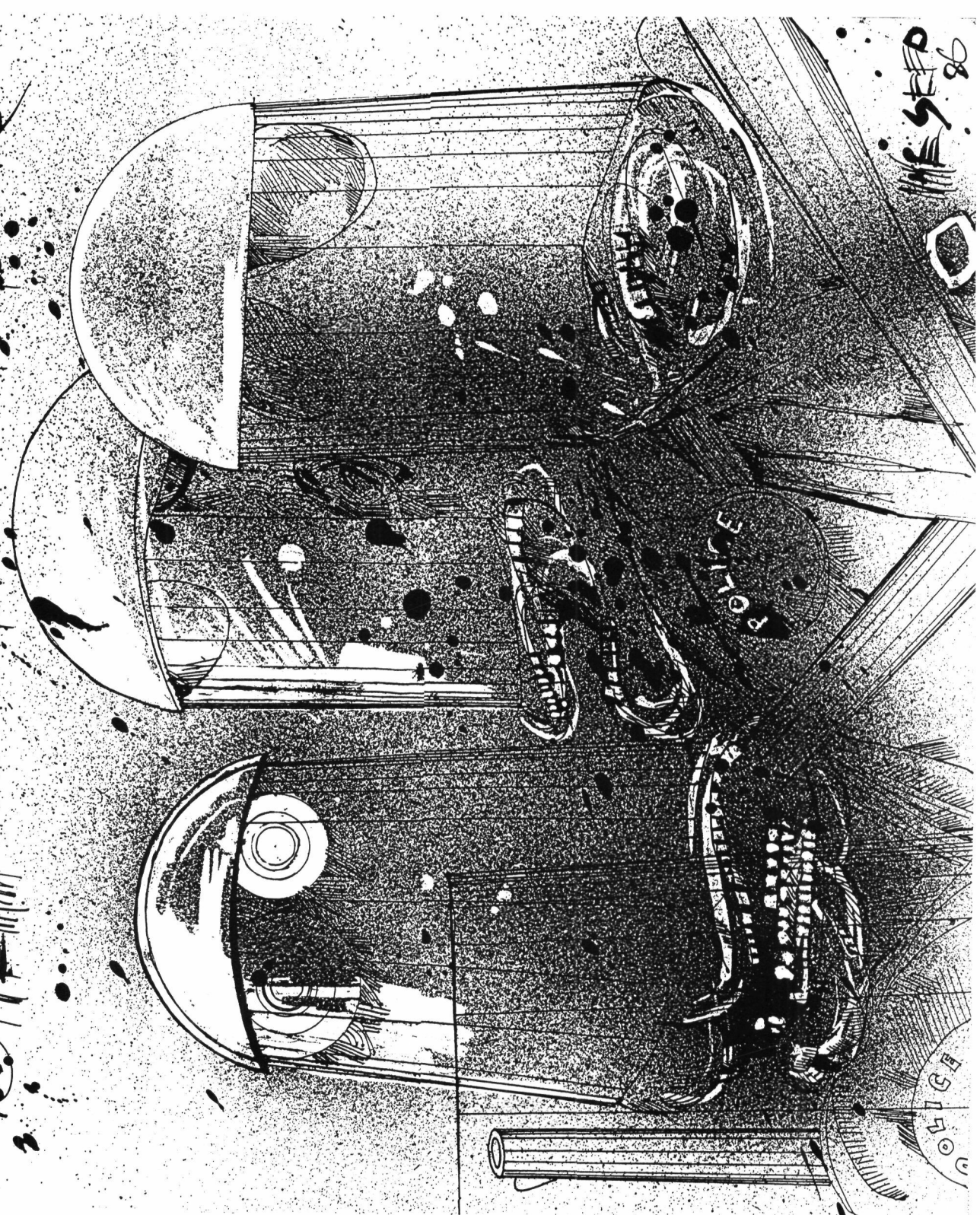




ELIZABETHAN

ISSUE 705
JULY 1986

TO THE BACK-FLIPPING FORC



SEP 86

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ICE

The Elizabethan

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Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1

July 1986, Vol. xxxvii No. 2, Issue No. 705

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Thoughts from Below by Two 'Lower' School Pupils

(This article incorporates material from a small group of pupils whom it would be invidious to name separately)

Outsiders observing Westminster presumably think that what's wrong with the school is that it's an elitist society that puts cash first. Yes, but for us, insiders, some problems are more immediate: compulsory Abbey, fagging in the first terms, being locked in after 7.15 and (the most prominent) Saturday school.

Most pupils, most parents, most teachers are against Saturday school, yet it continues. Why? We're told that boarding numbers would go down if there were only four school nights a week and so the fees would go up. But would this mass exodus occur? The social and educational advantages of boarding are real—learning to live in a community, even an elitist and racially and sexually unbalanced community like this—but would they be thwarted by a four rather than five night week? But is that the

point anyway? The parents are paying the fees and the majority of them oppose Saturday school. 'But no'—the answer comes back from the few here who want it and can insist that we have it—'no, parents may be against Saturday school but that's only because they don't really know anything about the school!' If pupils complain as much to their parents about it as we do, then we're sure parents have bothered to find out the arguments. But then, of course, we pupils don't really know anything about it either, do we?

Geographically and traditionally, we're closely connected with the Abbey. This connection undoubtedly has advantages, but for the non-religious and the religious non-Christians—and there are very many of both here—the compulsory services seem at best a pointless exercise, at worst a persistent offence to their ideas and beliefs. The large number who sit while prayers are being said and very small number who attend non-compulsory services must mean something.

A rather different example of the school's thinking is the kind of party that was laid on at the end of last term. It was difficult not to feel a bit angry and bitter as we saw this flash banquet of smoked salmon and the rest of it being prepared, under close guard, in College Hall. The domestic staff there, the cooks and cleaners in the houses, many of whom have worked at Westminster longer than most teachers, and who are paid minimal wages and forbidden to join unions, were not invited to this party. And this party was presumably paid for out of our fees. Is this learning to live in a community?

A more disturbing point to end with is about hypocrisy. Ask any teacher what the school's purpose is and the reply will include something like 'to educate morally and socially'. This is an honourable vocation but, if wealth is the key factor deciding entry to fee-paying schools, the question must be whether teachers in the private sector have morals that can justify their own position there, and if, instead, they don't feel justified then what hope for our moral education? A senior member of the Westminster common room has said in print that we are a 'business'. Are we the by-products of this business? Better and more A-levels make the school more money. What room in this business for the development of our personalities? But as we sit and write this we are, of course, being just as hypocritical, if not more. We are building on broken glass.

MEETINGS.

Free-Speaking in the Park

by J. K. Solhekol

'I have two children. I am a lesbian!' claimed a large woman sporting a white T-shirt emblazoned with a pink triangle. She tried to make the meeting serious yet her compassion was met with cries of: 'I'm not surprised you're a lesbian, looking like that!' Such comments were usually met with laughter from the audience. An American woman claimed that children of homosexuals were like deformed children and should be taken away from their parents. The majority of the audience objected to this, including the more jovial members, and the woman on the platform suggested that the American in question was a fascist. The American stormed off shouting, 'If you call me a fascist then I can goddam well call you faggots!' The crowd dwindled, not because they agreed with her warped opinions but because the speaker began a passionate address on the problems that lesbians face in the Borough of Kensington and Chelsea.

I had heard enough. The Israeli flag looked more inviting and, by-passing a bearded man holding a banner which stated that 'Christ had died for our sins,' surrounded only by a handful of men of the same appearance, I made my way towards it. Two young men stood beneath the flag, arguing with a man who claimed that Israeli and South Africa were making a nuclear bomb. In company with the 'Homosexual' meeting, there was a complete lack of serious rhetoric, the discussions quickly descending into a series of personal insults and witty remarks. One of the two young speakers was growing irritable as a result of the continual stream of sarcastic remarks coming from a man who thought the discussion was becoming too serious and wanted to talk at length about the survival of Leicester City Football Club in the First Division. As soon as this man departed so did most of the audience, leaving the two speakers to argue between themselves about the Middle Eastern crisis.

By far the largest crowd had gathered around a Palestinian flag stuck to the top of a metal ladder on which a man wearing dark

sunglasses and of Indian appearance was waving his arms frantically in the air, the gold chains attached to his arms swinging around his face. He was surrounded by four Asian skinheads who were wearing double-breasted suits and holding up pictures of supposed American terrorist atrocities in the Middle East covered with incorrectly spelt statements such as 'Tatcher Out!' The speaker was taking part in an argument with an Irishman and his wife who were suggesting that all Asians were intellectually inferior to the British race. The speaker stressed that the man who had claimed this was in fact Irish and so proceeded to denounce the whole Irish race. Instead of attempting to impose a more rational and compassionate view of the Irishman he merely returned the racist comments, claiming that whilst Pakistanis were winning the Nobel Prize for Physics, the Irish were winning it for 'toilets', a joke which was met with roars of laughter, thus encouraging the speaker to shout 'Shut your toilet!' every time he was interrupted or asked a sensible question.

He then proceeded to make a strenuous speech on how the Asian community was going to take over Britain and that the Head of State in ten year's time was going to be an Indian. 'We have bought Harrods, the Dorchester. Next, Buckingham Palace.' This proclamation was met with laughter and the speaker, sensing the audience's disapproval, began a racist attack on the Jewish faith and Israel, a state which he claimed did not exist. His aggression was questioned several times, but only after permission to interrupt had been gained from one of his four bodyguards. A young man asked why there was no freedom of speech in many Arab countries. The speaker replied arrogantly that he did not know and proceeded to abuse the young man, a strategy which was again met with laughter.

An old American Jewish tourist had listened patiently to the speaker's comments and when he questioned the speaker, saying that his claim of being a victim of racism was being undermined by his own racist attitudes, his question was answered, 'I don't speak to Jews.' Again the captivated audience laughed. The speaker, perched on his ladder, calmly turned around and motioned two police officers to come to him. When they reached him he turned to the

crowd and proclaimed that Britain had the best police force in the world. A cautious smile appeared on the faces of the two officers. The speaker turned to the officers and claimed that the American tourist had been coming to his 'meetings' for many weeks with the sole intention of disrupting them and that he was also completely intoxicated. The two officers moved through the crowd and directed the American tourist away while he protested his innocence. No-one objected or defended him; they just laughed, including myself. A broad smile appeared on the speaker's face.

He then turned to another Jewish man who was wearing a skull-cap. He slid his hand into his pocket and brought out a five pound note and offered it to him. Everyone began to laugh; the young man lowered his head and walked away.

I also felt a compulsion to leave. I had been captivated by this man for more than an hour, laughing at his moronic and racist humour. I left with an infinitely more pessimistic view of the world. I may have been partially sympathetic to the Palestinian cause before I ventured into Speakers' Corner yet now I was only confused. As I turned to leave, one of the four 'bodyguards' grabbed my hand and shook it. 'Thank you for coming'. He patted me on the back: 'Come back next week.' Fat chance. I walked away feeling guilty, believing that the platform for the promotion of our freedom of speech had become merely a theatre of comedy.

*

Christian Ethics and Politics

by Caroline Miller Smith

Winter came, and the Dean of Westminster retired to Richmond, still advocating the peace in our time which he has not always enjoyed in his. Indeed, the scientific revelations and their apocalyptic imagery of the last few weeks have seemed rather to obscure any purely pagan hope in spring. Christianity, however, in an age of collective fear no less great than that of the Middle Ages, must undoubtedly foster the political virtues of faith and hope. Yet it might easily appear that the Christian ethic of charity has had its mortal remains firmly laid to rest.

By its immediate appeal to the individual's soul, Christianity can appear an intensely selfish religion, inspired by a proprietorial love for one's own spiritual welfare. Self-love in political terms can be entirely equated with this supposed Christian virtue, the first commandment of economic self-interest being the pushing of oneself ahead of the crowd. In Thatcherite Britain charity might indeed appear to begin at home and stay there. The national state that has replaced the Church as a means of defining communal identity



(Alaska) Nick Maisey

(Christian v. Pagan, America v. Russian) is only useful insofar as it appropriates demands on the individual to behave in a directly charitable way. Institutionalised 'charity' removes the guilt of the disparity in standard of living between individuals and the necessity to act on this guilt. An employed man or woman on a private medical insurance scheme would, furthermore, have no need to come into any contact with the workings of state charity, making them appear remote and trivial. It is interesting that in the fifth century St. Augustine acknowledged that the Christian was forced to function within the state, but emphasized the bonds of love which bound Christians together in the City of God. In a patriarchal world, Christ was the only true patriarch. The bonds of love and not of necessity which tied him to his people should therefore affect society as a whole. In the twentieth century, the idea of Christian love inherent in our society, and its relation to the state, would seem to provide a different analogy: of the medieval celibate monk, tending the prosperity of his own soul whilst working for the increase of the status and wealth of his abbey. He himself, of course, has little relation with the world of deprivation beyond the abbey walls.

Christianity has a closer relation with politics than ever before, due to the new-found political ability to make every aspect of individual life relevant to its ideology—whether by the constant bombardment of advertisement of wealth-generating goods, or by an onslaught of propaganda encouraging the all-encompassing correct creed. The monopoly of religion to promise perfect freedom has been broken. Christ removed the dictates of time by redeeming those who lived both before and after him; ideological political thought, by a reinterpretation of history, similarly resurrects the long-dead peasant and promises him ultimate and eternal vindication. Even the contemporary conflict between east and west might be seen in the same terms as the fluctuating dominance of Satan and Christ within the individual.

Yet it is this emphasis on the individual which compels Christianity to transcend politics, and which makes of it the only

sound ideology. It does not rely on mass participation, for statistical strength is unimportant. Yet it has the highest estimation of human worth of any creed, for each individual is infinitely valuable. In the parable, the one lost sheep is just as important to the shepherd as the ninety-nine that are safe. Paradoxically, Christianity must be the only ideology which does not see either humanity as a whole, or the individual, as only existing through the sum of its actions, allowing as it does for an innate ability of man to expunge damaging past acts. Indeed, Christianity does not attempt to define from the exterior at all, either through the acts of individuals or the tangible evidences of relationships between individuals. If love springs from God and forges a link between God and man, it also must be the only valid link between men. Yet the appreciation of love is an entirely subjective quality, not an absolute one, and therefore must be pre-eminently humanist in nature.

Hence love for one's people—both the love of a God and of a human—must be necessarily the motive for any revolutionary ideologist attempting to improve the lives of men and women. Above all, Christianity recognises that the life of the individual is bounded by a space of time small in comparison with historical perspective. All ideologies must accept the limitations of the experience of the individual in considering their long-term hypotheses. A fallacious concept of progress, a perversion of Christian ethics, makes us still imagine that a man of today is better than a man of yesterday but not as good as a man of tomorrow, despite the fact that all criteria for estimating the past and future are based on the constancy of an idea of individuality advocated by Christianity. Any estimation at all demands that a man should be able to acknowledge the existence of another man, something only possible if there is potential for an unchanging link between them.

A God was only a God because he became a man and died, it seems. Otherwise he could not have claimed to love men. And a mother sacrificed the son she loved and stood at the foot of his cross although the only reason she could love each individual for whom her son was dying was the love she felt for him.

The Paranoia of the President

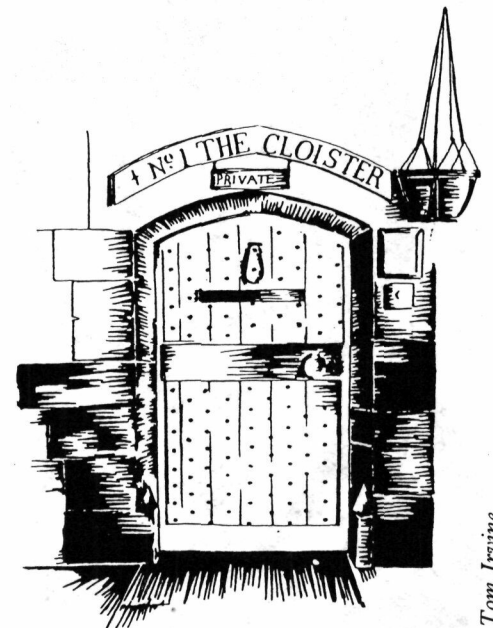
by Adam Hills

'It is war in Central America: in Nicaragua, in El Salvador, in Guatemala', declared Hugh O'Shaughnessy, distinguished writer and broadcaster on Latin-American affairs, in his important and timely John Locke lecture. America is itching to disinfest its 'backyard' of anything perceived as left-wing. A century ago Texas was independent; with the victory of the North in the Civil War the U.S. sprawled South, and the urge to barge onwards has apparently never ceased in the heart of the White

House and of Cassidy Reagan.

Nicaragua has a democratically elected government, the F.S.L.N. Originally a guerrilla force against the American-backed Somoza dictatorship they came to power after a bloody revolution in 1979. Democratically elected? Yes, in 1981 elections took place, witnessed by independent British observers and by people of other nationalities. There was no evidence of force or coercion being used (as in the Philippines) and neither was the F.S.L.N. the only party standing (as, effectively, in Salvador); there are some half-dozen parties in opposition. Mr. O'Shaughnessy suggested that the government was more suited to mountain guerrilla life than bureaucracy, which may be the case, but he was at pains to stress the legitimacy of their power. The U.S. continues to challenge this power by overtly supporting the anti-government Contra terrorist force. Recently \$100 million aid grant for the Contras was defeated in Congress. But Reagan has attempted to push it through under the guise of 'emergency aid', as 'civil aid', for medical use. It is a bitter irony that, while Reagan gives the grant different titles, money already given (from a number of sources, among them the Southern Evangelical extreme right) has found its way into a number of different pockets, including a supermarket in the Honduran capital owned by a Contra leader, into drug-smuggling activities, into private pockets. Noble as it is for the American taxpayer to finance Honduran supermarkets it is, thankfully, not overthrowing a legitimate government.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy usefully distinguished two further factors. Nicaragua has a 90% Catholic population—but a recent visit by Pope John-Paul was badly received. He evidently misjudged the situation and was critical of the government—in which the Foreign Minister and Minister of Culture are both priests. It may have seemed that the Pope had realized his misjudgement when he appointed Obardo y Brauo, Archbishop of Managua, a Cardinal. But this was an underhand deception:



Tom Irvine

the Cardinal's first Mass was given to a group of Contra leaders in Miami, and it is clear that he sympathizes with Reagan in his supposed God-given right to dominate Central America.

American interference in Nicaragua is clearly unjustifiable; their reasons for being in El Salvador and Guatemala at least make crude sense though the results are yet more destructive. In both countries right-wing governments are Reagan's puppets. Strong left forces are active.

El Salvador, the size of Wales, has lost 50,000 people (1% of its population) in fighting, over recent years. The government holds power after rigged elections. The army is guilty of appalling and numerous atrocities against supposed left-wing sympathizers.

Guatemala's death-toll is double El Salvador's. Impoverished pre-Columbian Indians, the indigenous people, fight racial civil war against the rich white Hispanics. The army is little more than an official terrorist force. In this racial war the U.S. sees it as their right to side with the whites and impose their will by savage force.

In the chaotic orgy of Central American war an already scared face of peace is visible—the Contradora Agreement. This treaty, now in preparatory talks, advocates a decrease in military manoeuvres, a withdrawal of military advisers, a reduction in armament and troop levels. If signed, this would apply to Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, Costa Rica. The U.S. would be forced to withdraw its massive presence, especially in Honduras where intimidating manoeuvres persist. Nicaragua would lose its estimated one thousand Cuban advisers. So keen were the Nicaraguan government to stop the fighting that they were the first to sign. This was seen as offensive to some

governments and so reasons were found to abandon that draft. New drafts, we must hope, will be forthcoming. The U.S. has blatantly obstructed the talks, refusing to send representatives, refusing to recognize the agreement. But so great is the support for Contradora that Brazil, Peru, Uruguay, Argentina, Mexico, Panama, Columbia and Venezuela have all signed a support agreement. All twelve E.E.C. countries, including Britain, have announced their support. Geoffrey Howe, after much coercion, has attended preliminary talks.

Hugh O'Shaughnessy announced that 'Russia will make mischief where it can'. This sounds simplistic and dubious. But he went on to stress that Nicaragua has refused to allow any U.S.S.R. bases on their soil, should they be requested. Nor will the country allow itself to be used as a springboard for a Russian attack on America. Given these facts, is it not now a case of American paranoia towards anything professing a commitment to socialism? Nicaragua is in no position to launch any kind of anti-U.S. attack: unless it receives help and support now it might not be able to resist U.S. aggression for much longer.

Nicaragua and Cuba are martyrs to independence and freedom; they are the only two countries south of Texas to have left-wing governments. They have withstood a barrage of attacks from American or American-supported forces. The Cuban missile crisis was the nearest to World War Three that has so far been approached. America's current involvements are no less dangerous.

Why must we voice our disapproval loudly and now? Being our closest ally and fellow N.A.T.O member America must be told that we will not unreservedly support it in its dangerous and inhumane adventures. We are, in the eyes of the Third World generally, already involved and implicated in U.S. imperialism whether we like it or not. We must stand up for our beliefs, as the Americans did to us at the time of Suez, and say 'Stop!'

★

Two Quotes

'Total war between capitalism and communism is inevitable. Naturally we are not yet strong enough to undertake it at the present time. We still have to lull the suspicions of the bourgeoisie and, to this end, we must organise the most spectacular pacifist movement which has ever existed.'

'We shall make fabulous propositions and concessions. The decadent and credulous capitalist countries will rush to accept our offers of friendship and will thus contribute to their own destruction. As soon as their vigilance has been allayed and they have lost their protective shield, we shall destroy them with our powerful fist.'

(Dimitri Manuilsky, head of the Comintern in the 1930's)

'Unilateral disarmament is, at best, naive...'

(Yuri Andropov, President of the U.S.S.R. 1982-3)

David Rennie



Oliver Bennett

A Soldier of Peace: Brian Urquhart (1932-37, K.S.)

Peacekeepers rarely match warmakers in renown, even at the United Nations. But one who has run an exceptionally strong race is Brian Urquhart, the Under Secretary General who managed 13 peacekeeping operations for the world organization and is now retiring. Fortunately, he'll be within easy reach a few blocks away, at the Ford Foundation.

Mr. Urquhart still wore a British major's uniform when he joined the newborn U.N. 41 years ago. But he was soon helping to build a novel army: a multinational force determined to remain entirely neutral in preventing war among its sovereign masters. Peacekeeping—and Mr. Urquhart—almost came to grief in the Congo, where the Soviet Union thought the U.N. was serving mainly Western interests and Mr. Urquhart was almost done in by Katangese troops. But he perserved in a dangerous calling, with unfailing good humour.

Over the years, Mr. Urquhart's soldiers have saved lives and monitored cease-fires in the Middle East, Cyprus and southern Africa. And from the experience, Mr. Urquhart evolved a succinct philosophy of peacekeeping in the current age:

'Don't dive into an empty pool. This may create a temporary sensation but will leave you stunned and incapable of further action. You must establish in advance at least the minimal conditions required for productive work.'

'Don't really too much on reason. Sometimes an appeal to fear, prejudice or vanity is more effective.'

'Don't ask people you are dealing with to commit suicide. To provide a graceful way out of a difficult situation should be the aim.'

'Don't claim credit for any success you may get. People in trouble need credit much more than you do.'

'Don't panic people into a corner. This makes them dangerous, paranoid and obstinate.'

In the same plain-spoken spirit, Mr. Urquhart persists in believing that the Soviet Union and the United States may yet find it in their interest to join in peacekeeping operations that can contain local conflicts. As Mr. Urquhart asks in reflecting upon his life's service, 'Why should not the lion sometimes lie down with the lion, instead of terrifying all the lambs by their mutual hostility?'

Perhaps as a Ford scholar-in-residence, Mr. Urquhart will discern the way.

(from *The New York Times* editorial, January 28.)



Biba Dow

The Tizard Lecture

by Markus Fraval &
John Kingman

The Tizard Lecture this year was filmed, recorded and advertised by the Central Electricity Generating Board to provide coverage for their drive against the common belief that nuclear re-processing is dangerous. As we write, a cloud of radioactive dust has swept across Europe carrying with it a renewed public uproar at the more dangerous aspects of the nuclear industry. As the radiation from Chernobyl began to be felt in England, the government retracted the major part of the plans which were put forward by Lord Marshall at the school. But, even ignoring the anxiety caused by the recent accident, the lecture itself certainly failed to achieve its goal. Lord Marshall was introduced as being a good communicator: perhaps he was, but the entire lecture, essentially the ponderous enunciation of the views of the CEBG, made too striking a contrast with previous years, when the lecture has been an occasion for a great scientist to come and speak to the school in some detail about his particular area of research. Lord Marshall, as Dr. Rae pointed out at the end, was very much simpler for the 'lay' listener. He expostulated at great length upon the advantages of nuclear fuels to the CEBG, while, to assist the less scientific members of the audience, there were slides (including cartoons) summarising all that he said. This merely had the effect of dulling any sense of scientific excitement—instead of the feeling that the speaker was talking off-the-cuff on things about which he felt deeply and knew a great deal, the listener was left with the lasting impression that he was merely a figurehead—a mouthpiece (literally) for the corporate, official views of the CEBG.

The same view could be gained from the event as a whole. The oppressive presence of television cameras, studio-type lighting and hundreds of technicians, along with the prepared shots of the Headmaster crossing Yard in his cassock created the image that dominated the lecture: that of a 'media stunt'. *Private Eye* has since commented on the same thing. The picture of Lord Marshall holding up 'fresh' waste before the audience—the climax of the lecture—appeared in the television news that evening and in some of the national newspapers. (It was unfortunate that the event coincided with the worst leak at the Sellafield reprocessing plant since 1973). It was felt throughout the audience that the lecture was concocted for the media (with little regard for the school or, more importantly, for the occasion), filled with dubious statistics and that it skated over the surface of the issue. That it was caused by the exigencies of the political situation and not by scientific necessity or even desirability was revealed by the speed with which many of the plans were rescinded in the wake of the 'Chernobyl disaster'. The worst criticism is quite simply that it was completely out of touch with previous and (let us hope) future Tizard Lectures: as

such it was unfortunate and is to be forgotten.

*

Lord Marshall's Methods

by Shivaun Moeran

The Tizard Lecture is a prestigious annual event, which traditionally serves as a public unveiling of a new scientific breakthrough. The lecture is attended by scientists, and normally given by a scientist at the fore of his field; it is also attended by Westminster students, and the speaker is usually chosen for the ability to explain in a way the intelligent layman can understand.

By the end of this lecture, given by Lord Marshall, the audience had two basic criticisms. First, he had simplified to the point where he had obscured the truth; for example, instead of using standard units to explain relative radioactivities, which the scientists were familiar with, and which could have been explained briefly and in simple terms for the audience, he used 'garden units' and 'deep garden units'. These are all the radioactive elements in an average garden, down to 10 m and 300 m respectively, concentrated into one small block. The link with gardens is very reassuring; also, although Lord Marshall admitted that a small amount of substance emitting intense radioactivity was more dangerous than a large weak source, he would not say specifically how *much* more dangerous it is. Other aspects of his simplification include his stating that we have no option to nuclear power, and the way every word he said was scripted on a screen behind him, as if for the deaf.

The audience's second criticism of Lord Marshall was his attempt to blind us with science; the graphs were in log scales; i.e., the first square was 10 years, the second 100, the third 1000, and so on. This is deliberately misleading; it is an attempt to leave people thinking the substances are radioactive for shorter periods of time than is actually the case. There was no numerical scale on the Geiger counter, which measures radioactivity, but the background count took the needle a third of the way round the clock-face dial, and when the needle was just over three quarters of the way round it stopped. Therefore even the higher level wastes seemed to have a count only two or three times more than background.

Lord Marshall went through the different types of waste in a very boring, repetitious way. He started with the most harmless waste, and by the time he had reached the most lethal, everyone was so bored they might not have noticed that he suddenly switched from garden units to deep garden units, especially as he didn't actually mention the change, it was only shown at the edge of a graph scale; he continued calling them garden units.

Dr. Rae had stated that the Tizard Lecture traditionally pushes forth the boundaries of science; Lord Marshall used it as a

platform to distort scientific facts. Dr. Rae said Lord Marshall was a good speaker; he was in fact just an experienced propagandist, and not a very interesting one at that.

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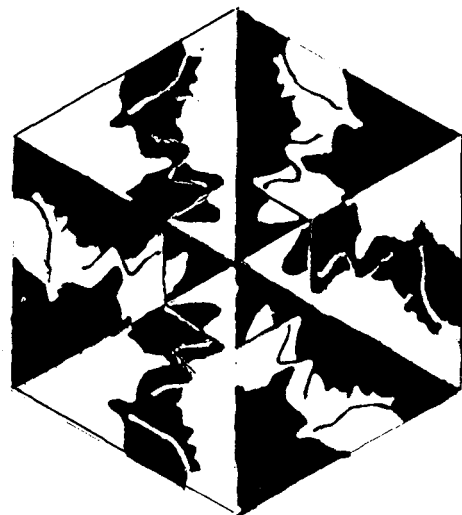
Not Another Pro-Nuclear Lecture?

by Jessica Alexander
and Anantini Krishnan

John Maddox, speaking about the Chernobyl disaster, came as the last in a succession of pro-nuclear speakers at Westminster this year. Lady Olga Maitland's somewhat extremist speech was followed by the Tizard Lecture, well covered by the media, at which we were informed of the 'safety' of nuclear waste. The intense build-up to that speech had prepared the audience for some revelation, yet the speaker merely proceeded to treat us as if we were children, while simultaneously performing equations on a blackboard. (Full reports are elsewhere in this issue.) Fortunately, Olga Maitland's lecture, with its 'Ever seen a Russian smile, then?' strategy and the Tizard Lecture, with its similarly 'hard-hitting' line of reasoning—'This is nuclear waste [points to some] and it's safe'—significantly failed to alter people's views on nuclear power.

However, Mr. Maddox's speech was intrinsically different from these—he managed to convey the impression of speaking with moderation, thus capturing an audience of people who felt that they had been deprived of the facts of nuclear power for long enough. Mr. Maddox's lecture was well-timed; his statistical 'facts' satisfied many who did not think to question their authenticity.

But his talk was marked by a subtle over- and under-development of the crucial points. These included the extreme overstatement of the economic benefits of nuclear power and a relative understatement of the dangers involved and of the moral arguments.



Andrew Cleland

According to his figures, nuclear energy is cheaper than a conventional source of power, such as oil. The figures that he quoted were given no source. (Bryan Lovell contests them below.) But the government has spent £200 million per year, for many years, on 'civil' nuclear research (at the expense of other energy research) while gaining little in return.

For example, the nuclear station at Dungeness B has cost two and a half times more than estimated, while its electricity costs double that generated by the latest coal-fired stations.

Mr. Maddox informed us that, if Britain were not to 'opt out' of the technological race, we would have to accept nuclear power. But if we wish to remain in this 'race' we need to understand the dangers and benefits of nuclear power far better. Is the economic prize really big enough to make us persevere in spite of the difficulties?

This was where Mr. Maddox underplayed the dangers involved, showing an apparent lack of concern for the moral issue. He said that maybe one or two people in Britain would die in the next 20 or 30 years as a result of radiation poisoning, yet these figures were simply vague estimates—scientists have no accurate way of calculating the effects of this radiation—and, also, Mr Maddox seemed oddly uninterested and unspecific about those people in Eastern Europe and the people of Russia who were exposed to far greater levels of radiation. A number of people died as a direct result of the accident, very large numbers will die soon and those living around Kiev are still at risk—their chances of death from cancer are greatly increased

and their water is contaminated by radiation. The 'economic benefits' of nuclear power are frankly nullified when other governments put an embargo on Russian, and even Polish, foodstuffs for fear of radiation poisoning.

Mr. Maddox failed to mention the fact that we have now reached a 'point of no return'. With the millions of pounds that have already been spent, it seems highly unlikely, if not impossible, that any government will, without external pressure, put an end to the further development of nuclear power, despite knowledge of the risks involved. This leads one to ask what scale of disaster will have to occur for respective governments to put a stop to this inhumane and foolish race.

Is it not time that we heard someone speaking from the other side of the argument?

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John Maddox's figures

by Bryan Lovell

The key factual argument of John Maddox's talk on nuclear power was the economic advantage of nuclear power generation over conventional means. We were invited, indeed urged to consider carefully the figures he gave us. A kilogram of Uranium oxide could be bought for just £100. A tonne for £100,000 was energy equivalent to £1,000,000 of oil. A mere 1 billion pounds worth of Uranium oxide was the energy equivalent of 10 billion pounds worth of oil. This second sum was the current external debt of the United Kingdom.

These figures thrown at us with the adroitness of a politician were as biased as a message to the party faithful. To suggest that this was the extent of the accounting needed to make a balanced decision is absurd. True he did mention the need to build the station, in one sentence, later, but after how long at the numbers game?

Britain has 33 nuclear power stations supplying 20% of the National Grid. The current expected life of a station is some 20 to 30 years and the replacement cost some £1 billion per station. On these figures a new station a year needs to be built at a cost of £1 billion. Additional costs of maintaining present stations and the as yet undiscovered cost of decommissioning spent reactors would increase this. Common estimates suggest that it will cost as much to permanently close down a station as it would to build a new one. The bill for the part dismantled damaged reactor at Three Mile Island already exceeds £1 billion. Is £3 billion a year to maintain present stocks of nuclear stations a reasonable estimate?

Electricity at 10% of the cost of conventional generation was clearly the message. Who would hesitate, regardless of Three Mile Island? Regardless of Chernobyl? Why then have no new orders for nuclear installations been placed by the utilities in the United States since 1978? Surely private enterprise, responsible only to their shareholders, can understand the figures so clearly laid before us?

Lord Marshall had similar convincing arguments, using indoctrination rather than education as the means to his message. Like John Maddox he too was invited on the personal recommendation of the Head of Science.



Nicolai Iuul

Features

'How to Cut Unemployment at a Stroke: Create a New Job every Thirty Seconds'

by Simon Harding

Ask any student of A-level economics what are the effects of increasing government spending and the reflex response will be 'inflation'. Whatever else one can say about Tory economic policy, the propaganda battle has certainly been won. Everyone now 'knows' that TINA rules. There is No Alternative. The conventional wisdom is that any form of reflationary policy aimed at reducing unemployment will result in more inflation and only a temporary increase in employment. Public sector employment is classed as 'non-wealth creating', suggesting that nurses, doctors, and other public servants are merely a burden on the wealth creation process and contribute no net increase in economic welfare. The true wealth creators are those engaged in the production of washing machines or those given 'golden hellos', the ultimate validation of market worth, to redistribute wealth on the stock exchange. By constantly repeating an assertion with conviction, that assertion, however threadbare, becomes the received wisdom. Thus, the pernicious influence of Do It Yourself economics, vividly described in this year's Reith Lectures, permeates the collective cerebrum of the nation.

In fact, so threadbare has economic policy become that 'there is no alternative' needs to be changed to 'there is no policy at

all', for virtually the only surviving element of the original Thatcherite strategy is privatization. From the start, the right-wing economists (or D.I.Y. economists) have maintained that government policy is largely futile, and therefore that more government spending would have no effect on employment in the long run. It follows from this line of reasoning that there is nothing useful the government can do, except maintain the value of money. 'Honest money', or zero inflation, has been the government's one proximate objective, and it is unfortunate from an educational point of view that inflation has actually fallen, because this enables the D.I.Y. economists to defend their claim that government policy has been successful. A closer scrutiny of the effects of 'monetarism' casts some doubt on this claim. First, targets for the rate of growth of the money supply have almost always been exceeded, often by wide margins, so that the so-called Medium Term Financial Strategy has degenerated from being a system of control to being an annual guessing game by Treasury experts. The rules of the game are that, at the beginning of the financial year, Treasury economists guess the likely rate of growth of the money supply, and the Chancellor then announces a target range around the level guessed at. If the target is exceeded, the economists then redefine the 'money supply' and make another guess for next year. So the game continues. A second reason for doubt is that commodity prices have been falling since 1980, so that the one truly external influence on inflation has been improving continuously, which at least some qualified economists think is a better explanation of the fall in inflation than anything the government has done. A third reason is that every other country has experienced falling inflation too, and in the case of the U.S.A. this has been in spite of a highly reflationary spending spree.

The government's one big success has been the privatization programme. By selling off chunks of nationalized industries, sometimes at bargain-basement prices, the Tories have not only created a small army of happy little investors, but also provided itself with a lot of money to spend which appears not to be part of the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement. Thatcherite principles of domestic science are not offended by spending out of the proceeds of sales of assets, and thus the disposal of 'the family silver' as Lord Stockton put it, seems to offer a non-inflationary way to spend. In effect, peeling off a few layers of tortured sophistry, the government has merely avoided borrowing from the bank manager by going to the pawn broker instead.

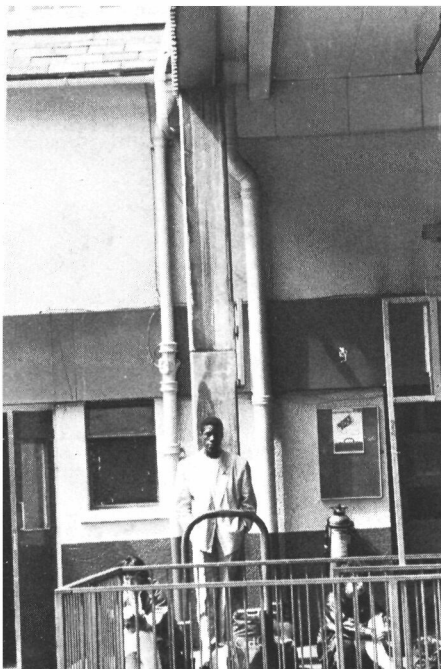
TINA, if not stark naked, is certainly down to her Marks and Spencers briefs, though betraying no hint of the faintest blush. Yet the brazen hussey stills claims to be irreplaceable, a claim no experienced man of the world would be inclined to take seriously. There are alternatives. Some have been tried before but didn't work. It is not necessarily the case that they won't work now. One of the exasperating, and challenging, characteristics of economics is



that relationships seem to change, so that a policy which fails at one time may succeed at another, and vice versa. The conditions under which policies operate also change. The falling oil and commodity price 1980's could be very different from the inflating 1970's. Other policies have never been tried before because they have been ruled out as unacceptable. The choice of economic policy has been based on a collection of undebated political value judgements which are assumed to be self-evidently correct. It is almost always precisely those beliefs which are held to be self-evident that turn out on careful analysis to be wrong. It is by discarding such beliefs that one economist has arrived at a radical alternative to Thatcherism, which promises to eliminate unemployment in the course of the next four or five years.

Superficially, the unemployment problem seems easy to solve. The unemployed would like jobs, and everybody else would like to consume more goods and services. Why not employ the unemployed to produce the goods and services everyone else wants? One reason why not is that the goods and services the unemployed might produce may not be competitive with substitutes produced in other countries. In order for a permanent rise in employment to occur, the extra output produced must be produced at a cost that is lower than world prices generally. If this were possible, private sector firms would already be doing it, thus increasing their profits. It is not possible because the unemployed do not have the necessary skills, nor can they be employed without equipping them with the appropriate tools and machinery at great cost. Therefore, the private sector will not in the foreseeable future absorb the unemployed. What about the public sector?

The government could directly increase employment by hiring more nurses, doctors, teachers, civil servants, street cleaners, park attendants, etc. The services provided by them would then form part of the social benefits received in kind by the community as a whole. Obviously, the costs of this employment would have to be born out of taxation, so that the rest of the community would pay for the extra services they would collectively enjoy. However, this represents a form of enforced con-



Guy Gadney



Rosie Hurlston

sumption of public services, since people might not be prepared to pay so much to receive these extra social benefits. This means that the extra income generated by the higher level of employment will lead to a greater demand for consumer goods than can be met from domestic output. Hence, imported goods will increasingly be bought with the result that the community as a whole will sink progressively into debt to foreigners. Alternatively, the government could balance external payments by allowing sterling to depreciate, thus making imports more expensive. This would be inflationary.

One of the most important economic developments of this half of the century, largely unnoticeable to the man in the street, has been the integration of world financial markets. The abandonment of fixed exchange rates and the progressive abolition of controls on transactions between sterling and foreign currencies has contributed to, as well as being a consequence of, the rapidly expanding volume of international money flows of a speculative nature. The value of sterling is no longer determined by the demand for exports and imports, as used to be the case, but by the much larger flows of money chasing high interest rates and currency appreciation. The impact of this development on policy making is immediate and fundamental. No policy can be adopted if it would lead to a massive speculative outflow of currency. Any policy deemed likely to be inflationary, for example, would cause fears of sterling depreciation. Sterling deposits would immediately be withdrawn and exchanged for other currencies, which would not only cause a crisis for the British banking system, but would also accelerate the very inflation feared by the speculators. More important, multi-national corporations might cease to operate in the U.K. because of the feared depreciation of the dollar value of their British factories and installations.

Critics of international capitalism can therefore justly complain that national economic policy is heavily constrained by the acceptability of policies to capitalist speculators. It is largely in this sense that 'There Is No Alternative' is true. There isn't an

alternative that avoids the risk of frightening speculators.

The real alternative, therefore, according to Andrew Glyn as put forward in his pamphlet 'A Million Jobs a Year' (*Verso*; £1.50), is to impose controls on capitalists that prevent them for undermining a reflationary policy. By imposing strict exchange controls and pegging the sterling exchange rate, speculative outflows would be choked off. It would also then be possible to impose controls on imports, so that some inessential imports would be banned. In that case, balance of payments difficulties could be avoided. Also, the insulation of the U.K. capital market would mean that more funds would be available for investment in British industry at lower rates of interest. Also, financial institutions would be obliged to hold a certain proportion of their assets in the form of government securities, which would enable the government to borrow cheaply, without inflation, to finance its spending plans. With these controls in force, it would be possible for the government to increase employment in public services without the ill-effects attendant on such a policy in a free-market context. The main drawback would be that restrictions on the freedom of markets to set prices would reduce the ability of the market to allocate resources efficiently. Controls on banking and movements of foreign exchange would prevent the capital market from directing investment funds to where they would be most profitably employed. Therefore, Glyn's proposals imply a considerable amount of direct state intervention in planning investment in industry.

Thus, socialist planning offers a viable alternative to Thatcherism as long as we are prepared to accept the restrictions on freedom of choice that this would entail. We would sacrifice some earnings from international banking operations, and might suffer to some extent from retaliation against import controls, but Glyn values the elimination of unemployment more highly. The arguments are persuasive. Unemployment causes hardship for those who suffer it, leads to all manner of social problems, costs the tax payer a huge amount of money, and reduced national output by many billions of pounds. We would have to value our preference for capitalism and free enterprise very highly indeed to outweigh the economic and social costs of unemployment. Perhaps the issue boils down to how soon unemployment might be reduced under our present system. The outlook is not promising. With productivity increasing at the same rate as demand, and with productivity in other countries rising faster than ours in relation to wages, there seems little prospect of sizeable numbers of the unemployed being reabsorbed into the workforce. We have already enjoyed a sustained recovery in output for the last five years, and this cannot be expected to continue indefinitely. Given that unemployment has risen continuously during this boom, any expectation of a significant fall in the medium term seems merely fanciful.

Britain is rapidly turning into a country

with worrying disparities in income, wealth and the quality of life. For those who are employed and own houses in London and the South East, life under capitalism must seem rewarding and pleasant. Their incomes are rising at 12% per year and the value of their main asset is rising at nearly 20% a year. For those who are unemployed and do not own property, or who live in the North or Wales, capitalism must seem increasingly unjust and pernicious. Their incomes have risen less than prices, and they are condemned to a life on the poverty line with no real prospect of improvement in the foreseeable future. With the decay of public amenities due to lack of capital investment in the 'infrastructure', parts of Britain could come to resemble third-world countries, with similar living standards and a similarly dilapidated appearance. For six years we have placed our trust in market forces to take care of our economic prosperity, but many have been rewarded with misery. There will be a receptive audience for left-wing economists in the near future.

Necessary Hooligans?

by Robert Goodwin

The public as a whole seems, at last, to have realized that the once popular image of a football hooligan, mindless, shaven-headed, with a near non-existent I.Q., is in fact obsolete by nearly a decade. But amongst the non-football going public there is still a vast amount of ignorance of the internal complexities of a rapidly changing structure of football violence.

Football violence's origins are in tribal warfare. And football is symbolic of this. Following a football club provides an answer to a twentieth century problem, a society where violence is unacceptable.

Despite popular belief, we live in a society where violence has, as a part of everyday life, decreased. But throughout history man has had a record of male violence and the old instincts are still there.

The Victorians swept violence under a carpet of respectability, but in fact Victorian London was a violent society. Violence was, until recently, accepted and expected.



so no one was surprised when they encountered it.

A large proportion of the twentieth century population has been educated to see violence for violence's sake as abhorrent; as a result they are shocked by violence and do not accept it like their ancestors. Consequently there has been no acceptable outlet for male aggression, but the tribal instincts are still there in many.

Football supporting became an outlet for this violent side to man's nature. People attached themselves to football clubs and would stay loyal to an individual, local, side; this meant that the supporters found it easy to attend every game that the side played at home. Until the 1960's the supporters did not travel to see their team when they played away. Travel was still expensive and football fans were almost exclusively working-class.

However, when two local sides met two sets of rival fanatics were thrown together, with no attempts at segregation. Violence exploded frequently, especially in the North. In 1906 the Newcastle v. Sunderland game had to be abandoned after thousands of fans fought each other and the players on the pitch.

Significantly, just as fears were being aroused in government about the increasing rowdiness surrounding football matches, the First World War broke out. Aggression changed its name to patriotism and mass violence and destruction became an honourable pastime.

After the war the huge level of slaughter quelled the tribal instinct, but by the early 1930's the football hooligans had returned, violence still occurring exclusively where local derbies were concerned. North London saw some of the worst football violence ever after Spurs had played Arsenal; eye witnesses said that, 'About four thousand men fought in the streets, utilizing a variety of weapons and terrorizing members of the press.' Then war came again just as the National Government was becoming aware of the problem.

The 1940's and 1950's were trouble free, apart from the Bolton Disaster which was caused by overcrowding, not violence. As the attendances grew after the war the old allegiances and fanaticism were rekindled. A new generation grew up for whom their football club was part of their 'roots': it was something to be proud of and something to defend. The youth of the 1960's had not known the horrors of war and once again the violent instincts had returned. The new breed of football violence was to be born.

Increasing affluence meant that the supporters could afford to travel long distances to support their team away from home. Colourful scarves became a mark of tribal identity. In Liverpool something happened that revolutionized football support. 'The Beatles' had just arrived on the scene. Liverpool's main terrace, The Kop, started to amend the songs, inserting new words that gave encouragement to their team. As these songs spread across the country new chants appeared. (Desmond Morris's book 'The Soccer Tribe' has a very detailed breakdown of football chants.) The 'singers', who were the more aggressive supporters,

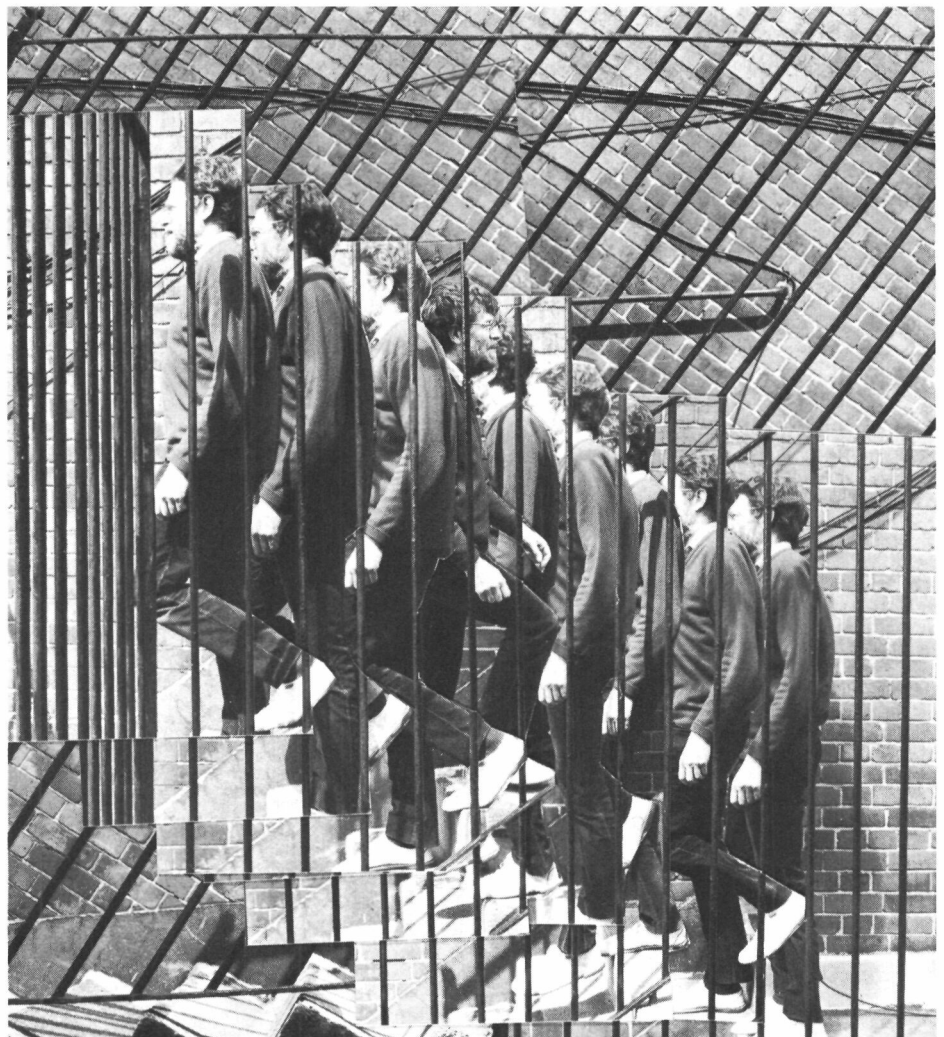
tended to congregate on the terrace behind one of the goals. At the other end the new breed of away supporters chanted back. From being songs of encouragement the chants quickly developed into forms of mass abuse of the other teams and their supporters. The songs also threatened violence ('You're gonna get your fuckin' heads kicked in.') and invited violence ('We'll see you all outside', and 'On the pitch', repeated several times inviting a hand-to-hand battle on the pitch.) For many this form of 'passive' violence was enough to satisfy their aggressive needs, but for others it was not. Groups of fans would infiltrate the 'Home' terrace and then, often wearing scarves in the colours of the home team to escape recognition by the police, they would lash out wildly, sending fans scattering. To the onlooker the numbers involved looked deceptively large, because thousands tried to escape the violence by running away, creating flowing rivers of fans up and down the terraces. After minor scuffles and a lot of noise the Home fans and the police would throw the infiltrators out, but this violation of the tribal territory was, and still is, considered an extreme insult and could result in reprisals. For the infiltrators it is an example of how 'hard' they are: the 'toughs' of any club pride themselves on how hard a reputation the club has.

This kind of violence escalated into pitch

invasions, but these usually ended in noisy confrontations and very little in the way of actual violence.

Then in the late 1970's the mob identity ceased to exist exclusively inside the ground. Large violent groups fought in the streets outside and on the transport to and from the matches. The violence was often directed at the town to which the away fans had travelled. Now it affected people who were not involved with football and, from being ritualized aggression, the violence had developed into full scale street riots. For a decade the police went on trying to cope with these disruptive disturbances. But when two thousand Chelsea fans wrecked Derby during the 1980-81 season the authorities suddenly realized that there was a serious threat and that the policing techniques were archaic and useless. Until then the police had only been deployed in large numbers once the trouble had started: in effect, too late. They had to fight the violence with violence, simply escalating the damaging effects. So police learnt to recognize the trouble spots and catch the problem as it started, before it could get out of hand.

Football violence had slowly become an addiction; the adrenalin rush and the excitement had turned naturally aggressive people into Football Hooligans, who thrived on violence and needed it to fulfil the demand for a frequent outlet for their



Man descending stairs by Adam Hills

aggression.

Inside the grounds, security fences and effective segregation prevented confrontation and outside the high police presence deterred many, and the small numbers prepared to risk arrest were easy to cope with. As a result there came a short period when football hooligans had their 'Golden Years,' a period of organized violence on a massive scale. Scarves were discarded and so were all the outward indications of violent intention. The football hooligans prided themselves on their appearances and would only buy expensive clothes, not usually associated with the hooligan image. The outward appearance of wealth was a perfect cover and huge mobs were able to travel all over the country without arousing the police's suspicions. The football mobs were now a conglomeration of many smaller local mobs. The housing estates from the football club's catchment area each had their own mob, and during the week the leaders of these smaller groups would meet in a pub and arrange how they were to 'mob up' for the next game. The restrictions of segregation on the terraces, especially for the travelling fans, led the hooligans to use the seats. Traditionally occupied by the older and richer supporters there was virtually no police presence; no one even thought that there might be trouble there. This type of expertly organized hooliganism originated in the south, where the expensive clothes, and unofficial travel to away games, could be more readily afforded. West Ham had the most organized mob, and even today there is still some degree of organization to their violence. They called themselves the 'Inter-City Firm,' because they cut out the special offers on Persil packets and travelled to away games on Inter-city trains. The Inter-City Firm has become something of a football legend. Like the Arthurian legend it has become difficult to separate the fantasy

from the fact. The members of the firm themselves are only too happy to let their escapades be wildly exaggerated by the Press as it tends to inflate their status locally. Various other clubs firms quickly gave themselves names. Arsenal had always called their hard core 'The Gooners' and this was resurrected. Much of the evidence for the existence of these 'firms' came when some humorous individual started to manufacture 'calling-cards' which were left behind on their victims with suitable inscriptions such as 'Congratulations, you have just been serviced by the Anti-Personnel Firm.' It is unclear if Chelsea ever had a mob called the A.P.F. or even if this card was ever left behind at all, but *The Observer* reported it all as fact, which surprised everyone I talked to at Chelsea who had never heard of its existence. This form of hooliganism was probably never as widespread or well-organized as the Media would have us believe but what is certain is that it is now on the decline almost as fast as it grew. The police realized there was a problem and acted so efficiently that they have brought the levels of violence down to a minimum. Firms such as the I.C.F. were spotted before they even left London and by the time they reached their destination the police were ready for them; the elements of secrecy and surprise were lost, and lost along with them were the confrontations. The police were now well prepared to deal with the firms. The hooligans lost interest and many have gone to look for violence elsewhere as a supplement.

The indications are that football violence will return to the grounds. In 1985 Chelsea were just one game away from going to Wembley for the first time since 1970, but they lost to Sunderland. Already that season the north terrace at Stamford Bridge had been the scene of 'Aggro', but this time trouble appeared from all sides of the ground and it involved thousands rather



Guy Hills

than hundreds of fans. About a thousand plastic seats were thrown at the pitch, and wooden bench seats were broken up into spears and thrown at police and the Sunderland supporters. Much the same fate befell Q.P.R. in the Milk Cup quarter-final and their supporters threw the seats onto the pitch. At Millwall's F.A. Cup tie against Luton the scenes were much the same, but the lack of mounted officers resulted in the police and stewards being forced to retreat from the violence. Leeds fans were not content to throw seats around at their away game at Birmingham and they ripped up the concrete from the terraces and threw that at the police. This match avoided publicity as it happened the same day as the Bradford fire, but it foretold worse to come. The collapse of a wall, in similar circumstances to the collapse of the wall in Brussels, caused the death of one young fan. It alerted many to the dangers of football grounds not having strong enough Crush-barriers. English grounds are now the safest in the world after the Ibrox disaster had finally persuaded the government to implement recommendations about safety first made after the Bolton disaster of 1946. English grounds may have been safe in the first division, but the Bradford fire illustrated that in lower divisions many stadiums were death-traps. The Minister for Sport Mr. MacFarlane wrote to U.E.F.A. reiterating earlier doubts about the Heysel Stadium in Brussels. He said that if for any reason panic was caused and a crush resulted loss of life could occur. Tragically U.E.F.A. didn't listen and the predictions of the Minister for Sport came true.

Football Hooliganism is, in a perverted way, a kind of blessing. There are people in society who need an outlet for their aggression. Hooligans are usually passed off as a mindless, stupid, small, minority. In fact they are a large minority and they are often very far from being stupid or mindless. Many are extremely successful in their careers: Bank Managers, Supermarket Managers, Accountants and Solicitors, can all be found fighting alongside Dockers and Bricklayers. When the 'firms' were at their peak the hooligans knew who the other hooligans were and it is still easy to pick out a firm on a crowded Tube-Train if you know what you are looking for. The hooligans are only interested in fighting other firms. 'We're not interested in pasting some old granny; after all she wouldn't be game.' If the violent individuals in society take out their violence on each other then surely it is a relief for the rest of the population that



Tom Harding

they are minimally affected. Obviously when violence occurs inside the ground other football supporters are affected, but most are able to avoid the trouble and leave the fighting to the 'toughs'. In England the crushes caused by this type of violence rarely cause injury because the grounds are built to cope. In Europe where the grounds are not expected to withstand violence the stadiums cannot cope. So until we learn to behave ourselves abroad or the European stadiums come up to English safety requirements, it seems that the only solution to the problem of English clubs playing in Europe is to not let them play.

The abolition of violence in our society is not going to happen by increasing the deterrents to commit violent crime. The aggression, if it is to be removed, must be phased out. While this process takes place we must still provide for those who are aggressive, and as football is a recognized outlet for violence it seems sensible to try and control the hooligans and limit the damaging effects rather than just drive them somewhere else. Already the hooligans are going away from football and are becoming involved in other forms of violent crime. From the conversation in the pubs around football grounds towards the end of last season the indications are that many of the hooligans have been involved or intended to be involved at violence connected with the industrial dispute at Wapping. Do we really want to abolish football hooligans and increase the potential levels of violence on our streets?

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Out of the Closet, into the West End

by Rachel Curtis

The unwelcome publicity which has accompanied the rapid spread of the AIDS virus has afforded a chance to the homosexual community to hit back at condemnatory society. An unusually high number of films and plays with homosexual subjects have surfaced in the West End in an attempt to re-educate those who might be participants in AIDS paranoia.

The common feature of the films 'Kiss of the Spider Woman' and 'My Beautiful Laundrette', and plays 'Torch Song Trilogy' and 'La Cage aux Folles', is the emphasis on the normality of gay sexuality. 'La Cage aux Folles' is a typically flamboyant Broadway musical, which follows the clichéd storyline of 'Club owner and partner triumph with love and kindness over prejudiced old fogey'. The play is not trying to make any broad 'gay' statement; it is simply trying to depict homosexuality in a normal domesticated role. The play just happens to be centred around a gay couple; they have a set of morals based on caring virtues, just as heterosexuals do.

Within 'La Cage' the polarization of sexuality is further confused by the singing/dancing troupe performing at the Club. Such songs as 'We are what we are',



Guy Gadeney

and over indulgent frilly frocks, add to the uncertainty of whether actors and characters are male or female, and their backstage liaison scenes further blur any distinctions between male and female. The play's attempt to eradicate prejudice is to be welcomed but it is undermined by its ritzy nature; it slips easily into just another Broadway fantasy.

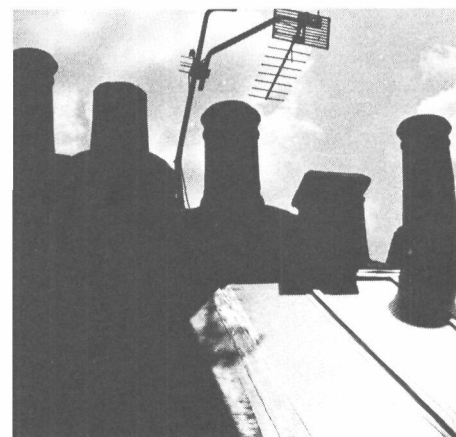
'My Beautiful Laundrette', in sharp contrast, is an unsentimental view of British life in the eighties. Homosexuality between the young central characters is conveyed in a loving, natural manner which soothes the audience just at the same time as the meaner and more shameful aspects of British life, such as racism and drug trafficking, bombard them. Again, homosexuality fits into the social pattern: it is not shocking but accepted. Indeed, by the end of the film it is shown as the power which crosses racial barriers, enforces morals, and prevents corruption, and this is an image very rarely attached to 'gay love'.

Homosexuality equated with corruption is briefly touched on and dismissed in the film version of the book 'Kiss of the Spider Woman'. A gay male is imprisoned for 'corrupting a minor', the injured party being in the last year of his teens. The recounting of old films by the central character in this film inverts the usual pattern of escapism. The relationships in these remembered old propaganda films are all staunchly heterosexual, even to point of including a pregnancy, whilst the harsh 'real world' of the prison is dominated by homosexuality. The campness of the leading character and his 'straight' cellmate are used in skilful balance. The subtlety of the homosexual content is only apparent when these characters, by now well known to each other, compromise their original beliefs to have a brief one-night love affair. The whole films builds up to this scene, and the consideration and intimacy shown eliminates any shock which might have been felt had the scene been at the start of the film. The in-

cessant torture to which all the prisoners are subjected also acts as a painful contrast to the caring homosexuality in the film.

The balanced effect that this film achieves is shown clearly in the characterization and acting of the central characters. With William Hurt cast in the role of homosexual 'Queen', his macho looks could have meant a loss of credibility. He is, however, totally convincing, as is Raul Julia's conversion from straight, tough revolutionary to caring dependent bi-sexual.

Harvey Fierstein's 'Torch Song Trilogy' is very much less soothing. Although still a gay protest, at being labelled 'freaks and contaminants', it is far more shocking in its presentation. The domesticated homosexual family unit is again used to emphasise social normality, but the plays are more strongly analytical of the typical reaction to gays. Unlike the other gay films and plays, homosexuality in 'Torch Song' is not just there, it is thrust at the audience from three separate angles. The first play, for instance, is concerned with condemning the sordid 'nightclub' side of homosexuality that results from society's rejection of gays. Here the crudity is heaped on, and is intended to shock. This trilogy is an adamant and often



N. Isserstedt

angry reaction to the treatment of homosexuality; at every turn further grievances and hardships are suffered by the characters, and the audience is made to feel either repelled or remorseful.

These recent plays and films are no doubt a defence against the obsessive reactions which have swept America, and to a lesser extent Britain, at the fear of AIDS. These attempts to re-educate society in the role that homosexuality can play, and in its permanency within society, are an essentially positive move. Unfortunately, judging by the type of audience present at these four productions, the message is not reaching a wide cross section of the population. Swelled, of course, by a high proportion of homosexuals, glad to be able to see their beliefs being publicly voiced, the audiences tend to be made up of the middle aged or the middle class, for whom the least re-education is necessary. These are the people who were brought up in the age of sexual freedom, or who are, in their beliefs and politics, liberal. It is a younger generation which needs to be shown that homosexuality need not be treated with such wild fear. It is this age group—our age group—that has been sparked by the gutter press into extreme opinions and hostile actions against gays.

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Life—for Women?— in Public Schools

by Jacqueline Cockburn

*'God bad us for to wexe and multiplie;
That gentil text kan I wel understande.'*
(Chaucer—The Wife of Bath)

Geoffrey Walford's highly enlightening account of 'Life in Public Schools' (Methuen, £6.95) deals in some detail with the roles of women and girls in a male world. As a 'master', it has fallen to me to relate his findings to such matters at Westminster.

Having been unfortunate enough to have attended a 'school for young ladies' where one was carefully groomed to become a successful wife, I was not prepared at first for the rigours of a university college which was predominantly male (400 to 40). At school we were taught to curtsy, to wear white gloves, to walk with a book perched on our heads, and to talk about subjects which might interest men. We were not encouraged towards too much learning; indeed University Entrance was not really advertised too widely. Walford comments:

'At the time when . . . men were at public boarding schools their future wives were being educated in girls' boarding schools which, apart from a few notable exceptions, were more concerned with 'the making of a lady' . . . and success through marriage than with encouraging individual success for women'.

It would appear that girls have only been 'accepted' into boys' public schools in the last twenty years or so. The reasons for the introduction of girls are quite fascinating



(Alaska) Nick Maisey

and deeply disturbing. Girls were seen as a possible advantage because of what they could offer the boys; either by improving their manners and behaviour, or by giving them a chance to practise social skills or even to provide them with 'acceptable' sexual partners. It was also considered a good idea from an educational point of view, as girls might raise the standards since they were well-known to work harder than boys. The recession of the late 1970's and early 1980's brought economic pressures on schools. The need to keep up their numbers was a further reason to introduce girls. All of these considerations were taken into account, but rarely the effects on the girls themselves or how they could benefit from being in a boys' school.

At Westminster the competition for places for the girls is keen and the day of interviews demanding and rigorous. The chosen girls are obviously of high calibre. The boys, however, are not asked to undergo any equivalent kind of personal tests: they are merely required to have passed a few, and sometimes very few, O levels, and so they shuffle on from the Upper Shell to sixth form often in quite a dazed fashion and make no real break from junior to senior status. The girls make this break and are often more aware of their good fortune. The shock of the first encounter in the classroom with the opposite sex and its impact must in some ways be equally dramatic for both sexes. For many of our sixth formers it is the first time they have had to negotiate with the other sex. It often seems to create a tense atmosphere in the classroom at sixth form level, to a degree that I have never encountered before in ten years teaching. The girls and boys often sit apart and stay initially very quiet, afraid to be ridiculed by their peers. Many of the girls keep up their standards in written work but become withdrawn in the classroom; many under-achieve quite purposefully in order to appear more 'feminine'. Any aggression on this part of the girls is shouted down with cries of 'feminist' in a cheaply derogatory

way.

Where sport is concerned the girls and boys are usually kept apart, in case the girls, who have raised educational standards, should lower the standards of sport. In 'Yard' the scene looks much more encouraging as boys and girls mingle in quite a 'natural' way. In musical, theatrical and artistic events the boys and girls appear to maintain a good working relationship.

So, do the girls benefit from being in a boys' school? I believe that this question must constantly be asked and reflected on. I am quite sure that the girls would all look upon the two years as an 'experience', but many tell me that they have only just adapted when it is time to leave and the boys, also, only really settle down in the Remove. One year out of thirteen to prepare boys and girls socially for the 'outside world'? One year only when they can enjoy each other's company on an equal basis and be able to take teasing and flirting in their stride as a 'natural' form of behaviour, which needn't stop them concentrating but can enhance the quality of their lives and help them to achieve greater excellence?

The role of adult women in the male world of public schools is far less advanced. The boys come into contact with women in the school in stereotypical ways. They turn to their matrons for help, they are served their food by women, they buy sweets at the tuck-shop from women, they are tidied up after and their desks polished by women. Walford states:

'There are few female influences in the house—the matron is the most important. Her job is formally that of supervision of the domestic side. She deals with laundry and lost shirts, she dispenses aspirins and sticking plasters. Of greater importance, however, is her informal role as someone who is both outside yet inside the system and with whom the boys can talk.'

But now as women have begun to penetrate the inner sanctums of the 'masters' Common Room the boys are required to view them in a different light. They are

there to teach, talk to them about their subjects, admonish them when necessary and guide them whenever possible away from the stereo-types to which they have become accustomed. Perhaps it is not surprising that I have been called both 'Sir' and 'Mum' at different times. Many boys are most confused by the female 'Master' and not sure quite how to treat her. Some affect a gallant and chivalrous approach; some are unbearably rude, as they might, of course, be to their mothers; some ignore you, assuming you can't be at all important; others pay you a little too much attention. All have to be taught at an early age how to treat a woman as a human being. Once the boys have made their critical judgement and learnt how to talk to a woman and how to balance respect and warmth they are very pleasant. They treat all teachers in a different way because they all make different demands on them. Walford makes no mention of how the boys treat the women, only how the Masters treat them. Many of the women in his experience suffered social isolation. This is not the case at Westminster, although like the boys the masters learn how to treat a female master once they have judged her competence. The constant references at Westminster to masters and their wives can be irritating at times but are mostly amusing and one becomes accustomed to being referred to as a gentleman. But while there is only one female head of department and no female house-masters, it is clear that the status and career prospects are not yet equal. However, the woman in the Common Room is increasingly accepted in her own right, and as more women join the staff one hopes that she will be considered less of a rarity. But (in Walford's words) 'The introduction of an increasing number of girls and women into these schools does potentially make the



Mike Seed

schools' role in the reproduction of gender inequalities more problematic. As these changes occur it is almost inevitable that more of the terrain will be contested and that these schools will be unable to maintain their present male sexist ethos.'

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'The Role of Local Government'

(The Dicey Trust Conference; Oxford: March 17th/18th 1986)

by Cecilia Bottomley and Fiona Greggains

On arrival at 10.00 a.m., Monday morning, we made our way, in company with several other stranded students, to the small (in terms of Oxford colleges) St. Edmund Hall. Door keys collected, we settled ourselves in for a gruelling two days. After the Conference convenor had greeted us, we were hurried across to the Examination Halls to be welcomed by the Chairman of the Ross McWhirter Foundation (the sponsors of the Conference). After a final introduction to the Conference by the Conference Chairman (Fiona insists we say this was Virginia Bottomley M.P.) we went in procession back to Teddy Hall for syndicate meetings.

One syndicate occupied the J.C.R. (where scattered empty champagne bottles suggested we were not expected). The first meetings made it clear what a variety of political beliefs had been brought together, this syndicate alone consisting of a Liverpool vicar, four sixth formers (two from public school, one from a comprehensive and one from a sixth form college) one NALGO representative, one judge, one local councillor, one psychiatrist, two Merseyside teachers and the Deputy Lieutenant of Oxfordshire. Naturally, syndicate sessions tended to be fairly lively!

The first full session of the Conference

started with a fairly pessimistic talk on the current state of local government, and later, a talk on 'Local Government and the Rule of Law'. This, although interesting, distracted somewhat from the theme of local government. Did you know, for instance, that policeman used to be paid 2p per mile (when chasing villains on their own bicycles) and that plain-clothes officers used to be appointed to prevent marbles being played on the streets? More seriously, Mr. Dear gave us an analysis of the structure of the police force and of police accountability. Conference faced the issue of whether we wanted local authorities running the police and if so, for example, how would police be transferred in large numbers when needed (as during the miners' strike or inner-city riots) and how would locally-run police combat national problems such as drug trafficking. It was obvious in the subsequent syndicate sessions that this talk had increased sympathies for the police.

Later, an Oxford councillor spoke on 'Politics in Local Government'. It transpired that this was really a party political speech on behalf of the S.D.P. Dr. McLean shocked many people by announcing he was resigning from his council seat because he felt that central government interfered too much in local government issues. (Cecilia was also shocked to discover that, having spent a quarter of an hour arguing with him over tea, that he was in fact her cousin.)

Cecilia's third syndicate session involved three sixth formers and two teachers trying to restrain themselves from attacking another member of the syndicate (who, for his sake, shall remain anonymous) whose view was that if we had only cottage hospitals, village schools, no computers and no votes for non-taxpayers (e.g. the unemployed) all would be well. Simultaneously, in Fiona's syndicate, a similarly heated discussion was in progress, she helping to counter one view that if no-one under 25 could vote, the situation in Britain would instantly improve!

Dinner that night was 'formal', hence the appearance of suits and evening dresses. More time was spent deciding which of the four knives to use first than discussing the



William Hamlyn

Role of Local Government but we were brought back to this theme by the Rt. Hon. Lord Rawlinson of Ewell, P.C., Q.C. The speech was incomprehensible to the sixth formers present, and some others, but we are assured by those who know about these things that it was a very good speech.

First thing Tuesday morning, we were roused from our sleepy state by a comprehensive account of how the duties of the G.L.C. (and six other metropolitan councils) were to be split up after their abolition. This led us to realise that there are serious problems in the interaction of the various governing bodies.

After our final syndicate session, the sixth formers met in three groups. It was here (Cecilia had the 'privilege' of meeting an avid supporter of Militant Tendency. He claimed to be 'forced' to attend a public school and knew all about Militant because his friends travelled up to Liverpool for their rallies. When arguing with a girl who stated that the schools and general state of the City of Liverpool had been badly affected by Derek Hatton and his supporters, this 'poor little rich kid' made the mistake of asking 'How do you know?' only to find the girl was a sixth former at a Liverpool comprehensive.

Lunch was followed by questions to an open forum. This was the only disappointment of the Conference: unsatisfactory answers were given to too many carefully thought out questions. After tea, there was a mass exodus of students, councillors, teachers, politicians, police cadets and the like to Oxford Station and onwards, home.

The Dacey Trust Conference was both enjoyable and interesting. It allowed us to understand the problems in the area of local government today. For example, how can local and central governments share their responsibilities? Who should raise the

money, who should spend it, should the spending be controlled by central government and who is accountable in the end for what happens to our money? Unfortunately, lack of time meant no solutions (if these exist) were discovered.

Personally, we felt we had learnt two things from the conference:

- (i) tolerance—for elderly right-wing delegates in favour of a return to the cottage hospital system; for 'poor little rich kids' forced to attend public school; for those who would take away young people's vote etc.
- (ii) more seriously, before the radical reform of local government, we saw the need to make the public aware of the actual role of local government, something we were lucky enough to study at this year's Dacey Trust Conference.

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The Four Corners World Bike Ride in Aid of Intermediate Technology

"When the starving of the world are pulled back from the brink of death with food aid, the real problems still lie ahead, and in this field Intermediate Technology is blazing a trail of hope"—*Sunday Times* Editorial 1985.

At the end of September 1986, I will be participating in a gigantic world bike ride—'The Four Corners World Bike Ride'. It will consist of four groups of four riders. The first group sets off from Bolivia in September; a second group leaves Australia in

October; in November four more riders will leave from Zimbabwe; and the final group leaves Hong Kong in February 1987. Along their routes they will be sharing their experience with youth groups, schools, athletic and cycling organisations from each of the five continents, in organised events. In August 1987, the four groups will converge on Paris where they will be joined by thousands of cyclists for the last leg of their journey on the 'Paris to London Bike Ride'. This will be met in London by cyclists from all over the United Kingdom, creating an exciting climax to the whole event. Between them, the World Bike Riders will have cycled 170,000 kilometres and passed through 42 countries with a population of 3.3 billion!

I will be cycling from La Paz in Bolivia to Lima in Peru, via the world's highest highway (4,000m) and the Andes, and then from Lima to Quito in Ecuador. From Quito we fly to Mexico City, from where we cycle, via Baja California, to Los Angeles in California. There will be a 'Coast to Coast' bike ride, in which people in the U.S.A. will participate. We will then fly to Lisbon, bicycle via Madrid and the Pyrenees to Paris, and then home!

Our venture will attempt to raise money for, and focus the world's attention upon, Intermediate Technology—its work, ideas and expertise. Intermediate Technology is the world's leading long-term development charity. It was set up in the 60s, when the western governments were intent on sending the third world tractors, which were soon to be seen idle, without petrol, spare parts or the knowhow to repair them. Instead Intermediate Technology decided to supply the advice, assistance and technology which were relevant to the country concerned.

* When people are thirsty, Intermediate Technology does not just give a hand-pump to provide water; it helps local workshops to make handpumps from local materials, workforce and expertise which the villagers can use this year, next year and into the future

* When the poor need to eat, Intermediate Technology shows them how to use their resources to grow food

* When people need better housing, Intermediate Technology does not just provide shelter, but develops and introduces low-cost equipment to make durable bricks and roofing tiles with which they can build a home that will last.

Working with local people and organisations, Intermediate Technology helps to revitalise communities in the developing world (it has also helped small industries in the second and first worlds), offering a better way forward. Agricultural tools, fishing boats, windpumps, wood-saving stoves reducing deforestation and increasing the time available for farming etc, workshop equipment—the list of what is needed to make a real development is endless. Demand for this type of help has grown massively which is why it so urgently needs funds for lasting relief.

The philosophy and ideas of Intermediate Technology are based on those of the economist Fritz Schumacher, who said



Nick Maisey

"If the people cannot adapt themselves to the methods, then the methods have to adapt themselves to the people".

The organisation and administration will obviously be very important and very complicated. With help and advice from Band Aid and people who have organised equally large events—we also have the backing of Bob Geldof, Richard Crane (who ran the Himalayas for Intermediate Technology with his cousin), Steve Cram, Nick Sanders, Midge Ure and many others—the Bike Ride has been progressing rapidly, with a brochure published, the routes and riders chosen, and an office, given generously by the London Docklands Development Corporation.

The cost per person for the bike ride will be about £7,000. Much of this amount will be covered either by discounted prices, the donation of services (such as printing—already donated), and sponsorship. However £3,000 has to be raised by each rider, which is approximately the amount to be spent on subsistence during the ride. This amount will be raised from local businesses and shops, group events and schools as well as from friends. At the same time an education process will occur, particularly in the schools, where a lecture will be given before the bike ride upon the ideas and work of Intermediate Technology and long-term development in general, as well as the bike ride itself. During the bike ride, there will be communication between the cyclists and the schools; we hope that the pupils and students will follow the ride as it progresses.

The 'Four Corners World Bike Ride' hopes to raise over £1 million through public donations, events during the ride, and post-ride activities and materials—promotional, lectures and literature. The Bike Ride will be enormously successful in achieving its goals, especially in promoting one of the most worthwhile charities, Intermediate Technology's ability, expertise and experience are unequalled in achieving progress in a world stricken with famine, poverty and an ever-increasing gap between first and third worlds.

"The Four Corners World Bike Ride will help us to give more than handouts to the third world. By raising funds for Intermediate Technology it will be giving the poor a hand up and out of poverty. With its help, we will be able to blaze the trail of hope a lot further. I hope you will join us and them in making that trail of hope reality."—Dennis Stevenson, Chairman

If you would like to make a donation towards the £3,000 that I have to raise, please make the payment to Intermediate Technology (Subsistence Fund); would you please send it to the address below. Alternatively you may wish to make a gift to Intermediate Technology; payment should be similarly made.

Intermediate Technology
9 King Street
Covent Garden
London WC2E 8HW

Intermediate Technology is a registered charity no 247257; registered company no 871954.

Thomas Harding

'We Are Here Till Mandela's Free'

(On a Non-Stop Picket of the Embassy)

by Niels Bryan-Low

'During my lifetime I have dedicated myself to the struggle of the African people. I have fought against white domination and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all people live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and achieve. But, if need be, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die.' A speech from the dock on the 20th April 1964 by Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela who has been in prison since 1962, with a sentence of life plus five years.

Mandela's treatment is inhuman; he is allowed one visit a month by his wife Winnie, and a walk in a yard with walls so high he can only see the sky. He has already had one operation on his foot because he was forced to wear shoes that were too small.

The City of London Anti-Apartheid Group began a non-stop picket outside South Africa House on the 19th April demanding the release of Nelson Mandela and all other South African political prisoners and the closure of the unrepresentative embassy. The picket is being held 24 hours a day every day outside the embassy in Trafalgar Square.

The picket needs your support. Come along any day, any time and help us to fight apartheid; the more people the better. You may think that this picket is ineffectual; however, by the simple fact that we are there we are making more people aware of



Julius Duthy

the political situation in South Africa.

On May 1st (International Workers Day) the picket was excessively and illegally harassed by the police; although police harassment of the picket is nothing new it was good to see that so many people were happy to come and boost the numbers at such short notice. The authorities at school were told by the police the next day that Westminster pupils were causing trouble on the picket. If, instead of criticizing and condemning the picket, people could come out and find out what they were talking about or even come and join it would be appreciated. The police have tried the same tactics of attempting to stop schools from coming and supporting the picket on a number of other schools. It is good to see that many of the students at Westminster have resisted the pressures to stay away from the Embassy.



Nick Maisey

Common Room

D.M.S.

With this issue, *The Elizabethan* welcomes David Summerscale, the new Head Master. He comes to us from a strikingly successful headship at Haileybury and, before that, from many distinguished years of teaching at Charterhouse. The present writer can testify to the inspirational nature of that teaching and to the warmth and generosity of spirit that marked Mr. Summerscale's dealings with all those he encountered. Westminster has doubtless already had ample evidence of these and his other many qualities and talents. We wish him all success and happiness here.

New Members of the Common Room

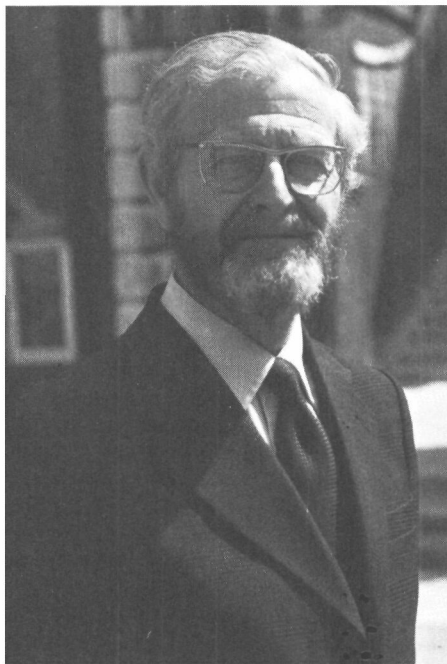
We extend a warm welcome to the following:

M. Allwood	Maths
G. J. Bartlett	Spanish
M. C. Davies	Maths
W. Ellis-Rees	Classics
Dr. S. M. Foster	History
D. J. M. Gill	P.E.
A. W. MacPherson	Biology and Chemistry
Miss N. M. Simborowski	French
P. D. Hargreaves	History

Ronald French

Ronald French came to the School in the Play Term of 1951 and is retiring this summer after 35 years service. Records over the last hundred years show that few masters have served as long or longer, and, among these few, there are a number of his contemporaries. Ronald is the last remaining master of that group who saw service in the war. They were older than most, because they had had to catch up with their education, they had served abroad, were widely travelled, had had very different experiences and backgrounds. They found it easy to get on with each other because of their experience in the war, and because they had a common sense of humour and a critical sense that the cock-ups in the war bring, and a sense of discipline that they had found essential to survive. These were assets that they brought to a school that was struggling itself to survive immediately after the war—not enough boys, buildings shabby or destroyed, few modern facilities. Ronald helped very much in the rebuilding.

From early on, he was a tutor under John Wilson in Grant's, together with Denny Brock. His friendship with Denny was the start of all the many expeditions and camps that have taken place since the war, nearly all run by Ronald. Denny's knowledge of the ground, and his wise common sense mixed well with Ronald's dash and verve, his feeling that boys should be tested, that



Ronald French

there should be fun and adventure in what they were doing. A few times, Ronald would bring the party to the drop, and Denny would guide it back quietly to safety, through the mists and snow. They complemented each other well and were good friends. When Denny was dying, Ronald arranged it that people saw him and helped him, and he himself was at Denny's bedside much of the time.

Boys and, later on, girls were extended in these camps and expeditions. Ronald has taken parties to Arctic Norway, Iceland, Morocco, Greenland, Baffin Island, Wales and the Cairngorms and Skye—even to the Sligachan Inn. He has walked them over 100 miles of moorland in three days when he was over fifty, he has climbed with them in the Alps under the care of the German Army, he has flown in Germany, skimmed over his parents house at very low altitude in an old Canberra, he is one of the few to have seen the 'old man' of Macdhu. He has done all this with zest and humour, and usually with his teeth in. The boys loved it, looked on him with great affection, without being hood-winked by the show. His lectures on not rolling stones down mountains, to which we all paid keen attention, were usually long, but we knew the end was coming (in all senses) when there was a drop in voice, a conspiratorial whisper and the now famous phrase with introduced—'Seen in the clear light of day'.

Things were never quite as clear as that—I think Ronald loved the drama and mystery and excitement of life: thunderflashes rocking the boats on river crossings, smoke covering everything, flares setting fire to the valleys. But the boys and girls loved this and the blarney. I remember when they were given a choice of a lecture on tank warfare by another officer and a lecture on anything by Ronald that all chose Ronald.

He had a way with people. The Duke of Gloucester inspected the Corps many years ago on Vincent Square and asked to see the

glider fly. (Those of you who saw the gliders used by the Hitlerjugend in the film 'Heimat' will remember ours.) The glider refused to fly at all until buckets of water were thrown along the runway. It fell to Ronald as Corps Commander to explain why this had to be done. His technical explanation was a joy to listen to, and the Duke stayed an extra hour in the drinks tent as a result, nodding his head more and more gravely as the story was told, and the liquid washed onto the ground.

These reminiscences may give a flavour of the times and the man, but a dwindling number will remember them, of course. What I hope would be recognized is that behind the liveliness and the fun, careful training in self reliance and care for others was going on. It is good to hear that others who may have started under Ronald are now taking over.

Clearly, what I have said is only part of what Ronald has done for the school. He has been a kindly teacher, better perhaps with younger boys, showing patience toward them. He was the ideal person to look after the new entry, showing them round the school, giving them confidence in a new world for them, and I know that many of them are still grateful for Ronald's humour and smile.

Ronald, like many of his contemporaries, was used to teaching outside his own subjects. He went to France to polish up his already fairly extensive knowledge of the language, and was often called in by the linguists to add that final touch. I am told that he taught English for a short time to the present housemaster of Rigauds and Divinity to the present housemaster of Busbys. This alone should give a very clear indication of his abilities in both these directions.

Ronald will of course be chiefly remembered as a fine housemaster of Rigauds, and before that, of Ashburnham. I lived next door to him and very much enjoyed his company, as did my own family. I saw a lot of him and noticed how the boys and girls would come to see him, very much at home and yet clearly full of respect for the Major. He had an affectionate and yet critical way with them that makes many come back to see him. It was easy for them to see through the bluster and the noise to the very kindly and understanding man beneath. There is a certain affinity between them.

Ronald has been Senior Master and the elected President of the Common Room. A fighter, believing in fairness, this has certainly brought him into sharp conflict with high and low and there have been glorious rows, some victories, but the impetuous strength of his belief has also brought defeats. Not all the battles needed to have been fought head on, but some had to be, and many will be grateful that he took it on himself to fight. He kept us and others alive to problems.

And now things have turned full circle and he ends his time as a tutor again, but in Wrens with Rory. He missed the community life of his boarding house and this was a happy renewal for him. I know also that it was a happy coincidence that the new headmaster comes from Ronald's school,

Haileybury. Those of us who have had to put up with his rendering of the old school song, when Romans, Britons and present generations are inextricably mixed up as the evening goes on will understand.

We have much to be grateful for. A good friend, generous, a good teacher and administrator and perhaps above all, this youthful and joyous zest for adventure and travel, with eyes open to many new things, sharing this with boys and girls who remember him fondly over the long years.

It will be no surprise to us that he is going round the world in November with a small party, and in the countries he visits, there will be parents, boys and girls, friends, Gurkha soldiers—a small host to greet him, walk and climb with him, and laugh with him. And then Biddestone, in the small thick-walled cottage or the home in the lakes, visiting, on the move until kingdom come, I suppose. Not a bad life at all, seen in the clear light of day. And sound, peaceful sleep at night. I hope it will be so.

G.A.S.

Alan Livingstone-Smith

In his twenty or so years at Westminster, Alan Livingstone-Smith has worn more hats than most. As a master he has taught French (and for a time Spanish) to generations of boys and girls. Alan's attention to detail in the teaching of language has always been extraordinarily thorough. Pupils who sometimes seem hard to please have never had anything but praise for the sheer reliability and clarity of Alan's language classes. His love of the language and for all things French has always been evident, and makes his move to Paris with his wife Odette to be Head Master of the Brit-

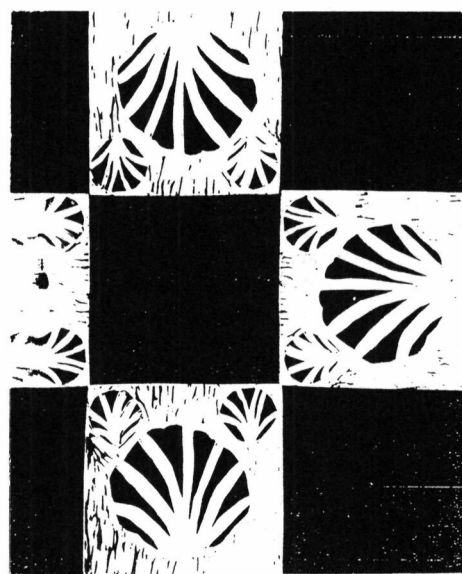
ish School in Paris almost seem the only move he could have made. There is no doubt that it is a move which cannot but be successful.

There are still many in the School who remember Alan as Housemaster of Ashburnham. For eleven years Alan was in Number 6, Dean's Yard, and under his guidance the House lived a full life of concerts, sport, and above all theatre. It was Alan who injected life into fund-raising events for a Kenyan mission by organising a spectacular sponsored leapfrog round Green. So passionately did he enter into the House's theatrical activities that he almost always managed somehow to get himself a small part in each production! He naturally appeared in the BBC film on life at Westminster, and caused something of a stir. When a particularly attractive young sixth-form girl appeared on the screen sitting cross-legged on Alan's desk there were those who thought his love for theatre had perhaps gone too far. The explanation for the event is more prosaic—it had proved impossible for the camera and lights to get into Alan's study unless the lovely girl in question sat on the Housemaster's desk. But that it could happen at all does point to an aspect of Alan's character which all who know him would attest to—his unstuffiness and sense of humour. Alan was one of the warmest and caring of Housemasters, one of the most painstaking both with boys and girls and their parents.

Most of today's Westminster pupils will know Alan as the man who interviewed them, or as the chap who causes a welcome break in some of their classes by showing in prospective parents with a quivering waif being shown around his future school. After his enormously successful term of office up Ashburnham, Alan took over the Registry. He has brought to his work there as Registrar all the energy and scrupulous eye for detail which pupils will recognise in his language teaching. For most of the pupils in the School the Registrar is a shadowy backstage figure, but for the School and its smooth running his job is one of the most important. For Housemasters, Head Master and Heads of prep schools Alan is very much a figure in the limelight—the efficiency of his department and the quality of attention which parents and new pupils receive from it are all important for the future. Alan's arrangements always run smoothly, but he is always ready to accommodate the shortcomings in others' organisation. His tolerance and even temper have fitted him well for his rôle as Registrar.

The same qualities have come into play in Alan's work as a Justice of the Peace. His interest in young people and concern for their wellbeing is genuinely felt, and has led him to devote time and study to their problems by sitting on the bench. It would be difficult to find a fairer-minded judge of character and situation than Alan Livingstone-Smith.

Those who know Alan outside the immediate School context know how important to him is his family life. His wife Odette, an accomplished Art historian, has always been at his side and will be relishing the



Andrew Jackson

prospect of life in Paris. Alan's children are now grown into two accomplished and successful young women. Alan has rightly used much of his energy in the domestic scene, travelling with his wife on her many Art History tours, buying and restoring furniture, using his considerable skills as carpenter and decorator. He is a balanced man, and the British School in Paris is lucky to have him. We wish him and his family all the very best.

G.A.

Michael Hugill

When 14 years ago a new appointee to the mathematics department had to withdraw at the last moment and by chance Michael Hugill wrote to John Rae about a vacancy, the Head Master must have thought himself very lucky to fill the post so quickly. It could not have been difficult for him to foresee the unique contribution that Michael would make to the way of life at Westminster: his skill in the classroom and his catholic interest in the arts combine in him to produce a rare talent.

When Michael joined Westminster there had been a number of changes in the mathematics department; it lacked the stability essential for consistent success. With his experience as Headmaster and mathematics teacher over 25 years, Westminster was fortunate indeed to enlist his services. It is in no small part the result of his endeavours that in his years at Westminster the number taking mathematics 'A' level has trebled. His sense of fun—no arid subject any that interested him—has communicated itself to generations of mathematicians. How many of his pupils will be able to eat a 'sticky bun' without it inspiring a memory of Michael engaged in some mathematical analysis, with a careful consumption of the evidence at the end of a lesson; Michael's influence will linger for some time: we are fortunate beneficiaries of his successful endeavours over the last few years in publishing his 'Advanced Statistics'.

But a man of so many talents has con-



John Moseley

tributed in many other areas, not least in the pages of this magazine, which he edited for some years. He has an amusing reputation for not having sat out a school play or concert in its entirety and yet with all the skill of a professional journalist has been able to pen many perceptive reviews. The Art Department too has benefited; with his breadth of knowledge of European art he helped the teaching of the history of art when the department was growing.

His erudition and tremendous sense of fun will be sorely missed by his colleagues in the Common Room. We shall miss his impromptu Lieder recitals with Richard Stokes when they meet by the pigeon holes, his warning notices of Vivaldi Operas on the radio and schemes for their avoidance. We shall miss the benefit of his advice on Parisian Hotels, Baroque churches and Byzantine mosaics. The mathematics department will particularly miss his advice on holiday books, from Byron's Collected Letters to *A Dance to the Music of Time*; they have been compulsory reading. We shall miss his anecdotes, his guffaws and the scent of his pipe smoke. We wish him many long years of retirement to pursue all his interests and since Westminster cannot be the same without him we fervently hope that he visits often.

Rory Stuart

Rory arrived twelve years ago at Westminster. I don't think he expected to remain so long here after such a varied previous career in India, America and Up-pingham. The producers of the Westminster film chose him as the teacher to represent the quintessence of Westminster to the world. Looking back now there is the barely recognizable young figure with sideburns, in complete control as the boys rose from floor to desk-top in their spelling test.

Two years later he became Head of English. Someone who was totally uncowed by the eminent and entrenched figures of the English Department, he got his views over. He reigned over a superbly successful department. He took over Fives from John Wilson. He maintained his unbeaten record against the first pair until recently when age took over. The Fives dinners will be remembered with much pleasure.

He brought with him to Westminster a reputation as a play producer—he had just completed a tour of America with a Chekov play. This was a talent which, unfortunately, we rarely saw at Westminster although there were one or two memorable productions, particularly the Junior School 'Oh What a Lovely War' and, later, a reading of *Under Milk Wood* in the library.

He has been Housemaster of Wren's for 5 years now. Although, characteristically, it was a job which he accepted whilst enjoying the delights of Rome on sabbatical, I don't think he ever regretted taking it on. He brought great energy and strength to the job. He knew the boys well and, whilst normally a kind and benign figure, when turned to anger he was a fearsome sight to

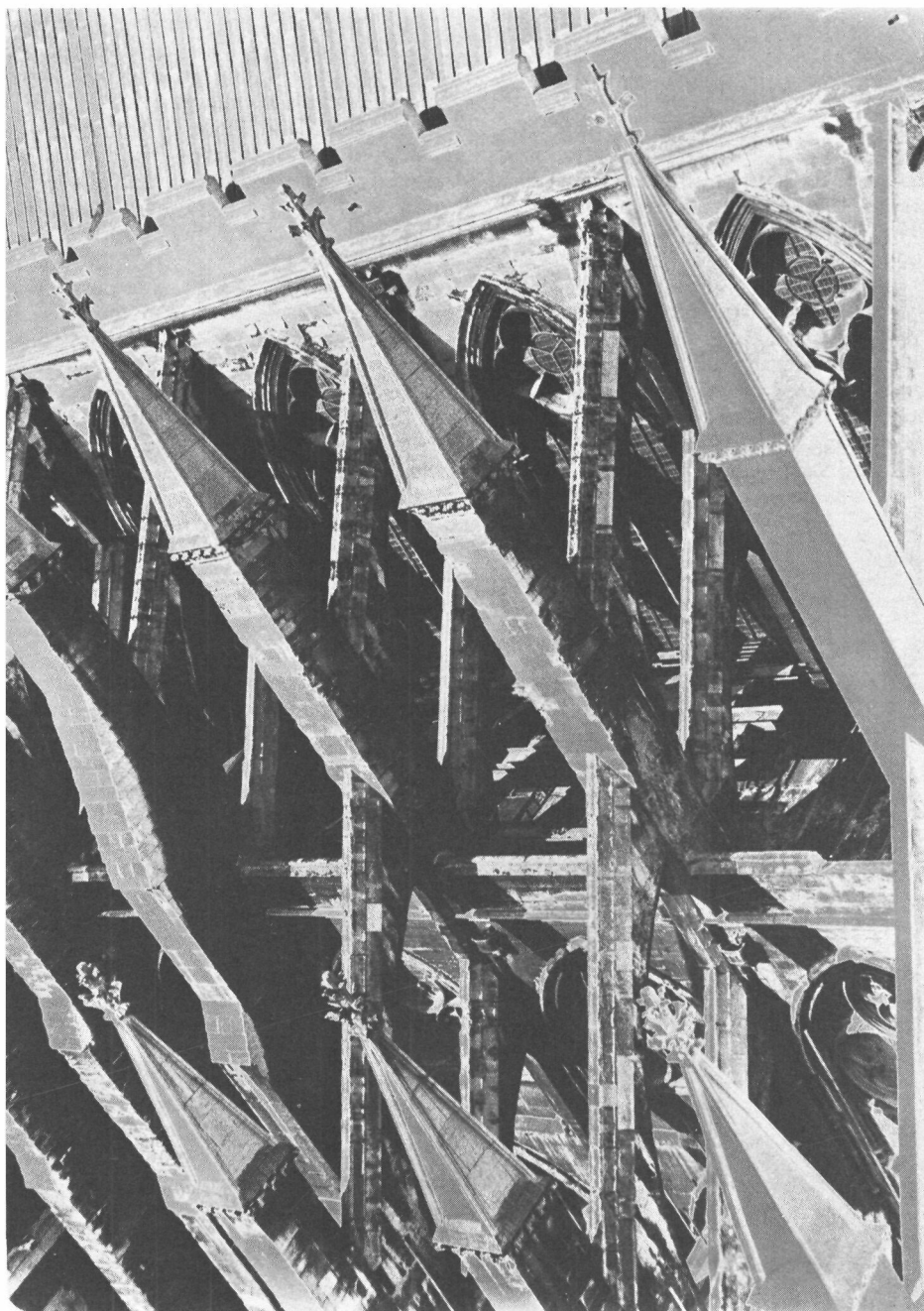
any small boy. There were constant celebrations during his time in Wren's and the junior concerts became famous, whether to celebrate Wren's birthday or just as an excuse for a winetasting.

Above all he is a first rate teacher who loves his subject and has an enormous width of material to play with. His lessons with the Junior School were above all fun and the A-level classes forced boys to be vigorous and exact in their expression. He will be missed enormously at Westminster. He has strong views and was not turned aside whatever the opposition. He is an utterly professional schoolmaster who brought to his pupils his many outside interests—in opera and music, in wine and good food, in pictures and in Italy, in the *Financial Times* and horseracing, and any money-making possibilities, and above all in gardening. We wish him every happiness in Dubai and hope he will be equally successful there as he has been at Westminster.

Richard Jacobs

Teachers come and go. A general wanderlust arises with the ominous realization that one is half way up the Pink List already. School memories are short. Normally it would be a modified 'the King is dead, long live the King', but with someone who, while at Oxford, took the leading role in his own co-production of *Hamlet*, such a straightforward view of succession and continuity will not hold, and the line, to use his own phrase, 'will need teasing'. Richard Jacobs has been seen, outside his flat, looking down from the battlements above Liddell's Arch. I do not think that his ghost will lie down.

Since his arrival, Richard has created his own influential house style. His education of the Common Room's palate as 'vintner' is typical: no Tulkington here; he has been generous with the maturing secrets



Guy Hills

within dark bottles. The clarets he has introduced have been no less fine for being opened and shared between friends. This is his key-note, and it extends to everything he has done at Westminster. As a teacher his manner is informal but his taste is fine and meticulous. He creates an atmosphere where learning is not work but a natural and enjoyable process, a rich tasting of literature. His 'preferred texts' have been characteristically 'difficult'—most obviously Beckett and, recently, Geoffrey Hill. The enjoyment and stimulation has come from the 'opening' of their language, and Richard's success can be seen in the large number of pupils who become and remain his friends. As a producer of plays at Westminster, particularly his summer production of *Twelfth Night*, the 'style' emerged not only in terms of the intelligence and lucidity of the production and in the minute professional care that had been taken, but most importantly and most rarely in the energy and freshness derived from seeing students acting Shakespeare rather than students acting actors acting Shakespeare. More recently, with the editorship of *The Elizabethan*, which Richard has made very much his own—indeed, while working on it he has made large parts of the Common Room his own, as copy is produced and lay-out laid out—the magazine has been given a direction, both political and artistic, that reflects its editor and it has acquired a strength of stance and interest that could never be attained by a less

personal record of events. With some exceptions, recorded in the letters, I think people look forward to receiving the magazine and expect to be challenged in some way by it.

Richard's time, care and sensitive humane intelligence will be missed, but I hope the style he created will continue. It suits Westminster.

He leaves for the greater independence of working freelance and to give himself time for the further study of literary and political theory. It is a bold step, and one that is very much 'in the dark'. We wish him well.

D.L.E.

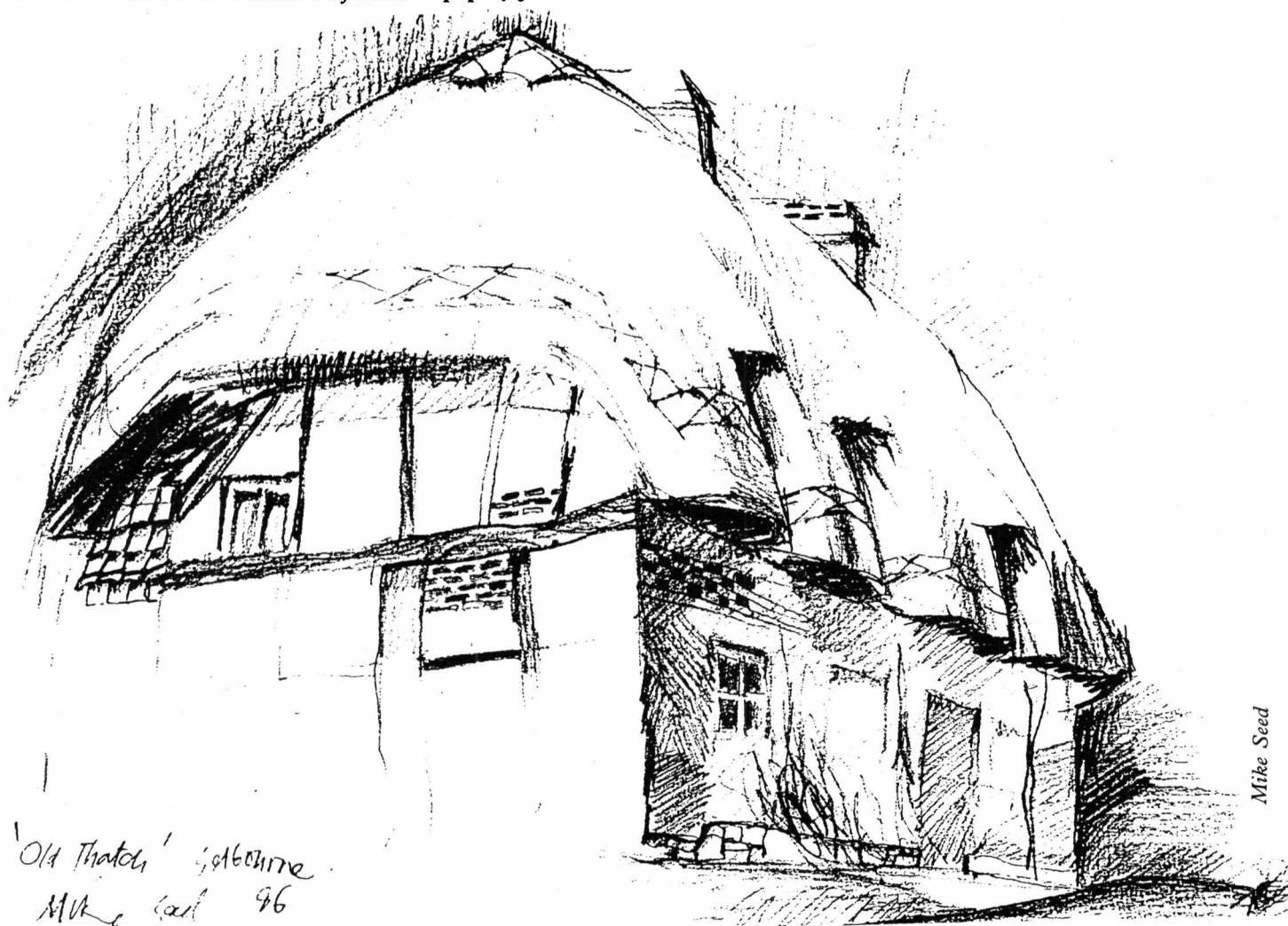
John Colenutt

Anyone with a greater natural aptitude than John Colenutt for being a schoolmaster could be hard to imagine. Every inch of his considerable height is redolent of the schoolmasterly image, from the well-worn brown shoes of 1950's design to the cheery smile on a face glowing with health, youth and optimism. As at home leading expeditions beyond the Pale as inspiring Oxbridge candidates with a perverse love of economic graphs; as much liked by colleagues as by pupils, John has made a contribution to

Westminster life in his short stay that is even more than proportional to his physical stature. That he would prove to be an excellent economics teacher was expected, but his activities have been above and beyond the call of duty. Lower school activities, basketball and expeditions would all have been the poorer for his absence, and he has even succeeded in attracting a following to the dubious pleasures of weight-training, where, for some reason, a number of girls have been particular enthusiasts.

John Colenutt is the sort of man who, had he played his cards right, might one day have aspired to a housemastership, and in the fullness of time might even have become a headmaster. However, for reasons largely inexplicable except in economic terms, he has decided to forego these glittering prizes for the much more obscure rewards of life in the Treasury, where he will be putting his powerful intellect to work in the service of the nation's overall prosperity. Thus, Westminster's loss will be a gain to the community at large. Perhaps when he sits at his grey desk in a grey office in a grey building, surrounded by grey briefing papers written by grey bureaucrats, John will remember with nostalgia, even regret, the colourful events of life at Westminster. Certainly, those of us who are staying on will regret his departure very much. We wish him every success in his future career, and look forward to some improvement in economic policy making.

S. H.



Mike Seed

Sequence

Poetry and prose

Life After Death : Andrew Linger
(after Emily Dickinson)

*Down below—or high above—
There is—darkness—light—
Too far away—deep
Into memory—we—recollect—
But now where—only experience
Will tell us what we want to know—
Present believing—
The source—with which we think—
Dismantle—the secrecy—
And we will know—
What those before waited for—
True—unknown destiny—
Kind—sad—black—white—
Will appear—and—more.*

Matthew Landauer

*I was, not am . . . I was.
I am alone, do I live?
The empty room, the empty self.
No identity within me.*

*Time passes without me;
The world has forgotten about me.
Life has forgotten about me.
Everything has forgotten about me.*

*Do I live in this emptiness?
My mind withering, no full thoughts.
I mumble to myself in
The empty room to the empty self.*

Anantini Krishnan

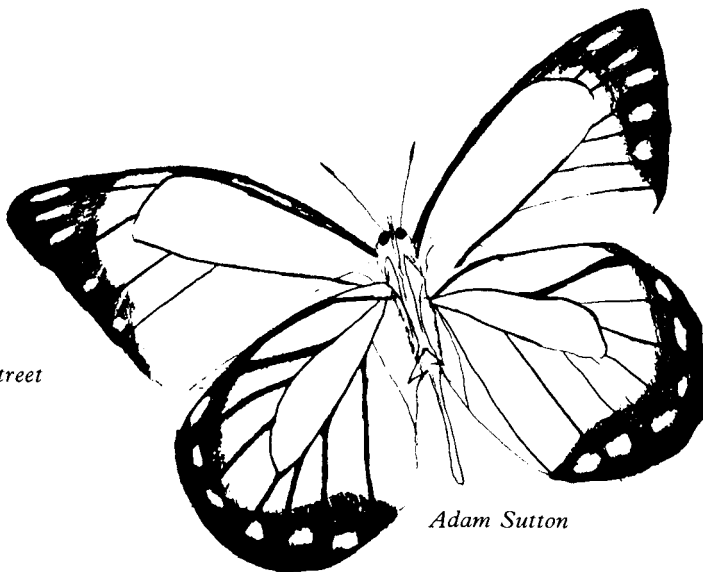
*There's a pile of us out on the street
And it's thirty stories high,
We never made the grade,
So we just wait to die.*

*When I look at the mirror,
Disaster stares me in the face;
I'm all washed up,
Three cheers, I've joined the human
Race.*

*Conversation shrivels it's the moment that I love,
As my eyes lock with yours
electrically embraced,
My body cries to yours, I'll die beneath
Your touch,
I'm happy for the moment
Now I've joined the human race.*

*Let me tell you about love
And listen as I speak:
It's the broken strangled cry
Of a charcoal dove,
It's a woman all alone
In a room of dying flowers.*

*Look out through your window,
We're piled up on the street,
30 stories high,
We'll never make the grade
So we just wait to die.*



Adam Sutton

Alone : Patrick Heaton

*Four grey walls
One bed
One chair
One window.*

One You.

*No one else,
Just you.*

*One hour a day you get out,
Of your box.
It takes 50 minutes to get there and back.
10 minutes to touch the world.*

10 more years until you touch the world.

Victoria Street seemed more friendly than usual. The little newsagents opposite the Army and Navy seemed to be crying out 'take my slush puppies, oh please, please take them,' so I indulged in a large tropical grape. A tropical grape flavoured infant canine. In a transitory form between solid and liquid. As half of me mused over this, the other half decided that I'd done a little too much analytical English and Chemistry for my own good recently.

But that was recently. Now it wasn't recently. It was now, and the 'A' levels were over. The weather seemed to be celebrating with me; those depressions and anticyclones must have battled it out between them and plonked London under a chunk of blue sky.

As I sauntered towards school, I peered through one of the gaps in the wall of the building site. Hundreds of men artificially inseminating the ground with the sperm of iron and concrete, which would grow up into a scaffolded larva and then into an adult office block. And then it would be infested by that common parasite 'Entrepreneur stuffybusinessmanis'. Too much Biology too.

Nothing much going on at school. Two sixth-form girls ambled, oblivious to the rest of the world, towards Ashburnham House. It was the first time I'd realised that they were both quite pretty; they were wearing wildly clashing (and therefore matching) clothes and smiling at someone inside the library.

School was boring. I went home and watched some golf, ceefax, playschool, and John Craven's Newsround. I didn't particularly want to see any of this, but I was wallowing in the fact that I could watch TV without hearing Biology books whine at me from upstairs. Free from their clutches. So free.

As Jan Leeming was happily telling me about a family of goats in Cornwall that were going to move to Nebraska, the telephone rang.

'Hello?' I asked the plastic.

'Beep beep beep hi it's Philip listen meet me and Mike and my parents at Poon's at 7.30 I gotta go bye'.

The conversation, one-sided though it was, cheered me up—at least I had something to do.

By the time I'd cleaned myself and changed and found my travelcard, it was seven-fifteen. Fifteen minutes to get from here to Leicester Square and walk to Poon's. I ran up the hill towards the station, and was almost within sight of it as I met my dad, who was pottering back from a stroll. He told me I might have some difficulty getting a train—'There's something going on at the station.'

Now resigned to being late, I slowly climbed the last few yards and plugged myself into my Walkman. The tape inside was one my cousin had just sent me; the first song was called 'Blasphemous Rumours' and it was something to do with someone who commits suicide on the railway tracks. The chorus—and that was the point of the song—was accusing God of having a 'sick sense of humour' and the singer proclaimed that he expected to find Him laughing when he died.

'Not my kind of song, thanks', I mumbled, flipping the tape. I didn't need to be depressed at the end of my 'A' levels.

When I got to Hampstead station, I found it surrounded by assorted ambulances, fire engines and a Rover or two from the Police. A gaggle of people were waiting outside. Deciding that the lifts must have broken down or exploded or spontaneously combusted or something, I paced down to the next station.

The people in the lift at Belsize Park were grumbling generally. Apparently, someone had thrown themselves under a train at Hampstead, and at first while they moaned I thought of the strange coincidence of the song—as I had been listening to it a few minutes earlier, whoever it was had been living the last few seconds of their tired conscious life. Then, I moaned too, it's something to do.

I finally got to Poon's almost an hour late. My friends and their parents were half amused and half annoyed by my bustling tardiness. I quipped, as had the people in the lift, at how inconsiderate it was for whoever it was to kill themselves at Hampstead—why couldn't they have done it at Harpenden East or some such centre of the Universe where she wouldn't have

bothered anyone? We all calmed down and absorbed some pork and rice.

After the meal I went with Mike as far as Victoria, where he got his train out and I caught a tube—to Finchley Road this time. We talked for a long time and I commented on how strange it was that a girl should throw herself under a train on the same day I got that tape.

'How do you know it was a girl at Hampstead?' he asked—just trying to find a flaw in my tale. I mused on this, and then realised I didn't know—the people in the lift had talked about 'someone'. 'Some kind of intuition, I guess.'

When I got home, the TV was on but no-one seemed to be around, which was a trifle odd. I went up to my room and was in the process of changing when I heard the front door open. 'They're back, wherever they've been,' I thought.

A few seconds later, I was about to get into bed when my father poked his head around the door and told me my sister had been hit by a train at Hampstead station. Out of breath he went away.

In a daze, I pulled some trousers over my pyjama bottoms and put a shirt and jacket on my upper half. I forced my bare feet into some shoes, shouted 'I'm going for a walk', and shuffled outside.

At Belsize Park station, which was just closing, I found a notice in which London Transport apologised for delays; these were due to 'a person under a train' at Hampstead.

At Primrose Hill, my mere presence drove away a solitude-seeking couple.

Ordinarily, I would have felt a bit guilty at having ruined their romantic star-gaze, but in that mood I would willingly have triggered off the destruction of the entire universe without caring, if I could have. My life seemed to be a string of memories, and they seemed more like dreams; London, so bustling and alive from the top of the hill by day, was glittery and far, far away after midnight. Regent's Park, ordinarily a blob of green immediately below, fronting the disorganised rows of buildings, was a blank, the occasional foggy street lamp making it look like a scene from a Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes. A row of flickering eyes to my left was Holloway or Pentonville prison, and somewhere in that frozen stream of electric bubbles in front of me was school, somewhere was Mike's house, somewhere was Jane's house, but none of them were really there, their occupants seemed further away than the few stars I could see above my head.

I sat down on a bench and tried to write how I felt, but I just came out with a list of burbling clichés. I thought about my sister but I just felt frightened and I didn't understand; I thought about everyone else but I felt that they were even further away. I didn't want to wake anyone up and talk to them because I thought, ludicrously perhaps, that they'd just be annoyed I'd disturbed their slumber; also I wouldn't know what to talk about. I didn't want pity, I hadn't died—in fact I'd just finished my 'A' levels, remember? I felt that I'd been placed in this strange intermediate world between earth and heaven, all alone.

So I resumed my promenade; I didn't exactly feel depressed, I just kept thinking 'maybe this is what a "bad trip" on LSD is like'. I strolled on hoping I'd bump into something I recognised. But Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus and even St. James' Park were all part of this bizarre, fantastic world. The taxis that were still purring around could have been orange hovercraft with blue antlers cruising through night-time London and I wouldn't have thought it odd.

I reached the Sanctuary at around 2.30 a.m. and, after I told the door-keeper that I was in fact catching a plane for outer Mongolia in three hours and since it was cold over there I needed my jumper that I'd left in Yard, he let me in.

By some not particularly interesting coincidence Nature had bestowed upon my jacket pocket a roll of sellotape. So if anyone saw a scrap of paper stuck to Liddell's Arch one morning last July that had written on it the chorus of a popular song and a few jumbled words about delays on London Transport trains, well, now you know where it came from. I felt like walking into Little Dean's Yard and screaming because here I was surrounded by people I knew; yet I was sure that if I went into one of their rooms and tried to touch someone on the shoulder, my hand would pass straight through; if I screamed, I knew no-one would hear me.

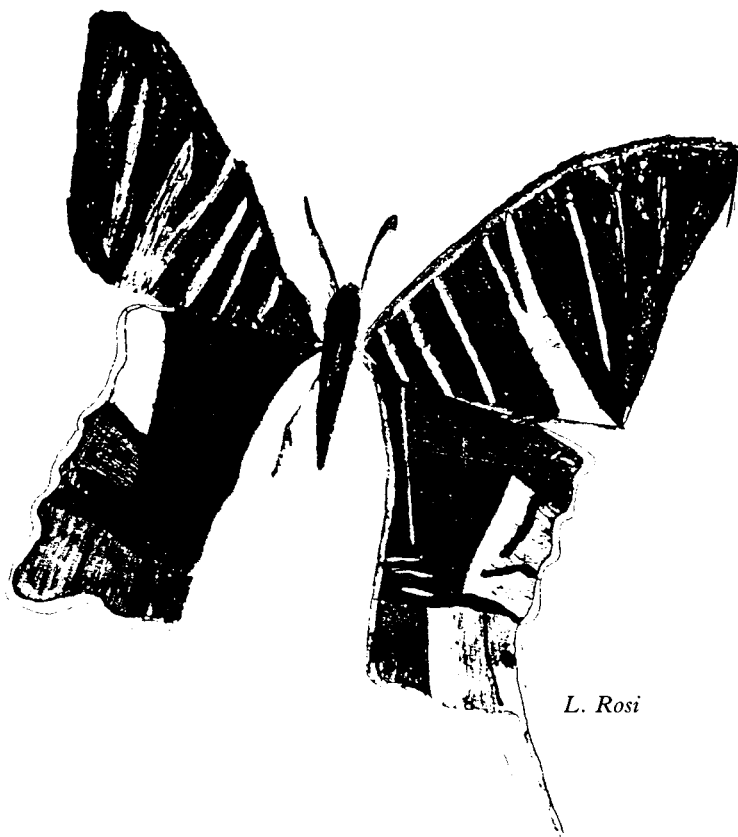
The rest of the night was an increasingly wearisome walk across the entire south side of Hyde Park, to Hammersmith, then over the river as dawn started to leak in. I scribbled a note similar

to the one I'd left at school and stuck it on the window of my friend's house. I took some pathetic solace in finding a fiver in my trouser pocket. With the daylight, reality was slowly trickling into me; with light comes vision, and the sight of the earlybird commuters, newsagents assistants, lorry drivers and milkmen as an example of the millions of people in London to whom this death would just be another one of the routine 1754 daily grave-stones, whose own relatives and friends had died while I had joked and worked and talked, made me want to go home and go to sleep. The 'unpurged images of the day' made me feel like a human being again.

I rattled home on an empty tube, slept until around morning break time, and woke up with the somewhat blasé thought that since probably the most calamitous thing that could ever happen to anyone had just happened to me, I could at least lay my mind at rest.

I'd just finished my shower when my remaining sister told me that my dad had collapsed with a stroke that morning. Sixty cigarettes that night and the shock had not mixed very well. At first, I thought 'a joke?'; I replied 'oh, right, thanks' and closed the door.

You don't actually start feeling sad 'til you start missing people. Self-pity is the worst form of misery, but for once in my boring life something had happened to make your more exciting 'Tale of the Unexpected' seem as tame and predictable as 'Mr. Tickle'. Eight months, two funerals and a lot of pain later, I think of two wooden boxes in north London, that's all that's left of half of my family; I think of shelves of books or piles of records, never to be used again; it's a strange kind of misery, it can be floated away by a spring breeze and it can land with a thump mightier than anything that's ever come out of a skinhead's D.M., but it isn't fuelled or even helped by self-pity or attention, it's part of that strange transitory dimension between this world and 'the next'. I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours, but maybe God has got a sick sense of humour; however, I write down my tale for all who want to hear, all who want to see—but not sympathise—I haven't died, I'm in my year off, remember?



L. Rosi

Sophia Fenwick

*Humiliated, undermined,
The pain raises a wall;
It defies, it denies,
It threads bare your insides
And you're left in a room
With no reason.
There is pain in the gut
There is touch and there's feel,
But still the outside
Has no meaning.*

'The Heart Asks Pleasure' : Karen Baldwin

Alone; for the first time. No-one there but herself, no-one likely to come for a long time, maybe never. They hadn't left her much, a table, a chair. The walls were painted; she'd always preferred wallpaper, a pattern rather than a solid block of colour which rose all around her, encircling her and forcing her to stay. There was no way out, no relief from drab green of tired winter grass: not even a window just a ventilation shaft of iron grey, menacing.

It was her fault, she knew that now. She'd trusted him, waited for him, waited so long and he hadn't come. She didn't know why, but she knew it was her fault, because she'd trusted him and relied upon him and expected him to come, and he hadn't liked that feeling of being tied down. It was her fault. But that night she had enjoyed his company and she felt happy and she tried to pretend to herself that everything was going well: but she knew it wasn't because he left, early. And he hadn't come back although he'd promised and she'd waited. She'd listened to the clock striking every quarter hour for twelve hours or more, and lost count as night merged into morning. She remembered the way the sky had faded to the pale blue of watered ink and the tufts of cloud coagulated and then melted into blue. The sun as it rose slowly and left one solitary cloud scudding across the sky, blushing rose pink as it realised its loneliness, lit in a waking world, but she hadn't slept. Then she waited until the day began to slow down and the sky began to darken; although she knew he wouldn't come, she still waited. She watched the clock: another quarter of an hour, then I'll go, but she waited for hours. The pills had been available, so she took them, slowly at first and then faster as she realised the truth and admitted it. Then she found that she wanted more than sleep, she wanted death and she was frightened but her hand still mechanically forced her to swallow the pills.

Now she was here and there were people making her well and ordering her life. Cheerful nurses who went home to security and love, asking her what had happened. A mistake, they had heard that many times and she knew that they didn't believe it, but she didn't care now. After a week she'd probably never see any of them ever again so what did it matter that she lied to them, and she didn't believe in a god. There was no cure. And when he came to see her, after a while, and she offered apologies and plausible excuses that weren't true, she knew that she'd trust him again and that she would meet the nurses once more and the hospital would be part of her life.

The room was cold and draughty as Mrs. Harrison sat, tightly huddled in her chair. The house was large and spacious but economy cuts had left them only inhabiting the top six rooms of the house. It was a difficult letter to have to write, but conditions and cutbacks were overtaking their lives.

She was an attractive woman, with a fine, almost porcelain type skin, with delicate features. Her hair was arranged in the fashion of the time, drawn back close to her head, letting a few, feminine strands escape. She was no longer what could be described as a 'young woman,' but not yet old enough to be middle-aged. She was dressed fashionably too, and was wearing a strand of five pearls around her neck. Her pearls were to be her salvation, but only if she could bring herself to write the letter at all.

It wasn't that she didn't love her husband anymore; their love had not yet passed through that young, passionate stage to reach a gentle peacability and predictability. No, she still loved her attractive husband almost as much as at their first meeting, but external forces were attacking and breaking down their lives together. She looked around her, and grimaced. This was the problem. She was still finely dressed, but anyone taking close stock of her clothes would realise that they only looked fine because of the careful attention that had been paid to them. The satin of her dress was wearing through, and her shoes were wearing away fast. They did still have a maid, but only because Marlowe had been a servant of the Harrison family all her life, and would never leave them, no matter how bad the conditions. She grimaced again as she thought of Marlowe's undying and persevering love for the young couple, and then as she thought of her own need to escape. Harrison had had a hard time pinning the young Miss Hardy down, but his looks and vitality had finally won her heart. But somehow she had never realised that there was no family fortune, despite the size of the family estate, and though Tom was young and vital, his energies were better spent in the City with friends or drinking, than rebuilding the crumbling estate around them. She had become embittered about her husband's drinking, and the women, and his lack of concern about material things; but gradually that bitterness had left her, leaving her with a quiet sense of resignation and acceptance. For a time she had accepted everything, and had just basked in the love he was so ready to show her—when he was here. She now realised that this had always been the problem. However distressed or

confused she had become about him when he was away, he was so lavish with love and gifts when he returned, that she returned all his love, and believed herself to be in love and to be loved. The more thinking she did, the more uncertain of their mutual love she became.

She shook herself free of her reverie of thought, and began to try to write the letter to Tom. She could not bring herself to start it 'Dear Tom'—that didn't have the compassion needed to soften the blow. It would be a blow, a terrible blow to him—his young wife leaving, but she had to do it. 'My darling Tom,' no. 'My dearest darling Tom.' At last she had started; from now on it would be easier. 'My dearest, darling Tom. I know this will come as a terrible blow to you.' She found her mind wasn't really concentrating on the letter, but rather wandering over his reaction to the letter, 'but you see there is something I have to tell you.' So far, so good. She felt she must express all the love she still felt for him, though. 'You know how much I love you, and have always loved you. I can find no words to describe the love, affection and passion I still hold for you in my heart.' She read over what she had written. She was happy. 'But there is something I must tell you. Although I still believe we have a mutual love that is stronger than all other loves, I cannot live with you any longer.' There she had written it. She felt that the tone was right, but still she felt a pang that she was not telling him everything. She continued. 'As I look around me, I see nothing but decay and crumbling walls. I have great fear that these might soon represent our love if I do not leave now. I have borne the poverty, the drinking and the other women because I love you, but, do not be too distressed, dear Tom, I cannot take anymore. I shall apply for divorce—how that word pains me—so, perhaps, one day, you will be free to find someone to look after you and mother you. Dear Tom, thank-you for your love, and best wishes to you for the future and always—Clementine.'

She read the letter through. She felt that it was representative of her, of her love and her character, and prepared to copy it out for him. As she set pen to paper, Marlowe came in, looking white and distressed. She silently handed Mrs. Harrison a letter:

'Clementine—I am too much of a coward to face you, but I have something to tell you. I intend to marry Elizabeth Crawford and so am leaving you, and the district. I'm sorry, but it is all I can do. Tom.'

She stared up at Marlowe in disbelief, and slowly put her pen down.



*Alone,
Just me,
With my thoughts.
I dream of places seen and unseen.
Of images cursory and illusory.*

*Let's swim to the moon
Past aeons of pale nights lights
Day destroys the night
Night derides the day.
Try to run, try to hide
Break on through to the other side.*

*Weird scenes inside the goldmine
Soul searching sweat and
Cold, damp cloth
Distorts my fleeting glimpse of immorality.*

*The killer awoke before dawn
He put his boots on,
And strode on down the hall,
Past armadas of frothing horses
Tethered to a manacle, of sweat and tears.*

*Learn to forget,
Let me rest awhile
In my peaceful sanctum
Of inner restlessness.
Wishful, sinful
My thoughts are beautiful.*

*The river flows,
It knows,
And tells me secrets it has kept for generations,
Of half-cloaked faces choked in reeds
Drifting, ebbing, flowing.*

*Purple sky,
Aflame with needles
Punctured into city limits
Ablaze with heat,
Burning me, even now.*

*The bullet pierced the soldier's head
The tin reverberated.
He heard it, but fell
Into the anonymity of faceless mud
Gazed at by bulging bags of sand*

*There's blood up to my ankles
Of mewling infants, not yet born, but yet alive
Drifting on a tide
Which in torrents, onward rushing
Engulf and drown me.*

*Break on through to the other side
Break on through
And light my fire
Lying dormant in a grey sealed box.
Just me,
Alone, but with myself in dreams.*

Down the empty street, mist and rain stinging the air and empty pavement in the darkness. So much darkness and fog that the sky is not visible above. Every few feet on the left a battered doorway, unique in its way, is visible. Each one is battered, rotting—and deserted.

Suddenly an engine is heard behind and the flash of lights on the raindrops and wet pavements casts weird reflections. Emptiness wells inside. For an endless second the body halts—the brain questions . . . and answers. Panic. Yes, this is to be expected, the end, realization of past mistakes, costly past mistakes.

Move forward, feeling with hands since you cannot see more than two feet ahead. The engine is louder, as you stumble into an alcove and arrive face to face with a mirror image of yourself, dead and rotted. Continue, fast. Engine stops and feet clatter, silence reigns. Must hide. Too late.

In a split second, surrounded. Heavy, drugged steps, black overcoats showing white faces, diseased and twisting with maggots and dead gangrene. Heavy metal truncheons. Advance on you—blow after blow—crushing you to the ground. Breath is forced from your body as you shrink back to a different world.



Mike Seed

Tom McConville

The desert is long and a rough brown, matched by my bleached and gritty hair, which pokes above the small basin of sand which surrounds my head. My lips are broken and raw, the chapped skin bitten off for moisture. I hear the regular beat of hooves circling around me. I try to move but my buried body treads in vain against the solid sand. I can just see the shimmering form of a cowboy circling me, a bullet hits the sand and shifts a few grains down towards my mouth; more bullets follow, none hit me but just push grains towards my mouth until I breath through my nostrils; grains clog them, I look at the sand, swallowing grains which tear my throat. The rider approaches and stares down as I eat the sand. He laughs. He is with me, but I am alone.

Phoebe the Cat was a curiously colourless cat. Fluffy without being shaggy, the colour of her fur seemed to adapt itself to whatever surroundings she found herself in, not so much making her blend in as fit in; and always the fluffiness (the spikiness even) was apparent and striking. Around Phoebe's neck was a small, brilliant red wooden heart on a much scratched-at leather thong.

The day Phoebe arrived by Greyhound Bus from Arkansas, the cats of Wilmette, Illinois were mourning the death of Wee Willy Winky, one of the fattest, meanest, toughest crime bosses the suburb had ever known. Everybody was only pretending to be sad because in fact Wee Willy Winky had ruled the suburb with a steel grip of corruption and fear. Nevertheless, several of his ex-molls were doing their best to sing their funeral song when Phoebe's bus pulled up on Central Avenue. They stopped abruptly when they saw Phoebe, despite her relatively unprepossessing appearance or perhaps because of it. Still, there was something in her gaze which said: 'Stop singing and listen to me.'

'Excuse me,' said Phoebe, in a voice as sweet and clear as Pernod. 'Where is the Holloway Restaurant? I believe there is a vacancy there for a mouse-catcher.' The molls suppressed their practised Mae West style gasps because the Holloway Restaurant was where Wee Willy Winky had worked until an unfeeling, or perhaps particularly perceptive, customer had stabbed him with a fork. One of them recovered her composure sufficiently to say breathily: 'I'm going that way, honey, come along with me.'

As the two cats walked the half mile to the Holloway Restaurant they became acquainted. The other cat, whose name was Jo-Beth, heard how Phoebe had run away from the farm in Arkansas where her father had used her for claw practice after drinking the whiskey spilt on the floor. She had come to Wilmette, knowing it to be a lawless place, to preach the gospel as she had learnt it at her mother's teat. Jo-Beth found herself beginning to trust this strange cat implicitly.

Phoebe, fighting her natural shyness of such a worldly woman, found Jo-Beth rather likeable. She was certainly what her mother would have called 'fallen', but she suspected that beneath that carefully combed pelt beat a heart of pure silver at least. Or perhaps less so than once, for close inspection of her glazed eyes revealed years of unhappy love affairs and catnip dependence. Yet Phoebe liked her, especially for her disinclination to be argumentative and decided they would be friends.

Remembering Wee Willy Winky, Jo-Beth began to cry her crocodile tears again. Such was the legacy of this inhuman cat that even after his death Jo-Beth felt she must make a show of love for him. Phoebe's sympathetic nature led her to ask in soft, tranquil tones: 'What's wrong, dear?' Jo-Beth pawed her glazed eyes delicately and told Phoebe how Wee Willy Winky had run the most merciless protection racket that side of the Mississippi, forcing the cats of Wilmette to turn over half the mice and birds they caught to his hired bully-boys and then selling them back to them at exorbitant prices. It was also rumoured, though never proved, that Wee Willy Winky had been behind the shocking spread of catnip addiction in the last five years, turning the lives of Jo-Beth and so many other pathetic cats into hellish nightmares. Phoebe looked skyward and sighed heavily, pondering the evil she would be up against in this godless suburb.

She did not have to ponder it for long because, in an instant, she was confronted with it full on. Not ten yards in front of Jo-Beth and Phoebe, two disreputable-looking male cats were raking vicious blows across each other's bloody, matted fur. About thirty or forty more hoodlums surrounded them, cheering and jeering and placing small bets on the cat of their choice.

'They're fighting to become the new boss of Wilmette,' breathed Jo-Beth, lapsing from tears into barely contained excitement. Phoebe was not impressed, however. Fighting the bile that rose in her throat at this depraved spectacle, she strode forward purposefully.

'Sinners!' she cried, fighting her way through the crowd. Yet her tone was not self-righteous, merely sorrowful, and the sound of her voice was so startling and beautiful to these alley cats that all activity, including the fight, ground to a halt. Phoebe held the limelight, the cats having been transfixed, one might even say

hypnotised, by her sweet, soft voice.

'Sinners,' she said again, more calmly, 'God did not put you on this earth to kill one another but to love each other and work together in peace for the greater good of your children.' Her congregation looked at Phoebe eagerly and inquiringly. Invigorated, she continued with increased excitement: 'Your souls are impure, brothers, and you're all going to hell to burn forever! Pray! Pray to God to cleanse you, before it's too late!'

When she finished even the most hardened of the cats had been moved by Phoebe's impassioned, yet sweetly innocent, plea for virtue. Many fell to silent prayer, some with tears in their eyes, while others hung their heads in shame. Phoebe, in her rapture, did not notice a large group of particularly wizened, mean-looking old cats holding a whispered conference not far off. They began to laugh and smile with joy eventually. Then, grinning toothlessly, they approached Phoebe and began congratulating her. She had been elected by unanimous vote the new boss of Wilmette. That night an earnest young cat, overflowing with new hope for the future, went to the sign that said 'Welcome to Wilmette' and scrawled underneath it the words, 'Feline Society of Love'.

The next day, beaming as she remembered these words, Phoebe sat with Trout, her principal advisor, and Jo-Beth, her right-hand woman, outside the Holloway Restaurant. Phoebe was now employed there as mouse-catcher, the owner of the restaurant having taken to her immediately. The three cats were policy-making. Trout advised that if the cats of Wilmette were to work together peacefully there must be some kind of community food-sharing programme whereby all the food caught every week would be piled up and shared out equally. In this way families with crippled providers would receive enough food to live on and greed and envy, never aids to good community relations, would be prevented from setting in. Medals might be awarded to cats who contributed a great deal as an incentive to go hunting frequently and not to hoard illegally.

Phoebe felt that a further incentive might be provided by a spiritually uplifting speech from her every week—a sermon, one might say. Such sermons would also be considered an essential part of any cat's religious life, and those who did not attend would be frowned upon.

Jo-Beth squirmed as Trout made his way down the street.

'Oh dear, are you getting restless, Jo-Beth?' asked Phoebe, looking at her with concern.

'I... I'm alright,' murmured Jo-Beth painedly, 'but you...'

'Oh, but you're not alright, dear. Why, you're positively ill!' There was worry in Phoebe's eyes, even fear as she saw her friend's state.

'Now there's no need to explain,' Phoebe went on. 'My brother was a catnip addict. I understand. Don't worry, I can get you all you need. Take this for now.'

Jo-Beth accepted her friend's offer with tears and a quivering paw.

'Oh, dear God,' she wept as she took the fix. Phoebe regarded her sternly.

'There's no need to be vulgar, Jo-Beth,' she said, forcefully.





'Look Back in Anger'

by Amanda Kleeman

In typical Westminster spirit, Benjamin Carey chose a play which was considered outrageous when first produced in 1956. 'Look Back in Anger' was the first of many 'kitchen-sink' dramas. Over the span of a few months the audience watches the drama of four people's lives. Focusing on a small flat in the Midlands, the play examines love and lust. The uneasy relationship between Jimmy and Alison Porter is shattered by the sophisticated Helena. Alison leaves Jimmy to return to her staid, middle-class home. Jimmy and Helena return the house to equilibrium, even Cliff the young Welshman who loved Alison and Jimmy, adjusts to the new situation. That is until Alison returns, after losing Jimmy's baby, to find Helena usurping her position. Jimmy's jibes at the middle classes, and respectability, have lost some of their 'bite' with the passage of time, and the increasing liberalism of society. It was slightly ironical to have such a play performed in Westminster's well-heeled atmosphere. However, Osborne's stand against complacent values is still clearly relevant.

Benjamin Carey took a wise step in cutting the play by over an hour; school directors seem to forget the lamentably short concentration time of their audience. As it stood the play moved quickly and lost none of its meaning. The production team of Debbie Grey, John Abando and Kate Miller must be congratulated on what was surely the most carefully thought out set ever seen in the Dungeons. The crowded flat was incredibly detailed, down to the full ashtray, and the discarded slippers. Due to a refreshing use of the Dungeons as a stage, and the complete lack of self-consciousness from the actors, the audience felt uncomfortably like voyeurs.

I felt drawn into the whirlwind of passions focused by Jimmy, who was admirably portrayed by the invincible Jason Lyon. Despite Jason's small stature, his experience, ability and enthusiasm enabled him to fulfill the demands of a taxing role. Jimmy's powerful personality dominates the play; however, Alison Portes drew our sympathy and conveyed Alison Porter's dilemma with a controlled and compassionate performance. Jason Rucker played Cliff who balances on the apex of the shaky 'ménage à trois'. He was convincingly

affectionate and humorous and was particularly relaxed on the crowded stage. Ruth Kelly had, what could be considered, the hardest role to play. Helena's character is hard to judge as first she hates Jimmy, then she loves him, and then, finally, she leaves him. Helena is bound to lose the audience's sympathies; however, I feel we should still admire her as a woman of conviction. Ruth conveyed Helena as a strong woman, completely in charge of herself. Only Jimmy can force her to lose her cool. Unfortunately, I did not see Jimmy's attraction, and Helena seemed too cold to draw any sympathy. Mark Baxter was cruelly miscast as Alison's father, Colonel Redfern. He battled gamely to portray an ageing bastion of middle mediocrity. To ask this of any boy in a serious production was unfair, and despite copious amounts of talc, control and confidence, Mark was defeated by his role. However, he showed an impressive acting talent.

The play was a popular and professional event in a fairly bleak term. Sensibly the production was kept on a small scale, but it stuck rigidly to detail. Alison Portes and Ruth Kelly were particularly well dressed and the combined effects of the stage, and the music, and the programme, added to the general sense, widely shared, of a successful production.

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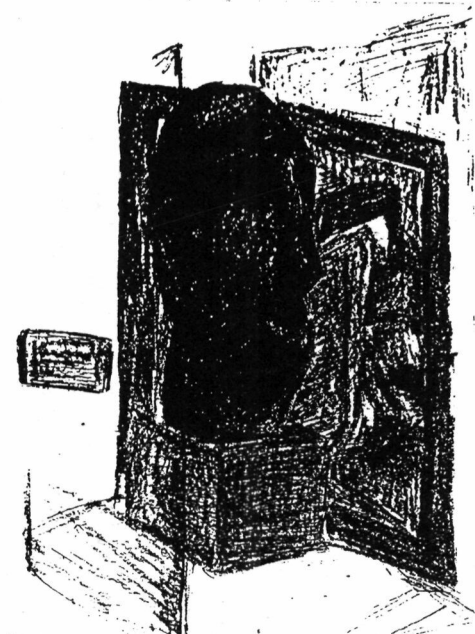
Antigone

by Jon Abando

Anouilh's historical plays like *Becket*, *L'Alouette*, and *Antigone* deal with stories, the tragic outcome of which are well-known. And if that wasn't enough, he makes a point of telling the audience what is going to happen, by means of flashback, as in *Becket* or the omniscient figure of the Chorus in *Antigone*, in imitation of Greek Tragedy. Anouilh sets himself the task of holding the audience's attention through his own dramatic skills, and the cast and production team the task of fulfilling these skills. He has often been criticized for producing plays which are barren of ideas and ideals in terms of 'message', and in this respect, he cannot be compared to Sartre or Camus. But what he does do is provide entertainment, and a fair amount of food for thought, though not on the intricate level of the above mentioned exponents of 20th century literature.

The problem in *Antigone* is deciding who to sympathise with; Antigone the young girl who defends the honour of her family, or Creon the king who is faced with restoring order to a country ravaged and splintered by civil war. The tragedy lies in the fact that at the end of the play, Antigone goes to her death for no reason save selfishness and the wish to spite and cause pain, and that her Uncle Creon does not prevent this so that political order might be maintained. The parallel with the Nazi occupation forces in France was written in deliberately so that the play would get by the censors, but worked cleverly to provide a hollow sense of sympathy for the invaders who claimed, just like Creon in the play that their actions were justified for the sake of peace and stability. This has the unfortunate consequence that anybody coming down on the side of Creon is immediately labelled 'fascist', but it is not unreasonable to speculate that this was Anouilh's intention.

Having studied *Becket* as an 'A'-level text, and been very impressed by it, I was curious to see how Anouilh coped, not only with 'stealing' a story, but with the formality of Greek Tragedy, and in that respect it is curious to note that one of the directors is studying Classics and not French at 'A'-level—make of that what you will. The directors, Tom Harrison and Harriet Swain, in close association with Dr. Needham and others, made several bold decisions, some of which worked well and others not so well. The bravest and most successful of these was the set, or rather the non-set. Staged at the back end of School, there was a chair, placed centre, and nothing else. Players were on stage all the time, emerging from the half-light to perform, and relying solely on their acting powers. However, the effectiveness of this was somewhat reduced by a sometimes painfully obvious instruction to keep eye contact to a minimum, presumably to make the times when actors did look at each other that much more striking. It seems to me, that having reduced the set to a bare



Leora Lightman

minimum—thereby concentrating the audience's attention on the actors, and then restricting them to looking at each other's navels, is bound to make the action in a fairly still play (in physical terms), that much more stilted.

This is not to say that the acting was of poor quality. On the contrary, it was most impressive. Shivaun Moeran as Antigone played her part with feeling and composure, producing an almost comprehensive range of emotional registers, as the audience sees her ideals and illusions shattered. She was admirably complemented by Tom Harrison in the part of Creon, forced into the 'kitchen of politics' (emulating Clint Eastwood—directing and taking a major part. Brave if greedy.). Nicole Belmont as the Chorus took on the part with energy, and struck a good balance between the didactic and the informative, as well as coping with having the stage to herself for most of her lines. Ainoa Doughty reproduced the grace of movement which she showed in *Les Justes* and added to it the emotional confusion of Ismene, Antigone's sister, torn between vanity and loyalty. Peter Cosmetatos as Haemon managed to extract as much as he could from possibly Anouilh's most unplayable character. Dave Lemkin, Harry Oulton and Jim Kershner shared the lines of the three guards more evenly between themselves, producing a less stereotyped feel, as reflected by Dave Lemkin's humorous as well as touching scene with the condemned Antigone. Other players worthy of mention were Alix Prentice as the harassed nurse and Oliver Blackburn as the bearer of the news of the tragedy surrounding Antigone's death, and of course Patrick Dickinson, the best 8 year old page I've seen in a long time.

Antigone like much, if not all, of Anouilh's theatre is a play that lends itself to almost any sort of production, with any

sort of budget. All that is required is a little imagination and a great deal of application. The Westminster production did much to confirm this, and did not fall short of the required standards set by the playwright, or imposed by the production team.

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Much Ado About Nothing

Much Ado about *Noting*—as it may or may not have been pronounced—dramatizes the processes of noting and being noted, throws into question all the ways in which we gather information, learn from and are misled by experiences, perceive and misperceive. For modern audiences there is the additional complication of noting or not noting the dazzle of wordplay that is the play's language. In a hall as acoustically user-hostile as School the noting is problematized further. It was therefore a brave choice of play for Fiona Greggains and Anantini Krishnan (directors), Kate Miller (designer/producer) and the Theatre Option. The result was a marked success.

There was a clear sense of teamwork and this is rare in a Westminster show. The well-balanced cast were evidently used to working as a group and there was a freshness about the details of the direction that can only come from group experimentation. Some of these details—Balthazar's stunning musical incompetence, for instance—were signs of thoughtful and unashamed use of limited resources, as were the more obvious and just as valid workshop features like the invention of Leonato's sister—valid because Rosa Dean made Antonia as startlingly vivid a figure as any male could have made of Antonio. A *balanced* cast is one without obviously distinct star-billed performers:

this group of actors, one sensed, could have been shuffled into a different casting with no real loss of focus or style. Thus the smaller parts were carefully and intelligently detailed, visually discriminated and acted with firm purpose.

The production and design made for one of the best-dressed shows and one of the most stylish sets and inventive use of floor-space I've seen in School. The updating of context to after the First War was firmed in with a sharp eye for detail and texture—and the context made sense of the play's brittle comedy. One example of many where directors, cast and production together made absolutely fresh sense of a key scene, while at the same time remaining true to the context of a country house after the War, was the decision to have Don Pedro (Kevin Evans) and Claudio (Peter Cosmetatos) tipsy in the long painful scene towards the end where these two callow officers are confronted with their unexpectedly serious and embittered friends. Having to sober up, not quite managing it, guiltily half-conscious of it, trying to brave it out further—it was a memorable scene.

But I remember it all with pleasure. Among the most poignant moments on a Westminster stage for me was the end of the church scene, when Benedick (Patrick Dickie) turned from the very end of the Hall (the stage having significantly deepened for this scene) and approached, half-hesitant and half-purposeful, on a long, slow curving walk, to the quietly sobbing Beatrice (Alix Prentice). Indeed Patrick and (very notably) Alix made strong, clear sense of their parts throughout, Patrick growing in force just as the part requires and Alix very convincingly suggesting, at every point, the seriousness that shadows her wit and vivacity. Peter Cosmetatos gave us acting of sensitive distinction, Milo Twomey (Leonato) held the stage and timed his jokes with admirable vigour and style, and Jenny Sackin was a genuinely touching hero. Tom Weisselberg has presence on stage and the same is true, to an exceptional degree, of Jason Tann whose Borachio was as good as I've seen. But, as I've said, there were no weak elements in the cast—or in the production and direction that had so evidently benefited from considerable thought and work. The Theatre Option is, like Art, one of the Sixth Form Options that makes and produces in a way that more narrow academic subjects don't always recognize. This *Much Ado* was a fine material product.

R.J.

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Rigaud's 'Tom Sawyer'

by Kate Miller

What next! One could forgive them almost anything, this cheeky duo, Tom (Max Chipchase) and Huck (Michael Taylor) in much the same soppy way as Aunt Polly (Sarah Christie-Brown) and assembled Mississippi riversiders do. It is a tribute to



(Alaska) Nick Maisey

the good casting and light touch of Jamie Catto (director) and John Arthur (producer) and all the company on and off stage that they made a silly musical with a daft story feel real, alive, carefree and unself-conscious. Everyone—including Cedric Harben as the Doctor dying to get his hands on a subject for anatomy, and dying in the attempt!—looked and seemed *at home* on that usually cramped and uncomfortable stage, especially the endlessly inventive Michael Taylor.

The songs, accompanied and interspersed by Tom Mohan's medleys, were done with just the right amount of heart-feltness: Sarah Christie-Brown was mellifluous. There wasn't a trace of the artificiality which makes an audience awkwardly shift and cough. If they did, it was because, being January, it was terribly cold and draughty Up School. It is the most inhospitable place to perform, but the warmth generated by the cast of thousands—are *all* those Vth and Lower Shell boys in Rigaud's? or are some of them girls? ... there was definitely one *in a dress* at the Sunday School picnic!—the warmth, as I've said, and the colour of the hotly lit southern landscape, painted under orders of Adam Buxton (alias Judge Thatcher of the tantalising promise) and the uncomplicated jokes all combined to win the audience. It was worth the expense of professional costumes and make-up, particularly for the characterful vignettes of Muff the Drunken Potter (Jeremy Hyam), Injun Joe (Roberto Fioroni) and Mr. Rogers in huge dogtooth check and whiskers (Scott Garfield). These three came closest to caricatures without clowning about, and were complemented by the more sober figures of the Minister (Ben Longland) and the Attorneys (Tim Goodman and Richard Muirhead). In Tom's 'gang' there was also a nicely achieved balance of personalities.

I believe 'Tom Sawyer' achieved two important ends as an event in school life. It raised a sum of money for the G.R.A.E.A.E., a company of disabled actors and actresses. And it convinced all present that, however young and inexperienced they may start out, a company that becomes through work as relaxed, buoyant and 'together' as this one can produce a non-stopping real good show.

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Grant's Play: 'Ernie's Incredible Illucinations'

by Julian Thould

Alan Ayckbourn is best known for such plays as 'Absurd Person Singular' and 'The Norman Conquests', comedies of middle class suburban life. There is a strong element of farce in much of his writing and 'Ernie's Incredible Illucinations', an early work, displays this in large measure.



(Alaska) Nick Maisey

The play is not his best. Much of it is flimsy, with the humour often forced. Nevertheless it lends itself to improvisation, perhaps because one does not have to be too reverent with the text! This makes it suitable for the sort of House play Grant's do well.

The two performances I saw exhibited some of the more interesting features of this style of production. Both were marked by great spontaneity and both established a considerable rapport between audience and cast. Frequently the effect of the drama was conveyed without the benefit of elaborate props. The scene in the library, for example, in which a ladder became a mountain face, demonstrated what can be done with a few lines and some imagination. Milo Twomey deserves praise here for the manner in which he communicated rapid changes of atmosphere with a striking economy of gesture.

There are dangers with this approach. It can be difficult to maintain pace. There are opportunities, for the more extrovert members of the cast, to go over the top and distract the audience from the essence of the play. But the risks are worth taking if the result is energetic theatre.

Several of the actors deserve mention. Jason Tann, although sometimes indistinct (perhaps because of too much concentration on accent?), never lost one's attention, despite the erratic steering of his wheelchair. Dan Jeffreys, Sean O'Hara and Kevin Evans were confident and highly amusing. Tom Pemberton and Tim Buchanan gave contrast with more sober performances.

As I feel a House play should be, this was very much a joint effort. The contributions made back stage by Shab Mustapha, James Pemberton and Toby Hewitt made the

most of a very limited budget. It would be impossible to mention all the others who took part but it is a tribute to the directors that they managed to involve more than half of the House.

I enjoyed seeing this play change and develop over the month that it took to produce. If I had some doubts, initially, as to whether I would ever see the play 'right on the night' I was, thankfully, proved mistaken as a result of the skilled direction of Kevin Evans, Fiona Greggains and Milo Twomey.

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Head of Ezra Pound/Biba Dow

Winnie

by Mike ('Tigger') Taylor

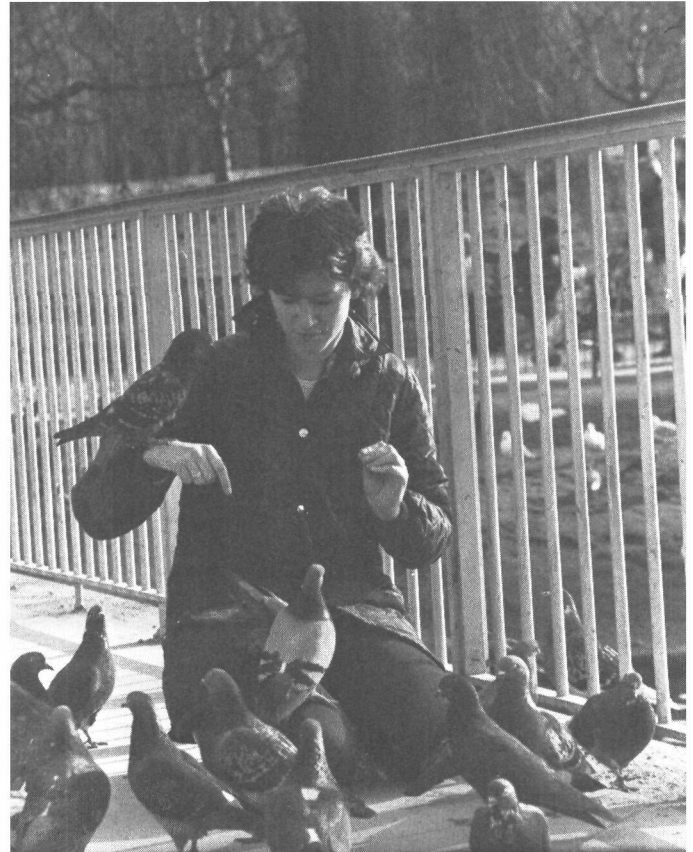
As a choice of play, *Winnie* certainly posed its problems but they were problems that the Director, Mr. Field, handled very patiently. A full length musical, well over 15 songs, a revolving stage and, of course, the audience's idea of 'how it should be' to live up to.

Well, Mr. Baird worked for 18 months on the songs, coming up with some, I thought, better than the originals: from the most bouncy 'Tigger' song to the most mellow duet for C. Robin and Pooh. As for the revolving stage, the carpenters set to work and in rehearsals it spun very well, promising rather optimistic results later.

On our first performance the place was packed; with finger-nails clenched between clamped teeth we began. Oliver Hicks (Pooh) opened with a nervous 'Rum-tiddly-um-tump' (or something like that),



Karen Shoop



Nick Maisey

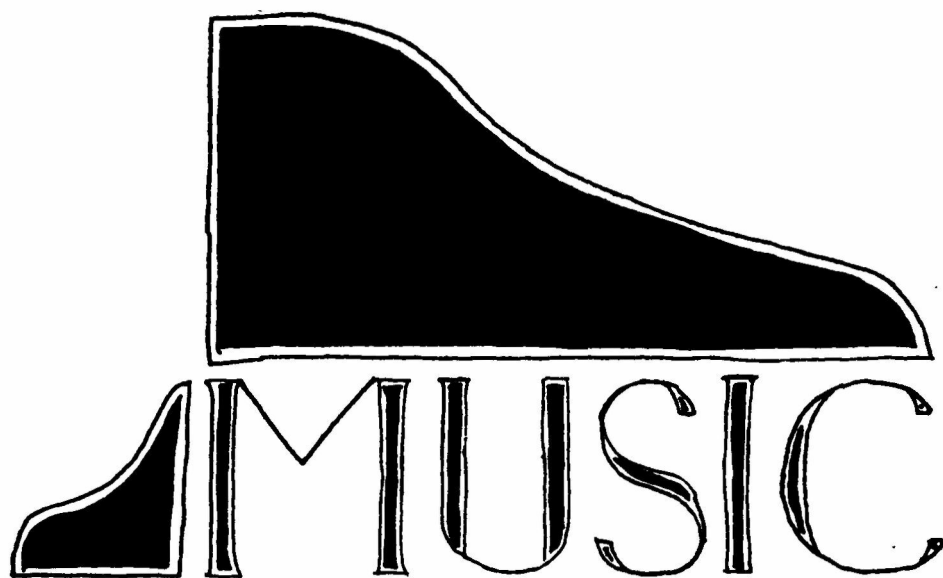
and all seemed happy until our apparent friend the revolving stage bit the dust, nearly scaring a member of the audience to death and holding up the play for five minutes. Then the smoke-machine suddenly engulfed half the audience with thick, smelly smoke. What a day!

The rest of the performances went smoothly, with only a few hiccups, like Oliver at one point nearly falling from the scaffolding down the heffalump trap himself and the unpredictable stage collapsing a few more times; and, of course, the smoke machine enjoyed itself a treat, even giving Eeyore (Edward Stern) the chance to ad-lib with a gas mask. And all this time we waited for the staff version at the end.

At last the day came. Slowly the staff turned up, in everything from a full black suit with tails and bow-tie, to the most modern yellow and black shirt and trousers. Where do they get it from?

It was quite some performance. Mrs. Cockburn was a very convincing Christopher Robin and Mr. Stokes was the most athletically bouncy Tigger. But the real triumph was Mr. Griffiths as Piglet. He squealed if anything over three foot tall went near him and I even saw Dr. Rae look sorry for him when he dropped his balloon for Eeyore.

The whole fantasy of 'Winnie's' dream world perhaps can't be fully captured on stage, either by school-boys or staff, and I feel that perhaps this version had too many songs, as they tended to hold the play back rather than always give it lift. But all in all it was a fun show to be in and all credit and thanks to Mr. Field and Mr. Baird for all their hard work.



Lent Term Concert by Nicoletta Simborowski

The Lent Term concert was performed for a large audience, who had gathered in St. Margaret's in spite of the bitter February weather.

The evening began with a performance of Haydn's Symphony No. 44 in E minor ('Trauersymphonie'), with Tom Mohan conducting the School Orchestra. The tuneful first movement was a fine introduction, the wind instruments playing accurately and harmoniously, and the horn singing out its melody clearly, defying the technical difficulties of the piece. The Minuet was graceful and charming and owed much to Justin Harmer's capable bassoon playing. In spite of a few smudged notes and jumbled passages, the Adagio was convincing, with its fine, swelling melodies. A suitably spirited presto finished off the piece.



Francis Land

We were next treated to a valiant rendering of Bach's Concerto for Two Violins and Orchestra. Stuart Nettleship conducted the Chamber Orchestra with a vigour only matched by the brilliance of his white and royal-blue tie. The Vivace proved to be slightly too vivace for some of the strings but was carried off with aplomb, partly thanks to the skill and professionalism of John Graham-Maw and Nicholas Hudson, the soloists, who both acquitted themselves well in this difficult piece. A well-sustained and accurate allegro was a triumphant conclusion to a concert favourite, played with great panache.

The second half of the evening was devoted to Faure's Requiem, sung by the Abbey Choir, accompanied by the Orchestra and conducted by Tom Mohan. What a satisfying and professional performance this was. Particularly effective throughout were the crescendo-diminuendo effects which Tom Mohan seemed able to draw out of his singers with the controlled ease of a stage conjurer. The two soloists fulfilled their roles splendidly: Timothy Woolford sang a warm baritone, whilst Oliver Hicks' Pie Jesu was confident and skilled, his voice soaring without striking a single false note.

Generally, this performance of the Requiem was a dramatic affair, full of passionate climaxes and contrasts. Such menace as there is in this most consoling of Requiems was exploited to the full in the baritone solos in the Offertorium and Libera Me, where much was made of the "dies irae" idea, to good effect. The parts where the choir sing in unison were particularly forceful: rhythmic, vigorous and very exciting, an inspired piece of conducting. Finally, as Tom Mohan dipped and fluttered appropriately, clearly convincing his choir that their place in heaven was assured, they sang a light, pure-toned, angelic In Paradisum.

This was truly a pleasurable evening, for which we must thank the various members of the school community who combined their talents to give of their best.

'Hail Mary' at King's Head, Putney

(Wednesday, March 5th)

Thin crowds of people filtered through the door of the King's Head, Putney, this cold Wednesday night to see 'The Toucans' supported by 'Hail Mary'. Who are Hail Mary? They are Jaspar Dewey (Guitar), Kevin Solhekol (Guitar, Voice), Milo Twomey (Bass) and Mark Aspa (Drums), commonly known to the ignorami of Westminster as 'The Hard Lads'.

Shortly after nine those four schoolboys took the fairly large stage. They got straight down to business with an instrumental which although it contained only a few chords was powerful and effective. The memorable event of this song was Mark dropping his drumsticks and watching the whole group bewildered.

Time passed by and by the time it came round to playing 'Get Off My Cloud', a Stones number, the whole group had settled down. Kevin's vocals were impressive, with the rest of the group keeping a very tight rhythm section.

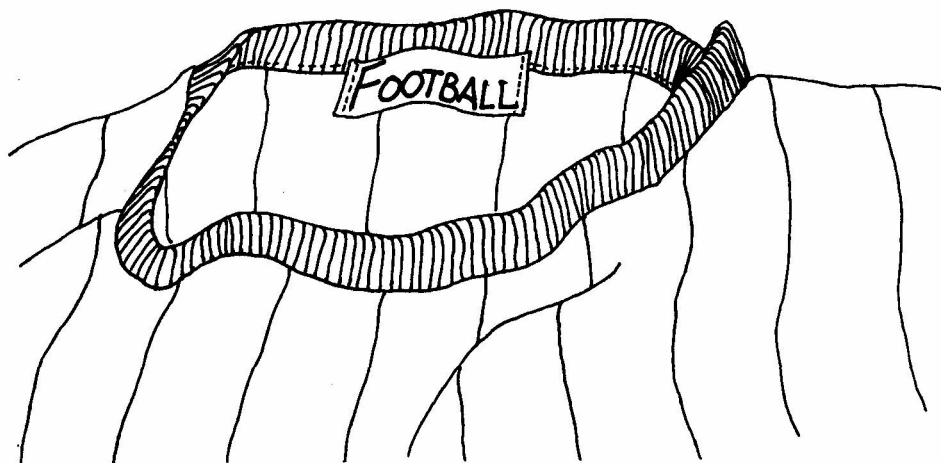
Then came their best song of the night: '2 Can Reggae'. The title can be misleading and in fact the song consisted of reggae and rockish styles. In an era where people are unfortunately categorizing music into one style, this was in a way unique.

Though the group lacked technique (sorry!) they covered it up with their feel for the music. What had initially started out as a friendly gesture, instead of a planned night out, had ended up as another addition to the list of worthwhile concerts that I'd been to.

I walked away with mixed feelings; one of satisfaction and the other of disappointment at seeing the lack of support provided by Westminster people.



Ben Woodhams



On the Football Tour to Portugal

by Jonathan Adler

We all met on the Saturday after school had finished at 11 o'clock in Dean's Yard. The excitement was evident: Stewart Belcher was smiling; Howard Fox was making jokes, and Charlie Fulford had had his hair drastically chopped. Dave Cook handed us our tickets, our names suitably inscribed, and after an appetising lunch which few ate, we set off for Heathrow, waving bye-bye to the tourists.

The coach driver turned out to be one of those 'mean' ones who wouldn't play music, and so we sat, unusually silent, nervously chatting. We arrived at the airport, only to find there was a hold-up at the check-in desks, and so we waited for almost an hour, talking of football and nothing much else. When we did get on the plane, (where were those free lighters you're meant to get with the duty-frees?) the airline crew were fatally un-civil to a member

of staff. 'Wait 'til we get you in Mexico,' was the smart retort: it was Air Portugal. We landed, collected the luggage, and went out to the car park to wait for the staff who were hiring the dilapidated vehicles. Someone got out a ball to kick around, but after hitting a bus, a tourist and an armed policeman, we decided we'd better put it away. We drove from there to the hotel. It took us almost half an hour to get out of the car-park, no one being able to find the exit, but in the end we made it, much to the relief of Ray Gilson, who was already busy harassing the local talent from out of the car window.

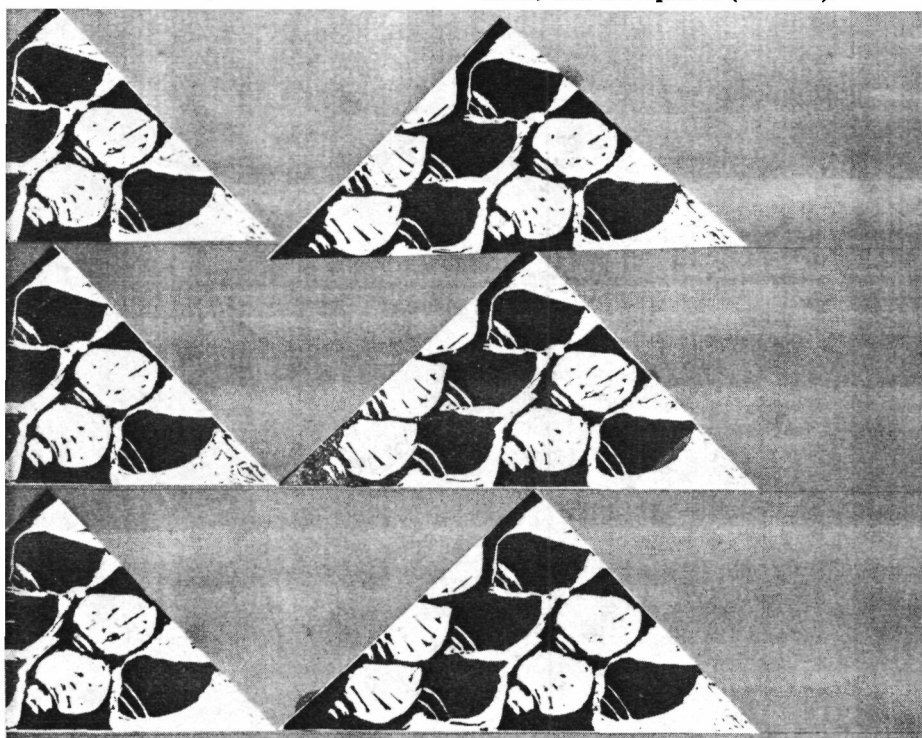
The hotel was five star with ten floors, electronic doors and urinals that flushed. It was also, more importantly perhaps, right on top of the beach in a beautiful setting with an indoor pool. Unfortunately the staff weren't too efficient. I think perhaps they had been used to serving middle-aged golfers, who didn't get impatient when they gave you two single rooms in succession when you needed a double. The rooms themselves, once you got them, were lovely. All had sea views, a fridge (which proved to be a very expensive luxury to some) and a telephone (that too).

The temperature never dropped below 70°F all week, and often it was even too hot to train for more than half an hour. Of course this time didn't go to waste—the beach was lovely in the sun, and the sea was warmer. The first match was on Monday in Lagos, about 1½ hours north of where we were staying. We arrived to find the pitch was a dust/gravel surface. What a dilemma—should we use studs or trainers? Against what seemed to be the democratic majority, Dave told us all to wear studs. It didn't do us any harm. We were 2–1 up at half time with goals from myself (nice pass, Stew) and Danny Cogan. As it turned out, in the 2nd half, the opposition fielded a completely different team, with the exception of a 12-year-old black no 7 who was walking round the best of us. We went on to lose 5–3 through no fault of our own, and later everyone agreed it was the best match of the four. The home crowd even applauded us.

After quenching our thirst, we returned to the hotel, ate, and decided to check out the night life. Unfortunately, there wasn't one—the only bar being a grotty hovel called 'Wellies' which retailed at English prices. There was a Portuguese man trying to sing the Beatles, sitting on a stool, or some nights, if we were lucky, there was a cockney singing Simon and Garfunkel. Clever Charlie Fulford let it all pass him by, and we seldom saw him in the evenings—a beautiful brunette from Southend had grabbed him before the monotony had time to.

We went on to lose our remaining 3 matches, but by no means disgracefully: 2–1, 1–0 and 4–0 were the scores, with Mark Sainsbury scoring a cracking volley in the second game. Thus, the monotonous nightlife persisted but thankfully so did the weather. We were lucky—a friend of mine went to Portugal the following week and was drenched by the rain every day. The holiday was slightly marred by cases of pulled muscles, sunstroke, laryngitis and conjunctivitis and perhaps if we'd have had a full team every match we might have won a couple. But the tour was a great success and Dave Cook went so far as to say it was the best one he'd ever taken. I didn't ask him if the golf courses had anything to do with it. Seemingly insignificant things were the most enjoyable: playing in a stadium, the close rapport with the teachers, the independence, and perhaps the funniest, knowing you could swear at the opposition and they'd grin back at you, nodding.

We arrived at Faro airport the following Saturday, happy to be going home, even though the prospect of revision loomed for many of us. We rang up the B.B.C. to find out the football results before we stepped on the plane. Chelsea had lost to West Ham, Arsenal to Tottenham, and, heavens above, Leicester had lost in the last minute to Notts. Forest. This didn't bode well for the return journey, but happily everything was fine. The sunsets were wonderful from out of the aeroplane window, and jovial reminiscences were recalled. Howard Fox even threw a meringue in Ray Gilson's face. All in all everyone thoroughly enjoyed it.





Simon Smith

Football Report

In a season which was dominated by bad weather, Westminster football proved to be full of potential. Before the start of the season the 1st XI did not promise to be anything out of the ordinary, but the members of the team proved this to be wrong. Although only a few games were won, they

drew more than half their total fixtures, and there was a great team spirit. The essential factor was the will to win of every single member, but at the same time, to enjoy themselves. The outstanding results of the season were obtained against Bradfield, Chigwell and Winchester.

James Kershen, probably the best goal-keeper Westminster has had, lived up to his reputation, making innumerable outstanding saves, giving a certain 'je ne sais quoi' to the team's pre-match preparation. However the revelation of the season was that of Simon Anderman at centre midfield. His tireless energy for the game was already known, but it was he who led from the front and gave inspiration to the younger players. T. 'Thighsie' Goodman proved to be a rock in the centre of the defence, and other sterling performances for the team were provided by A. Jaque, the best young player of the year, C. Fulford, and the experienced J. Griffiths. Other surprises were given by the emergence of M. Loup and J. Adler. Top goal scorer was S. Belcher, closely followed by D. Cogan, who still has another season left.

The Colts had their most successful season ever. S. Rice and F. Francini netted 27 goals between them, while D. Doulton, H. Gregory and N. Hudson turned in consistently excellent performances. The team owed much to the combined enthusiasm and knowledge of Mr. Stokes and Mr. Murray.

The U15's also enjoyed an excellent season under the exuberant, multi-talented

management of 'Mosey' Lynn, in his first season in the 'big time'! They were led by their skipper J. Drummond, whose regular 'captain's performances' inspired the whole team, especially A. Payne and J. Martin. Their biggest success of this season was the comprehensive victory over Eton.

The U14's also had a tremendous season with many successes. But it would be unfair to single individuals from such a great team effort. Again much credit must go to the coaching of R. Court and T. Nolan.

The greatest achievement of the season was the tournament at St. Andrew's Boys' Club—after some very exciting football, we shared the honours with the club.

Many thanks must go to Annie and the tea ladies, our very tolerant coach drivers and the support given by parents. Despite the bad weather, R. Gilson, helped somewhat by C. Powell, managed to provide two of the best pitches in London, much appreciated by Liverpool F.C.

Finally, I'm sure that every footballer in the school would like to thank D. R. Cook for the enormous amount of time, effort and enthusiasm he has put into running the Station; the results of which are already becoming apparent. The members of the 1st XI owe him a personal debt of gratitude for the patience and good humour he showed in a season which for him must have been daunting.

Simon Anderman
Matthew Loup

P.S. Sorry 'Mullsie', we forgot you again—better luck next time!



Ed Grigg



Water Report

A full Water report did not appear in the last *Elizabethan*, so this one covers the 1985 regatta season, as well as the winter of 1985-6. A list of regatta successes in 1985 was published in the last issue.

The 1985 season was mixed. The highlights were the two silver medals won by the senior coxless four at National Schools Regatta and the National Championships. These results are especially impressive for a crew of lightweights, and formed a fitting climax to the rowing career of this dedicated group. The National Championships crew went on to represent England as part of a composite VIII at the Home Countries International match, where they came 2nd. The First VIII as a whole was less successful, but had one particularly good early victory over St. Paul's at Mortlake Spring Regatta. At Henley, the crew rowed in the new plastic Empacher, but went out to Pangbourne in the first round of the Special Race for Schools. The senior squad was coached throughout the year by Ewan Pearson, who has sadly left teaching in favour of the city. His thoroughly profes-

sional and enthusiastic approach transformed a squad which began the year with only seven active oarsmen into a fit and efficient eight.

The rest of the club had a patchy season, with each squad winning at least once, but failing to find consistency. The J15's began well, with wins in IV's and VIII's at Putney Town, but the only win thereafter was in Coxed Pairs at Coate Water Park. The J14 Quad also began well, with two early wins at Putney Town and Coate, but could only manage 6th place in the final of the National Schools. Oliver Price and Jonathan Ward competed in J14 sculls at the National Championships in July, but failed to reach the finals.

The Play Term of 1985 saw the addition of David Riches to the coaching team, to replace Ewan Pearson in charge of the First VIII. The VIII trained hard for the heads, but only managed a rather disappointing 32nd place in the Schools Head. The J16 coxless IV, coached by Lynton Richmond in the run up to the Schools Head, won their division and finished 12th overall—an excellent performance for another very light crew. Since the successful Easter training camp at Lucerne, the J16's and

seniors have merged, and have rowed in various combinations of VIII's and IV's. Two fours won at Putney Amateur, and the prospects for the season are good. This squad is still very young—most of them are still in the sixth form, so there is a possibility of building a very good VIII over two seasons. Youra Turceninoff retired from the VIII after Easter to concentrate on single sculling, and has so far won Novice Sculls at Putney Town, becoming the first senior sculler to win an open event for several years.

Mike Williams took over the new J15's, who quickly settled down to produce a competent VIII, adapting very easily from the quads. They rowed at Burway Head, and the Schools Head, but failed to make a real impact in their age-group. Once again, their light weight counts against them. Tom Mohan took on the new boys—38 joined the station in September—and the pattern established last year of teaching single sculling first, followed by the formation of quads was followed. Three fast quads emerged, and trials were held at the end of the play term. The first quad won at Burway Head in February and from then, the coaching was taken over by another visiting coach, Elizabeth Winter. They had a magnificent row in the Schools Head, finishing 36th out of some 90 fours, only being beaten by Tiffin by 0.3 of a second. At the time of writing, a reshuffled 1st quad has won both its regattas, at Wallingford and Thames Ditton, and looks set for a good season. The rest of the squad is rowing in VIII's with Tom Mohan and David Edwards, and shows promise.

Regatta and Head wins since the last *Elizabethan*:

J14 Quad	Burway Head Wallingford Regatta Thames Ditton Regatta
J16 4-:	Schools Head
J16 4+:	Sen. C. Lightweight, Putney Amateur
Junior 4+:	Novice Fours, Putney Amateur
Youra Turceninoff:	Novice Sculls, Putney Town.



The J14 A Quad at Burway Head

Rowing Trip to Switzerland

For the second successive year the first eight squad travelled to the picturesque lake-side village at Sarnen; on the steps of the Swiss Alps. Although on arrival the mountains encircling the lake had been covered by the snowfall of the previous few days, the clouds soon gave way to a blue sky that was to be characteristic of the trip, save for the last few days.

Although in part sponsored by the school, the rowing camp was in no way cheap for those who took part and it was partly for this reason that all were intent upon gaining maximum benefit from eight days intensive training. The trip was exclusively aimed at improving the squad's fitness and rowing technique, in order to increase its competitiveness in the coming regatta season. In no way was it an excuse for a sponsored holiday, as conducted by certain other stations who also travelled abroad.

In general there were two training outings each day; the first usually consisting of endurance, in order to improve fitness, and the second involving technical coaching. Both fitness and technique are integral parts of the successful crew; each only effective when combined with the other. One of our hopes was to make a smooth transition between the style of rowing required for the 'Heads' during the winter term, and that required for regatta's throughout the summer. The former involving fairly steady and maintained pressure at relatively low ratings, the latter involving short and intensive bursts at high ratings over the course of perhaps only a few minutes.

Although the training was tiring the trip was enjoyed by all with the added attractions of ski-ing on the fourth day, and the presence of the British National squad. However, the true benefit of the trip will ultimately be measured by the degree of success experienced during the summer term. Of added advantage is that all members of the squad have another year at Westminster; advantages of which should be realized next summer. That is of course assuming that Putney's present internal problems are resolved and the crew remains intact. Water is, after all, the senior station.

M. Watts (1st VIII cox)

*

Netball Report

The standard in the station this year was very high, enabling us to field both an A and B team. We played many enjoyable and successful matches, despite the short time we'd had to play together as a team. The B team—a truer reflection of Westminster's sporting achievements—made a very enthusiastic showing.

The A-team results were as follows:

Matches played	Result	Score
v Queen's College	Won	23-3
v Francis Holland	Won	13-3

v St. Paul's	Lost	15-22
v City of London	Lost	8-9
v Common Room	Drawn	6-6
v 1st XI	?	Score yet to be settled!

During the Common Room match, attention was distracted from the collisions between Dave (watch the Scales) Cook and our own luscious head of school, by radio-active Robin (the Russian) Aizlewood, causing fall-out amongst the opposition. Also-rans include the 1st XI, who achieved their one and only win of the season using rather dubious tactics.

Despite the valiant efforts of Jackie 'kit-teaser' Cockburn, the strip arrived logless, too late, too small and too pink. But this slight setback was not representative of her efficiency and dedication to the station on and off court. So grateful thanks to the girls who participated, and to Jack and Shir—the unsurpassable duo—who all helped to establish netball as a station with real credibility and prestige.

Looking ahead, we hope that the girls next year will derive as much enjoyment and pleasure from netball as we all have.

J.H., S.M., F.W.

(Keep practising those passes, girls!)

Colours were awarded to J. Horan, S. Mutkin, L. Stuart and F. Welsh.

*

Fencing Station: Spring 1986

Offering such attractions as open air combat and extensive scenic journeys to matches, Fencing Station has continued to provide employment for close to fifty fencers. During the course of a busy season, with matches against Tonbridge, Harrow, King's Rochester and Oxford Universities, and a quadrangular at our new Head Master's previous school, Westminster has given a good account of itself. With the exception of the match against Oxford, whose team was spearheaded by a national champion, the 1st Foil maintained an unblemished record of success, while in other areas useful experience was gained by a comparatively young, but enthusiastic, group of acolytes. In addition, a number of competitions were entered, either individually or as a school, notably the Portslade under-16, Charterhouse Epee and Public Schools. In the course of this last competition, which demanded, thanks to its inconvenient timing in mid-holiday, an extra degree of commitment, Westminster performed competently, mainly in foil, the third and fourth rounds being reached on occasion.

In more routine matters Fencing, supposedly unaffected by weather (despite storm leaks in the gym roof, and the perennial hazard of dehydration in summer), continues to suffer from problems of illness among team members, and more obviously from overcrowding in the limited space of the gym. While St Andrew's Boys Club remains an alternative venue, it, too, suffers

from the time needed to set up electric equipment, and the problem of an exceptionally hard and unyielding floor. However, now that shortages of personal and judging equipment have been made good, the continued training of replacements as fencers leave Westminster provides a guaranteed future for both team and station.

James de Waal

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James de Waal has provided a full and interesting report of this season's fencing but there are some things to add. James has, perhaps, been too modest about his own achievements as Captain in succession to Tony Tomazos. He has combined firm leadership with great skill on the piste. The result has been a successful and enjoyable season against some very good school and university sides.

Other fencers who have also shown promise include A. Macfarlane, J. Berke, P. Bekhor, D. Izbicki, A. H. Shulman and J. Saunders. Amongst the younger fencers A. Trowbridge performed well in the Public Schools competition in April while N. Voak, A. Tomazos, S. Howard-Spink, G. Himsworth and L. W. T. Mugliston have all improved their fencing skills.

There are several fencers leaving this term who will be greatly missed. H. Cameron, R. Bhagrath and W. Albery have all contributed to the club's performance with energy and experience.

Sadly, this year is the last that Professor Bela Imregi will spend here at Westminster. After thirty years service he is to retire at the end of the term. He has provided a very high standard of coaching to many generations of boys and girls. For this we owe him considerable thanks and we, as a club, wish him well for the future.

Julian Thould



S. Bilgrami

Basketball

Basketball at Westminster has grown from a purely 'leisure' station to a competitive team sport in the space of three months. The impetus behind the formation of the team came initially from Patrick Massey, Jason Rucker and Kevin Dowd, who enlisted the support of John Colenutt. After the issue of team vests and the arrangement of fixtures with various London sides, our team was established.

Despite our lack of training, our first match against Bancroft's School proved successful, although they had access to commendable facilities and an experienced coach. Unfortunately, in the next games against Highgate and Mill Hill, we were unsuccessful. The lack of training, despite hard effort from John Colenutt and Julia Horan, and the Footballers' all too frequent use of the gym, drastically hindered our path to success.

We soon realised that the individual skills of our players overcame our lack of sufficient organisation on court. In defence, Patrick Massey, Jamie Catto, Sam Thompson and Mortimer Menzel proved invaluable, as well as their strong support in offence. Our spearhead in attack came from Andy Spicer in collaboration with the scoring talents of Kevin Dowd, backed up by Jason Rucker, our 'fast breakers'. Our player/assistant coach, Julia Horan, did her utmost on and off the court, in the organisation of the team.

To conclude, despite our original setbacks, the whole project has proved a valuable contribution to Westminster sport and a very enjoyable project for all concerned. Very special thanks, on behalf of the whole team, to John Colenutt, whose untiring pursuit of fixtures and organisation of training made Basketball at Westminster a profitable experience for all concerned.

Patrick Massey

Results

Vs Bancroft's	Won	29-14
Highgate	Lost	104-56
Mill Hill	Lost	35-49
Haberdashers	Lost	33-27
Mill Hill	Lost	63-46
City of London	Won	22-16

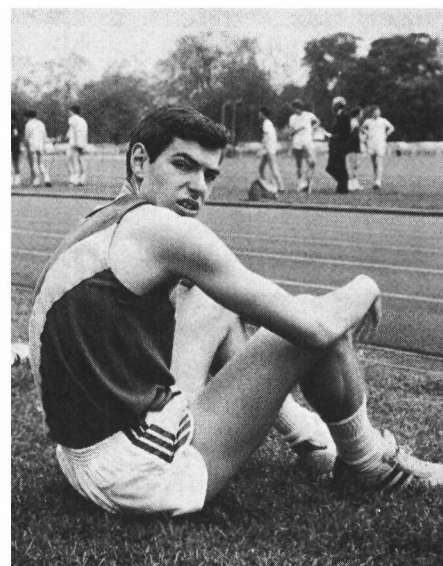
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The School 'Inter-House' Athletics

This year the 'inter-house' athletics were held in Battersea Park Stadium. The 'all-weather' track enabled us to run the meeting to completion, despite the adverse weather conditions. But the combination of having to run heats, owing to the track having only six lanes, and an overly-officious starter, delays occurred throughout the programme.

The junior sprints were dominated by Rigauds, in the person of Gideon Spaurier, who anchored his team to victory in both relays, whilst also winning the long jump. Crimmings won the 800 metres and surpassed this, by putting a record breaking shot of 10.47 metres. Chris Jeffrey confirmed his supremacy at middle distances by winning the 1500 metres comfortably, with a time of 5m 12.66.

Ashburnham almost cleared the board in the intermediate class by taking seven out of the ten events. Ali Jaque set a new long jump record of 5.7 metres; and supported by a traditionally strong Ashburnham team of Francini, Payne and Kliova, took the relays with comparative ease. In the 100 metres, Manderson took us all by surprise to take first position in 12.86 seconds. Oliver Woolley also ran well to win the intermediate 1500 metres.



Mark Chapman by Guy Hills

Mark Chapman, head of school athletics, stamped his authority on the day's events by winning a dramatic final of the 800 metres to set a new school record of 2:05:04. It was the best race of the day with Mark just beating David McKee by two tenths of a second. Marsh also ran convincingly in the 400 metres narrowly missing a second record. Later in the day, an astonished Danny Cogan achieved a school record in the senior shot. Alan Cooper, Stewart Pelcher and David McKee also performed well, winning most of their events, comfortably. The girls' 100 metres was closely contested by Lynda Stuart and Lara Shapiro; with Lara nearly pulling it off.

Overall, the standard proved to be somewhat higher than usual and many of these results display great promise for a future athletics team of a high standard.

At the end of the day, Liddell's had a convincing win with Rigaud's in second place.

David McKee and Oliver Woolley



Guy Gadney

The Elizabethan Club

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

Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of The Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London SW1 on Wednesday, October 8th 1986, at 7.00 p.m.

The Annual Dinner will follow.

Miss A. J. B. Gould
Hon. Secretary

AGENDA

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday, October 9th 1985.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited Accounts for the year ended December 31st 1985.
4. Election of Officers.
5. Election of General Committee.
6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.
7. Any Other Business.

The names of candidates for any of the Club officers or for the General Committee must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London SW1, so as to reach her no later than September 28th 1986.

Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting the One Hundred and Twenty-Second Annual Report, covering the year to December 31st 1985.

1985 was an exciting year for the Club and one in which considerable progress was made towards streamlining its administration and organisation. Much work has been done to update and computerise the OWW records. Special thanks are owed to Celia Scott, Francis Pagan and Ronald Duncan, whose painstaking efforts have made this possible. The task is not complete as the process of checking and correcting each address continues. However, it is hoped that we shall be able to produce a full Member's List for circulation in the near future.

The list has two major impacts on the Club. Firstly, many of you will be receiving *The Elizabethan* for the first time as the list has enabled us to identify all those who for some reason slipped through the net in the past and were never elected to the Club. Secondly, it will allow us to go forward by speeding up communication between OWW groups; for instance in 1986 the

Fives Section is planning an Eton Fives Day and has used the list to contact all those interested in the sport. We hope others will now be prompted to use this source of information to further activities, both social and sporting, between OWW.

Our review of the Club's structure and aims mentioned in the last Report has now been completed and an Executive Committee formed. We believe this smaller, working group will prove more responsive to the changing needs of the Club. As always the Club is extremely willing to promote new ideas for either social or sporting events and these should be communicated in writing to the Hon. Secretary c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London SW1. In 1985 the Elizabethan Boat Club was resurrected and an Eight will be rowing at Henley.

The Annual General Meeting was held on October 9th 1985; the Minutes of the meeting were included in the February 1986 edition of *The Elizabethan*. The Club's Annual Dinner was held in College Hall and the toast of 'Floreat' was proposed by Father Peter Knott, S.J. Our thanks to Michael Tenison for all his hard work in arranging the Dinner.

Looking forward into 1986, the Club is keen to promote closer ties with all OWW and would particularly like to encourage new members to attend the 1986 Annual Dinner.

On behalf of the Committee.

Miss Amanda J. B. Gould
Hon. Secretary

A Brief Note from the Headmaster

My first contact with the School has been both breathless and invigorating. Under the surface, all schools have certain reassuring similarities; but Westminster can surely claim to be unique in style, setting, atmosphere and—I hope—talent. It is too early to do more than observe and note, and I suspect that anyone who enters Westminster with preconceived crusades is doomed to disillusionment. Already there has been much to appreciate and enjoy in School and Abbey, and as we now face the rigours of the summer's examinations we shall be looking for results which will bring satisfaction and fulfilment to each individual as well as maintain the School's recent remarkable record. And there is much else to continue to seek to develop: music, drama, games, other leisure activities, further ways and means of exploiting both boarding and day life in the heart of Lon-

don creatively.

This is a mere preliminary sketch, pencilled in on the eve of an Exeat that has arrived just in time; soon, the picture will stand out more clearly on the canvas.

D.M.S.

The Old Westminsters' Lodge No 2233

There was a notably large attendance, both of members and of distinguished guests, at the Installation Meeting of the Lodge held on April 17 last. Philip Hackforth, D.S.O. (Homeboarders 1928/33) was installed as Worshipful Master, in succession to Philip Duncan (Wren's 1963/68) who had a very successful year of office, and Howard Taylor (Ashburnham 1963/68) and Nicholas Dawson (Wren's 1964/68) were appointed as Senior and Junior Wardens respectively.

Michael Tenison (Grants) was re-elected Treasurer and Peter Whipp (Ashburnham) was re-appointed Secretary.

The Lodge is the senior of the thirty three forming the Public Schools' Lodges Council, and attains its centenary in 1987. Plans are well advanced for the celebration of this notable occasion; in particular the Lodge will be the host to the PSLC Festival in June of that year—an event that has not come to Westminster since its 75th anniversary year of 1962.

It is interesting to note that in the mem-



Julius Duthy



Tom Harding

bership of the Lodge there is a spread of 56 years between the youngest member who left the School in 1978 and the eldest who left in 1922.

The Lodge meets at the School, and dines in College Hall, four times a year, by kind permission of the Head Master and the Governors. Membership is open to all Old Westminsterers and members of the School staff, and enquiries will always be welcome, whether from potential new entrants or joining members from other Lodges. They should be addressed to the Secretary, Peter Whipp, at 85 Gloucester Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey, TW9 3BT.

O. W. Lawyers

The Annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held on 11th February 1985 at the Athenaeum Clube. Mr. R. E. Ball, C.B. was in the Chair and 36 OWW. were present. The Head Master and Judge M. V. Argyle (OW) were the guests and spoke after dinner.

Brock Lecture

The annual Brock Memorial Lecture will take place up School on Wednesday, 19th November 1986. It will be given by Mr. Hamish Brown on the subject of 'walking the Munros'.

Applications for tickets, which will be available towards the middle of Play Term 1986, may be made to Cedric Harben (Rig-auds).

Old Ashburnhamites

The annual Ashburnham Society Dinner will be held on Monday 15th December in College Hall. All Old Ashburnhamites, wives, husbands etc. will be most welcome as usual.

If you are interested in coming, but are not on the Society's mailing list, please

write to the Honorary Secretary: David Sedden Esq.; 77 Lawn Rd, London NW3. (Telephone 01-722-7972)

Old Westminster News

The Hon. Sir John D. Stocker (1932-37, a judge of the High Court, Queen's Bench Division since 1973, has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal.

A. V. B. Farnfield (1951-55, A and B) was made a M.B.E. in the last New Year's Honours List.

E. A. Roberts (1953-58, W) has been elected to the Montagu Burton chair of International Relations at Oxford.

J. M. Whiskard (1937-42, KS) has been appointed a Deputy Chief Honorary Steward of Westminster Abbey.

W. P. Budgett (1934-38, G) has been awarded the Royal National Lifeboat Institutions gold badge for his work with the Salcombe Station Branch.

Piers Vigne (1971-76, A) is working for the U.N. High Commission for refugees at Showak in the eastern Sudan, as an agricultural field officer.

Patrick Bucknell (1946-49, B)'s *Misuse of Drugs*, Volume 2 (with Hamid Ghodse) was published in February by Waterlow.

Justin Brown conducted Leonard Bernstein's *Mass* at the Guildhall School of Music on May 7 at the specific request of the composer.

*

The Maynes at Westminster

When the Very Reverend Michael Otway Mayne is installed in the Abbey this summer as Dean of Westminster, some keen eye may already have noticed a tablet on the wall of the North Cloister in memory of Henry Otway Mayne (born 1819, died at Allahabad on 2 November 1861). He was

admitted to Westminster as a King's Scholar in 1833, but left two years later to join the East India Company's College at Addiscombe, his father having been a Captain in the Company's maritime service. Henry Otway stuck to dry land, and as a Brevet-Major in the service of the Nizam of Hyderabad he raised the Central India Horse, a cavalry regiment which became known as 'Mayne's Horse' and adopted the Mayne family motto of *Fortune Favours the Brave*.

Unknown to many of us (even to the new Dean until very recently) he was one of ten Maynes, all descended from Robert Mayne, Member of Parliament for the borough of St James in Westminster, who were at the school between 1780 and 1830. This Robert Mayne was not at Westminster, but three of his many sons were. William the eldest had a long military career, serving in America, in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. Robert (KS 1792) took to the church and was Rector of Limpsfield between 1806 and his death in 1841. Frederick (born 1779) joined the Navy and was a Midshipman aboard H.M.S. *Firenze* when she captured a French prize. Returning home as part of the prize crew he was tragically lost overboard, aged only 18. Another son was Charles (not an Old Westminster) who took his mother's maiden name of Otway as his second name, and sent two of his sons to Westminster—Henry Otway (of Mayne's Horse) and Frederick Otway (KS 1837) who was Rector of Strood and later of Bearsted in Kent. This was the division usual at the time between Army and Church, the younger son being 'relegated' to the latter calling.

It must be said that Robert the elder (in the days before the Reform Act) had time during his parliamentary career to marry three wives and sire twenty-two children. The Dean quotes a family saying that 'in his house the cradle rocked for fifty years'. His eldest son William also sent two of his sons to Westminster: they were Simon William, another Army man who died a Captain in the 19th Light Dragoons at Brussels in 1843, and John, who retired early from the Army as a Brevet-Major and married three wives.

Robert the Rector of Limpsfield had three sons at Westminster. Robert Frederick (KS 1818) died at school when only 15, but Henry Blair (KS 1827) had a long a varied life. At school he rowed at no. 5 in the first race against Eton in 1829 and stroked the eight in the race of 1831. This did not prevent him from being in the cricket eleven from 1828 to 1830. He was elected to Christ Church in 1831 and called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1845. He held posts in the Clerk's Office at the House of Commons, played cricket for Kent and helped to frame the rules for 'short whist' at the Arlington Club. He died aged 78 in 1892, and must have had fun in his early years, at any rate.

The Rector's second son was another Charles Otway Mayne (KS 1821). Elected to Christ Church in 1825 and ordained priest in 1831, he became Vicar of Mid-somer Norton and Prebendary of Wells Cathedral. He married Emily Smith, daughter

of the Member of Parliament for a Surrey constituency (a Selsdon man, incidentally) and he is the great-grandfather of the new Dean. Later generations deserted Westminster, but last Play term there arrived up Grants the great-great-great-grandson of the same Charles Otway Mayne, descended on his mother's side from a younger son of the Prebendary. Both he and the Dean will have been surprised to find they are cousins.

Two other Maynes appear in the Record of Old Westminsters, though so far their place in the family tree is uncertain. One is **William Cyril Mayne** (QS 1890) who brought the family connection with Westminster into the twentieth century. First Class Honours in Classics at Trinity led to a career as a schoolmaster—assistant master at Eastbourne, Malvern and Rugby, and Principal of Cheshunt College after the first world war. During the war he served as Army Chaplain in Egypt, Gallipoli and France, thus combining the two traditional family callings. He died in 1962 at the age of 85.

An earlier and more colourful character was **Jasper Mayne**, who was at Westminster in the 1620s and achieved further education both at Jesus College, Cambridge, and at Christ Church, where he was a Student from 1627 to 1648. He took a Doctorate of Divinity in 1646 and was known in Oxford as 'a quaint preacher and noted poet'. In 1648 he fell foul of the Parliamentary Visitors and was expelled from his Studentship, but he succeeded (like another well known Vicar) in holding on to the Vicarage of Pyrton in Oxfordshire during the Commonwealth. At the Restoration he was reinstated in his Studentship, appointed Archdeacon of Chichester and Canon of Christ Church, and made a Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles II. Although he was not at school under Busby, one feels that the reputation of Westminster in the seventeenth century may have helped his

later career. This Jasper was almost certainly the grandson of a Jasper Mayne who obtained a grant of lands in Edinburgh from James IV of Scotland in 1512, and is known to be an ancestor of the Dean.

There is one Mayne who comes poignantly to mind at this time, though he was not educated at Westminster. Cuthbert Mayne left his native Barnstaple during the reign of Elizabeth I for St John's College, Oxford, where he experienced conversion to the Roman Church. His education in that faith was continued at Douai, where he was ordained in 1575 and sent back to England on a mission to the Catholic community. At a time when Catholic plots, real or imaginary, were being constantly discovered he was arrested for treason, tried under the Act of Supremacy and convicted. In 1577, when still in his twenties, he was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered according to the barbaric practice of the time—no more barbaric of course than the practices of the Holy Inquisition. His name was not forgotten, and in 1880 he was beatified as a martyr by Papal decree. A further ninety years elapsed before his canonisation in 1970, when as St Cuthbert he took a memorable place in the history of a family which four centuries after his death has given us a new Dean of Westminster.

I am most grateful for information given by the Dean himself, by Mr Rupert Mayne of Aldbourne, Wiltshire, and by Father Francis Edwards, Archivist of the Society of Jesus at Farm Street, W.1.

F. E. P.

* *

Dear Sir,

Katy Bassett's article on the United Front of Progressive Forces (of 1936) was, I thought, extremely perceptive. I would not want to quarrel with a word of it, but may I briefly explain the 'perplexing' silence of the contemporary issues of *The Elizabethan*?



This silence was asked for by the headmaster, when Michael Dean, chairman (and chief animator) of the Uffpuff, sought his recognition of the organisation. This was the only condition that Harold Costley-White imposed. As the editor of *The Elizabethan* was Michael Dean, the bargain could be struck there and then.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Cherniavsky

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Ayshe Court Drive
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Obituaries

- Ashley**—On March 19th, 1986, Francis Edgell (1912-15, H), aged 87.
- Baker**—On April 5th, 1986, Canon George Arden (1924-27, A), aged 75.
- Baker**—On April 29th, 1986, the Rt. Rev. John Gilbert Hindley (1924-29, H), aged 75.
- Baldwin**—On February 2nd, 1986, Lieut. Col. William Langford de Courcy (1912-15, KS), aged 87.
- Bloom**—On April 7th, 1986, Albert Edward (1914-18, A), aged 83.
- Byam Shaw**—On April 29th, 1986, Glencairn Alexander, C.B.E. (1918-23, H), aged 81.
- Clipson**—On December 2nd, 1985, John Barlow (1945-50, H), aged 53.
- Darlington**—On January 31st, 1986, the Rev. John (1912-17, A), aged 86.
- Dunn**—On August 26th, 1985, the Rev. Hubert Woodham (1924-28, H), aged 76.
- Dutton**—On May 16th, 1986, Reginald James, O.B.E. (1918-21, R), aged 83.
- Fleming**—On January 31st, 1986, William Hamilton Dalrymple (1913-20, H/KS), aged 84.
- Hacker**—On March 12th, 1986, Peter (1926-31, H/KS), aged 72.
- Haworth-Booth**—On May 19th, 1986, Michael (1908-13, H), aged 89.



Tom Harding

Hobday—On March 14th, 1986, Dr. Frederick Thomas John (1916-20, H), aged 84.

Lace—On January 27th, 1986, George Oswald (1923-28, KS), aged 76.

Lewis—On December 7th, 1985, Herbert Mostyn (1914-16, A), aged 84.

Lush—On March 4th, 1986, Montague Arthur (1912-16, A), aged 88.

Murray—On June 4th, 1984, Thomas Aird Barnby (1926-29, B), aged 72.

Raikes—On April 18th, 1986, Sir Henry Victor Alpin Mackinnon, K.B.E. (1914-19, R), aged 85.

Richmond—On May 15th, 1986, Vice-Admiral Sir Maxwell, K.B.E., C.B. (1916-18, H), aged 85.

Roberts—On January 22nd, 1986, Captain Gilbert Howland, RN, C.B.E. (1912-13, G), aged 85.

Samuel—On January 22nd, 1986, Donald Edwin Lewis (1916-20, G), aged 82.

Sutherland—On May 14th, 1985, Dr. Carol Humphrey Vivian, C.B.E. (1921-26, A/KS), aged 78.

Sykes—On March 1st, 1986, William Joseph Arnold, O.B.E. (1921-24, A), aged 78.

Winckworth—On April 28th, 1986, John Peter (1922-27, G), aged 77.

Former Master

Sims Williams—On May 18th, 1986, the Rev. Leofric Temple Sims (Chaplain 1946-49), aged 85.

H. J. Salwey

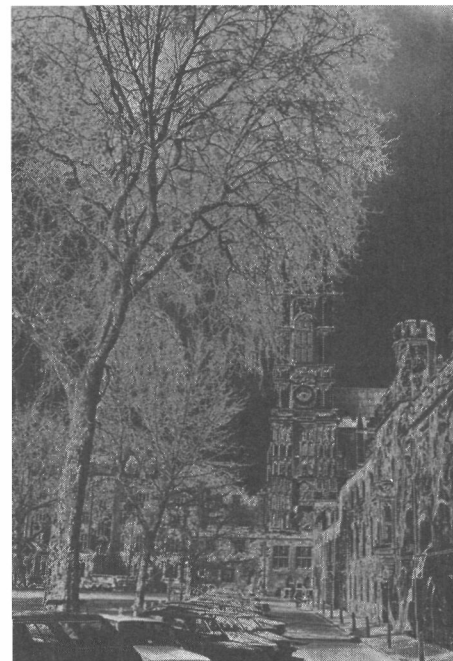
Humphrey John Salwey, Founder-Headmaster of The Pilgrims' School, Winchester for 32 years, died suddenly at home on 6th June aged 85. He leaves a widow and three sons.

Born in 1900, his early life was that of a clergyman's son who 'did well at school' both in class and at games. Hill Brow, Eastbourne, was his prep school; at Westminster, 1913-1918 he was up Grants and distinguished himself by becoming the school's Victor Ludorum. Then came a spell as an Officer in the Grenadier Guards, during which time one of his duties was to man a signal box. However, this gave nurture to his long-standing devotion to trains of all sorts—not a bad thing for a future prep school headmaster! After this came Christchurch, Oxford and a B.A. and, later, M.A. followed by the start of his life's work, teaching. He was a remarkable headmaster; never ponderous yet never hurried, strict yet with a near-the-surface sense of humour, he set a standard of life and behaviour simply by example and by sympathetic 'prodding'. His ideals, if not easily attainable, were clearly not out of reach; hence the effect was long-lasting and it is clear from letters to his widow, which were in profusion, that many of his pupils frequently evaluated their own later-in-life behaviour with himself in mind.

By a decree of fate Humphrey was of the right age and within reach to take over when disaster befell the Cathedral School in 1931. Consisting of up to 30 boys only,

most of them cathedral choristers, this institution had only moved into the Close in 1925, but it had become a disappointment and soon after his arrival Dean Gordon Selwyn had it summarily closed. The fact that the ensuing crisis was so rapidly resolved is not only a tribute to the Dean but also to the remarkable vigour of the newly-appointed Humphrey and his wife Lorna. The new school, even though it was to be cathedral-linked and under the Dean and Chapter, was not envisaged as just a choir school but was to present the features of an ordinary prep school, thus widening its appeal and allowing for a higher academic standard. The cathedral choristers were of course to be retained and were given scholarships of up to two-thirds of the boarding fees. The name was to be The Pilgrims' School as the newly-selected building in The Close was a 17th century dwelling-house converted from two-thirds of the medieval Pilgrims' Hall, a third of which was still in its original state. In this magnificent setting, under the shadow of the Cathedral and with Winchester College 'across the road', and with the large playing fields within the walls of Wolvesey Castle, the Salweys set to work and the world knows of their success over the next 32 years. There was no rapid expansion—any increase in intake was preceded by an increase in facilities, e.g., the addition of another wing, or conversion of an out-building and so on, but eventually the school could absorb the College choristers (Quiristers) who till then had had their own separate school and who were now given scholarships equivalent to the cathedral choristers. The numbers are now (1985) in the 180s—no girls. Though cementing the link with the cathedral, Humphrey managed to let the school develop its own identity. Chorister and commoner were treated alike and although the large number of scholarships were obtained overall, to use the headmaster's own words 'it was still greater a pleasure to see boys who were less gifted academically passing happily into their next schools and later prospering greatly'. Humphrey was always clear as to what he considered to be right and wrong and seemed to know the 'right thing' to do in any circumstance. He was prodigiously fair and of course no boy was spoilt, neither did any fail to receive attention or help from himself or Lorna when needed; none were harassed or cold-shouldered.

Although the school was of first priority, after his retirement a lot of time was given to the Cathedral and Humphrey became the High Steward, a post that was created for him and which he carried out with love and dignity. He also undertook years of counting collecting box and offertory donations, this involving many hours a week. On the day of his death he had been doing his usual stint counting money in the Chapter Room; the methods he contrived, priving satisfactory, are now being carried on by others. In the earlier part of his life he was a climber and mountaineer, but though he rarely spoke of this hobby, it appears that he had climbed many of the highest peaks in the Swiss Alps. He was certainly a man of many deeds, for from 1942 until 1984 he



Michael Williams

was Chairman of the Humphrey Salwey Benefaction, a family trust providing financial help to the elderly and sick. He always felt great affection for Westminster and even in his latter years was a regular attender of the Old Westminsters' Lodge into which he had been initiated in 1946, becoming Worshipful Master in 1953. He also spend 20 years as Chairman of the Winchester City Juvenile Court, as well as Chairman of the City Bench and in 1974 he was given the O.B.E. for his work as a J.P.

In conclusion the writer, who was at both the Cathedral School and Pilgrims, may perhaps be permitted to end this tribute with a quotation from the sermon given at the funeral service by the present Dean of Winchester, the Very Reverend Michael Stancliffe, past Canon of Westminster and Governor of Westminster School, '... And then our praises—praises to God for all He has given through Humphrey to so many for 85 years;... who as schoolmaster, as citizen and as a churchman has consistently given a shining example of qualities that are very precious today—humility, self-discipline, loyalty, truthfulness, straightness and sheer integrity—all of which made him of so great worth that he has been a trusted, respected and greatly beloved father to so very many whom he included in his family'.

D.F.

Glen Byam Shaw

Mr Glen Byam Shaw, CBE, the director and former actor, who died on April 29, aged 81, was a main figure in the renewal of what became the Royal Shakespeare Company; during four seasons from 1952, he directed the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon with Anthony Quayle, and between 1956 and 1959 he was the sole director, a period immediately preceding the RSC efflorescence in London.

Late in his career he concentrated more and more upon opera at Sadler's Wells and the Coliseum.

Originally, he had been a successful actor and teacher. Tall, gentle, and graceful in movement, he was valuable in any cast, particularly in classics and in the Russian plays. He was familiar in several of Gielgud's productions during the 1930s, and his chief, when on holiday, could have no better substitute than Shaw in *Richard of Bordeaux*.

The war was something of a watershed in his theatrical life. After five years' service he did not act again; soon he became known as a Shakespearean director of scholarship and integrity. Indeed, he brought to Stratford during the 1950s much of the method of Bridges-Adams, a lucid imaginative statement that never misrepresented the author.

His actors held him in affectionate respect, and he was later to have the same quietly effective relationship with his opera companies.

Born in London on 13 December 1904, a son of the artist J. Byam Shaw, Glencairn Alexander Byam Shaw was educated at Westminster. It was clear that he would enter the theatre.

After making a London debut at Nigel Playfair's Lyric, Hammersmith, as the manservant, Yasha, in the famous 1925 production of *The Cherry Orchard*, he had repertory seasons at J. B. Fagan's Oxford Playhouse and in 1929 he was noticed for the sensitivity of his Konstantin and Tusenbach in Chekhov revivals at the Fortune.

During 1930 he played Armand to Talulah Bankhead's Marguerite in *The Lady of the Camellias* at the Garrick, and Leonidas in *Marriage à la Mode* at Hammersmith with his wife, the actress Angela Baddeley, whom he had married in 1929. James Agate observed his 'remarkable quality' as the King's Son which he doubled with the Cripple in the Lyceum production of *The Miracle* (1932).

Throughout the 1930s he gave his uncommon grace—the inevitable word with Byam Shaw—to role upon role, notably the Earl of Southampton in the transient *This Side Idolatry*; Darnley in *Queen of Scots*; Laertes in the Gielgud *Hamlet* (1934); Benvolio (with Gielgud and Olivier) in *Romeo and Juliet*; Norfolk and Scroop (*Richard II*); Backbite (*The School for Scandal*), Solyony (*The Three Sisters*); and Gratiano (*The Merchant of Venice*, which he co-directed), all in Gielgud's Queen's Theatre season, 1937-8.

He was a moving Horatio, also with Gielgud, in the *Hamlet* with which the life of the Lyceum as a theatre ended in 1939, and he repeated this at Elsinore.

Before 1939 he had begun to direct, once or twice on his own (*The Island, Rhondda Roundabout*), otherwise with Gielgud or with Dodie Smith, the dramatist, when Gielgud was acting (1938) in her *Dear Octopus*: he brought, she said, 'a gift for handling the cast which derived from a particularly sympathetic nature.'

Between 1940 and 1945 he served with the Royal Scots. While in Burma he drafted a production of *Anthony and Cleopatra*

which came to the stage of the Piccadilly (1946), with Godfrey Tearle and Edith Evans.

Thenceforward he turned to production (Rattigan's *The Winslow Boy*, Emyln Williams's *Accolade*) and to teaching: he was head of the Old Vic School, but after the complicated debates about planning and policy which bedevilled Old Vic activities at that time he kept solely to direction; his *Henry V* (1951) at the restored theatre, staged against wide skies and unfurling silken banners, was generally applauded.

By now the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, thoroughly unfashionable until after the war, had again attracted the critics; Shaw, who made two productions there in 1952, was appointed co-director with Anthony Quayle, and later directed a dozen times (solely in charge of the Memorial from 1956).

His work included the Redgrave-Ashcroft *Anthony and Cleopatra* (1953) in a full text; Ivor Brown praised his beautifully-proportioned *Macbeth* (1955), with Laurence Olivier; and he went on to a *Julius Caesar* (1957) in which Caesar's 'northern star' looked down on Philippi; Michael Redgrave's *Hamlet* (1958), and Charles Laughton's *Lear* in 1959.

Typically, then, he resolved to leave Stratford in favour of a younger man, Peter Hall. His production scripts, which ranked with those of Bridges-Adams, might have been bound together as a theatrical edition of the full texts, unweighted by cumbering theories, its printing civilised, its decoration fastidious but never obtrusive.

Away from Stratford he returned to the West End round with a variety of plays, some secondary but never directed below his standards of sense and sensibility. Most important were Rattigan's *Ross* (1980). *The Lady from the Sea* (1961), *You Never Can Tell* (1965)—one of three plays with Ralph Richardson at the Haymarket—*The Dance of Death* (for Olivier at the National, 1967), and *The Wild Duck* (1970).

He had veered towards opera, and after his appointment to Sadler's Wells (1962) put on eight or nine productions there with the style and honesty that marked his Shakespeare. There were others at the Coliseum where he became director of the English Opera in 1968.

Created CBE in 1954, he also received the Hon DLitt of the University of Birmingham in 1959. The death of his wife in 1976 was a harsh blow and one that effectively ended his work in the theatre.

(From *The Times*)

Robin Mowat Bannerman

Dr Bannerman became a considerable authority on haem and porphyrin metabolism and also an impressive ambassador in the United States for British medicine. He died on March 8, aged 57.

After various family vicissitudes in his early years, including the bombing of homes in London and Scotland, he attended Westminster School. In 1946 he went up to Christ Church, Oxford, as a West-



Michael Williams

minster scholar, at a time of austerity, rationing, and confusion. He was tutored by Alec Russell and Trevor Heaton. In 1949 he moved to St Thomas's Hospital, London, for clinical training. He joined the house staff there in 1953 and in that year he married Franca Angela Eleonora Vescia.

While at St Thomas's he developed an interest in haematology, through the influence of John Pinniger, Gordon Wetherley-Mein, John Harman, and John Richardson. In 1957 he was awarded a Radcliffe travelling fellowship and worked with Carl V. Moore in St Louis. There he carried out some of the earliest biochemical studies of thalassaemia, in collaboration with Moore and Moises Grinstein. He showed that there was a defect in haem synthesis in thalassaemic red cells. In 1958 he moved to the Johns Hopkins Hospital, where began a lifelong friendship with Victor McKusick.

Returning to Britain in 1959, he spent a short time at St Thomas's before moving to Oxford as lecturer in the Nuffield Department of Medicine, which at the time (1960-63) was under the direction of Prof L. J. Witts. He shared clinical responsibilities with Sir John Badenoch, Sheila Callender, and Sidney Truelove. At Oxford he carried out pioneering work on iron deficiency, intestinal iron absorption, and the effects of desferrioxamine in iron overload. He much enjoyed living in a delightful but impractical cottage at Elsfield, east of Oxford, with his wife and three young daughters, despite the family's uncertain and penurious circumstances.

In 1962 he was encouraged by Moore and McKusick to return to the United States. He visited Buffalo, St Louis, and Minneapolis in late 1962 and came under the spell of Evan Calkins, who was then rapidly building an impressive department of medicine at the University of Buffalo. He decided to cast in his lot with Calkins' young department and he moved to Buffalo in 1963. He established a medical genetics unit at Buffalo General Hospital and eventually took over direction of the joint divisions of medical genetics (department of medicine) and human genetics (department of pediatrics) in 1975. During his time in Buffalo, he constructed a first-rate clinical genetics service and a medical genetics teaching programme for medical students and fellows of the State University of New

York at Buffalo. He also took a keen interest in inherited hypochromic anaemias in mice and rats, which led to close links with the Jackson Laboratory, Bar Harbor, Main, and with Elizabeth Russell. He recruited a succession of fellows from Britain, including Peter Pinkerton, John Edwards, and Philip Kingston. Work that he did with them, Elizabeth Russell, and others led to significant contributions to the understanding of iron and globin metabolism. His interest in haem and porphyrin metabolism, first stimulated by Moore and Grinstein, continued in Buffalo in collaboration with Martha Kreimer Birnbaum and led to new insights into pyrrole metabolism in thalassaemia and the haemoglobinopathies.

Robin Bannerman was a man of varied interests both in and outside medicine. He had the capacity for deductive reasoning and precision of expression. He worked tirelessly to establish medical genetics as a major discipline in the Western New York area. He was a gentleman and a scholar in the best tradition. His friends will remember him with admiration and love.

J. A. E.
(From *The Lancet*)

Peter Hacker

Peter Hacker was possessed of one of the most brilliant minds at Westminster in his time. He went up to Oxford (Westminster Scholar at the House) in 1931. He took a Second in Mods, at a time when he was suffering from ill health, but followed this up two years later with a first in Greats. Born and partly brought up in Paris he was bilingual in French and English, except that he always pronounced the letter 'R' in the French way, for which he was duly teased. He went to Cuddesdon and was ordained in 1937. He served for seventeen years as Assistant Missioner and then Missioner in the Corpus Mission in the Old Kent Road area. We talk now about our inner cities but I can remember him saying to me that in his parish any family that became, not Christian, but reasonably civilised promptly left the district for a better one. To add to his trials when the Blitz began, the Nazis paid great attention to his part of the world. It was in fact straddled by a most important railway but the enemy planes also had a direct hit on his church and on one occasion blew him bodily into an air raid shelter when he was out in his capacity as an Air Raid War 1. Nobody could fail to admire the devotion that he gave to his thankless task for so many years. At last he sought a more peaceful field. He had for a long time been interested in the Roman Catholic Church. His background in France led him in this direction. He owned a small property in the Normandy Peninsula to which he went every Summer (Comme les hirondelles, as the villagers used to say). Although in the path of the Invasions his house miraculously survived intact. He was received into the Roman Catholic Church and worked as a layman, first as a Classics master at Stonehurst—'I have dug out Smedley's old Fair Copies' he

wrote to me, and then in the same capacity at Ratcliffe College. He never married. About the time of his retirement he suffered a slight stroke but recovered and lived a quiet life until his death this year on March 12. His last homes were at Dartmouth and at Romsey.

Ethel Terry

Ethel Terry ('Cookie' to all who knew her at Westminster) has recently died at the age of 81. She came as cook to Grant's in 1936 and gave unbroken service throughout the evacuation period until 1948, when she left to join the Kent school meals service. Though essentially a member of the Grant's staff, she typifies those who bore the awesome responsibility for cooking for the boys during this period of ever-worsening ration restrictions—worsening even back at Westminster when the war was over. Cookie, accordingly, had to adapt herself, often at little or no notice, to kitchens at Westminster and Lancing, then in Herefordshire, first at Fernie and then at Buckenhill, and finally back to a very different Westminster. In the autumn of 1940 she also cooked at the Dorset cottage

where some 15 boys escaped the start of the 'blitz' until the school resumed at Bromyard and Whitbourne. At all these places the actual cooking stoves used different fuels from paraffin upwards! At Buckenhill she had to cook for three houses—Busby's and 'Homeburnham' as well as Grant's.

To her the boys always came first, and she made the fullest use of materials, locally produced or 'on ration', to serve them with cooked meals that were the envy of their parents. She loved the school, was utterly loyal to it, and was extremely proud of her connection with it. Up to the end she kept in touch and was always eager to hear any news of it. It was a blessing for her that she left before the introduction of central feeding!

T.M.M.-R.

Racquets

A review of Minor Sports in *The Elizabethan* in 1950 (p.42) stated that 'Westminster Rackets was played for many decades against the wall of College projecting into Yard. The presence of the door into Wren's and the popularity of tennis make it extremely unlikely to be played there again. It was of two kinds, Wooden



Zac Sandler

Rackets and Wire Rackets, which was banned as too dangerous. The irregular paving of Yard made it a difficult game'. A somewhat more detailed account is given in *The Elizabethan* of April 1875, but it is still hard to determine what was being played. They tell us that there were two main competitions: the Silver Challenge Wire, 'instituted by general subscription' in 1850, and 'the Challenge Cup for the Wooden', presented in 1856. In their 'slight account of the history' of Racquets at Westminster they state that 'the Wooden racquet is... peculiar to Westminster and is... the most popular'. Unfortunately no more is said about what features distinguish this form of the game. Brief reference is made to ties being played in 'the little court' but evidently Racquets in Yard was of the 'open court' form. These games presumably resembled Racquets in the form we recognise it now—and in the form that must have been played between 1903 and 1928. Quoting again from 1950: 'In 1903, when the Science Block was built in Great College Street, a Rackets Court was provided at the back, and in 1928 this was converted for Fives, which had previously been played in Yard.' This was a splendid full size racquets court. Yet Racquets gave way to Fives. These two sports were all that were available on the School premises (when Green was unusable). Racquets was usually played by only two at a time, and it was expensive: there would be a few broken rackets and many balls *each game*. Four Fives Courts from one Racquets Court proved too much for Racquets: I believe it has not been played since.

100 Years of Fives

The first Fives Courts at the School were opened on Tuesday July 5th 1886. They were paid for by Sir Walter Phillimore. In 1891 13 pairs contested the 'Open Fives Ties' and 10 pairs the under sixteen's. But only 5 years later an *Elizabethan* editorial complained that use of the Fives Courts was 'almost entirely confined to Home Boarders and Masters'. However by 1909 we are told (*Elizabethan* Vol. XII No. 28) that 'more than half the members of the School are players'. But only one of the courts was of proper size and both were 'so slow that if any members of the School play on another court they are completely baffled'.

Around the time of the First World War or soon after there were three courts in Yard: the two just inside Yard on the right in front of Home Boarders (now Liddell's) and a further court at the foot of College up against the stairs to School where the Carleton Memorial is now sited. These courts were all open to the weather (unroofed and unlit) and suffered badly.

In 1928 the Racquets court by the science block in great College Street was converted into 4 excellent and unusual Fives Courts. It is recorded that the work was 'capitally executed by Messrs. Bickley' and that 'For the cost... we are indebted to the generosity of the Governing Body, the Elizabethan Club, and three individual Old

Westminsters—Mr. R. A. Bosanquet, Mr. Oswald Lewis, and the Right Hon. J. C. C. Davidson, M.P.'.

These courts were enclosed; they had black walls and red floors. The surface was smooth, almost shiny; they were well lit. They played true and fast—the fastest courts in England (and the World). There was a wall at the back, only three or four feet from the limit of the courts. Crafty Westminsters regularly sneaked shots 'up' off this wall against unsuspecting opponents.

In the next year, 1929, a splendid full page (*Elizabethan* p.149) shows the results of the School Fives Ties with 53 pairs entered. Cooper and Lonsdale won in the Final against Philby and Wyllie (Kim Philby?).

The court between College and School was lost in 1936 with the building of the earlier memorial—to George V. The two courts in Yard were, we believe, lost in the War.

In 1939/40 Fives continued after the School moved to Lancing. But later in 1940 the School went to Herefordshire. There were no courts and so no Fives. The School returned to Westminster in 1945. Play restarted at once with much energy only to be interrupted by the lighting breaking down and 'the danger of falling glass'. These could not be remedied until the latter part of 1947.

In 1958 the building of the 'new' Science Block meant that the Fives Courts were pulled down. Courts at Highgate School were used, but only a few boys continued to play regularly. The present courts were not completed until March 1961. They are on the site formerly occupied by the Carpenter's Shop—in Ashburnham Garden.

The game built up steadily under the enthusiastic supervision of Mr. John Wilson—former housemaster of Grant's. It

has continued to thrive under Mr. Rory Stuart, Master-in-Charge since the mid 1970's. He has just left. Mr. Tristram Jones-Parry will take over for the coming season: 1986/87.

Fives is full as a Station and there are regular 'informal' games—with the addition of girl pairs and mixed games in the last few years. The OLD BOYS Eton Fives Club has a membership which includes one or two players who left the School from most years between 1970 and 1982, plus a few others. The Old Boys and the School have good Fixture Lists. But both are under-represented in the main Competitions i.e. the Kinnaird Cup and the Schools Eton Fives Championship. Our standard of play is at best 'quite good'; such competition would help us aim higher.

The present strength of both School and Old Boys after 100 YEARS OF FIVES was celebrated on Saturday May 10th. There was an Old Boys Tournament won by Philip Wilson (L 69-73) and Martin Samuel (B 60-65) with Peter Bottomley (G 57-62) the most senior player. Lunch in College Hall allowed us to honour Frank Hooper (H 26-31; ex-president of the Eton Fives Association) and John Wilson. In the afternoon the School was represented by the current first pair of Tim Pinto and Giles Coren. An Exhibition Match was held including two former winners of the Kinnaird Cup (not Old Westminsters). Extracts from *The Elizabethan* covering the last 100 years were on display in Ashburnham House along with some early photographs. Tea and sunshine rounded off a splendid day. Our thanks go to the previous and the present Headmasters for permission for the event to take place, to the Catering Staff in College Hall, and to Mr. John Field, the only member of the Common Room to give practical and personal support to the day.



Zac Sandler

Election of Members

The following have been elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(b):

ASHBURNHAM

Aitchinson, Lucy
Baraitser, Paula
Brook, Clare
Caron-Delion, J. P.
Chorley, C. R. H.
Christou, A.
Clyde, Joanna
Coleman, C. L.
Conte, F. B. M.
Croft, Catherine
Dalby, T. B.
Darlow, J.
David, Nicolette
Drawbell, S. M. W.
Ellis, Jacqueline
Gant, Rachel
Garfunkel, A. M.
Gavin, Saskis
Ghaffar, A.
Goodwin, Daisy
Grant, Charlotte
Green, J. M.
Grenier, Paola
Hamilton, T. L.
Hauger, M. E. H.
Hearn, J. C. L.
Hiam, Julie
Jayaratnam, E. W.
Laing, G. G. D.
Lloyd, Isabel
Martin, Sophie
May, O. J.
McDougall, J. M.
Metcalf, F. E. B.
Newman, Nili
Owen, Andrea
Pace, V.
Parkin-Moore, D. A.
Pickering, J. M.
Pretor-Pinney, G. E.
Rennie, A. J. O.
Roberts, T. H. R.
Slater, Judith
Stagg, T. V.
Tahta, Natasha
Timosci, V. C.

*

BUSBY'S

Bailey, J.
Beattie, J. R.
Butler, A. C. B.
Collins, S. C.
Dean, R. S. A.
Durrance, C. P. M.
Edwards, P. E. M.
Ellwood, G. J.

Fenwick, Edwina
Gandon, A. J.
Gundry, Rachel
Hitchcock, Patricia
Hodgkinson, T.
Hollis, J. W.
Horan, T.
Hovell, S. A.
Inglis, R. O.
Katz, R. S.
Khakhira, Preety
King, Tanya
Lacy, A. J.
Levitt, Nicole
Longin, J. I.
Lyttleton, F. S. J.
Mendoza, D. W.
Mendoza, J. M.
Nicholson, Natasha
Olsberg, S. M.
Palfy, A. M. F. L.
Regan, A. N.
Rezajooi, K.
Rubens, M. A.
Sanai, B. D.
Scott, S.
Sidley, Antonia
Smith, Emma
Stirling, R. B.
Theroux, M. R.
Thurlow, Susan
Tyszczuk, Renata
van Langen, Paula
von Gavel, F. F. G.

*

COLLEGE

Bindman, Catherine
Brown, J. M.
Burke, Janine
Charles, A. R. W.
Clegg, Tamsin
Cope, D. D.
Cornish, F. D. T.
Coulson, Amanda
Cousins, Fiona
Croft, Caroline
Dale, A. J.
Davies, Penelope
Day, Rebecca
Dow, Rachel
Glynn, Marianne
Gray, J. C. M.
Griffiths, Ursula
Hamilton, B. P.

Hanscomb, G. W. A.
Harrison, Frances
Hertz, Noreena
Hodkinson, Ruth
Kellie-Smith, O. W.
Kiel, J. E.
Levy, R. J.
Moar, Natasha
Pickering, Rachel
Powell, G. F.
Rood, W. V.
Saer, A. A.
Sainty, C. J.
Stevens, T. J.
Walker, Nicola
Williams, A. S.
Woolley, C. J. T.
Wort, Caroline

*

DRYDEN'S

Alergant, Charlotte
Bassett, Katherine
Bogard, Charlotte
Bolton, Kate
Chalk, Sophie
Crammer, Julia
De Courcy-Ireland, Gail
De Waal, E. C.
Deighton, Natasha
Draper, Alexandra
Dux, F. J.
Goldman, A. C.
Goldring, A. S.
Goodgame, J. D.
Harris, R. F. K.
Hayes, Emily
Hayes, Jane
Jacobs, J. M.
Jayaratnam, R. A.
Jiggins, J. P.
Kooros, A. H.
Kooros, Mithra
Kouchak, J. A.
Lemos, G. J.
Lomnitz, D. H.
Lyll, J. C.
Noble, Penelope
Norris, Sarah
Olivier, Isis
Palmer, Helen
Seligmann, M. S.
Stuart, Elizabeth
Tu, Lan
Ustianowski, A. P.
Ustianowski, N. A. G.
Vogelius, F. R.
Vogt, Claire
Wallis, Sarah
Wicks, Sarah
Williams, Anne
Wilson, P. S.

GRANT'S

Ash, Jennifer
Cotter-Howells, Janet
Edwards, H. B.
Flood-Page, P. T.
Goldring, Alexandra
Gupta, Minakshi
Harrison, J. P. H.
Horne, J. P. G.
Kendall, A. P.
King, A. C.
Lawson, Emily
Pennington, M. D. F.
Price, C. H.
Raynes, J. C.
Robinson, D. G.
Rubens, J. B.
Satchu, J. M.
Scott-McCarthy, Justine
Sullivan, B. R. J.
Torchia, C. C.
Umut, Esra
Wenham, Kate
Whittam-Smith, M.

*

LIDDELL'S

Albert, Corisande
Baker, Amy
Banks, J. C.
Baxter, J. M.
Bonham-Carter, Helena
Buhler, T. E.
Clegg, N. W. P.
Elliott, J. N.
Fischarund, Janet
Gibbons, P. S.
Gumpel, Nicola
Hacker, Laura
Harrod, H. N.
Haynes, J. R.
Heneage, Henrietta
Hubbard, E. J.
Judd, J. R. R.
Khasru, S. R.
Levy, Melanie
Madlay, J. A.
Meisner, D. B.
Menzel, R. R. R.
Moffett, Lucy
Patten, A. J. M.
Pearce, J. J. H.
Phelps-Brown, Emily
Popovic, A. P.
Prior, B. G.
Ranawake, A. G. A.
Scott, A. J. J.
Scott, M. C.
Sherman, G.
Sillem, Tatiana
Snow, Sara
Steiner, Katherine
Thomson, P. D.
Wachstein, Anna
Yates, S. W.
Yonge, W. J. G.
Andrews, Victoria
Campbell, Katherine
Rettie, Louise

RIGAUD'S

Belton, H. E. J. C.
Briscoe, Sarah
Brown, Felicity
Burton, M. F. J.
Chippindale, J. P. K.
Cockburn, N. B.
Cohen, P. H.
D'Almeida Lavradio, L. M.
Duncumb, W. R.
Fadli, H. M.
Fokschaner, Serena
Fry, Minna
Graham, J. C.
Guest, C. C. G.
Harrison, B. A. F.
Hollis, Sarah
Horan, J. P.
Hornby, A. H.
Hughes, Charmian
Jameson, B. L. C.
Jewitt, W. E.
Jones, Melissa
Jones, Rima
Kearon, Selina
Lazarus, Janet
Lessof, Caroline
Luard, Francesca
Norris, Sarah
Ridley, N.
Sie, D. N.
Spencer, Sarah
Wooley-Dod, Susannah

*

WREN'S

Alvarez, L. L.
Anderson, J. D.
Barclay, Henrietta
Barton, G. P.
Bassett, P.
Broadbent, M. T. M.
Chain, Judith
Davis, Diana
Glaser, D. E.
Gledhill, A. N.
Goldfinger, D. G. D.
Graham-Dixon, Elizabeth
Harnay, J. L.
Harries, Emma
Hollingworth, D. M. E.
Jacobson, Jessica
Kark, E. P. A.
Katz, J. R.
Kitcatt, J. W. A.
Levy, J. D.
Miller, Lucasta
Miller, Lucy
Morgan, Lucy
Peck, J. C.
Peterson, Katherine
Radcliffe, M. A.
Salisbury-Jones, R.
Tomazos, A.
Turrell, Fiona
Ulfane, Janine
Vaciager, P.
Weldon, G. P.

The Elizabethan Club

Balance Sheet December 31st 1985

1984		£	£	1984		£	£
33219	GENERAL FUND			39376	INVESTMENT at Cost		43495.57
1612	Balance at 1st January 1985	34831.11			Market value at 31st December		
—	Subscriptions: 20% share	1728.00			1985 was £69,897 (1984 £59287)		
	Investment sale: profit	55.13					
			36614.24				
7776	INCOME FUND				CURRENT ASSETS		
3039	Balance at 1st January 1985	10814.71		7254	Balances at Bank	9837.50	
	Excess of income over expenditure	3212.23			Less: Sundry Creditors	1292.01	
			14026.94				8545.49
984	SPORTS FUND		1399.88				
46630			52041.06	46630			52041.06

J. A. LAUDER *Honorary Treasurer*

REPORT OF HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have examined the accounts set out above which have been prepared under the historical cost convention. My audit has been carried out in accordance with approved auditing standards. In my opinion, the Accounts give a true and fair view of the state of affairs of the Club at December 31st, 1985 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

B. C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH *Chartered Accountant*

The Elizabethan Club

Income and Expenditure for the Year Ended December 31st 1985

£	Expenditure	£	£	Income	£
73	Administration	32.45			
500	Use of school computer	500.00			
275	Honorarium	300	6450	Life subscriptions (proportion 80% of £8640)	6912.00
984	Taxation	1344.77	3658	Income from investments (gross)	4429.65
2209	The Elizabethan	3044.44			
500	Memorial: RSM Stewart	10.00			
	Social Events:				
78	(i) Annual Dinner	274.40			
400	(ii) 1984 Elizabethan Evening				
	(cancellation charges)	126.36			
(150)	(iii) 1984 Garden Party	—			
	Sports Committee:				
1800	(i) Grant	2000.00			
400	(ii) Football pitch hire	497.00			
			8129.42		
7069					
3039	Excess of Income over Expenditure	3212.23			
10108		11341.65	10108		11341.65

The Elizabethan Club: Sports Committee

Receipts and Payments Statement at December 31st 1985

1984		£	£	1984		£	£	£
882	Balance as at 1st January 1985		984.39		EXPENDITURE			
					Football Club:			
					Ground Hire Paid	425.00		
				400	Additional Provision	72.00		
							497.00	
1800	INFLOW OF FUNDS			440	General Grant		500.00	
400	Elizabethan Club Grant	2000.00		565	Cricket Club		600.00	
	O.W.F.C. Ground Hire	497.00		500	Golf Society		550.00	
	Interest Receivable	95.48		65	Lawn Tennis		—	
58	Less Tax Due	28.99		105	Fives Club		—	
			66.49	50	Shooting		—	
			2563.49	30	Athletics		—	
				1	Bank Charges		1	
								2148.00
				2156				
3140			3547.88	984	Balance in hand at December 31st 1985*			1399.88
					(*includes Wilfrid Attwood Fund)			3547.88
					Disposition of Funds: Midland Bank	15.39		
					Held by Elizabethan Club**	1384.49		
							1399.88	

(**plus Ground Hire provision of £400)

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INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS GUID



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MIKE SPEED 86



The Elizabethan Club Annual Dinner

The Annual Dinner of the Elizabethan Club is to be held on the 8th October 1986. Drinks will be taken in Ashburnham House from 7.15 p.m. and members will dine at 7.45 p.m.

This year the Dinner will provide an excellent opportunity to meet the new Head Master, David Summerscale, formerly Master of Haileybury together with the new Dean of Westminster, the Very Reverend Michael Mayne, Chairman of the Governing Body, who are to be our principal guests. The toast of floreat is to be proposed by Lord Adrian, F.R.S., (O.W.), Governor of the School and Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University.

The Club is deeply indebted to the Dean and the Head Master for permission to use College Hall, a most appropriate setting for this occasion.

The cost of the ticket is £17.00 which will include all drinks before, during and after the Dinner; this figure is reduced to £10.00 for those members who left the School after Election Term 1980.

We are, unfortunately, limited to 140 guests for this annual event and would therefore advise members to return the attached form as soon as possible. No acknowledgement will be sent, unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

We hope that this year, as for previous dinners, we may receive donations from members—in particular those who are unable to attend—towards the entertainment of the Club's official guests. We would be most grateful for this invaluable assistance.

This year Jeremy Broadhurst will be arranging for all sports sections to be represented at the dinner. If you wish to make up a party, please let him know.

For further information contact:

David Roy (01) 606 7711
Chairman of the Entertainments Committee
Patricia Whitty (01) 626 2525

Jonathan Carey (01) 623 1212
Robin Hillyard (0753) 654555
Jeremy Broadhurst (01) 628 3232

To: Patricia Whitty, Shearson Lehman Brothers International Inc., 9 Devonshire Square, London EC2M 4YL.

* I shall/shall not be able to attend the Annual Dinner on 8th October 1986.

* I wish to invite.....
(O.W., Governor or Master)

* I require..... tickets and enclose a cheque for £

* I enclose a cheque for £..... as a donation towards expenses.

Please make cheques payable to 'The Elizabethan Club'

My years at the School were 19..... to 19....., House.....

I should like to be seated with

*delete where applicable

NAME

ADDRESS

(BLOCK CAPITALS)

DATE

C. H. (Preedy) Fisher

There will be a Memorial Service for Preedy Fisher (who died in May aged 83) to be held at **6.00 p.m. on Friday September 12th** at St. Anna's Church,

Thornbury. After the service there will be refreshments and it may be possible to arrange a bed or two for those who cannot return home that evening. It is hoped that a number of Old Westminsters will wish to attend this service.

Thornbury is situated to the west of the B4214 which runs between Bromyard and Tenbury Wells.