.

'Do you like being here?' I asked, watching him, perhaps a little too intently. He half-smiled, and replied in a strained voice.

'I'm not sure.'

'Do you mean no?' I followed his long fingers unpeeling a strip from his paper napkin. The torn edges were delicately fluffy, like hairy petals.

'I suppose so... Well, I really like being in France - you couldn't not like it - but the people on the course are mostly school groups, and they're quite a bit younger. They always seem to be dashing off somewhere.'

'Do you miss your family, too?'

'Yes, a bit.' The words stopped: the smile had gone completely. I felt chilled with guilt.

'I'm sorry.' This seemed to surprise him a little. 'Do cheer up. There's nothing else that's wrong, is there?'

He denied it.

We met again and again. Celine was not really aware of this, although I must have mentioned having lunch with him, that first time. She was busy with her cousins, who were staying in Lyon. They were easy, vivacious people, and I liked them, but Celine took to having long chats with Julie, who was the same age.

So I visited the Mediaeval quarter with him, ablaze with brassy sunflowers in the florists' shops, and the golden smell of pancakes sputtering at street stalls.

Celine's odd comment had soon passed to the back of my mind. Quite simply, I knew him now, as she had never done. From all the sparkling moments of shared laughter, my mind refused to extrapolate some hidden rhythm to his character; an incongruous image of images tugging at shoe laces, easing off the polished leather, hands ready to hoist on the cool and slickly painted iron of the railings, eyes urging a horrible confrontation with the cold blackness below. In my book, an amalgam of friendliness, politeness, and a tendency to shyness, could never be violated by such strange, hard hopelessness.

How inscrutable are the others; those we see and with whom we mingle daily?

Now, just over two weeks after I had first met him, I was reading Celine's letter, back in England. A porcelain chill had crept over me: Something had happened. What, oh what, had he done, Celine's 'boy we met on the bridge'? And for it to merit a newspaper cutting...

The article was folded neatly in long, thin sections and was from a local Lyon newspaper. When it fell, I swooped instantly to clasp it up. I stopped, a blur of hatred chafing me: I was angry with myself for wanting to read the words.

At the first fold, the thick black headline revealed itself:

'SUICIDE ANGLAIS'

'No,' I breathed. He could never have done such a thing. His was the resigned solitude of optimism, the perpetual optimist. He was so young, so generous. Selfishly, I raged; he had never even kissed me, but for that one swift brush of the cheek, the day I left.

I finished opening up the article, and read it dutifully.

Then, as from a very great distance, I realised that there was something amiss. It was the small, black and white photograph reproduced in the bottom, right-hand corner: a blurred distortion of a snapshot used for identification. Like a Halloween mask, the significant face grinned out at me, stamped flat in cheap ink, on thin paper.

But the photograph was wrong: the face was not his. And I let myself smile the smile that blossoms within one on a warm blue summer evening in a French city flecked with lights, contemplating the self-absorption which had caused Celine to make this crucial mistake.

With the now-familiar warmth which his presence inspired in me, I dwelt on the delightful truth - that he was returning today, and that while I had no telephone number for him, he most certainly had mine.

The Drummer Boy

A fairy story by Sonia Burrows-Smith (BS) - Gumbleton Prize 1995 entry

'Look!' exclaimed the clockwork mouse.

The toys gazed in awe at the figure before them.

'Why,' cried a china doll, 'it's a little drummer boy!'

Raising their skirts, the china dolls ran forward to admire him. The toys were always glad of new company to decorate their very special nursery.

The drummer boy beamed. A row of pearly teeth, and bright eyes lined with sapphires, lit his perfectly sculptured face. He was the shiniest, smartest, most beautiful drummer boy they had ever seen. Holding his head high he stood tall and magnificent with his chest thrust forward displaying his red coat streaked with a gold sash and below a pair of jointed, leaden legs that were finished with the glossiest leather boots. But the most splendid of all was the drum that he clasped in front of him. Outlined with golden bobbles, the centre was divided into blue, white and red sections with rice paper at either face. As he started to walk the metal



hands moved from side to side and a pair of wands struck the rice paper alternately. Well, he did look handsome marching forward swaying in time to the beat. The toys gasped excitedly.

'Isn't he wonderful!' they all cried. 'Now our nursery really is the most beautiful of all.'

And looking around the drummer boy thought them right. Each of the eight tin soldiers stood proudly in his polished uniform, and their maidens fair were equally attractive. The dolls had rosy, china faces framed with locks of strawberry and gold, and they moved in their elaborate gowns with the daintiest of steps. Even old Edward bear had his chestnut hair groomed to perfection. 'What a joy to be here,' thought the drummer boy.

The drummer boy continued his march around the room and he was about to step outside the nursery door when 'Ouch!', the soldiers' general pulled him back.

'All who are beautiful like you are welcomed in this very special nursery, but there is one rule you must remember,' said the general sternly.

The drummer boy's darkly painted eyebrows knotted into a frown as he listened intently.

'You must never venture outside the nursery because firstly nanny forbids it and secondly toys never return from the outside world looking quite the same. There are such things as rain and wind that would destroy you or me. The rain would rust your joints and the howling wind would blow you to the end of the world.'

The other toys nodded silently.

'And out there, there are creatures that realm the night and are the vilest of all,' added the clockwork mouse.

'Basically us toys are just not designed for the world out there,' surmised a tin soldier.

The drummer boy promised he would never go outside. 'And anyway,' thought he, 'why should I want to leave this nursery filled with beauty?'

Soon the drummer boy was fully acquainted with the ways of the toys. They would spend their day singing and dancing and every day the drummer boy thought the nursery more and more special. He would be praised continually on both his looks and his playing of the drum that seemed to decorate the nursery ideally.

But one cold, blustery day the comfortable atmosphere was broken. The dancing ceased and the drummer boy was made to stop his drumming for, from behind the cupboard in the darkest corner of the room, there arose a creature who was not uncommon to most of the toys but nevertheless alarming. It stepped out from the black, casting an ominous shadow across the carpet. A brown speckled head shaped like the eye of a needle peered over from a mass of legs. She ran with such speed it could only be through fear concluded the drummer boy, who in his short existence had never seen anything quite like her. The form was so grotesque and peculiar, yet somehow the drummer boy felt pity for the creature obviously running for her life.

The soldiers had gathered around her and begun to march. 'Away, away!' they called.

'Things like you aren't accepted,' said the dolls spitefully and from where he was the drummer boy saw the creature wince.

Edward bear wound the clockwork mouse and set her loose on the creature's trail.

'Ugly spider, ugly spider!' chanted the mouse swishing her tail at the terrified creature.

'I've never heard of a spider toy before,' thought the drummer boy. 'And why are they chasing her? What has she done?' he wondered.

The china dolls and tin soldiers now had her cornered.

'I think I may bring my face into an unflattering position if I look at you too long,' jeered one china doll.

'This', explained the general, 'is the nursery for beauty like the dolls and the drummer boy, not for scum like you.'

He raised his rifle in an attempt to strike the spider and standing next to her the drummer boy felt strangely compelled to rescue the innocent creature.

'Here!' he whispered and just in time pushing a box in front of her so she might hide.

When the other toys were convinced the spider had gone the drummer boy peeped into the box.

'She is', decided the drummer boy, 'a very strange choice for a toy. Her body does not gleam and she has not one appealing feature. Whoever could want a toy like her?' Little did the drummer boy know that she was not a toy but a creature of the outdoor world, forbidden in the nursery.

'Are you all right?' questioned the drummer boy seeing her distress.

'Yes,' replied the spider through a sob; 'they cannot help the way they feel. If I were as beautiful as them I might have done something similar.' Although really she doubted it.

'But they hate you,' cried the drummer boy not familiar with such an attitude.

'So do many,' said the spider sullenly. 'Every house I enter to take shelter in has a newspaper swiping at me or a shoe ready to trample me. My form is to blame, not them.'

'How understanding she is,' thought the drummer boy; 'she does not even blame those who are cruel to her.' A row of twenty or thirty eyes looked up at him and he smiled compassionately.

'Do they do that because you are... are ...'. He wanted to say 'ugly' because to him that was what she was. Yet before he could finish the sentence the spider had continued it for him and had broken into a sob once again.

'How lucky I am', thought the drummer boy, 'to be beautiful. No one hates me.'

'Does anybody like you?' asked the drummer boy nervously.

'Not that I know of,' replied the spider, 'but I still try to make people appreciate me. I'll always help people in danger. I even saved the clockwork mouse from being eaten by a cat by showing myself and letting it chase me.'

'Why?' asked the drummer boy surprised.

'Because a finely crafted toy like the clockwork mouse is worth more than an ugly spider. He deserves to live.'

These words saddened the drummer boy.

'Imagine not having anyone to live for,' thought the drummer boy. 'The dolls and soldiers love me. They would always be there for me.'

Night approached and nanny sent the children to bed. All the toys prepared for sleep and soon the whole nursery was still. But later on, deep into the cold night a scuffling awoke the drummer boy. The lid to the box where the spider had been hiding lay open, and glancing up he saw the curious form of the spider creep through the doorway of the nursery.

'Oh no,' thought the drummer boy; 'I must warn her. Outside is the garden, the outdoor world where toys are not safe. And the spider is small and defenceless while I am strong and made of the finest lead. It is up to me to go after her.'

'Wait!' he called, himself approaching the door to the garden. The spider did not hear for she was making her way through the cat flap.

'I must help her,' he thought desperately and followed her into the garden. 'Wait, wait!' he called. 'You must not go any further.' But it was useless.

'I will have to follow her,' said the drummer boy bracing himself.

So on pressed the drummer boy and from above the rain came down in torrents. Drop after drop poured down but the drummer boy was not deterred. The water trickled down his red coat and the dye began to run, spilling down onto his leaden legs. How his joints ached as the water ate away at the metal. The wind howled and blew threw the sheets of rice paper on his drum.

'My drum!' he called despairingly.

One wind and then another blew into the distance and finally the little drummer boy himself was thrust against a tree stump and the leather boots snapped off leaving the drummer boy lame, lost and alone to wallow in his own tears. Meanwhile the spider remained safely in her little hole next to the garden path.

The next day small boy Sam was out playing in the garden when he came across the deserted drummer boy. At first he did not recognise the figure but at the sight of the drum he knew.

'I'll leave you in the nursery until Dad returns and then maybe he can fix you,' decided the small boy.

The drummer boy was placed in his usual position in the nursery. The paint on his uniform had been completely removed by the rain. Only his rusting lead legs and damaged wooden bodice were visible. A joint on his arm hung loosely and had already started to decay. The paint on his face was streaked with grime and even the sapphires in his eyes did not seem to shine. It was not long before the toys noticed him.

'You went outside!' gasped the clockwork mouse. The drummer boy nodded causing a stinging sensation in his neck as two loose hinges rubbed together.

'What happened?' cried one china doll. 'You look positively frightful.'

'Disgraceful!' added another.

'We can't have you here in our nursery looking like that. This is a place of beauty. You're almost as ugly as that spider!' the tin soldiers cried.

The memory of the kind spider - he assumed dead - brought tears to the drummer boy's eyes. 'If only I could have found her,' he thought, 'then all this would have been worth it.'

All the toys now gathered around him throwing insults like spears to wound him. They laughed and jeered at his crude form. The china dolls were spiteful and cruel. They even plucked out his two sapphire eyes to make themselves jewellery.

'You're nothing now,' were the last words they ever spoke to him.

The spider, in her hole, knew nothing of the drummer boy's quest to rescue her from what an outdoor creature would not need rescuing from. She wanted to visit him to say thank you for rescuing her from the other toys but she could not forget that he too was a toy. Why should a handsome drummer boy want to see an ugly spider? 'No,' she decided, 'I shall leave him to his companions.'

But in the nursery the drummer boy had no companions. Alone, behind the cupboard where the spider had been, the small boy's father did not come to repair him. He was forgotten. As he lay in the wet of his tears his leaden legs continued to rust, and the wood of his bodice swarmed with woodworm. Glad was he that he could not see his deteriorating body or the drum that he longed to play. He recalled the days when he had been happy. The faces of the soldiers and dolls were clear in his mind but how very different they seemed. He remembered their cruelty to the harmless spider and how when he needed them most they were not there. Then he thought of the spider and how forgiving she had been to the toys. She had seemed so kind and thoughtful. The drummer boy let out a cry as he felt the rust now up at his arms. The toys did not run to aid him. They disowned him because of his ugliness.

It happened that the spider was spinning a web outside when she heard the gasps of someone evidently in distress. 'I must help,' she thought, but looking around she realised the cries were coming from the window of the nursery. She thought of how cruel the toys had been to her but she felt it only right to help whenever possible.

Up she rose to the window and, oh!, what a shock she had when she realised the noises had come from a poor broken toy who had been obviously left alone. Slipping through a crack in the window she saw with horror who the damaged toy was. The 'handsome' drummer boy perceived the spider, and for a moment all she could do was stare as the poor toy lay in agony reaching, reaching, reaching with his arms.

'Little drummer boy, who rescued me from the horrible toys - what has happened?' asked the spider.

'You are safe, spider. The wind and rain did not harm you?'

'Wind and rain harm me? Drummer boy, I live with the wind and rain. I am a creature of the outdoor world.'

'Oh', stuttered the drummer boy, but there was no time to explain, no time for regrets or wishes. He listened as she spoke soothingly, and the voice alone comforted him. 'The toys', he thought, 'have never been here for me, but this little creature has come to me.' He remembered the toys he had once thought beautiful. 'Now I know,' he realised.

'Spider!' he called. She listened as the frail voice took on a grave tone. 'Now I must die but remember one thing from me. Do not ever let anyone speak ill of you, for you... you are truly beautiful.'

And God above opened Heaven's gates to the shiniest, smartest most beautiful drummer boy.

The Land of Opportunity

by Rebecca Hewitt (DD) - winner of the Gumbleton Prize 1995

'Did you know the Green Backed Turtle lives one hundred and seventy five years?'

'No! Really?'

Their bodies sweated in the thick Florida heat and by the elegant pool lay regiments of writhing bodies amongst the empty cocktail glasses.

'Absolutely. We visited the Everglades yesterday - you know they call that the 'rivers of grass' - anyhow, we went there and they said that. And, did you know, when the Spanish first came here these Calusa Indians used to tie them to trees that leaked poison sap, so they got sores that never healed.'

'Cool!'

The boy moved for the first time, flesh oozing underneath his 'Dateline - the best thing to happen to dating since Latex' tee-shirt.

'Cool. I want a cheeseburger from that barbecue, Mum.'

His mother rearranged her cellulite and her expression to one of positive, understanding approval.

'You know we made a family decision about this. A non-cholesterol holiday, remember? You'd better have the chicken - it's great with relish and no calories from fat.'

He returned to panting face down in the sunshine, stirring only to examine the calves that passed at eye level. He had nothing to say.

On the sun bed next door the new arrival, an English banker glistening in sun block, shone and read, his concentration broken only by the sliding of his sunglasses from his over-greased nose.

'That is my sun bed.'

Already in tune with the rudiments of poolside politics the banker answered with confidence, 'Well I'm sorry but there was no towel on the bed when I arrived.'

'I don't need a towel.'

'Oh I see,' he said with jollity, 'you intend to drip dry.'

Vast, slick and unamused, the aspiring Mafiosi chewed a cigar, casting him into shadow with his black Armani-clad body. In the silence and the smell of charring meat the banker, deciding that he was not in the mood for petty dispute, recoiled and relocated to a plastic chair under the palm trees spraying himself with insect repellent.

'Ahoy there!' Emerging from the games room, a girl in green uniform silently head counted her limp band of pirates, sporting the paper hats they had made in the creative period that ran between eleven and twelve.

'It's time for brave pirates to eat a pirate's lunch - sausages!'

'My mum says were having a no cholesterol holiday; she says I have to have chicken.'

'Chickenshit.'

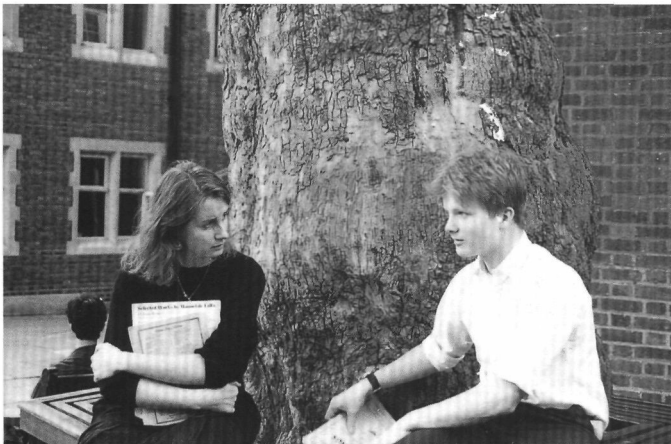
'Josh!'

The pirates giggled. Encouraged, the mutineer continued.

'You're a bitch. My dad let me watch Terminator last night at one in the morning.'

'Bullshit!'

'Did so!'



Pale but bursting with affected enthusiasm the girl lead her band along the pools edge. Parents watched their children lovingly as they disappeared, leaving recycled paper hats swirling behind them, enjoying the quality time the holiday allowed the family to spend together. The afternoon was close and still and the bodies slithered between pool and spa.

Inside a string bikini a girl arranged her silicon implants to their best advantage. Beside her, her note books faded in the light and leaking tanning oil drizzled, dragging her words to the bottom of the page. Young, intelligent and deep in thought she counted the calories she had eaten the day before. From under a palm tree the men venomously commented on the women whose pale spongy bodies bravely soaked in the sun. Hidden from detection by tasteful designer sunglasses their eyes enjoyed her. 'Mm-hm, my reason for living,' echoed from the undergrowth. Exchanging glances with her friend, the girl looked disgusted. 'Primeval

aren't they?'

Beyond the palm trees the bay was beautiful. Motionless the sea sprawled away, placid and inviting, lapping at the roots of the huge mangrove swamps that expanded and grew. The snakes crawled inside the wall of branches and the air buzzed with black mosquitoes. In the heat and quiet America was left to develop alone. Alone grew a dark and dangerous country, basking in a gentle sunshine that disguised it.

'You know my daughter is a lawyer.' An old lady crossed dark, crispy legs and sat, animated and excited in her lounge.

'Her and her husband paid for me to come here.'

'That's nice.' After his offering of compassion the student opened a magazine awkwardly.

'We normally have a family time at Christmas, but they thought this year it would be nice for me to come here instead. Are you here on your own?'

'Yeah, yeah - I'm here by myself. I have exams to work for.' She glanced at the magazine and shook her yellow bathing capped head. 'Working hard I see.' She winked. Embarrassed, the student fiddled with the front page.

'Just taking a break.'

'Good.'

At nine they lit the pool. Strings of lights drooped from the palm trees. The air, filled with the smell of sushi food and designer perfume hung over the pool. Couples wandered away, to the sea, to enjoy the clarity and peace of a winter sky. The evening and the music wore on. Tired and overworked the DJ dragged himself through the evening of old, atmospheric favourites. On the veranda the guests sat at their tables. Absorbed in creating a party they blew hooters at each other and sat in glittery hats. Positioned by the dessert trolley, the old lady blew her hooter at the passing waiters, who smiled as they poured her complimentary cokes. The girl, now wearing festive streamers on her green uniform, came and joined her.

'Are you having a good New Year's?'

'Oh yes! It's lovely here, my daughter paid for me to come, because she's a lawyer.'

'Hey, that's nice.'

The evening passed and people hugged and danced, until the first sun and the light of the new year hung on the horizon. They paid their bills and crawled back into their dark rooms. In the growing emptiness the girl helped the old lady find her jumper.

'You know I'd love you to meet my daughter; you and she would get along great.'

'Sure,' she smiled, 'I'd love to.'

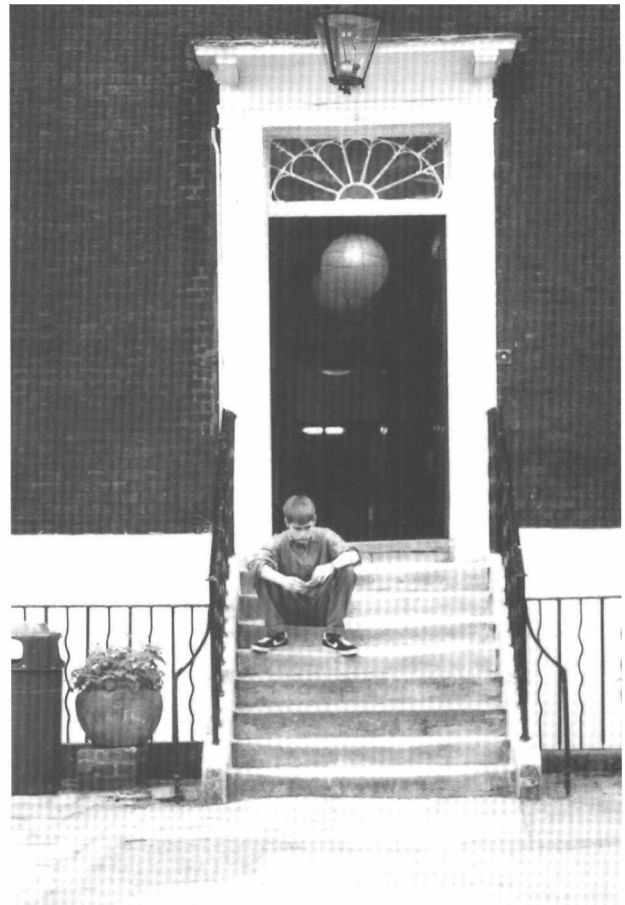
Ushering her from her table she handed her the slip.

'Your server was Kate. Don't forget to leave a tip!'

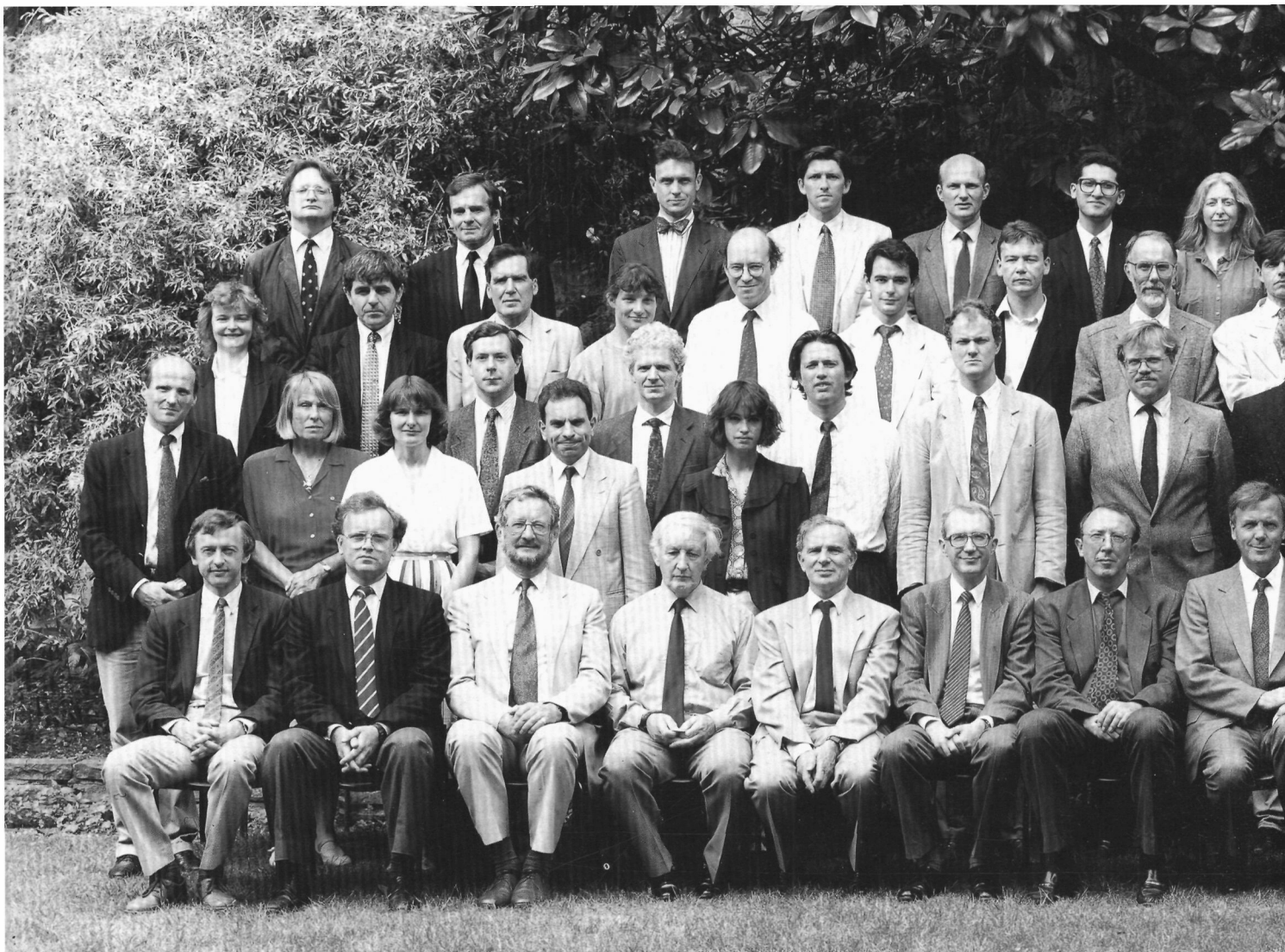
Earth

by Stephen Scanlan (QS 5H)

To tell out your tale, and all of your past,
That your age we may hail, and memories last:
The scratchings of life, which bred on your skin,
Now hide in your folds, some found by their kin.
And after your wrath, when you were newborn,
Your larva to rocks, and those now well worn.
Unmoving and silent, you spy on us all;
The babes you've seen born, the old you've seen fall.
You warm us with wood, you feed us with soil,
But riches we squander, and nature we spoil;
And watching with grievance, the laws that we break,
You tremble with anger, and chasms you make.



COMMON ROOM NEWS



The Common Room as it was in 1992

Tempus fugit. Since this photograph was taken twenty one of its subjects are no longer at Westminster. Two have died: David Hepburne-Scott (fifth from right in the front row), less than a day later, and Stewart Murray (sitting to the immediate right of the Head Master) who died earlier this year, less than three years since he retired. Many new faces have arrived to replace the old ones and the Common Room is, as ever, its vigorous, abrasive, navel-gazing self. But, with the departure of some of our most celebrated colleagues, one inevitably thinks back a little:

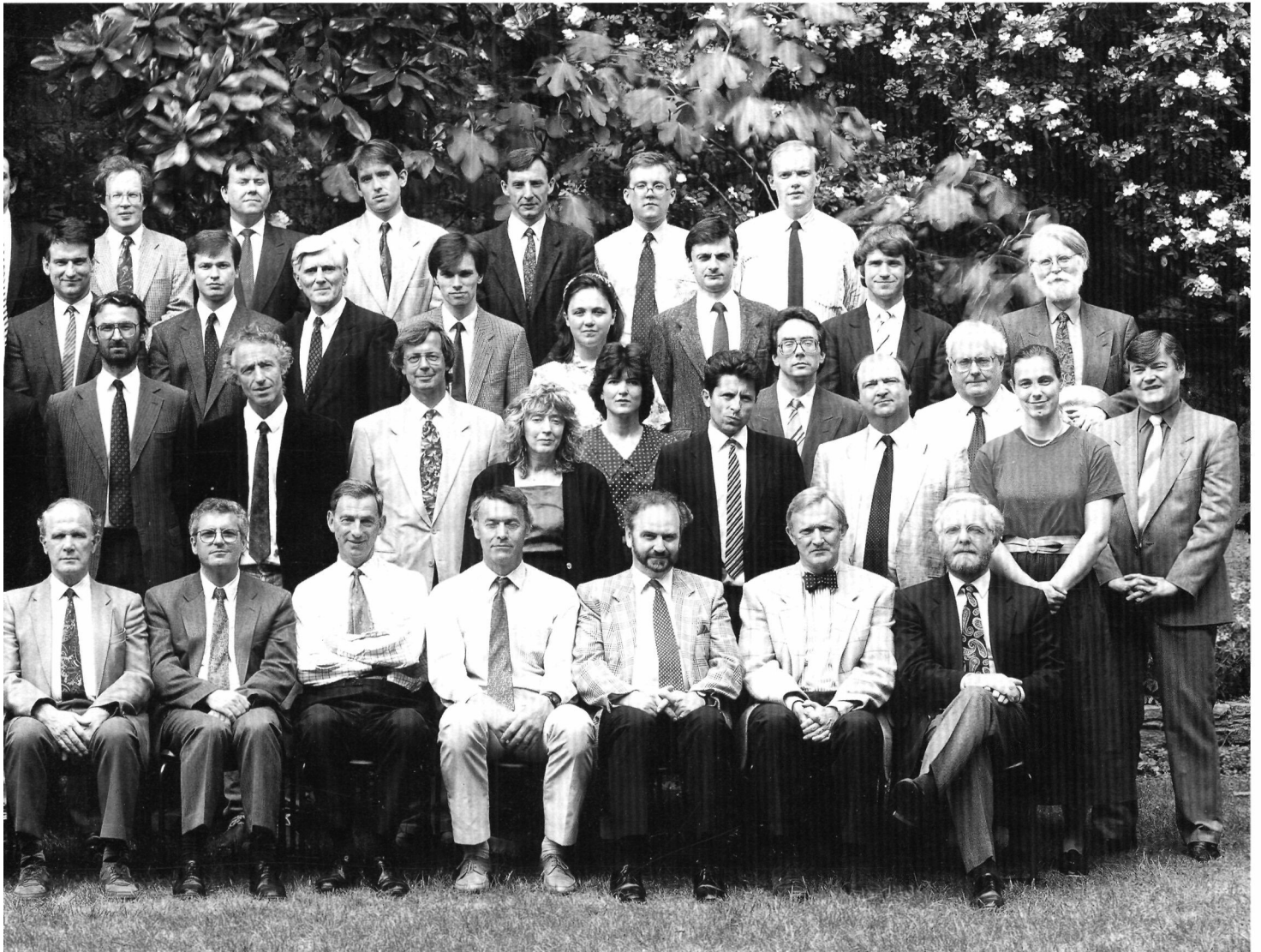
JOHN FIELD

As an act of prolonged dedication to an institution, John Field's time at Westminster is remarkable in itself; it also casts an interesting light on the shifting social and educational values of the last thirty years.

John Carleton, Westminster's Head Master in the sixties, shrewdly spotted John's talent while he was on a Dip Ed term from Oxford. Equally shrewdly, he allowed him full rein when he was appointed to teach English in a department recently undermined by the sacking of its head. Within three years he was running the English Department, throwing

himself with prodigious energy and flair into a wide range of school activities - producing plays, leading expeditions, house-tutoring in College, as well as teaching outstandingly well. In retrospect, this was John's golden time. Carleton's natural good manners, his love of history and of urbane literature, his constant encouragement of, and gratitude to, his staff, and above all his lifelong commitment to Westminster as pupil, teacher, Under Master, Head Master and school historian - all this constituted a model, an archetype which John deeply valued. John Carleton's wife, Janet Adam Smith, who shared many of his literary interests, reinforced this image. Throughout these years John worked in productive harmony with school and colleagues.

John Rae's style was very different, and society and educational attitudes were changing fast. The swirling eddies of radical change unsettled John, and Rae's all-weather buoyancy at once impressed and disturbed him. How could a headmaster be at once - part mandarin, part manager, part media performer? How could cherished educational ideals survive in the glare of the television camera? Could genuine commitment to young people lie behind the formal mask of the supreme committee chairman? But in the end, John recognised that Rae was ideally suited to navigate those tortuous waters.



Apart from the collapse of Classicism, John found most of the social and educational trends of the late twentieth century deeply antipathetic - the undermining of children's literacy by the media, the increase in disposable wealth of pupils and parents, the preoccupation with methodologies, curriculum, and measurement, the hostility to bachelor housemasters and bachelor Heads. During this period John must have felt that his career was blocked by modish and destructive pressures. In retrospect this all seems understandable, but what we didn't realise at the time was that deep-rooted social changes were undermining the very foundations on which teaching rôles had traditionally been based. Teaching was becoming much like any other clock-watching, fee-charging profession. John resisted more strongly than anyone the constriction of the teachers' rôle and what he saw as the gradual transformation of Westminster into a narrowly academic and insulated forcing house for the sons and daughters of the very prosperous. At times - because he felt he found few allies - his rearguard action was bitterly conducted. In the end he turned, like Yeats, to his ikons - to John Carleton, the re-builder of post-war Westminster; to Laurie Tanner, the distinguished archivist and historian; to Denny Brock, who combined his love of Westminster with love of the outdoor life; and to a nostalgic version of John Rae.

John did not endorse traditional values for their own sake, or resist change inflexibly. He had a romantic Yeatsian vision of the school, essentially that of a community, integrated, organic, where talent flowered and weaknesses of staff and pupil alike were recognised and supported - a place where the pursuit of beauty transcended daily drudgery, where adults and children mixed naturally, where the boundaries between the domestic and the institutional were broken down. Above all, where teachers gave unstintingly of their time, energy, and affection. John regretted bitterly the collapse of sociability at Westminster; in his last years he kept alive almost single-handed the habit of warm and lavish entertaining. Against this shifting backdrop and knowing that his vision was for ever receding, John's qualities as a teacher in the widest sense shone quite exceptionally - whether he was leading a hill-walking party from the school's country base in Alston (which he personally had selected and equipped), directing a Shakespearean play, preparing Abbey readers, or teaching his enormously varied range of literary texts, those pupils who shared his vision and commitment knew that they were in the presence of somebody with rare qualities of intelligence, imagination, and animation,

A mere catalogue of his achievements outside the classroom would be demeaning. As a final testament, I would like to



single out just two - the one lasting and utilitarian, the other cyclic and ephemeral:

How many hours John spent on amassing and codifying Westminster's muddled archives, we will never know. A similar portion of his private time must have been spent in turning the first floor rooms in Ashburnham into a gracious and integrated and efficiently run library. This will be his most enduring monument.

Every summer John produced a Shakespearean play in Ashburnham Garden. Each year on those bewitching summer evenings John managed to enact his version of the Shakespearean vision - combining all the qualities which he would have liked to see in the wider Westminster community: harmonious teamwork of like-minded pupils and adults working towards a goal; technical expertise in pursuit of an educational aim which could neither be measured or explained; all producing an event which brought the community together in relaxed and intelligent social intercourse.

Of all those performances, for me the most striking was his inspirational production of Shakespeare's most difficult play, *The Winter's Tale*, in which the multiple problems of performance were triumphantly negotiated, and the play's inner coherence marvellously exposed. The final tableau when the sundered families and the sundered generations are reunited captured for a moment the visionary dream, and resolved the differences between the generations and the genders in symbolic reconciliation.

Jim Cogan

TRISTRAM JONES-PARRY

'How's the school doing? Is TJP still here?'

The usual questions from an Old Westminster making his first tentative steps back into Yard.

Tristram's first connection with the school was too long ago to be recorded, but it was from the Under School that he joined what we now seem to call the Great School. It amused him when he first arrived as Head of Maths to have access to the Challenge Book and to find out just how well he had done in the Challenge exam. He would taunt the English department with the observation that the same teachers were teaching the same books that they had taught him. But that love of literature that was inspired at school and at home, where he was often called on to read in a poetry circle, has led him to a voracious appetite for literature, in particular the

modern novel. In his recent interview for the School's alternative magazine he suggested that a reading of *A Dance to the Music of Time* might give some insight into his character and background (but surely not Widmerpool?).

At Westminster as a pupil Tristram makes some justifiable claim to have been a rebel. There is the photograph that, when pressed, Derek Stebbens will show of a young Tristram sneaking out of a tent on a Duke of Edinburgh Camp for a quick roll-up. He also claims (among about a hundred others) to have been in the study from where the CCF came under fire on one memorable occasion.

After Christ Church Tristram first made his mark by upping the speeds of the Coal Board's conveyor belts and saved millions but found little more to stimulate him in the business world. He joined Dulwich College, returning to Westminster in 1973. The Department's morale was low, the numbers doing double Mathematics at A level were four. With a few alterations but essentially a stable department for eight years Tristram forged one of the most successful Mathematics departments in the country. When he passed on the baton there were upwards of twenty five reading double Mathematics and very many more reading a single A level in Maths.

Tristram always works extremely hard at whatever he does. I well remember one period of extreme effort at the end of which we went North to the Lyke Wake Walk. As we strode along before dawn, so exhausted was he that he kept keeling over as we walked, asleep on his feet. Whatever else needed to be done Tristram always gave the highest priority to what went on in the classroom. Tristram's teaching was simply the best that there was, his reputation grew and with it that of his department. This reputation was not won by teaching just the top of the bunch. Of course he inspired generations of Oxbridge candidates both in and out of the classroom, but as importantly there were many Westminsters that with patience and care he coaxed through difficulties to achieve the success they hoped for. None can have passed through his hands without a lasting impression of the quality of teaching that they received.

But beyond the classroom and the house, the administration and the discipline there were many facets to his contribution. Just one small example was his regular participation in 'expeditions'. I was reminded recently of one early one to Norway that is remembered more for the culinary success than the difficult summits achieved. I well remember labouring with Cedric Harben towards the snout of a glacier only to be defeated by the white water and the swamps. We returned to find back at our base camp that Tristram had stayed at a Five Star hotel for a couple of nights and had been driven to the glacier in a pony and trap.

On a number of occasions Tristram would fill the customary rôle of keeping an eye on Jim Cogan's expeditions. Those who have been on one of these will know that they are the source of an infinite number of stories. Once Tristram looked out the back of the minibus to see a trail of rucksacks, his included, stretching for miles along the road not quite as securely fixed to the rack as they might have been. Another time Tristram and I emerged from the mist on Scafell Pike to find the young son of a famous Cornish author abandoned, Jim pressing on to what he had wrongly believed for twenty years was the summit.

Tristram loves and returns again and again to Scotland, it might be at Nab Camas with John Field, on Skye or on St Kilda, or mixing his love of the hills with his love of rather good hotels... But those who remember his ghastly ties will recognise that ties like those cannot be bought in SW1 and will realise his travels extend much further. His bicycle has taken him to Cambodia, to India, to Argentina and many other countries. His walking boots have taken him to Pakistan and to Nepal, to the highest routes.

Now he has gone transpentine! Will those initials have the same cachet at Emanuel? So potent are they at Westminster that one of his replacements in the Maths department, Tim Price (there is a law that says when one mathematician leaves Westminster he is replaced by two others), was urged to drop the middle initial J when he arrived.

Over twenty two years Tristram has left his mark on almost every area of the school. The list of posts he has held is a long one: Head of Athletics, of Fives; Head of Maths; Housemaster of Wren's, of Busby's; Third Master; Under Master. Tristram formed opinions and expressed them very strongly on many (most) issues and enjoyed forceful debate. In this fire was forged his ideal of Westminster. He was in a unique position to bring to fruition many of his plans. Underlying all was his commitment to the institution that he devoted himself to. He never gave less than a hundred percent and was disappointed when others failed to do the same. Some might be intimidated by his style but none failed to recognise the depth and quality of his commitment.

'How is the Tower doing? The ravens haven't flown?'

Eddie Smith

CEDRIC HARBEN

Typically, my last view of Cedric was of him setting off on the last day of term with our Indian exchange group, heading for School House for a few days of sight-seeing in the North. Within a week or so of taking on his challenging new post as Headmaster of the Cambridge High School in Dubai, you might have thought that he would have other things to do, but his commitment to hospitality and his vision of the wider purpose of the School are central to his unique contribution to Westminster. School for him was never just the classroom - although his knowledge, patience and enthusiasm have attracted many budding and indeed reluctant chemists over the years. In his last year, he surprised some, and himself, by proving to be an excellent French teacher, too - that mysterious Y in his initials doubtless having something to do with it.

But he will be remembered mainly for all those activities and ideas which backed, or even helped to generate, the notion that modern Westminster is not just an academic furnace, but a school which tries to challenge and fulfil its pupils in all possible spheres of interest. Cedric is, of course, an Old Westminster, briefly the doyen of that distinguished number on the Pink List. Thus he follows in many ways Denny Brock, Master and Boy. He taught in the West Indies and at Clifton College before returning to Westminster, but his love of travel always meant that with great speed, and as the result of his formidable powers of organisation, he was invariably heading for an airport or driving North, often with pupils in tow, before the rest of us had finished our end of term coffee;

not just expeditions to Scotland, camping on Skye, meticulously planned assaults on every Munro, but real explorations: Baffin Island, Alaska (which took in geographical and biological surveys for the State, as well as performing pre-sales tests on Karrimor equipment), the Karakoram, Ecuador and the Galapagos. Lower School Expeditions and, for several years, Activities, flourished under Cedric's organisation.

One of the first in the Common Room to acquire a PC, no permutation or statistic was too much trouble, as the 1.76% of boys who failed to get any of their chosen Expeditions may have ruefully reflected. Cedric's mind - and computer - readily embraced other plans and schemes; he relished finding solutions to problems of timetabling, and his parting gift to the School was a comprehensive report on boarding. He could plan rail and air journeys and buy the tickets for groups as you or I would a single tube fare, and woe betide the ticket clerk who could not keep up.

It was this sort of efficiency which made the School House at Alston possible: not just the vision that an inner city school needs to send its pupils to the rugged fells, but the precise estimate of how it could be achieved in terms of manpower and logistics. Another talent, ultimately that which caused him to leave Westminster, was the ability to understand and enjoy the company of those he met on his foreign travels. He knows India better than many Indians, and the exchanges he set up with Delhi Public School ('I thought we could take a play there,' he told me one night, after a generously measured dram had lowered my defences...) and the Doon School not only enriched our experience by contact with vastly different traditions, but also, it turned out, provided him with the expertise and background which was to make headmastering in the East the right challenge for the next step in his career.

For all these achievements, it will be as the Housemaster of Rigaud's for 12 years that he will be most remembered. Here he was not just a good administrator, although his re-organisation of the House provided the spacious accommodation enjoyed today. His firm grasp of the needs and interests of the members of his House brought them endless encouragement, but also, as on the mountains, appropriate challenges measured to their own circumstances. Leadership was encouraged, maturity expected, affability reciprocated. Cedric valued and nurtured contacts with the Rigaud's Society, and retains the loyal friendship of many of his ex-pupils. As a colleague and friend, Cedric was generous with time, hospitality and support, and that included interest in one's family. All these qualities will ensure the success of what he now takes on in Dubai. As we wish him luck, though, we salute what he has brought over many years to the School, and can be sure that, while he is in charge, there will be a corner of the desert that will be forever Westminster.

John Arthur

DANNY GILL

Danny Gill was without doubt one of the outstanding Westminster schoolmasters of his generation. He arrived in 1985 from the Jesuit college, Mount St Mary's, where he was already a young Housemaster. The contrasts between the ethos of the two establishments could scarcely have been

greater and Danny, I think, could hardly repress his glee at coming to live in London. He worked long hours and to good effect, but in those early years especially, he knew how to get the best out of the big city.

In organising PE and Station, he sought to engender a profound reorientation of people's attitudes to sport at Westminster. He wanted station to be rigorous and successful in competitive terms, but - above all - he wanted it to reach out to everyone at Westminster. His priority was not - repeat not - with talented games players, but with those children, of any age within the school, who had so far never come to terms with physical exercise and activity. This wasn't a moral crusade, but a fine schoolmaster's determination to nurture their self-confidence and enhance their self esteem.

Running Station inevitably brings a range of competing interests into collision. Against a backdrop of considerable suspicion, he introduced rugby to Westminster, a godsend for many boys, but it was never to be an easy option. He insisted on tactical and technical expertise, coaxed his players into fitness, and eschewed any boorishness or foul play. The success of the rugby station now proceeds apace under Giles Brown's equally studious leadership. Perhaps Danny's most poignant memory of Westminster rugby was the tour he organised to India in 1992 - fine sport but, for him, an infinitely harrowing glimpse into acute poverty and deprivation. In Abbey some months later, this vigorous and unhipsteric man fought back his tears, when he addressed our pupils on the fate of the homeless children of Calcutta.

Danny quickly gave the lie to any insolent assumptions about the intellectual limitations of games players: he was a conscientious, highly imaginative teacher, of great presence. Gavin Griffiths long considered him the best General English teacher in the school. He met his future wife, Nicoletta, when she was teaching French and Italian here. When they moved to Stratford and later Oxford, we tended only to see Nicoletta, a fond friend to many, in the company of Louis and Max, their two delightful and faintly delinquent sons, whose arrival in Dean's Yard usually occasioned some kind of Abbey security alert.

A loving husband and father, seemed to have mastered the ideal fusion of bachelorhood by week and uxorious family man by weekend, greatly to the admiration and envy of colleagues. But the Director of Games post at The Dragon proved too good a position to turn down.

Danny's strengths were humane and imaginative: moral courage, a love of good gamesmanship, open-mindedness to new people and new ideas. But these fine attributes did not always make him an astute political animal: he was too obviously hurt and dismayed when events revealed that not everyone played by the same rules. I hope he will never lament on what he was not able to do: his legacy - that of a generous and great-hearted schoolmaster and friend - is completely secure.

David Hargreaves

MICHAEL MULLIGAN

Michael Mulligan hit Westminster School in the Play Term of 1986 after his post-graduate studies at Oxford under Jonathan Wordsworth and Terry Eagleton and his teacher training year in Manchester and made an immediate impact. His approach was greeted as 'radical' and 'refreshing' by those used to more aesthetic (and ascetic) approaches in English teaching, though his forceful mien in the classroom meant that he still embodied a very orthodox authority. He was responsible for introducing newer critical thinking, for maintaining a stimulating level of debate and for blasting away much of the complacency and arrogance that perennially visit the Westminster animal.

English literature was for him at its lightest an intellectual game but at its most earnest it was educationally supreme. Philosophy and the history of ideas were brought vigorously to bear upon his authors or (as in the case of his studies of Coleridge and the Romantics) extracted out of them. Contemporary issues were always in his forum and pupils appreciated his directness and his concern for those weaker candidates for whom he was able to simplify difficult ideas.

Much of this makes Michael sound like a Determined Young Man - even an 'Angry' one. He was. He was particularly adept at hounding the politically apathetic and helped to raise the tone and temperature of many a Common Room debate. To him the Common Room still owes the formation of its constitution. One place next to the ashtray - his dispatch box - remained very empty after his departure.

At the same time Michael was very responsive to the opportunities provided by the school. As well as being a clubbable pubbable man who enjoyed the Shakespeareanly code-named taverns in the back streets of Westminster (where like Maria in *The Sound of Music* he made us laugh), he was extra-curricular on a wider front. He played an important part in PHAB for several years, provided invaluable help on the general papers for Oxbridge and directed a number of memorable dramatic productions - *Tis Pity She's a Whore*, *Julius Caesar* (a real coming of age for College) and his final *Casablanca* being perhaps the best examples. All these productions had gusto and a cutting edge and left plenty of valuable experience and anecdote behind them. He was Master in charge of Shooting turning the College range into one of the school's safe havens. He also took a number of invigorating expeditions including those arduous cycling routes through Normandy.

I shall probably remember Michael as a teacher always prepared to challenge assumptions, always curious about the ways of the School and his friends and as an individual who strengthened it by participating in that sense of intellectual adventure it must always foster in its younger staff, particularly its free thinkers. I was caught up in much of this enthusiasm and was happy to team teach with him in a 'literary' LSA. Westminster has always grown by harnessing these partly untameable energies and we were lucky to have him during those late Thatcher years.

I hope he continues to be a brusque cure for confusion in his new teaching post in Norfolk and that cobwebs continue to flee before him. He misses us all, but his show is up and running.

Richard Pyatt

CHARLOTTE MOORE

Charlotte Moore arrived at Westminster in the Play Term of 1986, part of a new generation of English teachers. After achieving a First after studying at St Anne's College, Oxford she had gone on to work at Thomas' School.

Charlotte had the special accolade of being the first old girl of the school to return as a teacher - an experience she wittily reflected on in *The Elizabethan* of 1987, but alas never begged a play for. This gave her a unique insight into the female intake at Sixth form, formalised into specific assistance at selection. It must also have been intimidating working with so many of her former teachers, but she kept the tales of the late Seventies (mostly) under control.

She immediately contributed to the sense of camaraderie shared by the English Department in those late Edwardian days; enjoying the valuable exchange of techniques and classroom anecdotes in the Common Room and beyond. On one occasion at a lunchtime department meeting, Charlotte's championing of an *avant garde* novel was met with a fruit missile. Fruit is now off the menu. Bidding farewell to her former A level teacher, David Edwards, she thrived equally well during the reign of good King Gav (GG).

Charlotte's approach was always governed by a determined liberal intelligence and a good sense of humour, allowing plenty of space in her lessons for spontaneity in the form of debate and discussion. In this sense she continued the seminar teaching tradition of the English Department. Her favourite genre was probably poetry, particularly the most quotable kind. Hence 17th century poetry - Shakespeare, Donne, Marvell and Milton - was always on her lips, and her arguments were always grounded in the lines themselves. Blake and Jane Austen were also championed and she was also conscious of a need to redress the curricular balance in favour of female writers and contemporary authors, particularly for the Lower School - hence the fruit. She was extremely well-read in books that would interest her pupils and was famous for her personalised reading lists.

She was an extremely conscientious tutor in Busby's, often prepared to devote time to challenging pastoral problems. She also directed a number of blockbuster plays on behalf of the House.

Within her first year at Westminster Charlotte married Min Smith and eventually left Maida Vale for her lovely family home in East Sussex from where she braved the morning commuter trains. This proved to be a wise choice on behalf of her two sons George and Sam and has proved a restful haven for members of the Common Room. It was always refreshing to hear what the owls had been up to on a stale Monday morning in town.

As time moved on Charlotte received a degree in the History of Art from London University and began to teach the subject at A Level. This proved to be a good opportunity to widen her pupils' cultural knowledge as the teaching was always reinforced with visits to the Tate, the National and beyond. Previous to this she had helped to organise the last of the Hyde Park riding Stations and went on to take a number of riding expeditions to the West Country and Normandy.

Charlotte eventually decided to spend more time with her family (forgive usage of a famous political euphemism) and to devote more time to a burgeoning career in writing and

journalism. Her new novel *Promises Past*, published by *Century/Arrow* is coming out in September and articles and reviews have appeared in *The Times* and *The Spectator*. This seems like a very fortunate development for a creative and independent mind.

In her last year in the school Charlotte ran the weekly John Locke lectures, bringing in speakers who were genuinely independent of our pupils' backgrounds and who provided a real insight into other walks of life. In this respect she was a worthy successor to her friend and colleague Ian Huish.

Her most enjoyable achievement was perhaps with PHAB for which she took considerable responsibility after Willie Booth's departure. She conducted these weeks extremely professionally and was able to introduce scores of Westminsters to responsible and practical work in disablement. Many felt that Charlotte's effortless sense of liberal authority was best displayed in this her favourite area of annual school life. She remains closely in touch with PHAB's progress and with school life in general.

Richard Pyatt

KATE MILLER

Kate Miller left Westminster in July 1994. At the same time she completed her Fine Art and Critical Studies degree at St Martin's School of Art, achieving a 2:1.

During August she and fellow St Martin's student Andrea Sinclair launched *The Drawing Floor Project*. This is an ongoing series of experimental workshops aimed at reviving the use of the floor as a site for the exchange of visual information. Until recently she has been working at the Hayward Gallery on London's South Bank as Education Officer with specific responsibility for organising a programme of events linked with the Yves Klein exhibition, *Leap into the void*.

Her next project takes her to Kingswood Challocks, a forest near Ashford in Kent. Here she will work on site as Artist in Residence with groups of local schoolchildren. The scheme is jointly administered by South Eastern Arts and Forest Enterprises.

We remember Kate's enormous contribution to Westminster down the years with gratitude and affection and wish her well.

Liz Clifford

BILL COTTON

Bill Cotton joined the Classics department initially for one year and stayed for two. He had been educated at Rugby under the watchful eye of an OW and former QS, Keith MacLennan, and had moved thence to Downing College, Cambridge. Bill impressed us with his sharp mind and it was soon clear that he had both the traditional skills of the classical linguist and the ability to teach literature as such. He was initially unsure whether or not teaching was the right field for him and maintained a healthy scepticism throughout his time with us. But he proved a very conscientious teacher and spent much time in preparation and in giving extra lessons, and the A Level students of those years have good reason to be grateful for his care and attention. His extra-

curricular talents seemed diverse: he was sometimes to be found supervising weight-training and in the summer put his hand to the punt-pole. Those that took trouble to get to know him found him witty and friendly, to others he will have remained somewhat quiet and reserved. Bill is still not quite sure what he wants to do, but his time here showed that he has much to offer, if he decides to become a career teacher. Whatever he decides, we wish him all the best and thank him for his hard work and commitment to the school.

Andrew Hobson

JANINE CLEMENTS

Janine Clements joined the Drama Department for two terms in January 1993, covering for John Arthur during his sabbatical and his first term up Rigaud's.

Janine's previous incarnations as a professional nurse and actress armed her with a combination of discipline and histrionics and delighted many of her pupils. Her work in Drama GCSE was intensely appreciated, and she gave unstintingly of her time in extracurricular activities. When I asked her to help me choreograph *Ghetto* in the Lent Term, I had little idea of the scale of her energy and involvement - and the final result reflected her skills as both dramatist and teacher.

She spent a week at the end of the Election Term, running the Drama Workshop for PHAB with all her customary zeal and fun. To our delight, she is returning again this Summer, so her connection with Westminster is not broken.

David Hargreaves

IAN BLAKE

Ian Blake came to Westminster from Charterhouse for a term to teach English. He was unfailingly fun: his erudition, his sense of irony and his energy were mixed in just the right proportion. He took everything that was thrown at him without complaint and had the experience to come up with ways of improving our approach to the teaching of English. His advice was invaluable.

Although he was here only a short time, he made a terrific impact. I wish him well in his retirement and hope that he will return, one day, to visit us.

Gavin Griffiths

STEWART MURRAY

This is the text of the address given by Geoffrey Shepherd (CR 1952-84) at the Memorial Service for Stewart Murray in Westminster Abbey on 20 April 1995.

Stewart came to Westminster in 1957. After school in Hull, he spent two years in National Service, becoming an officer in Airborne Troops. He took his degree in Physical Education and Spanish from Birmingham, and taught both in the Army and in state schools.

When he came to Westminster he gave the impression of a tough and self-contained person. He could put the fear of God into our not very tough boys, and could walk through the school yard with a wave of silence in front and behind him. His most famous saying - *I may be small, but I'm tough* - was, of course, true, but I never heard him say it. It was probably one of those legends that help masters and keep girls and boys wary.

What was valuable in Stewart was that he was not a public school person - not a boarding school and Oxbridge product - however good these may be. Nor was he just a serviceman coming after the war to bring some vigour and order to a school that had suffered more than most during the war. I mean that he brought another view, as did Hugo Garten, Ernst Sanger and Adolph Prag a few years before him. He was an expert in things the school did not always estimate very highly. He thought Geography and Economics were important. He brought new ideas about acting, gymnastics and sport. He was a person of good common sense, good open eyes, with a range of interests. He could dance well, talk about wine and food, act and sing.

I cannot think he felt there was anything special about the public school system. He might well have agreed with the High Master of Manchester Grammar School that there was too much social exclusiveness in these schools, especially in the south. But he was a courteous man and did not raise these things in public. In fact, he loved this school, with all its eccentricities.

He did not have a lot of time for the old boy net, but *spent* a lot of time with, and enjoyed the company of, those boys and girls in the net. His loyalty and service to the school can surely never be in question. He stayed 35 years, longer than almost any master or mistress since the war. Except for a sharp edge to his retirement speech, I never heard a stinging word from him. He was not a go-getter, nor was he a prima donna. He had the presence, good administration and organisation to have taken other jobs, but I am sure he did not really want these. He loved his life at home with his family. He felt at home across the channel. He had a broad view of where he belonged, and many people from Europe got up early and went back very late to be at the service for him. He was not ambitious. He did not seem to get outside himself; he did not require stilts. Montaigne, right at the end of his essay on Experience, wrote 'Fine lives are those which conform to the common human model in an orderly way, with no marvels and no extravagances'. Although such a tight frame seems hard to accept, it does fit Stewart.

He ran many of the school functions, including Commemoration. Stewart concentrated on getting things planned and moving, co-ordinating and timing the movements. He tidied us up, said a few cryptic words, like 'Go up the steps on your left foot', (which I always found

hard to do), and then he would be away behind the scenes to check that all was well.

He produced the Busby house plays for many years. He had theatre in him, but it was one of discipline, tight movement and clear speaking. There were young Attenboroughs and Hawkins in the cast, and Stewart brought their exuberance under control, telling them there were so many steps and movements to be made and no more.

He was a good companion. I remember a warm afternoon in Autumn up Fields. I had foolishly agreed to play in goal for the Common Room. After the first few balls had gone past me into the net, Derek Saunders, a Chelsea captain and England cap, and Stewart came back to help me. Derek held the fleetest of boys without effort and Stewart waltzed and danced round the attackers, encouraging me at the same time. This was a pleasant time.

Charles Keeley and I liked to travel with Stewart for away matches. It was enjoyable to hear him give instructions to his team, while in the coach. "Three yards to the left and drop back after five minutes", he would say to a boy, who would nod gravely, and Charles and I would relax. These were warm moments. For Stewart, football was a skill, like vaulting, where he was an expert. I do not think he rated sporting success as all important, but he was clearly very happy for the boys and girls when they won their games. During the game itself, he did not say very much aloud, but would sometimes look towards us, raising his eyebrows. Football was often touch and go at Westminster. I remember one instruction very clearly - he would call out 'Wait for the cross', but the boys, in their enthusiasm to reach the goal, did not always wait.

If I may put it like this, without offending you, Stewart did not have to wait long for his own cross to come. Retirement, travel to Europe, a few happy years with his family - and then small signs showed that he was ill - going through traffic lights on red, milk bottles put in the wrong place. Then, of course the pain and the suffering. A fine, strong and well-ordered man is suddenly turned inside out, as he himself put it, and for no reason.

His family must have thought this to be unfair, absurd, an evil dream that would surely pass. But Camus teaches us that it is the men, women and children who pass, and not the evil.

Each day we see and hear the cruelty and madness of the world. The evidence of this is massive, and it does not stop, whether it is the day or the night; but, from this darkness, there seems to spring another quite different force as though the tighter the frame of hopelessness and pain, the more powerful the signs of hope and love show themselves.

From Cologne, Irene's city for a few years, when she was a young girl, a Jew, whose name is unknown, wrote, against the despair of the Holocaust:-

*I believe in the sun, though it is late in rising -
I believe in love, though it is absent - I believe
in God, though he is silent.*

A small Bosnian girl, a Muslim, whose body had been smashed by war, smiles from her hospital bed, with such intensity and so much joy, that it must have amazed and moved all those who watched her die.

These are not moments of victory, not for the Jew and not for the young Muslim girl. I would call them moments of grace,

which seem to hold out against all that destroys. All of us seem to have this power, this welling-up inside us, a force that can move and change us. It comes out of us, but does not leave us.

And so it is with Stewart. The frame of his pain and suffering must have been very tight, but this love that came from him, and the love that was returned by Irene, Graeme, Stewart's sister Enid and her family was all the greater - by their care for him, feeding him, washing him, comforting him - enough love to hold out against his death.

A greater love may come to take us - the Easter message tells us this, but we may not be ready yet for its power. So, in the quieter moments, when the great tanks of war are not rolling across the plains and the wind is not howling over Belsen, we will find small signs within us - perhaps here - a moment of joy, a look of love, a tear as we remember a good man, a touching of hands, a smile on a child's face - all these things must count and put us on the road home - surely.

BOB WEBB

Bob Webb, Westminster's catering manager, died last Autumn aged 33 after a long illness. Though little known to most pupils, he did much on their behalf. Extremely efficient in his work, he was also a caring boss, cherished by his colleagues in College Hall. He was also highly regarded by Common Room, with whom his relationship was warm and ironic.

We remember with gratitude his loyal service for the school, and send out our sympathy to his family in their great loss.

SOCIETIES

THE JOHN LOCKE SOCIETY

The John Locke Society this year saw a very impressive list of speakers. The talks were on a wide range of topics, from politics to natural history, fashion to republicanism, and were invariably interesting and entertaining.

The 'big names' of course attracted the largest crowds. Sir David Attenborough gave a fascinating talk on the trickery used in filming wildlife. He revealed a number of astonishing secrets, including the fact that a great deal of the sound effects on his wildlife series were in fact created by a BBC receptionist. Alan Clark came in March to give a talk on the shortcomings of democracy and the influence the civil service has in framing government policy. Although it was good to have Mr Clark at the school and to hear him talk and answer questions, I do not think that what he had to say lived up to his audience's expectations. Lord Bullock's lecture, however, was one of the best of the year. He spoke about Hitler and Stalin in particular, but more generally about the circumstances in which individuals can have a disproportionate influence on history. It was right that Lord Bullock was invited to the John Locke Society rather than the more specialist William Camden Society, and therefore had a wider audience; it would be good to see more academics that have a wide appeal, including scientists, at the John Locke.

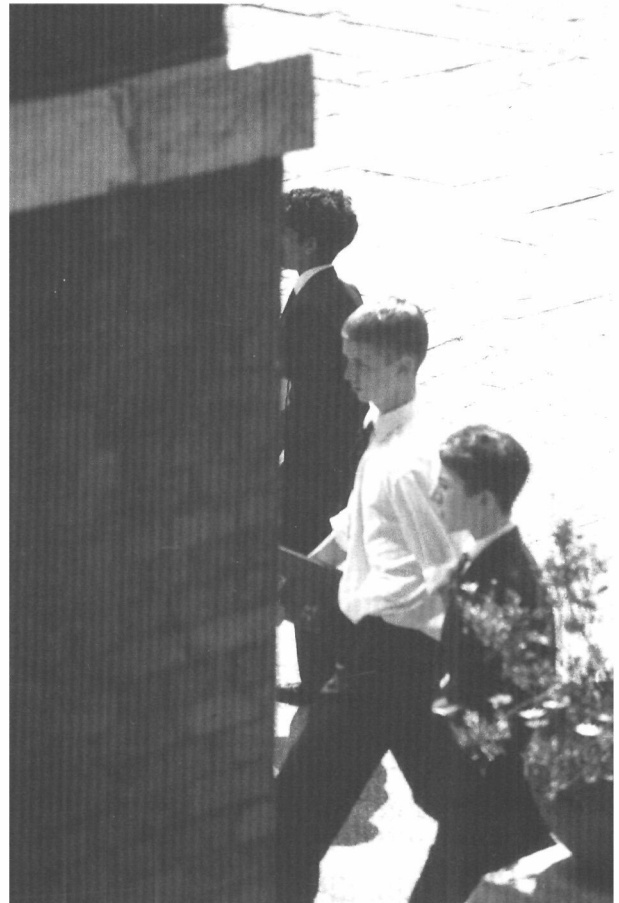
One of the main strengths of the John Locke Society programme this year was the variety and quality of political comment. Corruption, and deficiencies in the British system of government, figured large in all the talks: Veteran political columnist Adam Raphael came in December to talk about the Nolan Committee and other aspects of corruption; Anthony Holden gave an excellent talk on why Britain should abolish the monarchy; Michael White, political editor of *The Guardian*, ably summed up a year in politics when he came in January; and, of course, there was the talk given by Alan Clark. Fred Emery gave a taste of past corruption and scandal in his talk entitled *Watergate Revisited*.

From time to time, the talks were of a more vocational nature. This is an important function for the John Locke Society to fulfil, although it would be wrong for the Society to become a parade of bankers, lawyers and architects selling their own professions. This year, David Kendall, Deputy Chairman of British Coal, emphatically recommended a career in industry, and Ad-man, Geoff Howard-Spink set out the problems facing the advertising sector. Even Suzy Menkes, Fashion Editor of *The Herald Tribune*, ended her lively talk on the changing perceptions of the human body and trends in fashion with an attempt to persuade her audience to pursue a career in fashion.

Some of the best speakers this year were those who were less well known; those who were clearly invited not because of who they were but because of what they had to say. Unfortunately, but unsurprisingly, these talks were often the least well-attended. An exception was the superb talk by John Bowers of the fourteen years spent in Her Majesty's Prisons. The John Locke Society and its recent programme is a valuable asset to the school, and generally this asset is well used. Although it would be wrong, if not logistically impossible, for attendance to be made compulsory, it is a shame that a few of our speakers had a very small audience.

However, with so many taking four A Levels, which usually results in fewer than four private study periods a week, the problem is understandable.

Some of the addresses were autobiographical: Martin Lupton (OW) told of his time as a junior doctor and his subsequent decision to become a Jesuit Missionary; Adam Mars Jones (OW) gave an incredibly witty and eloquent account of his time at Westminster and university, and his later life as a film critic and author; and Dr Ken Nuttall described his work in setting up and running a progressive psychiatric clinic while entertainingly musing on the problems of the Twentieth Century. Counselling was the subject of two talks. Charlotte Stevenson spoke about ways of dealing with bereavement, and Amanda McArdie gave an excellent talk about her work as a help line counsellor for the Terence Higgins Trust.



Unwillingly to School?

A final aspect of the John Locke Society is the lunches at which a small group of people has the opportunity to meet the speaker and to talk over a meal and a glass or two of wine. The lunches are often the best part of the John Locke Society, and many speakers are more interesting over lunch; they are usually oversubscribed, therefore. This year the lunches themselves have been of a much higher standard, and have gained a more exclusive atmosphere. The new tradition of submitting requests to attend these to the Head of School and then receiving formal invitations has now become established and is working reasonably well. It is a pity that there is not room for everyone who unexpectedly finds the talk interesting and wants to meet the speaker, but on the

other hand, the invitation system is the best way to handle over-subscription.

The impressive succession of speakers looks set to continue; by the time of printing, Lord King, Joan Bakewell, Tony Marlow and others will have visited the Society. The John Locke Society is a crucial part of Upper School life at Westminster; all credit is due to David Hargreaves for organising and running it so successfully.

Refik Gökmen (QS)

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY AND HOOKE

Back in September 1992 I pinned a couple of notices up in the Robert Hooke inviting students interested in forming a scientific society to meet and discuss the idea. Among those who came along and helped organise the first series of lectures were Natasha Ready, Lionel Tan, Human Ashrafiyan and Reza Motalebzadeh. One of the original plans was for someone to take notes on each lecture and to publish these annually as a school scientific magazine. Lionel and Reza suggested that it would be better to produce the magazine independently and provide a medium for wider scientific discussion in the school community. This seemed an excellent idea and with Charles Gorman's help *Hooke* was born alongside the Scientific Society.

We are now approaching the third anniversary of both 'institutions' and there is little doubt that they have grown stronger as they have become better established. Scientific Society events from previous years have included lectures on *Neural Networks* by Igor Aleksander, Neutrinos by Christine Sutton, a visit to Birkbeck College to hear Roger Penrose speaking about *The Emperor's New Mind*, the Royal Institution to listen to the incoming director of CERN, and to the Whipple Museum for the History of Science in Cambridge to experience a recreation, complete with wig and period costume, of Maxwell's famous lecture on *The Telephone*. Visiting lecturers are invited to stay for supper and discuss their ideas over a glass of wine with a group of interested students. This has often been an enlightening and eye-opening experience although there are hazards - I still have a terse note from TJP asking whether it was really essential that Scientific Society members should return to their Houses in no fit state to embark upon prep. How was I to know that the wine supply had been enhanced by a certain student's visits to College Hall under the pretext that I had sent him?



Reflections of an Upper Shell

This year we have presented lectures by Dr Mike Robbins (*Physiology of High Altitude Climbing*), Dr Mike Holwill (*The Arrest of Time*), Professor David Papineau (*Quantum Paradoxes*), these three all from King's College, London; Dr Paul Brickell (*Sonic Hedgehog - Shaping the Limb*), Professor Arthur Miller (*Einstein lived here, but who was he?*), both from UCL; Dr Tom Mullin (*Chaos in Physics*), Oxford; Dr Jeremy Gray (*New Worlds from Nothing - non-Euclidean geometry*), Open University; and Mrs Sharon Newman (*Flight for Beginners*). Professor Papineau, who is also Editor of the British Journal for the Philosophy of Science delivered most of his brief 'lecture' whilst sitting at a small table with his head in his hands as though grappling with the fundamental problems of quantum theory for the first time. The second half was turned over to questions, many of which centred on his own favoured 'many minds' (as opposed to 'many-worlds') interpretation. He and I were deeply impressed by the penetrating intellectual questions from Westminster students. Dr Brickell, whose excellent illustrated lecture brought contemporary cutting edge research to School, was similarly impressed and commented that he only wished his PhD students and postdocs would show such sharply focused interest. Although the quality of the invited lecturers was high Mrs Newman's lecture, including the famous 'chicken story' sticks in my mind as one of the most amusing, informative and slickly presented.

In addition to these lectures a small group of us travelled up to Oxford one rainy Friday afternoon to attend a Colloquium at the Clarendon Laboratory where the Austrian physicist, Professor Anton Zeilinger, discussed *Recent Fundamental Tests of Quantum Theory* including how to test for a quantum super bomb without even looking! This was a chance to experience deep ideas and learn about new experiments to test the very nature of reality and if some of the material was rather advanced this barely detracted from the excitement of *being there*. I had the added bonus of picking up copies (on CD) in Dillons of some of the original 1963 Feynman lectures which I shall soon be using in class.

We ended the Lent term with a Theatre trip to see *Arcadia* by Tom Stoppard (in which he ponders Time, Chaos and Creativity) and I am looking forward to taking a group to hear Professor Prigogine (the Belgian Chemist and Nobel Prize Winner) speak on *Time Chaos and Creativity* in late May! In fact that same week we shall hear Professor Gell-Man (Nobel Prize Winning Particle Physicist) speak on *The Quark and the Jaguar* at the Royal Geographical Society and Professor Semir Zeki is coming to us to present a lecture on *Vision and Consciousness*.

In the meantime Mina Bar-Isaac and Michelle Yoong are preparing *Hooke* issue 6 (there have been two issues per year since we started, and anyone who wishes to subscribe, or maybe contribute, need only drop a note to me here at School). They took over from Samer Hakoura and Hutan Ashrafiyan who expanded the magazine and arranged for it to be printed professionally last year.

Articles come from students, teachers and occasionally Old Westminsters. In issue 5 Ben Matthews (QS, 1985 - 90) wrote from UEA: 'When I left Westminster just over four years ago, I had an idea in my head of what I really wanted to do: something along the lines of what we now call *Geophysiology*. I used to sit up on College roof playing my guitar, and imagine the molecules dancing around in the air

as they are heated by the sun. I knew that both the composition and temperature of the air are really very remarkable. They are controlled by life: by various biogeochemical feedback processes. I would like to remind ex-classmates who have gone off into the world to become bankers or businessmen or lawyers or politicians, as Westminster-folk tend to do, that on a long timescale our planet is governed mainly by the activities of tiny phytoplankton in the surface of the ocean. They have put the oxygen in the sky and buried away the carbon in the rocks, such that the small amount of carbon dioxide which remains keeps us at a pleasant temperature within the narrow range suitable for life.'

In the same issue Mina and Michelle interviewed Professor Zeki. 'His work includes the appreciation of art: "Someone who has a lesion in V5 cannot appreciate kinetic art because he cannot perceive movement; likewise, sufferers of propagnosia, the failure to recognise faces, have no means of enjoying portrait painting. There seems to be a minimum neural requirement for people to appreciate art, this process linked to the visual cortex and the sub-cortical areas." In the same way, "there must be a basic similarity in our brain which makes us appreciate art to such an extent that our culture and society share this same appreciation of the works of Renoir and Van Gogh... the artist, not knowing it, is responding to some kind of circuitry in lots of brains. If you disrupt this process somewhere along its path, art cannot be appreciated, let alone understood." The subject of consciousness was also discussed: "Certain cells are able to talk to each other and the by-product of this is a conscious experience... And if you disrupt that particular circuit, you don't have a conscious experience." The article concludes: 'It is evident how his work has affected his perception of life: "...I think that knowledge about how the brain works changes you in a philosophical sense. If you are extremely mean or nasty, I would not myself see you as an evil person but a person with a certain genetic makeup that allows you to behave in a certain way; because, in the grand scheme of evolution, people like that think they are going to win... it's the struggle for survival. What it does not do is make you appreciate art or tender human relationships or pathos any less: evolution has built brains that are able to be aware of these things.'"

Other recent articles have dealt with the Science of Complexity, Philosophy in Action, Linus Pauling, Strong Particles, Genetic Engineering, Science and Religion, Black Holes, SDI, Schrödinger's Cat, Time Travel and of course Bevan and Robbo. Cedric Harben, just before he left, passed me copies of a previous Westminster Science magazine, *The Nucleus*, which he co-edited as a student in the early 1960s. In those days it was typed and duplicated using carbon paper so only a couple of copies of the magazine exist. The editorials are interesting - scientists seemed to be fighting for academic and intellectual recognition in a School whose traditions were perceived to lie more with the Classics etc... it is claimed in one editorial that a fair proportion of Westminster students never set foot inside a laboratory throughout their careers at the School! Whether or not this is true I do not know, but I do know that contemporary science at Westminster is flourishing and not in an insular way, *Hooke* and the Scientific Society are a forum for the discussion of new ideas that cross all boundaries of

science, art and religion and go some way at least to build intellectual bridges between the 'Two Cultures'.

Steve Adams

(Hooke subscriptions are £2.00 pa for two issues. Articles should be submitted to Mr Adams and any suggestions/offers for future lectures are also welcome!)

THE TIZARD LECTURE 1995

The Tizard Lecture - indeed any lecture - should enable you to leave the room and never to be able to look at the world in the same way again. And it should be entertaining, and it should make you want to know more. By all those criteria, this year's lecture was a huge success. Given by Prof Harry Kroto, Royal Society Research Professor at the University of Sussex, it concerned one of those relatively rare scientific topics which catch the public imagination, the football-shaped molecule C_{60} , *Buckminsterfullerene*. It would have been sufficiently engaging and interesting were this simply a molecule which had appeared somehow or other in the laboratory; the fact that it is present in the clouds of gas from exploding stars shows it firmly to be a sphere celestial as well as terrestrial.

The molecule is familiar enough - or at least its architecture is around for all of us to see. First used in the dome of the Expo exhibition, designed by the American architect Richard Buckminster Fuller and then copied for large numbers of radar domes (the spheres at the now-redundant early-warning radar at Fylingdales, once the target of vitriolic protests, have now been claimed as artefacts worth listing), it is also the pattern on the black and white footballs that first made their appearance at the 1966 World Cup, and a wooden lattice version was illustrated by Leonardo da Vinci.

Graphite is well-known as a structure of carbon formed from flat hexagonal rings in huge sheets; the addition of a few pentagons in the sheet enables a closed surface to be obtained, and the extraordinary thing is that no matter how many hexagons there are, 12 and only 12 pentagons are required to make a closed surface. The smallest such closed molecule is C_{60} ; larger ones have been made, C_{70} being the next and, being shaped like a rugby ball, shows that Nature is more tolerant of the two sorts of football than your reviewer thinks reasonable. Tubular versions appear the more hexagons are involved, and some of these are called Zeppelens because of their elongated shape reminiscent of an airship.

Harry Kroto was one of the co-discoverers of C_{60} ; not only did he show it to be pretty, but he also gave the lie to the common notion that science is a rather arid activity, removed from emotion and creativity. At the time that C_{60} appeared in the laboratory, two groups were working on it and on other problems also. Kroto and his team at Sussex had done a number of things which were not yet published, and no doubt were looking forward to the day when they would be. Then came the bombshell; the request to review a journal article, on the exact material which they were hoping to be first with themselves. The effect which this has was clear to all, and showed how frustration and disappointment are as much part of science research as of any other human activity. It also showed that many researchers of international repute are able to travel to some rather attractive places as part of their job!

So is C₆₀ important? It depends what you want. Maybe it will have a use, maybe it won't; some of the tubular versions probably will, since they are showing promise as conductors on a very small scale. But as a molecule which is formed spontaneously in carbon vapour as it cools; in a Bunsen flame; which is found in space; which has parallels in sport, architecture and some organisms which have a spherical latticework of hexagons and just 12 pentagons, it is a richly allusive and beautiful thing, and Harry Kroto did an excellent job in ensuring that no-one would look at the Bunsen, or space, or a football match in the same way ever again. Our sincere thanks go to him, and to Professor Alan Carrington of the University of Southampton, who executed the rather less glamorous but nonetheless essential function of Chairman with skill and wit.

Rod Beavon

THE WILLIAM CAMDEN SOCIETY

The William Camden Society has been honoured to welcome to the school this year four speakers of great distinction, all of whom (unusually, but wholly in keeping with Camden's own enthusiasms) addressed themes in British history.

Early in the Play Term Professor Norman Gash, now retired from St Andrew's University, spoke on *Liberal Toryism*. The Sixth Form and Remove groups studying the period and familiar with Professor Gash's seminal works on the subject were delighted to have the chance to engage him in debate, while others enjoyed his robust delivery and awesome scholarship. The term also saw the visit of Miss Barbara Harvey, another historical colossus, and one with a long association with Westminster and renowned for her extensive work on the medieval Abbey. She addressed a packed Camden Room on the subject of *Monastic life at Westminster in the Middle Ages*, comparing a monk's life in the 13th century with one on the eve of the Reformation and furnishing her audience with a wealth of fascinating detail. Stephen O'Brien (QS) subsequently made a quantity of *dowcet*, a rich custard-like pudding, from a medieval recipe by Miss Harvey.

In the Lent Term we heard Professor Geoffrey Alderman of Middlesex University on the decline of the Liberals and the rise of Labour at the turn of the century: *Liberal Chicken, Labour Egg*. He interestingly argued for a rather earlier Liberal decline than would most historians, placing it in the late 19th century, well before the formation of the Labour Party. On another great theme, medievalists enjoyed the extraordinarily wide-ranging and erudite lecture given by Dr John Blair from the Queen's College, Oxford on *The Norman Conquest and the English*. Dr Blair's picture of essential continuity with the Anglo-Saxon past was compelling, if at times controversial, and was founded on a wealth of local and topographical evidence.

The Society owes an enormous debt of gratitude to those who generously make time to come and speak to members of the School at its meetings. Our appreciation is warm and heartfelt.

Frances Ramsey

DEBATING SOCIETY

1994/1995 Events

This year's debates started with the motion: *Population is the most pressing problem facing the world today*. This was a well-fought if scientifically based subject which, despite an excellent effort from Noel Watson-Doig, was defeated after well-informed speeches from both Umar Ebrahimsa and Ben Wellman of the opposition. The next internal debate was between two teams of master and pupil. These are often the most interesting and controversial, and hence well attended. The motion was: *Shakespeare should not be taught in schools*, proposed by Michael Davies (Head of Maths) with Jasper Ben Goldman and opposed by Gavin Griffiths (Head of English) with Charles Miller. The motion was defeated after excellent speaking and lively debate by all speakers. The other internal school debate of note was: *This house does not believe in the value of punishment*, which saw everything from capital to internal school punishments noisily discussed. The opposition of Giles Game and Noel Watson-Doig was in this case defeated by Jasper Ben Goldman who made an excellent speech as a last minute stand in for Emil Fortune.



The Doyenne of Debating

The competition debates started quite late this year and all seemed to come in remarkably quick succession. The Observer Mace Debating Competition first round had three separate debates, Westminster entered two teams, one composed of Noel Watson-Doig and Emil Fortune who debated against City of London School the motion: *Immigrants to Britain should adopt British culture and customs*. All speakers performed well. The second debate was between the other Westminster team of Giles Game and Spencer Steadman, debating against Whitgift School opposing the motion: *British parliament is a declining institution*. The proposition were strong; however an excellent summing-up by Giles Game took most of the credit for this team's victory and progression to the next round, in which we strangely met Whitgift again who were also carried over. The final debate of the first round was between Latymer Upper School and Queen's College, Harley Street in which there were good speeches but little rebuttal of substance.

The second round of the Observer Mace had two debates, the first as mentioned, between Westminster and Whitgift on the motion: *This house believes in a positive future for the British monarchy*, which saw even more intense debate. The second debate of the round was between St Catherine's School and George Abbot School on the future of nuclear power which

made it difficult to inspire interest. Westminster won and continued to the third round.

The third round of the Observer Mace saw four debates - the last two debates were the crucial ones - the first between St George's, Weybridge (proposition) and Westminster (opposition) on the motion: *Modern architecture is bad for the townscape*. Unfortunately there was little scope for rebuttal here which drained much of the potential interest from the debate even with a near perfect summing-up, again from Giles Game. The final debate between Latymer Enfield and St Olaves was well contested on the motion: *Education begins when one leaves the parental home*. The round was won by an exceptionally clear boy and girl team from Latymer and Enfield who proposed the motion; Westminster was at this stage eliminated as runner-up and Latymer Enfield proceeded to the final.

The next major competition was the *Financial Times* Cambridge Union Debating Competition. These debates were conducted in the manner of an inter-varsity debate, that is, three teams speaking for each side of the argument; the first team for each side opens and defines the argument, the second teams continue it and rebut, and the third teams sum up and rebut all the previous material. The first round was held at Westminster and consisted of a prepared debate: *This house believes that Britain is no longer great*, and an impromptu debate for which fifteen minutes preparation is allowed: *This house regrets the commercialisation of Christmas*. Emil Fortune and Spencer Steadman spoke in the first proposing position for the prepared debate. After a considerable amount of misfortune approaching the lectern when he lost half his shoe and dropped his debate cards, Emil gave an excellent speech which was both fluent and considered. This, followed by vociferous attacks of Carol Singers in the impromptu debate was enough to secure a place in the final, leaving behind Borden Grammar School, Brentwood, Chelmsford, and Westcliffe High School.

The final round of the Cambridge Union Competition contained sixteen teams and consisted of two debates followed by the final. The first: *This house believes that labour is the answer*, was proposed first by Westminster. We met with sharp and witty opposition from Leeds Grammar School who eventually won the debate. The second debate: *This house believes that Mickey Mouse is the apex of twentieth century culture*, gave Westminster a chance to recover with many amusing and more serious points. Here we defeated the motion and other competitors such as St Olave's Grammar School, Robert Gordon's College and the Oratory. Westminster was not selected for the final debate which saw Leeds Grammar School, Robert Gordon's College, Arnold School and Lancing College debate the motion: *This house believes that today's equal opportunities for women are a myth*.

The final competition of the year was the General Council of the Bar Oxford Union Schools' Debating Competition which had one qualifying round before the final. There was one prepared and one impromptu debate in the qualifying round. The first motion was: *This house would legalise euthanasia*, which Westminster proposed with St George's, Weybridge against the opposition of King's College, Wimbledon and St Paul's. The impromptu debate was: *This house believes that the United Kingdom should divide*, in which Emil brought the house down by pointing out the obvious differences in

English, Welsh and Scottish cultures. Only one team was eliminated and Westminster moved on victoriously to the final round.

There were three debates in before the final, a prepared debate: *This house believes that public figures have private lives*, as well as impromptu debates: *This house believes that European Union has gone too far* and *This house believes that American culture is a contradiction in terms*. The first and second debates went favourably for Westminster. However, a poor definition and an excellent performance by Winchester in the third debate prevented us from reaching the final. The final was won by Robert Gordon's School followed closely by Winchester who had the best individual speaker.

It was a good year on the whole, and although we had little practice in giving acceptance or victory speeches much experience was gained. Moreover whereas we are disappointed to have to bid farewell to Giles Game (QS), twice semi-finalist of the Observer Mace; there were many new sixth formers such as Emil Fortune and Noel Watson-Doig who have given new life to the society. There is a great deal of potential and promise for the next year with the addition of new sixth formers again and of course the veteran talents of present debaters. Our especial and final thanks must go to Mrs Valerie St Johnston whose organization and expertise are pivotal to all debating at Westminster.

Old Westminsters often enjoy debating at university and in 1995 have won particular success. Two of our best erstwhile debaters are Presidents of the Union: Nick Boys-Smith at Cambridge and Matt Guy at Oxford.

Spencer Steadman (RR)

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

There are many outlets for individuality at Westminster, but perhaps one of the most eccentric - one might almost say unique - is our Junior Debating Society.

In a former, pre-LSA, pre-war incarnation Anthony Wedgwood (Tony) Benn (BB 1938-42) and his brother Michael (HB 1934-40) played a prominent rôle in debating, Tony being the Hon. Secretary. However less illustrious the protagonists, today's LSA version retains the appeal debating always had. One is put in mind of a description of cricket which equally fits the society: 'It's to do with strategy and tactics: it's war without guns.'

One of our most reliable combatants today is Jonathan Monroe. He articulates well, but in his own inimitable style, and has spoken on many issues to date, from the legalisation of cannabis to railway privatisation. Whilst I, as Chairman, have often refused to take his points of order, he has kept us all admirably entertained. His attempt at a filibuster in our end of term debate: *This House would rather be a Disney cartoon* was based on two grounds - it isn't humorous and would rather be a cartoon than what? - managed to be both a spectacular failure and very funny all the same.

Our resident self-confessed lunatic is Mohan Ganesalingam. His love of the combat our debates habitually provide has brought him to great prominence as a floor speaker. His finest hour came in our debate on world population when he advocated views of strident political incorrectitude.



Gilly French: organizer of Junior Debating

Miss French runs the society with consummate efficiency and in a style all of her own, and gives the foundations upon which the enjoyment of the group is based. Come and see for yourself.

Stephen O'Brien (QS)

LOWER SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

'FT3?...' 'No that's full... what about MT3?'... 'But there are three from Rigaud's there already...'; 'WT10?...' 'That's fine... but there's no name on this form!'; 'ML3 and WL5?...' 'O.K... but he's a Day Boy!'; 'I need to continue this activity, I'm half way through a project'; 'I *have* to do this, Mrs Newman said so'; '*Pleeease* only one LSA'; 'I want to do all eight activities'...

How many permutations are there for allocating 240 pupils among 70 activities two or three times a week, given one can only do one activity in each time slot?... the answer, for mathematicians or non-mathematicians alike, is an awful lot!

And this has to occur each term...

LSAs or Lower School Activities have been part of the weekly timetable for twelve years and have been overseen by, in order, Messrs French, Harben, Holmes and now myself. The activities which now number exactly 70 are run 'voluntarily' by 40 or so of the Common Room, assisted where necessary by outside coaches/tutors. The activities run in two main time slots, tea-time and after prep, and are compulsory (two a week for day boys and three for boarders, though there are many who do more and some who have reason to do less.) ... Therein lies the problem. Being compulsory, a reasonable percentage of Fifth and Lower

Shell for whom they are run, would if possible opt out (and some do anyway through less vigilant staffing) and undermine everyone else's participation.

Why are they compulsory?... Their aim is several fold:

- i) To encourage participation in extra curricular activities.
- ii) To make available a large range of otherwise inaccessible subjects.
- iii) To encourage new social groupings (the number from each house per activity is limited).
- iv) Many poorly self-motivated pupils would head home, and only later, perhaps at the stage of filling in their UCAS form, regret the missed opportunity.

For the overworked and overcommitted (especially in music or drama), there is always a possibility to cut LSAs or for them to be voluntary. There are a few who fill every minute of the day, and equally some who do nothing outside the classroom; for these two extremes the rôle of LSAs is necessarily different.

LSAs are not time fillers and certainly my aim is to weed out any that are. Over 90 percent are given their first choice and no one gets less than their second choice for at least one activity. Many activities are oversubscribed but, by changing each term, each pupil has twelve chances in his two years of doing the activities he wants. There is of course room for many improvements and success depends largely on enthusiastic staff and hence pupils...

For a large percentage the LSAs are greatly enjoyed and may lead to involvement after the Lower Shell and certainly can be impressive on University application forms. Adam Hunt's (WW) bookbinding, leading to an exhibition at the British Museum and restoration work in the Abbey's archive, is a prime example. Opportunities exist for extra languages or the study of a mother tongue such as Hindi, Italian, Modern Greek, Chinese, or extra sports such as Fives, Shooting, Cricket, Tennis, Football for those not in these stations...

Ideally the programme would be voluntary, though once selected, a weekly commitment would be expected (or staffing would be impossible). The after school slot seems ideal and most currently *do* wish to be involved in at least one of the large range of choices.

The activities would then only survive on their own merit. The evening slot is undoubtedly a benefit to housemasters, but not a good time for most (staff and pupils alike). Most boarders attempt to opt out of this slot and only seven members of the Common Room are currently involved. Extra time to work and indeed relaxation time would probably better fill this time in the day. Perhaps, for boarders, activities should be available on a House basis? Numbers would drop initially, if the programme was voluntary, but if well run, I expect most would opt to do one activity a week.

It is because of those who do not get involved (in plays, music, etc) and just return home at the end of lessons that the programme needs to be more effectively compulsory. When it comes to UCAS forms, how hard it is, when the Interest /Out of School Activities or Involvements Section is glaringly empty.

Charles Barclay

BRIDGE

Two bridge teams, largely drawn from the Lower Shell, competed in the London Schools' Bridge League this year. The 'A' team, comprising Tom Baranga, Ben Crystal, Richard Edlin and Jonathan Monroe, quickly adjusted to the demands of duplicate at that level, and finished near the top of its section. The 'B' team of Adam Cohen, Thomas Edlin, Tom Gentleman and Saul Lipetz, though not quite so successful, saw results improve considerably during the season, and should profit from the experience next year.

The 'A' team entered the British Schools' Knockout Cup and won through to the London semi-finals, coming third out of twenty-three entrants. For the semi-finals, the pair of Edlin and Monroe was not available, so an untried partnership of Saul Lipetz and Melvin Siew stood in for it. The resulting seventh place out of ten was respectable in the circumstances. Since most of this year's players will be available for the next three seasons, prospects of improvement are good. Matches with the Common Room and parental teams are in the offing, and a lively Bridge LSA ensures that players do not become rusty.

Peter Holmes



Steps to Rigaud's

CHESS

Westminster's Chess team had a very successful 1993-94 season, reaching the last four in the Times British Schools' Chess tournament: this is the best position that the school has ever achieved in the competition, which is a knockout involving several hundred schools from all over the country.

This year, the team has not been quite as successful, reaching only the final of the London zone before being defeated by a rather strong Trinity School team, but is still amongst the strongest Chess schools in the country and looks set to retain that position in the future. The teams have been

1993-94	1994-95
Arjun Panchapagesan	Nicholas Moloney
Nicholas Moloney	James Clifford
James Clifford	Jonathan White
Jesse Hershkowitz	Jesse Hershkowitz
Oliver Ready	Ben Yeoh
Jonathan White	Jasper Goldman

SCRABBLE

Westminster teams have reached the finals of the British Schools U16 Championship, by winning the London zone, in both the last two years, and have acquitted themselves very respectably there, despite the remarkable professionalism of some of the top players, who seem to know entire dictionaries of obscure three letter words by heart. In 1994 the team consisted of Ben Yeoh and Lefkos Kyriacou; in 1995, we were represented by Daniel Marks and Saul Lipetz.

MATHEMATICS COMPETITIONS

Westminster pupils have, as every year, appeared at or near the top of the results for a number of national mathematics competitions.

In the National Mathematics Competition, intended for pupils of Upper School age, Richard Edlin had the highest score in the country: the only person to score 100% this year, and Tom Montagu-Smith, Mohan Ganesalingam and Yemon Choi were in the top 200 (out of 24000 entrants).

The British Mathematical Olympiad papers are taken by 750 candidates who did well in the NMC: here, Richard Edlin came 20th overall, and Mohan Ganesalingam and Jonathan Monroe (both, remarkably, only in the Lower Shell) were in the top 50.

The Lower School age group is catered for by the Intermediate Mathematics Competition and here 30 of our pupils did well enough to be amongst the 800 invited to take the next round: here Alexander Aiken had the 3rd highest mark in the country in the Upper Shell age group, while Jonathan Monroe came 3rd, Mohan Ganesalingam 13th and Alexander Imboden 15th in the Lower Shell age group: these four are amongst the 50 students invited to the National Mathematics Summer School in Oxford this year.

Michael Davies

PHAB AT WESTMINSTER 1994

The first thing to strike us as we entered Yard on the first day of the summer holidays, apart from the feeling of an almost religious self-denial, was the freedom to smoke without the threat of gating and only the wry smiles and Damoclean quips from newly enlightened pedagogues. Although this might seem contemptibly jejeune and smacking of teenage rebelliousness, we were introduced to a new life of freedom and responsibility. The air in Yard even smelt different.

As our visitors arrived, most in wheel chairs, our self-conscious, hospital nurse friendliness deteriorated into a superficial discussion about the weather. The simple words, 'Excuse me, can I have a light?' broke the ice and shattered for good our preconceived ideas that we, as educated city-slickers, would show our visitors what a good time really was. Smokers and non-smokers grouped together and we quickly discovered people who knew about life, love and above all, football - more than we did in our 'stately pleasure-dome'.

The week began with a growl as Zoo Magic allowed us to encounter exotic furry creatures and a fifteen foot boa constrictor which curled around our necks. Images of plastic snakes wrapped around the body of a squirming Tarzan came to mind, except that this snake was viciously heavy and could quite easily crush Tarzan, let alone me, to death.

Staying up half the night chatting with my room mates meant we were woken up at 8 am bleary-eyed and forced to eat a school breakfast. Each morning for the following four days we divided ourselves into four workshops: Pete Muir's music workshop, Janine's theatre workshop, Liz Clifford's Art workshop, and the Ramshackle Film Company run by Sam Gordon and Iestyn Tronson which most people joined. Everyday after workshop we hit the streets: shopping and visiting London sights.

In the evening Pete Muir and his own Original Dixieland Jazz Band put on a show - perhaps a little down home for some of the urban sophisticates but the music was hot, the horns cool and the rhythm alive. By the end half the audience were banging something, turning the rhythm from a straight New Orleans stomp to the multi-rhythmic Brazilian samba (a prelude to World Cup Semis - Brazil 1 Sweden 0).

Like a true Londoner - never capitalizing on the perks of city life - I had not seen any of our big musicals that tourists come halfway round the world to view. A spectacular fusion of glitz, singing and roller-skating did for a wonderful night out, while others enjoyed the likes of *Miss Saigon* and *Les Miserables*. However, the theatrical soirée was surpassed by Saturday's luxurious dinner and disco at the Vitello D'Oro where, along with the inevitable songs from the 1960's and 1970's, we rounded off the night with an artistic re-enactment of 'I'm Too Sexy For My Shirt'.

Breakfast on Sunday was late, moody and hung over; embarrassing for some; inedible for others. Lunch felt slightly easier on the stomach, despite a spirited game of wheelchair basketball just beforehand.

After an afternoon of rehearsals we were ready to entertain the masses. Perhaps the highlight of the show was the theatre company which brought together both physically handicapped and able bodied actors in a harmony of images and emotion which was extremely powerful. Perhaps this

symbolised PHAB to a degree both physically handicapped and able bodied people helping each other and, above all, having fun. At the barbecue I heard possibly the most touching, lump-in-the-throat speech by Claire, who saw PHAB as a high point in the year which she had been looking forward to all year, but nearly couldn't make because of an emergency. At the time perhaps my mind was preoccupied with other matters that crowd the interminable teenage web and I was looking forward to other things. But now, with the inexorable drudge of A Levels and school life fast coming to a close, PHAB seems the only fixed point in an uncertain climate where I know I will meet friends.

Stephen Strachan (AH)

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL AMNESTY GROUP

Many of you will have read in the papers earlier this year of the release of Salamat Masih, whose case was outlined in last year's edition of *The Elizabethan*. Last year, the radio also reported the suspension of three police generals in South Africa for organizing hit squads, about which the School Group had written a few weeks before.

Though these cases have attracted special media attention, they are far from the only cases taken up by Amnesty in which the School Group has been involved. Students from all years in the school write letters regularly at our Wednesday meetings for various causes, from the bulldozing of a Christian village in China during Communion to the torture of a retired General in Iran. Many of the cases the Group has been involved in have been successful, although they do not always attract much press coverage. In Swaziland, a group of political detainees charged with sedition and facing ten years' imprisonment walked free at the end of their trial. Some good news has arrived from Ethiopia, that the acting chairman of the Sidama Liberation Movement (a recognised political party) was released after a month and a half in prison without charge or trial. And in India, the deadline for the beginning of violent expulsion of all Chakma and Hajong residents of Arunachal Pradesh was annulled and passed without incident.

The Group's efforts to promote awareness of Amnesty in the School have continued to flourish this year with posters, new banners, and regular announcements in Latin Prayers. Above all however, five members of the School took part in the forty-two mile Lyke Wake Walk in October to raise money for the School Group and Amnesty International as part of their *Walk for Life* campaign. Anna Bishop (AH), Ben Gothard (LL), Laura Soar (CC), David Thomas (QS) and Christopher Waring (RR) collected over £400 from pupils and staff, half of which has been sent to Amnesty. Naturally however, the Group continues to look for further funding and, most importantly, to increase the number of students who take part in letter-writing.

TRAVEL

VALLADOLID

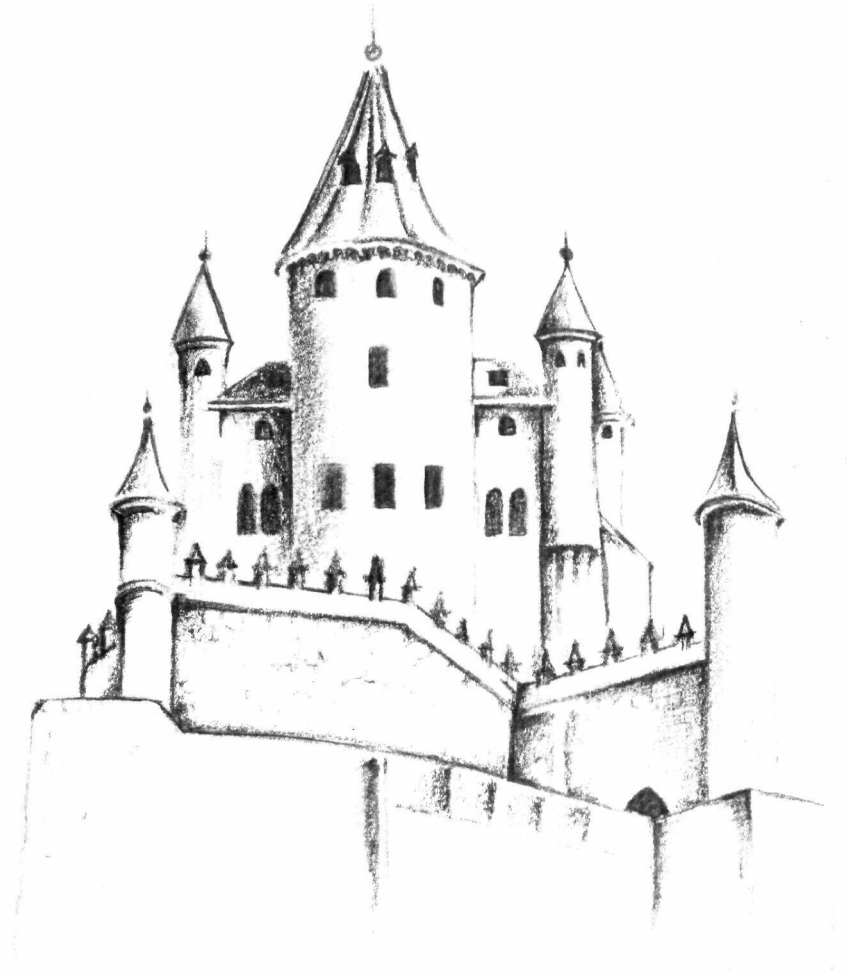
22 March - 1 April 1995

After Cordoba had been so well established as the school's regular Spanish destination, this year's change of direction northwards to Valladolid was an experiment. The danger of altering tradition at once became apparent when our soul-guide and mentor, Señor Bartlett led his sixth form Hispanists directly to the wrong terminal. However, such mishaps were fortunately few and far between: they never failed to upset a most smooth and successful expedition.

When we stepped off the coach at eleven o'clock at night, into this dark, unknown town, everyone knew that the most frightening moment was yet to come: which of all those strangers, staring at us as though we had come from another planet, were we to live with for the next ten days? The apprehension was short-lived, and once within the family and its unique Spanish atmosphere they couldn't have been more hospitable. The language itself didn't flow too easily at first, but that was the point of the trip! Before we knew it, it was back to school, a Spanish school, where English did not exist as a form of teacher-student communication. It was hard work, but by the end of the holiday one could feel the benefits.

The free afternoons and evenings were spent mostly on a quest for enjoyment on a minimum expenditure of pesetas. This was achieved most successfully by the footballing members of our party: Señores Korgaonkar, Mackay, Willoughby and Davies, who, having all chipped in for the cheapest football in Valladolid, spent the long sunny hours in the town's main park, El Campo Grande. However, unbelievable as it may seem, football was not allowed in this park. So, unflinching in their search for soccer satisfaction, the courageous quartet invented their own game: folleyball, a skilful combination of football and volleyball played on any of the numerous volleyball courts. The exhaustion felt after such exertion meant that one could really enjoy sitting outside one of the many cafés, as day turned to night, just watching the world go by. Spain appears to be much more relaxed than England and it was easy to slip into this laid-back lifestyle. Ten-thirty was dinner time for most of us and this meant not only eating huge platefuls of all sorts of Spanish cuisine but also trying one's best to communicate in between mouthfuls.

There were three separate day-trips to towns of interest in the surrounding area. The first trip on the fourth day was to Salamanca. Getting off the coach around midday, we set about tackling this ancient and beautiful town. Unfortunately the old Romanesque cathedral was closed. We were able to have a good look around the new Gothic cathedral which could not fail to impress, not only by its size, but also by the intricate carvings which line the building both inside and out.



Segovia Castle by Eun-Hee Heygate (BS)

Next, we went to the university, one of the oldest in Europe, which along with its many different rooms charting its illustrious history, also contained a rather strange, but interesting, exhibition of giant tortoise shells. By this time everyone was desperate to get stuck into their packed lunches, or Burger King, and we all converged on the sun-drenched Plaza Mayor, full of students and tourists relaxing on the warm paving stones. The main square was for me the most striking part of the whole town, a stunningly attractive quadrangle, lined with sprawling cafes making a radiant comparison between the splendid ancient architecture and verve of youth. However, before long it was back to the coach for Valladolid and our routine Spanish life.

On the eighth day, we were off to El Escorial, an immense palace built into the barren and craggy rock face, fifty miles north of Madrid. For hundreds of years it was the summer home of the kings of Spain, and in El Panteón, a golden crypt far below the palace, there lie many of Spain's past rulers. There were also countless rooms packed with beautiful paintings by various of the most important and renowned Spanish artists. We could not have walked around more than

RUSSIAN TRIP

Easter 1995

The *vasileostrovskaya* metro station was a ten minute walk from our apartment block. Tramping through the orange mud and snow and, in true Russian style, elbowing our way through the crowds gathered around the bus stops, we passed the squat cigarette kiosks, the flower-sellers and the man with no legs propped against the marble wall of the metro. Beggars in Russia are a common sight, some are gypsies, many are apparently bogus - but that depends on whom you believe. My *khozyaika*, or hostess, described to me one night, with tears in her eyes, what it meant to live on state benefits - one family of six she knew were apparently surviving solely on one loaf of bread a day.

However, as with all aspects of Russian life, your eyes become accustomed to seeing the poor just as your palate acquires a liking for raw fish washed down with black Russian tea. Never let it be said that Russia does not have its culinary delights. Our mornings began with pancakes, sour cream and honey and our host spent hours preparing intricate courses for our supper. Nevertheless, the kitchen bin, once located, proved to be very useful on the odd occasion, as when, for instance, I found myself unable to stomach aspic at 7.00 in the morning.

The big breakfast kept us going through our morning lessons which ran until lunchtime. Our teacher, Tatyana, managed to keep a conversation class going for four hours and I do not recall ever exchanging a single word in English. We discussed how we had spent the previous afternoon looking at pictures in the Hermitage, climbing to the top of St Isaac's Cathedral or bargaining for souvenirs in the markets. Sometimes we talked about films and, as our ability improved, about the problems that *perestroika* had brought about and the divorce rate in Russia. As the week went on, fresh inspiration for themes for discussion seemed to be dying out and the standard subject of yesterday's dinner was becoming tiresome. In fact it became a bit of a class joke since there was little variety in our answers: *schee*, *schee*, *schee* and yet more *schee* - that is, cabbage soup and lots of it. A famous Russian saying goes:

*Schee da kasha -
Pishcha nasha*

which means 'cabbage soup and porridge are our foods', and believe me, on this one the Russians were to be trusted. Sadly, there were no signs of the legendary caviar parties. Yet vodka (the other legend) there was in plenty, as my hostess's healthy glow testified. One taste of her home brew, even a fleeting sniff, was enough to set the whole of St Petersburg upside down. As *schee* accompanied *kasha*, tea was certainly the fellow drink alongside vodka. A large *samovar* was boiled up for our mid-morning breaks, which we spent in a dingy room in the school. My hostess looked on with disbelief as I drank sugarless tea; 'It must be like grass', she told me.

On the endlessly long escalator descending into the metro there was a good opportunity to examine the variety of faces packed together and heading in the opposite direction. Abba are still a big hit in St Petersburg and, as far as make-up goes, it shows: thick pink lipstick and heavy blue eyeshadow seemed to be the standard look - the more the merrier. They

a quarter of this building before everyone was worn out, and so, after a quick, late lunch we got back on the coach to visit El Valle de Los Caidos; The Valley of the Fallen. This huge mausoleum and cross, also built into the rock face was constructed by slave labour for Francisco Franco to commemorate all those who died fighting the fascist cause in the Spanish Civil War. However, nowadays, it is seen more as a terrible reminder of what this ruthless dictator did to Spain between 1939 and 1975. If we can forget what it stands for, the sight of this cross from miles around, apparently just rising from the rock, and the cavernous underground crypt, cannot fail to be awe-inspiring. As if we hadn't had our lot of visiting places built into hillsides for one day, on the way back we stopped off for dinner in a *bodega*. This was a very traditional Spanish restaurant built around underground wine cellars and serving the unavoidably Spanish dishes of cheese, *chorico*, omelette and salad along with some rather strange tasting wine.

On the last day, our group was driven in three separate cars to Segovia. Our first stop was the Alcázar, an extremely picturesque castle that looked as though it had come straight out of a fairy tale. As if to extend its mythological appearance, inside there were frozen knights in armour strategically placed around us. What struck me most about this castle was the diverse and beautiful ceilings in each room, and especially the stunning view from the top of the tower, having climbed many steps (which I decided not to count, unlike the hundreds of French tourists around me.) Equally impressive was the Roman aqueduct that traversed the town with its one hundred and sixty three arches, remaining from the time of Augustus. However, before we knew it, it was the end of our lost baking hot day in Spain and time to get back and pack, and, if we had time, to try and sample some of the extremely interesting night life and music before an early start the next day.

Yes, everyone was more than a bit tired when we met at seven fifteen at Valladolid train station, the next morning, but most managed to sleep for at least part of the journey back. For all the interest and delights of Spain, and a most enjoyable working holiday, it was in some ways a relief to get back to England, where one can understand what people are saying more easily and play football anywhere. Finally, we should like to thank and congratulate Don Graham Bartlett who single-handedly managed to control and entertain us, and made the whole Spanish expedition the great success it was.

Hugh Davies (BB)



Rowena Cook

seemed to have crept into the footwear style too: a superb variety of those space-age boots could be seen.

What was more striking on the metro was the general mood of the people. No-one smiled, few talked - there was a depressed feeling surrounding them. Life is tough, very tough. My host told me how, whilst inflation was soaring, wages had barely risen and many people faced unemployment, for so long unheard of in the Soviet Union.

On a train taking us out to the suburbs we went through endless areas of countless tower blocks. A hideous environment surrounded us: if I had thought that my family was not doing well with a two-roomed flat, these thoughts were quickly dispelled. I had no idea what harsh realities lay within these concrete walls, but returning to my flat that night I felt the luxury. Our evenings were occupied by opera excursions with an incredibly beautiful production of *Tosca* given by the Kirov where the best seats cost us just £2. We were lucky to get in on Russian citizens' prices - a foreigner can pay much more.

Young Russians, as far as we could make out, don't seem to have a night-life. Certainly those in our flats never met up with friends - evenings were spent with the family. Outside my window the moonlit River Neva rapidly transported its ice floes on their way to the sea. The landscape: the two bridges and the road with its lines of little trees stretching between them white with late snow.

At eleven o'clock the family were thinking of bed, though the television was still on full blast in the background, as it was from seven in the morning. Masha, a thirteen-year-old girl, would retire to her 'bedroom', a section of the sitting room partitioned off by a large cupboard. My host and her husband arranged their bed between the refrigerator and the cooker on the floor of the tiny kitchen. Everyone except the man himself waited for Leonid to begin snoring. We had an elephant in our apartment - the collection of crystal animals rattled in its showcase, and I piled another pillow on my head. Yet, against the odds, I slept soundly, warm and dreaming of the morning's pancakes. If you're looking for hospitality - try Russia.

Abigail van Walsum (RR)

SUMMER LIGHTNING IN BERLIN

VI Form History Trip 1994

A trip to Berlin was an attractive prospect at the best of times but the thought that it lay only four days away was just about the only thing that sustained me through a three hour English exam. At 12.30 on Saturday 28 May 1994, we put Hardy, Fielding, Shakespeare and all the trials of sixth form exams behind us and headed for Heathrow.

David Hargreaves and Giles Brown, our chaperones and mentors, spearheaded the group of nineteen as we arrived, rather worse for wear, at the Hotel Transit in Kreuzberg, a supposedly alternative district in Berlin. The less tired of the party were slightly bemused by the factory exterior of the building and its neon sign but all were suitably mollified by very comfortable rooms and MTV in the reception! We were given an hour to settle and then be ready to go out for the evening.

The Turkish bar across the road was a great discovery and Refik negotiated a bargain meal. He seemed to get free beer with the deal; the rest of us did not. We then caught the *U-Bahn* to the former East Berlin, where we were to go to a 'typical' German cabaret. Five years after the wall came down and the East/West contrast is still conspicuous, even at the superficial level we witnessed. Stations were blocked up and building work seemed to be in progress everywhere. Nineteen Westminster students, complete with tourist map and pink school umbrella, were hardly inconspicuous.

The cabaret was packed when we finally found it and, in the subsequent hour, we were subjected to intense cultural immersion. The highlight of the show was a man with a ping-pong ball on a piece of elastic attached to a block of wood, which he bounced for about five minutes. Germany and comedy finally prove to be synonymous.

Any illusions that we were set for a relaxing few days was shattered when we were woken at 8.00 on Sunday morning. We 'did' the museums all day, including the Historischesmuseum, which covers German history from the Hohenzollerns to Bismarck to Hitler, and the Schloss Charlottenburg. In the evening we went to the opera to see Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* which was quite a contrast to the previous night and much more comprehensible.

The next day we caught the *S-Bahn* to Potsdam just outside Berlin to see the royal palace of Frederick II at Sans Souci. The palace is the German equivalent to Versailles and more than equals the French grandeur and ostentation. The grounds were shown off to their best advantage in excellent weather but Dr. Brown clung on to the umbrella (most of the time) regardless.

On the way back we took in the 1936 Olympic stadium - an impressive and haunting monument to the Nazi régime. The iconography is gone but the scale of construction remains strangely representative of the ideology.

Our daily cultural dose was topped up by a trip to the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, playing Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*. The music was fantastic even for those of us who are completely tone deaf and novices to the classical scene. Some of us simply appreciated a chance to catch up on sleep.

Tuesday was our last full day and the group was split into Medievalists and Modernists. The former went to Magdeburg and Quedlinburg with Dr. Brown, while nineteenth and twentieth century historians went with Mr Hargreaves for a sobering visit to the concentration camp of Sachsenhausen in the morning, deep in Berlin's suburbia. Standing in the centre of the main courtyard of the camp, it is impossible to comprehend the scale of the carnage which occurred within a radius of 100 yards, only 50 years ago. It was in the small museum that you could start to comprehend the tragedy on a personal level; a pile of suitcases, a mound of hair or hundreds of shoes, made it all seem so much more real. The most enduring memory I have is of a cabinet full of crudely made children's games.

In the afternoon, we went to the Reichstag and the Brandenburg gate, before meeting up with the others. We were then free to do what we wanted to in the evening, providing we were back in our own rooms by 10.30... It just so happened that we all gravitated, as if by magic, to our favourite Turkish restaurant.

The next morning we flew back to London, more tired than when we had left. The trip seemed incredibly short but we did and saw so much. An absolutely excellent time was had by all.

Claire Boddie (AH)

GREEK TRIP



Will Stevens (GG)

The Westminster Easter Greek Trip has a long history. In its early years, 30 or more years ago, the Trip was a combined operation: Westminster would team up with other schools and the resulting party - often of 50 or more - would take that route familiar to students and Inter-Railers of the 60s, 70s and early 80s : the hypnotic and seemingly endless ride by train through Yugoslavia to Athens. The other schools have either fallen by the wayside or go their own way now. Less time and Yugoslavia's tragedy dictate travel by air, but the heart of the trip remains the same as does its ethos; it is an educational introduction to the major archaeological sites of Greece - Pre-Classical, Classical and Byzantine - which is also a holiday, full of memories that are not just of towering columns, ashlar masonry or Byzantine frescoes.

However this year the past was recalled not just with the presence of Charles Low, who had

participated in the trip's earlier manifestation as a pupil, but also in sheer size. Thirty-four boys from the 5th Form and Lower Shell took part : they were accompanied by a team of five adults, led by three from the Classics Department - Andrew Mylne, Charles Low and Richard Bryant - ably assisted by a mathematician with a Classical pedigree, James Gazet, and a matron, Belinda Toes from Grants.

The itinerary starts, as it must, in Athens but soon reaches into the furthest-flung corners of Greece, finishing up on Crete. All those years of experience in what interests the 14 year old combine to produce a tour of hugely ranging appeal.

The faded grandeur of the Acropolis in Athens, all people and pollution, still has the power to stir the imagination and awe for the aspirations and confidence of the culture that conceived of such artistic and technical wonders. At Olympia the pain and glory of athletic endeavour still hang over the Spring flowers and tree-shaded tranquillity among the old stones. There is the natural beauty of the little-known healing sanctuary of Amphiaraus - lodged in a quiet valley watered by a stream and hidden from view by pines - or the sandy bay at Pylos where old Nestor greeted Telemachus as he desperately sought information about his

absent father, Odysseus. We wandered over the citadel of ancient Mycenae, testimony to the wealth and power of its king's blood-soaked dynasty: a harsh contrast to the pacific order and beauty of the Minoan sites on Crete - Knossos and



Will Stevens (GG)

Phaistos - that Mycenae was to overwhelm. We saw the towering impregnability of Acrocorinth and the graceful bulk of the Venetian fortresses at Nauplion and Methone, the latter one of the 'eyes of Venice' and the scene of a fight to the last man against the Turk. Then there came Mistras, the Byzantine capital of the Morea, as the Peloponese was known at the time, perched high over the valley of the River Eurotas, the fertile home to Sparta, these two centres of civilisation situated so close to one another and yet so distant in their understanding of the highest expression of man's glory - the one physical and athletic, the other focused on the adoration and representation of the Divine. Nowhere in Greece can one avoid the relics of the various powers that have dominated the land, from Mycenaean Agamemnon to the Turkish Pashas and on to the Nazis: we visit Kalavrita, at the top of a stunning gorge through which a tiny train clanks its way, but where the memory of the slaughter of all males aged 15 and over by Nazi troops lingers in the fire-blackened church clock, stopped forever at 2.30pm the moment the atrocity and subsequent blaze occurred; a poignant memorial not lost on boys who are only a year younger than the youngest murdered that day.

Punctuating all of this, any field, beach or open space is converted into a football stadium - an ongoing battle between the 5th Form and the Lower Shell stage-managed by the untiring Kostas, our Greek courier and friend to boys and teachers alike. Swimming at the resort of Tolon, normally crowded but empty at our time of year, a sprint in, yes, *the* Olympic Stadium, or a project to count the '999' steps down from the Venetian castle of Palamedes; all these help to burn off excess energy and provide respite from the intellectual demands of the sites. Or there were more cerebral athletics after dinner over the card-table or Pictionary Board.

Wherever they were the boys behaved impeccably ; they threw themselves with enthusiasm and interest into whatever they did - on site they were attentive or politely appeared to be so, in the hotels harmonious and responsible, aggressive only on the football field! The success of the trip this year owes a great deal to this positive attitude and the good humour shown even at the few low moments: stranded in a downpour with no shelter, turned away from Delphi by the roadblocks set up by angry farmers protesting the loss of their tax-free status, or the moment when Charles Low's exuberant descent of a sand-dune left him with a broken leg - there was always someone or something to lighten the air. That we five adults felt that we too had been able to relax and enjoy the trip as a holiday is great tribute to the good sense and good company of our charges.

Andrew Mylne

JAPANESE EXCHANGE

The Westminster Japanese exchange trip with Keio schools is now an annual event. Westminster students set off in October full of curiosity and were not disappointed.

Yes, the Tokyo underground system is worse than a sardine can; the information map is written only in Kanji, men in white gloves do 'assist you' into the scrum and all events are committed to the archives by innumerable photos...

When it comes to hospitality the Japanese are second to none; nothing is too much effort and we soon had to stop

admiring unusual, or for that matter any Japanese items, for as soon as we did they became ours. We all came back armed with Japanese lanterns, dolls, portable CD players and even Sushi! Fortunately for us many of the host families owned restaurants and we sampled enormous quantities of delicious food.

Language at times proved a problem, interpreting the subtleties of the Japanese language was an art which had to be acquired quickly: 'Maybe we will go there' could just as easily mean 'we are going', 'we are definitely not going' or 'we might go there'. One is frequently expected to meet someone in the 'robby' of the hotel and it is often displayed as such! Few Japanese speak English, the businessmen who make it to the United Kingdom are the exception, and as a result asking for directions is no mean feat!

We all stayed on the same side of Toyko within an hour and a half's journey of each other, even to long suffering London commuters this seemed excessive. The journeys, however, proved fascinating, practically every commuter slept but amazingly seemed to have built-in alarm clocks and woke and staggered off at the correct station. The will to conform of the masses was also fascinating, all stopped at street corners to wait for the 'little green man' and always obeyed the policemen...

Nara and Kyoto were interesting contrasts to the capital, armed with endless goody bags brimming with seaweed crisps we travelled to the old capitals. Peaceful compared to Toyko we were really able to appreciate the true Japanese culture, including the tranquil beauty of The Temple of the Golden Pavilion at dusk, which is truly breathtaking.

We also visited the British Ambassador in Tokyo, Sir John Boyd (BB 1949-54), the Kabuki Theatre, the National Museum and made many shopping trips to Shinjuku. It was an extremely busy schedule but we all agreed it was worth every minute.

More thorough nonsense must be spoken and written about Japan than about any comparably developed nation - Alan Booth. Through such visits fortunate Westminsters will continue to sample Japanese culture and discover for themselves which myths are nonsense and which are reality.

Elizabeth de Vise



Yard Culture

SUMMER CAMP 1994

Wet and hungry but great fun. This is the fairest summary that I can think of. Sometimes I was wet, and most of the time I was hungry, but all of the time I enjoyed myself.

When I left the train at Corrour, I staggered under the weight of my pack and could only just walk. Soon, however, my legs became used to the weight, and I was able to walk again, though I would not say I strode along. The scenery was spectacular and so was the isolation. On that day we saw more people than on any other (except for when we went up Ben Nevis), at least three people! We walked for nine miles among towering mountains, with sparkling, clear and cold streams to drink from. It was beautiful.

Dried this, dried that, dried everything. How could I be hungry with huge bags of dried food kindly provided by Dr. Phillips? The highlight of the week was Dried Chicken Curry and an apple. There was not a cooker for each tent so we shared cookers as well as food and messed together.

After a long walk the water was cold but clear and on a warm day the glacial waters were a relief. That is not to say that I only swam after a long walk - on one day I almost lived in the water.

During the week I bagged a number of 'Munroes' and other people bagged sixteen. There were some truly astounding sights and views, and some marvellous descents as well.

When we went up Ben Nevis it was incredible to think that we were higher than anyone else in Great Britain. (There was a pillar to stand on so if you were on it you were higher than the rest.) On the way down we went for a ridge walk, which had a sheer drop on both sides. It was terrifying and exhilarating, and when it was over I was not sure whether to be thankful or sorry.

I thoroughly enjoyed the Summer Camp and definitely wish to go again. I want to thank Mr Tocknell, Mr Barclay and Dr Phillips for taking us.

Tom Balogh (DD)

THE LYKE WAKE WALK

15 - 17 October 1994

10.20 on a cold, black night in mid-October, and another group leaves the North Yorkshire village of Osmotherly for a 42 mile trek across the Moors. During the night and the next day, they, in common with the other 25 people also under way that night, will wonder what has brought them there.

Most of us had left School by minibus just after the first half of term finished on Saturday; we had loaded the trailer and two buses, making sure that our food for the next two days was properly stowed, and could then sleep off some of the half-term fatigue on the five-hour drive up. A brief stop at a McDonald's near Grantham at about half past four was the first of many meals at unusual times.

On arrival in Osmotherly we filled the water cans that would supply us for the next twenty four hours while waiting for the train party which had left three hours after us. We then had supper in the local pub, and prepared to leave.

The route is divided into four sections by three checkpoints created in the middle of nowhere by the minibuses. As the

walk progresses, each checkpoint becomes a goal in itself, as it means food, a hot drink, and the sight of other people.

The first section is eleven miles in pitch dark to Hasty Bank, where 'early morning tea' is served. The eight groups had originally set off at ten minute intervals, but by the time they reached Hasty Bank a group of fifteen had managed somehow to form itself. Although the weather was probably the worst in this section, adrenalin and determination were still high and nearly everyone left for the next checkpoint after a warm cup of tea.

The next eight miles take you to Rosedale Head, probably the most important checkpoint for the walkers as it means BREAKFAST! The first two groups to arrive there did so still in complete darkness a little before six o'clock, and were glad to see that it was beginning to get light; walking in darkness is all very well, but it is a relief when at last you can see what you are walking on, and where. My group was very unsure where it was for a while during this section, until we discovered a sign which the local council had kindly put up saying **YOU ARE HERE** - complete with a helpful sketch map.

After a much-needed meal of fresh hot bacon and sausage rolls lies the most mentally challenging section, thirteen miles to Ellerbeck Bridge. It is light for everyone by this stage, and all that can be seen for miles in front is peat moorland; the way rises and falls over a few crests, but the landscape varies little between them. This is where having comfortable walking boots makes a great deal of difference, as many discovered.

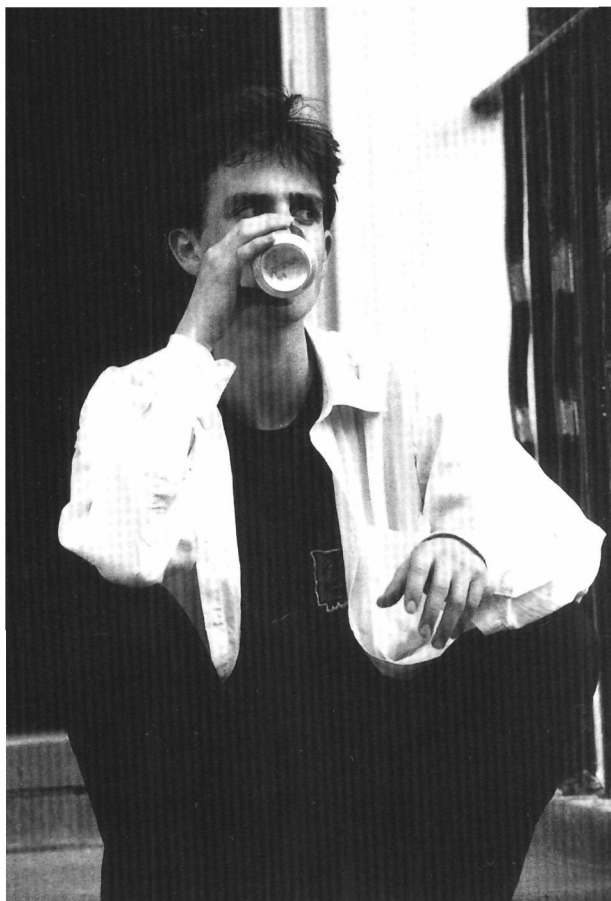
Ellerbeck Bridge is the final checkpoint before home. Unfortunately, one of the minibuses had left the inside lights on at Rosedale Head, and developed a flat battery. For most people that did not matter, but Tim Lewis (WW) and Adam Hunt (WW) who were trying to do the walk as quickly as possible were left waiting in the cold for an hour before a minibus could reach them. Tim Lewis was so cold that he could not continue, but Adam joined on to the next group to arrive so that he could complete the walk.

From Ellerbeck Bridge it is just a question of trudging the ten miles to the end. Once you begin on this section, you know you are going to finish, but the end remains ever distant. Those arriving in the light can see the finish from about five miles away; and between a plateau, a steep valley, and then a slow rise to the end.

Finally you reach the end: a radio mast on a single-track road on top of a ridge. For the few finishing early enough and those who stopped *en route*, a train ride will return them to London that evening. For the rest, there is a bunkhouse not far away, where an eight o'clock rise the next day (which seems like Sunday) is required for breakfast and cleaning the equipment. A brisk five-hour drive back to London, and it's all over...

For those who finish, there is the satisfying feeling that it may just have been worth it; profiting most, however, was Amnesty International and the School Amnesty Group, for which over £400 was raised by Anna Bishop (HH), Ben Gothard (LL), Laura Soar (CC), David Thomas (QS) and Christopher Waring (RR).

David Thomas (QS)



The rigours of A level take their toll

headquarters - a big sports broadcasting company primarily involved with TV.

Mr Guinness introduced me to 'just a couple' of his secretaries, Alice and Siobhan. They gave me a tour of the building which was deceptively big. There was a sales department, production department, a sports library full of books on every sport from arm-wrestling to yachting. The facilities department in the basement was even more impressive, numerous edit suites, graphics and voice-over rooms. Looking around, I caught a glimpse of graphics being designed for forthcoming sporting previews and events concentrating mainly on the 1995 British Golf Open in July.

Back in Mr Guinness's office, he outlined two jobs for me to do in my own time at my own pace to hand in on Friday. The first job was to research controversial sporting incidents in the past and the second was to write a report on the England vs Uruguay football match. These were both completed on Thursday and the following day, I was to see Mr Guinness to discuss my efforts.

In addition, I helped other people with various jobs. On the Tuesday, I helped with an ATP tennis interview shoot of a French agent whose name escapes me. I arrived at the location, IMG headquarters in Chiswick, in good time with the interviewer, Bernie, and the cameraman, Andrew. Everything was set up half an hour early for a 12.30pm start. So we waited... and waited... and waited. A couple of phone calls later, we learned that our man was eventually coming at 1.30pm. It was two o'clock when he was finally seen navigating himself down the long corridor, shaking everyone's hand. His secretary said we could borrow him for thirty minutes only. The interview was conducted in French as the agent's English was not too good. I wasn't really

WORK EXPERIENCE

Easter Holiday 1995

It was not a good start. 'Everything's going to be all right', I assured myself, anxiously glancing at my watch and at the same time feeling my pockets again for directions that I had somehow managed to lose. It was the first Monday morning of the Easter holidays, at around 9.00am and I was walking around unfamiliar territory in West London. I had just thirty minutes to find the office where I was due to start work experience. Adopting a polite manner accompanied by a dazzling smile, under a deeply worried face, I asked the twelfth person in as many minutes the whereabouts of 23 Eyot Gardens. His eyebrows narrowed in half recognition and then, nodding vaguely towards a block of houses in the distance, said in a gruff voice, 'It's over there, mate'. Thanking him courteously I walked towards 'over there' where I had been eleven times before in the last fifteen minutes. There was still no sign of an office block. Swearing briefly under my breath as I checked the time, I noticed another passer-by watching me oddly. In desperation, I asked her and, finally, someone gave me some detailed directions. I shot into the office with five minutes to spare.

My employer for the week, Chris Guinness, was waiting at the reception. Smiling, he offered his hand and said, 'Very punctual, did you find us okay?' 'Yes, thank you' was the very immediate reply as I shook his hand. Taking me to his office, I began to relax and as I took in the colourful sports photographs on the corridor walls, I looked forward to the week ahead. I had applied for a week's work experience in sports journalism of some sort, and my excitement increased on realising that this was the Trans World International



A casualty of modular examinations

listening as I was 'manning' a camera, changing focus, angle and the like, but after the agent had left, Bernie informed us that the agent had been using certain swear words which would provide problems in translation for whatever programme in which the interview subsequently appeared. Nevertheless, apart from a frustrating wait, I enjoyed my first interview shoot.

The second job I helped out with was on Thursday. I was introduced to Mr Archer who was a former journalist but now was working in partnership with Mr Guinness. He asked me to attend a meeting between himself and Gary Mason, the former British Heavyweight Champion. Turning a corner on the way to his office, I bumped into a huge, solid block of human flesh. Dragging my eyes up and up, I saw a big chuckling face. *'All right, there. Call me Gary, right?'* and held out a hand that engulfed all of mine in a firm handshake. The meeting went well, I suspect, between Gary and Mr Archer as they discussed ideas for a new TV sports game show. They hit upon an idea, which I am afraid is top secret in case someone pinches it, that sounded really interesting and entertaining, and I hope, will be on our screens in the not too distant future. Afterwards, over a cup of coffee, Gary enlivened me with vastly amusing tales of his cricketing exploits for the Bunbury's. Later that afternoon, I regretfully said goodbye as he had another appointment.

That Friday, I was pleased and relieved to hear that Mr Guinness liked my research and reports and that, if all goes well, I might be able to have a job in the Summer. Before saying goodbye, he told me a couple of interesting stories about a certain David Hargreaves with whom he was at Oxford and who, indeed, had arranged this job placement.

After initial apprehension, I thoroughly enjoyed myself, learned a lot about sports and TV. I definitely would love to pursue such a career and it was, as my father pointed out, a week well spent.

Robert McHugh (RR)