



THE ELIZABETHAN

The Wren's and Dryden's Mural

The monster which brooded over the long dark passageway on the ground floor of Wren's has been banished and the once open loggia again offers a view into the outside world, in imagination at least. Dale Inglis's mural dissolves the end wall to reveal Barton Street on a summer morning, the clock reading 10am.

The sides of the corridor are now filled with a 'plausible clutter' of objects, oblique allusions to Dryden and Wren. The fire extinguisher is both a *trompe-l'oeil* joke and a reference to Dryden's account of the Great Fire, which Westminster boys helped to put out, and which furnished Wren with opportunities to rebuild London. His endeavours and his collaboration with Hooke are recalled by the scaffolding, steps and block and tackle. A 1950's microscope refers to Wren's interest in scientific drawing and a pan and scissors allude to dissection. The decorations on the vase relate to Dryden's *The Hind and the Panther*. There is no specific metaphorical scheme, merely 'a community of memories' reflecting the fragmented nature of our everyday understanding of the school's history. The figure of Mnemosyne reinforces associations of memory and the artist's underlying interest in mechanisms of recollection.

This notion is informed by the rather elegant lighting and by the instability of an image which transforms into a jumble of coloured marks as you approach. Dale Inglis was aware that the work would be experienced differently by those walking down the corridor and by those glimpsing it close to as they dash up the stairs for lunch. His technique is orientated towards luminosity and an exchange between chance and planned effects. Swathes of regular printed dots in transparent primary colours are transferred to the wall in a series of layers. This collaging of semi-transparent veils of colour complements the apparently random but intermittently meaningful accumulation of found objects presented in the painting itself.

Carol Jacobi

Dale Inglis's mural is reproduced on the front cover.

THE ELIZABETHAN

No 715

Election 1996

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PLEASE PUT NEW STUFF
IN MY FOOT BELOW
↑

PLEASE PUT NEW MESSAGES
IN THIS BOX THANKS
MR. THIS IS NOT READY JED
[Icon of a mailbox]

HOPKINS POEMS
Orlando
JOYCE Dublin
Heart of Darkness

The *Elizabethan* Report 1995/1996

The academic year 1995/6 opened amidst great sadness: although some staff and pupils had learned during the holidays of the tragic deaths of Fred D'Arcy and Richard Edlin, for many others the news came as a deep shock upon the return to School. The Head Master, preaching in Abbey on the first morning of full term on 30 August, articulated with great sensitivity a common sorrow. A palpable sense of loss, not surprisingly, affected much of the Remove this year.

Academe: Westminster's second place in the A Level league tables was good enough to allow a little preening. The usual debate about standards occupied the press over the fortnight or so following publication but the Common Room, whatever else it may find to argue about, takes great satisfaction when pupils fulfil their potential and, even more, their own ambitions. And a little preening is always agreeable. Michael Davies, statistician extraordinary, points out that with a mean 31.4 points per candidate, these were our best ever results. Perhaps even more impressive was that Grade A's accounted for 62% of all results received. At GCSE, results far exceeded the previous year: 30% of the grades were the new (and very demanding) starred Grade A's, and 75% Grade A's overall.

Autumn 1995 saw Housemasters, Tutors and pupils (with varying degrees of willingness) preparing UCAS forms. Huge numbers of Removes gritted their teeth for the sudden death of Oxford Entrance (exam papers and interviews) or the alternative death by a thousand cuts of Cambridge Entrance (interview only). Last year saw some 36% of our leavers take up places at Oxford and Cambridge, and huge numbers heading to London and Edinburgh, both fine stables. Indeed, some non-Oxbridge pupils have argued that the School does not prize their ambitions sufficiently. This is a chastening rebuke which merits a more considered reply than a simple denial. Next year anyway witnesses major changes to the present entry system at Oxford: we await the outcome with interest.

Lent and Election Term were, inevitably, dominated by the usual round of Mock GCSE's and A Levels, and the subsequent action, remedial or otherwise, attendant upon these. This rather formulaic sequence is diluted by the inevitable intrusions from other areas of school life, academic or otherwise: there are modular examinations in Spring, mammoth sessions for Art, and increasingly pupils are taken for day-long lectures by particular departments. Although the disruption may be deplored (by staff especially), anything which serves to undermine the slur of cramming ought to be welcomed.

Station: the usual programme of matches, competitions, regattas has dominated the sporting year. Football, Fives and Water enjoyed particular good fortune this year. Though true that most pupils eschew heartiness (a distaste fully shared by Common Room), most enjoy and mind about sport at some level. Westminster's sometime image as a school full of boffins lugging immense briefcases is gravely outdated: the

latter have been tossed aside as Yard, epicentre of the poseur, becomes host throughout this year to incessant games of cricket, football - and now basketball. A net, thoughtfully rigged up by Hakluyt's, has absorbed the waking energies of about half the School.

Even unfashionable all-school events hold their own: the Long Distance Races in October and the Bringsty Relay in Wimbledon in February both went well. Inter-House football matches drew enthusiastic crowds and saw good performances. On the one warmish day in a freezing May week, the Athletic Sports were won comfortably by Hakluyt's.

Trips: Given our cosmopolitan clientele and the ubiquity of cheap travel, the time is long past when travel, of almost any kind, is an adventure. In the face of such blasé acceptance, it is easy to overlook quite how much goes on: Andy Mylne has become Cedric Harben, in a manner of speaking, and presided over the organisation of numerous trips of Fifth Formers to School House in Alston. Lower School Expeditions took place in October and are again scheduled for May; a sailing weekend for older boys and girls took place in late September; at Exeat there was the Classical Study trip to Asia Minor for the Remove, a week in St Petersburg and Moscow for the Upper Shell Russianists, and a week in Cordoba for the Hispanists. In Spring came the Japanese exchange, a trip to Valladolid for Sixth Form Hispanists and to Berlin for Upper Shell Germanists.



Skiing in Vermont, Easter 1996

The Expedition Society organised a gliding course, a cycling trip, and - for the hardy - the Lyke Wake Walk. In Easter, they managed a caving weekend, half term in Snowdonia, and a week to the Cuillins in Skye at Easter. David Riches seems to have spent most of the past year crossing the Atlantic, having married Vikki Filsell in August in Wisconsin, taken the watermen to Boston for a Head of the River in October, and

finally led a skiing trip to Vermont at Easter.

Music and Drama: Rigaud's *The Importance of Being Earnest* in October was an extremely enjoyable occasion, and, in November, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *Amadeus* were staged, both highly memorable productions. In the last week of the Play term, Grant's produced, most capably, *Breeze Block Park*. That same month saw a superb Adrian Boulton Memorial Concert and a charity Jazz Concert - two very different styles, on successive nights - and the Contemporary Music Society Concert. The Carol Service on 11 December marked the formal end to a term of busy music-making.

In Lent Term, there were two admirable evenings of Chamber Music and Opera, a fine school concert and Peter Holmes's extraordinary production of *Hamlet*. GCSE Drama Improvisations in March were followed the next month by Carol Jacobi's enjoyable and inventive production of Coward's *Fallen Angels*. Musical energies in Election Term focused on a range of House concerts and the - perhaps unexpectedly successful - House singing competition, in addition to the beginning of term concert. Ian Bostridge OW, perhaps the greatest talent in Lieder today, sang Schubert's *Winterreise* to an ecstatic audience at the Adrian Boulton Concert in May. And, at the time of writing, there is still Philip Needham's garden production of *Much Ado About Nothing* to which to look forward. Please God for some warmer weather.



Removes at play

Supply and demand: the Registry's work is never done. The annual Dinner for Prep School Headmasters took place in September. The Sixth Form Entrance programme occupied a great deal of time in November and December, and well over fifty new pupils will join the Upper School in Play Term 1996. A heartening feature of this year's procedure was that, thanks to the quietly growing Scholarships and Bursaries Fund, those responsible felt that we had been able to offer more assistance than ever before.

At the thirteen plus level, the Registrar's dilemma is that he hopes to attract enough good applicants to fill the School to capacity, but not so many as to have to make the School too full to function happily. Still, there will be a full roll in Autumn of some 675. Fitting everybody up School can be a bit of a squeeze - but we are enormously fortunate to be in demand, and we know it.

Preoccupations: media interest focused probably more strongly than ever this year on independent schools. Their future, their charitable status, the rôle of boarding and the perennial spectre of bullying and drugs have all been the subject of intense media scrutiny. To all these problems, individuals and groups within the School - in an official or unofficial capacity - have turned their attention. A committee on Personal, Social and Health education was constituted at Christmas, whose findings are now being incorporated into both the curriculum and pastoral system. In Spring, the entire Common Room spent an hour and a half being lectured by Professor David Smith, an expert on the problem of bullying in schools. The School Counsellor, Philip Hewitt, has come to the School this year a full two days a week - and is not left twiddling his thumbs. The needs and problems are real enough but interpreting them is tricky. Change is happening - but, hopefully, without a fanfare.



American import: Mary Glass and roller blades

STATION

FOOTBALL

First XI

Results 1995-96

Sept	Winchester (H)	lost	1-2
	Westminster City (H)	won	3-1
	KES Witley (A)	won	5-1
	Eton (H)	drew	2-2
	Kimbolton (A)	won	3-0
Oct	Charterhouse (cup) (A)	won	1-0
	Old Westminsters (H)	won	3-2
	Lancing (A)	lost	1-2
Nov	Forest (H)	won	1-0
	Highgate (H)	lost	1-3
	Brentwood (cup) (H)	lost	0-1
	Bradfield (A)	drew	0-0
	Chigwell (H)	drew	1-1
	Aldenham (A)	won	7-2
	Ardingly (A)	won	3-2
Jan	Charterhouse (A)	drew	1-1
	Sevenoaks (A)	won	3-1
Feb	UCS (H)	won	3-1
	Dulwich (A)	won	1-0
	King's Canterbury (A)	won	4-3
March	Oratory (A)	drew	0-0
	Bedford (A)	won	3-0
	St Paul's (H)	won	3-0
	John Lyon (A)	won	3-1

Played 24 Won 15 Lost 4 Drew 5 For 52 Against 26

The Players - goals in brackets

Rupert Coltart developed into a very accomplished goalkeeper and made some spectacular and in some cases match-winning saves. Needs to be more decisive when under pressure.

Jo Suddaby performed well as captain. Strong and dominant in the air and very capable on the ground. He organised the defence well.

Andrew Jones (3) was one of the most improved players in the side. He was an intelligent player with good feet and an excellent positional sense.

Yves Florentin-Lee. Totally committed with an infectious enthusiasm. Very one-footed, but a tenacious and skilful tackler and a real asset as a covering defender.

James Taylor (1). A talented player on the ball and a good marker. Needs to improve some of his passing but an able and versatile player.

Cameron Ogden (8). Sharp, pacy and very strong. He enjoyed taking defenders on and beating them. Operating on the right flank, he was a crucial player to our style of play and thoroughly deserved his success at representative level.

Heneage Stevenson (4) was given a responsible rôle in the centre of midfield and was well up to the job. Excellent ball-winning abilities and good distribution. In the second half of the season he was consistently our best player.

John Bentham (4). Undoubtedly a very talented player who impressed at all levels. He made the full ISFA U19 side for

their tour of Holland at Easter which was no mean achievement. When on top of his game he was a joy to watch.

Sam Fox (14). He adapted well to his rôle on the left and was consistently our most dangerous striker possessing the necessary combination of composure and confidence in goal scoring situations. Tremendous skill and pace, and along with Cameron proved to be a real handful for most sides.

Russell Korgaonkar (17). A superb goal-scoring record with a genuine knack for being in the right place at the right time. Got better and better as the season progressed.

Sas Ahsani (1). A skilful player who began the season at right back before pushing into midfield. Good going forward but needs to up his work rate and improve on his positional sense and defending skills.

Others who played: Archie Mackay (1), Alan Jones, Martin Dale, Jon Korgaonkar, Tom Webber, Alex Cochrane.

Report

This year's team surpassed the achievements of last year's successful side and made Westminster one of the best teams on the southern circuit. The records are sketchy to say the least, basically because there do not seem to be any, but this must rank as one of the very best if not the best season in living memory. In addition, the performance in the ISFA six-a-side tournament in December where we got to the quarter-finals with a 100% record and playing exceptional football must rank as a first. We lost the tie 1-0 to the eventual winners, Hampton.

Although there were one or two very talented players who undoubtedly turned in match-winning performances, the key to the side's success was that all the players were all comfortable on the ball and keen to keep possession. Defensively we were mobile and versatile but our real strength was going forward and getting the ball into wide positions early. With Cameron Ogden and Sam Fox always looking to take players on we regularly got in behind defective formations and created the majority of our goal-scoring opportunities. There was a tremendous energy in the side which continually drove them on, but when things didn't quite go to plan, it manifested itself in a child-like frustration when a more patient and mature approach from some key players was needed. That said, I feel that these two years have given the reputation of Westminster football a tremendous boost and for at least the present time re-established one of the oldest football schools in the country as a prominent side on the circuit.

The season began rather disappointingly with a defeat by a well prepared Winchester side. It was a game we expected to win but lost to a speculative strike from outside the box, our keeper having been sent off. This dampened our initial enthusiasm but the side bounced back with two good victories against local rivals Westminster City (3-1) and KES Witley (5-1) where Russell Korgaonkar scored a hat trick. Against Eton (2-2) we were two up in 10 minutes and much the better side, but a typical Eton side dug deep and ground out a draw. There was a convincing win against Kimbolton (3-0) followed by an excellent 1-0 victory away to Charterhouse in the first round of the cup. Although



*Ian Monk, Andrew Jones, Russell Korgaonkar, Archie Mackay, James Ellis, Jeremy Kemball
Rupert Coltart, Sassan Ahsani, Cameron Ogden, Heneage Stevenson, John Bentham, Sam Fox, Yves Florentin-Lee
Absent: Jo Suddaby (Captain)*

Charterhouse had scoring opportunities, Westminster dominated the game and scored a beautifully worked goal with Sam Fox beating two players in the box before providing a finish for Russell Korgaonkar which he duly took. Lancing (1-2) was a sad affair when we created numerous opportunities from set pieces but failed to convert any of them. Lancing is a tough place to go to and get a result but the side looked more than capable of beating them. They scored first but we equalised in the second half before a clearly offside goal gave them victory. The master i/c accepts some blame for this little oversight but was arguing with one of his own players a good distance away!

A welcome but uninspiring victory against Forest (1-0) brought the first half of term to a close and a disaster against Highgate (1-3) brought the second half to life. Here we allowed a well organised side to get in front and were unable to overhaul them. Two very quick goals just before half time did the damage and we never recovered. The form book would have suggested a Westminster victory, especially with home advantage, but they proved too strong on the day. Two drab affairs against Bradfield (1-1) and Chigwell (1-1) where we were decimated by Oxbridge Exams and injuries were interrupted by the second round cup tie against Brentwood. They were reckoned to be a class act but with home advantage albeit on a Wednesday we felt we had nothing to fear. However we never recovered from a heart-breaking and galling own goal in the first 5 minutes. After that we had

70% of possession and dominated the game although, to be fair, with the exception of one good chance falling to John Bentham early in the first half, we never looked like scoring. A good thrashing of Aldenham (7-2) with Cameron scoring a hat trick and an excellent 3-2 away win over last year's southern supremos and cup finalists Ardingly brought back Charterhouse. This was a poor game played in a very unfriendly atmosphere where on balance I think we were poorly treated. Enough said.

The second half of season really speaks for itself. There were one or two slip-ups but generally we dominated the matches against essentially Lent term Rugby football playing schools. I hope this side will be remembered for the quality of football that they played which was at times breathtaking and their tremendous enthusiasm which stemmed largely from a love of the game. Finally I'd like to thank Ian Monk for all his hard work and support of the football Station and the other members of the Common Room (Simon Craft, Maurice Lynn, Richard Bryant, Jon Strong, Martin Robinson, Richard Stokes) who have helped to make football at Westminster competitive at all levels.

Jeremy Kemball

Under 16 Football

It's a funny ol' game, Saint. The U16 football season was definitely a case of two separate halves. The first half involved the first six or seven games of the Play Term when the team played well but was as they say 'robbed', and lost on several occasions by the odd goal. Our defence had become decidedly sieve-like, and as a result, we decided to shore it up by playing five at the back, using two central defenders (Joe Gunnell and Roland 'The Rock' Curtis), one sweeper (Dinesh 'Linford' Nathan) and two attacking full-backs (Tom Webber and Danny 'Psycho' Barker). The system gave us a flexibility that we had previously been lacking and the results started to come. We still managed to give quite a few goals away, but thankfully virtually always scored more than the opposition.

Indeed, by the time the season came to an end we had won nine out of the last eleven games, drawing the other two. One of those draws was achieved away against a mighty Charterhouse team who inspired a tremendous performance from the Westminster side. Like the defence, the midfield was magnificent and the following players all made significant contributions: Miles Copeland, Daniel Cavanagh, Jon Barber, George Leventis, Alexi Bentham, Anthony Edey. Alex Cavanagh, who combined tenacious midfield play with some wonderful touches and pieces of skill, was outstanding all season and deserves particular praise as indeed does Jonny 'Romario' Korgaonkar who adapted extremely well to his lone rôle up front and scored prolifically over the two terms. His energy, skill and commitment were exemplary. The goalkeeper Julian 'Motormouth' Dale also had a fine season and pulled off many memorable saves that were instrumental in terms of our success.

Overall, it was a very enjoyable season and the contributions extend much further than the talented individuals mentioned here. The entire squad (Goldens and Silvers) worked hard and really developed as footballers. The boys, as they say in media circles, 'done good'.

Simon Craft

Under 15 Football

The U15 A's had a season of mixed fortunes. They lost more games than they won, but often by the odd goal and frequently to sides that were not obviously superior. There is plenty of promise for the future, as long as the realisation dawns that a team can only achieve consistent success when the individuals involved have a compelling desire to play for each other.

When unity prevailed they produced some tremendous performances, most notably in the excellent defeats of the traditionally strong Forest and Lancing, in good wins against UCS and Bedford and in possibly their best performance in the heavy defeat of City of London.

In this game Aidan Jones and Theo Hildebrand produced some superb football as they shared the team's five goals. Indeed Theo was the outstanding performer throughout, scoring no fewer than four hat tricks over the season. Aidan is still too inconsistent, but his talent is unquestionable.

The addition of Charlie Stevenson was a real plus and, in his combination with the tireless Elias Frangos, the team had a powerful midfield engine. Filip Pongratz's pace was a

valuable quality and he adapted well to the new demands made of him.

Defending is always a difficult proposition at this level, but Chike M'Bamali was excellent throughout. Llywelyn ap Gwilym produced some towering performances, though he is by no means a refined footballer as yet, and he has now found a reliable accomplice in Michael Walls. Max Hildebrand is a goalkeeper of real potential and his brave performances were invaluable at times.

Richard Bryant

Under 14 Football

In truth, this was a pretty good year for a group of talented players who promised much but never really 'delivered the goods'. At times they played some of the most skilful football seen at U14 level for many a year. However, it was too often the case that the wholehearted commitment necessary for victory was in evidence for only one half of the match.

The season began brightly with convincing victories over Winchester and Royal Russell, although the former was marred by a serious leg injury to Hayes which ruled him out for the season. The team was brought down to earth by defeat against a very talented and large Eton side, but they consoled themselves by handing out a thrashing to a weak Kimbolton team. There then came perhaps the best performance of the season against a strong Lancing side where we showed admirable organisation and tenacity in a hard-fought victory. A poor first half left too much to do against Highgate, but Bradfield were comprehensively defeated in the next match. The team then set off on a Middlesborough-like string of losses against, it must be said, some of the best U14 sides on the Independent Schools circuit. Chigwell, Brentwood and Ardingly were all extremely talented sides, yet in all three matches we had 'purple patches' in which we ran rings around the opposition only to give away too many 'soft' goals. An undeserved last-minute loss against Aldenham led us into the Charterhouse match which turned out to be a highly entertaining affair. Both sides exhibited a 'Kamikaze' approach where 'Defence' was a dirty word. A thrilling high-scoring draw was the result leaving both 'managers' simultaneously breathless and exasperated.

Into the Lent Term and the high-scoring continued against UCS where in our enthusiasm to win we managed to lose again in the last minute. An inability to deal with the high ball led to defeat against the Oratory on a sloping uneven surface, but winning ways were rediscovered against City of London due to an outstanding first-half performance. Then Bedford were comfortably accounted for although we did squander the proverbial 'hatful' of chances, before the season ended with a below full-strength side losing to a professional, if somewhat cynical, John Lyon team. Going through the Westminster side, both Jeffries and Phillips showed signs of becoming competent goalkeepers with a bit of hard work and concentration. In defence, Mouracadeh played with calm assurance throughout the season, whilst Choo and Karageorgis showed great determination, especially with the ball in the air. In midfield, Alamouti got through a large amount of work all over the pitch and showed no fear as well as a good deal of skill. Both Cowper-Smith and Kirk exhibited an eye for goal as well as a high level of skill with the ball at their feet, which made up for a slight reluctance to

sacrifice any brain cells by heading the ball. Up front, Makhoul and Caporali formed a useful striking partnership, with the former's extreme pace (if somewhat wayward finishing) and the latter's fearlessly determined and rugged 'Series A' approach. Useful contributions were also made by the greatly improved Ranki and the talented, if slightly disappointing, Doeh. Elsewhere, the 'B' team lacked any real strength and athleticism, but they battled on gamely and were bolstered by the loan of certain Fives players on match days.

Winchester (H)	won	3-1
Royal Russell (H)	won	8-2
Eton (H)	lost	1-5
Kimbolton (A)	won	10-1
Lancing (H)	won	1-0
Highgate (A)	lost	2-5
Bradfield (H)	won	5-1
Chigwell (H)	lost	2-8
Brentwood (H)	lost	1-4
Aldenham (H)	lost	0-1
Ardingly (H)	lost	1-4
Charterhouse (H)	drew	4-4
UCS (H)	lost	3-4
Oratory (A)	lost	1-3
City of London (H)	won	4-2
Bedford (A)	won	4-2
John Lyon (A)	lost	2-5

Season's Summer: Played 17; Won 7; Lost 9; Drawn 1.

James Kersten

FIVES 1995/96

Has Westminster ever seen such a season? For the first time in recent history the season has ended with Westminster 7-5 ahead in School matches and with a fearsome reputation in tournament.

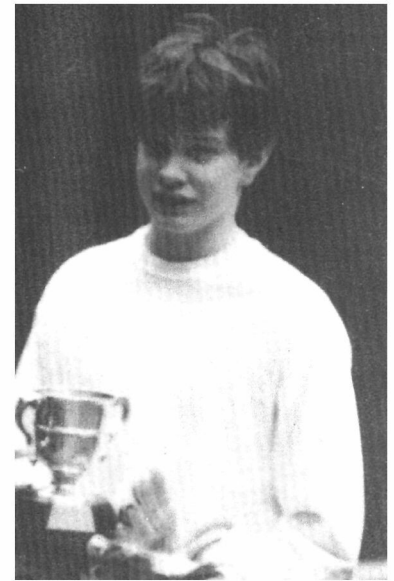
The season began with intense training. In the early stages of the term an explosive U16 and U15 first pair combination stunned Highgate who were lucky to get off lightly with a 12-2 victory, gained purely from a still teething U14. The experience was valuable however and showed through in possibly the most talked about Fives event of the year. A relatively unknown and experimental U14 team took the Southern Schools Novices Championships by storm. Rose and Roberts as 1st pair, Kanetsuka and Richmond 2nd, Green and Stevenson 3rd, Enricos and Nazeer 4th, and outsiders Cowper Smith and Crawford at 5th walked away with every trophy and the 'Best Schools', Kanetsuka and Richmond



Tasting the spoils of victory: Fifth form Fives players

coming out on top in an all Westminster final.

The Abbey tournament showed similar excesses of skill for the seniors. Adrian Lewis double teamed with last minute substitute and all round sports star Heneage Stevenson to lose valiantly in the pools but Green and Albert had better fortune, tactically dropping out of the main competition (at the hands of St Olave's 2nd pair, the eventual winners) to take home the real trophy of the day, a crate of cheap beer. It was perhaps symbolic that the winners cup was broken as it was being awarded.



Harrison triumphant

Confidence gained in these triumphant Tournament performances ushered in a series of confident wins against Charterhouse and Ipswich (whose seniors flew in the face of inevitable defeat and cancelled).

The three Harrow matches started poorly with all-over defeat at home but Westminster's true form was displayed in the two return games, the U14s (with convincing play by Page and Lahiri 3-0 at home) winning 4-1 and a good finale away match in which all years contributed to the staggering 8-3 victory, which, for the first time, left an awed Harrow licking their wounds.

The team, now fired up and confident, went on to crush Winchester away, swiftly followed by the devastation of St John's, Leatherhead. The unstoppable Cartwright/Greender-Jones pair set the trend for a side which, so promising in training, earned a well deserved victory under the pressure of competition. Craig and Page walked all over a battered opposition, Matthew and Wallenberg, Crawford, Christie, Harrison and Harrison followed suit with convincing performances.

The conclusion of the season with the Shrewsbury open tournament was perhaps a little disappointing. The first pair (Green and Albert) disappointed high hopes when a crippling injury sent Green into convalescence, so the first pair went out of the top 36. The highly seeded Boyd and Youngman pair who had played so promisingly during the season also went out in the pools. The rank outsiders, Adrian Lewis and Nick Fry, both ex-Highgate boys, now under the Westminster banner, winning one glorious game out of three, managed to save face and go out in the top 16. The Junior competition was a more positive finish to a season in which surely the seeds of greatness have been planted. Kanetsuka and Richmond reached the quarter-finals of the U14 open and the semi-finals of the novices competition but, after playing both tournaments in a single day, gave way to exhaustion and stopped there. Rose and Roberts did well to qualify for both (though facing similar over-played fatigue); Green and Stevenson did well to win both Pool competitions, snatching the Novices pool from a disappointed Lahiri and Page.

Overall the season has been one of the best in many years for which we undoubtedly have to thank the vigorous enthusiasm of John Troy and the expert fine tuning of Coach Hutchinson. Sports ties awards all around I think...

Lucien Green (Ashburnham)

John Troy writes

The success of the season is largely due to the willingness of the captain and secretary, initially to persuade the Fifth form that a new game is worth trying, and then to give up their time to coach those who took up the challenge. In addition, Saul Albert and Lucien Green were scrupulous in ensuring that their respective tasks were performed; for all of this much thanks.

PUNT RACING

The 1994-1995 season saw us rebuilding the squad on the foundations of a strong and committed Lower Shell group. In this process the good sense and good humour of the captain, Ashwin Assomull, were most valuable.

One of the Lower Shell took over the captaincy from him for the 1995-96 season, and Tom Gentleman, supported by his colleagues, led the Station to one of its most successful summers ever in terms of events won. Over twenty trophies was the haul at regattas up and down the Thames, chiefly in the Under 16 category now encouraged by the Thames Punting Club, but with good wins over more senior competitors. The Station was present in force at most of the summer and autumn regattas with parents and family in most welcome support - we look forward to a continuing presence at this year's events.

Xandi Imboden, the present secretary, takes over the captaincy for the 1996-97 season: continuity is assured and future prospects bright. Tom Gentleman, while continuing to be as active as ever in punting, will explore the potential of skiffing for the Station - the two sports are twinned at regattas, and we are associated with the Dittons Skiff and Punting Club, from which we operate.

Also to be explored is the sport of gondola racing, which has been imported to the Thames from the Grand Canal. Westminster's colours may yet be seen competing in the Voga Longa.

Peter Holmes

CAVING

The School's annual trip under the Mendip Hills took place towards the end of a bitterly cold January. Shards of ice covered the ground, and once parked in a remote lay-by, there was a dash to reach the relative warmth of the caves!

The usual fear of caves has much to do with a perceived sense of claustrophobia. However, the cool of the cave and solid feel of the rock soon push these fears away: I myself loath the constricted feeling experienced when shopping in the Christmas scrum, but I'm happy to pass through the tightest squeeze that my frame will allow. In caves such as Swildon's Hole, the sound of rushing water and large chambers add to the sense of awe that is experienced underground.

Caving is a highly energetic sport, and once back on the surface, hunger overrides all feeling (even the cold air temperature!) and the quantities of food put away at lunch and supper are vast. Once the stomach has been satisfied, a great feeling of contented exhaustion puts you in the mood for the traditional caving 'after dinner games'. It is in this respect that the Mendip Caving Group (with whom we stay) excel. Old favourites include the broom game (contorting your body to fit through your hands and broomstick) and the notorious spoon game. The aim of the game is for two participants to don blindfolds and, using spoons in their mouths, to hit each other into submission. The trip was only possible due to the kind help of Martin and Yvonne Rowe, who spend their weekend guiding us down the caves. Our thanks are to them and Mark Tocknell for an excellent weekend.

Matthew Plummer (Grant's)

ROCK CLIMBING

Rock-climbing has come on some way since the days of beards and red woolly hats. It has been good to see Westminster acknowledge this, and we now have a once weekly Station at the Mile End Climbing Club, one of many dedicated indoor centres that are springing up around the country.

Each week, a group of eight of us (led by Mark Tocknell) spend an hour learning the skills needed to enjoy climbing safely to the full extent. We are taught how to maximise our abilities through various exercises, all aimed at developing our climbing technique and muscles! Rapid progress can be made, and it is an extremely rewarding sport, offering something for everybody (Lawrence Page's ability to climb up and down small holds on a 30° overhanging board without using his feet makes all of us feel decidedly weak!) However, most problems respond well to a gentle use of cunning and technique: muscle isn't always the answer!

Climbing, contrary to popular belief, is an incredibly sociable 'sport'. Problems are tackled in groups, and when we finish, most of us sit down for tea at the Wall's café, where videos are shown of the world's top climbers in action. Some use this as an excuse to climb for another few hours!

During the extended summer months, we hope to make several visits to the sandstone outcrops of the Weald during Tuesday afternoons offering a truly 'different' Station experience. With an extremely successful Lower School Expedition to Mid-Wales, it would seem that rock climbing at Westminster is on a roll.

Matthew Plummer (Grant's)

RUGBY REPORT

The 1995/1996 season promised much success due to the completion of restructuring initiated last year. The great facilities at Richmond RFC, the effective training of the highly experienced Kevin Bell, 1st XV team coach, Giles Brown and Martin Cropper and a fitness programme enforced by David Hargreaves contributed in providing an environment for good Rugby to flourish. Rugby Station was finally receiving the attention it deserved and this was

rewarded with a large number of boys joining the Station; with the result that, for the second year running, an under 16 team could also be fielded.

It was up to the players to build a successful season on these great foundations. Many of the first team had began playing rugby at the start of the year and after several productive training sessions were on a high. Unfortunately in our first two games we were comprehensively beaten and the 1st XV were brought down to earth with a painful fall. Yet it was in this atmosphere of shattered egos that the team mentality we had been lacking began to take hold. The mental and physical toughness that the game demands was forming game after game and our lack of experience was disappearing as the season progressed. The guidance and advice of Giles Brown, Kevin Bell and Martin Cropper were integral to restoring our confidence and reversing the downward slide of our season. The season's plus points were that our technique kept on improving, the team spirit flourished towards the end, and this resulted in many of the games being less one-sided.

It is unfortunate that this season's record will go down in Westminster Rugby history as 0 wins, 0 draws and 10 losses. This record does not do justice in the slightest to how we played in the second half of the season especially. We dominated the possession in many of our games but were punished highly for our silly mistakes as it seemed that our luck had deserted us for the whole season.

We must therefore put this season behind us as we look forward to the next and the fact that we will be a year older, stronger and wiser. Yet the 1995/1996 season has by no means been unproductive, for out of the ashes of this season has emerged a clutch of players, whose abilities contributed to some of our best performances. They are: Andrew Little, vice-captain, pack leader and number 8, a true team player, whose strength in the tackle and maul secured us much

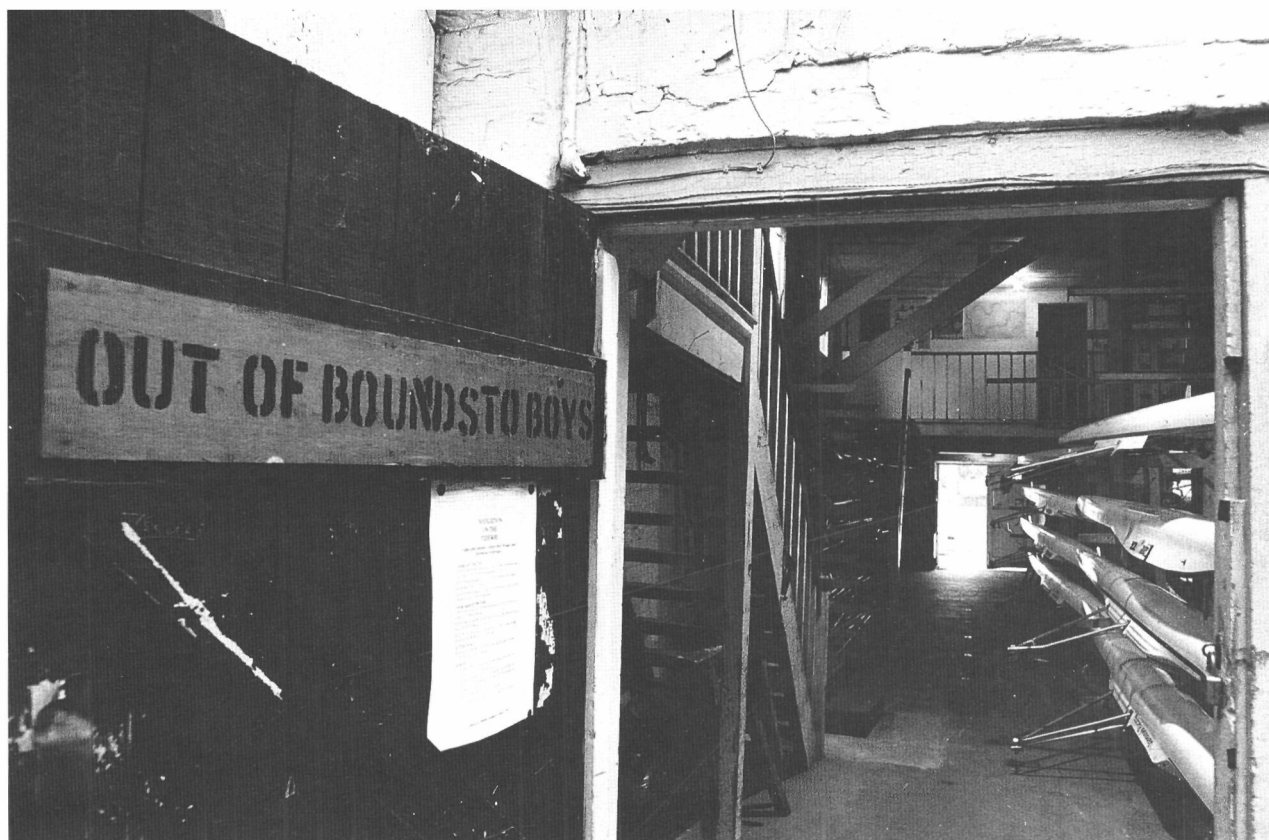
possession and some valuable points; Brevin Newman, prop, the personification of a bulldozer and the source of much inspiration through his defence splitting runs; Jan Scibor-Kaminski, blind side flanker/open side/No 8/other, tall, fast, very strong and able to place tremendous pressure on the opposition with his penetrative running and prowess for bringing others into the game; Yo Takatsuki, flanker, whose contributions were less conspicuous but were nonetheless integral to some of our best performances; John Seward, scrum-half, one of the most intelligent and committed players often called upon to relieve opposition pressure with his superb kicking (!) as well as directing our attacks in the backs with his quick accurate passing; James Welch, full back, very quick and an extremely good tackler with an ability to run all day, which meant he was the focus of much of our attacking play; James Schlesinger, the quickest of all the players in the team as well as being one of the most versatile, could switch from dazzling backs with his pace to leaving the opposition dazed with his tackling at Flanker; Nick Clark, wing, a truly great player with the ability to find a path through the tightest group of players and then inflict a deadly long range spin pass, giving the attack greater width, with his great vision. With these players and the Upper Shells who have distinguished themselves at under 16 level the Westminster 1st XV will be much harder to beat as well as being capable of having a great 1996/1997 season.

Srige Sri-Skanda-Rajah (Grant's)

Andrew Little (HH), vice-captain, adds

Srige Sri-Skanda-Rajah:

Fly-half, centre and wing, inspirational player with the ability to motivate the team. Pin-point accuracy kicks and exceptionally havoc-wreaking (for the opposition defence) power.



Before renovation began: the boathouse

WATER REPORT 1995

Owing to the now all too common cancellations of early Head Races in January and February, the first major race of 1995 was the schools' Head of the River. Although the 1st VIII came a disappointing 18th, other crews' results were more encouraging.

In the last week of the Easter holiday, the 1st VIII along with a quad made up of 4 Upper Shells went to Yianitsa in Northern Greece on a training camp. The Greek food was perfectly suited for feeding the squad, which rowed every day on a small river just outside the town. Although this posed a few transportation problems, trips were made to the archaeological site at Pella, as well as to Thessalonika. It proved a useful opportunity to start training for the summer regatta season, and also provided an alternative setting to revision for looming public exams.

The Election Term arrived, and circumstances meant that WSBC had to row in the Docklands at Royal Albert Dock where training sessions would be punctuated by planes taking off and landing alongside, at London City Airport. In April, various crews represented the South East in the Inter-Regional Championships with notable success.

At the main event of the first half of the Election Term, The National Schools Regatta in Nottingham, high winds and terrible conditions hampered success. Also, unbelievable bad luck meant that WSBC kept on being allotted the worst lane. The J14 Octo and J15 Eight just missed out on the medals by one place and the J16 four had to settle for silver after a dubious start. However, an outstanding J16 Tom Marston won J18 sculls and the J15 four romped home to win by a huge margin. The Sunday events were cancelled, depriving the girls of the best medal chance in years.

Shortly afterwards, a young 1st VIII and quad were selected for Henley Royal Regatta. At Marlow Regatta, the VIII showed its potential, beating Oxford eights Oriel College and Magdalen New College convincingly but later fell by three-quarters of a length to a very fast Eton 2nd VIII. Unfortunately, things started to go downhill when the quad failed to qualify for Henley and an over-confident VIII lost to Radley J16 VIII in the first round of the Princess Elizabeth Cup.

During the summer, an eager squad set out to the National Championships at Nottingham, with considerable success. After winning gold medals in J15 and J14 doubles and Ben Jesty's silver success in Singles the J15's teamed up with the J16 four to contest the J16 Eights. After a stunning finish another silver medal was added to the haul, capped with a bronze in the J14 doubles.

In the Play Term Exeat, the J16 eight took off to Boston, Massachusetts for the prestigious 'Head of the Charles Regatta.' Boys stayed with American host families attached to Milton Academy, where two mornings were spent in lessons, experiencing education from across the Atlantic. The week was an immense success - not only was it very exciting and enjoyable, the rowing also proved so, with the VIII coming fourth in the High School Eights Division, also beating both other English school crews - Latymer and Kings, Chester.

The crews climbed back into sculling boats after Exeat with a staggering degree of success. Fifteen divisional wins at four

head Races! At the largest event Pangbourne Sculls; J16, J15 and J14 Doubles were captured together with Alexei Calvert-Ansari (BB) winning the Junior 15 division overall. The year ended with Westminster's first appearance at the National Indoor Rowing Championships. Competing over 2000 metres on the concept II rowing machine, Ivor Vanhegan (WW) set a 14 year old world best performance to win gold. Ben Jesty took bronze in the J15 event.

More Westminster boys collected international honours in 1995. Tom Marston rowed in the British Eight at the European Championships and Ben Gothard (LL) and Chris Waring (RR) were the second pair at the same event.

Old Westminster watermen and women continue to impress. Katie Bailey (HH 1991-93), Charlotte Pendred (DD 1991-93) and Claire Lloyd (BB 1991-93) have all led their college crews. Michael Lea (RR 1987-92) became President of the Cambridge University Lightweight and enjoyed a win over Oxford in the bow seat. Graham Smith (RR 88-93) qualified for the 1996 Olympics as part of the Great Britain Eight, coming sixth at the Senior World Championships.

Simon Piesse (College)

1995 Wins: 45 in total

Eights

Barnes & Mortlake J15

Octuples

J14 Putney Amateur, Putney Town, Metropolitan

Fours

Putney Amateur J16B

Bedford Quart J16, Mixed

National Schools J 15, Barnes and Mortlake J15

Quads

Hampton J13

Pairs

Bedford J2

Docklands J162-

Hampton J152-

Doubles

Putney Town J142X, J152X

Docklands J142X, J152X

Kingston J142X, J152X

National Championships J142X, J152X

Pangbourne J162X, J152X, J142X

Walton J162X

Singles

Putney Town J14 Stricker, J15 Jesty

National Schools J18 Marston

Jandusek Sculls J16 Warren, J15 Jesty, J14 Oates

Docklands J15 Jesty, J14 Stricker

Kingston J15 Jesty, J14 Stricker

Weybridge J16 Marston, J15 Calvert-Ansari, J14 Stricker

Pangbourne J15IX Calvert-Ansari

Hampton J16 Marston, J15 Calvert-Ansari, J14 Vanhegan

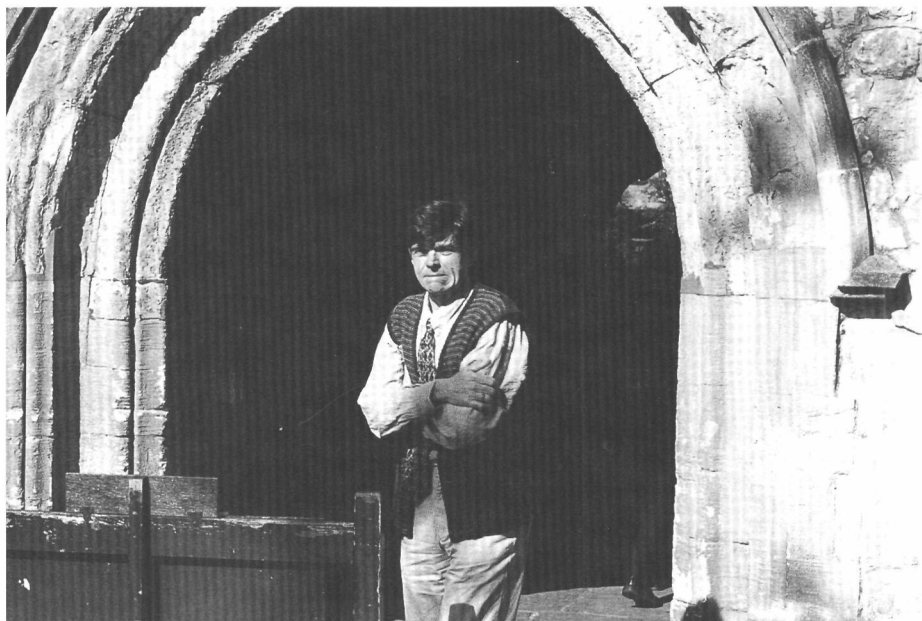
Walton J15 Calvert-Ansari, J14 Stricker

PERFORMING ARTS

AMADEUS

I doubt that anyone will forget this production. The play can not have been easy to put on, with many scene changes and music cues which could have slowed the play down and made it seem awkward, if they had not been so smooth. The night I saw the play a glass dropped in a scene change but the audience were so entranced, they hardly stirred - unlike the stage management team, I imagine. The set was simple and elegant and the direction - by Philip Needham - paced the play well but it was the performances that made the play truly brilliant.

I was captivated from the beginning as the Venticelli arrived, Nick Clark and Miles Copeland, showing a marvellous rapport. Then came the arrival of Salieri, played quite brilliantly by Christian Coulson. He used his voice to create a forty year time span in Salieri's character and his soliloquies held the audience and presented a very determined and obsessive nature, typified in his passages against God, in contrast to his very formal and polite public appearance. His intonation was powerful and his use of silences, often short ones, produced great tension and anticipation. There was a fantastic performance by James Schlesinger, as a Mozart (with an unforgettable laugh) portrayed as playful and boyish, always making jokes and laughing and in one scene chasing Constanze around a table oblivious to Salieri sitting in the corner. Yet along with all Mozart's comical traits his genius and passion for music always shone through. Together they stole the play.



Philip Needham

Everyone else seemed to have minor rôles in comparison, though some were superbly played. Toby Stanway was extremely funny as a rather dense Joseph II. Virtually every scene he was in filled School with laughter. There was a fine performance from Adam Chapman as the rather condescending groom of the Imperial Chamber, who always seemed wonderfully in character. Eleanor O'Keeffe was also excellent as the suffering but deep down loving wife of Mozart, who comes back to him in a moving scene at the

end. She supported and augmented Mozart and Salieri well and made her scenes convincing. The others, although not bad performances, were not helped by Shaffer's two dimensional treatment of the more minor roles but I do not think Shaffer aimed to be very subtle, anyway.

The evening was extremely enjoyable and the play unforgettable. As the Emperor would say, 'Well, there it is.'

Benjamin Yeoh (College)

BREEZE BLOCK PARK

The Drama Studio was full of laughter for most of *Breeze Block Park*. The play, directed by Keith Tompkins, was entertaining but it was heavily cut which meant it did not portray the suffering mother, Betty, very sympathetically and it seemed to imply the mother's working class way of life was much inferior to the one the daughter wanted. Betty was portrayed extremely well by Joanne Goulbourne. She held the play together with a strong performance that was at times hilarious and at other times quite moving, especially at the end when the daughter, played by Hannah Loach, confronts her. She also had the most convincing northern accent.

The production was nothing special but the Drama Studio tends to be a difficult place to put on plays. It has limited space and that considered, the set was not bad. Michael Sholem, as Betty's brother Tommy who was fond of drink, and Syd, Betty's husband, were both amusing; especially when they come back at the end having spent much of their time in a pub. Duncan Henderson was also funny, as the husband of Betty's sister, and showed good comic timing with his lines, in particular his concern over his car. The banter between Betty's sister, played by Melissa Pearce, and Betty was also quite amusing, revealing how each tried to get the better of the other.

The audience enjoyed themselves and for all its faults a play that entertains people and makes them laugh is always a worthwhile evening out.

Benjamin Yeoh (College)

HAMLET

Up School 21,22 & 23 February

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is a mystery. Not the imaginative creation, but the text. There is the Cambridge Hamlet, the Oxford Hamlet, the Arden Hamlet, the Penguin Hamlet: each, in its unique way, reflecting the fantasies of editors and scholars who believe they know Shakespeare's intentions. The truth is that we don't know when the play was written or which words Shakespeare used: an authentic performance of the play is an impossibility. Still, under the circumstances it was courageous of Peter Holmes to direct an uncut Penguin Hamlet: despite the thousands of lines, he managed to give the play a clarity and purpose that isn't self-evident on the page. Even when Shakespeare's passion for language tilts towards monomania, the directorial control kept the audience attentive.

Christian Coulson's Prince conveyed something of the awkward son and the imperious lover. Words were inflected with imagination and intelligence. Only once or twice did the performance falter, lapsing into inappropriate acting: presumably, even Hamlet could walk up stairs without striving to make a point.

Coulson gripped the play by the throat and few would question his extraordinary stage charisma.

Abigail Van Walsum (Gertrude) was moving as the puzzled mother, lost in a labyrinth of self-deception. Her scene with her son was the most gut-wrenching of the evening. It was easy to forget this was a school production as Hamlet and Gertrude expressed, by turns, their mutual sense of betrayal, their loss. Subhi Sherwell's Claudius managed to express the character's verbose complacency but missed out the creepy evil. Similarly, Thomas Wood's Polonius was a hilarious buffoon who needs to be a touch more sinister, more political.

Ophelia is an unrewarding rôle. Too often she comes across as sopiness on stilts. Rebecca Hewitt attempted to suggest some steeliness of intent. The moment of Hamlet's rejection worked as it should: both painful to witness and difficult to understand. The mad scene was slightly less successful: although the potty dance wasn't as embarrassing as it might have been, the ballooning green dress was a mistake.

The minor parts showed talent in depth. Emil Fortune (Horatio), Alex Winter (Ghost), Edward Tyerman (Laertes) acted their buskins off and kept pace with the rapid shifts of tone and action. The entire production showed energy even if audibility was sometimes sacrificed to pace.

I confess that I am not a Hamlet fan. Interesting to discuss, in the theatre, there are too many scenes which, in the words of Dr Johnson 'neither forward nor retard it'. I am glad to have seen an uncut Penguin Hamlet, but would not wish to see another. All that aside, Peter Holmes and his cast deserve the highest accolade.

Gavin Griffiths

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

Drama Studio, Play 1995

Practically sitting in each others' laps on this occasion, the audience was both large and squashed. The confines of the Drama Studio, however, forced an intimacy between cast and audience which could only increase the intensity of Ben Yeoh's masterful production.

Here was a play rich in contrasting emotions and variations in pace, performed with impressive conviction. Simone Benn and Saul Albert, as Martha and George, showed great aplomb in their constant sparring, so that the audience did after all begin to wonder if the Drama Studio was large enough to hold the two of them. Simone's Martha was assured and charismatic, gunning the others down with words and sporting a rather suave pale pink jacket. A foil to this mercurial woman, Saul gave what at first seemed a rather low-key performance as her pedantic spouse. Soon, however, he emerged as an awe-inspiring master of ceremonies, given to bouts of malevolence and always dangerously insistent.

Into this tigers' den stumbled Chloe Andricopoulos and Howard Gooding, as Honey and Nick, and they appeared as confounded as the audience at the abrasive exchanges and sudden shows of affability from their host and hostess. Chloe played to perfection the insecure and very drunk young wife, with a delicious manic laugh which she claims not to have spent hours practising. The pace lagged a bit when the women left the room; Howard remained suitably repressed until alcohol and the charms of his hostess began to do their work. The sequence where the two dance was executed with just the right amount of awkwardness on his part and world-weary confidence on hers. His helpless outrage, when it came, matched the emotional pitch of those around him.

As the machinations of Simone and Saul grew increasingly involved, there was a stronger sense that the two were working as a team - a discovery which brings the audience towards an understanding of the terrible illusion they have created together. At the critical moment, Simone's grief-stricken cries could be heard all over Barton Street (I know, because I had heard them on previous nights.)

As I stepped over the set towards the exit, the debris caught my eye - the broken glass, well-thumbed books knocked flat on the floor. This was our last contact with the turbulent world we had witnessed: its collapse had been total.

This was the most successful production I have seen in my time at Westminster, giving great vitality and colour to a complex play and consistently making the most of its humour. I couldn't even fault the American accents.

Sophie Topsfield (Purcell's)

SCHOOL CONCERT

Up School, 18 March 1996

Let truth prevail. The penultimate night of term, and a filthy night at that. Parents, staff and pupils all shrunk-eyed with fatigue. Who, other than fond parents (torn between pride and anxiety) wanted to be there?

And what of the programme? *Rather middlebrow*, I overheard someone snobbishly intone. *Middlebrow*? Everyone *seems* to think they know Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 1, but not to the extent of knowing how fiendishly difficult it is. *Ibid* Mozart's *Requiem*. The present School orchestra has talent in abundance, and a good deal of experience, but (as one very knowledgeable parent commented just beforehand), 'I should say both pieces are about six degrees beyond what a school orchestra can cope with'.

I was more sanguine. Irritatingly I had been unable to go to the Saturday performance at St James's Piccadilly, but in its wake there was a unanimity of praise from sources not invariably so well disposed.

Nick Hagon, the soloist for Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 1 in B flat minor, has the uncomfortable distinction of being easily the finest piano soloist of whom the School can boast in recent years - uncomfortable, because he can too easily be lionised by enthusiastic amateurs when he needs the cold discrimination of competitors. Never mind all that: he is an extraordinarily controlled performer who, poised over the piano as the orchestra confidently began those famous opening bars, betrayed no nerves, merely immense concentration. He needed to: the first movement is twice as long as either of the subsequent movements and requires intense attention. The second movement - *andante semplice* - is only superficially simple. Its marvellously subtle orchestration provides varied treatments of the melody at each representation, and both soloist and orchestra moved among them with dexterity and power. The final movement has the character of a Russian dance, full of vigour and power and demanding hugely of the soloist. It was a revelation to watch the performer's fingers and hands race across the keyboard as the deliberately delayed climax evoked all his technical and interpretational skills.

The ensemble work was excellent. In the second and third movement, there were moments of nervousness - did these stem from the soloist, perhaps? But everything was deftly managed: the strings were a sort of musical Maginot line, and led some very lyrical passages. It was pleasing, too, to see the improved confidence of the brass and woodwind. A musician friend reminded me once that very few people play the trombone or bassoon properly until they are thirty years of age - which, if true, gives school orchestras something of a problem.

Mozart's *Requiem* began with a sort of musical chairs in which at least a third of the audience left their seats and joined the choir. This, I thought, was an *embarras de*

richesse. What worked in the more capacious space of St James's did not transfer happily to School. There were three choirs huddled in a horribly crowded *mêlée*, and my instinct was that there should only have been two. One pupil told me next day, matter of fact, he had felt deeply uncomfortable throughout.

But it sounded wonderful. John Baird conducted the whole work with gusto and individualism which evoked the strongest commitment from the choirs. He achieved a strong contrast in dynamics, most notably in his choice of reprises. The orchestra, sensibly reduced, played with great conviction. Particular plaudits, odious as these are, go to Rowena Cook and Charles Howard for solo passages of clarity and depth.

It was refreshing to hear the quality of the soloists: Ruth Davidge has delighted us for several years with her melodious and characterful sopranos, and was joined on this occasion by four present pupils. The three sopranos - Simone Benn, Sarah Grylls and Becky Hewitt - all sang with strongly individual and true voices, while I particularly admired the ruminative alto (or was it really a mezzo soprano?) of Joanne Goulbourne.

John Baird's impending departure as Director of Music made me sensitive to this occasion. I wanted it to go well. The previous evening, tied to the end of a telephone in the Common Room, I watched as he and Penny photocopied programme notes and fretted over the exasperating minutiae that any large School event entails. It was a tableau such as over the years I must have witnessed a score of times.

The *Requiem* was, both for orchestra and choir, an intense and impressive performance. As for the Piano Concerto, to watch a school orchestra contend with such a complex work, and - literally - keep pace and integrity with a soloist, was enormously pleasing. To see an eighteen year old, a schoolboy, perform a classic in its entirety, never to falter and to convey both its emotion and intellect - was a rare privilege. Tchaikovsky's own exacting demand was that a concerto should be a duel rather than a duet. If he tuned in, he must have been awfully pleased.

David Hargreaves



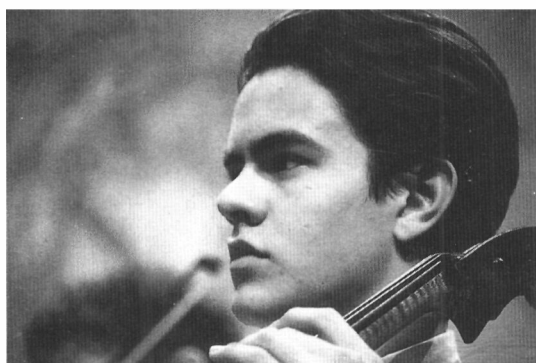
John Baird

Election Term Concert

This was John Baird's farewell concert as Director of Music at Westminster; instead of signing off with one of his own compositions or the production of a full-scale opera, he gave us an evening that was typical of his reign in other ways: he shared the podium with other members of his department, the programme offered a great variety of music from different periods, the orchestra, with only a minimum of professional assistance, was large, and the pieces on show were unashamedly populist.

We started with the first movement of Grieg's Piano Concerto. Edwin Cook caught the exuberance of the opening extremely well, and managed to give an almost percussive feel to the descending 2nds and 3rds, before treating us to lovely plangent playing in the quieter passages. The *allegro molto moderato* bubbles with ideas (there are some seven different themes) and Edwin lost his way momentarily in this profusion; he recovered impressively, however, as all soloists must learn to do, and gave us an enjoyable account of the music.

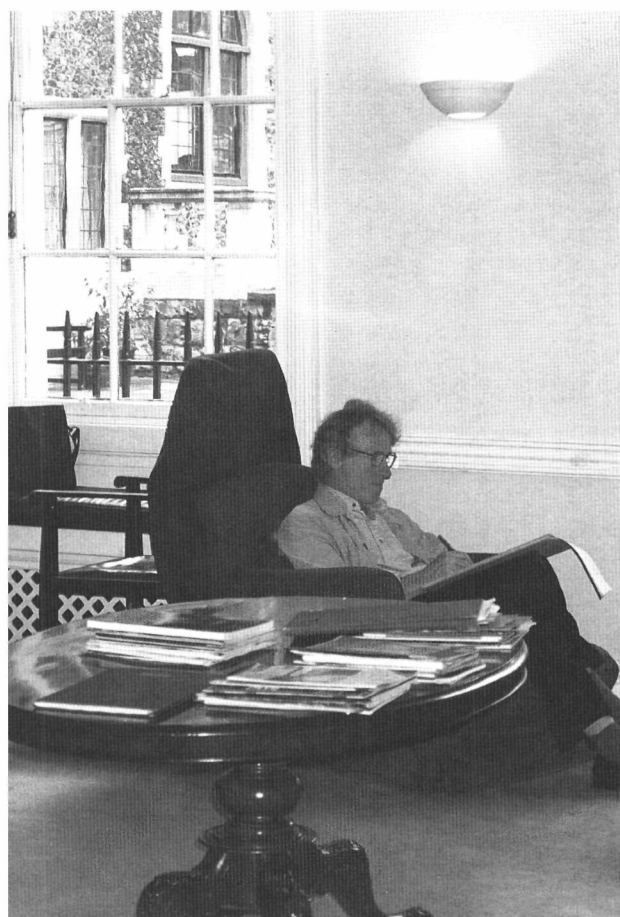
Górecki was next - not his ubiquitous Third Symphony, thank goodness, but the *Three Dances for Orchestra*, dating from 1973. Professional orchestras have to learn new works with great rapidity, and it was interesting to see how the Westminster School Orchestra coped with this demanding piece on only two rehearsals. Their smiling faces communicated their enjoyment, and we were treated to some witty minimalism, especially from the drums and sawing 'cellos - a confident, slick performance.



Retiring 'cellist: Henry Colaço

Saint-Saëns's First Cello Concerto requires a soloist who can produce both sweet and rasping tone. The opening movement, though marked *allegro non troppo*, resembles more an *allegro appassionato*, and Daniel Jewel gave us the works. The crisp, harsh tone of his playing in the first movement cut through the thick orchestral texture, ensuring a good balance; and in the allegretto he wooed us with some lovely cantabile tone. This was a committed performance of a serious work.

He was followed by Tim Chettle, playing Wieniawski's pot-boiler, the *Légende* for violin and orchestra. It has entranced audiences since its first performance in 1860, and Tim played it - without the score - with sweet tone and real panache. Rowena Cook was no less confident in her rendering of Mozart's Flute Concerto No 1 in G. In the elegant opening *allegro* she displayed the instrument's capabilities, there was plenty of brio and bounce, and in the slow movement she



Critical study: Richard Stokes

floated a serene line over the orchestral accompaniment. Particularly telling in this performances were the fermatas that punctuate the score - the result of careful rehearsing between soloist and conductor (Alexander Shelley).

Although Schumann's Cello Concerto requires no virtuoso pyrotechnics, it is extremely difficult to perform: the orchestral texture is rich, and the cello must be able to project its lovely melodies. Alex Evans was particularly successful in the slow second movement which is, in effect, one long sinuous melody. He phrased it broadly and beautifully, and John Baird drew some fine playing from the outstanding cello section of the orchestra.

The evening ended with a performance of Hamish MacCunn's *The Land of the Mountain and the Flood*, conducted by John Baird who hails, like the composer, from the same Scottish town - Greenock. That is not all they have in common, for this was a most sympathetic and polished performance of MacCunn's overture; the ensemble and intonation were excellent, and the famous tunes launched with real verve. Let us hope that another Scottish composer, released from the administrative burdens of running a most successful Department, will now assume the post of composer-in-residence with equal enthusiasm and attend successfully to his own Muse.

Richard Stokes

IN MEMORIAM

FRED D'ARCY AND RICHARD EDLIN

When the news of last summer's double tragedy first reached me, it seemed almost impossible to believe. The facts might be there, but for two pupils in the same year, friends in the same house, to die in separate accidents within a few days of each other seemed to be beyond the bounds of probability and cruelly unfair.

Only at their funerals did the realities sink in, as in two very different and equally appropriate ceremonies we said goodbye to Fred and to Richard. There was a great sense of loss - loss of young men on the verge of adulthood, loss of their future contribution to the School and to the wider world, loss of two very original pupils and entertaining friends. But at their funerals, and later at the commemorative evenings in Westminster, we celebrated what Fred and Richard had already achieved, for they were both exceptionally talented young men. By doing so, each of us discovered parts of their lives which were previously known only to others and thus gained a clearer picture of their remarkable personalities and gifts.

Some of those who knew Richard and Fred share their recollections here with those who may not have had that privilege. But to those who knew these young men best and who miss them most - to Alan, Jo and Julia D'Arcy; to David, Brigid and Tom Edlin - we offer our deepest sympathy.

Mark Tocknell

Words for Fred's memorial

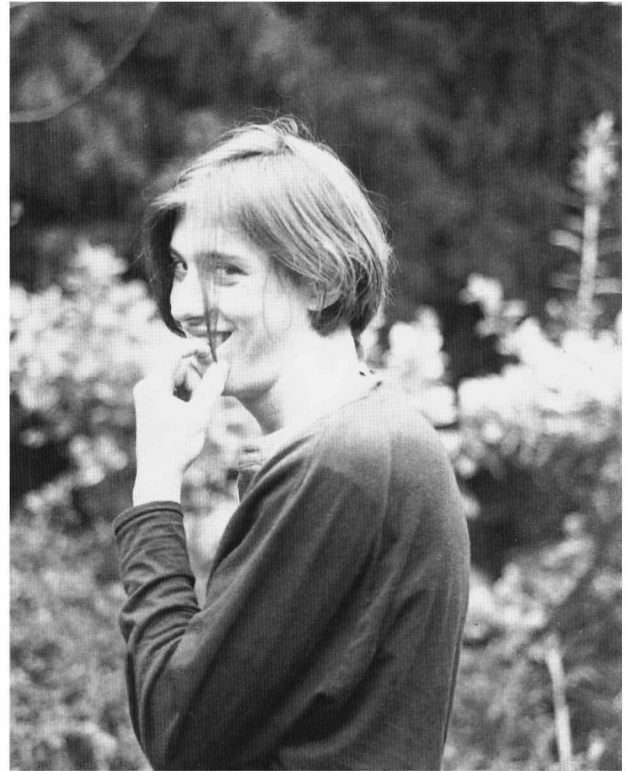
We are here to celebrate the life and work of Fred. We remember with great affection his vigorous and abundant delight in life and all its pleasures - literary, creative and social.

We remember how much he loved his family and friends. We rejoice in the memory of his deep insights, and his many enthusiasms for sport, music and relationships.

Generous in spirit, exuberant in style, warm in embrace, we are here to give thanks for the pleasure he gave us through his writing and his company.

I have many vivid memories of our times together, and some very blurred ones. I am afraid that many of his very complicated and deep philosophies on life and society were wasted on me, but they were fun to listen to. Fred was about so many things, he excelled in so many areas. One area in which I witnessed his excellence was in the realm of sport. The Under 14 football team were facing the unbeaten Brentwood, alleged masters of the circuit. Though seemingly under the cosh, Westminster managed to claw back, winning an epic victory through the tenacity and style of Fred. At that age he totally dwarfed all of us, his pace was explosive and he scored two terribly important goals - they were at the time. On scoring the second he had turned away before the ball was in the net as he thought he had missed. Afterwards he admitted he was quite alarmed as everyone jumped on him when he was under the impression he had just wasted a chance. Fred then proceeded to win many a game for the team, with his trademark style of scoring - a combination of power and more power. However, this was surprising as he was not in fact terribly good at football. He succeeded only because, as with everything Fred did, his effort and drive were intense. Likewise with athletics, his records are phenomenal, he was the archetypal natural athlete. Whenever he competed it was obvious that something inside him separated him from all other school sportsmen, a desire to win coupled with a burning sense of enjoyment.

Fred was intense not just in his sport and literature but in everything. He threw himself into a variety of living and



being; for his own pleasure and for that of those around him. His standards were reassuringly consistent, no pomposity, no arrogance, no vulgarity. His personality was extraordinarily compelling and powerful. His attitudes and tastes were contagious because they were so confident, and backed with so much energy, that we who loved him were swept along until they were our tastes too - except the leather trousers; and I was never tempted to follow this trend of wearing School uniform to a Sixth form party. He was almost always playful, almost never grave. His smile and twinkle were never much further than his cigarette or pint of beer. I believe that Fred, though hating sentimentality, considered the romantic idea that one should make a work of art out of one's life and though his death was grotesquely premature, his life was nevertheless a splendid one and his work of art, not quite finished, was still beautiful. Fred has not left us clutching at vague memories; instead we vividly recall our times with him. Our days will be darker without Fred and we will miss him enormously. But it was good while it lasted.

Archie Mackay (Hakluyt's)

A Tribute to Fred D'Arcy

One of Fred's greatest achievements was to keep everyone happy; his friends and undoubtedly his family. Fred was the joker, the friend, the king. He brought together and kept amused any assortment of people, however complex or childish the game. It was always clear that he was the entertainer and at the same time, the leader. Everyone knew that he would keep their spirits up, whatever the circumstances, and whether talking or just listening, you were guaranteed a laugh.

A common sight during break at School was Fred meandering along to the bench outside the Main Hall, alone. Whether it was one of us, or another of his disciples, he was sure to have company soon. He had an aura of sympathy and sagacity about him that meant one always felt able to turn to him. Fred's ability to convince people with his words, be they true or false, were unmatched. There is no doubt he changed all our lives.

Everyone who has shared a walk with Fred will be able to appreciate how they were an example of his character.

You followed him, unsure of the length and direction. However you soon came to realise that this was insignificant in comparison to the value of his company. Even in his final hours he was amongst friends who had felt their spirits uplifted by his arrival.

Everybody here will truly miss Fred and find it very hard to put the memories and the past behind them to live for the moment as Fred did. We will always remember him for the good times.

Fred is up there, shining, as he said,

'like a bullet hole in the nights'.

He is the brightest star, as he always was amongst us.

Lawrence Page (Dryden's) and Fred's friends in the Algarve, August 1995

Speech delivered in memory of Richard Harry Edmund Edlin at his Commemoration Service on 5 October 1995

As those in his class knew, Richard always excelled at everything he did. The diversity of his talents was such that any University and any course were open to him and the one he decided on would have been fortunate indeed. Whilst the rest of us had our plans focused for us, Richard could have chosen what he wanted; at the end of last term, he took out an equal number of classical and mathematical books from the School library and was still undecided about his choice. Perhaps the cause of this is a compliment to the School and his fellow pupils: he told us that the quality of education he had experienced had given him the option of reading either Maths or Classics. He would rather, he said, have gone to another school where he would not have had the breadth, for then the choice would have been made for him. However, that does not do Richard justice, for it was his great talents that really gave him that choice. One thing we can be certain of, however, is that, wherever he would have gone, he would have been at the top of his field.

Not only will we remember his outstanding talents, but many of his personal qualities. Let me mention one - his determination. When writing, Richard only ever used the smallest possible amount of paper. He would calculate the half-way point, and then cut the paper before turning over. Once Dr Morris ventured to ask him why he did this, Richard looked at him stonily for a moment, before replying 'Because I do.' Dr Morris never asked him again.

We saw this outside class as well. I remember a card game once on the way up to Scotland, which he played with the unusual mixture of determined sharpness and friendly good-nature - it was absolutely impossible to tell anything from his face. No doubt this was the quality which led him to become captain of the successful School bridge team.

But of course Richard's interests extended far beyond the classroom; let me take another one - his passion for running. From the Fifth form he could regularly be seen running around Green in the morning - if anyone else in the School was up that early, of course. He soon extended this to training in the Gym; but whatever he did, he was always one of the first to go to breakfast. Clad still in his white running kit, he would put his School jacket on over the top to keep him warm. Always practical, he even found a use for the mug he had had to make in Fifth form Art, taking it to breakfast with him. Even when the handle had broken off, he continued to use it - after all, it was still functional. It was characteristic of Richard always to get the most he could out of anything.

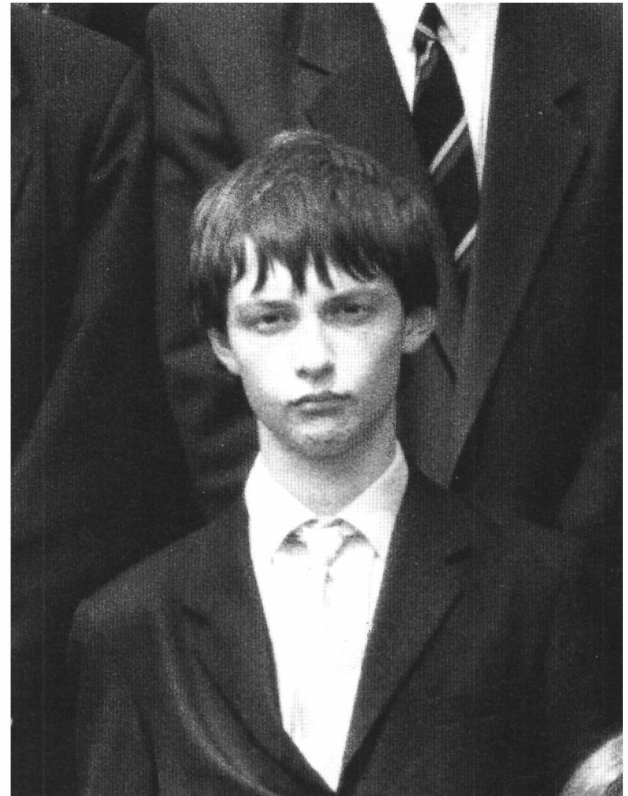
David Thomas (College)

In Memory of Richard Edlin

My friendship with Richard first started on a Lower School Expedition to Kintail in the Western Highlands. He had this reputation as a quiet person, but our year's greatest mind.

It's difficult to convey, in a few minutes, the elements that made Richard's friendship so valuable. He was a great companion - he always thought ahead and was never selfish. I recall one occasion during the last winter when we decided to walk one of my favourite routes in Sussex - a 28 mile journey between Balcombe and Crowborough. I arrived at Waterloo East late, but Richard was there waiting, without any glimmer of 'Where have you been?' During that day, he was happy to follow me up overgrown paths, brambles ripping at our arms and faces, as I justified the route with 'It's there on the map'. As night arrived, and we were still 8 miles from Crowborough station, it was Richard who had remembered to pack a torch, saving us considerable delay. However, when I discovered that we had been walking in a circle for the last half hour, nothing was said, although he knew that I knew that we were lost.

Expeditions with Richard were always enjoyable, as we both could trot along at the same pace in our different styles - myself, armed with the latest Gore-tex and polar fleece - Richard happy in two woolly jumpers and a school cagoule - but both enjoying the solitude of the wilderness that we loved. He loved climbing and walking, and I always envied his country house and the freedom it gave him to explore the beautiful countryside of the Marches.



We both shared a love for the ludicrous and a cynical sense of humour that often reached its finest as we slogged through the rain and mud, or on the lengthy train journeys to and from the Scottish Highlands. Those who heard us must have regarded our conversations as the babbling of madmen, particularly when I became MacPlummer and he became MacEdlin as we ate MacPlate-Of-Chips, or whatever. Those around us looked on with frustration and despair!

I shall miss Richard greatly, as a friend and as a companion who helped me realise trips, and on whom I could always rely to partner me on the longest and most arduous of expeditions. When I walk the 42 miles from Osmotherly to Ravenscar in nine days' time, it will be with Richard's memory accompanying me alongside the Lyke Wake Walk as he did in the past, and would have done in the future: a few minutes ahead, most probably!

Matthew Plummer (Grant's)

FEATURES

BOARD, NOT BORED

Boarding Life at Westminster: The Sixth Former

Writing about boarding life seems strange. I have been living it for what seems such a long time now (four and a half years) that any other way of life seems completely alien to me.

Coming from a female dominated household (aren't they all) and being an only child, it was certainly a great shock to the system when I started in the Fifth form, moving into a room with five other smelly pubescent boys. We had a lot of fun, though the lack of privacy almost drove me mad and I was glad when the next year started. The big advantage of being in Grant's is that you get your own room in the Lower Shell. It might have been a shoe-box, but it was MINE!

I am sorry but it has to be done. The mind-blowingly obvious complaint I am going to make is that the food is awful. Luckily though Victoria Street is on hand with its plethora of fast food restaurants and newsagents.

Apart from that, boarding life in Grant's is good. I have never got to know a bunch of people as well as those that I live with. I know this must sound fairly sugary but there are always friends around that you can talk to - very hard to get bored.

Do not get me wrong, life is not always wonderful, but we all get a chance to escape at the weekends, and to get away from it all for a bit. The boarding population is just large enough that you do not have to spend time with exactly the same people day in day out.

Some day boys just do not seem to understand how we can deal with the atrocious food and the relative lack of luxury (sorry no *en suite* bathrooms here) but they forget one thing. We do not have to commute. No tiring long journeys on crowded tube trains and no getting up horrendously early. All we have to do is roll out of bed just in time to get to breakfast, almost an hour and a half later than some of them.

The other thing that boarding does is that it takes you out from under the parental wing and forces you to become independent far earlier on in life. It also gives you much needed distance from your parents at a time in your life when you probably are not the easiest person to live with. We do have to live our lives by a certain set of rules, but I feel this is a lot better than having a dominating parent breathing down your neck!

Boarding is something I will carry on until I leave and I will never regret the decision to do so.

John Rix (Grant's)

The Lower Shell

Does the quaint tradition of boarding at Westminster offer sufficient allure to compensate for the relative freedom and home comforts enjoyed by day boys? Lower Shell boarders endure a rigid timetable with times set for 'lights-out', 'wake up' and prep. This requires considerable adjustment for a new pupil in comparison to the day boy who is able to work and relax at times of his own choosing. Sharing a room with others contrasts with the peace and solitude of home.

Intrusion by day boys can often be irksome, not helped by the drab decor, rickety wardrobes and desks, and insufficient lighting. Improvements in this area would certainly enhance the appeal for boarding.

Food has always been the butt of schoolboy jokes and this is no exception at Westminster. At times food for boarders can be very pleasing although sometimes the quality and quantity of the food leaves a lot to be desired making forays to Pizza Hut and McDonalds a frequent and essential part of boarding life.

An immeasurable asset to the boarder is the location of the School offering opportunities for activities in the heart of the capital. Boarders are able to enjoy at least one formally arranged outing per term. Many boarders would like more frequent opportunities to take advantage of the plethora of attractions in the School's vicinity. More frequent opportunities for boarders to use the School's sporting facilities would also be much appreciated.

Boarding mercifully dispenses with the frenetic activity of the day boy rushing to get home and facing the unpredictable horror of commuting which we are assured will become worse. Studies in the evening can be enhanced by the rich source of reference in the library and the peaceful setting of the School: two things that we boarders in the Lower Shell fail to appreciate.

Boarding encourages independence, confidence, self-reliance and organisational skills. Certainly there is room for improvement but boarding enables a pupil to gain immensely from all that Westminster has to offer.

Ted Oates (Liddell's)

Girls' Boarding

If there's one thing that girls' boarding revolves around it's chocolate spread. A pot has an average life-span of three hours in Busby's and that's if you keep the secret to close personal friends. I think it's the vital ingredient in our diet. When we don't have it we CRAVE and a house full of ravenous girls isn't funny. Perhaps it isn't the chocolate that's the problem - maybe it's the whole diet thing. The most terrible daily experience is sitting in lunch and tucking into a large plate of... of... food and actually finding yourself enjoying it. Whilst day pupils poke and prod and say 'Eurgh, you know what that looks like don't you?' But they don't understand that for us it's like your mother always said, 'Well if you don't like it you'll just have to go hungry.'

It may be a cliché for a boarding school pupil to moan about the food, but it becomes a sport - a part of our daily routine that's as expected as 'prep' and 'between nine and ten'. And although boarding is all about routine, it's never boring. Boarders don't get bored, it isn't so much a question of countless activities on offer, it's more an actual impossibility to be alone. There's always someone around to talk to or have a laugh with or moan at. However improbable it sounds you do have an extended family. The friends you make are special - they have to be able to put up with you all day every day - even if you don't have any chocolate spread.

Claire Ellis (Busby's)



Pleased to be here? Boarders on the Steps of Grant's

An OW view

For a long time I considered the idea of boarding at Westminster to be absolutely absurd. While the traditional notion of boarding school seemed to be to send confused adolescents from the city for five years of deep isolation in, say, Northumbria or, more rarely, country kids despatched for their education into the big smoke, I was being packed away from the wilderness of North London about twenty minutes away (OK, half an hour on the Number 24) to... Whitehall. It seemed, pretty ridiculous.

Now I realise there was a method to madness.

First, necessity being the mother of invention, we managed to keep ourselves well-amused on Friday nights in Little Dean's Yard. Pogo-ing up and down to crashingly stupid music, whilst staring out of the window at the silhouette of the Houses of Parliament was a lot of fun... well, you had to be there. Other winners were: booting down toilet doors (I'm sure centuries of English scholastic tradition had gripped the same door handle as they squeezed the fruits of another College Hall dinner into oblivion); observing the admirably regular courtship rituals of certain Sixth Formers with open window across the courtyard; a totally self-deluded dalliance with the bass guitar and spending a lot of time of the Victoria Street McDonalds. If a large swathe of the class of '85 comes

down with chronic CJD in about twenty years' time, I'm sure we'll have to look no further...

Of course, we had other, even less intelligent time fillers, but the *Elizabethan* probably isn't the best place to get into that.

But far and beyond teaching me the value of self-entertainment, I think that the experience of keeping my oh-so-insensitive parents away from their intensely post-pubescent son for five days out of every seven - whilst most of my friends underwent regular fits of adolescent pique at Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday breakfast and dinner, as well as the standard Saturday night apocalypses - is the principal explanation for why we still speak today. At least - boarding at Westminster - the teachers, monitors, entire English social system as embodied by Victoria Tower was the front line for our teenage angst and that was quite enough to be getting along with...

...well, during term time at least.

Olly Blackburn (QSS 1985-1990)

Not for me: a day boy's perspective

Materially, day pupils enjoy the best of both worlds; they can enjoy all the advantages of a Westminster education without sacrificing their home comforts. Day boys and girls enjoy home cooking, their own beds, their own clean bathrooms and of course the regular and stimulating company of their parents. Day pupils are not reliant on the School's limited facilities for rest and relaxation, and as a consequence can enjoy them much better. And day pupils can get away from their School friends every evening, and enjoy a bit of privacy in their own homes.

Socially, whether you prefer day or boarding life depends on temperament to a great extent. All are agreed that day boys have better opportunities for maintaining a wider social life during the week. All boarders miss their Friday nights, and all complain of losing touch with most of their friends out of School; for some this loss is greater than others. When I first arrived at the School, I was told by a friend in the year above to board as I would make much closer friends. While this was true in his case, he was the kind of person who could get along well with others even if forced to live with them all week; I'm not, and I'm sure many day pupils find it easier to get along with School friends because they can take a break from them once in a while. Furthermore, in the upper years these friendships wear; though pupils still group together, on evenings when they are feeling tired or bored, they are incredibly irritable and also proficient as only friends can be in annoying or depressing each other. This is why the injection of new Sixth formers is so important; it truly revives the boarding social life.

The freedom to leave in the evenings and then to work, rest and play when I choose has helped me to enjoy Westminster throughout my time at the School; the freedom is particularly important to children who basically don't like school; although Westminster is completely unique, it takes time in some cases to appreciate this. Academically, I think some find the boarder's regimented timetable beneficial, but most



people work as hard as they want to never mind when. I do think that while day pupils miss out on total absorption into the School early on, they hold an advantage in their freedom outside School hours. Though boarding life at Westminster is massively less regimented and more relaxed and enjoyable than at any country boarding school, certain temperaments would not or do not profit from the slightly unchanging routine of boarding life.

Joe Harrod (Busby's)

Where now? Reflections of an old hand

How far the sophisticated tools of market research determined Westminster's spectacular post-war recovery we will never know. Probably John Carleton's influential contacts in the clubs of Pall Mall were more important. But, by the middle fifties - against the odds - the School occupied a comfortable market niche in the independent school catchment area of the Home Counties.

That unique slot comprised - a liberal academic tradition, historic learning environment, barely adequate facilities and a significant weekly boarding component. To be more specific, Westminster offered its students the chance to live and work not just in an institution but in an organic community where people - families, staff, matrons - lived alongside the pupils, where the working day in the classroom merged into the informal social life of children and adults, where cultivated pursuits could be cultivated by day pupils and boarders alike and where the mechanical 9-4 routines of day school life could be given some variation. With the addition of a regular Sixth Form girls' entry in the seventies Westminster became a sure-fire market winner ready to be packaged and sold by John Rae, the first fully media conscious headmaster. And knowing London parents snapped it up as unbeatable value.

But the whirligig of time spins ever quicker. No educational institution nowadays can feel secure - not even Westminster. Everywhere boarding numbers are dropping - schools are closing, merging, retrenching. Heads of boarding schools post hither and thither in search of applicants, but Westminster can hardly compete as a full boarding school.

For years overflowing day boy lists have disguised the problem but the loss of each boarder means signing up two day pupils if the books are to balance. This is perilous accountancy and on a small site the quality of life must suffer as numbers rise. Twenty five years ago maximum numbers were fixed by the Governing Body at 500 - student enrolment is now 660.

Soon Westminster's position - so enviable until recently - will appear merely anomalous - if we close a boarding house the pressure to end Saturday morning school will increase. Once Saturday morning school goes few will pay full boarding fees for four nights board and accommodation. Nor does one closed boarding house significantly affect overheads and freed up space may be used to put more bums on seats. What has made the School distinctive for several decades could be in danger.

But it's not all gloom. We are after all at the top - or thereabouts - of the premier academic league: our sporting image is probably better than it has ever been, the vitality of our cultural life is unsurpassed, we are nowhere near as dependent on assisted places as many other rival schools, we have a thriving prep school and positional advantages second to none. But there can be no doubt that a new professional package urgently needs to be designed to suit this changing market, our changing parental constituency - and the likely change of government.

Jim Cogan (Master of The Queen's Scholars, 1971-87)

IT'S MY CAREER

The *Elizabethan* set out to meet three old Westminsterers following determinedly their own paths.

Nick Barrett (GG 1973-77)

Recruitment Director of Voluntary Service Overseas

I would be deeply suspicious of anyone who wanted to change the world, we simply don't do that, VSO is a drop in the ocean and it would be ridiculous to pretend otherwise.

Nick Barrett, for a man who does some genuine good in the world, seemed remarkably anxious not to take any credit. Surprising - coming from an old Westminster. But, then, he is quite different from what one would expect. While his contemporaries, and even siblings, are now stuffing wedges of money into their pin-striped suits in highbrow offices, Nick is talking to us dressed in an open necked pink shirt and green jumper, sitting on the kind of chair one might find in a Dryden's day room. More remarkable still, when you consider that he went through Westminster with perfect A Levels to Oxford. This is a man who could have got a job anywhere. Like Bhutan, for instance.

Nick started working at VSO in 1983. He began as a volunteer teaching English in the remote Himalayan country of Bhutan and then went on to work in North Eastern Kenya. VSO itself was established in 1958 in response to rising independence in Africa and over the past three decades has grown from a company dealing solely with school leavers into an agency that provides opportunities for specialists to work in 58 developing countries the world over. VSO currently sends 900 people abroad a year, with 2,000 volunteers on assignment at any one time. Volunteers go overseas for a minimum of two years, and there are now over 20,000 returned VSO volunteers in England.

VSO over the years has been called upon to provide services in a number of ways. For example, Nick drew our attention to the role VSO played in the Rwanda crisis, when volunteers were needed simply to assist with keeping people alive. When not responding to international crises, however, it has a long-term duty, namely the passing on of skills and information. 'VSO never sends money or goods in kind, it sends people; people with skills that they can share - whether they be doctors or carpenters, they can all do their bit.'

Quite apart from the technical and professional expertise VSO provides, Nick was keen to stress the 'softer side' of his organisation; 'Our strength lies in personal relations; the hard side is about the exchange of skills and the building of capabilities, the softer side is about friendship; the friends you make, the things you learn, standing side by side with people gives you a great insight into problems of the developing world.' A wry smile spread across his face as if to apologise for an OW's lack of cynicism, but it was clear he meant what he said. To aid a prospective volunteer's acceptance into any given community, VSO tries to provide

its members with 'a local allowance', 'enough to keep body and soul together, without getting rich on it'; VSO has at times been blamed for attempting a subtle form of 'Neo-colonialism' but because VSO volunteers are always requested and in part sustained by the host countries, Nick argues the inaccuracy of such accusations.



Nick Barrett of VSO

He claimed Westminster had no direct influence on him joining VSO, but it seems it did not hinder his career path. He praised Westminster's liberalism for allowing him the freedom of thought to choose his own route, while also thanking Westminster for giving him arrogance (!), which he claimed gave him confidence to rise quickly in VSO. It seems to have paid off as he is now the youngest executive in the organization and managing a budget of £6 million a year. He did not however consider Westminster to be perfect: its bias towards the more artistic subjects stopped him developing practical skills he would have found more useful in his present job; 'right now I am an administrator, I am excluded from doing the hands-on stuff because I simply lack the skills... If I had my time again I would have taken engineering or medicine instead of reading history'. He goes on to add; 'I have no intention of giving any suggestion of any 'holier than thou' image, whether Westminsterers go into the City, law or into an agency like VSO, I think there is a rôle for any of that, it's different strokes for different folks...

Alexis Namdar and Samson Spanier (Dryden's)

Julian Anderson (WW 1981-85)

Composer

Julian Anderson is currently reckoned to be 'one of the rising stars in the arts firmament' as the 'Great British Hopes' column of *The Times* put it last December. He started composing when he was about eleven. Raised on a typical middle class diet of pop, Schubert and Rachmaninov, his introduction to twentieth century music came through his local library. 'These visits gradually became obsessive. The only twentieth century music I knew up to that point was *The Rite of Spring*; but through the library I realised there was a whole lot of other music I had no idea about, like Messiaen, Boulez and Stockhausen and that excited me very much - music which was certainly not included in the family record collection.'

At Westminster, he was taught music by John Baird and Martin Ball, both of whom he remembers as being as extremely helpful. 'John was the first person I showed my music to - rather incoherent, wildly confused piano pieces which were my attempt to write what I then thought of as being 'Modern Music'. He very wisely saw that I needed to learn about the rudiments, harmony and counterpoint; so he had me memorise one Bach chorale a week and taught me basic tonal theory. Martin is a remarkable personality - he has the most phenomenal knowledge of music of any person I've ever met. He was extremely generous with his time and also with his tape collection! He would pile me up with tapes and scores of every variety of music - Alkan, Raff, Sorabji, Messiaen or the Bee-Gees, it was all lurking somewhere in his house. He was extremely stimulating to talk to.' John Field, 'whom one could visit at any time of day and talk about the widest range of literature' and Richard Stokes 'who got me going on German music, particularly contemporary composers like Aribert Reimann and Bernd Aloys Zimmermann' are amongst the other teachers from whom he profited. He also remembers Theo Zinn very affectionately, and enjoys a lasting friendship with him.

By the time Julian left Westminster in 1985, he had begun to study composition privately with John Lambert and he continued working under him at the Royal College of Music, where he studied from 1987 to 1990. 'John was a funny combination of academic correctness and anarchic experimentalism. Being a Nadia Boulanger student, he insisted on lots of very elaborate contrapuntal exercises in sixteenth century style; he also introduced me to the more obscure areas of Bach's output - but this went hand in hand with an interest in free improvisation. I never quite understood how the same man could teach both so successfully! He really was the ideal teacher, and I was lucky to have him for over five years.' Around this time, Julian had also struck up a friendship with Sinan Savaskan, who had started teaching at Westminster one year before he left. 'Sinan had connections with a musical world about which I knew nothing - he worked a lot with experimental composers like Cornelius Cardew and did concerts at the ICA. He was very thought-provoking when it came to composition: he made me think very hard about some pretty important issues - questions of material and form - which I'd rather taken for granted until then.'

Julian completed his composition studies at King's College, Cambridge with Professor Alexander Goehr, with whom he

is currently reading for a PhD. 'I think it was under Goehr that I finally learnt the self-discipline and control essential to any creative activity. Before that, I'd been a bit at sixes and sevens, but talking over aesthetic as well as technical problems with Sandy seemed to put everything in perspective and I started to compose at a more consistent rate.' Whilst still at Westminster, Julian had met another former pupil, George Benjamin. 'When I said I wanted to write music, everybody said I should speak to George because he was the only composer who had had any recent connection with the school (I think he had left four years before I arrived). I had been knocked sideways by his orchestral piece *Ringed by the Flat Horizon* at the Proms in 1980, so I just rang him up and said so! He agreed to see me, and over the next few years I would take things I'd written (dreadful stuff about which he was very understanding) and he'd play me some of the more recent music emerging from Paris at that time - composers like Tristan Murail (with whom I also briefly studied). George had just written *At First Light*, and he showed me how he had put it together. It was the first time a composer had actually taken through a score of their own and analysed it bar by bar, and I found it fascinating. It was a big influence.'

Julian's first musical commission was an orchestral piece, *Pavillons en l'Air*, for the Dartington Summer School in 1991; it was caused him, he says, more trouble than anything else he has written. 'The School had told me that the strings parts had to be pretty simple, and that the woodwind and brass parts should be only a bit more complex than the strings. The conditions were very strict, because the piece had to be played on very little rehearsal. I worked aimlessly for a whole year on this thing without getting anywhere at all. I was on the point of sending apologies to Dartington and giving up composing altogether, when all these restrictions suddenly became very stimulating and triggered off a big surge of musical invention. I wrote the piece in just over two weeks, copied it out and had it played two weeks later.' *Pavillons en l'Air* is now the earliest piece in Julian's catalogue. 'There were things I found in writing it - mainly to do with melody - which I've used ever since.'

Over the next few years, Julian continued to compose slowly, whilst earning his living doing part time teaching. 'I think that despite the fact that I got interested in modern music fairly young - or perhaps because of it - I was always going to be a slow starter. It took such a long time for all those varied and often contradictory enthusiasms to be sorted out, but I think that I always wanted to write pretty complicated music, and I was always trying to compose music which was technically far in excess of my abilities.' Eventually, however, another orchestral piece entitled *Dark Night* was awarded the Royal Philharmonic Society Prize for Young Composers, and performance opportunities gradually increased. Another composer Julian had met whilst at Westminster, Oliver Knussen, proved a vital influence in his career. 'I owe an enormous amount to Olly. He saw a few things I'd written and was very encouraging. He was doing a concert of young composers with the London Sinfonietta and put two pieces of mine in it. It was the first time I'd worked with players of great virtuosic ability and taught me an enormous amount about notation, orchestration and so on.' The London Sinfonietta subsequently commissioned a new piece from Julian, which turned in his rowdy ensemble work *Khorovod*, performed at last year's Proms. Simultaneously,

Julian was taken up by the publishing firm of Faber - one of the youngest composers in their catalogue. 'My association with Faber is probably the single most beneficial thing that has happened to me since I started composing,' he says.

Future projects include an orchestral piece for the BBC National Orchestra of Wales, to be conducted by George Benjamin, a commission from the Nash Ensemble, and - possibly - a chamber opera, though Julian professes feelings of 'great ambiguity about that idea. I really don't know. Singers are a funny breed - especially operatic singers, with all that vibrato. I prefer clean, early-music style voices with an instrumental sort of tone. I may do it - there is an offer of a commission - if I only I can find a plot that excites me. So far I haven't done so. We'll see.'

Robin Haller (Ashburnham)

George Benjamin (RR 1973-77)

Composer

The house stood out from the rows of monotonous grey buildings on the typical North London street, its occupant was clearly a creative individual. George Benjamin, composer of such contemporary pieces as *Ringed by the Flat Horizon* and *At First Light*, immediately came across as a man with a real love for music and what it does, and a passion for expressing and creating feelings through sounds. Westminster appeared to have been a great driving force behind that enthusiasm; he valued the fact that the School encouraged him to be creative and individual about his composing, while recognising the importance and benefits of having attended a school where many things other than music were discussed. He always worked very much as his own man, pursuing the path he wanted and not allowing himself to be restricted by the School in any way.

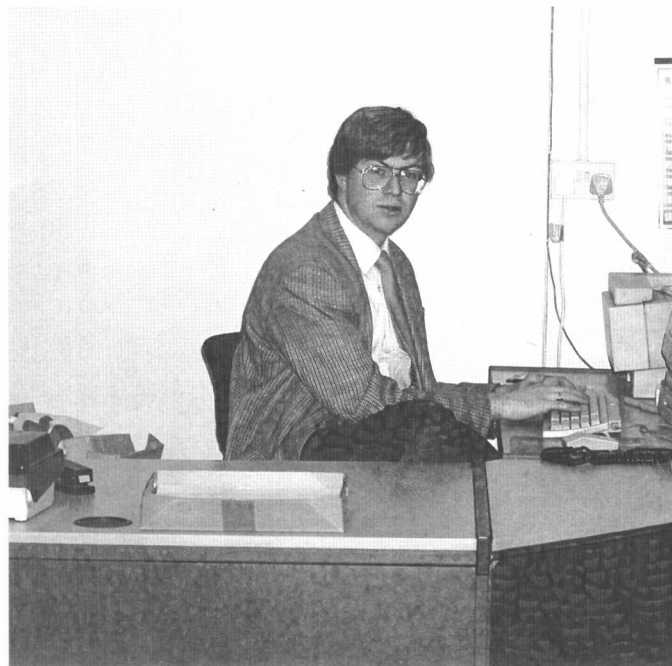
Very definitely aiming his music at whoever wanted to listen to it, he was very conscious of not patronising his audience by deliberately making his music more 'accessible' (a word he described as dreadful). Familiarity would breed further enjoyment and appreciation of his music which could be heard on several different levels. Everyone could get something out of his music; what they got depended upon at what level they chose to approach it.

Music for George Benjamin was primarily a natural art to stimulate the imagination rather than a technical science which comes to be measured and described simply in terms of physics and notes on a page. He was very conscious of remaining 'true to his imagination', speaking of 'the search for truth' as being pursued through music. Music which produced harmful effects, such as politically manipulative music, was 'unimaginative'. Music cannot be tied down; the inspiration may be a poem or painting but the music takes on a life and form of its own, rising above to create a sense of freedom.

'Everyone needs coaching, pushing and encouraging.' Musical ability can, according to Benjamin, be developed through teaching and practice, but there is 'the gifted child', who has 'the world at their fingertips', and exists almost on a different plane of existence. His talents could remain undiscovered without pressure from others, but often gifted musicians have a natural attraction towards music and instruments.

Benjamin's primary duty, as he saw it, was to his art itself, which he envisaged included his listeners. He was keen that whoever listened to his music should 'understand' it and obviously compose from a real love for music, describing as 'sad' the fact that commercial interests and a genuine love of music could rarely be reconciled. 'Popular music', in his opinion, creates an instant easy feeling inside people, but certainly no inner message or feeling. Music composed is obviously influenced by what the composer may have been exposed to, but should also be inspired by true feelings from within that person which will be communicated through the music. For George Benjamin, music is a miracle, and nothing else has the power to achieve what it does, in terms of imagination, feelings, action and of course immense beauty through sound.

Daniel Levitsky (Busby's) and Simon Piesse (College)



Richard Hindley, Web Master, doesn't really look like Bill Gates

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL ON THE INTERNET

Westminster School now has a presence on the World Wide Web. The URL is

<http://www.users.dircon.co.uk/~rjh/ws.html>

The site is offering news for parents and Old Westminsters, such as dates of concerts and plays as well as sporting fixtures. If you're keen to follow events at Westminster as they happen, there is also an internet version of Westminster Week, which gives details of visiting speakers and other internal events. The internet is currently expanding rapidly, and we intend to develop the site further during the coming year.

Richard Hindley

THE ELIZABETHAN LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

The Far Side

by Salome Leventis (Hakluyt's) - Gumbleton first prize winner

'Corruption'.

'What a terrible, dirty word.' Chuckle.

'Nigeria,' he says, 'is a dirty word.' Laughter all round.

'Nigeria,' he repeats, 'is synonymous with corruption.' Panning the room, 'there are big people and there are little people. The big people trample; the little people are there to be trampled.' And the woman opposite winces, embarrassed for him as he ambles through the red tape and into a minefield of political taboos.

'Corruption throughout the ranks, and the irony is that no one wins; not at the top, not at the bottom. The rich men lose. The rest just don't have anything to start with.'

There is a boy crying on the television. The camera has zoomed in so that the sides of the screen now hug his head and you wonder whether there is actually a real head in that box in the corner of the room. Whether glass eyes are pressed up against glass. Whether they fly flicking about against his forehead - would hiss away to freedom if someone wrenched open the lid. And the sound tendrils out into the room, thin and limp and grasping so that it can only scratch at people's eardrums. They shuffle uncomfortably. They are unable to squeeze it out without lifting hand to ear or to control, and that would be wrong. 'We must be concerned.' They must be concerned. They must not appear unconcerned at the image of a black boy projected from a country thousands of miles away who is crying because his parents have brought it upon themselves and because he will one day be corrupt. 'Please', prays the man in the paisley armchair, 'please can we switch to Channel Four.' How sad to be hemmed in by convention. To be strapped into an armchair and forced to cope with that tiny square of light flicked from the lamp in the corner of the room into his eye. The poor man cannot say that he doesn't care, that he is just irritated because Brookside started ten minutes ago and it's not their problem anyway if Nigerian people kill themselves off. God, we've got enough problems here already (daring to cross and uncross legs) - look at the people in cardboard boxes on the streets (hand more confident now and edging towards teacup on table). How are we going to get rid of them? (Lifting to mouth.) How are we going to get them jobs and out of the doorways where they interrupt the commuter flow? *And a tramp sits on the cold stone outside a shop like the boy held in the television and watches another coat blurring into the crowd.* 'Move them by force so that they cannot obstruct'. He sits with his empty beer bottle leaning against the glass because sitting is better than standing. 'So that they cannot be seen.' *Because sitting is better than standing in his cold, cold world.* And with everything but a tepid puddle of the tea slipping into his stomach, and pleasantly satisfied that he can now move freely again and reach for the control and change to Channel Four, the man sits back in his paisley armchair and exhales.

It was twelve o'clock. A Nigerian twelve o'clock. A twelve o'clock so humid that we could have been wading through boiled blood. And I am coughing because of a gritty flicking tickle in my throat and can feel the surface of my body where it is moving sliding against sweaty leather. The car is also coughing. Choking out shimmering fumes that twist away into the air, clinging like a second skin to shiny faces and hands, wrapped like a joke present at Christmas. The car judders, shimmering and glimmering and caked in streaky oppressive sweat and dust and sunlight, aching to a halt because of congestion. Indigestion. *'How peculiar,' comments the pathologist, 'someone seems to have slipped cyanide into the tea.'* Indeed how peculiar. That the life of a man in a paisley armchair who just wanted freedom is beginning to resemble a Hitchcock or an Agatha Christie novel. Oh no. We can see scratchily out of the front window and we can see dirt (perhaps from the window or from air outside or perhaps from air outside on other windows). In between dirt we can see the rustle of gritty leaves on ground as the tail of the snaking shuddering tailback twitches. Like an animal almost dead it heaves over the horizon, sighs and sinks into the drainage basin or valley or cyanide-tinted cup of tea that is on the other side of the hill. The jam is slithering, and wheels kick up more sand and dust and dirt to add to everything else that is clogging the air.

'The government defence building.'

'What?'

'The building. Over there.'

Sickening. The hungry angry fire of last night has clawed its way into every nook and cranny and left it just an empty sorrowful shell of a matchbox building, jittering in the breeze. Bricks now reduced to shrivelled black scabs that manage to cling together because of the prayers of the stall-holders beneath the government building who must keep on selling despite the shaky blackness. But the windows. They have gone, gouged out except for the glints of jagged glass in the edge of the frame. It is like the skull of a monster with a thousand eyes sitting in the middle of this creaking city and ants are crawling around beneath it and around it and even in through the eye sockets, and most grotesque is the flap of an exhausted paisley curtain through the hissing window. 'Why,' they will ask, 'did the building burn down?' 'Corruption,' some fat wise politician sitting in front of the News with a cup of tea will answer. 'Someone was paid off to destroy valuable incriminating documents, and that is why everything has gone.' It is you see, only the papers and the valuable incriminating documents that matter. We do not, should not, care about the twelve janitors toasted alive in the blazing shell of a matchbox building, or some little black boy trapped inside the television while a fat wise politician chuckles and rubs his fat hands together.

He happened right beside the scene of the crime - why I remember the incident. Nothing really; so small, so irrelevant, devoid of words or contact or even the tiniest of cogs that would somewhere slot in to the Great Eternal Scheme of Things. Nothing at all. Except that it twinged at my conscience for a long time afterwards; affected the way I look at other people and at myself and at

myself looking at other people. Awolowo Road; midday (or was it one?) - 'be precise', the chief inspector would say, 'this is evidence'; the day the defence building had burnt down. In a shuddering sweaty grid-locked traffic jam that refused to move even when dripping yellow-coloured businessmen slammed and shouted and pushed up the air with their hands. We apologise for the congestion *but the government can't bloody be bothered to pay the builders to sew up that rip in the road where a man on a gasping motorbike stupidly forgot to brake and is now responsible for clogging the commuter flow.* So we sat, cocooned into a car that felt like a gilded prison, breathing in and out and trying not to think of what was in the air that we were breathing. And on the far side, faces framed by slick wood panelling, black knuckles rapping desperately in a foreign morse code, hawkers pushed cigarettes and battered loaves of bread up against the glass. *They need.* It is the worst kind; not silent, pleading, hoping, but angry like they want to kill you or need to kill you for turning away and tracing grooves in the puckered leather upholstery; like they want to tear you apart because they know there is no other hope and no need to be silent. Like the paisley Brookside man who begs like they beg for a Hitchcock or cyanide. And a silent prayer for them to go, looking down at fingernails and the raw red mosquito patches on legs, not because we don't want to give but because we just don't know how. Someone must be up there, because they slide away in between the grit and dust and black swirling fumes and don't look back; magical avenging genies or angels or prison warders who disappear in an angry exhausted puff. Only then the boy. He is young - eight or nine ('precision!' *Sorry. Evidence must be precise*) and therefore my brother's age at the time. He is wearing a pair of shorts and one trainer, and his face is not like the face of other hawkers and he does not, like them, want to dissolve the glass barrier and snatch money and luck and love - it is blank. It is a picture pressed up against glass. Trapped in a box because he does not have the energy to care or cry, and so he has sealed himself away. He is carrying a red bowl. A plastic bowl. A red, plastic, empty, glaring bowl that contains scratches and anger and hopes that have long shrivelled and that jiggle around in the bottom like teeth or grains of sand. I must fill up his bowl. Leap out of the car and fill it with golden coins and watch that panel slide back and the painting bulge into a real human face and the eyes flick on and laugh. And laugh. I want to laugh with him, laugh with everybody. Wheels now scratching on ground, now churning vigorously so that everything snaps back into place as engines wheeze. I must jump out now. *But I have no golden coins.* I must open the door, flick the switch and jump. *But the car is moving too fast.* Smash the window and stretch out. *But I am afraid to give, remember?* I am afraid to give.

And the boy is swallowed up by the smoke and filth and dust. Swallowed up holding that red bowl and still not moving. Swallowed up by the hawkers jogging, sprinting desperately besides the mad churning machines. And I can see the curtain closing between us, and although I can no longer see his face or his feet or his red, angry bowl, I can feel the betrayal in his eyes. It has managed to reach me through his panel and the dirt and my panel, and I want to weep.

There is a baby, a boy, a black boy with a red bowl hemmed in by corruption and cyanide and paisley armchairs crying on the television. He obstructs, he interrupts the commuter flow, he can be seen. And people want to snuff him out because of the pain and panic and sheer desperation in that cry. In those eyes. In his red bowl. And I know I will have to live with him - a picture that was almost not a picture in its glass box - for the rest of my life. Accept that the door is closed, that no one can wrench off the lid, that I was afraid of giving. That I sealed myself off from his desperate, pleading poverty.

'Corruption' the man says. 'Corruption.' And he chokes on the word as he reads of twelve dead janitors in the shell of a dead matchbox building in the middle of Lagos.

Mr...

by Daniel Rhodes (Ashburnham)

Mr... wakes up in the morning feeling rather cold and clammy, a thin layer of cold sweat having built up across the width and breadth of his little pot bellied being. He somehow always makes sure that the alarm goes off several minutes after he wakes, a private Luddite act that only serves to frustrate and anger him in its ultimate futility.

He decides to turn on the radio despite himself. He hates the radio and its crackling mass of hypocrisies and contradictions. Its sole purpose seems to be to wind him up, to 'soothe' him with the classical music he enjoys in public and detests in private, or to 'educate' him by allowing politicians their spot in the airwaves, sales pitch after sales pitch, followed by another commercial break. Worst of all is the teenybop garbage he occasionally forces down his own ears, vapid meaningless pop music that only serves to remind him of the spotty little consumers at the public school. If he already hates that generation for their stupidity, arrogance and idleness, he finds his feelings for them never improve after a dose of the junk they pass for music. He turns it off and walks down the stairs.

He remembers a time when he could see a wife and a few children beyond the top of The Daily Telegraph, hearing their whinging and whining as he perused the back pages. But now he sits in solitude at the breakfast table, sipping the sharp grapefruit juice as his teeth crush the last morsel of burnt toast. He sits back and appreciates the sound of the early morning traffic filtering through the walls of the damp, yet functional, kitchen.

Arriving at the common room a little before eight, he sits in his little chair at his little table and shuffles through the marking he could not complete the night before, the result of some school event or other in the evening. He spends much of the morning there, speed reading a set book and finishing someone else's crossword. Occasionally he recognises the other teachers as they pass, here a closet lesbian, there an ageing alcoholic; a young teacher in his first year makes blue jokes about another royal love affair - his voice fades as the eyes of Mr... meet with his own.

The sound of heels clacking against a thin carpet.

'Good morning Mr...'

'Oh, hello, Miss...'

Before they had begun teaching at the same institution, Mr... and Miss... had met before, a few intimate moments spent together after a Cream concert in '67. Miss..., her flower-child eyes now framed by wrinkles, and her long blond hippie chick hair balding in places, never discusses their former association, through either poor memory or deep embarrassment, Mr... despises Miss..., and yet he does not quite know why.

Another afternoon is spent teaching. Mr... appears in the classroom with his instant coffee, a bitter taste of Hermeseta, polystyrene and limescale all burning into the back of his throat. The timing of these lessons, Mr... believes, is something of a statistical triumph. Because of various pupils arriving late, falling ill, swearing at one another, falling asleep, arguing over late homework, arguing over new homework, eating, farting and leaving early, Mr... is left with fifteen minutes to do... what? He dreads these nerve wracking moments. For a moment he engages in argument with one of the bespectacled bags of testosterone and pus sitting in the front row. Mr... goes into auto pilot: he picks up on one subject, recommends some books, he does all the things he thinks a 'Master' should do.

He begins to wonder whether he really feels like a 'Master' at all. He sees the pupils, their smiling, laughing, their excruciating little 'grown up' comments, and he smirks at their Clearasil stained faces. Here they are, the lawyers, doctors, businessmen, maybe even teachers of the future, all growing, developing, progressing on... to nothing, nothing, at least, which Mr... could ever have aspired to be, no authority figure to whom he would ever willingly submit. Mr... does not utter a word on the subject in public; it is in his interests, after all - he will be paid to educate their children to the same high standard.

His is the world of the academic, of facts, of argument. Paper and ink sandwiched together in piles - truths in one tray, answers in another. The cosy booklined bureau with a pot of recently sharpened pencils and a half empty bottle of whisky in the drawer. The instinctive knowledge that one is always at least partially right.

The last few moments are usually the most fraught. Mr... feels he must provide a comprehensive definition of the moral and educational value of the next homework, how important this particular piece of work really is. Then he must find the question.

When he finds a question he must make sure the whole class have heard it, and when he repeats it he must make sure he does not, by accident, change it. Such mental acrobatics have kept Mr... wide eyed and alert for all the years he has taught in that dark, stuffy classroom. He has been lied to so many times by so many people.

He recognises his ex-pupils in the newspaper, beckoning the reader to vote for them, to watch their TV show, to buy their shares, and he weeps with the pride that is the benefit of many years spent teaching. He turns to the letters page, acknowledges the printing of his latest effort. Mr... wonders what it would be like if, someday, he could pluck up the courage to use his real name.



The world of the academic: Daniel Rhodes

On 1995, year of the Purcell tercentenary

Play flute, or piccolo or harp,
Maraccas or the zither.
Join a Javan gamelan
Or take up the marimba.
You can 'ting' upon a timbrel
If that sort of sound's your style,
But I really must implore, dear,
That you don't consort with viols.

Joanne Goulbourne (Purcell's)

The following piece, by **Edward Floyd (QSS)**, was written at School House near Alston in response to instructions to compose a letter from a lead-miner who was quitting the unequal struggle to make a living and planning to emigrate to Australia in the second half of the last century.

Dearest Pa,

By the time you read this, most likely, I will no longer be in these parts in which we were raised; for tomorrow morn we leave and head off for Bristol where we will go to the New World: to Australia, being precise. They say it's a whole new experience, with countless opportunities for everyone; we could get us a farm, as we'd always wanted.

Martha and I, and the young lad of course, feel fearful sad not only to leave you, but the country in which our family was born and bred, lived and worked through ups and downs, but here we simply can no longer support ourselves even with our modest needs and wants. Lead mining just ain't what it used to be, Dad.

Ever since the day I first set foot in the old mine, working for that London Lead Company, not nine summers old, crushing the ore - terrible hard work - I assuredly knew that my station in life was to be a good old-fashioned miner, just like you and Granda. The pay was poor at best, but it helped you and Mam support the kids, and to get by even in the recessions. It wasn't until I was gone fourteen that I could start to mine proper, yet still it only paid six shillings a week at most, hardly nothing and those were considered good times!

I don't know what started it, but then there became less and less wanting to buy our lead - those darn Londoners always lowering the price, like; giving some silly excuse like that new-fangled rifles were replacing the good old muskets (don't ask me why!). And this peace may be well and good for the Government, not paying the army, but it certainly is no good for us. This all added up to mean that no one wanted our lead, so that means pay cuts for the workers.

Now I'm a partner in a large mining partnership (we get paid depending on how much we can mine). That means for six days a week I'm made to rise before dusk and mine near on till dusk, and I find that all that powder is dreadful bad for my wheezy lungs (which I fear will kill me like Granda) I find that even with Martha's sewing and Jack starting work now we've scarce enough to pay for our daily watery soup and bread that I've come to hate so much.

I thought I might never have to say this, Father, I believe that while I've still got life left in me, we must move - it would be nigh on impossible to stay here, most likely we'd all starve to death, Martha is already weak.

Anyway, their Government is offering free land to all that ask, just think; our own farm, fresh air and good food for our children to grow up in and an agreeable climate for the wife and I to grow old in. To be sure, Dad, it's for the best.

The first few years will be a struggle all right - but no more than here, we must pray for good soil, understanding natives, and a safe crossing to give my venture a hope of success. I have heard many a foul tale - of cannibalism, wild animals and famine - but I

just sincerely hope these aren't true.

My greatest loss however is not material, however, it is the effectual loss of my only Father - sure enough I will write as often as possible, but it will take six months to reach you, God willing, and by then we may have fallen on tough times, or you may have important news for me.

So, however much it grieves me, Dad, this has to be goodbye at least until we are rich enough to visit you! I may never see you again, but you will always have a special place in my heart.

Jack, Martha and I send our best wishes for the future, whatever it holds.



Drawings by Henry Thorold
(Busby's)

We Love Saturday School

by Daniel Barry (Wren's)

Pre school:

I'm in no hurry. No Abbey today. I think I'll trash someone at table tennis. While I'm waiting. First three periods, Art and Music are a bit of a doss, first we get to show our immense artistic talent, then we get to wail out a few chords on our maestro keyboards. Like I said, I don't really have to be there on time.

Morning break:

Setting the clock forward gets us ten minutes extra parole. Teachers always fall for that. Famished. No queue outside the tuck-shop. A quid for just that lot? Extortion. Sod's Law. I'll just go socialise in the yard, check up with my informants in the other classes about the huge row earlier. Could be trouble ahead. I'd better get changed for PE.

Lunch break:

Basketball was great, me, Alex 'the Demon' Crosse and Antony 'Downtown' Doeh whipped four others *and* CD the Prof 28-4. It was awesome. Oops, late for lunch, can't miss the coach for Water. Great, mushroom ravioli, just what I need before a gruelling trip on the river. Yeah right. I'm going.

Pre Abbey:

Oh no! Late again! Going to miss Registration. Better find Mr Hamilton before going up Abbey. Up Abbey, 'up?' What basket case thought that up? Hi, Sir! Just making sure you know I'm here.

Post Abbey:

Think by now I've mastered the art of looking attentive. Gives me time to reach consciousness. Wonder what's next? Double Physics! A rude awakening. Trek to the Science Block, retrieve the books, drop the papers, scrabbling on the floor, shoelaces undone, here comes Eggy Spliff, my shirt's untucked - I hate Wednesdays.

From Science Block:

I've never been more intrigued in my life. Density! Wait a minute - this could be fun. More Fifth formers coming into the Science Block. Who shall we pick on to carry all the way back to School? Yes! You can always count on him.

Morning Break:

Uuuugh! Enshrouded in the mystic art of Mathematics - again. Let out ten minutes late. That's half our break. That's chief. Huge queues for the tuck shop. Just time to grab my books... It's still morning and I want to go home.

Lunch break:

Feeling queasy, that greasy cheese quiche has blown me away. Retreat back to Wren's and finish the two history essays due last week. Time for the nervous system to calm down. How time flies when you're having fun. Deus dat incrementum. Mustn't forget that. I've got to go.

To Science Block:

Uh - oh! Here come the Upper Shell and I'm heading for a world of hurt. Some guys go out of their way to ram you. It's only 2:30 and I really wanna go home.

Post School:

So my experiment blew up in my face and I got twelve in my test. I've got four preps, what happened to two? I'm so knackered I can't be bothered to go all the way home. Think I'll go play pool.



Keith Tompkins and Richard Pyatt with the tools of their trade

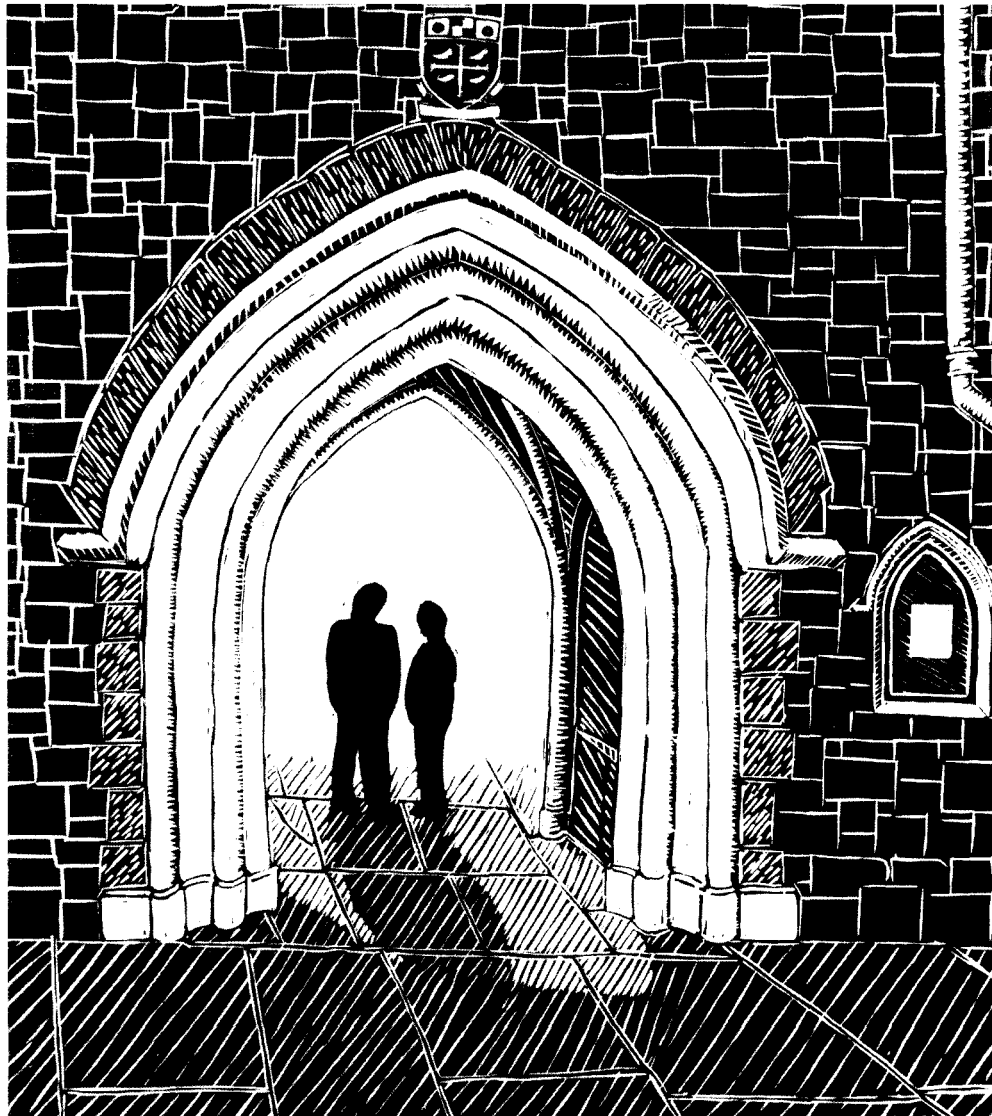
SLICK OVER SKOMER

The island was a natural wonderland.
Birds lived there in their thousands.
Guillemots, razorbills, gannets in layers
along the sharp cliff edges,
With nests perched in rows in the
long horizontal cracks of the rock.
And puffins with their sandy network of
underground burrows.
Wild flowers in their colourful millions,
The pink campion and the purple knapweed
Grew deliciously in the Pembrokeshire sun
Among the windy grasses of the uneven
Campus.

Dusk fell.
The round Sun shone across the sky,
In orange, lilac and yellow.
The stratus and cirrus glowed
mysteriously,
As they hovered lightly in their layers.
While the luminous red ball sank into the blue,
The crescented cratered luna curve awoke,
Cutting her way up through the dead of night
Up into the starry, speckled sky.
The cry of the first shearwaters was heard
As they flocked to the island
After a stormy day at sea.
The shearwaters swarmed the island,
So graceful in flight,
Yet so clumsy, almost lame on land.
The slimy brown toads appeared
As if from nowhere.
They lay,
Still and sodden in the damp heather,
Making easy prey for famished gulls.

But then, during a routine
Milford Haven transfer,
The Sea Empress runs aground,
The massive tanker shitting
Hundreds of thousands of tons of thick
Oil into the precious sea.
Over the next few days,
It is left to disperse and enter the ecosystem,
Poisoning the food chain, piece by piece.
People loaf around while
The thick black sludge
Pollutes the plankton
And obliterates the birds,
Glueing together their well-preened feathers.
Tides carry the toxic waste up and down the coast,
Dumping it on beaches,
Their salty tide marks blackening by the hour.
On the cliffs of Skomer
The dotted rocks of dry bird droppings
Are plastered up,
And thick, dark clouds form in the sky,
Looming heavily over the dull waters.

Ed Stevens (Grant's)



BAR GRANADA

Liddell's Arch by Tom Gentleman (Grant's)

Under the moonlit shadows of the Alhambra's
Minarets, I stumble on a shabby neon-lit cafe.
Screwed to its peeling blood-red walls
Above the pallid faces of its customers
(While gypsies sing fandangos in the night)
Common practice, common sight,
A flickering screen.

The heroic matador sweeps his bloody cape
Then plunges sword up to its silver hilt.
The customers cheer and pound their iron tables
Watching the great bull twist and totter,
(While gypsies sing fandangos in the night)
Common practice, common sight
On the flickering screen.

The cards come out and cigarettes are lit.
The coffee cups with blood-red lipstick stains
Are gathered by a massive moustached waiter.
The portly matador displays two severed ears
(While gypsies sing fandangos in the night)
Common practice, common sight
Within the flickering screen.

Tired cheers ring out and old men yawn
Beneath the red-striped awning and the bulbs
That burn fantastic shapes into my eyes.
Out on the street some beggar calls for alms
(While gypsies sing fandangos in the night)
Common practice, common sight
Beneath the flickering screen.

The bull's dragged out by grimfaced toreadors
Across the blood-stained sand of the arena.
Chairs and table scrape as customers leave
And the proprietor prepares to chain the door.
(While gypsies sing fandangos in the night)
Common practice, common sight
Beside the flickering screen.

As the café lights are dimmed and waiters
Pour out Pernod for their night's reward,
The next bull enters, but the programme's switched
to football: Saragossa v Real Madrid
(While gypsies sing fandangos in the night)
Common practice, common sight
On the flickering screen.

Oliver Marre (Busby's)

POEMS

by Daniel Levitsky (Busby's)

Jade Jesus

Sweet Jesus carved in jade, offered
In a market square

Worth more than I could afford to pay
Must I leave you lying there?

Yet if I could find the money
To take you home with me

Where could I put you, Jesus
What would you mean to me?

Where could I keep your statue
So the brightness would not fade

For my home is simply furnished
And I have no place for jade

Should I stand you, gentle Jesus
In a corner of my room

Near to Christ carved in olive
Brought from Jerusalem?

Though jade is smooth and sensuous
Its surface hard and pure

My Jesus from the Holy Land
Is worth a great deal more

So I leave you, patient Jesus
Honed from a flowing stone

In a bustle of the market place
You need not feel alone

Aspect of Love

I met love once
when I was looking
the other way

I heard the sound
of a wheelchair
smooth
on polished wood

saw the tired
gentle faces of
the parents

the smiles
of the handicapped
son

I know it was
love -
felt uplifted
inspired

The Garden

I walked through a timeless garden
When the summer sun was high
Strolled on the lawns leading down
To the lake
Under a brilliant sky
And I felt the presence of unknown lives
From centuries gone by

I stood in the rain-filled garden
When the clouds were misty grey
Breathed in the energy of trees
On a green and silver day
And I listened to voices I could not hear
Inviting me to stay

Now I walk in the peaceful garden
Alone with my fantasy
My longing to know what cannot
Be known
To see what I cannot see
And the ghosts of the garden drifting past.
Are they aware of me?

Night Freight

by Joanne Goulbourne (Purcell's)

In Canterbury, there is a house
Which overlooks the Dover road;
And shudders to the nightly noise
Of traffic on the harbour trade.

Through nicotine-stained night, the freight
Comes down by lorry to the bay,
Where hulking cargo ships lie greyly
Dormant round the headland quay.

And darkened miles about the berth,
The grimy trailers heading south,
Cross bands of jaundiced light from cafés
Selling chips in trucky lay-bys.

Some nights, my mouth tastes strong of salt;
A salty stream tides through my nose,
And in my mouth an awful sea
Whose brackish waters darkly rise.

COMMON ROOM

Kris Spencer

Kris Spencer came to Westminster from St Edward's, Oxford in 1991. He was with us for just three years before leaving for the much coveted position of Head of Geography at St Paul's Girls' School (thus increasing the average height of the Westminster geography department to 5ft 6in). While here he contributed much to school life - being Head of both Athletics and Rugby Stations at various times (although he confided that his sole rugby skill lay in being able to run away from the ball very quickly).



His real skills lay in the teaching of geography - he was a popular teacher who could turn his hand to any area of this eclectic subject. Although he is first and foremost a teacher he is also a respected industrial geographer with several text books to his name (who can forget his Fifth Form set beavering away producing pie charts showing 'Inward Investment in the UK' for the next KJS publication...).

We shall sorely miss the man who brought post-structuralist geography and Paul Smith suits to Westminster and wish him well in his new post.

Claudia Harrison

Tim Price

There are many ways to prepare for a career in teaching, but few can be more appropriate than fundamental research into deterministic chaos, counting pineapples for the EC and an ability to juggle! We had the great good fortune that Tim was considering teaching just when we needed help to cover classes in both physics and mathematics. He studied Physics at University College, Oxford becoming a Research Scholar at St Hugh's and continuing to a post doctorate with Yves Pomeau (one of the key figures in the development of chaotic dynamics) in Paris. During this time his work appeared on the cover of *Nature*. He joined us for a one year post in September 1994 with roughly equal commitments in physics and maths that became biased toward the physics when Robert Court was away on sabbatical during the Election Term.

One year passes all too quickly, but Tim became involved in many aspects of School life and his contributions were all

valuable. He ran a juggling LSA (he even managed to teach several members of the Common Room) organised one of the most successful scientific society lectures (inviting Tom Mullin, his supervisor at Oxford, to speak on Chaos Theory) and helped with cross-country Station, turning out to run in the Bringsty and the Vincent Square relays. He is also a gifted musician, a violinist and composer, and he conducted the first performance of his own composition, *A La Mode* at the Contemporary Music Concert in February 1995.

Tim is a quiet, gentle man of great intelligence and humility who found the rather abrasive and insensitive response of some classes quite a shock. I am very pleased this did not put him off teaching (or off those classes!), he clearly enjoyed the interaction with bright pupils and they benefited greatly from his carefully prepared lessons and broad knowledge of mathematical physics and the arts.

He left us for a post at Dauntsey's School (which he attended as a pupil) in July 1995. This is very much their gain and our loss. He is a multi-talented man who has a great teaching career ahead of him and who will be very popular with his pupils and colleagues.

Steve Adams

To former pupils of Westminster Under School

Miss Antonia Salisbury, who has taught at Westminster Under School since 1963, retires in July 1996, as does **Mrs Jane Palmer**, teacher of Art for the last eleven years. To mark the occasion, the Under School summer concert will be a special event, and will take place in St John's Smith Square on Tuesday 2 July 1996. Under School music scholars will perform concerto movements, and there will be choral pieces performed by pupils and former pupils as well as solos and ensemble pieces by pupils. The concert will begin at 7:30pm. Tickets cost £5 for adults and are free to children and school pupils.

Requests for tickets should be addressed (with cheque payable to Westminster Under School where applicable) to the School Secretary, Westminster Under School, Adrian House, 27 Vincent Square, London SW1P 2NN

THE TERCENTENARY OF DOCTOR BUSBY'S DEATH

As announced in the last issue of *The Elizabethan*, the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Doctor Richard Busby was commemorated in the Abbey on Friday the 22nd of September, in the presence of The Dean and The Head Master. A short ceremony had taken place on the anniversary itself, the 5th of April, but since the date was out of term time, it was thought good that a commemoration involving the whole School should be held on his birthday in September.

It took the form of a narrative of his long and distinguished life, divided into four sections - from his birth in 1606 to his arrival as Head Master in 1638; thereafter, to the execution of King Charles I in 1649; to the death of Oliver Cromwell in 1658; and finally, to his own death in 1695. Between each section, music by Henry Purcell, the tercentenary of whose death the School was also remembering, was performed. Some of the excerpts were read from the pulpit and lectern, but most were acted out in the area in front of the Sacarium steps, on the marble pavement that Busby and his pupil South had given to the Abbey, and within feet of their places of burial. Doctor Busby's bust on its column was at hand to watch over the proceedings.

The various rôles, whether of Busby himself, or his pupils, or such interlopers as the rabid Under Master Edward Bagshaw, were expertly taken by members of College, as was the declamation in Westminster Latin of the inscription on Busby's monument, led by the Master of The Queen's Scholars. The vignettes of the great Head Master were introduced and linked by a narrator.

There were some unusual 'firsts' in the commemoration. Part of Robert South's sermon, which should have been preached from that very pulpit before a congregation of Old Westminster's in 1685, but never was, had its first delivery by the Chaplain, including the well-known words on King Charles's execution that 'I myself heard, and am now a witness, that the King was publicly prayed for in this School, but an hour or two (at most) before his sacred head was struck off'.

The story of the Majesty Skutcheon, snatched by a Scholar from the lying in state of Oliver Cromwell, was told, and the Skutcheon itself displayed, perhaps for the first time since 1658, in the place from which it was so boldly taken.

The Royal Pardon, procured for eleven Scholars after a less creditable escapade, the beating to death of a bailiff in 1679, was also held aloft to the view: the Abbey had witnessed the identity parade of the whole School at which the culprits were picked out.

The hope had been to commemorate the School's most notable Head Master and benefactor in a way that would be fitting and informative - for he himself had been at pains to leave few records of his life, and never allowed a portrait to be painted of him when alive. Legend had therefore been allowed to accumulate around one or two well-known features of his regime, especially on his reputation as a beater. This was undoubtedly deserved, but must be set in the context of the times, when central authority was constantly being challenged, and counterpoised by the genuine affection and gratitude felt for him by so many pupils - the Busby



'whose kindness I shall never forget'; 'Busby, whose memory to me shall be forever sacred'; 'not only a master, but even as a father, and, which is a relation more rarely found, a real friend.' Above all, as another contemporary wrote, 'his charity was the greatest virtue in him, whereof none ever took more care that his right hand should not know what his left did'.

If something of this aspect of Doctor Richard Busby was conveyed in the words, and enhanced by Purcell's harmonies, so appropriate in choice and moving in performance, then we may hope that his memory will continue to be respected by the School he loved.

Peter Holmes

Father and Son: the story of Christopher Robin Milne

'So there I was, very close indeed to my father, adoring him, admiring him, accepting his ideas. Yet at the same time immensely sensitive, easily wounded, quick to take offence. An accidental word of reproof or criticism from him and tears would stream from my eyes and a barrier of silence descend between us, keeping us apart for days.'

Relationships between fathers and sons have often been frozen by the inability to give or receive overt affection. A further dimension of difficulty is added when the boy is an only child. High expectations and a high sense of responsibility for pleasing can seldom be satisfied.

So it was with A A Milne - Alan - and his son Christopher - Christopher Robin - who died in April at the age of 75. He was born in 1920 into a respectable London family which, in common with others, employed a full-time nanny until Christopher was nine. As an only child he clung to Nanny, who was an immovable barrier to close or continuous contact with his parents. He recalled lying howling for hours when he learned he was to go away for a fortnight without her. His mother, Daphne, Alan had married 'because she laughed at my jokes', but they shared few interests, and Christopher's early play seldom if ever involved both parents. Daphne had always wanted a daughter, and preferred to see Christopher with long hair and in girlish clothes, as in E H Shepard's drawings for *Winnie the Pooh*. She was something of a giddy socialite, and father and son later conspired to declare, in an



One of E H Shepard's drawings: Christopher Robin and Pooh

echo of Rabbit and Owl, that she had fluff where other people had brains.

In 1925 Alan, already a celebrated author, bought Cotchford Farm, on the edge of Ashdown Forest in Sussex, a weekend and holiday retreat. Here was a wonderland for a five year

old without brother and sisters as playmates. The Pooh books richly and accurately chronicle Christopher's delight in adventure and discovery in such a paradise. 'Alone by the river, alone through the fields, alone in the depths of Five Hundred Acre, alone on the top of the Forest... alone with myself. Alone - yet never lonely. What bliss this was!' In later life the shy Christopher was to lead with fervour, even to the extent of braving television appearances, the campaign to preserve Ashdown Forest as a wild place.

The Pooh books were the product of those early years at Cotchford. It is as if Alan needed to compensate in his stories for the absence of closeness to young Christopher, and in this fulfilment transport himself back to the childlike state he yearned towards. Though he always declared he had no natural rapport with the young, nephews and nieces who knew him well report that he was an amusing and delightful companion. Their company certainly gave him the stimulus to create. Other people's children, though, are sometimes easier to engage with than one's own. Christopher recalled that 'my father's heart remained buttoned up all his life!' He remembered car journeys back to his boarding prep school on which, after attacking *The Times* Crossword, they sat in oppressive silence.

In 1929 Nanny departed. Here was Alan's opportunity to make up for the lost years. From then until Christopher was eighteen, father and son were close, as if Alan turned to Christopher as a kind of twin bother - 'Now We Are Six'; 'When We Were Very Young'. They shared algebra, birds-nesting, cricket at the Oval and at home, golf, and morse code to communicate in the car with hand squeezes so that the chauffeur was excluded.

Alan's mathematics had won him a scholarship to Westminster in 1894, and then an Exhibition to Trinity College Cambridge. Christopher's mathematics earned him a scholarship to Stowe, then a fashionable newly founded country boarding school. Here he was reasonably happy, once he had learned to endure the torment of his contemporaries 'playing the cursed record of Christopher Robin saying his prayers' over and over, until the joke wore out, and he broke the record into a hundred pieces and scattered them in a field.

But even at this time of closeness to his father, Alan's celebrity over shadowed Christopher's thoughts of his own future. Writing or drawing? 'Better not to write, if your father does, because you mightn't be as good.' Christopher also went up to Cambridge to read maths after Stowe, but then came the war. After only a year of university life he joined the army as a sapper, and served right through to 1945, latterly in Italy, where he was wounded in the head at

the Battle of Anzio. The war years weakened the bonds with home. After the war Christopher was lost. In *All Quiet on the Western Front*, Remarque had courageously confronted the terrible truth that young soldiers who had entered the First World War at 19 or 20, with no settled contact to their lives, were a lost generation whose war experiences disqualified them forever from normal life. Christopher was of an age to

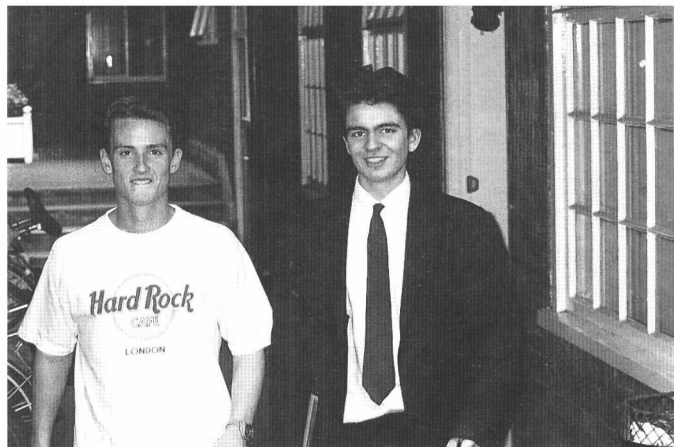
suffer a similar crisis. He returned to Cambridge and took a third class degree in English, but then found himself with no sense of direction. He was 'staring up at the famous writer, filled with resentment because he had got to where he was by climbing upon my infant shoulders, filched from me my good name, and left me with nothing but the empty fame of being his son'. His bitterness occasionally overflowed in public, to his subsequent regret. A further breach came with his marriage in 1948 to Lesley, his cousin, daughter of Aubrey de Selincourt, his mother's brother - but brother and sister hadn't talked to one another for 20 years.

In 1951 he took a decision to become a bookseller, in a part of the world of his own choosing, and moved to Dartmouth in Devon. Here he found an ideally happy life, despite the deep sadness, on the birth of his only child Clare, at finding she was crippled with cerebral palsy. He and his wife cared for her with utmost tenderness. His contact with his own parents dwindled almost to nothing: Alan was taken seriously ill in 1953, needed nursing until his death three years later. And it was long after that when Christopher was finally released into being the writer he had long wanted to be, but had found the inhibitions too powerful. In *The Enchanted Places* (1974), he was at last able to express his love, admiration and gratitude to his father. He acknowledged that Alan had two great talents, perfectionism and enthusiasm, and had passed them to him, who could see them now as precious gifts. There was a new gentleness in his last years, and a reaffirmation of his place in a family. Perhaps sons are often only able to see and express what they are to their fathers not only long after the fathers are dead, but even when they themselves are nearing death. Surviving your family (is this the same as accepting it?) may be the task of a lifetime.

John Field



Archie Mackay and Keshava Raghuveer



John Mehrzad and Alex Shelley

Kingdom, Power and Glory

Murder in the quire during service; a queen barred from the place on Coronation day; Samuel Pepys desperate for a pee and a mistress; Dr Johnson weeping at the funeral of David Garrick; the high melodrama of Dickens's secret burial; Westminster boys bullying William Blake; tourists and what to do about them; Biggles the Abbey cat and his solution to the problem. Some of the many stories of the Abbey's history told, with eye-witness accounts, in a new illustrated history of Westminster Abbey written by John Field (Common Room 1964-94), to be published in the autumn by James and James, who also produced *The King's Nurseries*, the story of Westminster School. The Abbey book, to be called *Kingdom, Power and Glory: The Royal Abbey at Westminster* is to be published simultaneously in hard covers and paperback. It will be available in the School Store, the Abbey Bookshop, and leading booksellers from October.



Upper Shell

TWO TALES OF THE WORKPLACE

Below are two contrasting experiences from two of the 54 Sixth Form pupils who went on work placements during the Easter holiday.

Solicitor

Work placement schemes are usually seen as useful for the UCAS form, but not a serious introduction to the world outside the Westminster cocoon. Photocopy, make coffee, decide to dedicate life to the worship of the Gods of a privileged leisure. Most are.

I was lucky. My placement, with a lovely Westminster parent (never synonymous terms), in her own solicitor's firm based on the Strand, kept me as absorbed for two weeks as anything short of inebriation has done. Wendy, in an unparalleled display of disinterested generosity, called in half a dozen favours and arranged for me to spend almost half my time working with other practices, to give me a chance of seeing other parts of the law than her family law-based practice. The time I spent in her practice was largely devoted to reading through files of cases she gave me. Fascinated, I attempted to follow through the lines of argument and action encompassed in each case, and Wendy would ask me what I thought of the people involved and what I would do. All of my answers I have no doubt she had thought of months before. Whenever she could gain permission, she allowed me to sit in on interviews she conducted with her clients.

Three days were spent in Southwark Crown Court, doing my best not to hinder the defence of an assistant in an unlicensed Soho sex shop arraigned on charges of breaching the Obscene Publications Act. Rationally, those who watch pornographic videos (such as the Vice Squad at Scotland Yard) are unlikely to be further 'morally depraved or corrupted' by them - the defence. Three hours of hard-core pornographic videos (Southwark has these cases every day. The courts are open to any member of the public. No age limit. Come one, come all.) were viewed. The jury watched all the videos through twice more in their deliberations, before announcing that one of their ranks did not understand English.

How did this happen? The woman must have been interviewed. What sort of interview doesn't reveal the fact that the interviewee does not comprehend the language the interview is conducted in? Juries are sworn in for a week. Our case started on Wednesday. Where had the woman been on Monday and Tuesday? Why didn't she say anything?

No doubt swayed by their repeated sessions with the videos, the remaining eleven members of the jury unanimously found the defendant not guilty of all charges.

Another day was spent in the offices of an immigration lawyer, specialising in attempting to make the Home Office treat gay men and women in semi-human fashion. Please write to them and complain about the currently prevailing ideology (details can be obtained from the Stonewall Immigration Group). Some of the cases were heartbreaking.

I learnt a lot about the law in two weeks. I still want to end up in the legal profession, but I now have a better basis on which to decide, which has to be the justification for these schemes.

James Nicola (Busby's)

Film Promotion

Monday

- 10:00 Work began in a hideaway office squashed behind the ever-busy Oxford Street
- 10:30 Settled uncomfortably taking phone calls, photocopying, delivering parcels and fetching lunches
- 12:00 Still taking calls about adverts, holiday bookings and personal auction bids
- 12:00 - 6:00 A pad of messages and chronic telephone-elbow. Now learnt people are in meetings not eating lunch. Got home 7:00 and fell asleep immediately.

Tuesday

- 10:00 - 6:00 Pretty much the same as yesterday, a confusion of telephone messages. Seem to be getting in the way a bit. Everyone frantically searching for a model, actors and a 9ft by 6ft transparent tub.

Wednesday

- 10:00 - 3:00 Plans for commercial being finalised for some kind of performance. Walked several miles delivering packages. Discovered office boy is off skiing.
- 3:20 Czechoslovakian model struts in, talk to her for a bit, tells me she lives in Paris in a strong James Bond girl accent. She will be on the shoot tomorrow.

Thursday

- 8:30 Camera crew everywhere. Two days of filming for a six second advert! Typical camera crew, from over-friendly male make-up artist to chirpy, Arsenal supporting gaffers and grips.
- 12:00 Model half-naked in steaming tub, filmed emerging voluptuously from the water. I am put into the tub with her (in boxer shorts) to help her come up right.
- 1:00 Camera crew cannot resist obvious jokes.
- 3:00 Another model joins in water to be filmed for several hours, before we dry off and leave the studio in heavy rain. Another busy day, but different.

Friday

- 8:00 - 4:00 Sweating in hot water under camera lights with the Czechoslovakian model all morning. Had a short break for lunch. Returned to tank for afternoon session. Only 4 seconds of the advert is completed. Invited back there for Monday...

Nicholas Neuberger (Liddell's)



Yard

LITTLE COMMEM, NOVEMBER 1995

Little Commem was, for me, a unique event. The interesting blend of formality and intimacy, achieved by the contrast between the warmth of the small chapels and the colder splendour of the rest of the Abbey, made for an almost surreal experience. The darkened Abbey, with the ghostly figures of the Scholars processing into the Lady Chapel, the way lit only by dim candles, created a sense of excitement among the congregation. The service was mysterious, and felt ancient, but not austere. One felt immensely privileged to be there part of a select gathering, witnessing an event not only of historical value but also of absolute beauty. Sitting, knowing you are in a beautiful building but being able to see only fragments of that beauty by candle and moonlight was a truly incredible experience.

The service, which fills the gap in the years between the full commemorative service, was instituted after the war when a bunch of roses arrived at the school with the message 'from your devoted sons' with instructions that they should be laid on the tomb of Queen Elizabeth. A small ceremony was therefore held in the Queen Elizabeth Chapel, a practice which became a regular event. The service now consists essentially of two parts; Firstly the Latin service of Compline is held in the Lady Chapel, at the conclusion of which the guests are invited to move through to the Queen Elizabeth Chapel for the laying of the wreath and accompanying ceremony. The Scholars line the perimeter of the Chapel, while the Head Master, Dean, Master of The Queen's Scholars and Praefectus surround the tomb. The guests hover in a cluster in the centre of the (rather cramped) chapel. There is a real sense of an elite, close community huddled together in the dark, cold, confined space.

There is no doubt that the service has a truly ancient feel to it, the flickering candles against the dark stone walls; the wondrous chanting of Latin (with Alex Evans and Christian Coulson putting in particularly fine solo performances as Cantors), and the total silence of the beginning and end of proceedings, meant that everyone, including myself, was truly awe-struck by the half hour we had just spent in one of the most spectacular settings in London, and were ready for any alcohol the reception could provide. It is said that many a congregation leaves chatting group renditions of *Laudate Dominum de coelis: Laudate eum in excelsis*; my jaw simply hung open.

Daniel Levitsky (Busby's)

AN APPRECIATION OF LUCIE CHRISTIE

Lucie Christie, wife of Westminster's wartime Head Master John Christie, died on 6 April 1996, aged 95.

I first met Lucie nearly sixty years ago as a new King's Scholar: intercepted by John in Little Dean's Yard and duly admonished to do up my shirt button, I had been invited to join them for breakfast. Insofar as I overcame my embarrassment at 'making' conversation in this awesome company, it was thanks to Lucie's kindly interest and genuine concern to make things as comfortable as possible. This is worth recalling because it exemplifies one of her greatest gifts: putting the young at their ease through her positive enjoyment of their company. I am only one of thousands who have been grateful for her love of the young, and it was no surprise to learn that in her last two days she was still giving joy to her grandchildren and still finding delight in the newest member of the family.

I last met Lucie at the Cottage here on New Year's Day 1994, when, despite some slight frailty in walking, she looked to my eyes the very same person I had met all those years before at breakfast - and frankly there are very few to whom Shakespeare's great phrase 'Age cannot wither her' can so fairly be applied. For she had that kind of beauty which defied the years. And what was true of her looks was true of her personality: her zest for life was unchangingly reliable through the years, as were her delight in people and her interest in their families and all their doings, unfailingly recorded in that uncanny memory of hers. No wonder she drew young and old, the great and the good and the not-so-great and the not-so-good into her company: to enjoy her laughter, to engage in her lively talk, to share a mutual interest in art or travel or books or music, and to remind themselves of lasting values and the balm of wisdom.

We loved Lucie because her striking individuality was a blend of so many things. She was different and special to each of us for different and special reasons. One niece, visited by John, who read fairy stories to her, asked him whether he was married, to be told that he would soon be crossing the sea to fetch his Princess. It says a lot for Lucie that she lived up to the expectations which John's words had aroused. Her Irish background and upbringing must have helped, for they certainly lent a very distinctive quality to the person she was. The Huguenot legacy was very strong and contributed to her tremendous sense of independence; and some of her wit and humour could be traced to the Sheridan connection, though she was fortunate not to have inherited the Sheridan inability to manage money. One feels that Lucie, like her father, could manage anything, without actually being managing, and often did so, as President of the WI in Henny and Bromyard, for example, and of the ESU in Oxford.

Missing out on Cambridge, however disappointing, was amply made up for by her love of reading, travel, French, pictures, music, which lasted her all her life (witness her playing the organ here in Henny till very recently). Many a Cambridge education has failed to do as much for others; and, when she finally got to Oxford instead, she was more than a match for any of its graduates or fellows. She was, after all, herself a writer, with articles, short stories and a novel to her name. No one could call her an under-achiever.

Her streak of independence showed itself in many ways. It wasn't only discernible in a huge unwillingness to leave her beloved Henny ten days ago; it was there in the proud possession of a suffragette doll; in her deeply held left-of-centre political convictions; in her fearlessness in tackling people (she was no respecter of persons) if she felt they had failed in their duties, as I remember well when I was given careful, and incidentally excellent, instructions on how the Governors of Westminster should fulfil some of their obligations. In a word, she was her own person. Yet so varied were her qualities that she could still be all things to all people. No wonder we turned to her so readily. Here was a rock on which we could depend; but, like a rock, she not only offered dependability, security and shelter, but also a firmness, even a sternness, which was not to be trifled with. We had to be dissatisfied with anything less than the best. Last week Junus was delighted to jump up and down to her cries of 'Jump, jump'. He's not the only person to have done so; most of us felt we should jump when she asked us to.

By the same token she was a rock-like anchor, for John. It is difficult to imagine a more ideal headmaster's or principal's wife - utterly dedicated to supporting him in all he did through thick and thin, such as the strain of three evacuations and the pain and ill-health of John's later years. She was a superb hostess at Repton, Westminster and Jesus - one of my happiest memories is visiting the family in Bromyard in the summer term of 1942 and instantly being made to feel at home; just as visiting scholars from all over the world and their wives and families were welcomed by her to Oxford through the Newcomers Club, which she had helped to found. In similar vein, as a means of getting to know the boys better, she happily crossed Yard with buckets of food to feed her hens, or kept open house in the Lodgings so as to meet undergraduates or Catherine's and Jane's boy friends. As Rebecca said, 'Granny is so cool; she accepts all our friends and they love her.'

The marvellous thing was that for everyone she met, great or small, she had the appropriate interest and level of contact, such as the richness of her background and the use she had made of it, which also made her the ideal foil for a singularly successful and talented husband, without her ever being tempted to compete with him. That is real strength of character: to be entirely and effortlessly oneself, and to be distinguished in one's own right, as Lucie was, and yet always to remain a helpmate - and it's difficult to think of a help more aptly and exactly meet for John than Lucie (she could even keep up with him on his walks, which is more than some of us can claim, and which must have hugely endeared her to him on that famous Irish visit in 1932).

Lucie was as striking a person as one could find, in the rich, subtle and complex style of a Henry James character: open yet private; serene yet active; utterly consistent because she had such a firm grip on what really mattered; combining high culture and wide experience with great modesty; and having no greater ambition than to be absorbed in John's life and work and in her family and friendships. Despite her many activities, she was more important for what she was than for what she did. In Henry James's favourite word, Lucie was magnificent.

Sir Roger Young

SOCIETIES

John Locke Society 1995/96

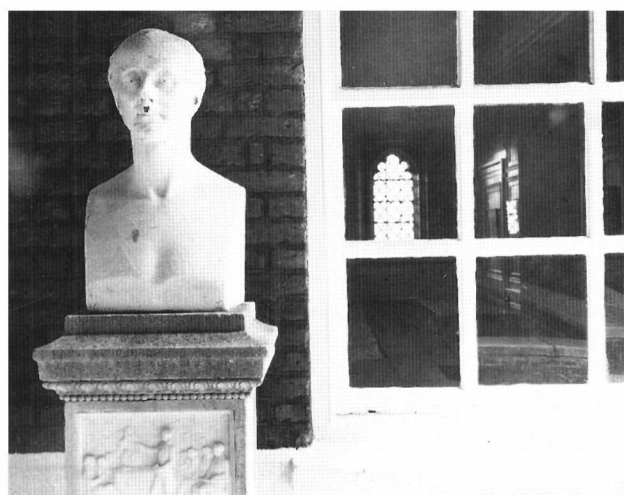
This was a particularly successful year for John Locke: a great diversity of speakers (most of whom arrived), well attended meetings and good lunches to follow. The media seems to have been the world best represented: **Joan Bakewell** of *The Heart of the Matter* spoke of dealing with the contentious issues in her programme and posed the question 'what line should be drawn where moral beliefs cannot be reconciled with the law?' **Nick Davies** from *The Guardian* gave a rare insight into the lives of Britain's truly poor, an issue made recondite because, he says, the public are largely uninterested. **Trevor McDonald** spoke soberly and well on the responsibilities of graphic and disturbing documentary coverage. And it was good to see what he looked like from the waist down. And **Geoff Posner**, the brilliantly successful independent comedy producer, spoke unapologetically about himself, the BBC and the shifting sands of what constituted acceptable comedy, to a very enthusiastic reception.

Straddling politics and media came a galaxy of stars: **Ian Hislop**, editor of *Private Eye* and cynic-in-residence of *Have I Got News For You?*, opted for a question and answer session, directing the full blast of his irony at any question he considered crass, delighting every one of his audience for a very fast fifty minutes, and never once mentioning the Maxwells - by name, anyway. **Ken Livingstone**, just as funny, was a delightfully sympathetic speaker, even when advocating a special third tier of income tax at 100 per cent 'for fat rich bastards called Cedric'. *Times* columnist **Matthew Parris** gave an hilarious and self-effacing reminiscence of his varied career while his former boss, **Lord Rees-Mogg**, offered a spirited *tour d'horizon* of European philosophy - pleasingly irreverent, very clever and open to all kinds of objection.

Real live politicians (as opposed to those who just do it on television) came along too. **Margaret Hodge** talked about revitalised Labour convincingly and well, albeit in more enthusiastic tones than Ken Livingstone. **Lady Olga Maitland** expressed enthusiasm for the nuclear deterrent and defended the arms trade because arms were only sold to countries that could be trusted. Her audience seemed a little unconvinced, but nothing apparently dented Lady Olga's serenity. Feeling that the Tories deserved a more nuanced spokesman, David Hargreaves invited **Dudley Fishburn**, retiring MP for Kensington and Chelsea, later in the year. He warned his audience (at least those under the age of 25) not to vote Conservative. They seemed to agree with him.

But it was the diversity of other speakers that was so enjoyable. **Professor Lewis Wolpert**, the eminent embryologist, gave a poignant description of life battling against depression and explained sympathetically the difficulties of living with depressives. **Sue Usiskin**, from the National Hospital for Neurology, developed the theme of understanding in the context of dealing with epileptics. With a self-confidence reminiscent of Lady Olga arrived **Mrs Victoria Gillick**, mother of ten, to deliver a talk *On Saying No*. To a slightly sceptical audience, in hushed and sinister tones, she revealed the dangers of cervical cancer and suggested choosing partners 'with brain and not eyes'. More pragmatic (and probably more scientific) was a talk from **Professor Ian Craft** who, with some painfully explicit slides, compressed about three hours worth of information on combating infertility into a spellbinding hour.

Jim Perris, Governor of HMP Wormwood Scrubs, argued that, within his prison, the humanity of the inmates is never forgotten and implied rather than stated a few reservations he had over the present Home Secretary. Old Westminsters **Gabriel Coxhead**, **Zoë Fox** and **Sam Jones**, argued that Westminster PHAB was even more satisfying than gruelling. **Michael Wilson** from the National Gallery talked with engaging absence of technicalities on the pleasures and perils of exhibiting great works in famous galleries. **P D James**, crime writer extraordinary, offered - with forensic clarity - a modest insight into how and where she draws inspiration for her fiction. She also conveyed the sense of being an outstandingly nice person. **Sir Roy Strong**, ex director of the V & A, admitted being lured to the John Locke Society by 'the seductive charms of David Hargreaves', and the latter tried to look self-deprecating. Strong gave an hysterical account of his own experiences and the writing of the narrative history of England in which he is presently engaged. With depressing cogency **David Spanier** dashed our fantasies of instant wealth by predicting that none of us would ever win the National Lottery, but argued that the



psychological comfort and social values of gambling were often a fair return. **Cardinal Basil Hume**, Archbishop of Westminster, told an unpretentious tale about how he came to a strong religious faith; quite what resonance this had with many of his audience was open to question. The sense he conveyed of quiet sincerity and massive integrity, however, was not.

Perhaps the most extraordinary visitor of the year was **Chris Eubank** who arrived wearing a monocle and jodhpurs but, disappointingly, in a taxi rather than the large shiny lorry he keeps at home. Relying - not wholly successfully - on 'natural inspiration and charisma' rather than the more homespun virtue of preparation, he nevertheless won a standing ovation from an audience of some three hundred Upper School Westminsters. Here, beneath the blarney, was a moving tale of a black local boy made good by sheer sinew and determination, allied to a formidable talent. His 'philosophy' may be jejune, but as a tale of courage, it was extremely impressive.

The John Locke Society remains a central part of Upper School life to many pupils; special thanks are due to the Captain of the School, Heneage Stevenson, for his modest but effective chairmanship, and to David Hargreaves for his organisation.

Rebecca Hewitt (Dryden's)

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY AND HOOKE

Last year we attended a fascinating lecture at Regent's College in which Professor Ilya Prigogine (a Nobel Laureate in Chemistry) discussed and debated a new interpretation of the Second Law of Thermodynamics. The event had been organised by the Scientific and Medical Network, an international organisation which explores the links between conventional science and a more intuitive approach to understanding our relation to nature. As a result of that contact, David Lorimer, the director of the Network, presented the first of the Play Term's Scientific Society lectures on *Near-Death Experiences*. This is a topic he has researched for many years and about which he has written several books. The lecture attracted a large and responsive audience and Mr Lorimer (who used to teach at Harrow) described striking similarities between the experiences of many of the subjects he has interviewed, and he categorised these into stages of near-death experience.

The problem with evidence presented in this way is that it is, unavoidably, anecdotal, and there is little chance of subjecting it to controlled experimental conditions. Our second lecturer, Dr Rupert Sheldrake, faced the same difficulty. His lecture, *Experiments that could change the world*, encouraged his audience to test some of his ideas for themselves. Once again the anecdotal evidence of pets anticipating their owners' intentions and of people sensing when someone stares at the nape of their neck was interesting, but one has to look for consistent tests of the ideas rather than relying on affirmations from those who might want very much to believe in the proposed effects. This problem was discussed over supper and some of the simple experiments may well be tested in the near future.

A visit to Church House to listen to a discussion about science and spirituality continued our exploration of ideas at the fringe (some may say beyond the fringe...) of science.

The Lent Term's lectures returned to 'hard science', starting with a fascinating introduction to particle physics techniques by Professor John Strong from Royal Holloway and Bedford New College. The details of the detectors and experiments at CERN were of particular interest to those of us who will be visiting the accelerator in July. Dr Hasok Chang from UCL took a rather different approach to the problems of interpreting quantum theory to David Papineau last year and managed to stir up an argument that continued through supper and beyond - quite appropriate for a paper entitled *Arguing with Einstein*. Professor Barry Cox from King's College, London posed the question, *Warm blooded Dinosaurs?*, and used this to discuss the nature of scientific evidence, its use in scientific arguments and also the influence of personalities in the acceptance and rejection of ideas. The lecture was particularly well attended and very good value.

The final two lectures this year came from rather closer to home. Richard Hindley explained the science and mathematics of music, although he failed to perform the piano recital advertised on the posters! Dr Chris Ramsey described how different physical processes, and in particular radiocarbon techniques, can be used to date archaeological discoveries. This was beautifully illustrated by slides, many of which related to his own work at Oxford. His laboratory was one of the three chosen to date samples of the Turin

shroud, work which established that it could not have been the cloth that covered Christ after the crucifixion.

Many thanks to Paul Wheeler whose technical assistance during the last two years has been invaluable and most appreciated. Thanks also to Ben Linton. Chris Lightfoot produced all the publicity and could be relied upon to keep lecturers on their toes over supper. More thanks to him.

In retrospect the lectures were connected by a common theme, exploring the nature and interpretation of scientific evidence. *Hooke* magazine, on the other hand produced a rather more varied and eclectic mix of articles and ideas. Chris Lightfoot, James Fairbairn and Yoshi Funaki took over the editorial responsibility and produced a very polished issue which only failed to arrive in time for Christmas because of a printing problem. Articles ranged from spoof chemistry involving pixyflavin molecules, through language development, errors in human metabolism, philosophy of science and particle physics, to alien abduction. We await issue eight with high expectations and the promise that Bevman and Robbo may return.

Steve Adams

THE 1996 TIZARD LECTURE.

Robert Hooke and the Rise of Experimental Science in Restoration England

Robert Hooke is a shadowy figure, even here at his old school. Perhaps some of those who enter the Science Centre named in his honour would find some difficulty in listing the broad areas of his achievements, let alone the detail. There is a lot of it.

There is no picture of Hooke. The Royal Society had one at one time, but it disappeared. There is no unattributed portrait in the school of the right period; there was a window featuring him in St Helen's, Bishopsgate where he was originally buried, but it was a formulaic image which was lost in the Bishopsgate bombing. Sadly his bones were removed from St Helen's to somewhere in North London, whereabouts unknown, so even the abilities of computer reconstruction are denied to us. There is a pen portrait, supposedly by a friend, but given its nature the shade of Hooke must be grateful that it was not written by an enemy.

The 1996 Tizard Lecturer was Dr Allan Chapman, of Wadham College, Oxford. A science historian, Dr Chapman has that all too rare skill which converts the facts of History into the persons who gave rise to them. His infectiously enthusiastic illumination of Hooke's life and work, in a rapid and fluent style, gave as clear a picture of his subject as could possibly be. So we had Hooke the mechanic, skilled in the construction of scientific instruments and their use, the enabler of the researches of so many eminent contemporaries by his inventions: Hooke the physiologist, and the observer of fleas and cork, coining the word 'cell' in its biological context: Hooke the inventor of the universal joint, found in every motor vehicle in the world, and of the escapement found in mechanical watches: Hooke the architect, of Bedlam and the Royal College of Physicians, the Monument and Willen Church (for Dr Busby): Hooke the physicist, of Hooke's Law and optical instruments: Hooke, in all the rich

diversity of invention and creativity and observation of his life.

Hooke deserves to be at least as well-known as Wren and Newton. Dr Chapman's luminous performance may have worried College Hall by its length, but it did not worry us. For the audience, Hooke now assumes his rightful place in the history of Science.

Rod Beavon

Dr Chapman's lecture was also given at the Royal Institution in 1994; the text is to be published in the Proceedings of the RI in June 1996.

If you would like an invitation to next year's Tizard Lecture, please send your name and address to the Head of Science at 7-9 Dean Bradley Street, London, SW1P 3EP.

BROCK LECTURE 1995

The twelfth Brock Lecture took place up School on Wednesday 6 December and was attended by some 300 guests. In line with last year's Lecture (given by Helen Sharman OBE on her voyage into Space), this year's speaker was invited to cover yet another aspect of adventure, that of long-distance sailing. Robin Knox-Johnston lectured at Westminster in 1990 and agreed to return, now Sir Robin, to give an illustrated talk on his latest venture, the Jules Verne Challenge: two attempts, the second successful, to circumnavigate the globe in under 80 days. The race which developed became both a personal battle between the skippers and a national contest between Sir Robin's British/New Zealand Boat and a French rival.

A superb video shot on the first attempt gave some impression of the conditions to be faced on the high seas, the noise, lack of space but most of all the speed - an incredible 34 knots maximum. The successful attempt was covered step by step with slides. Only a careful interpretation and then a gamble on winds in the South Atlantic gave Sir Robin the lead and a record time of 74 days at an average speed of 15 knots. Sir Robin's style and enthusiasm made an inspiring evening and the lecture was followed, as last year, by a very successful sale and signing of Sir Robin's book, *Beyond Jules Verne*.

Denny Brock 1922-80 (OW 1935-40 and CR 1949-78) had many connections with the sea, himself serving in the Royal Navy and his elder brother being lost at sea in 1940. Denny's love of the outdoors and the spirit of adventure and discovery is the theme for the Lecture, ticket sales from which enable the School to run its Expedition Society and Store and thus encourage pupils of all ages to get out on expeditions.

This year our Lecture theme returns to mountaineering, Denny's other love, and John 'Brummie' Stokes (ex SAS) will join us on Wednesday 4 December. As the first Englishman to top Everest (in 1976) his story of survival and endeavour under extreme conditions is remarkable.

The Lecture will again be advertised after the summer and tickets will be on sale from October. Anyone interested in attending, especially those who have not been before, should contact me at the Common Room.

Charles Barclay

THE SHAKESPEARE REP

This informal society began to read Shakespeare's plays in 1988, and every year since then (1994 excepted) has worked its way through the two tetralogies dealing with the events of English history between the years 1399 and 1485.

To begin with the casts were quite large, fifteen strong or more, but soon it was found that the plays ran more effectively with companies of ten or fewer. The actors were never idle, with five or more rôles to handle, and had to be on their toes to cope with frequent changes of character.

'Readings' they are, but not sedentary or static. Desks (the Lecture Room is usually the venue) are pushed out to the walls, and chairs formed into a large circle. The actors, whose parts have been assigned to them at least a day in advance and who have had access to the text for preparation, sit where they wish, and when their characters enter stand up, and when their characters exeunt sit down.

A rapid movement through the play is thereby achieved, and the 'two hours' traffic' is almost always attained (*Richard III* excepted) which has never, despite the most energetic of handling, been contained within two hours and twenty minutes).

A high degree of performance is reached by those who regularly participate, as they become used to the conventions of what is, effectively, theatre in the round. A necessary distance is maintained between the actors to keep their dramatic relationship in clear focus, and movement tends to the circuitous.

But it is familiarity with handling Shakespeare's verse and prose that is at the heart of the Rep. Regular involvement in performance may lead to a better understanding of the greatest play-sequence in our language, and to deeper insights into the development of a playwright over the formative decade, but it is the pleasure of being involved in the flow of Shakespeare's language that keeps the Rep running.

Peter Holmes

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

A new committee of Sixth formers - George Last (WW), Reena Davda (HH), Alice Kuipers (BB) and Alex Aiken (QS) - have taken over the organisation of the weekly writing sessions to such diverse locations as China, Cuba and Saudi Arabia.

As for fundraising, it has been a successful year. We collected £600 over the three nights of *Amadeus*. Once again many thanks to all who were so generous. The money was sent to the Amnesty International head office in London. We are still looking out for other possible sources of income.



Spencer Steadman (Rigaud's) and Emil Fortune (Ashburnham): winners of the 1996 Observer Mace Debating Competition

DEBATING

This year has seen a particularly large amount of debating for Westminster. On top of the three competitions regularly entered, the School entered the new 'Oratory Group Debating Competition'. Also there were many more internal debates; including an open debate, in which anyone who attended could speak.

Internal debates were held on motions ranging from 'This House believes in the existence of extra-terrestrials' to 'This House believes that Britain should have a written constitution'. These were generally lively and informed debates at which Sixth form speakers could gain valuable experience, hopefully for use in competition debating next year.

The Oratory group competition went well at first; although the format is unlike that of any other competition we progressed through the first stages. We made it to the interborough competition; but we were beaten, curiously, by a team whom we had beaten in the Observer Mace second round - Bishopshalt, from Hillingdon. However, Emil Fortune was selected for the Best Individual Speaker Competition and has reached the final which takes place in the House of Commons.

After the preliminary round, James Acton and Spencer Steadman qualified for the finals day of the Oxford Union Schools' Debating Competition. Motions for debate in the first round included 'This House would bring back the death penalty' and 'This House believes it isn't worth the effort'. This provided a good variation of serious and more light-hearted debate. Westminster qualified for the semi-finals, the

motion was 'This House would heed its priests'. This proved a very lively debate, not least because the Chairman's father was a priest. Westminster was selected as one of the four teams, from an original hundred and sixty, to compete in the grand-final. We debated against St Paul's School, Glasgow High School and Stewarts Melville. Unfortunately here we were less successful, supporting the motion 'This House believes that British Justice is a contradiction in terms'. Despite a command performance from James Acton, the spoils went to St Paul's.

In between the various Oxford preliminary rounds, Emil Fortune and Spencer Steadman qualified for the finals day of the Cambridge Union Schools' Debating Competition. After many debates, of particular note Emil's performance in the semi-final, we qualified for the grand-final. The other finalists were St Paul's School, Ampleforth College and Kyle Academy; the motion was 'This House prefers brain to brawn'. The judges gave the honours to Kyle Academy, who gave an amusing performance.

Most recently, Emil Fortune and Spencer Steadman won the Eastern Area Final of the Observer Mace Debating Competition, defeating both St Paul's speakers who had each won a 'Best Individual Speaker' award at Oxford and Cambridge respectively. There had been several rounds to win before we made the Area final, in the first of which James Acton and Mohan Ganesalingam gave witty impromptu speeches, having been called in at the last minute in the place of a team which failed to attend. We await the final of the Observer Mace Debating Competition, scheduled for 11 May, where Emil and Spencer will face the four other

English regional champions as well as the Scottish, Irish and Welsh National Champions.

This year The Westminster Debating Society will lose its foundress and coach, Valerie St Johnston, without whom debating would not have been possible. Mrs St Johnston started debating at Westminster nine years ago, and has coached the team ever since, proving an invaluable source of advice, arguments and support, whilst still allowing debaters freedom to follow their own style. We hope, but doubt, that the School will find someone half as dedicated and respected to take up the position.

Spencer Steadman (Grant's)

Valerie St Johnstone adds:

Spencer and Emil won the Observer Mace on 11 May, defeating Kyle Academy on the motion 'This House would place trade relations before human rights'. Spencer has been selected to go to Canberra, Australia this summer for the Schools' World Debating Competition as one of the four members of the English team. We wish him luck.

JUNIOR DEBATING

As I stagger out of Greek at 4:10 on a Monday, my thoughts tend to run rather like this: 'I don't believe he set a prep that size - perhaps I'd better kill myself.' But then, while I'm wandering towards College Hall in search of something suitably poisonous with which to carry out my intention - perhaps one of those Lemon Curds that they keep giving us for tea - something causes me to hope once more. Before I have to start learning those irregular second amorists, I have an hour of debating ahead of me.

One of the advantages of debating over many of the other LSAs is that not only is it thought-provoking and mentally stimulating but it is also amusing. It is very rare for a debate to pass without some witticism or humorous remark being made and occasionally, motions are debated which are intended to encourage them, such as 'This House respectfully would replace Westminster Abbey with a multi-storey car park.' In that debate, the floor agreed that the Abbey should, as Miss French had suggested, be moved to Lincolnshire, which stood in greater need of it than London.

Earlier this term, Timothy Bennett argued convincingly in favour of the Government's knife amnesty, winning the debate by a unanimous vote. Even the opposition voted for him in consideration of the quality of his speech. Max Usher narrowly failed to convince his audience of the need to oppose electoral reform, although he came close to persuading a radical floor of the instability of proportional representation.

A debate upon Saturday morning school was marked by a suggestion that it should be moved to Saturday afternoon, as this would not reduce the number of lessons per week but would allow everyone much sought after lie-ins and thus vastly improve the quality of their work. The term's debating ended with a decision to wage preventative war against France because despite their value as suppliers of cheap wine, nobody seemed to like the French very much.

Thomas Munby (Wren's)

BRIDGE

It has been a year of steady progress and achievement for the teams entered for the second season in the London Schools' Bridge League: both finished higher than last year, the 'A' team making it through to the knock-out stages of the competition.

Compared to most other schools, the squad is still young, the senior members being in the Upper Shell, but their accumulated experience should begin to work for them next year. In the learning process, they are being assisted by members of the Common Room who match them at duplicate on Wednesdays at lunchtime and Fridays after school.

Teams: (A) Jonathan Monroe (captain), Thomas Baranga, Ben Crystal, Thomas Wood;

(B) Saul Lipetz (captain), Ahmed Lajam, Daniel Potter, Sam Treasure.

Peter Holmes

HENRY VII SINGERS 1996

The Henry VII Singers have undertaken a wide range of music this year. *Cantate Domine* by Schütz started off the year, and was then followed by many more offerings in School as well as music in the Abbey. *Hodie Christus Natus Est* by Sweelinck and *This Is the Record of John* by Gibbons, for example.

At the beginning of February, the Opera evenings descended upon the music department - many members of the choir were heavily involved in this especially as the Henry VII singers sang the chorus parts of *Dido and Aeneas*.

Another special occurrence in 1996 was School Confirmation in the Henry VII Chapel at which we sang *O Heiland, reiß die Himmel auf*. This was successful, not least to our newly appointed translator/baby sitter Georg Ell. He was however partly redundant when Mrs Barclay disappeared to have Beatrice - our ranks swell!

Overall, a successful year with only one threat - the renaming of the Henry VII Chapel as the 'Lady Chapel'. Thankfully we will *not* become the Lady Singers!

Ben Linton (Grant's)

19TH ANNUAL PHAB, JULY 1995

Most people would call you mad if you volunteered to spend an extra week in School after the end of the Election Term. We quite agree, which made us wonder why we found ourselves signing up for the PHAB course that took place during Summer 1995. Being newcomers to PHAB we had very little idea of what the course entailed and the meeting held on the morning before the start of the course did very little to calm our nerves; the Sixth form and Remove volunteers were shown the correct method for lifting people in and out of wheelchairs and onto toilets. Needless to say, by the time the handicapped participants began to arrive, many of the newcomers were extremely nervous.

Meeting the visitors for the first time was an education. Our preconceived ideas of what these people would be like gradually disappeared as the day progressed. By the time dinner came, conversation had evolved from a superficial discussion about the weather to a talk on important issues such as which football teams we supported.



Nick Liddell looks cool...

The first evening's entertainment was provided by Zoo Magic, which allowed us to come to grips with bats, lizards and a fifteen foot boa constrictor which developed a considerable love for David Hargreaves - that's one guest who won't be invited back this year. Thirsts were quenched in the pub afterwards, which gave the more withdrawn characters a chance to come out of their shells.

Each of the following four mornings were spent in workshops including drama, art, music, poetry and film

making. All workshops made a contribution to the PHAB show at the end of the week, attended by families, friends and old Phabbers. Every day after workshops and lunch we were all ready to hit the streets of London: shopping and sightseeing expeditions were available for those with the energy, and sunbathing in St James's Park for those without. Evening were always exciting; Jeremy Kemball was available to show off his skills as a saxophonist as he led his jazz band in a show that had most Phabbers out on the dance floor. On another occasion we dispersed into small groups to see musicals such as *Buddy* and, of course, *Starlight Express*.



...but Toni-Marie Barker is unmoved

The liveliest night, however, was on Saturday when everybody scrubbed up in preparation for the luxury dinner and disco at the Vitello D'Oro, which gave many of us an opportunity to demonstrate our slick moves on the dance floor. Thankfully breakfast on Sunday was late, not that many people felt like eating much, though by lunchtime everybody seemed to have regained their appetites.

The PHAB show was presented on Sunday afternoon, which provided an entertaining finale to a week quite unlike any of us had previously experienced. Unfortunately, the show also heralded the end of the course although spirits remained high for the evening's barbecue.

The hardest aspect of PHAB is having to say goodbye. Over the course of the week strong bonds form between the volunteers and the visitors. Everything was shared - ABs and PHs occupied the same rooms and took part in the same activities - which made the experience very intense. On the last day you realised why you lugged wheelchairs halfway around London all week. The PHAB show was a remarkable

success and the PH's were genuinely sad to be leaving. In the end, you have given the people you meet at PHAB an unbelievably important break from the monotony of everyday life. Sam Jones, an ex-phabber, summed up the spirit of PHAB best in the conclusion of his address to John Locke Society: 'At the start of the week I was going to the pub with a group of handicapped people. By the end of the week, I was going to the pub with a group of friends.'

Heneage Stevenson (Rigaud's) and Nick Liddell (Liddell's)



Works I



Works II



Harrison's Rock

TRIPS

1996 SIXTH FORM EASTER RUSSIAN TRIP

St Petersburg is an anomaly in Russia, drawing parallels with Vienna, Paris and Venice rather than with Moscow, but Peter's window onto Europe is today a city of nearly five million people beginning to get to grips with capitalism and a new unstylish blend of *Nouveau-Rishkis* (which also means 'only dirty criminals' in Russian).

The (temporary?) fall of Communism was not good news for the majority of residents - the husband of my *hozyaika* had left his family of three on being made redundant under Yeltsin. Another friend of the family, a qualified government scientist, now struggled to support his family as a security guard.

Perhaps it was peculiar to envisage poor families living in fashionable nineteenth century town houses' shells, but the sense of pride in the past, even the Soviet regime, was expressed by many whom we met.

Having learned about Russian youth culture and the many dangers of life in Russia at our language school we virtually believed the media's depiction of St Petersburg as something akin to 1920's Chicago. In reality, nothing could have been further from the truth, and when temperatures soared, the city seemed laid back - the rabbit hat sellers from two years ago had evaporated too.

St Petersburg has come close to reconciling modernity with imperial elegance, and St Petersburg's new neon signs cannot possibly attract attention away from the opulence of the Winter Palace, the grandeur of the Mariinsky Theatre, or the beauty of the Summer Garden with the snow gently falling; yet still, one cannot fail to be both impressed and shocked by the brutally frantic but frighteningly efficient metro system (including the world's longest escalators), and the rather less reliable but equally cramped tram network.

Our two week exhaustive language course not only allowed us to greatly increase our confidence in written and spoken Russian - beginning to acquire Russian accents, even - and in some cases developing crushes on our teacher, Tatyana, but also to form our opinions about Russian life, the heavy cuisine, the often bitterly cold weather, the contrasts between rich and poor living side by side, and many other diversities.

There are many images in my mind, such as the icebergs gently wending their way out to sea along the majestic River Neva at night, which will serve as lasting memories of the trip - all the more special because I am sure that when I return there, this beautiful but troubled city will have undergone even more changes.

Subhi Sherwell (College)

JAPANESE EXCHANGE

Westminster has now established a strong link with Keio High School, Japan, and this exchange is now an annual event. Six Westminster students gathered at Heathrow airport at the beginning of the Play Exeat, with a mixture of excitement, curiosity and trepidation. A long journey finally brought us to our hosts, and after introductions and much bowing, we set off in different directions, through the sprawling Tokyo suburbs. After about an hour, feeling thoroughly lost, I was asked whether I liked *sushi* as this was to be our supper that night. My worst fears were coming true: I was going to be hungry for two weeks! In fact, raw fish - actually called *sashimi*, a form of *sushi* - is delicious, as indeed were the numerous other dishes we were served during our stay.

Every one of us ate very well, and wherever we went, we were made to feel most welcome. Westerners are still something of a novelty in Japan, and everyone seemed interested to hear about England and its culture. One aspect that struck us was how everything is so organised, even down to the train doors lining up with the little markers along the platform, with passengers queuing in regimental form only at these points.

The most significant problem was, of course, communication. There was a wide variation in the amount of English the various host families spoke, and after only a year of Japanese we all felt a little unsure of our abilities. It is surprising, however, how much comes back to you when you really need to remember, and we all managed to negotiate our way around Tokyo without getting lost.

A few days were spent on the campus of Keio High School itself, a very different place from Westminster (room 302 could be relied upon to be on the third floor between rooms 301 and 303). We went to all sorts of lessons - from Maths to character writing classes - and spent some time standing in front of Japanese classes telling them about ourselves and England.

The majority of our time, however, was spent visiting Tokyo, either visiting temples, admiring *Daibutsus* (large statues of Buddha), or having tea with Sir John Boyd (BB 1949-54), the British Ambassador. We also visited the Tokyo office of Reuters and were shown around their news facilities. The mixture of diplomatic and commercial links and invitations with the opportunity to stay in Japanese homes gave the group a real feeling of familiarity with Japan and the Japanese, and our hosts at Reuters emphasised that some knowledge of Japan is a real advantage in today's commercial world.

The highlight of our second week was a three day visit to Kyoto (the capital of Japan from 794 until 1868) and Nara, where we followed the full tourist track. This was the only time it rained during our two week stay, but the views of gardens and temples were magnificent.

A very enjoyable and memorable time was had by all, and we are all grateful in particular to Kyoko Miyazato and Paul Gilson for the effort they took to make sure we enjoyed ourselves. This is certainly an exchange I would recommend unreservedly to anyone with the opportunity to go.

James Gazet

UPPER SHELL SPANISH TRIP TO VALLADOLID, OCTOBER 1995

'¡Houston, tenemos una problema!'

Customs tend to prefer incoming travellers to be in possession of a passport. They tend not to react kindly to the news that it is in fact fleeing back to its country of origin, at the mercy of but a few cheaply employed British Airways cleaning ladies. The Spanish physique can be quite intimidating at times as they all bear a disturbing resemblance to Oddjob, though they adamantly refuse to remain sinisterly mute. Instead they ramble incomprehensibly and at high velocity. Fortunately, our guardian was capable of rambling back, if at a slightly less ferocious speed, and the necessary trips to the British Embassy were made less abusive as a result.

Of course, the purpose of this trip was that we should become capable of these skills ourselves and, upon arriving in the ex-capital of Spain that is Valladolid, we were promptly bundled off in pairs for incarceration with a Spanish family who tutored us through this difficult week. Valladolid is an historic and culturally rich town, contrasted by advanced industrialisation, and I am sure that the family attempted to tell us all this as we drove back to their flat. Sadly their efforts reaped little reward.

Urban entertainment came in the form of amusement arcades, dimly-lit basket ball courts and loitering on the windy terraces of cafés. Cafés seemed to be the cultural centre-point of Valladolid, much like pubs are to the British. However, the Spaniards do demonstrate their supremacy in two very distinct ways: firstly, they have socially realistic licensing hours and secondly, and most strikingly, they have marble loos. This stunning innovation is complemented by bidet-style sinks, the fountain of water elegantly triggered by a pressure-pad on the floor. This became as picturesque an attraction for visiting *en masse* as El Escorial and the tomb of Francisco Franco. The former is an ornate castle, commissioned by King Philip II, which houses the bodies of dozens of ex-monarchs. The latter is an overwhelmingly ornate cathedral, burrowed out of the rock by a huge slave labour force, which houses the body of the ex-Generalissimo.

Naturally, our half-term was filled for us with relentless Spanish lessons. These were enlivened by an exceptional relationship with our teacher, and the lively and often high-pitched bickering never failed to bring this day-to-day routine to life. It only occurred to us this had not been quite in the spirit we had thought when we attempted to give her a present as a reward for her magnificent effort with us and she pushed it back to us thinking we must be not entirely serious.

The departure from this luxurious land of 24-hour cafés and sociably realistic liquor hours did come as a shock as in a week many of us had in fact managed to persuade ourselves we could speak Spanish and our host families were often too kind to disabuse us. After this trip, our performance in Spanish exams would probably have been staggering, as our confidence would have dazzled even the most discerning examiner, but sadly none was waiting to be taken and our ability to articulate dwindled rapidly amongst homely surroundings.

David Odgers (Dryden's)

THE REMOVE CLASSICAL STUDY TRIP TO TURKEY

To emerge from the airport at Dalaman into the thick desiccated air of the Turkish night was almost to forget the stringy greyness of autumnal London. When an hour later the Westminster party was sitting on deck aboard the *Doruk Reis*, eagerly inspecting and consuming one another's Duty Free purchases, the impression of liberation was complete.

With less than a month until Oxford entrance exams and Cambridge interviews, this was not, of course, just a holiday. For the next two weeks we would be fed a hearty diet of Latin and Greek museums, complemented by a series of seminars - courtesy of Messrs Hobson and Bryant. Weaker souls might have quailed at such a prospect, but Westminster Classicists are made of strong stuff, and rose to the challenge with gusto: on many evenings Virgil and Thucydides provoked erudite discussions right into the night. It was only on returning home, however, that several individuals realised how useful 'seasickness' had been in justifying poor test marks.

But we were in Hycia, south-west Turkey, and it would have been churlish to devote the two weeks exclusively to the study of books. The sun shone, and the sea, implacably azure, still cherished some of its residual summer warmth. And as we travelled north from Gocet, hugging the contours of the Aegean coast, we could not ignore the relics of Hycia's former inhabitants - from the Greeks and Romans to the Arabs and Ottoman Turks. We visited the island of Gerniler, a Byzantine monastic colony which was abandoned in the seventh century with the Arab raids. A night's mooring in Fethiye took us to Tios, a settlement mentioned in Hittite records from the second millennium BC.

The rock tomb of Belleraphar lay crowned by a Turkish fort on the crumbling Acropolis, and the theatre, shaded by fig and walnut trees, was used as a playground for local children. The Roman remains of Lydae lay strewn across a sweeping valley. Marble blocks firmly embedded in the thin turf, two surviving mausoleums perched on the brow of the hill, exposed to the Anatolian winds. Cannus, by contrast, was a Carian settlement, once the greatness city in the region. It now lay deserted, the Roman theatre gazing out to a sea which, thanks to silt deposits, is slowly receding ever further behind an ocean of reeds. We sailed into Bodrum, ancient Halicarnassus, famous for its mausoleum and the medieval castle, once home to the Knights of St John. We explored the isthmus linking the Datça peninsula to the mainland; here one of our number managed to stumble upon the remnants of an ancient canal, built by the Cnidians to defend against invading Persian armies, and mentioned by Herodotus. Archaeologists and travellers searched in vain for the canal; it took an ancient historian of Jo Suddaby's calibre to fall into it.

But, major archaeological discoveries apart, the Westminster party was a self-confessed cultural desert; when you've seen one ancient site, you've seen them all. Effortlessly disproving claims that classicists are out of touch with the times, several of our number set about re-educating the locals. Bars were treated to the delights of jungle music, and the village youngsters were taught the principles of British football, in which there are no discernible rules, and the smallest child

present is expected to collect the ball when it rolls off the quayside into the sea.

And throughout it all, the elderly locals would regard us inscrutably as they glanced round from mending their fishing nets, or looked up from backgammon boards. Outside the towns, this sense of bemusement pursued us. The age of neon has yet to arrive, and holiday-makers are still uncommon; the region's tourist industry is restricted to individual shacks beside the sites, each with a solitary shelf of tepid Pepsi Colas, and proprietors under no delusion as to the undesirable nature of their wares.

Admittedly, twenty one people on our 80-foot boat was a tight squeeze. But arguments over missing T-shirts (a common phenomenon) could not cloud the fact that the trip was essentially a restorative. It is a tribute to Andrew Hobson, Richard Bryant and the unfazeable Ann Tucker, College Matron, that when we sat out on the headland one evening, watching the sun disappear below the Aegean, we all did so with something resembling tranquillity.

Tom Welsford (Wren's)

SKYE EASTER CAMP 1996

Early on the morning of the twenty third of March, five boys, one girl, one old Westminster and two members of staff met in Dean's Yard for the fifteen-hour minibus journey to the Youth Hostel at Glen Brittle on the Isle of Skye. Fourteen and a half hours later, a rather bedraggled group arrived at the youth hostel, more full of anticipation than energy.

We awoke the next day to blazing sunshine, superb views and a light dusting of snow - perfect! We made our way to Coir' a' Ghrunnda for a go at some of the more southerly peaks of the Cuillins. At the corrie we split into three groups - one aiming for the summits of Sgurr Dubh na Da Bheinn and Sgurr Dubh Mor, one to do some rock climbing on Caisteal a' Gharbh Choire and one to observe from the bottom. From the top of Caisteal a' Gharbh Choire, we could see that the Cuillin Ridge was very much 'in condition' being fairly dry and ice free; the Inaccessible Pinnacle would definitely head our list of targets for the week. That night, back at the Youth Hostel, we were joined by Damian Riddle who had swapped the minibus for a plane! After listening to his expert advice we agreed to have a go at the West Ridge of the Inaccessible Pinnacle, a v. diff. graded rock climb to the top of the hardest mountain in the British Isles. Greeted by another day of superb weather, we set off towards the IP early the next morning, suitably laden down with climbing protection gear. The party arrived at the foot of the Pinnacle in two instalments, the climbers first to set up the ropes, followed by the rest of the party led by a now rather scared Damian Riddle! He had forgotten to mention that he did not like very big drops on both sides of his feet. Adam Hunt (OW) ably led the climb, expertly assisted by Matthew Plummer's helpful cries of 'Look for the handholds'. Four of us reached the top and had our photos taken sitting on top of the boulder; what the photos do not show is the exposure. However, suitably comforted by a rather chuffed Mark Tocknell (his first, and long awaited ascent) we abseiled off the IP and set out along the ridge towards Sgurr na Banachdich, hoping to take in another peak that afternoon. However, fatigue overtook us so we attempted to descend by way of Coire na Banachdich.

Finding ourselves trapped on rather icy slabs above cliffs we abseiled 80 feet into a gully and walked out, glad we had all our rock gear, minus the sling at the top! We arrived back at the youth hostel suitably pleased with ourselves, having made the first ascent of the Inaccessible Pinnacle on a School trip for many years.

Our target next morning was Sgurr Alasdair, the highest peak in the Cuillins. Nip up the Great Stone Shoot, bag the summit and nip back down; a short day, seven hours maximum, or so we thought... Arriving at the base of the Stone Shoot, we found it half filled with crap snow - begging your pardon. Hard ice covered with six inches of ball-bearing like powder. Going was extremely slow as we needed to cut a great many footsteps; higher up, the snow disappeared and the ice took over completely. We were all a little shaken when Rachel slid back down the final 100 feet, but once we established that she was quite unhurt we all arrived safely at the top of the gully. The views, I am sure, made the hard slog well worth it. Five of us then roped up and reached the summits of Sgurr Alasdair and Sgurr Thearlaich. Once regrouped, we started to think about getting back down again. Some of the party were unsure of themselves as it was their first time on steep snow and ice. The most viable method was a three pitch abseil down the steepest part - 450 feet of abseil and two belays on the way down - fun, but definitely time consuming. So much for the seven hour day; we arrived back at the Youth Hostel about thirteen hours after leaving it. Exhausted but exhilarated!

We were all knackered by Wednesday, so whilst a few hardy souls went up a mountain, the rest of us walked along the coast and did some rock climbing. This ended up being one of the scariest days as we were driven by Damian Riddle who had clearly forgotten how, but some kind person took the handbrake off for him after about 100 metres. Thursday brought grotty weather so we all travelled north to have a look at the weird and wonderful scenery of the Quirang. Amidst discussion of staging a performance of Wagner's Ring Cycle there (yer wot?) we also had the biggest snowball fight you would have thought possible with about three snowballs. Recycling at its best!

Friday was our last day on Skye so we split into two groups, one to attempt Sgurr nan Gillean and the other Sgurr na Banachdich. The weather was definitely changeable, but both parties reached their summits and descended without further excitement - apart from the icy slabs on Gillean, but that's another story for the grandchildren, so to speak!

Overall, the trip was one of the most successful for years, partly due to the weather and partly due to the company. Until next year!

Ben Linton (Grant's)