



ISSUE 722

THE ELIZABETHAN 2003



Gloriana

To celebrate the accession of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, the school commissioned a bust of our foundress, Queen Elizabeth I, the quatercentenary of whose death was commemorated in March 2003.

The sculpture was installed in time for the School's Commemoration in Abbey in November 2002. The bronze, by Malcolm Stathers, was placed on a plinth of Portland stone put in place by the Abbey stonemasons under the portico executed, it is now known, to a design of Robert Hooke's (OW) in 1681-2

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SALVETE

We asked staff who joined us this academic year to write a short introduction to themselves...



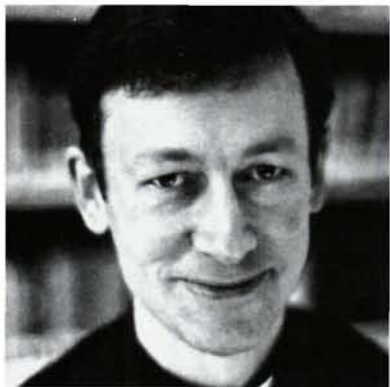
Chris Barton
DRAMA

Chris Barton comes from the world of professional theatre, where he worked extensively as director, performer and writer over more years than he cares to remember. His credits include stints at the National Theatre and numerous regional theatres in this country, as well as work in Holland, Russia, Israel, Japan and the USA. He is delighted to be teaching at Westminster, and running a theatre that is arguably better appointed than many he encountered in the theatre world.



Andrew Law
MUSIC

Andrew Law studied at The Royal Academy of Music, and later won a scholarship to study at the Royal College of Music, where he gained an Advanced Postgraduate Diploma in Piano Performance. As well as being a prize-winning accompanist, he has given recitals at many famous venues across London and throughout Great Britain. He taught at The Royal Grammar School in Guildford, then the International School in Portugal, leaving in search of better weather and the soothing chimes of Big Ben.



Gavin Williams
CHAPLAIN

Gavin Williams joins us from Shrewsbury School where he spent ten very happy years as Chaplain. He was educated at Eton, Downing College Cambridge (where he read Geography and Law), the Inns of Court School of Law (where he managed to pass Bar Finals), a matrimonial chambers in the Middle Temple (where he was a pupil), Wycliffe Hall, Oxford (where he read Theology) and Muswell Hill (where he was a curate). He is married to Claire and they have one son aged ten.

When I was asked to give this speech, the first thought that came to mind was of a similar scene in Anthony Powell's *A Dance to the Music of Time*. Widmerpool, the perpetually awkward and ungainly misfit of his house at school, seizes the opportunity at a house reunion to inflict a speech on everyone present about the Gold Standard. The House Master, Le Bas, reacts with a choking fit and is carried away. The story is partly about the shy re-encounters with previous selves which make school get-togethers so embarrassing and enticing. But it also made me think how untrue to this event the story is. There were no Widmerpools in College under the man formerly known as Katz. Or, to put it another way, we were all Widmerpools. College under Jonathan was very nearly a convention of absurd and ridiculous characters, like a flight of parrots, each person flashing out their own colourful plumage of eccentricity.

He disliked nobody and seemed to make no judgements; was tirelessly open and curious. There was so much conversation that life since College seems to have taken place in a kind of hush. Individuality was what we specialised in, but along with that went a strong respect for other people's freedoms which, in the light of his example, made College, under the veil of lip-piness and bolshiness and occasionally abrupt manners, an unusually civilised environment. College was and is an international community, and Jonathan and Kalyani were perfectly placed to serve in loco parentis to us. The coldness, to a 12 year old from an un-Westminster background, of the exposed stone in College, was alleviated by the continually humane presence of Jonathan and Kalyani. Trips down to the dimly lit kitchen, waiting for Jonathan to finish the piece he was playing on the piano, or to the study with its scholarly smell of bookdust, offered opportunities to slow down (and get something extra to eat – we were always hungry), and to disengage from the mill of school life.

VALETE LIKE A FLIGHT OF PARROTS

At the dinner to mark Dr Katz's retirement as Master of the Queen's Scholars in 2002, **Thomas Karshen (QS)** (1989–1994) gave the following speech to celebrate the occasion.

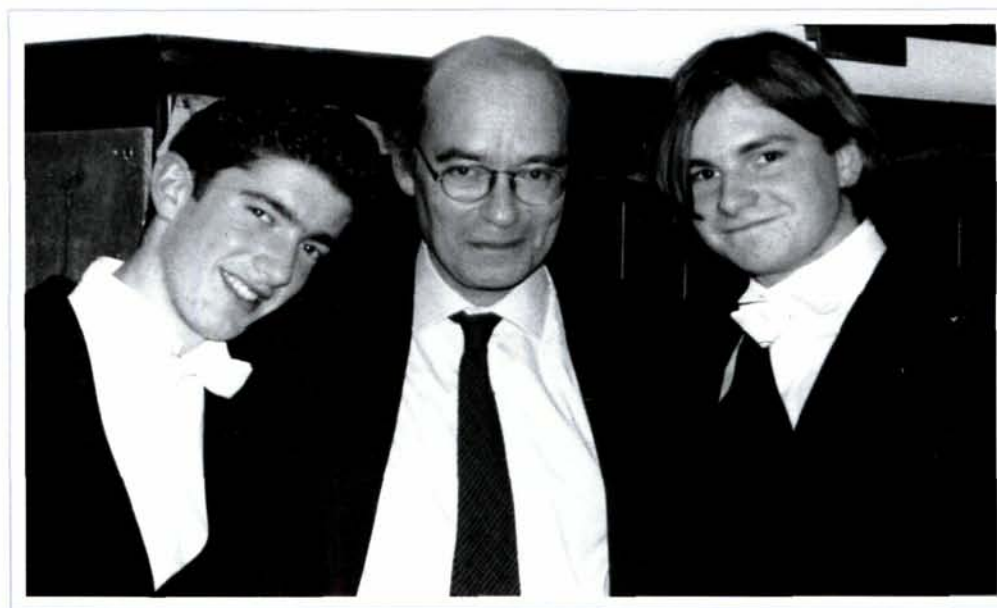
He was, and is, the most purely benevolent and disinterested human being I have ever come across. The business of school life seemed not to affect him; he always had time to enter without prejudice into any free and open inquiry into how things were or should be. He was the last person ever to judge anyone else by any ordinary standards of external worldly success. He was not remotely intrusive, and he never tried to be 'inspirational' in any embarrassing way. But the spirit of civilised dissidence which he fostered, and the example he set, of always looking to see where one could do good, have left a lasting mark on the people in my year, and, I assume, many others. What sticks in the mind, when I think of him, is the shy cough and smile and, above all, the love of games, and pranks, and outsiders, which made him, finally, one of us.

I can only speak of my own experience, but I do, I'm afraid, have a story that I would like to tell about Jonathan because I think it reflects on how he treated other people as well. When I was 15, in a fit of inexplicable teenage vandalism, I had scrawled mysterious insults on some school examination papers. In the conversation with Dr Katz that ensued, I announced that I only worked for myself anyway. All I meant of course, was the banal and ungracious thought that I wasn't going to work hard at GCSEs to please parents or teachers. But Jonathan said that if that was so, then he couldn't respect my human values. He will wince at the memory of the occasion, but I don't think he should, because it neatly exhibits, inversely, so many of his wonderful good qualities: his refusal to

ever take us less than seriously, and his insistence on the role in everyone's life of public service, in the quiet, unself-righteous way he managed it. Against impossible odds and all the varieties of ugliness that can mark adolescent behaviour he maintained flatteringly high expectations of us which, though at first they seemed as forbidding and foreign as college itself to a newcomer, finally became, for many people, a better self to be occasionally visited.

I thought I would finish by quoting a passage W.H.Auden wrote in 1934: "For a teacher to be of real value to his pupils, he must be a mature and above all a happy person, giving the young the feeling that adult life is infinitely more interesting and exciting than their own; he must be prepared to give them all his powers of affection and imaginative understanding when they want them, yet to forget them com-

pletely the moment they are gone, to be indifferent to them personally; and lastly he must have no moral bees-in-his-bonnet, no preconception of what the good child should be; he must be shocked or alarmed at nothing, only patient to understand the significance



Above
(left to right):
Jake Levy,
Jonathan Katz
and Fred Gordon.

of any piece of behaviour from the child's point of view, not his own; to see in the perfect little ape his most promising charge, and watchful to remove as tactfully and unobtrusively as possible such obstacles to progress as he can." In every one of these simple precepts Jonathan, it seems to me, was unequalled. But what matters now, is that he has produced a room full of happy and grateful people. On behalf of all of his perfect little apes, who have clubbed together and made such generous contributions to his leaving present, I would like to unveil this magnificent grandfather clock, on the inside door of which is inscribed, a list of the names of everyone who was in College during his time as master – and above the names is inscribed: To Jonathan Katz; master of the Queen's Scholars 1987 to 2002; presented on March 14th 2003; with love and respect; by his former students.

>> more overleaf >>

CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL

Ned Naylor (QS) offers his thoughts on a year at the top.

>> continued from overleaf >>

VALETE...

Martin Ball

Martin Ball's departure from Westminster at the end of the Lent Term marks a break with the past. Though he was always coy about precisely how long he has been teaching here, we now know he was working here in 1962. Mr Macmillan was Prime Minister and the Profumo Scandal was brewing, but had not yet broken.

Martin's superb musicianship drew generations of grateful pupils and numerous students who, under his care, sometimes grew to fame and fortune but seldom to less than proficiency. He never appeared to begrudge any degree of time and effort spent in encouraging even the most hopeless, and his classes were civilised and humane, as well as appropriately demanding.

He has never been other than a part-time member of staff. That is always the hardest role to fill, because pupils can skip your lessons with a better chance of impunity and other colleagues can find it convenient to collude. Martin was always quite at ease in the role. In his gentle and modest way, he had a very secure profile in that bear-pit otherwise known as Common Room. When we held a small drinks party in his honour at the end of last term, it was observed that three of his less-than-illustrious ex-pupils (TJP, GG and PDH) turned up to salute their former teacher as well as the Great and Good. It was also typical that Martin deftly sidestepped any mention of himself or his achievements, and just gave a small potted biography of each of the guests. He has never been less than graceful and generous, and we were lucky to have enjoyed his company and drawn off his talents for so many years.

David Hargreaves



The role of the Captain of School is an odd and ill-defined one. The brief for the job given to me by the head master – that it involves mainly leadership and the John Locke Society – is, however, roughly accurate. While it is not enormously demanding in terms of time, the extra strain created by looming John Locke introductions and recitations of *Ad te levavi can*, at least at first, be hard to handle.

Public speaking makes up the largest part of the Captain of School's duty. I am sure that I was not unusual in my initial, and to an extent continuing nervousness on these occasions – the sight of seven hundred little faces staring as one stumbles over Latin on the first Wednesday of the Play term is a frightening one. I had been told by a previous Captain that introducing and summing up speakers at the John Locke Society was worse still – “stomach-churning” was the description he used, I think – but for me the less formulaic but more relaxed requirements of the Society were never quite as daunting as that first trip up School.

The Captain of School's job comes with more mundane responsibilities too, including the arrangement of a rota to ensure the completion of monitors' duties, and the carrying out of his

own share of these duties. Gently persuading monitors to supervise the tuck shop queue on a sleety January morning can be tricky, and when one finds oneself in the role, it can be equally difficult to maintain any kind of control. The Captain of School has, along with the monitors, a problem in try-

ing to assert authority, because he is meant to do so in certain situations, despite having no power to punish and whilst trying to maintain a little popularity with fellow pupils of all ages. The Captain of School should certainly not be handed power of such a kind – it would be quite detrimental to his ability to appear approachable to other pupils – but he does somehow have to avoid being flatly ignored when he tries to stop bullying or similar activity.

More abstract is the Captain's role as a bridge between pupils and the Common Room, for which maintaining approachability and popularity amongst both groups is vital. Discussion of decisions made and to be made is encouraged by the head master and the housemasters, and the opinions of the monitors and the Captain are on occasion acted on as well as listened to. While interacting with the staff more than most pupils, the Captain of School must remain a reasonable representative of the pupils, not becoming a perceived extension of the Common Room.

The Captain of School's role is thus by no means an easy one, but it is also enjoyable – there are perks, such as invitations to the Elizabethan Society and Election Dinners. It will be sad to leave the job and the school come July; both have had a significant effect on me.



Above:
Elizabeth I effigy on her
tomb in Westminster
Abbey. Photograph
courtesy of the
Dean and Chapter of
Westminster Abbey.

As part of the abbey's celebrations for The Golden Jubilee, the Queen's Scholars and others from the community celebrated the life of her namesake Elizabeth I in the abbey in June 2002. Extracts from the first Elizabeth's writings, a connecting commentary on her life and times and some contemporary musical examples comprised the event which took place in the nave.

the scholars recite the incidents of the first Elizabeth's strong interest in the school and our present queen's visits made for a happy union of history and continuity. Much of life in our age is rushed but on this evening there was a sense of the timelessness of being – the stillness, the beauty of the surroundings and the near spiritual sensation of being part of a continual renewal of tradition. Now and then we need to

SEMPER GLORIANA

A celebration in words and song to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of HM Queen Elizabeth II, reported by **Hugh Eveleigh**.

Westminster School had survived the first dissolution of the monastery and it was destined to survive the second as well so that in 1560, in the year after her coronation in the abbey, Queen Elizabeth re-founded the College of St Peter, to consist of a Dean, twelve secular Canons or Prebendaries, two school masters and forty scholars. Last summer's celebration in the same abbey by the same named body of scholars was in many ways remarkable – here we were some 440 years later celebrating the life of our re-foundress in her own church and at the same time commemorating the fifty years on the throne of our sovereign and patron Queen Elizabeth II. The visible connexions around us were many and to have

remind ourselves that we learn more by looking up than down and this celebration of Monarchy as an enduring archetype in literature and song reinforced its place in the human imagination and must surely have caused many of us to think beyond the pedestrian.

A small choir under the direction of Gilly French sang three a capella madrigals (such singing is always the most demanding) and Simon Gay, a counter-tenor from the abbey choir, sang two Dowland songs, one with lute and harpsichord accompaniment and recorder division. For me this was the highlight of the evening. Dowland's "Now, O now I needs must part" is gloriously melancholic and to hear it sung so purely in such a space was revelatory. In fact the whole evening was a credit to Dr Jonathan Katz, Master of the Queen's Scholars and his helpers. Alex Nurnberg's clear warm narration and Ned Naylor's presence were particularly good but all the speakers spoke clearly and well and held the evening together with a detailed and varied script put together by Jonathan Katz.

The Jubilee and last academic year are now over but because of the timing of *Semper Gloriana* it was not possible to include this review in last year's Elizabethan. The fact that it was the Queen's Scholars under their Master who helped maintain the historic affiliation with the Crown which we have always enjoyed here at Westminster, was significant and moving. The fact that I was supposed to record the event on a mini-disc and because of a mix-up over the disc's presumed length managed to miss the final five or so minutes which resulted in Jonathan Katz being unable to send a copy to the Queen, is all grist to the mill of spontaneity and the fleetingness of music and speech.



SCHOOL COUNCIL

A few years ago it was decided that we needed some sort of democratic student body within the school writes **Edward Randell (BB)**.

chaired by the Chaplain with the Captain of School in attendance. I am in my second year as a council member.

As an academic institution which has instilled into four prime ministers, not to mention the likes of Tony Benn and Nigel Lawson, the values of Truth, Justice and Peace (for proof, see the Head Master's initials), it was surprising that such a body did not already exist to give pupils a say in everyday issues. This is the School Council, a 15-strong organisation consisting of three highly coveted seats in each year. On top of this a secretary is appointed, and the meetings – three a term or more – are

Are we the Parliament which rules the school, then? Well, yes and no. More specifically, no. Schools are necessarily run very undemocratically. The Head Master, appointed by the governors, tells the staff what to do. The staff, appointed by the head master, have more power individually than any council. How then is it possible to do anything to change our environment? The simple answer is that it takes a great deal of perseverance. It sometimes seems that the response to our every demand is “no”, and though our

ideas are listened to, issues of budget or bureaucracy usually trip us up. With persuasion, certain matters – alterations to menus, small administrative issues which matter to pupils – have slipped through the net and each is met with much rejoicing. Any would-be revolutionary has to rethink his strategy somewhat after his first meeting.

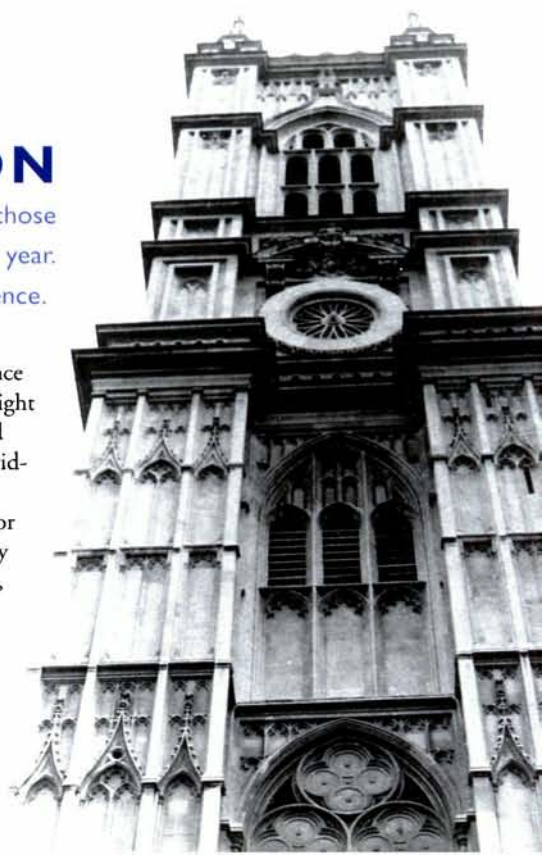
These occasions, held in the exquisite Busby Library, are not rowdy but certainly do not take themselves too seriously. At times we may hear a well-prepared argument championing one cause or other, but mostly someone will highlight a problem we face and solutions will be suggested with all the gravitas of a room of helium balloons. Complaints about the difficulty of travel to the science centre were met with a volley of typically

CONFIRMATION

Emily Lim (CC) was amongst those who chose to be confirmed in West Abbey this year. Here she writes about the experience.

To have been confirmed in Westminster Abbey is something of which few people can boast. It is a privilege reserved for, amongst others, pupils of the school, and this year I was one of twenty two who made the decision to be confirmed. After approximately a term's worth of weekly sessions with the chaplain our 'preparation' came to an end and the day itself arrived, bringing with it the prospect of time off school and morning tea in the head master's office.

Prior to the service we had the chance to meet The Right Reverend and Right Honourable Richard Chartres, Lord Bishop of London and to talk individually with him about ourselves and more specifically, our motivations for getting confirmed. Although initially a somewhat overwhelming presence, he proved to be incredibly warm and welcoming to us all and subsequently delivered a stimulating sermon; the high point of the service for many, judging by the enthusiasm of the congregation's



Westmonasterial ideas: a helipad in Yard, space hoppers, conveyor belts. Our answer to a complaint about the difficulty of finding teachers during breaks was easily solved: fit them with chips which would give them electric shocks on demand.

Every third meeting, however, we do try to keep up the illusion of dignity, for we are visited by the Head Master himself. Appearing businesslike while taking large mouthfuls of sandwich and dusting Nik Nak crumbs off the fingers, however, is trickier than one might imagine, as is trying to engage the great man in debate about the softness of the toilet paper with a suitably straight face. We firmly believe, however, that when it comes to representing the views of the populace and making a stand for democracy, we are the best men for the job. Or the only ones.

responses afterwards. The Abbey provided a similarly inspiring setting for the whole service and it was amazing to be able to take our first communion in a place of such historical and religious significance. Family, friends and godparents made up the congregation and met us afterwards for refreshments up school, after which we were allowed to take the afternoon off to spend time with those who had come to support us. The entire experience certainly lived up to expectations and was a most memorable day for all involved.

Editor's note:

Contrary to received wisdom, being confirmed in Abbey does not confer the right to marry in it. This privilege is available only to members of the Royal Family and children of the Canons. Those resident in the Abbey precincts may, however, be married in St. Margaret's, next door.

THE LYKE WAKE WALK

'A cold coming we had of it...' writes **Henrietta Brooks (LL)**, who tried the historic trek for the first time.

It was the last two miles that were the killer. We had already walked fifty miles across the north York Moors in a 22-hour ordeal involving tumultuous rain, stiffening cold, and a great many hearty songs and now: the final assault.

With leaden legs and feet that burnt in agony with every step the last of us marched on to the end point. Kaleidoscopic images from this stage remain, of wading through streams and bog in pouring rain surrounded by a tube of darkness punctuated by the ethereal glow of the minibus headlights that marked the end – always just beyond the next slope – over apparently wobbly ground (I have it on good authority that I was not the only person hallucinating – a large number of gnomes were also noted by a fellow walker). Somehow though, we reached the minibus and ended up warm and in one piece, more or less.

So that was the Lyke Wake Walk (LWW). The infamous challenge faced by scores of Westminsters each year in a bid to follow the age old route of the coffin bearing Vikings hundreds of years ago. Appropriately the LWW emblem is a coffin containing a candle. This, combined with suitably morbid pre-walk pep talks and a general attitude of incomprehension towards walkers on the part of non participating students in the school attached a mysterious stigma to the whole expedition, particularly for an already apprehensive new girl.

'With voices singing in our ears, saying That this was all folly.'

Once we had set out however, apprehension was usurped by determination.

It became apparent that the LWW was the arena in which battles were declared between walkers and contests won, without taking any of it too seriously of course... but as an all female group our honour was at stake. Thus the first three legs were walked in oestrogen propelled fervour. Despite the elite Naylor group running past us after only two hours we stayed the course for 62km. Here injury and vicissitude forced the group to disband and defect to other parties.

Someone needed to show the boys how it was done and I decided that it should be me. So with the promise to walk extremely fast and the attraction of my laminated maps I joined forces with three other Remove boys led by the infamous Jonny Hazell. It was on the final leg that the greatest psychological challenges reached their climax. Jonny kept our spirits up for the most part but even he despaired by the time we had lost a whole ravine and the east was in the wrong place. And standing stranded on top of the north York moors, knee deep in mud, in the pouring rain and with a broken torch my thoughts became a trifle morbid; survival seemed questionable. Yet thanks to Will Muirhead's expert compass reading we were on the right track and in the end we succeeded, for each one of us a personal victory.

The mystery of the LWW is now clear. It brings out the best in all who participate and typifies the characteristics of Westminster: determined, independent and self assured, jovially misogynistic, highly ambitious and successful. Were we insane? Perhaps. Would I do it again? Absolutely.

THE GREAZE

Regular readers will know that this ancient ritual takes place every year Up School, but for some it is still a mystery, as **Annabel Clifford (BB)** reveals first. For the more experienced, **Kareem Ahmed (MM)** then offers an alternative view.

The Greaze is definitely an experience. What kind of an experience it is, I am still unsure about. All I do know is that it is a lifelong tradition of Westminster, which unites the school and adds an animalistic excitement to the afternoon.



My first question would be what is the difference between the actual Greaze, and the fight for the queue to watch the Greaze in the first place? This might only be a question that a first time viewer might ask, but I feel it is a perfectly valid one. As I recall, there were no serious injuries taken to surgery that day, only large crowds of spectators with cut feet, black eyes, and numb bottoms as a result of having falling off the chairs that they were attempting to stand on. It is at this point that, yes, we openly admit that this is a definite breach of safety regulations, but considering the fact that we were watching boys beating each other senseless all for the prestige of a hairy pancake, I think that safety rarely comes into practice in this particular event.

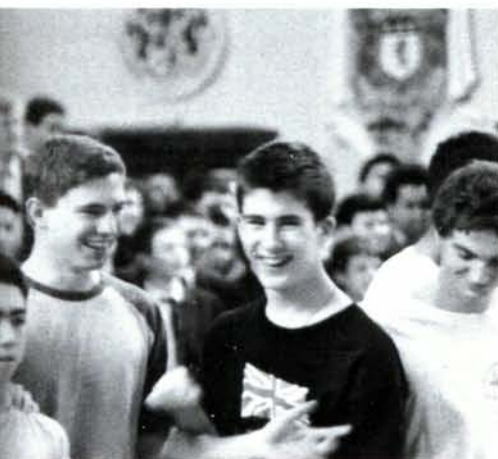
Everyone punched each other excitedly, smiling as they pushed the person in front of them, in order to get a better view. There was a definitely detectable mood of barbarianism in the air. The contestants lined up. Some looked as though they belonged to the YMCA, whilst others looked as though they had

just come out of a kung-fu class. I must at this stage be forgiven for thinking that this was therefore a light-hearted event. How very wrong. The whistle blew. Like a pack of hyenas ravaging their prey, the contestants jumped one on top of the other, elbowing and head-butting each other in the process. All I could see was a heap of bodies on the floor, kicking and punching at anything that seemed to obstruct their way. I think the thing that shocked me most to the point where I actually started laughing in disbelief, was when one boy who was not part of this mass pile, picked up a little boy about a third his size and threw him over his shoulder, so that this tiny boy went careering head first into a wall. The event did not last long, much to the disappointment of many. The cook even failed to throw the pancake over the bar, which was noticed by several, but pointed out by none, at least not openly.



Kareem Ahmed takes an opposite view: this year's Greaze was marred by unusual events concerning the toss-up of the pancake. I was expecting to see a brutal contest after the bloody battle of the previous year. The competitors entered to an ecstatic roar of cheers, dressed as usual in audacious costumes resembling the appearance of wrestlers and warlords. As the contenders lined up, the tumultuous chants transferred into an air of anticipation. I was amused to see such

variations in physique among the fighters. Every year there are hulking competitors in ridiculous clothing, but the comic feature of the scene was that there were such mismatches in the making. Colossal gladiators stooped menacingly over 'volunteer' Lower Shell boys who



were trembling with trepidation.

Suddenly, the pancake reinforced with horse-hair was flung into the air; simultaneously a crescendo of roars and blood-curdling yells filled the hall. The pancake did not go over the bar but followed an unorthodox flight into a section of the seated spectators.

The line of contenders soon turned into what it looked like a pack of dogs fighting for a bone. The action was only beginning, but it all ended prematurely for the protection of the crowd, it emerged. All expected the battle to recommence with the correct execution of the toss-up, but all our hopes were dashed, the Dean congratulated the unexpected victor, and we were all left bitterly disappointed.

HOUSE SINGING

The House Singing competition this year was attended by **Usman Ahmedani (WW)** in his first year at Westminster, who could hardly believe what he saw, let alone heard.

House Singing is a relatively 'new tradition' that Westminster holds annually. Each house organises a choir and a song and the best house, supposedly, wins! This year was my first experience of House Singing.

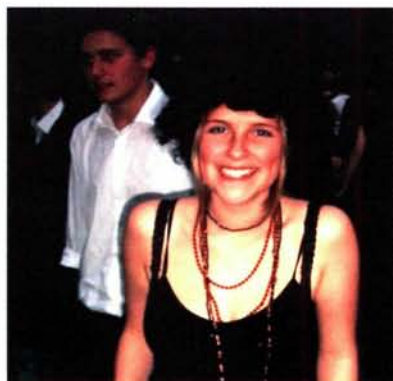
My expectations of the contest were quickly reversed by the actual performances: I had expected a 'choirboy' type contest of classical church music when I first heard our housemaster rallying people to 'sing for your house'. However, his pleas went unanswered as the number of people from our house year group joining the choir remained a steady zero throughout the build-up to the competition. As the competition neared, more and more Fifth formers were part of the choirs: many forced to do so. By this time, I knew that that this was no classical singing contest but I had no idea of how people were so serious about the competition – as if it were a matter of life and death.

But soon the moment of truth arrived as I stumbled into the large hall, immediately taken aback by the huge amount of people assembled in the room: some jeering, others cheering, leering or singing. It was almost like stepping into a rock concert.

First up were College, whose performance was loud and enjoyable. And so the different houses went up and performed their songs, with Milne's giving us a finale with '*I Love Rock and Roll*' to a thunderous applause and tumultuous cheering. One of the main aspects was that the drama of the songs seemed to be more important than the actual singing, which apart from the solos, was not always perfect, nevertheless I felt that in most songs a compelling performance was given and the message of the song was well conveyed.

Despite the number of people eagerly bouncing up and down with excitement and cheering on their respective houses, murmuring "That was good", or "That has got to win" sometimes blocking my view, I managed to get a glimpse of the singers: many wore costumes, from the bikinis of College to the more mundane attire of some of the other houses participating in what increasingly looked like a large music awards show.

I thought the event was a valuable part of extra-curricular school life and well worth having; although I preferred watching the competition to actually being in it. I eagerly await the next competition.





LOWER SCHOOL EXPEDITIONS

Lower School Expeditions are a long-standing tradition at Westminster and take place twice during the school year, once in the Play and once in the Election terms. Each pupil has the opportunity to go on five Lower School Expeditions during their time at Westminster. These trips are designed to give pupils experience of cultures and activities that they might not otherwise come in to contact with, most specifically relating to country life in the United Kingdom and sometimes overseas. The trips also allow pupils and staff to work together away from the school environment, and across year groups as well as Forms and Houses. Pupils' experiences vary but there appears to be no such thing as an uninteresting Expedition as the following account shows.

SNOWDONIA IN SEPTEMBER

A 'factual' account by James Moseley (DD)

“What time does this train get to Aberdovey?” Jack asked.

“Probably not until this time next week, at the speed this thing’s crawling along. I don’t know if you saw, but we have just been overtaken by a hedgehog.” Bob was the school wit, with a joke for every circumstance.

“Has anyone been there? What’s it like?”

“I don’t know,” said another boy, staring out of the train window but seeing nothing. “It’s probably just rock climbing and canoeing, but there will be time for a few more hands of poker. In any case anything has to be better than sitting at school.”

Unobserved by the boys of Westminster School the train was climbing through the fir-clad slopes of the Brecon Beacons, small lakes gleamed like silver plates in the distance and the lush ripe scarlet berries of the mountain ash framed the view of the hills. Small clouds like flocks of sheep nudged gently at the mountain peaks and traces of

last night’s hoar frost still sparkled in the depths of the valleys. The rich beauty of autumn was almost too poignant to bear. The hills and mountains gradually got higher and higher, until their towering snow-capped peaks seemed unreachable from the diminutive train below. There was no sign of any life, other than the occasionally silent, empty railway stations which the train glided by. The uneven terrain seemed to stand still as the sky moved at a great pace past it, the never-ending patterns, formed by clouds as the circled around the scenery. The train was seemingly a tear in this stillness, causing a ripple to move through the grass.

“Don’t get too close to me, you’ll make me capsize and I don’t want to get wet”

“What do you think I’m trying to do? Watch out!”

“You might get a paddle in your face if you get any closer!”

“Shoot the hoochee,’ as they say in Atlanta.”

“Do you think they will serve us in the pub in the village?”

“Well, since you look as though you are three years old, it would probably count as cruelty to babies.”

“Look out! We’re coming up to the next rapids.”

The tumbling mountain river down which the kayaks twisted and turned had carved its steep descent when Druids still uttered their incantations in the mystic Celtic mist of pre-dawn Wales. Here it still sprang from boulder to lichen-encrusted boulder, jetting plumes of fine spray into the still air. Trout teemed in the peaty brown water, while water voles dabbled their velvety paws at the river’s edge. The cries of corncrake and moorhen echoed shrilly between the hills, in whose rugged falls nestled ancient sheep farms. The boats were approaching close to the junction of two rivers. The tributary river tumbled over a steep waterfall into the main river, the water cascading like a sheet of satin hanging iridescent in the weak rays of the autumn sun. A season of

Above:
Wester Ross,
Scotland.

Right:
The Froggatt, Skye.
Photograph
courtesy of
Martin Boulton.

mists and mellow fruitfulness, close bosom friend of the maturing sun, as an earlier observer of a similar scene had been known to remark.

But Keats was not in the canoe. Nor was his fellow poet, Wordsworth. No one would say of these city boys in kayaks: "there was a boy, ye knew him well, ye cliffs and valleys of Wicander."

Oblivious to the beauty about them, two of the boys had succeeded in capsizing each other at the edge of the waterfall and were swimming in its outfall, attempting to right the boats.

"Come on, give us a hand."

"Not likely, you'll pull me in."

"It's freezing in here!"

"And there's nowhere to dry your clothes in the centre."

"We'll all have pneumonia by the time we get back to London."

"If we get back. I think my short life is about

to come to a premature end in an icy stream in the middle of the back of beyond."

"Last one back to the centre is an idiot!"

Getting back in their waterlogged craft, the flotilla turned around and began to paddle back up the river. Dusk was falling and, as the shadows lengthened, clouds of midges began to gather over the still pools by the river's tree-curtained edge. Oak and ash, sally and elder, their leaves turning every hue from medieval gold to burnt sienna, caught the last rays of the setting sun.

Huddled around the stove, a cloud of steam and smell of wet, Welsh-river-washed boy rose into the air.

"Well, get the cards out then."

"What are you waiting for?"

"There's just one problem."

"And what might that be if one were so bold as to enquire?"

"Well, you know where I put the cards?"

"No."

"In my pocket. And you know where I was this afternoon?"

"Ah, yes, you went for a swim in the waterfall."

"There's no accounting for taste, is there?"

"So what are we going to do tonight?"

"Go to the pub and have a few lemonades."

"It's too cold, let's have a pillow fight."

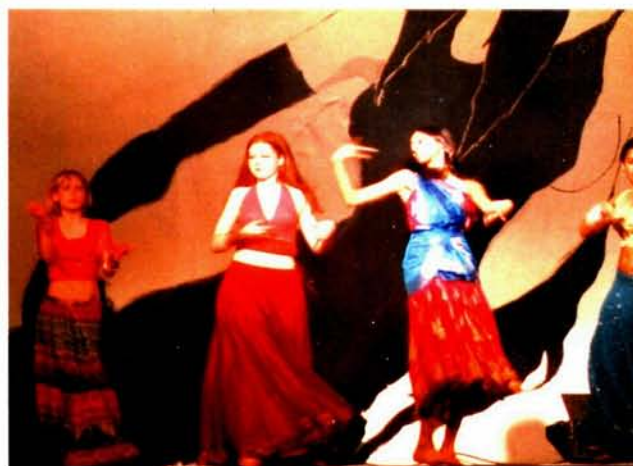
Within seconds the steam was mingling with clouds of small, white feathers.

Inky dark, black night had crept through the length of the valleys in a Dylan Thomasesque tangle. The bittern had stopped booming and the corncrake had stopped croaking. Only the sinister tu-whit, to-whoo of the snowy owl could be heard over the thud of pillows on heads and shoulders.

FASHION SHOW 2003

Westminster presented one of its occasional fashion shows in March with the aim of raising money for charity.

Jack Farthing (BB) was the lucky compere.



“About a minute now” we were informed, casually. So we stood, side by side, waiting. On the other side of the curtain the noise seemed to be growing and growing. A full house of fashion-freaks awaited and we, the presenters, were supposed to be in control.

“Yeah, you two can just ad lib there... and there... and there... and there”...Lara Nassif’s words echoed. Ad lib?

There really are few things more terrifying. Then suddenly, the curtain was up, the music was playing and we were walking, hand in hand, down the front steps.

The evening was based on the theme of films. Eight popular films, spanning twenty-five years, each with their own choreographed dance and catwalk, from *Grease* to *Bond* to *Bollywood*, all modelled and performed by a choice selection of upper school students. Jesse Mears and I had the task of filling the gaps, taking up time, and introducing the raffle. This was supposed to come about half way through... “Jack, hold on a sec,” she whispered. “Ladies and Gents,” she addressed the thronging audience. She looked calm... what was going on? “Um... well, we were going to have the raffle now but there seems to be a problem. I’ve been informed that none of you have actually bought any raffle tickets” She was doing well, they were laughing, and I was standing there like a lemon. “So we’re going to have a few minutes break for you

all to go and buy as many as you possibly can.” Success! Sales shot up, and I believe the total for money raised was near the £1000 mark, in aid of ‘Action on Addiction’, the only UK charity involved in investigation into the causes of substance addiction.

Aditi and Pooja took on the tremendous task of most of the choreography, and Mrs Newton and Mrs Jackman kept order and the organisation running. Clothes from Kookai, Gucci, Mani and more, and the odd one by Rose of the Sixth form, lit up our catwalk to the sound of many a film theme-tune. Fun was definitely had by all.

Without doubt, the last words must go to our organisers and the hours, days, weeks, months of work they put into it. Yet another Lilly and Lara triumph... well in girls!

Above (left):
Freddie Athill,
Nathalie
Malamatinas,
Ned Scott,
Mia Forbes,
Fred Gordon,
Annabel Clifford.

Above (right):
Rose McLaren,
Eleanor Marsh,
Pooja Agrawal,
Pia Gadkari.

Right: David
Weinstein-Linder.

Photographs
courtesy of
Ben Martin.

Delegates representing 31 countries from 16 different schools assembled up School at 2.00 pm on Saturday 8th March. Jonathan Bailey, Secretary-General of the Model United Nation kicked off proceedings with a welcoming speech, after which each of the countries gave an introductory background speech to their respective states, ranging from a geographical speech from Spain, to a very politically related introduction from countries like France, and from the colourful to the bizarre; many of them were scarily reminiscent of the UN we hear about.

After the first General Assembly, the delegates split up into their respective committees, including the Security Council, environmental health, human rights among others. Here different topics of various degrees of relevance were discussed, ranging from the pertness of the Russian Security Council delegate's bum to the irreversible implications of the impending war on Iraq. These debates were managed by the chairs from Westminster School, whilst chairs Charlie Bullock and Alyson Thompson were particularly entertaining.

Meanwhile, in the Computer Room, the press were alternately busy working on the two-hourly newsletter and munching Sainsburys cookies. The secretariat had to pass notes between committees, and if any interesting gossip was discovered, it was leaked to the press.

The first two countries were the most controversial. Iraq protested its innocence (about what was not clear), and North Korea announced its peaceful and humanitarian outlook, while still having the odd jibe at the USA (much to the delight of many countries). The central theme to the opening speeches seemed to be, a call for international peace in the uncertain political climate. This call came from all countries, including those which have rather dubious foreign policy. Somewhat surprisingly given some of the speeches, the USA did not lapse into the role of pantomime bully that they have in the past.

The resolutions put forward were highly varied. On the one hand there were

MODEL UNITED NATIONS

The Model United Nations has become something of a regular fixture at Westminster in recent years thanks to Nick Kalivas's organisational skill. **William Gore-Randall (AHH)**, **Becky Greig (GG)** and **Robert Freudenthal (HH)** all have their say about this year's events which took place in October and again in March.

suggestions put forward to limit world poverty, deal with the AIDS epidemic in Africa and increasing the world wide anti-terrorist measures supported by the UN. On the other hand there were several 'interesting' resolutions concerning, a refugee camp on the moon, the disregarding of America and Britain's hostile intentions towards Iraq in favour of a international belly dancing day (led by Turkey) and of a statute in all member states demanding public nudity for 40% of the time. Despite some of the

the tabloid MUN Press. Yet again, the MUN was a success with harmony and sanity prevailing (just!).

MUN XI earlier in the year was an equally crowded affair with a full complement of countries present and as such there was a strained political atmosphere. The USA was certainly on form during the opening speech, threatening to invade any country which disagreed with it, and guaranteeing to support any policy which further widened the

gap between the poor and rich countries. The Middle East was well represented with a lot of the countries represented. As a result of this there was a large element of open jeering and war threats between America and her allies and the countries which felt

wronged by America. Many of the resolutions were serious including the ever popular call for the end to world debt which was past. However, there were some more bizarre resolutions put forward. This list included a call for orange carrots to be banned in favour of purple ones (the original colour) on the grounds of it being insulting to The House of Orange (the Netherlander Royal family). In a break from international protocol the Middle Eastern delegates held the Secretary General (David Powell) hostage, releasing him shortly after, once the photo had been taken, to prove their victory.



Above: David Powell, Secretary General, held hostage.

more outlandish resolutions everyone got very involved in all of the discussions, and were highly emotive.

The MUN did see its fair share of drama over the weekend, with one declaration of war and several bombing raids (by paper aeroplanes) but despite the naked aggression shown by some countries, it did live up to the stated aims at the beginning of the MUN, of peace. Unfortunately due to lack of time, world debt was not cancelled, however doubtless it would have been, as it has been on all of the previous occasions. A late press release suggested that Secretary General Jonathan Bailey had led events magnificently and managed to avoid being too embarrassed by

PHAB 2002

Will Muirhead (LL)

participated in PHAB in July 2002 and learned more than he expected in the process.

The event was additionally notable this year for being the last organised by David Hargreaves, who has been its guiding spirit for the last few years.

I began PHAB in the wrong spirit. No doubt about it. You see, I signed up for PHAB out of a desire to do something 'worthy'. Something self-improving. I wanted to do PHAB for the same reason people spend their gap years in Indonesian jungles wet-nursing orphaned orang-utans. I wanted to be a better person. I would emerge, stripped of my public school prejudices and fit to embrace life in our brave new, low-fat, high-fibre, multi-ability world.

And it worked. Undeniably it gave me a new perspective. But that's not really the point. The point of PHAB is to have fun.

When I arrived this all came as something of a shock.

Early on the agenda was the selection of workshops for the week. 'Art? Surely not for me?' my inner voice protested, 'I ought to be carrying water from distant wells or tending to leprosy sores – at the very least let me participate in a little improving meditation.' But no, art it was.

pedagogue, would bound across the studio and exclaim 'I like what you've done here, great texture, I love the use of colour – so bold, so Fauvist'. No-one ever had the heart to tell him he was looking at it upside-down, but we assuaged our consciences with the thought that he'd have loved it anyway.

And so it continued. Today, I wondered, would I be mending wheel-chairs MacGyver-style with only string and paper clips? No, apparently it looked like another lazy afternoon in the park. A bit of impromptu trauma-counselling? Instead Mr Hargreaves would be taking to the karaoke floor.

And yet somewhere along the way I realised I was really rather enjoying myself. Hosts and guests despite their initial awkwardness, quickly bonded. As ice-breakers go, Dave Tait was up there with HMS Endurance, announcing in a chirpy but insistent tone, 'I want a blonde to feed me today' (he invariably got his way. You wouldn't argue either – he may have been in a wheelchair, but a lifetime of lifting himself in and out of the damn thing had given him arms so



I don't like to brag about my artistic ability but suffice it to say I'm not exaggerating when I affirm that I make the ideal painting companion for those with fine motor-skill impairments. So it was that I found myself mostly working with James Gusterson, a tetraparetic, with a great sense of humour and a level of creative talent only marginally higher than my own.

And yet just when I felt the need to apologise to James for my rather tragic contribution to our latest Pritt-stick and crêpe paper effort and try to convince him that actually I really was trying, Peter Harrup, artistic

powerful that he was probably in violation of several UN resolutions). And whilst I'd be lying if I said that the burden of 24 hour care is something you learn to love, it's a lot better than it sounds (and so much more rewarding than baby orang-utans).

Thanks to everyone who took part. Next year Andrew Johnson will take over the reins from David Hargreaves, who, having torn his hair out ensuring the last decade of PHAB's ran smoothly, has worked regular miracles. I'm sure anyone who took part in PHAB would want to thank him for everything he's done and wish Mr Johnson every success.

The 2002/2003 season saw Westminster's debaters multiply to a number greater than even last season's army. Aled Batey, Guillaume Redgwell, Paul Cowie, Max Kaufman, Amelia Earl, Pia Gadkari, Bobby Talalay and Serena Hines all took part lending Westminster a reputation for bringing a ridiculous number of teams to competitions (we had six at Bristol!). Whilst many of these speakers won individual rounds, particular praise should go to the debaters who broke (reached the knock-out stages of university competitions) or debated in the English Speaking Union's Mace competition: Jonathan Bailey, David Powell, Alyson Thompson, Charlie Bullock, Karmen Watson and Richard Trainor.

After a series of friendlies we opened the season with a trip to Bristol where we were the defending champions.

Three Westminster teams made the break: Westminster C with Charlie Bullock & David Powell, the top team on the tab after the league rounds, A with Jonathan Bailey and Alyson Thompson and Westminster B with Karmen Watson & Richard Trainor. Whilst only Westminster A won their semi-final, this was an impressive start to the season. Richard Trainor's success was particularly notable considering he is only in the Lower Shell – we expect great things! In the final we were beaten by Robert Gordon's School as we argued against the motion "This house believes that the first world has a responsibility to protect the Third World in the AIDS crisis". The speaker tab revealed that four Westminster speakers were amongst the top 10 in the competition: Bailey, Powell, Thompson and Bullock.

Having qualified from the preliminary round of the Oxford Union Competition (an event which our brilliant debating coach, Mr Allnatt, bravely hosted despite it involving 150 debaters and coaches) we travelled to Oxford in search of success. Things looked good as we won two of our

three qualifying rounds, but in the end we joined several other notable absentees from the knock out stage.

Whilst these university competitions were going on, our ESU Mace team (Jonathan Bailey & David Powell) were progressing through the rounds to reach the London final in March. Westminster hosted this Up School and it was an impressive event. Sadly the judges did not seem to sway in our favour as despite telling us that we won our debate ("This house would build on London's Green Belt"), we were not as comical as St. Olave's. The ripple of



surprise as the result was announced perhaps says something about the general opinion of the choice of winner.

And so we went to Durham in what was, for many speakers, their last competitive debate as Westminsters. We took four teams to this three day competition which involved 92 teams in total. Westminster A emerged as the third best team in the qualifying rounds. Whilst several coaches thought we managed to claw back points in the semi-final, (particularly as a result of Jonathan Bailey's devastating summation as the fourth Proposition speaker) the judges thought otherwise. We did manage to walk away with a trophy however when Jonathan Bailey was ranked the top speaker on the tab, and Alyson Thompson was ranked eighth.

Whilst that was the end of the competitive season for Westminster, Jonathan Bailey (our Captain of Debating 2001-2003) and Alyson Thompson (our Captain of Debating for next season) had both been invited to trial for the England World Schools Debating Team to go to the World Championships in

Lima, Peru in August 2003. 56 trialists were cut down round after round with the final eight reaching the Final and being interviewed. From the final eight the team of four was chosen and both Jonathan Bailey and Alyson Thompson were selected. Only Spencer Steadman back in 1996 has ever actually competed at the World Championships from Westminster – so to have two debaters in one year is unprecedented.

It has been a memorable year and thanks go to Richard Allnatt for his unstinting hard work, intensive coaching and commitment to competitive debating, assisted by Sandy Crole and most especially to Jonathan Bailey, an inspirational, ambitious and supremely well-organised debater. The society is stronger than ever.

Above:
The Senior Debating Team at Bristol. Photograph courtesy of Mr Hines.

DEBATING

Jonathan Bailey (RR) and Richard Allnatt report on one of the most successful seasons for several years.

FUN RUN

On a warm and glorious Sunday morning in March, some enthusiastic pupils set off on the school's first ever Charity Fun Run, organised and arranged by Mr Hargreaves, reports **Pia Gadkari (HH)**. Paradoxical though the concept of a Fun Run may be, the event was a huge success with over 60 Westminster's participating, and raising close to £3000 in sponsorship money which was split evenly between two local charities.

The run, starting and finishing in Dean's Yard, took us on a scenic route through central London, along the edge of three parks, past Buckingham Palace, Marble Arch and the Albert Memorial, and down Park Lane and the Mall via a labyrinth of tunnels and subways by Hyde Park Corner. The run was completed by walkers, joggers and serious runners, and a spectacular four-legged fancy dressed team of three, all in the name of charity and a grand prize. One lucky participant won a long weekend in New York and a number of subsequent winners received a variety of water pistols, bubble machines and dream catchers. A special thanks goes to Mr Church for donating the wonderful prize.

The raffle was drawn just after the run finished with a small extra advantage given to the five fastest runners and the five runners who had raised the greatest amount of sponsorship money. A delicious, well-deserved lunch and a lazy, honey-coloured afternoon lay ahead for all the rest. Judging by marvellous success of this year's run and having suddenly realised how rewarding and enjoyable it could be to participate in an initially daunting event like this, I know that many of us look forward to next year's run. This will be just as, or perhaps even more, successful than the inaugural one.

HOUSE REPORTS

COLLEGE

Life amongst the *Quadráginta Splendidae Sectae* (Forty of the Brilliant Way of Life or QSS) has continued, mysteriously, this year. Registration continues to baffle the denizens of the upper floor while the QSS actually triumphed in the illustrious six-a-side football tournament, a tribute to the players led in exemplary style by the Praefectus, Neditor Naylorum.

Frangis Ramosi, the new Overlord, turned out to be as liberal as any other Overlord (well, sort of, anyway). Thus you can to this day see the QSS roam the porticus, freely, unashamedly, fearing nothing. Nothing, in fact, but the *Alarum Ignis*. QSS are proud to remain known as the *Quadráginta Sollertes Studiosi* (the Forty Clever Students).



RIGAUD'S

Rigaud's has been a riot this year, with never a dull moment. Mr Arthur's final full year at the helm has seen some really inspirational performances in many diverse areas. For example, the house football team shone brilliantly with the rising of a young star in Jon Bailey. In other sports Rigaud's also triumphed, especially in running, with star performances in the Bringsy Relay and the Towpath from Joe Marwood who also is due to represent his country in the Biology Olympiad in Belarus. Good luck to him. The house has gained from the enormous stimulation of Mr Thomas in his first year as a house tutor (which sadly is also his last) who made sure that prep times were always peppered with heated intellectual debate. Indeed, the astonishing achievements of the Rigaud's debaters are living proof of the academic climate that characterises the house; we wish Alison and Jon the best of luck as they jet off to Peru, representing the UK at the international debating championships. A long awaited project finally emerged from the pipeline this year – the fabulous new kitchen/leisure facility. Last, but by no means least, a big 'Au revoir' to our Matron, Marie-Dominique Cooke who will be greatly missed as she retires this year. Next year Rigaud's enters a new era, but Mr Arthur's has laid the solid foundations for a truly magnificent house.

GRANT'S

The year started very well. Housemaster Mr Griffiths, deliriously happy after a spell of summertime 'home improvements' in fluorescent yellow was told that not only did the house contain the largest number of pupils but also that in terms of the examinations results, Grant's was full of the cleverest and highest-achieving pupils in the school. Mild-mannered Mr G. consulted with tutors and members of the Remove and unanimously decided that Grant's should play down its greatness to spare the blushes of the other houses. The plan for the year became one of strictest modesty. Members were vigorously instructed in the art of singing quietly and out of tune in House Singing but managed to come fourth even so. The Olympic standard of the Towpath and Bringsty running teams was obvious from the first, so Mr 'The Blur' Wurr was given the task of slowing down the runners. Tom Samuel and Max Silver disappointed by still being very fast despite weights in their trainers.

BUSBY'S

What a year it has been for Busby's. Under the benevolent dictatorship of George Richards the food ration – sorry – budget, is up 50%, resulting in some strangely fluorescent lemon curd, but it beats another year with the prospect of Marmite or starvation. The Busbites have been almost unavoidable this year, with Alfie Enoch and Ed Randall swapping Busby's for Hogwarts, playing Dean Thomas and Justin Finch-Fletchley, in what is soon to become the trilogy of Harry Potter films. The House Concert was, even by Busby's own impressive standards, truly exceptional, with lifetime achievement awards going to Charlie Corn and Ahmet Feridun for their outstanding contributions down the years, but it was



It all went terribly wrong at the house concert when the musicians gave a really beautiful evening of music and song. Luckily what with it being a house concert in the middle of the week, the audience was mostly composed of Grantites. It was a lucky escape, but we vowed not to let our talent show so nakedly again. Alas, the house netball competition nearly went disastrously wrong when Jesse Mears led our team into the final. A half-time pep talk from Mr G. soon saw the Grant's players falling over themselves to allow Busby's to win. The real heroes of this year's 'Modest Grant's' are the six- and eleven-a-side football teams. Gloriously last in both competitions the lads really did embrace the concept of modesty to the full, though provision did have to be made for Nick Boswell to sustain an injury when he threatened victory. Grant's has enjoyed a year that went largely to plan and thanks the other houses for being so marvellously easy to please.

Ollie Kember's fantastic performance of magic and comedy that really stole the evening. Even in the absence of a house play this year, Busby's theatrical talent was on show: Jack Farthing, Charlie Corn and Tamsin Omond taking leading roles in the school production of Steven Sondheim's 'Into the Woods'. Given the mysterious appearance of the holes in the window of the pool room, two Busbites off to Hogwarts and Ollie Kember's uncanny display at the House concert, perhaps Mr. Mylne should be having a closer look at the dark goings-on in the catacombs of Busby's basement.

Above:
Westminster
in the snow.
Photographs
courtesy of
Hal Brindley.

⇒ more reports overleaf ⇒

>> continued from overleaf >>

HOUSE REPORTS...

LIDDELL'S

Liddell's have dominated all sporting events again this year but let's not dwell on that. Behind closed doors it has been a year of win and loss for Liddell's house. On the one hand we lost house lunches, on the other we gained a new addition to the Morris family. No doubt the youngest Morris will have already found an inspirational role model in his namesake, Michael Greenwold. Liddell's is a house full of natural leaders; this year the house has found fortitude across all years, from the irrepressible Jake Rudman to the calm and reassuring presence of Anton Baker. This year will of course be remembered for its after-hours escapades, namely Bill and Greg's excellent adventures. We hope to see more music and drama in years to come from our more than generous wealth of talent as well as continued excellence in all inter-house events. Exciting and unpredictable, may the fireworks long continue in Liddell's house as we blaze freely into another academic year.

MILNE'S

Being a new boy in a school where you know no one can be a frightening experience, particularly when the school has as formidable a reputation as Westminster. As one of the very few new boys compared to the fifty-odd (fifty odd?) girls who were joining the school, however, I found that the entire sixth form had braced itself to expect a shower of new arrivals and was even prepared, under certain conditions, to tolerate them.

That my transition from boarding to day was smooth was due to in large part to Mr Troy. The intimacy of a boarding house is something I confess I miss, but I am fortunate in having a pro-active housemaster who persuaded me to participate in a range of activities I would not normally have, from ice-skating to the Milne's walk.

I was slightly worried about the academic side of things, but my fears were quickly dispelled. The teaching standards were superb and the teachers were only too willing to help if I had any difficulties. Moreover, the school library was a revelation, not only in terms of the academic books it housed, but also the popular fiction, and games such as chess, go and (recently) Scrabble.

There were of course disappointments and moments of frustration, and it took time to make friends, but everyone I met was friendly and open, and looking back I can say with some confidence that I made the right decision in coming here.

WREN'S

It's standing room only in Wren's Sixth Form dayroom, and the only noise that can be heard above the quiet roar of conversations, arguments and heated debate is the Fifth Form, who sound as though they are coming through the ceiling, but prefer to exit via the window.

Wren's, so much more than "not Dryden's", is 'the quiet man' of Little Dean's Yard, tucked away shyly underneath the great weight of College. It plays host to refugees from a variety of houses, some perhaps attracted by the recent successes in house football and chess (stains on an otherwise perfect record which will soon fade), and was the birthplace of several highly dangerous variants of table tennis, which will no doubt soon be to Westminster what Fives was to Eton. A new subculture has been brought into being on the stairs leading up to the Fifth Form dayroom, due mainly to overcrowding by errant Sixth Form migrants, whose focus can change from polite social intercourse to panic revision in the twinkling of a text message. Quicker even than the time it takes for the Lower and Upper shell to vacate their day room when a maths teacher turns up for the first lesson after break. Members of Wren's will always make an impression, even if it is only on the wall with a cricket bat.



DRYDEN'S

In Dryden's we do not measure our success in terms of winning competitions or awards. Our strengths come from our group fortitude, integrity and resilience in the wake of our many failings, and our determination that next year will produce more achievements than the previous one. Nevertheless there is a great house spirit and feeling of unity. We may not be the most athletic of houses, but Mr Tocknell's careful nurturing has meant that our academic prominence speaks volumes. This, together with our great position in relation to yard, our bright and cheerfully decorated dayrooms, and our ethos that it is the taking part that counts has created a house full of bright young people fulfilling their full potential.



Above and left:
Westminster
in the snow.
Photographs
courtesy of
Hal Brindley.

HAKLUYT'S

Virtually immediately after returning and greeting the new arrivals in August, almost everybody in the house was asking 'What are we going to do for the house singing?' Rehearsals for the Grease medley began in earnest, one or two members of the house getting a little bit too into their John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John impressions, with Chris Karageorgis and Dave Weinstein-Linder being particularly, erm, uncanny. When the final night came, the superhuman effort put in by everyone involved helped carry the house to our second victory in three years. My own theory is that, having not taken part, for various reasons, in our two winning years, this writer deserves some credit for not letting the side down in trying to dance.

Unfortunately, our cultural success didn't carry over to the sports field, with a surprise defeat to Liddells in the semi-finals of the eleven-a-side, and losing to Busby's – on penalties – in the plate final. Even this was less surprising than the moment everyone came in one morning to discover the entire ground floor covered with the contents of the Upper Shell bean bags. We clearly deserved to win both matches, though, and at least neither was as bad as the 'performance' put in by one member of the Sixth Form in the Bringsty Relay, where he finished with the slowest time on record. Oh well. Roll on 2003-2004!

PURCELL'S

Under the ubiquitous gaze of housemaster and matron, Purcell's girls have had another busy year of negotiating uniform regulations, gossiping late at night and acquitting themselves as best they can with their feminine charms. However amongst this flurry of activity, we have immersed ourselves fully in school life. Having had victory at House Singing for our rendition of 'I Just Wanna Make Love To You' cruelly denied, we nevertheless redeemed ourselves with numerous other appearances in concerts and plays. Rose McLaren acted in the production 'Mr Kolpert' and with Jess Espey and Tamiko Mackison was also in the very successful production of 'Into the Woods'. There has also been considerable academic and sporting success. Harriet Dykes won the Gumbleton Prize, and four girls from the House won the Head of the River race in March. Although our netball skills were a little lacking in the Inter House Competition, some girls did come extremely high in the Charity Fun Run. The second St. Valentine's Day Carnations Event also took place this year, organised by Purcellian Cupids, who distributed seven hundred flowers, and in the process raised over £600 for charity. The success of this, and the forthcoming soiree, shows that as Westminster Women, Purcell's girls are most definitely a force to be reckoned with.

ASHBURNHAM'S

I Remember, I Remember

(With apologies to Thomas Hood and Philip Larkin)

Coming past the Abbey on a different line
For once, at the start of summer-wear,
We stopped, and, watched kids with ashen coats
March impatiently to familiar smokes,
"Why, Ashburnham!" I exclaimed, "I went to school
there."

Green, first: where rows of bubbly buxom girls
Did not dance tribal at our winning goal...

His smiles all sweetness, advice all sound,
House meetings with cheer all round,
His office, where I could be,
'Really Myself'...

...

'Nothing, like something, happens anywhere.'

(Unfortunately, after the first stanza, the manuscript of this poem was rendered illegible by copyright infringement letters. Only fragments and the postscript remained decipherable – Editor)

JOHN LOCKE

The speakers this year were introduced by **Ned Naylor (QS)**, who reports on the meetings.

This year's John Locke Society has seen both some excellent speakers and excellent attendance from pupils. Often as one leads a slightly less well-known speaker up the steps of Ashburnham House one fears that, on their arrival in the lecture room, they will be greeted only by Mr Hargreaves, the chaplain and a single strangely enthusiastic sixth former, but this year such fears have been unnecessary. Perhaps the strong attendance should be put down to particularly effective publicity this year; I suspect it has more to do with an especially high level of interest from the Sixth form, and the generally very high quality of the speakers.

Speakers certainly came from many walks of life – we have listened to broadcasters, journalists, doctors, barristers and trade unionists, among others. The broadcasters – especially Ruby Wax and Jeremy Paxman, the latter who came as we stood on the brink of marching into Iraq – drew the largest crowds, but the most impressive speeches were given by slightly lower-profile guests. There has been a great deal of discussion of potential and then actual conquest in the Middle East through the year, the peak of which was Lord Rees-Mogg's speech in October, in which he slipped with great eloquence from a discussion of John Locke's own teachings to a justification of war on Iraq. Later we were reminded of the existence of conflict elsewhere in the world by Caspar Fithen, who in April gave a similarly erudite and lively description of the diamond war that rages in Sierra Leone.

War was not the only subject discussed, however – the topics covered by speakers were as wide-ranging as their professions. Amusement, as well as a little information, was provided by the staff of *The Times*, represented by Ben MacIntyre and Mary-Ann Sieghart. Diana Athill and Fay Weldon gave interesting insights into the world of publishing, while their fellow author Frederick Raphael gave an astonishing and slightly hard-to-follow twenty-five minute condensation of three thousand years of Western philosophy. Sir Colin Davies gave a similarly informal and fascinating résumé of a life in music.

Medical problems were also discussed; John Horan (OW) gave a stirring account of his affliction with and recovery from a stroke, while Jennifer Geddes presented a more scientific description of head injury. John Edmonds' and Lord Haskins' contrasting descriptions of the country's employment problems, and Trevor Phillips' discussion of his proposed solutions to racial conflict, were similarly thought-provoking.

Such a brief account does scant justice to the complexity and, on occasion, brilliance of the speeches we heard. Through the year theories on life were often set up only to be dismantled by the next week's speaker – the sixth form and remove here are very lucky to be able to listen to so many so vastly different and yet almost invariably persuasive opinions.

BEN JONSON

Sam Dub (BB) reports on this year's meetings of Westminster's literary society.

The Languages of 'Antony and Cleopatra'

In December the English Department welcomed Dr Claire Preston from Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge to address the Sixth Form and Remove on Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. The lecture was very valuable for draw-

ing comparisons with other tragedies that had been studied in more depth. She concentrated on the differences between Roman and Egyptian values, especially their different uses of language, and the difficulty that this posed for the characters' interaction with each other. This lecture was also valuable

for assessing the experience of an English Literature seminar at university, and will have inspired many to continue their school careers in this direction.

Shakespeare in Film

Daniel Rosenthal, author of the newly published *'Shakespeare on Film'* and associate tutor at the British Film Institute graced the society on a chilly evening in January. Focusing on *Othello*, Rosenthal identified the problems inherent in transferring Shakespeare to the big screen.

show, comprising both drawings and photographs of his many architectural masterpieces, including 'The Deep,' an ingenious aquarium in Hull. It is clear from his designs that Sir Terry addresses problems that affect all people; he gives his designs a creative intelligence and flow of space that lacks implausibly

Nigel Spivey spoke on "How to look like a hero", creating anxiety amongst male members of the audience who now have rather high standards to aspire to after a detailed introduction to the body of the Classical male nude in Greek art. Mr Spivey was incredibly knowledgeable on his subject; it was



HISTORY OF ART SOCIETY

Thomas Giddings (WW) and Emily Robinson (RR) report that this academic year the History of Art Society has given a warm Westminster welcome to an eclectic assortment of exceptional speakers, whose company we were extremely fortunate to have had.

This year's events were kicked off by Michael McKinnon, producer and director of wildlife films. This lecture was held in the Millicent Fawcett Hall – thus ensuring a spectacular cinematic experience – and the audience was delighted to watch extracts of this jewel-like film work that appeared to transcend naturalism, in particular a clip featuring a prized gazelle named 'Faris.' A valuable lesson learned on this evening was how Art History can train an eye to become both unerringly perceptive and sharply critical.

Sir Terry Farrell, internationally acclaimed and award-winning architect, came to speak on "Ten Years: Ten Cities". With him he brought a fascinating slide

grandiose visions, fundamentalism or even cultural imperialism, and the result an architecture that satisfies both function and aesthetics.

John House, OW and Professor at the Courtauld Institute of Art, came to speak on "Monet in the 1880's", and also presented the prestigious John House Essay Prize to this year's joint winners, Henrietta Spiegelberg and Rupert Russell. Professor House introduced a great number of unsigned painting gems, many of which were entirely new to much of the audience, that illustrated the artist's preoccupation with the transient Baudelairean effects of sunlight upon water, reflecting the general Impressionist notion of capturing a single moment in time upon a canvas.

remarkable to learn just how many hours a day a gentleman should spend in the gym to obtain the perfect physique, iliac crest, 38 inch buttocks and all.

After each lecture a glass of wine and a handful of Twiglets was enjoyed by one and all – trips to Florence and Paris have clearly transformed both Sixth Form and Remove Art Historians into seasoned merrymakers – for this Dr. Cockburn and Dr. Jacobi must be given many thanks, both for putting up with us inside and outside the classroom, and for organising such enlightening and enrapturing evenings.

The naturally cinematic Macbeth presents few problems, but in the world of cinema where 'talky', and heaven forbid, 'stagy', are derogatory comments, Othello is a very challenging piece to direct. Presenting the surprising statistic that only three screen adaptations of Shakespeare which use the original language have ever broken even financially, he made clear that the commercial practicalities are the main obstacle in the way of many adaptations. The unfortunate solution to which is to cut, with the roles of Cassio and

Desdemona usually suffering most grievously.

Rosenthal presented clips from three different screen adaptations to highlight the various techniques filmmakers have used to embellish Shakespeare's already rich raw material. Starting with Trevor Nunn's 1989 adaptation with the RSC, via Orson Wells' 1952 classic, right up to present with Andrew Davies' portrayal of Othello as the first black commissioner in the Metropolitan Police, Rosenthal identified the ways in which

cultural changes have affected the ways that we react to the characters, in particular how Desdemona's alleged misdemeanours have had to be amplified in order to have the same resonance in a modern setting.

In all it was a clear and engaging outline of the problems both financial and dramatic facing those putting Shakespeare on Film.

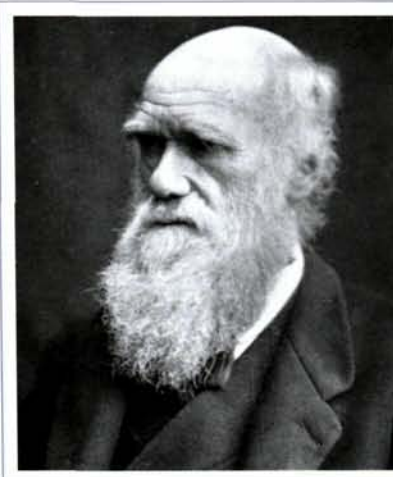
HOOKE LECTURES

This year Westminster scientists and non-scientists alike were treated to a programme of talks given by many eminent speakers over the Lent term in a new series of Hooke lectures, organized by Kevin Walsh.

Karmen Watson (PP) gives the lowdown on the broad range of topics covered.

Professor Steve Jones:
'Is Man another Animal?'

This was a succinct and intelligent look at what implications the Darwinian theory of evolution has had on mankind's perception of its placement in the animal kingdom. Is, as Gilbert and Sullivan once wrote, 'Darwinian man the though well behaved is really but a monkey shaved'? Jones was to show us how we are indeed less than 10% different in DNA terms from chimps. Simple examples were used to put across Darwin's principles, including the evolution of modern languages from their ancient roots. Most topical, however, were the examples of natural selection occurring right under our noses, with white blood cells evolving new 'T type' receptors conferring immunity to the contraction of the AIDS virus. Most humans have 'M type' receptors and are susceptible to the virus, monkeys however, all have the 'T type' and are SIV (simian immunodeficiency virus) resistant; could it be that monkeys have already experienced SIV as a selection pressure? Having fully convinced us of our similarities to monkeys, Jones went on to say that two species of chimpanzee living within 100 miles of one another are genetically much more similar than the genes of an Icelandic person and an Aborigine are to one another. Not different enough, however, to scientifically justify racism. We are all basically apes that did not evolve, 10000 times more common than we ought to be if we plot the log of species abundance against the log of body mass for all animals, and using 40% of all energy that falls on the Earth as sunlight. In genetic and evolutionary terms, man is simply another animal but at the same time we are totally different in that our minds and



Above:
Charles Darwin.

Far right:
Model of DNA.

intellects have allowed us to step outside of the limits Darwin set the animal world: an intriguing thought from an intriguing and accessible talk.

Brenda Maddox:
'The Dark Lady of DNA'

Fifty years after Watson and Crick were awarded the prize for the discovery of the DNA double helix; it is pertinent that we should be remembering Rosalind Franklin: the woman whose excellent x-ray crystallography work made it all possible. Brenda Maddox, an experienced journalist turned biographer, gave us an insight into the life and work of the Sylvia Plath of biochemistry. Watson, in his book 'The Double Helix' patronisingly remarks how Franklin 'hoarded her photos and might have been pretty if she'd done something pretty with her hair' and it is the plainness of face and apparent sullenness of character for which Franklin is remembered, rather than for her flawless crystallography work and her later research on tobacco mosaic viruses; research that would have done credit to a career twice the length of her own tragically short life. Maddox

neatly outlined the prejudices that Franklin would have to overcome: born under the name of Frankel, Franklin adopted a more anglicised surname to hide her Jewish roots and worked hard to gain respect in a male-dominated environment. As an upper class Jewish woman with French tastes, working in a totally alien environment she was often angry at the exclusion she faced at King's College London. She got on appallingly with her co-worker Wilkins. She had been brought to London on the pretext that the work was all her own and consequently resented Wilkins treating her as an assistant. Lacking the rash charisma and happy go lucky disposition of Watson and Crick and instead preferring careful and thorough analysis of all data, she refused to follow up the helical structure revealed in photo 51: The image taken by Franklin that led Crick to victory in March 1953, preferring to wait until she had explained away the evidence against a helical structure. It was this meticulous approach that denied Franklin the scientific acclaim experienced by Crick and Watson as well as her early death from ovarian cancer that prevented her from also receiving the Nobel Prize (which is never awarded posthumously). Maddox's talk certainly gave Franklin the recognition she deserved. The only criticism I have for this lecture is the fact that it was read out from start to finish: a rather boring delivery for a well-written and fascinating glimpse into a short but highly accomplished life.

Dr. Mike Hughes:
'Biomedical Engineering'

Biomedical engineering has been brought to public attention recently as Christopher Reeve of 'Superman' fame learns to walk again using new technology. Hughes gave the definition of this intriguing new area of medical science as: 're-engineering the soft bits of people with big heavy spanners'. He went on to give a succinct account of the different areas of biomedical engineering: Prosthetics (body part replacement e.g. false legs), Orthotics (assisting of failing body parts e.g. spectacles), and Diagnostics (disease assessment). A well put together powerpoint outlined the pioneering work of Surrey university in gait improvement. Sensitive floor panels are used to detect minute pressures

exerted by different parts of the body during walking. Sensors attached onto joints detect flexing and twisting and enable detailed video analysis of a person's gait so that they can be taught how to walk correctly on prosthetic legs to avoid favouring and damaging the healthy limb. He also showed a new form of titanium prosthetic leg that screws directly into the bone as opposed to simply cupping the stump of the lost leg. This new leg avoids the pressure sores caused by ordinary prosthetics but gives rise to its own problems in that much heat is generated when screwed into the bone (bone cells die at 42°C). The prosthetic is still in its early test phase, but appears to have revamped the lives of many whose stumps were too short for traditional prosthetics.

Hughes was also keen to explain the new research into spinal cord replacement. When severed, the tough glial scar forming at each end of the break in the spinal cord prevents the transmission of nervous impulse and therefore paralysis below the break. Currently scientists are looking to artificially stimulate nervous electrical pulses and restore the movement in those with broken spinal cords such as Christopher Reeve. The process is, however, incredibly complex and there is much work to be done, despite close analysis of the voltage signals in nerves. Replacement of the spinal cord is, according to Hughes, the ultimate goal in the fast improving study of biomedical science. He concluded by urging those science A-level students interested in biomedical engineering careers to look to the brand new course developed for Surrey University. This clear and well-presented lecture could only have encouraged such listeners to consider looking into this exciting scientific field.

**Professor Malcolm MaCallum:
'Was Einstein Wrong?'**

It is a shame the Professor MaCallum failed to convince many that relativity is a subject accessible to those with a good grasp of GCSE mathematics. Even with a physics AS under my belt, I found much of this talk poorly introduced and at times confusing, not having a great wealth of knowledge regarding the theories of special and general relativity at my immediate disposal. Nevertheless, MaCallum did manage to condense a lot of scientific theory testing into a short space of time and explain part of the relationship between movement, space, and time. Einstein's research into the cosmological constant: something that he called his 'greatest blunder' was brushed upon. Although I am still unclear as to which school of thought I shall owe my allegiance: Einstein's original supposition of the constant as zero or his later belief in the fact that it is the largest single energy density value in the Universe. Clearly MaCallum has total faith in Einstein's theories, which are

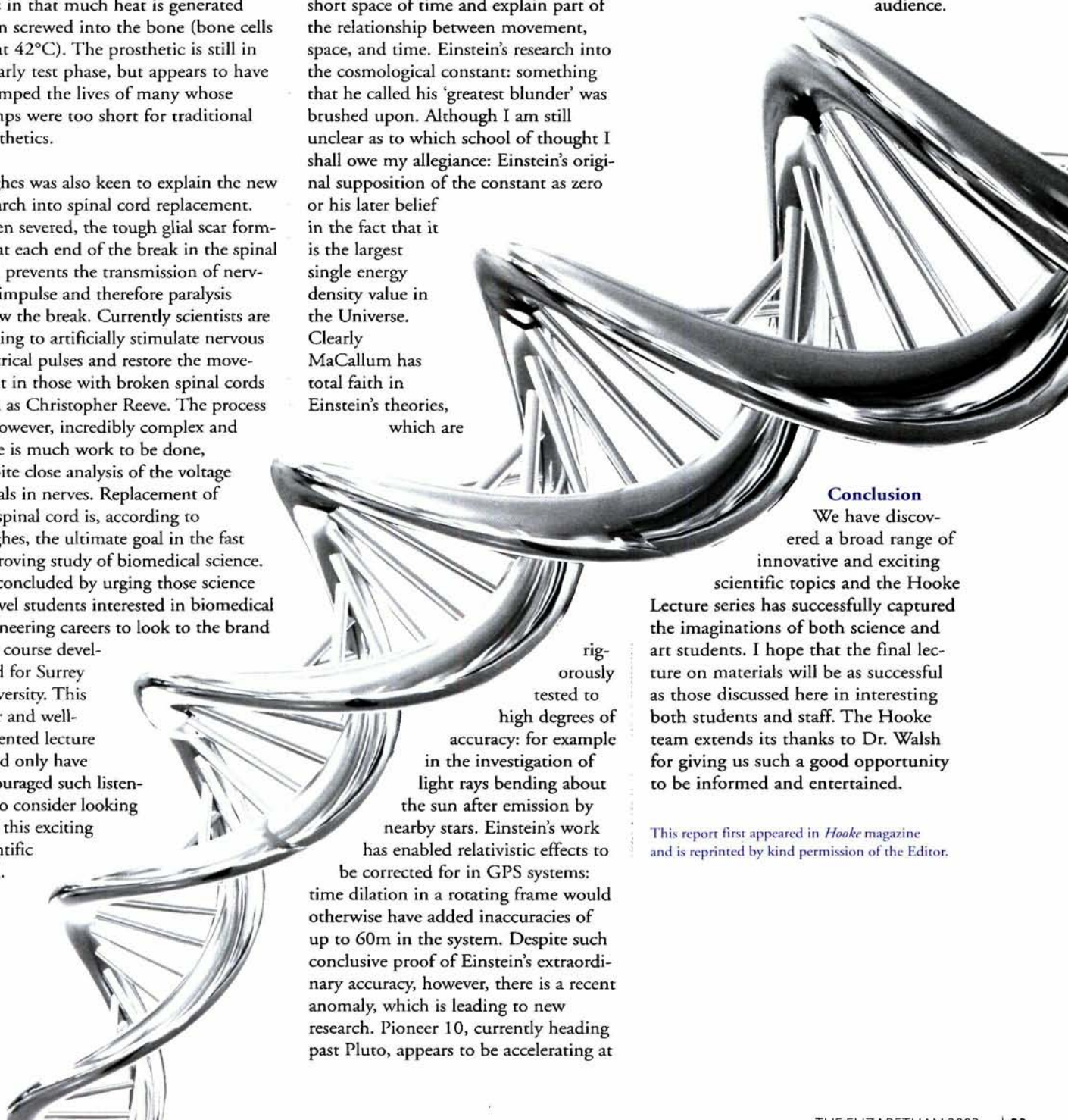
8x10⁻⁸ cms⁻² towards the sun. There is no explanation for this strange behaviour, leading scientists to look for some space equivalent of air resistance, as yet undiscovered. Perhaps then we are yet to add a new dimension to Einstein's work on relativity, as he cannot by any means be claimed to be downright wrong. This talk made admirable attempts to raise just such great physical and philosophical debate but I fear was pitched at the wrong level and therefore failed to engage with the imaginations of much of its audience.

Conclusion

We have discovered a broad range of innovative and exciting scientific topics and the Hooke Lecture series has successfully captured the imaginations of both science and art students. I hope that the final lecture on materials will be as successful as those discussed here in interesting both students and staff. The Hooke team extends its thanks to Dr. Walsh for giving us such a good opportunity to be informed and entertained.

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rigorously tested to high degrees of accuracy: for example in the investigation of light rays bending about the sun after emission by nearby stars. Einstein's work has enabled relativistic effects to be corrected for in GPS systems: time dilation in a rotating frame would otherwise have added inaccuracies of up to 60m in the system. Despite such conclusive proof of Einstein's extraordinary accuracy, however, there is a recent anomaly, which is leading to new research. Pioneer 10, currently heading past Pluto, appears to be accelerating at



VITH FORM CLASSICS CONFERENCE

Andrew Freedman (WW) reports on the Classics conference that took place up School in February.

To a select group of Westminster, 13th February not only signified the day when young hearts beat in frenzied anticipation to see whether Cupid's arrow would strike the following day; but also the day of Westminster's Classics Conference. Visitors were as diverse as they were double-barrelled and soon found themselves up School, pens at the ready, heartily munching chocolate digestives and gulping down cups of coffee in readiness for the scholarly feast which was to follow. Despite the coughs and sneezes, the sniggers and wheezes, we were addressed by Professor Richard Buxton, from Bristol University. His speech focused on "Homer, Sophocles and the Limits of Heroism". Amongst other things, Professor Buxton managed to weave parallels between Agamemnon and Superman, discussing their various heroic qualities and their similar weaknesses, which both evolved from 'home ground': Achilles and kryptonite.

After this cogent, eloquent and intriguing talk, everyone was divided into discussion groups. We discussed various issues concerning Ancient Greece, my group following on from Professor Buxton's talk on heroism. This was enjoyable, as it enabled those of us at Westminster to work with others from different schools who actually enjoy Classics. The discussions were soon followed by lunch, which consisted of a grand display of food in the Busby Library for the visiting teachers. Their pupils, however, settled for the gastronomic delights of a local café.

The latter half of the conference consisted of a lecture given by Dr Llewelyn Morgan, from Oxford University. Dr Morgan gave a persuasive, eloquent and sometimes impassioned lecture concerning the Aeneid, referring in particular to Aeneas and questioning whether he was a passionate or a rational hero, drawing comparisons between other Classical works, particularly Homer's Iliad.

Dr Katz then drew the proceedings to a close, thanking all of the visitors for attending, in particular Professor Buxton and Dr Morgan. The conference was a great success, enjoyed by all who attended.

ECONOMIC SOCIETY

PETER LILLEY: THE TORIES AND THE EURO

Harshavardhan Sancheti (MM) was in the audience to report for *The Elizabethan* when the ex-Cabinet minister came to talk to the Economics Society.

This talk was scheduled before the possibility of war in Iraq dominated headlines. This was in many ways a pity, for if it were not for the war the Euro debate would certainly have assumed centre stage in the political arena in Britain, with the looming completion of the assessment of the five tests, and with strong hints from the Treasury suggesting it was not yet time to enter the Eurozone. In the event what we got was a talk from Mr Lilley, former Secretary of Social Security, and Deputy leader of the Conservative Party, that started off about the Euro but moved to topics as diverse as Iraq, anti-Americanism, Social Security, congestion charging, public services, Baroness Thatcher, and the current state of the Conservative party.

His contribution to the Euro debate was cogent and persuasive; he argued that adopting the Euro was not 'simply a question of timing'. Rather it was the most significant monetary decision since the abandonment of the post-war Bretton Woods fixed exchange rate system. He also emphasised that membership of the single currency was an 'irrevocable' decision, one that left Britain no exit route. He rightly pointed out the practical consequences of ceding control to the European Central Bank; the inability to adjust the interest rates during a recession, to make it easier for people and corporations to borrow as

well as reduce their incentive to save. He argued that should Britain join the Euro, the policies followed by the ECB might well deepen our next recession. He suggested that the level of integration between the major European economies did not yet warrant a single currency, and made it clear that joining the Euro was primarily 'a political decision', and also that joining the Euro would lead to 'European Government' and an erosion of the traditional boundaries of the nation-state. While most of these arguments would not have been unfamiliar to Westminster, they have rarely had so eloquent an advocate.

His arguments about the current shape of the Conservative party were, however, less convincing. He attempted to defend Iain Duncan Smith's leadership and justify the latter's controversial decisions about the future and shape of the Conservative party, but it was clear that Mr Lilley himself was in favour of modernisation. He feebly suggested that the Conservatives' main trouble was an 'image problem' and that the party was attempting to bury the internecine feuds that have torn it apart in recent years. It says something about the dismal shape of the Conservative party that even Mr Lilley, a gifted orator, could end up sounding only unrealistically optimistic.

blonde hair, blue eyes, and naturally rough hands. Later, when the lecture began, I saw her again. I know it is not good to judge a book by its cover, but when the book is both quiet and unusual, it's necessary. She was wearing a sleeveless top which exposed her arms, which were very noticeably defined, though the air up School

came, and for a few minutes she thought she had lost him.

As she got more and more into the detail of the climbs, the audience began to consider the question: why? I had never questioned why I go rock climbing myself, a bit of fresh air, lovely scenery..., but in her case it seemed to



BROCK LECTURE

SHEER ADVENTURES

Trevor Hines (DD) was present at the nineteenth annual Brock Lecture to report for *The Elizabethan* when Louise Thomas came to talk about her life as one of the country's foremost big wall climbers.

She has participated in expeditions all over the world, leading and co-leading many. The routes accomplished include 'The Longest Day' in Baffin Island, 'The Crucible' in Borneo, and an attempt on a new route on 'Trango', a fearsome 6,200m climb in Pakistan. She is currently the head of training at the National Mountaineering Centre at Plas-Y-Brenin.

Big wall climbing is by its nature a very extreme form of climbing. Expeditions can last weeks, on very exposed faces of rock. The climbers even sleep on the rock face, using 'portaledge's; tents which are clipped to hang from bolts or even holes in the rock. To meet all the necessary requirements of living, huge amounts of equipment are needed. Imagine a hermit crab climbing a sea-cliff with enough food to last it three weeks! After every pitch, the climber has to haul up hundreds of pounds of gear, and belay all the other members of the expedition.

I met her briefly before the lecture, while Dr. Bolton was taking her on a tour of the school. She had long

was fairly cold that evening. Despite her physique, she seemed to project a strong air of femininity.

She opened the lecture by 'letting the slides speak for themselves' along to the U2 track 'Beautiful Day'. I wish I could show you all what I saw, but, dear readers, you'll just have to imagine it for yourselves. Photos of people from all angles hanging off ropes halfway up in the sky; stunning views of weather where the clouds are not always above you; the hardships of life lived in a tent hanging from a hole in a rock.

With each expedition she had taken, she gave us a narrative. She had really been able to see into some fascinating cultures. For example, on one of her climbs in Africa, the local tribe had a ceremonial hut, where anyone who wished to argue would do so until there was a resolution. The roof was two and a half feet high.

On Trango, there was a very dangerous crossing to get to the main route which acted as a huge funnel for all the snow on the mountain. As her husband was crossing an avalanche

be leaving the realm of the enjoyable. Baffin Island lies within the Arctic Circle, and on her expedition, the team would sometimes climb for 24 hours straight! It just doesn't make much sense to me how someone could enjoy such a hard slog. I guess it's just a different mindset.

A question came up that might shed some light. When asked about adrenaline, Louise replied that after a hard climb she would return to steady ground and not want to do any climbing for a few weeks. Perhaps there is an adrenaline cycle going on, where after having a huge adrenaline-inducing experience, her body becomes more tolerant over time and desires more. Whatever the case, she gave a wonderful lecture which will not be easily forgotten.

JOHN HOUSE ART HISTORY ESSAY PRIZE

This year's John House Art History Essay prize was awarded jointly to **Rupert Russell (WW)** and **Henrietta Spiegelberg (DD)**. Extracts from both are printed below.



MODEL COMMUNITIES: UTOPIAS IN THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY

By Rupert Russell

In 1790 the founder of Utilitarianism, Jeremy Bentham (1748–1832), designed, but never built, a miniature model community called the *Panopticon*. Its architectural arrangement of space enabled Bentham's Inspectors to exert and maintain power by constantly surveying over a prisoner or worker. Michel Foucault (1926–1984) developed the *Panopticon* into a metaphor for self-discipline in his book *Discipline and Punish* (1975). During the course of his argument he cited Charles-Nicolas Ledoux's (1736–1806) *Royal Saltworks* (1774–8) as an example of an early panoptic institution. I decided to investigate whether or not Foucault's comparison was correct, and how similar the designs of Ledoux and Bentham's model communities were in terms of architecture, surveillance and political philosophy.

Bentham and Ledoux both wanted to build model communities. Designing new societies, Utopias, was a common theme in European philosophy in the eighteenth-century. There was an almost universal desire to impose order (or return to it) on an irrational and unpredictable world, to turn a 'primeval forest into a carefully plotted garden, chaos into order.' Naturally the 'Utopian impulse was architecture' and 'buildings would not be merely symbols but veritable instruments for crafting citizenry' because the manipulation of 'space could determine moral behaviour.'

Ledoux's *Royal Saltworks* (1774–8) at Arc-et-Senans was an attempt to create a model community loosely based on the philosophy of Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712–78). After

the Revolution Ledoux's career ended and he began working on the theoretical *Ideal City of Chaux* (1790–1804), which extended the community at the *Royal Saltworks* into the neighbouring *Forêt de Chaux*. His vision of *Chaux* was symbolic: the 'Oikèma' (Brothel) was shaped like a phallus, the *House of the Water Surveyors* was a pipe, and the *Cemetery* floated amongst the clouds. Ledoux combined a Neo-Classical style, with a distinctly Modern composition presenting buildings, like the *Canon Manufactory*, 'as aggregates of interpenetrating masses, as a criss-crossing of volume and mass, or as stepped off units.' Even his radial plan suggests utopia because 'in the second half of the eighteenth-century ... circular architecture ... expressed a certain political utopia' dating back to the 'radial-concentric planning of the ideal towns of the Renaissance', such as Leon Battista Alberti's (1404–1472) *Ideal City* (1452). Ledoux realised this community had to be disciplined through surveillance and called some crimes 'offences of non-surveillance' whereby once a surveying authority was in place the crimes would not occur.

Bentham used the disciplinary functions of the *Panopticon* to form 'a strange type of model community, subject to the dictates of reason alone' where he would be in control: 'the spider in his web.' Bentham's reason was based on the contemporary assumption that 'men, as individuals, were responsible for their actions, potentially at least rational, not subject to subconscious imperatives, nor the playthings of irresistible economic forces.' He showed talents as a town



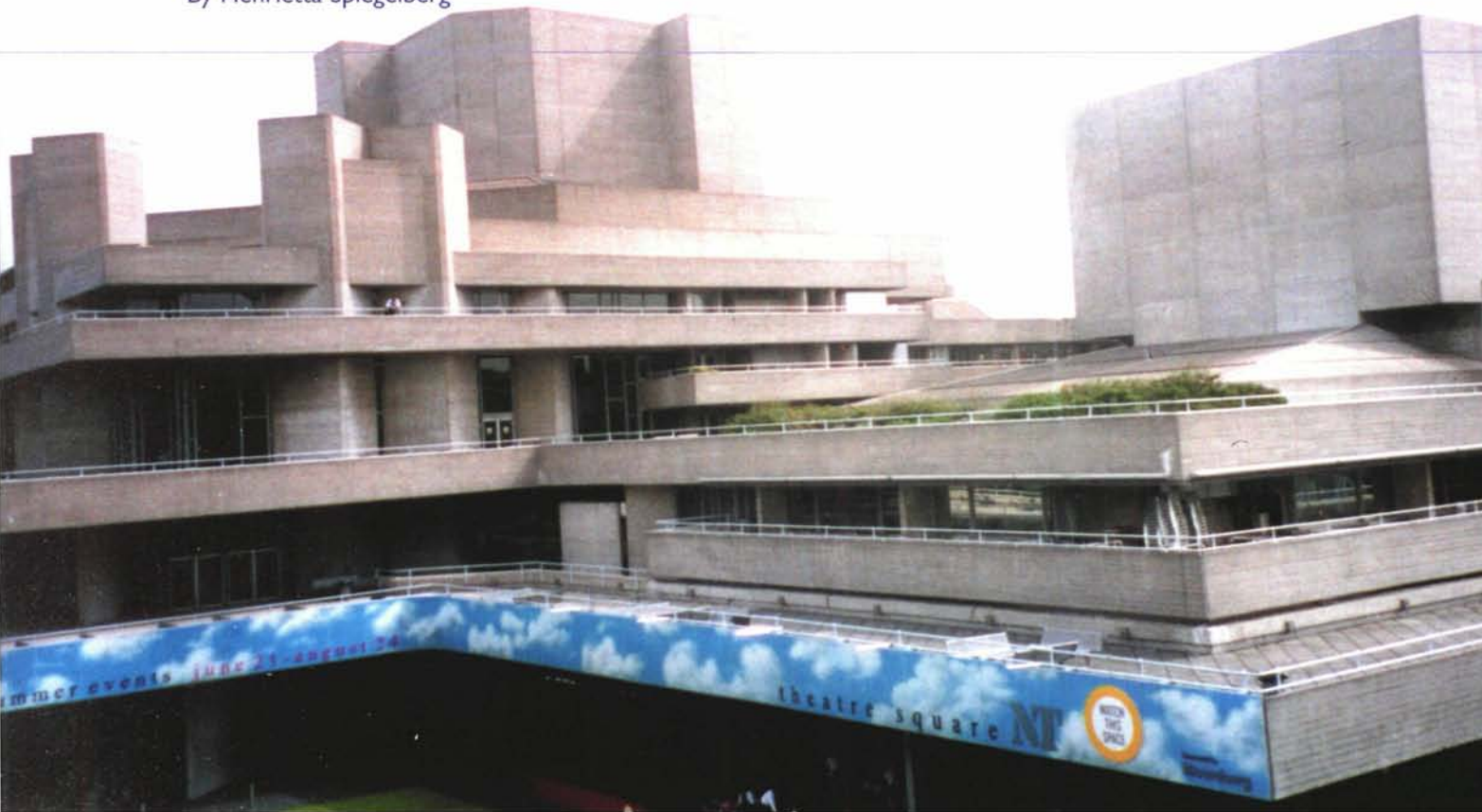
planner, an architect and a landscape gardener. The *Panopticon* could be a school, a manufactory, a prison or even a laboratory. In the centre of *Panopticon Town* there would have been the cylindrical *Panopticons* surrounded by the *Panopticon Gardens*, full of botanical discoveries that Cook would bring back from his trips to the West Indies. He finds more uses for it later; including a *Panopticon* for chickens called the *ptenotrophium* in 1794, whereby each chicken coup would be in a cell that rotated in order to find the optimum position for egg production in relation to the sun.

On the outskirts there would have been terraced houses for the Inspectors and administrative staff. Yet Bentham's control was relentless as he was to keep the keys to their houses.

Bentham and Ledoux are often compared, but throughout my research I found no evidence to show any collaboration, they just shared similar times and ideas. Bentham and Ledoux dreamt of their ideal communities, incorporating surveillance as means of control. Ledoux's *Royal Saltworks* was unfinished as a model community (in retrospect, from 1790–1804) and Bentham's remained on paper despite his attempts to secure a contract with the Irish, French and British governments to build at least one *Panopticon* if not *Panopticon Town*. But did Ledoux build one independently at Arc-et-Senans?

DENYS LASDUN AND THE NATIONAL THEATRE

By Henrietta Spiegelberg



The National Theatre, designed and built from the 1960's to 1970's is situated on London's South Bank. Denys Lasdun was selected to be the architect, and his original design, consisting of terraces constructed from concrete, similar to layers of strata in rocks, sparked much criticism, both positive and negative. Many things interest me about this building; I like the simple, geometric structures and shapes which are defiantly asymmetrical and the strong use of horizontals and verticals to convey layers of rock. However, what particularly takes my attention is the feeling of space, both

Above: National Theatre, South Bank, London. Photograph courtesy of Henrietta Spiegelberg.

inside the theatre itself, in the foyers and outside on the terraces. I am also interested in Lasdun's somewhat unconventional choice of material for a building designed for entertainment, and the relationship between space and materials. The use of concrete provides the building with a natural, raw quality, deprived of ornament, and therefore giving the impression that the theatre is for a functional as opposed to decorative, typically attractive purpose. Some would argue however, that concrete is a beautiful material and gives the theatre a natural magnificence. It also has a monumental and impressive quality, due to its situa-

tion by the river, and the size, emphasised by the towers and turrets.

I decided to investigate Lasdun's somewhat unconventional plan for a theatre considering the building's appearance in relation to its function, and looking in particular at the use of and relationship between space and materials and what effect, if any, these have on the audience.

An Audience in the National Theatre

"Our bodies and our movements are in constant dialogues with our buildings."
Robert J. Yudell

>> continued overleaf >>

>> continued from overleaf >>

DENYS LASDUN AND THE NATIONAL THEATRE...

An interior theatre is, in effect, a room with an area for the spectacle, with another section from which an audience views that spectacle. The National Theatre does not defy this simplicity; each of the three theatres it incorporates are a variation on this theme. Lasdun took inspiration from classical theatres such as Epidaurus, and also the Globe in creating the Olivier. The Olivier Theatre is the largest of the three, housing 1160 people. This theatre is, in simplified terms, a room with the action taking place in one corner. The main axis in this theatre runs on a 45° line, from the front of house through to the stage. This diagonal accent allows the audience to create their own theatrical amusement by glancing across at other members of the audience, which is what Lasdun intended. In effect it is somewhere to look and be looked at, reminiscent of the theatres at the turn of the century; "In the National Theatre everyone becomes an actor and all the building is a stage." This does not distract from the drama, but merely contributes to the intensity of it. The structure of the audience is not only arranged with this in mind, but done in a visually exciting way; it is "terraced, tiered, lifted up in the prows to either side of the stage, and dimly seen against the blackness" making the whole room electrifying.

Like the classical and renaissance attitudes and theories of the theatre, Lasdun saw architecture as a "microcosm of the city" and it is this conviction that lends Lasdun's design to the theatre so well. A city is an enclosed space, yet one never feels the sense that it is inescapable. The same can be said of the Olivier; sitting in the auditoria, one feels safely enclosed in a shell, yet this is

balanced by gaps in this shell through which you have a feeling of the world (or the rest of the building) beyond. There is a sense that the Olivier is the centre of this microcosm. The Olivier is part of the largest fly tower, and at a 45° angle to both Waterloo Bridge and the river, and the 45° and 90° focus of the theatre are repeated throughout the building, in the "strata, towers, piers, ceiling grids, joints."

However, the theatre really comes into its own during the intervals. The plays themselves are only a small part of the building it is the "Fourth Auditorium," the name Lasdun gave to the foyers and terraces that extend the entertainment beyond the theatres themselves. This is part of the atypical nature of the National Theatre. Most theatres are very enclosed and simple, the audience sits in a box and then leaves, the only experience is of the play itself. When going to the National Theatre, there is also the encounter with the surroundings. The foyers are like caves, with the spatial layering with stairs introducing as many as three levels at a time, providing long vertical and horizontal views. The combination of diagonal accents and cascading terraces provides a dynamic configuration for body movement; the diagonals challenge a sense of order, while the cascading terraces create a sense of movement. The intricate use of spaces both inside and outside make an interesting and exploratory environment for visitors, while slightly disorientating them.

When asked by a visitor why there was no decoration in the theatre, Lasdun responded by saying, "you, madam, are the ornament." At the intervals, when the audience pours into the foyers and

out onto the terraces, they become the drama, everyone being both the actor and spectator. "One parades up and down through a series of interconnecting stage sets... and watching others do the same. One looks up at people leaning over balconies above... or down through clefts, along valleys, or into pits, at the people parading below." Although there is an immense feeling of being sheltered, one can also look out onto the city beyond through the huge shafts of glass, providing both light and a view.

The terraces are perhaps the most interesting example of Lasdun's use of space for the audience. These terraces extend from the interior on ground level to link up with existing walkways between the Royal Festival Hall and Waterloo Bridge, while higher up, on two further levels, they continue into the building to link with the foyers. As Lasdun said, these outside spaces become a "fourth theatre for events and happenings with the city as a backdrop as well as providing external space for theatre and audiences, promenades for the public, places of relaxation for those working in the building." Going onto the cascading terraces, people can see the city around them and the platforms above frame the view. The multiple layers and length of the terraces provide many varied views. "The views of Somerset House and St. Paul's Cathedral from the terraces contribute to the feeling that one is part of a huge city, and adds to the sense of drama outside the theatre. Although there is a definite feeling of being "outside" while on the terraces, one is not really aware that they have actually left the building; the terraces merely seem like an extension of the interior, a new cavity of space that has been explored.

GIBBON PRIZE FOR HISTORY

This year's Gibbon Prize for History was awarded jointly to **Nicola Atkins (CC)** and **Andrea Cox (LL)**.
 Extracts from the winning essays are reproduced below.

THE LIFE OF A LADY

Were the lives of aristocratic women in the eleventh and twelfth centuries primarily shaped by their gender?
 By Nicola Atkins

Although among contemporary societies there appears to be a popular conception that medieval women were starved of freedom and kept in a position of inferiority by the forces of patriarchy, the extent to which their lives were primarily attributed to their gender is questionable. In fact the eleventh and twelfth centuries are cluttered with paradoxes, as although the society was highly structured and dominated by a seemingly stringent religious body – the stance taken by Christianity at this point on the equality of the genders allowed for a certain amount of sexual emancipation (especially for women in religious positions). In politics women had less opportunity and were often suppressed by males, who customarily held authority in legal matters, by running exclusively the shire courts for example. However, the power (as a separate attribute to authority), that could be exerted more subtly by women over their husbands and relatives has to be taken account of when discussing how extensively their gender shaped their lives and there are some clear exceptions to the women dominated and defined according to her inferiority to men.

The weight of influence held by the church in the eleventh and twelfth centuries means that the standpoint taken by this body on women and their rights is highly relevant to determining whether their gender was definitive of their lives. Therefore it is important to

note that at this stage in the development of Christianity the church endorsed the 'equality of believers'. This was apparent especially during the religious renaissance of the twelfth century, when women were encouraged to 'embrace forbidden roles and activities in the name of the revitalised Christian faith'. This meant females as worshippers had in theory no restrictions in religious practice coming from their gender, and religious institutions such as nunneries (for example most famously at Disibondenberg in Germany), offered medieval women a chance to escape from the inherited rules of her society and by her faith obtain a life outside of marriage and family. Women once inside the religious placement were exposed to many freedoms usually reserved for men, for example reading great texts (being literate at this point irrespective of gender was uncommon), being educated to read and write latin, and to record their thoughts in works of their own. There are still surviving records of works by some of these abbesses, for example Herrad of Landsberg, abbess of Hohenberg in Alsace (1167–1195) penned writings that displayed a significant intellectual level and also developed an encyclopedia named 'The Hortus Dolicianum' between 1160 and 1170. Herrad also worked on religious theories such as 'the ladder of virtue' in which souls attempt insistently to reach the top, but almost always succumb to earthly sins. In this case gender was not

a definitive characteristic for the women in question, however religious institutions in the eleventh and twelfth centuries despite Christian ideology were still dominated by males such as bishops, abbots and ordained clergy. Women were not permitted to be ordained and could not hold mass for their own communities, as a result their only official role in a convent was to pray. Nunneries, as opposed to Monasteries, also existed much of the time on the edge of penury, whereas the latter were usually well funded and superior in facilities. Added to this, the religious institutions were used by males to dispose of, or punish women who were not wanted, for example King Edward I sent his wife Eadgith 'when disgracing her family' (the Godwine's in 1051–1052), to a convent in Ireland. Convents were also a convenient place for fathers to dispose of daughters until they were married or alternatively for life, if their chances of marrying (and therefore of benefitting their father financially), looked slim. Overall, despite the facilities and protection (against the codes of conduct laid down by medieval society) offered to women in religious placements, the convents and monasteries still had hierarchies headed by males. They were also exclusive to those in the noble and aristocratic classes, leaving the great majority of the female population without the prospect of education – or of an alternative to marriage and the constraints of their gender.

>> Andrea Cox's essay overleaf >>

CHANGE IN EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY BRITAIN

An investigation into the most significant changes in British politics and society between 1815 and 1846.

By Andrea Cox

The underlying cause of all of the major changes in the nineteenth century was undoubtedly the Industrial Revolution. This set the country on the path of full urbanisation and placed a great strain on the resources of the poorest sections of the population. The effects of the Revolution are contradictory. On the whole Britain became richer as a nation but the conditions for the poorest worsened considerably. It underlay three main events which brought about the most significant changes to politics and society, without which, one can quite confidently state that the state of British society and politics would have been quite different from that in 1846. Firstly, the effect of the end of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815 on Britain cannot be underestimated. The loss of the artificial, economic stimulus of war provided the opportunity for discontents, to use the word most favoured by contemporaries, to be triggered. At a time when economic divisions were giving reality to class, radicalism provided a language which was capable of transcending divisions of ideology. Secondly, the political destabilisation of the Liverpool administration in 1827 was the trigger of a further growth in radicalism and caused parliamentary reform to become a constitutional question and then an inevitability. Thirdly, the triumph of Benthamism in the 1830s, despite being largely associated with the Whigs, transcended both parties and created the philosophy of state action as a lever to reform. The traditional interpretation is that the most significant change was the 1832 Reform Act. It was in fact the need to implement reform that created possibilities for the British system; the Act itself was largely disappointing and illiberal.

Historical interpretation of the period has become increasingly polemic but

broadly falls into three categories, that of Marxism (whose focus is on the ability for society to precipitate political change), and of Whigs and Tories (who would stress the importance of political change). Marx claimed that 'the most important result of the Industrial Revolution has been the creation of the Proletariat,' which rests largely on the development of society for 'the history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles.' If the changes that occurred were pragmatic responses, by different sections of society, to specific problems, superficially, the proposition can be made that a certain 'class consciousness' had developed by 1846. But how deep could class consciousness have run if it manifested itself so sporadically even during such periods of deep political disturbance as were common between 1815–46? Of course, working class cultures were resilient and adaptable: but 'adaptation' itself acknowledges a consciousness of and a response to control that is more likely to be linked with an argument of liberal or social control. Whig interpretation is based on a liberal consensus as to a period of glorious social improvement in the 19th century. The flaw in this is that it ignores the darker side of social policy that was far from benevolent. It could be argued that liberalism was not an egalitarian creed at all as it sought to protect and preserve the property of the landed elite. This is the basis of the social control argument which is often attributed to the Tory historical analysis. In all cases, it was the three events that had the greatest effect politically and socially and caused such instability as to cause society to throw into question one or more of its most basic beliefs or assumptions.

It would seem a reasonable deduction, writes SJ Lee, that the return to peace in 1815 would lift from Britain all threats of insurrection; but the next

four years were the heroic age of popular Radicalism (just as there were radical periods after the first and second world wars). Economic adjustment to France's unexpected proved painful after 23 years of warfare to be replaced by a huge gap in the domestic market caused by mass unemployment, exacerbated by the demobilisation of 300,000 men from the armed services. Furthermore the ebbs and flows of a still unstable industrialism, rapid inflation and the lack of demand for coal and steel, all produced severe depression and discontent and placed pressures on the Liverpool administration of an intensity not experienced before upon government. Gash claims that this created an 'aggregate of social evils which took half a century to control.' It was not likely that the grievances of the people would have been nearly as great or have been expressed in the same way if there had not been a war. From a Marxist perspective this was significant in that it subjected the people simultaneously to an intensification of two intolerables: economic exploitation and political oppression. The 'working classes' and the 'middle classes' were in inevitable conflict, for economic conditions for them had diverged sharply. The movement of the 'lower orders,' although not yet a mass one, did have an intellectual basis by 1815. The situation after the Wars was tailor-made for radical resurgence and their attack of 'Old Corruption' between 1815–20 caused the government to face nationwide disaffection as never before. It would be a mistake to identify all the radicals and reformers with a progressive political outlook, but, as Brock claims, between 1815–20 Britain seethed with discontent; the 'labouring poor' were turning into a new phenomenon, the 'working class,' which was not necessarily influenced by the political situation per se, but had the ability to manipulate it.

ECONOMICS PRIZE ESSAY

The Economics Prize Essay was won this year by **Henry Alty (GG)** for his study of the economic application of game theory. The introduction is reprinted below.

THE PRISONER'S DILEMMA AND INTERNATIONAL TRADE

By Henry Alty

Game theory is the study of human interactions; how people make definite decisions in a transitory world. It can be used to explain some of the elementary mysteries of both micro- and macro-economics and why the Utopia of a perfect free society promised by capitalism has so far failed to materialise. As such, economists were slow to see its true value. Recognition only came in the form of a paper written in 1944 by von Neumann

and Morgenstern called Theory of Games and Economic Behaviour. This paper was merely the beginning of the rise of game theory in economics, which culminated with the awarding, in 1994, of the Nobel Prize for Economics to Nash, Selten and Harsanyi for their work on non-cooperative games.

ations such as the tragedy of the commons, and indeed social conventions and norms can also be understood in terms of game theory. The fundamental use of game theory is at points where normal economic theory breaks down, where there are only a few major 'competitors' and their reactions will have major effects on each other. However, perhaps the best known and most easily applicable example of Game Theory is that of the Prisoner's Dilemma.

the Dominant Strategy Equilibrium, as A could improve his position by changing to confess – his payoff would be 15 rather than 10. As such, player A will choose to do so. As the strategies for A and B are effectively the same – swapping the two player's names would make no difference – the best strategy for B to follow is also to defect. The important thing here, as examination of the matrix above will show, is that this is the best strategy whether or not

“This seems to challenge the central thesis of Adam Smith’s Wealth of Nations; that capitalism allows all to prosper by simply selfishly pursuing their self-interest.”

and Morgenstern called Theory of Games and Economic Behaviour. This paper was merely the beginning of the rise of game theory in economics, which culminated with the awarding, in 1994, of the Nobel Prize for Economics to Nash, Selten and Harsanyi for their work on non-cooperative games.

In this example, there are two prisoners who have been taken away for questioning after being captured in the course of a major diamond heist. They have two options: either they can turn Queen's evidence and confess to their part in the wrongdoing, or remain stubbornly silent. These options are

A has already chosen to defect or not. Thus the Dominant Strategy Equilibrium, which is the point at which both players have their highest payoff regardless of the other player's strategy is, is (defect,defect), despite the fact that the optimal outcome for both sides would be to cooperate. This seems to challenge the central thesis of Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations; that capitalism allows all to prosper by simply selfishly pursuing their self-interest.

		PRISONER A	
PRISONER B	CONFESS	(5,5)	(0,15)
	STAY SILENT	(15,0)	(10,10)

How can this be related to international trade, or indeed capitalism in general? To answer this, simply imagine that Prisoners A and B are Firms A and B, or Countries A and B, and instead of attempting to avoid incarceration they are trying to choose whether to enter a market or establish trade barriers.

What is a game? To the average layman, it seems bizarre that games can have anything to do with the intangible mysteries of economics, but in actual fact there are numerous points of comparison between 'games' and economic situ-

represented on the matrix below, in the form (payoff for A, payoff for B).

As such, clearly the best outcome for the both of them is to stay silent, giving the payoff (10,10). However, this is not

GUMBLETON PRIZE FOR CREATIVE WRITING

The winner of this year's Gumbleton prize for creative writing in the Sixth Form was **Harriet Dykes (PP)** for her unnerving short story.



LENGTCHE
By Harriet Dykes

Carol could not remember exactly when it was that she first went to see the doctor. There must have been a first appointment; with a definite time and place but she could not locate it in her memory. She felt that these meetings with the doctor had been coming on gradually, like the sickness that had begun to take control over her body about two years ago. Before that she had been the real Carol: the one who was outgoing, witty, attractive, confident in everything that she did. She belonged to the world of glittering street-lights and skyscrapers that she had come to take part in from her quiet hometown in Maine. She could feel the momentum of traffic, telephone rings and trams keeping pace with her pulse; it seemed that Hong Kong gave her life, and the power to overcome anything she chose, even the city itself.

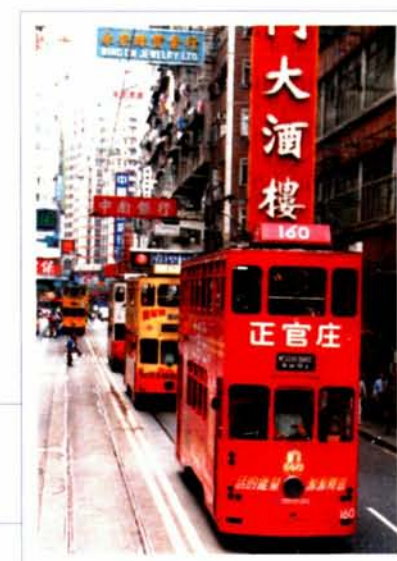
But now, twenty or so months later when she looked into the mirror she saw a cadaverous figure with a face that looked haggard. The flesh grown on her face seemed not to have taken root so that her cheeks sagged, hanging from her cheekbones like the overgenerous folds of a glove that does not fit the hand that wears it. People at work she had once been able to talk to with ease became distant and distorted so that it seemed she had been forced to look through a lens at everything she had associated herself with in the past.

It was at this time of transformation that she started to seek out the other world: a world that she had perhaps sensed since she moved to this city, one that hummed and trembled beneath the shining financial centres, banks and hotels, but one from which she had kept herself separate, instead floating

above it like an angel. But all this had changed, and as if the heavens had fallen from their platform and sank below the earth's shaking crust, forcing it up into the skies, the Chinese had become god-like to her; not those she met at meetings and lunches with expensive suits and American accents, but those she saw packed tight on the streets of Mong Kok or Wanchai every morning, scuttling to breakfast at grubby noodle stalls in their kingdom of spit and dust.

At first she watched them, only catching fragments of their speech and savouring the strange foreign sounds in her head, where it would echo discordant and unintelligible to her. Then, instead of taking her late morning coffee at the café in the lobby of her office block, she ventured down narrow side streets to dirty tea houses, where she would sit with hard-faced old men and women in a cloud of smoke and jasmine, the chaotic rattling of mah-jong pieces ringing from behind a wooden screen at the back of the room. When she ate Chinese food or wore her pair of silken slippers, embroidered with red thread that formed tiny pictures of phoenixes and lotus flowers, it was as if she was becoming a part of this world. Had she admitted to herself the surprise that she felt at being capable of digesting all the sticky rice and sweet buns, and the seeming looseness of the silk that covered her, perhaps she would not have continued to see the doctor. But the fact that she believed something very different underwrote her existence made her feel safe, and so sent her nightly back to the meticulous care of Mr Zhong.

Mr Zhong lived with his wife in a small stone house near a fish market, about fifteen minutes drive down from the



ex-patriate enclave where Carol lived and which, being situated on a hill, provided its residents with the luxury of an unobstructed view of the harbour. The floor of Mr Zhong's home was of smooth, white stone and the furniture cold and wooden. On the walls were hung scrolls of the scribble-like shapes of calligraphy, but that seemed to Carol to be clusters of strange flowers, and paintings of mountains and rivers, curled and twisted like the clouds in the skies above them. From the ceiling swung cheap and colourful lanterns. They seemed so delicate that they could have been made from rice paper.

During appointments Mr Zhong would play mandarin music videos that had been filmed in the distant deserts and plains of Mainland China. Carol could turn her head towards the television as she lay in his living-room and watch the lively waving of ribbons and bells by Chinese from far-away provinces: perhaps Hunan or Hebei. There was something unsettling in watching these videos in which nature and the immortal were put in such close proximity; it made the dancers seem as if they were stamping their feet out of time with the music. Carol imagined them instead amongst the rocks and trees of the doctor's paintings.

During the first appointment Mr Zhong had indicated to Carol that she should remove her blouse and lie face down on a bench in the middle of the room. He then placed a towel over her back and began to move his hands slowly along her spine, his fingers searching like tentacles for all the malignity within her. His wife watched from a stool in the corner, stony faced and Carol thought, almost anxious looking. The seriousness of the couple's manners and the experi-

enced feel of the doctor's touch was reassuring. Carol felt as if she was under the care of supernatural forces.

Her treatment consisted of having needles pushed into various places on her body; down her legs, along her arms, in her stomach and buttocks. The doctor would then agitate them beneath until her nerves beneath her skin began to twitch. Afterwards he would give her a lengthy massage, rubbing and squeezing her skin with tight lips and closed eyes; complete concentration. After a few visits the doctor stopped using the towel. Carol could now feel the warmth of the doctor's hands and what felt like energy being passed from his body to hers. When she went home she was sure that she could smell herbs and incense on her skin.

Carol did not know why the doctor used the methods he did, nor did she feel the need to find out; the thick volumes of western medicine on her bookshelves at home told her everything that was comprehensible about her condition and the treatment. She could not understand the doctor's mutterings and wondered at his trying to communicate with her through speech. Yet, the meditative voice had a healing quality without containing any meaning. Carol imagined him to be chanting over her, drawing out all that was bad from within her. Therefore, every night she gave up her body completely to Mr Zhong, let him use it in his strange rituals without questions, without explanations. Sometimes it was the needles, sometimes glass bowls that had been momentarily charged with fire to create a vacuum, enabling them to stick to her skin like limpets on a rock. The edges of the bowls were hard and left red rings on her skin where they had come into contact with it. Electric currents were another device that Mr Zhong specialised in. He would connect Carol to electrodes connected to leads running to a black box and the run an electric current through her until her skin began to tingle, then throb heavily. All these methods inflicted great pain, but when the doctor nodded his head and half smiled, she knew that she was getting better.

Always there was the massage. The doctor's wife would leave the room and Carol would remove her clothes. Having her legs spread and being twisted into various positions, she felt as if she was being played like an exotic instrument. The beads of sweat that

formed on the doctor's forehead and his heavy breathing were evidence of the power of the malignancy within herself that had to be exorcised.

Then one day at work a colleague approached her. Apparently she was drawing attention to herself, she did not look well, was there anything the matter? Carol was puzzled, then felt a sense of danger, though she did not know where it was coming from. She needed to defend herself, though from against what she did not know. Perhaps it was this small and worried looking woman standing before her, scanning what was visible of her body, the bruises, plasters, crescent shaped marks where the doctor had dug his nails into her skin.

That night, when she entered Mr Zhong's flat, the cabinet where he stored his medical instruments caught her attention. The rows of needles, carefully lined up according to size, coils of wires and electrodes, tongs, knives and syringes looked like a museum display. Beside the bench where she was to lie were those selected for her that evening, shining as if they had been polished: specially prepared. She suddenly felt frightened. Before her she saw an image in black and white of a youngish Chinese man standing at the centre of a group of people in old-fashioned dress who were looking at him with curiosity. The stupefied look on his face was what she noticed first. He seemed blankly indifferent to those who were watching him. Another man stood behind him with a knife. This man had the young man under some sort of restraint. The young man's nipples had been carefully cut away from his rib cage. Similarly, the skin from his knees and elbows had been neatly removed. Carol could not remember where she had seen this picture before, nor could she comprehend its meaning. She was confused and experienced the same uneasiness she felt at watching the dancers in the music videos.

In fact, the image was of a photograph she had seen when visiting a museum on a trip to the mainland. It was of a man undergoing the first stages of a once commonly practised execution technique: the leng tche or death by one thousand cuts. But before Carol could remember this, something else entered her head. It was the thin remorseful sound of an erhu. Mr Zhong had started the music, and soon her healing process would begin.

PRIZE GIVING 2002

GREEK

Remove:	Elias Mitropoulos	Ashburnham
	Gregory Renwick	Milne's
VI:	Oliver Butler	Liddell's
	David Powell	College
US:	Christos Kaplanis	Rigaud's
	Stefan Sienkiewicz	Grant's
LS:	Edward Bataillard	Liddell's
	Clem Naylor	College
	Theo Peterson	College
V:	Faiz Bhanji	Grant's
	Antony Smith	College

LATIN

Remove:	Alexander Rubner	Wren's
	Skanda Surendra	Grant's
VI:	Karim Ladha	College
	Mohan Rao	College
US:	Nabeel Bhanji	Grant's
	Fred Gordon	College
LS:	Edward Eccles	College
	Nicholas Wareham	Wren's
V:	Yean Chooi	Milne's
	Pen Stuart	Liddell's

ART

Remove:	Naomi Curtis	Ashburnham
	Mica Penniman	Dryden's
VI:	Alexandra Cairns	Rigaud's
	Jennifer Loh	Purcell's
US:	Benjamin Jones	Milne's
	Anthony Staples	Busby's

DRAMA

AS:	Charlie Hayes	Grant's
US:	Daniel Bamford	Liddell's
	Harry Weeks	Wren's
LS:	Edward Franklin	Liddell's
	John Reicher	College

ECONOMICS

Remove:	Oliver Newton	College
	Matthew Scott	Milne's
VI:	William Swannell	Grant's
	Raymond Bilderbeck	Dryden's

ELECTRONICS

Remove:	Ben Adcock	Rigaud's
VI:	Thomas Pickup	Milne's
US:	Charles Willison	Liddell's
LS:	William Illingworth	Rigaud's
	Daniel Lee	Hakluyt's

ENGLISH

Remove:	Georgina Cole	Purcell's
US:	Thomas Mackenzie	Busby's
LS:	Anthony Sequeira	Rigaud's

GEOGRAPHY

Remove:	Oliver Newton	College
VI:	Jonathan Bailey	Rigaud's
US:	Benjamin Kent	Wren's
	Benedict Sheppard	Grant's
LS:	Daniel Lee	Hakluyt's
	Sam Pritchard	Grant's
V:	Antony Smith	College

>> more prizes overleaf >>

PRIZE GIVING 2002

HISTORY

Remove:	Oliver Cox	Hakluyt's
	Alexander Millar	Milne's
VI:	Jonathan Hazell	Rigaud's
	William Stevenson	Liddell's
US:	John Ashton	Wren's
	Andrew Sanderson	Rigaud's
LS:	Max Kaufman	Ashburnham
	Sam Pritchard	Grant's
V:	Samuel Allen	Dryden's
	Antony Smith	College

HISTORY OF ART

Remove:	Isabel Chick	Dryden's
	Eleanor Grace	Wren's
VI:	Louise Chappell	Busby's
	John Gethin	Liddell's

MATHEMATICS

Remove:	Ben Adcock	Rigaud's
VI:	William Muirhead	Liddell's
	Thomas Pickup	Milne's
US:	Christos Kaplanis	Rigaud's
LS:	John Reicher	College
V:	Antony Smith	College

FRENCH

Remove:	Lydia Lewison	Rigaud's
	William Sweet	Rigaud's
VI:	Timothy Modiano	Hakluyt's
	Jack Seaman	Milne's
US:	Phin Chooi	Milne's
	Christos Kaplanis	Rigaud's
LS:	Andrew Byrne	Dryden's
	Sam Pritchard	Grant's
V:	Edward Randell	Busby's
	Antony Smith	College

GERMAN

Remove:	Maudie Leach	Purcell's
	William Sweet	Rigaud's
VI:	James Jolly	Ashburnham
	Emily Robinson	Rigaud's
US:	Benjamin Kent	Wren's
	Johann Koehler	Milne's
LS:	Theo Peterson	College
	J J Remez	Dryden's

RUSSIAN

Remove:	Daniel Sicka	Hakluyt's
VI:	Alexander Nurnberg	College
US:	John Ashton	Wren's
LS:	Vikram Iyer	Grant's

SPANISH

Remove:	Olivia Bennett	Busby's
	Tom Wroe	Busby's
VI:	Anthony Cardona	College
	Tamiko Mackison	Purcell's
US:	Stefan Sienkiewicz	Grant's
	Vadim Varvarin	Rigaud's
LS:	Edward Bataillard	Liddell's
	Paul Giladi	Grant's

MUSIC

Remove:	Harriet Taylor	Purcell's
US:	Phin Chooi	Milne's

PE

LS:	James McNaughton	Liddell's
V:	Samuel Allen	Dryden's

RELIGIOUS STUDIES

Remove:	Francis Murphy	Wren's
VI:	Amy Bowdery	Milne's
	John Gethin	Liddell's

US:	Tomas Hirst	Ashburnham
	Rupert Paines	Milne's
LS:	Edward Eccles	College

BIOLOGY

Remove:	Sarah Pett	Purcell's
	Sam Scheuringer	Dryden's
VI:	Dorothee Duvaux	Dryden's
	Jesse Marre	Busby's
	Ned Naylor	College
US:	Christopher Hanges	Rigaud's
	Timothy Woodward	Hakluyt's

CHEMISTRY

Remove:	Sam Scheuringer	Dryden's
	Robert Shaw	Grant's
VI:	Dorothee Duvaux	Dryden's
	Ned Naylor	College
US:	Gopalan Radhakrishnan	Grant's
	Phin Chooi	Milne's
LS:	Nicholas Wareham	Wren's
V:	Yean Chooi	Milne's
	Pen Stuart	Liddell's

PHYSICS

Remove:	Ben Adcock	Rigaud's
VI:	Edward Saperia	Dryden's
US:	Robert Furber	College
LS:	Trevor Hines	Dryden's
V:	Darshan Vora	Ashburnham

TECHNOLOGY

Remove:	John Hope	Ashburnham
VI:	Jain Phillips	Wren's
US:	Bilal Khan	Dryden's
	Anthony Staples	Busby's
LS:	Aleks Domanski	Rigaud's
	Lewis Roberts	Busby's

FIFTH FORM CREATIVE WRITING PRIZE

1st	Andrew Naughtie	Grant's
2nd	Adam Holmes	Ashburnham
	Charles Horten-Middleton	Wren's
3rd	Alexander Asher	Liddell's
	James Moseley	Dryden's
	Edward Randell	Busby's
	Antony Smith	College

MARTIN-LEAKE FIFTH FORM HISTORY PRIZE

1st	Charles Horten-Middleton	Wren's
	Eurion Leonard-Pugh	Dryden's
2nd	Adam Holmes	Ashburnham
	Richard Trainor	Ashburnham
Highly Comm- ended	Faiz Bhanji	Grant's
	Alexander Cagan	Milne's
	Christian Harman	Rigaud's
	Giles Robertson	College
	Antony Smith	College

GUMBLETON ENGLISH

1st	Alexander Halban	Grant's
	Frederic Kenny	Liddell's
2nd	Jessica Espey	Purcell's
	Francis Hamlyn	Rigaud's
3rd	Sancha Bainton	Liddell's
	Kate Drummond	Rigaud's
	Petra Kwan	Milne's
	Alexander Nurnberg	College

PHILLIMORE ENGLISH

1st	Zeno Houston	Wren's
	Sarah Pett	Purcell's
2nd	Francis Murphy	Wren's
3rd	Murat Kerimol	College
	Martin Malinowski	College
	Gregory Pallis	Hakluyt's

FRED D'ARCY PRIZE

	Benjamin Arnold	Milne's
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SPECIAL CLASSICS PRIZE

	Daniel Sicka	Hakluyt's
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SPECIAL DRAMA PRIZE

	Mica Penniman	Dryden's
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GIBBON HISTORY

1st	Anthony Cardona	College
	Charles Corn	Busby's
2nd	Alexander Halban	Grant's
3rd	David Crosse	Ashburnham
	James Jolly	Ashburnham
Highly Comm- ended	Raymond Bilderbeck	Dryden's
	Karmen Watson	Purcell's

MITCHELL HISTORY

	Jonathan Bailey	Rigaud's
	Vita Peacock	Busby's

NEALE HISTORY

	Ned Naylor	College
	Mohan Rao	College

WALKER HISTORY

	Patrick Agar	Dryden's
	Lucinda Walker	Liddell's

WHITMORE HISTORY

	Oliver Newton	College
	Elizabeth Sharples	Dryden's

JOHN HOUSE HISTORY OF ART

1st	Georgina Cole	Purcell's
	Anna Stothard	Liddell's
2nd	Natasha Hoare	Purcell's
	Janezcka Le Port	Wren's

CHEYNE MATHS

Senior:	Paul Gilbert	Dryden's
	Nicholas Krempel	Ashburnham
Junior:	Jack Farchy	College
	Darshan Vora	Ashburnham
	Timothy Woodward	Hakluyt's

STUART LEAF MODERN LANGUAGES

French:	Camilla Southall	Purcell's
German:	William Sweet	Rigaud's
Russian:	Murat Kerimol	College
Spanish:	Lydia Lewison	Rigaud's

GIBB FRENCH

	Alexander Halban	Grant's
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PHILIP WEBB FRENCH

	George Richards	Busby's
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HUGO GARTEN GERMAN

	Maudie Leach	Purcell's
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HARVARD BOOK PRIZE

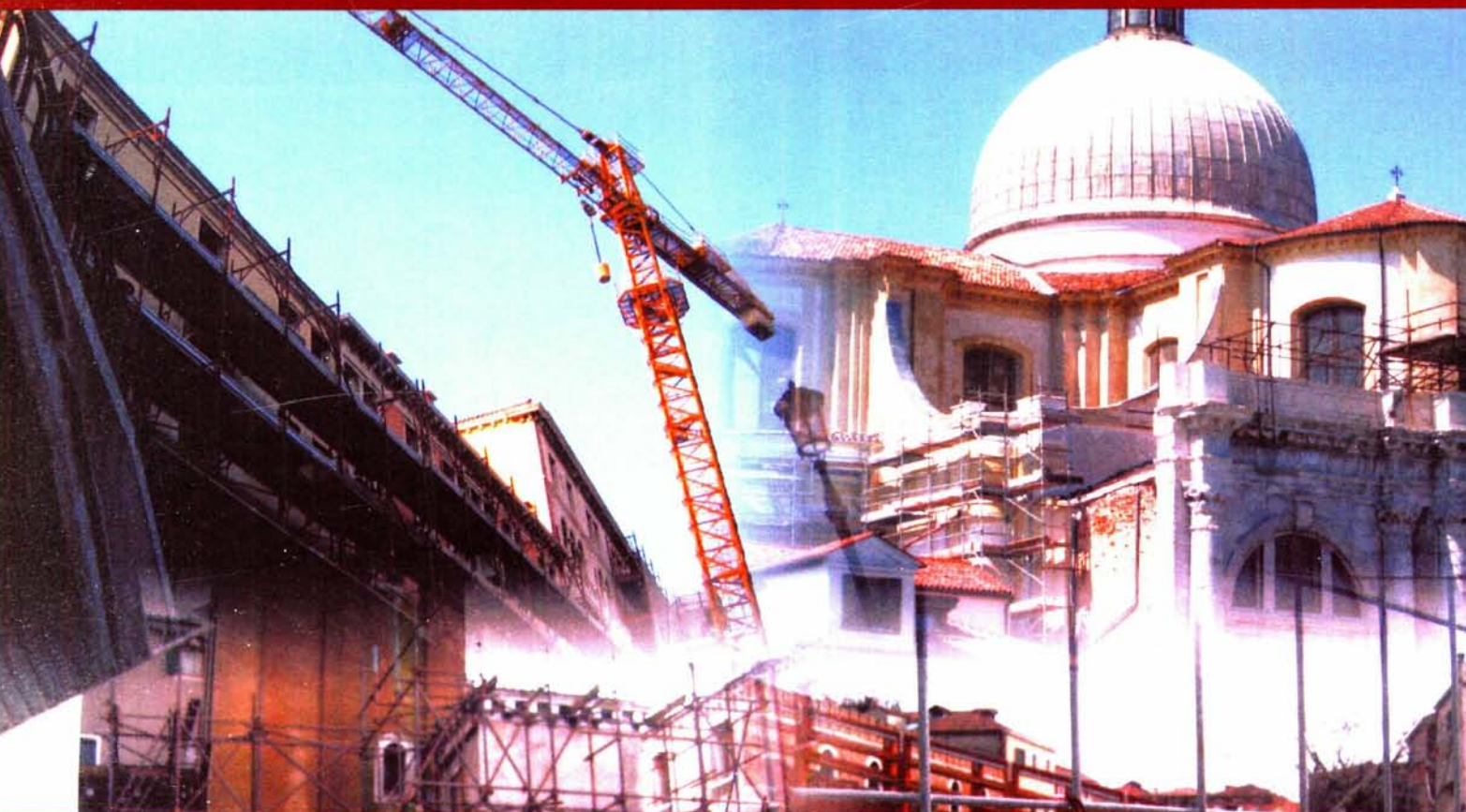
	Nicholas Krempel	Ashburnham
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ELIZABETHAN CLUB: Head Master's Prize

	Elias Mitropoulos	Ashburnham
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MAUNDY PRIZES

	Sarah Pett	Purcell's
	Francis Murphy	Wren's
	Jack Holborn	Liddell's
	Daniel Greenwald	Dryden's
	Mathilde Pauls	Busby's
	Murat Kerimol	College



Artwork: 'Church' by Christopher Donovan (HH)



TRAVEL

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CHAMONIX 2002

Clem Naylor (CC) and John Reicher (CC) went to Switzerland for some high times with the Upper Shell in June 2002. Here is their account of the heat, the mountains, rocks and stones.

After weeks of negotiation and deliberation with Mr Hooper and some Chamonix veterans we were finally persuaded to select 'walking in the French Alps' as our expedition of choice. The start to the trip was unremarkable. We were first treated to the extraordinarily efficient driving skills of Mr. Wurr and then hopped onto the Eurostar to Le Gare du Nord, Paris. Having crossed the city by Metro, we boarded our couchette train to the Alps at Le Gare d'Austerlitz. It was only after we had peered into our 'rooms' for the night that we realised quite what a Hooper-Feltham expedition is like.

The 'rooms' were a tad on the small side – the six beds were brown leather, and the various stenchs absolutely unbearable. After a harrowing experience, we awoke the next morning amongst the dazzling Alpine scenery of St. Gervais, and unstuck ourselves from the leatherette of our beds. A train and a walk took us to our hostel in Les Bossons, and to our ever-friendly host, Francois-Marie, who was an excellent cook.

Les Bossons, although a hotbed of social activity (as Mr. Feltham and Mr Hooper discovered and enjoyed to the full during their daily "planning meetings"), was nothing compared to Chamonix, a ten minute bus-ride away. From Chamonix we ventured up into the mountains by cable car. We went up to the tremendously high Aiguille du Midi, from where we had a view of the Chamonix valley

and across to the top of Mont Blanc. That day was overcast and foggy, as was the next day when

we walked along from the halfway point of the Aiguille du Midi to close to the Chamonix glacier. However, our main walking day was sunny and clear and there was a spectacular view of Mont Blanc and its surrounding peaks from the other side of the valley. With the sun came heat; with the heat came sweat and pain as we toiled up the steep and winding mountain paths towards our return cable-car, at which we arrived after a minor navigational scare which involved minefields, avalanches, alarms and much confusion.

As well as the satisfaction gained from the plentiful hardcore walks (only Mr Feltham's calves could have wanted more!), we also enjoyed other aspects of the trip. The day started with a hearty breakfast: bread from the never-ending baguette, together with an assortment of congenial continental conserves – after which we bussed into Chamonix, where we either purchased our packed luncheon from one of the various boulangeries, or dined at the magnifico 'Poco Loco', probably the best burger bar ever.

In the evenings we ate well at the hostel, and we filled the rest of our time with football, table tennis and baby-foot.





Above: Chamonix.

Left: The Upper Shell walkers.

Photographs of Chamonix courtesy of Alex Gabriele.

Below right: 'Bartyboard'. Photograph courtesy of Tim Lai.

Not being able to beat us at any of these, Mr Hooper brought along his own game of 'stones', at which he duly trounced us, using his mathematical guile to the full. Strange how Mr. Feltham never challenged him...

The trip was a gargantuan success and thanks to Messrs. Feltham and Hooper we all had an excellent time. Hypercool.

MY SPANISH NECESSITIES

Edward Cumming (BB) went to Granada for a week in October with the Upper Shell and reports on the success of total immersion in Spanish.

Good times were had by all on this trip, as well as a lot of Spanish language learning and even more appreciation of the culture, whether by encounters with the locals, encounters with each other in a new cultural light or encounters with good old-fashioned imbibing.

The trip has been a feature of the Westminster Spanish GCSE course for some years now, and such a rich and continuous heritage showed its advantages even before the plane left. Removes and 6th formers had been sought out long before for advice about where to go, what to do, what not to eat, wear or smoke and one particularly helpful and anonymous monitor provided a grubby map of the city centre, which sadly proved not only unhelpful but actually detrimental to attempts at navigation on arrival.

Participants stay, in pairs, in the homes of local residents, which are usually flats in or around the city centre. Some are better than others, but this reporter had the dubious fortune of residing with one of the more fiery old women in the Mediterranean and her deaf husband. This not being an exchange, the couple were under no obligation for us to learn Spanish or, indeed, for us to have a good time much above staying alive. However terrible this sounds, it proves a blessing because you absolutely have to speak Spanish if you want something other than omelette and paella. For breakfast. Necessity breeds invention and in no time at all my flatmate and I were requesting milk in our coffee and a later curfew like consummate Manuels.



The days took a variety of forms. For three out of the six days, our whole group had lessons together, in a language school near the centre of town. Here too there was no scope for English deviation, as our bearded teacher, Ramon, taught us Spanish, entirely in Spanish, again proving the usefulness but also the difficulty of learning by immersion.

Evenings and the remaining days were spent exploring Granada itself, which with its rich Moorish heritage is fascinating, architecturally and culturally. In the Alhambra it boasts one of the most beautiful palaces in Europe, built by the Arab kings as a showpiece of their attention to aesthetic details.

In all it was a fascinating expedition, with an enjoyable mix of language, culture and recreation, from which all returned with an improved understanding of Spain and its ways, and having discovered many things which could never be taught in the classroom.



AN OPAQUE CULTURE

Tristan Summerscale (CC) went to Germany last summer and found the experience a mixture of the underwhelming, the alarming, the perplexing and the rewarding.

Germans are hard people to understand. Not merely linguistically (our 3 year old yet strangely rudimentary German should have been quite capable of mastering their teutonic grunts) but also culturally. The essence of their culture is essentially opaque to the average Briton, and perhaps this is because we are so inherently similar. That a country that provided the world with Goethe's poetry, with Beckenbauer's football and with so many other good things should present the traveller with a modern country so catastrophically underwhelming, I find worrying.

That is one thing we learnt in Germany this summer. However, we did also on the whole manage to have a thoroughly good time, thanks in no small part to the efforts and attentions of Richard Stokes, Lynn Chouleron and Paul Rees as well as our German hosts.

Amongst many other things we took in an opera, the wonderful historical cities of Nurnberg and Salzburg, a sobering and chilling visit to Dachau, a very bad tempered football match (during which Anglo-German relations were nearly set back fifty years), several dozen litres of beer, a lot of ugly German people, as well as several personal misadventures that should not sully the pages of this illustrious publication.

Our base, Munich, though perhaps not housing the social delights favoured by many of our number was an interesting and atmospheric place and we got to know it well on a cycle tour.

We also managed to reveal ourselves as true children of the 21st Century All-Inclusive Europe when we were asked to paint a billboard pillar in our suburb for the month, Puchheim. We managed to produce, amongst various impressive graffiti, a truly cosmopolitan Union Jack in the German national colours. The press were called, the teachers were smiling, and we were the toast of the local community.

However, the peak, or trough as one may see it, of the exchange was the visit of five of our number to the mountains on a walking trip.

It is hard to describe one's feelings at over 2000m up in the German Alps, drenched to the bone, being snowed and hailed on, having walked up a mountain for four hours with the prospect of another two ahead. Followed by a night surrounded by screaming German girls, this sounds about as close to hell as a rational human being could imagine, but the joy when our beleaguered party finally reached our decidedly spartan accommodation far outweighed this misery.

This wouldn't have been the first thing I would have chosen to do with my summer, but try as I might, I can't say I regret it. Thank you again to everyone involved.

MI DELGADA PATRIA

Eriko Miyazaki-Ross (WW) writes about her poetic exchange trip to Chile.

I had never taken part in an exchange before and have to admit that I had my reservations about it since a month felt like it would be like a long time and Chile isn't exactly close to home. Friends of mine who had been the previous year told me that it was an incredible experience but that they hadn't got on all that well with their respective Chilean counterparts. Nonetheless, I was looking forward to getting there and being able to experience life in Chile.

After all the anticipation, I arrived in Santiago at the end of a long twenty hour flight, and attempted to find my exchange despite not having any idea as to what she looked like. I was eventually met by Sandy, her mother and the deputy head of The Grange School where Sandy was a student. At this point I was feeling pretty positive about the coming month since Sandy and her mother seemed like genuinely nice people. I can certainly say that the Chileans live up to their reputation of being some of the friendliest people in the world.

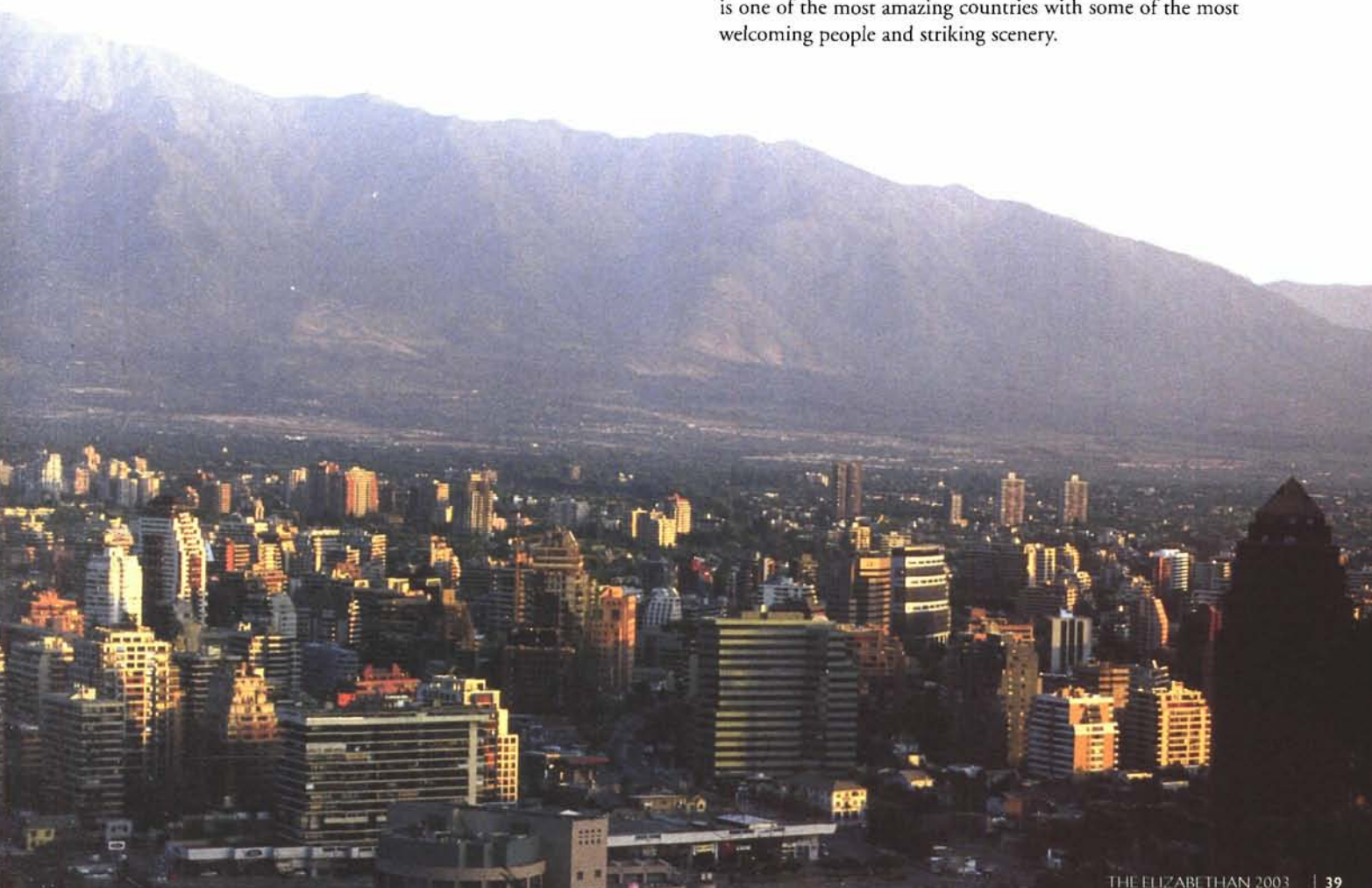
What struck me most on leaving the airport was the huge disparity of wealth; the poor and very poor and the rich are very rich with usually one or more maids. Chile is probably the safest and most developed of South American countries yet it is faced with poverty on a scale to which I had never witnessed before. I remember reading that Chile is the only country in South America without street children as there are military-run orphanages which deal with this problem. However, my experiences were different. On one occasion I was on the bus with a fellow Westminster when two girls,

of no more than nine and six respectively, got on and starting singing. They were trying to earn enough money to buy a broom in order to get a cleaning job to help their starving family.

Whilst I found myself settling in very quickly due to the hospitality and kindness of my Chilean family, I still somehow felt awkward asking their maid to get me a glass of coke or a piece of toast which I knew I was more than capable of getting myself.

Chile has without a doubt some of the most spectacular and beautiful landscapes in the world. A particular favourite of mine was the coastal town of Valparaiso just a few hours away from the bustle of Santiago where the Chilean Nobel Prize Winner for Poetry, Pablo Neruda had an amazing house with a stunning view overlooking the sea. All around were vibrant coloured houses built on wooden stilts on the almost vertical slopes of the hills. I couldn't help fearing that if it rained, the soil would erode and there might be a landslide bringing down all these houses.

Santiago, likewise, had an incredible atmosphere with the backdrop of the breathtaking snow-capped Andes where I went skiing at the weekends. The skyline of Santiago reminded me of a less developed American city, (that is when it was possible to see the skyline through the smog!). Most of the time, Santiago has a pollution cloud around it which only really goes just after it has rained. For me, Chile is one of the most amazing countries with some of the most welcoming people and striking scenery.



GREECE 2003

International travel is becoming less attractive; unless you go to some backwater you are almost bound to find Golden Arches and Coca Cola. Homogenisation is well under way. True too of Athens, and the remainder of the Peloponnese is scarcely devoid of global influences, writes **Rod Beavon**, who accompanied the Fifth form on this year's Classics trip at Easter.

And yet: Greece has something very special, which is that evocative blend of legend and history which classical studies uniquely provides. Wise Telemachus and grey-eyed Athene may not be historical figures, but that is quite hard to believe when surrounded by the poignant remains of a fine civilisation. So for me they became real and Zeus really did find the centre of the world with two eagles.

Around 1500 km in ten days, some eight hotels, a circum-ambulation of the Peloponnese is demanding. But the Greeks were friendly, the food excellent, and so was the company. Even the 5th form were entertaining and pleasant; good for them, and thanks too.

We began at the Acropolis. Odd that the Venetians who blew up the Parthenon have been less criticised than Lord Elgin OW for his appropriation of the frieze marbles. I was entranced by the Erechthion, a small temple with the roof supported by caryatids. The English version can be seen at St. Pancras church. The Acropolis is an impressive climb, especially if you've just been across at Philopappos, opposite. I discovered this merely to be the taster for the climbing to come.

To see the sunset we went to Sounion, and the temple to Poseidon. A Doric temple on (of course) a hilltop, it has Byron's name carved on one of the pillars.

Down to Epidauros and the Theatre. There we had entertainment from 'Agamemnon', Mr Ireland being Clytemnestra's ghost and five of the youth playing Furies. The acoustic is startling; you could hear a coin drop, as Mr Harrison in experimental vein possibly slightly alien to Greek science ably showed. The theatre seats some 40,000 people, all of whom could see and hear.

And so to Sparta and Mistras, with the heavy Byzantine influence of the 13th – 15th centuries, and another chance for me to marvel at the architectural and artistic heritage from an often vicious and feudal age. Monday, and halfway through, and we have come over the mountains through snow and precipitous roads to Pylos on the south-western coast. A boat trip to Sphacteria island enabled a visit to the various memorials to the Battle of Navarino, not least the impressive wooden church of the Russian Orthodox memorial.

It got better and better. Olympia is an enormous site, much of it built in the rather vulnerable shell limestone which has not weathered well. Earthquakes have not helped, though the temple columns have fallen cleanly with the drums in line and it takes little effort to mentally reconstruct them.

Whether the athletic performances I saw later in the Olympic Stadium are similarly evocative of the past is moot, but doubtless they were much funnier.

Some way north over the Gulf of Corinth is Delphi, with the Oracle of Apollo and the Sacred Way lined with hundreds of square metres of fine writing carved on the stones. The legendary centre of the world is marked by a navel stone or omphalos, and the long climb to the theatre and the stadium was part of the athletes' training. Mine, too.

Osios Loukas is an early 11th century Byzantine monastery, and a welcome change from ruined grandeur. Rich mosaics abound, and in the older crypt of the Theotokos are some marvellously vivid frescoes. I talked about the technique of fresco painting, subtitled 'Why Giotto liked meringues'. And I bought lots of ikons, and was heartened to see how many of our party lit votive candles. Mr Low commented that this was for him a test of having been brought up properly, and he's right. You don't have to be religious to see the importance of religious imagery.

The Amphiareon is a small site, but some of the best had certainly been saved until last. A large number of statue bases include one for Brutus, murderer of Caesar, and a small theatre with five exquisitely carved marble thrones prompted me to talk about marble and, for once, be able to make earth science moderately interesting. Mr Low's wife spoke about the Klepsydra, the water clock that functioned as the Town Clock and which, apart from the wooden bits, is intact. The complexity of ancient Greek timekeeping is wonderful, illogical, and you cannot do better than hear about it whilst standing on the device that enabled it. Then to Ancient Corinth with its marble pavement and its communal lavatories, and echoes of St Paul writing to the Christians there: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity....".

There were also the mundane things: breakfast and dishing out the money; making sure everyone was at least up room by a sensible time, followed by late-night chat in the bar. Then there was the exhilaration of cafes, restaurants, town squares, feta cheese, octopus, spinach pie; Manos, who guided and supported with unfailing good humour; Costas, who never got lost and who took the coach through streets I thought barely able to cope with a bicycle; sympathy for those who didn't quite make it all; and the exuberant company of the Low family and messrs Ireland, Harrison and Lambert. And, importantly, the company of the 37 others who helped to make it so much fun. Would I go back? You bet I would.



Artwork: 'Venice' by Christopher Donovan (HH)



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WINTERREISE

Jonathan Katz was in the audience up School to hear a uniquely moving recital of Schubert's composition in Play Term.

It is a very rare experience to leave a concert hall in near total silence together with an audience of many hundreds. School was packed to capacity – over 500, and only about 40 fewer than a full, and less intimate, Wigmore Hall – for Matthias Goerne's stunning performance of Schubert's 'Winterreise' with his pianist Eric Schneider last October. The atmosphere they generated was extraordinary, making for a most unusual intensity of communication with an audience, and in an acoustic, which both musicians afterwards said had delighted them. Goerne had, he said, never before sung in front of so many young people (almost a quarter of the audience were 25 or under) and he looks forward to returning this year for another Schubert recital. He convinced us on this occasion that we are now in a new era of Lieder-singing; the Winterreise cycle, as many of the audience commented, was a revelation even, or perhaps particularly, to those of us who have been listening to these songs for many years and whose ideas may have been at least partly dominated by the wonderful Fischer-Dieskau recordings.

Goerne's voice is powerful, rich, flexible, and supported by prodigious technique and breath control and an enormous dramatic flair. His brooding presence on

stage was an electrifying visual comment on the narrative progression of the text and its passage from dissembling indifference, through many shades of melancholy, self-absorption and incipient paranoia, to final delusion and utter bleakness of isolation. The last song, 'Der Leiermann', has the poet's persona at long last finding human company in the solitary figure of the organ-grinder. Goerne sees some hope in this song, in its human contact. Up to this point the rejected lover's only companions have been non-human or abstract or inanimate – the weather vane, the linden tree, the river, the crow, the signpost and inn. Even the post coach, which brings a tremor to the heart but carries no letter for the poet/singer, is a kind of inanimate with no reference to a postman. Throughout the cycle, right up to the final moment, the poet addresses symbols of his own isolation; his dialogue is with his inner, increasingly deluded, self. Goerne's ironic optimism spoke through in the encounter with the gaunt, bare-footed old man in the final image. Here is another illusion, a sequel to the will-o'-the-wisp ('Irrlicht') and the pleasantly beguiling but deceptive dream ('Frühlingstraum'), the momentary revival of fruitless courage ('Mut'), and above all the three suns in the sky ('Nebensonnen'). The human company is with a ghost of a man – the

Leiermann is unheard, unseen, his little plate constantly empty, and the only 'life' that attends him is that of the dogs that snarl around his feet. It is precisely the desperate forsakenness of the old man that make him, finally, a fit companion and 'accompanist' to the forsaken lover.

Schneider and Goerne were equal partners in this journey. An uncanny range of moods and tonal qualities were conjured up by Schneider's playing, at times an intense beauty and delicacy of sound, at others an overwhelming and frightening aggressiveness – none of this gratuitous, but always provoking thought and afterthought. For me a particular revelation was the pianist's tempo, phrasing and punctuation in 'Rückblick', which made new and compelling sense of the urgent interplay of the two hands. But every song was utterly convincing, and the dramatic continuity and cumulative effect of the whole cycle was almost unbearably moving. This was perhaps the greatest 'Winterreise' I have heard, live or on record, in nearly forty years of regular listening. I hope it was not recorded; some journeys can only be made once. But we shall welcome Matthias Goerne and Eric Schneider back to Westminster.

Above:
Winterreise.
Photograph
courtesy of
Clive Barda.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC CONCERT

This impressive annual 'cutting edge' event is always worth waiting for, writes **Jonathan Katz**. The concert took place up School on Friday 17 January, and was as usual a mixture of published repertoire pieces and new student compositions.

A delightful movement of Mark Phillips' 'T. Rex' (1996) for trombone and prepared tape was presented by Charles Corn. Bartok was played by Phin Chooi and Sarah Rogers, Birtwistle by Alexandra Cairns and Anthony Cardona, Shostakovich and Poulenc by excellent ensemble groups. At the end of the evening came Peter Maxwell Davies' orchestral vignettes 'Five Klee Pictures'. The new compositions were by Christian Mason – a computer-projected 'Three Soundscapes' and an orchestral piece 'Growth and Decay', an exciting essay in development and



expansion from the 'potential field' of a chord and its melodic offspring. Anthony Cardona's 'Triptych' (or the devilish 'Tryptich' as it appeared on the programme) is an orchestral sequence with Theremin solo, played on this occasion by Christian Mason, whose ethereal posture will for long be associated with the sound of this instrument as we know it up School. Cardona's highly charged suite presents three moods and styles, and through them an overall impression that adds to the sum of the parts. Marianna Hay's orchestral mood piece 'Rain in the City' exercised a more 'pre-modernist' idiom, with harmonic splashes and sweeping principal melody (she will forgive the secondary metaphor suggested by the combined music and programme note).

The school orchestra was led by Rebecca Tan and conducted by our inspirational guru Sinan Savaskan. The standard of composition, which has brought enormous credit and admiration, is above all due to his imagination and fostering.

THE CHORAL CONCERT, ELECTION TERM VERDI REQUIEM

The Choral Concert is one of the school's most spectacular events. The three great musical forces of the school – the Orchestra, the Choir and the Parents' Choir – unite to form a musical powerhouse which convenes in the Abbey at the end of the Election Term. With the skill of a lion tamer, the Director of Music Guy Hopkins takes on a more ambitious piece every year. **Anthony Cardona (QS)** was there to give this account.

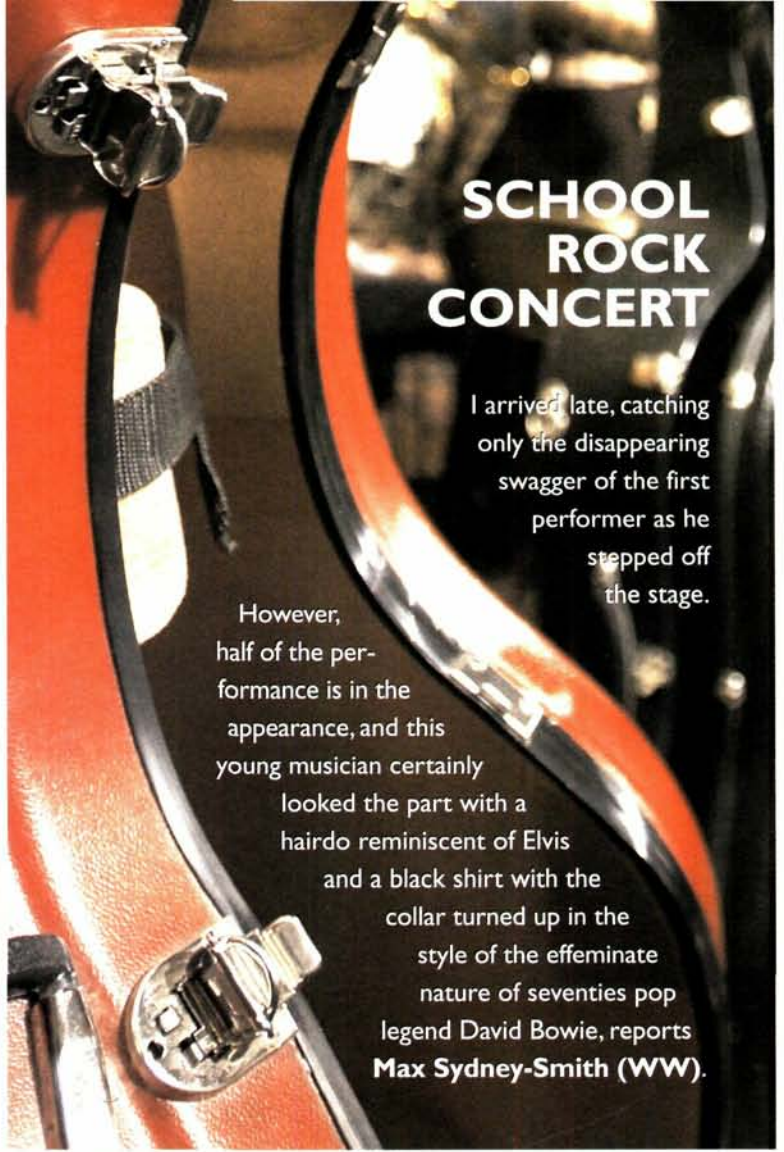
There is no stopping this beast. This year's choice was Verdi's *Requiem*, and it proved one of the most successful projects yet. Mr Hopkins seemed to relish the challenge of doing such a well known piece, and his commitment shone through in all aspects of the performance. The diversity of the sounds and styles within the work provided the choirs and orchestra with lots of difficult material, but – with taxing and well-guided rehearsals – they managed extraordinary levels of both excitement and intimacy. Encouraged by the privilege of playing with distinguished solo singers, the whole ensemble assumed a new maturity. This is often difficult to extract from schoolboy and schoolgirl musicians, but it seems to come comfortably to Westminsters when placed in the right circumstances.

The string section opened the concert with a delicately poised introduction. Verdi's string melodies especially are very exposed and it is difficult to convey their intensely vocal yet subdued style. The two string leaders, Edwin Moore Gillon RR and Grace Chatto BB, are to be commended for their visible determination and unerring strength throughout the whole performance. Then the choir's

first words, like a deeply resonant whisper, filtered magically into every tomb and lady chapel of the Abbey. Mr Hopkins seemed to have an eye on every member of the enormous choir, and his grip never slipped. He even managed to get the parents to pronounce the text. Finally, there soared over the top two beautiful soprano voices and the full potential of the Choral Concert was revealed.

The piece passed through so many events – beautiful and thrilling microcosms, from the mind-blowing *Dies Irae* to the quiet tones of the *Lux Aeterna*, from the circus music of the *Sanctus* to the final fugue – and both orchestra and choir maintained a high standard throughout. Some instrumental performances deserve to be mentioned: Charlie Corn BB was faultless as first trombone and Julian Grant RR took on the most exposed solos in the piece with great purpose.

The Choral Concert is a highlight of the year and a wonderful opportunity for the School to use the Abbey.



SCHOOL ROCK CONCERT

I arrived late, catching only the disappearing swagger of the first performer as he stepped off the stage.

However, half of the performance is in the appearance, and this young musician certainly looked the part with a hairdo reminiscent of Elvis and a black shirt with the collar turned up in the style of the effeminate nature of seventies pop legend David Bowie, reports **Max Sydney-Smith (WW)**.

be made compulsory and not just for the younger years.

One of the last performers was Johann Koehler's group, who played a powerful heavy metal piece. The piece will be remembered most for Johann's eight-minute electric guitar solo in which he completely stunned the audience with his innovation and talent. Having highlighted this individual performance, the other members of the group are not to be overlooked, particularly Alex Patey, the support electric guitarist, who performed a shorter solo piece, which, though overshadowed, was confidently executed.

Jack Farthing was the last noteworthy performer. He seemed to think that his reputation would precede him and the nature of his songs would surprise us. I had never heard of him, but was as surprised as anyone there at the beauty and confidence of his music. As a singer-songwriter, he wrote his own lyrics and accompanied them on the acoustic guitar. His work was very much in the style of singer-songwriters like Brendan Benson. His lyrics were contemplative without being trite, particularly his second song; '*Sidetrack*', which was a rapid stream-of-consciousness piece concerned with the confusion of emotions.

In conclusion, it is very hard to please everybody, as everyone has his or her own particular musical tastes and preferences. However, as long as the quality of music remains at this high level, and a range of genres are presented in order to suit the majority of the audience, the Rock concert will continue to be, as it was this year, a resounding success.

The next act was memorable more for its comical presentation and lyrics than any real musical ability. Calling themselves 'Arthur Youth', they used a strange mixture of subtle irony and shameless crudity to amuse and entertain the audience. The lead singer, wearing a bold, retro sixties shirt and a wig clutched the microphone and screamed the word 'Arthur' over and over. The track ended with an emotional speech from the electric guitarist in which he thanked Mr Arthur for all that he had done.

Following this strident performance, Marianna Hay, the first female artist of the evening, made her appearance, excusing herself in advance for the lack of 'bangy and clashy' music in her performance. The audience seemed to be prepared to give her a chance as a mood of temporary acceptance settled. However, the performance was nothing short of spellbinding, and her first song, '*Drawing lines in the sand*' received tremendous applause. Her music, in the style of Tory Amos, could be said to tread dangerously close to being a clichéd piece of soul-searching. This tendency has become unpopular,

particularly with contemporary critics, despite the fact that the fear of writing trite lyrics usually results in artists avoiding altogether introspective or meditative pieces, although they have great potential for success. For her second and third track, she was joined by Arjun Chopra, an acoustic guitarist, the two giving a convincing performance. However, the audience seemed to decide that the two had outstayed their welcome as they concluded their third song and the applause was somewhat muted, though the quality of the performance was undiminished.

The next memorable group was a motley collection of boys from the older years. They announced at the beginning that they had not rehearsed, which I imagine lost them the sympathy of many of the audience, as there were many younger bands who would have liked very much to have had the opportunity to perform. The band then went on to perform a medley of several well-known rock songs. The stumbling changeovers, however, gave the piece a lifeless, staccato nature, which could only be enhanced by the lack of any vocals. Perhaps next year, rehearsal will

BUSBY'S HOUSE CONCERT

Sam Dub (BB) had the pleasure of hearing an outstanding evening's entertainment from talented Busbites earlier in the year, he reports.



The Busby's house concert got under way in swinging style when The Herbie Hancock Tribute Band led by ever-enthusiastic Josh Hardie on trumpet and Tom Morrison-Bell in fine form on the keys. As the jazzmen moved over, the pianists took the stage, Felix Tusa and John Witney providing superb performances of Burgmüller's *Cloche des Matines* and Schubert's *Impromptu No. 2*. Tom Mackenzie's Telemann concerto in G and Charlie Corn's self-penned *The Debt of Tears* brought a melancholic tinge to the evening, promptly lifted by Ahmet Feridun's lively performance of Nolck's *Hungarian Dance* before Grace Chatto's outstanding *Variations on a theme of Rossini* by Martinu rounded it off for the strings. Simon Cahill brought a welcome return for Schubert with his rendition of Schubert's carefree *Die Forelle* for voice and piano. It was from the carefree to the beautifully angst-ridden with the brilliantly named

My Secret Magic Monkey, Alex Edward's soaring vocals taking on Radiohead's alternative anthem *Creep*, and their own *In Your Arms* both performed with sterling support from the two Eds, Cumming and Franklin on guitar and bass. But it was Olli Kember, Busby's answer to Tommy Cooper and David Blane rolled into one, who was in danger of ruthlessly stealing the show from the musicians. The blend of magic and comedy was perfect – does anyone have a clue where that beer bottle went? It's probably better not to ask... The eclectic mix of music continued all evening with Hakan Feridun's performance of the second movement of Vivaldi's *Sonata No.3 in A minor*, juxtaposed with Alexander Critchley's breezy *Litterbin Blues*. Pip Wroe's clarinet and later Joe de Lacey's piano brought life to Debussy's graceful classics *Claire de Lune* and *La Fille aux Cheveux de lin*. Not to be outdone, Jack Farthing's melancholy and intimate collection of songs left few

dry eyes in the house. Another fantastic singer-songwriter in the making showed himself in Joe Scantlebury, whose touching rendition of John Lennon's *Imagine* was my personal highlight of the evening. The night was rounded off by the multi-talented Charlie Corn's performance of Gordon Jacob's *Concerto for Trombone*. Credit should go to Jack Farthing and Josh Hardie for putting it all together.

MILNE'S HOUSE CONCERT

Petra Kwan (MM) reviewed the Milne's concert and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it, she writes.

Those who couldn't make it to the House concert really missed out on an evening of enjoyable music. Sadly, we lacked last year's juggling, magic and dancing, but Milne's showed off its hidden musical talents to great effect again this year...

As usual, the music was very varied, with pieces to suit everybody. Hal Brindley and Carina McLean opened the concert with show songs, followed by some beautiful, classical pieces played by Ned Scott, George Woodrow, Peter Cullen and David Gabriele. William Blake impressed us with his talent on the cello and violin, as did Stefan Vukcevic, who played an amazing Rachmaninov piano piece. We had some jazz-like pieces from Alex Murley,

Hugh Logan-Ellis and Petra Kwan. I don't think that we'll forget Daniel Stoker and Roland Jones' rendition of 'Hit me baby one more time' or Johann Koehler and Alex Patey's 'Crazy Train' and 'Knockin' on Heaven's Door'. Daniel played a Hendrix song with his brother Joseph, which completed the rock songs of the evening.

I thought Phin and Yean Chooi were outstanding – a major thank you to them for playing that night, especially since they are no longer officially in Milne's. Shout out to Mr. Kennedy for organising the concert, and all the accompanists. It was a really good night, and I'm sure next year's concert will be just as good with all the new talent seen on display this evening.



DRAMA

Chris Barton took over the Drama Department at the beginning of the year and has been almost overwhelmed by the demand for live theatre in the school. After a packed programme of performances of all kinds from experimental to full blown musicals, he writes, 'I've certainly hit the ground running. The hunger for theatre experience here is extraordinary, and it's been very exciting to take on. We've had visits from two professional companies, and a very successful residency by three actors from the RSC, in addition to a bewildering range and number of school productions directed by staff and pupils. Numerous theatre trips, too – and somehow we find time to breathe!'

SHAKESPEARE IN THE GARDEN 2002

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

The summer play in Ashburnham Garden was Dr Needham's last for Westminster before leaving the school. **Jonathan Bailey (RR)** reviewed the production.

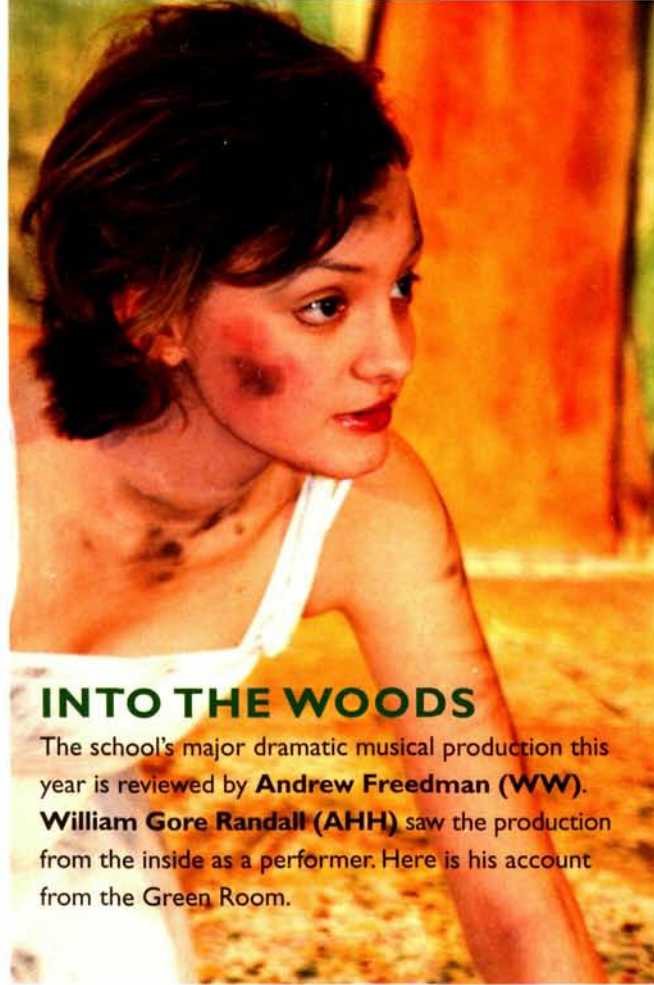
'A first and a last' – something of a paradox you might think but bound up in those five words is a mini review of the *Shakespeare in the Garden* which enthralled Election Term audiences in June 2002. Those of you who froze whilst listening to some of Shakespeare's greatest wordplay (paradoxes included) in Ashburnham Garden last year will realise the significance of this production, Dr Needham's last. A swansong, but no *Romeo and Juliet* or *Macbeth* here; no Dr Needham chose the little performed *Love's Labours Lost*. The fact that it is so under-performed is a pity (and is why it is a first for Westminster); the play, along with *The Tempest*, are the only of Shakespeare's plays to have no known source material; it is a play about wordplay, wit and the meaning of words. For Westminsters, so used to bending language to explain their lack of prep to teachers, this was an ideal and challenging, choice.

The play follows the King of Navarre (a solid and imperious performance by David Powell) and his three noble friends (Joe Marwood, Ben Irving and Adam Hall) as they commit themselves to three years of study, only to be interrupted by the arrival of the Princess of France (an upright and commanding Vita Peacock) and her three ladies (Tamsin Omond, Petra Kwan and Amelia Earl). Predictably, the vows to solitude and learning are abandoned at the sight of the ladies, aided by the meddling of Lord Boyet (played with Machiavellian charm and cunning by Jonathan Bailey). As the lovers seek to seduce each other, another group of word-

smiths is presented to the audience, including the hilarious Costard (whose slapstick humour was brilliantly carried off by John Gethan) and Armado (Sam Pritchard's exuberance and peripatetic language suited the part well). Shakespeare's subversion of the Comedy form meant that as Berowne, (an outstanding Joe Marwood), said, 'Jack hath not Jill' by the end of the play. Instead the lovers must wait 'a year and a day' for finality. Assistant direction from Nick Manners and one of the best looking sets designed for Ashburnham Garden (Anne Larkey and Dr Needham) as well as the talented musicians helped to enthrall an audience in a play in which nothing really happens.

Ultimately, however, staging and so on can only partially keep an audience satisfied; in the end the actors have to deliver, and they did. The adoption of Russian accents and dress halfway through by the lords, the brilliantly realised vision of the characters spying on each other in the garden, hiding behind the topiary or crouching behind a bench, the playful plotting of the ladies and the show of the 'Nine Worthies' which descends into a competition of witticisms – all of these proved the calibre of the cast (who, it must be added, rehearsed all through the AS exam period).

Dr Needham's greatest ever production? Possibly not when there has been such a roster over the years. A typically excellent, emphatic and experimental end to thirteen years as Director of Drama? Certainly. We wish him well.



INTO THE WOODS

The school's major dramatic musical production this year is reviewed by **Andrew Freedman (WW)**. **William Gore Randall (AHH)** saw the production from the inside as a performer. Here is his account from the Green Room.

Following the great success of *Cabaret* last year, the school decided to choose a musical again instead of the more operatic choices hitherto. The rehearsals began in earnest at the beginning of the Lent Term with a series of sing-throughs, which proceeded more rapidly each day, as people got their footing. Shortly after this the acting began. For the majority, this

was where the fun began, for others (including me) this was where rehearsals became difficult. Having never acted before, let alone in a major production with such talented actors, it was daunting trying to act and sing simultaneously. However, with some help from Mr Barton, other members of the cast and the assistant directors, the acting part became easier, although it was never easy. The same pattern of long rehearsals continued daily, constantly gaining pace as people settled into their parts. Not long before the performance we moved onto the partially finished stage, put up by drama station. As those of you who went to the performance will know it was a brilliant creation, and it really helped with the acting to be able to have a stage like that to work on.

The week before the performance, we managed a run through of each of the two acts, convincingly, although not up to performance standards. This was heartening as at some points during the rehearsal schedule there was a feeling of stagnancy, as certain bits were repeated in order to get them right. The weekend before the performance week was hectic. On Saturday the technical rehearsal took place with all the lighting sound and visual affects being practised. On the Sunday everyone was called for 10 o'clock. For many this was the first day in costume, and it was a shock; from the bodices to the beards, everyone had some item of clothing which was out of the ordinary. Having never practised on stage, in costume, with props before, the rehearsal went slowly, and by lunch time we had only just finished the first scene. The rehearsal accelerated slightly but none the less was slow and by the 6 o'clock finishing time we had only

Above:
Marianna Hay
as Cinderella.
Photograph
courtesy of
Kate Darwin.

just completed Act 1. We were then faced with a stark decision. Either to continue as long as it took to finish the rehearsal, to stop and present the Act 1 as a full performance and perform Act 2 at another time, or to present both acts but with Act 2 not as polished. Needless to say there was a unanimous decision to continue as long as it took. With this decision focusing our minds, the rehearsal continued with renewed vigour, and so we managed to get through Act 2 and to finish at 10 o'clock.

The next day bleary eyed, we managed to crawl out of bed, and into lessons, in various states. The dress rehearsal that night was a success, and the few mistakes that took place were insignificant, and remediable. All that was left was the three nights of performance....

And to prove it was all worthwhile, **Andrew Freedman**, a sceptic, went to the performance and came out, appropriately, enchanted, as he reports:

Into the Woods is a fairytale medley of Grimm's Fairy Tales, taking characters from traditional stories such as Cinderella and Little Red Riding-hood. However, beneath this syrupy surface the book and music are structured around some complex moral questions. One could consider the fact that the musical relies heavily on its plot twists as a weakness, as these issues are not really dealt with in depth. Indeed, after the 90-minute first act, which did seem to have a beginning, a middle and an end, some members of the audience genuinely did not seem to think there would be a second act – what else was there left to perform?

Whatever reservations the audience might have had concerning the length of the piece, '*Into the Woods*' provided the cast with an opportunity to wear some creative costumes, and showed the hitherto untapped potential of the new sixth form girls. The rendition was first-rate. The cast acted and sang with real musicality and sensitivity.

The Witch was played outstandingly by Tamsin Omond who made fantastic use of her vocal chords and was just as striking as the vivid red dress she wore in the latter half of the play. Jack (Jack Farthing) likewise was perfectly suited to his role, and as usual, the audience was treated to Farthing's engaging theatrical presence and his very musical singing voice. The Baker was played by Jonathan Richards, who battled a heavy cold at the time but nevertheless managed to perform the role down to a tee (and apparently even 'ad libbed' on the first night, to a greatly impressed audience).

Cinderella was played by Marianna Hay, who dazzled the audience with her earnest portrayal of Cinderella, enhanced by her remarkable voice. Daniel Bamford's portrayal of the Narrator reminded this reviewer of the MC from '*Cabaret*' in last year's production and after he was devoured by the giant, Eleanor Marsh, the stage was definitely poorer for it.

As I left School after the performance, the Baker's moving rendition of "*No more questions...*" at the end of the musical was playing up to speed, full volume in my head. As was "*I Guess This Is Goodbye*", and "*Agony*", as well as "*It Takes Two*". Oh and so was "*Any moment*" and of course "*Into the Woods*". Oh and also...

THE LOWER DEPTHS

Edward Randell (BB) reports on one of the major productions of the year which was performed in the Lent Term.

First it must be said that the Millicent Fawcett Hall has never known a production on the scale of Mr Barton's production of Maxim Gorky's play. The set of a Russian doss-house, on which much of the budget had clearly been lavished, meant that the audience's eye rarely grew tired: with stairs descending into the stage and makeshift beds on tables and stoves, the effect was both intimate and atmospheric. The costumes and makeup were superb, most of the men sporting beards of a very high standard.

Although a great set does not make a great production in itself, *The Lower Depths* lived up to audience expectations in almost every way. The play itself is well-crafted and absorbing, certainly not losing much in translation. Every profound, serious line was accompanied by a joke, and every moment of light relief retained a faint air of menace. The space was used very well, even if at times one could sense that the actors were slightly unfamiliar with it: the occasional line was lost as a character made a noisy exit.

Some of the best aspects of the play were the characters themselves. No character was 'good': even the kindly old man, Luka (Nick Budd), came across as slightly self-righteous. Budd gave the old man a wonderful twinkle, delivering his lines in a hooting, high-pitched Irish brogue. The 'bad' characters, too, were somehow sympathetic, from Charlotte Bevan's overbearing Vassilissa to James Buxton's abusive Kleshch, as over the course of the play each exposed their vulnerability.

The play works best as a portrait of poverty and squalor, less well as a self-contained story. At times, it was in danger of dragging, but was rescued by the strength of the acting. Jack Farthing turned in another compelling performance as Satin, an intriguing mix of normality and madness. Like Johann Koehler's eccentric Bubnov, the ex-convict Satin was very likeable but certainly not 'good'. Ben Irving as The Actor emphasised his character's theatrical manner to comic effect,

perhaps to the point of exaggeration: I found him rather irritating (ditto Jason Ho's Tartar) but this annoyance was shared by the characters on stage. And Tom Gill, ever a commanding presence on stage, carried the emotional weight of his character ably, cockney accent and all. (The use of different accents for different characters, incidentally, worked

Photographs
courtesy of
Kate Darwin.





well, and the only thing that seemed to confuse people was the Russian currency.)

I have mentioned only a handful of performances among a sterling cast, directed with skill and flair by Mr Barton, in his Westminster debut. His talent for exploiting the set was most apparent when many characters were on stage, or more than one narrative thread was being acted. The fight in which a character is killed was at once chaotic and coordinated, and he managed to create an air of involvement with the audience which made us care much more about each character's plight. From the moment the audience took their seats to see the actors sitting like waxworks on stage, it was clear that *The Lower Depths* would be a very controlled, very professional production. The only problem, then, was that once in a while someone slipped up and reminded us it was just a school play, but these instances were very rare. I look forward to seeing the next play that gets the 'Barton treatment'.

THE SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS

Carlo Goldoni's 18th Century comic farce deals with the classical theme of the relationship between a servant and his master and the intrigue between the two. Lyndsey Turner's direction of this classic piece of comedy lent it a fresh air and imbued it with Italianate spirit, writes **Sam Pritchard (GG)** in his review of the production in the Millicent Fawcett Hall in March.

The confused courtship of four young lovers is made even more complicated by the antics of Truffaldino, a servant. Led on more by his stomach than by his brain, Truffaldino tries to serve two masters at the same time and creates chaos in the process. Bright Italian music led the audience from scene to scene and the stage was flooded with the warm tones of John Larky's lighting, giving a rich, Mediterranean mood. The lack of a specific period gave a universal feel to the production.

The key to the success of the cast on stage was the balance they struck between serious characterisation and fabulous caricature. The quartet of lovers (Tom Gill, Emily Lim, John Reicher and Lara Nassif) managed to achieve the necessary level of self-absorption for the ironic collusion between the audience and the servants to be displayed. However they also gave a satirical edge to their characters. John Reicher clearly brought over Silvio's melodrama and Lara Nassif successfully showed the audience the petulant nature of Clarice.

However, at the centre of the production were the performances of Edd Franklin as the servant Truffaldino, Charlotte Bevan as his sweetheart Smeraldina and Joe Marwood and Giles Robertson as the two fathers of the suitors who are worlds apart. Edd Franklin's affinity with the audience, as a kind of common man figure, was established from the start. Although his character lacked depth (partly due to the nature of the play) he showed himself to be a master of the art of playing to an audience. Charlotte Bevan created a coldly cynical Smeraldina with a practical attitude to life but crucially added the subtlety of a weaker and softer character underneath who tries to hide her love for Truffaldino. While Joe Marwood did tend to dominate the stage with his slightly caricatured performance as the father who spoils his daughter and arranges the most lucrative match for her, he did interact well with other performers. His scenes with the Latin spouting Lombardi (Giles Robertson) were particularly effective in their repartee. Robertson's Lombardi was a man of a dry nature but was still imbued with the play's jovial nature, sipping a cocktail in the sun at one point.

The director's choice of a newer translation of the play by Lee Hall allowed it to be removed from its original setting and gave the dialogue a modern edge. Satirical comments about the role of women were added and the translation enlivened the verbal side to the comedy that could so easily have been forgotten. *The Servant of Two Masters* left the audience buoyant, having held the attention with successful characterisation, a very physical performance and one into which the jovial Italian spirit was beautifully woven.

LOWER SCHOOL PLAY 2002 **ANOTHER COUNTRY**

Reviewed by **Andrew Naughtie (GG)**



Julian Mitchell's *'Another Country'* was both an ideal and challenging choice for the Lower School play; ideal because of its small and all-male cast, and challenging because it openly confronts issues of homosexuality, politics and social division. However, despite the nature of the material, director Sam Pritchard and his Lower Shell/Fifth Form cast pulled off the play with great aplomb.

The two main characters in the play, the homosexual Bennett and communist Judd, were both perfectly cast, Edd Franklin's Bennett displaying a mixture of flamboyance and vulnerability in contrast to the brooding, dissatisfied demeanour of James Green's Judd. Their numerous scenes together carried real emotional weight, and just as successful were the scenes which featured the more minor characters; notably, a scene featuring the prefects' tea with a visiting speaker, Vaughn Cunningham, played by Adam Alfandary. Adam was the only member of the cast required to play an adult, but did so convincingly and entertainingly – in fact, it seemed a shame that his character appeared in only one scene. Jamie MacFarlane played the role of Wharton, a younger boy, with sensitivity and intelligence, and rock-solid support cam from Max Kaufman, Ollie Champion-Awwad, Clem Naylor, Tom Gill, John Reicher, and Dan Brodie as the various other pupils.

The technical side of the production benefited from the influence of Philip Needham. Together with Sam, he chose the music, helped focus the lights, oversaw the construction of Felix Garthwaite's set – all elements which contributed to the production's success. All in all, *'Another Country'* was a highly enjoyable and thought-provoking production.

Above:
Daniel Brodie
(left) and
Clem Naylor.
Photograph
courtesy of
Philip Needham.

GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS

Reviewed by **Johann Koehler (MM)**

At the Millicent Fawcett Hall, we have come to expect high quality productions. This expectation was well satisfied in David Hemsley-Brown's production of *Glengarry Glen Ross*. The plot is fairly simple, being a play about characters; a real estate agency holds a competition every month where the most productive agent wins a Cadillac, and the two least productive agents are fired. People become more desperate, as characters like Moss (Alex Joseph) and Levene (Harry Gooding) think up less orthodox ways of keeping their position in the agency. The office is robbed just before Act 2, and the policeman (Stefan Vukcevic) investigates.

The characters were all very well played, with top marks going to Ed Franklin for stealing the show in the role of the slick Richard Roma. Sam Pritchard played a suitably sleazy office manager, in the role of John Williamson, and Levene was a very convincingly foul-mouthed, desperate agent. Perhaps Stefan could have used a little more rehearsal, but on the whole, his performance added to a fun night out, and considering that the production only had a very short rehearsal time in the first place, the overall production was very impressive. Aaronow was wonderfully played as a character easily influenced, with Moss equally well played as the manipulative 'quiet guy'. James Ling (Alex Edwards), did not have the largest of roles, but was well played, as he did not try and take the centre stage, being instead laid back and playing the role both proficiently and with ease.

Perhaps the production would have seemed more fluid had the director chosen not to use the American accents, but they did help to remind the audience where (and effectively, when) the play was set. The constant swearing at points worked well to show how desperate Levene was or how savvy and yuppie Roma was, but the novelty not only wore thin, it also at some points seemed gratuitous, providing no dramatic effect but to shock the Head Master and to get the Lower Shells in the back row giggling all over again.

The lighting remained the same throughout the production as any changes would have distracted the audience's attention from the focal point, the dialogue. Mr. Hemsley-Brown stressed how his main concern was to try and focus on the language aspect of the play more than anything else, and this showed through an enjoyable production, which although not over-polished, was still pleasing to this theatre-goer.

THE SCRIPT

Reviewed by **Sam Pritchard (GG)**

It takes one kind of commitment for a student to realise and direct a play of their own. However it took Ben Arnold and his co-writer Andrew Naughtie a much tougher form of persistence to conceive, write, edit, direct, produce and stage their own brand new one act play *'The Script'*.

'The Script' is a well-crafted, sharp and witty comedy about feuds in a troubled Hollywood film studio. As desperate Herman Piso (Philip Aspin) and Jerry Weissmuller (Edward Randell) try to sabotage Benny Baedeker's (Alfred Enoch) new script to save their own skins they come up against the all powerful Oscar Aimar (Adam Alfandary) with the dim-witted actor Hunt Lewis (Yusuf Blunt) stuck somewhere in the middle.

Philip Aspin, Edward Randell and Adam Alfandary led the cast, helping to bring across a subtle battle for control in the film world with humour and clarity. Philip Aspin and Edward Randell's interpretation of the struggle to rewrite Baedeker's script was notable for its well-paced dialogue and comic touch. Philip Aspin was particularly effective with a clear talent for comic timing. Edward Randell held a formidable stage presence and was notable for his acknowledgment of the audience. With an obvious understanding of his role Adam Alfandary excelled as the laid-back studio chief happy to be in power and fully determined not to let anyone undermine him. He achieved just the right pace and intonation for a successful performance of the character. Alfred Enoch showed bags of new talent with his enthusiastic portrayal of a surprisingly happy underdog writer who had no one to stick up for him but himself.

'The Script' itself was a genuinely funny and intelligent piece of writing, engagingly plotted. The writing was carefully crafted into scenes of just the right length, which each added to the picture of life in Hollywood as well as forwarding an interesting plot. Above all the work lacked pretensions and nearly entirely avoided being a stream of filmic jokes closed to those who thought French Connection was just a designer brand. Ben Arnold showed a clear appreciation of position and movement in his direction and coached the dialogue to a good standard. Andrew Naughtie had arranged a simple, effective set with a touch of the filmic about it and had good technical backing from Lyndsey Turner and Harry Williams.

MR KOLPERT

Reviewed by **Sam Pritchard (GG)**

Mr Kolpert is yet another well constructed and intelligently produced piece of theatre from Jonathan Richards. The play, originally written in German, was translated into English for a Royal Court production. It tells the story of Ralf (Nick Budd) and Sarah (Emily Lim) who invite their friends Bastian (Fred Gordon) and Edith (Rose McLaren) round for an evening meal only to inform them that a mutual acquaintance, Mr Kolpert, lies dead in their trunk. The evening descends into an orgy of violence with both disturbing and hilarious consequences verging on the absurd.

The performances of the main quartet of actors were strong and convincing. Emily Lim and Fred Gordon in particular skilfully maintained the pace as actors in keeping the drama well regulated whilst Nick Budd gave a disturbing performance as the joker Ralf who manages deliberately to provoke the altogether more serious and paranoid figure of Bastian, an architect with a lethal temper. In this role Fred Gordon excelled in controlling, building up and diffusing his anger. However, Rose McLaren was the only member of the cast to realise the full absurd potential of her role. Seemingly a loving and indulgent wife, she changed with great subtlety into a psychopathic murderess, becoming her most unnerving during the last part of the performance.

Jonathan Richards paid careful attention to his movement direction and used the wonderful space he had designed (and David Hemsley-Brown had created) to great effect. He used the set's focal point of the trunk cleverly on several occasions and set out a minimalist flat which gave all sorts of possibilities for a descent into a terrifying murder scene. The director had obviously done careful work on dialogue, making his actor's voices vary in tone, intonation and pace to make the darker side of the performance even more interesting. While he didn't fully enhance these darker elements to David Gieselmann's play, Jonathan Richards managed to pull off the physical set pieces without making them feel clumsy. The appearance of Mr Kolpert's body in the form of Oliver Lyttleton and the stuffing of the trunk with three dead bodies was carefully staged and skilfully managed. Richards is one of few directors who has managed to use lighting in the theatre effectively to enhance the drama rather than just shed light on it.

PINTER NIGHT

Is Pinter for the Punters? asks **Neil Bhadresha (MM)**, who went as a sceptic and emerged as a convert to modern drama.

After a whole term spent painfully studying one of Pinter's works, I thought I knew what I was in for.

Pause... Silence... Boredom ('boredom' is what you imagine following Pause and Silence when reading Pinter's plays).

The Pinter Evening was a performance of some of Pinter's shorter works. *Victoria Station* – directed by Andrew Naughtie, *The Dumb Waiter* – directed by Luke Hearn and the three vignettes – directed by Sam Pritchard, made up the hour long evening which was, interestingly, performed in traverse.

It was very good. Of course I could say 'it was very good' and leave it at that but that's what separates Westminster from any other school, and I am not a liar. In fact, it was exceedingly good; just like one of Mr Kipling's cakes.

Victoria Station opened with a puzzled 'Taxi Driver 274' (Richard Trainor) and his desk-bound boss (Edward Randell). Richard's acting as the innocent and confused taxi driver proved very amusing and the lady behind me didn't disagree. At the end Edward, playing the taxi driver's boss back at the office, falls in love with 'Taxi driver 274' and goes to seek him out. A marvellous performance.

This was followed by Adam Holmes' and Jamie Macfarlane's outstanding performance of '*The Dumb Waiter*'. The play was about two hitmen, both on a mission. Sadly, Adam's mission was to kill Jamie and came as a shock to the audience at the end as they seemed to be the best of friends throughout the performance. Adam definitely ties with Jamie for the performance of the night as they were both outstanding in their roles and got better as the night went on. Adam's cockney accent sounded Australian at the beginning and Jamie sounded more and more like he had had it rough all his life.

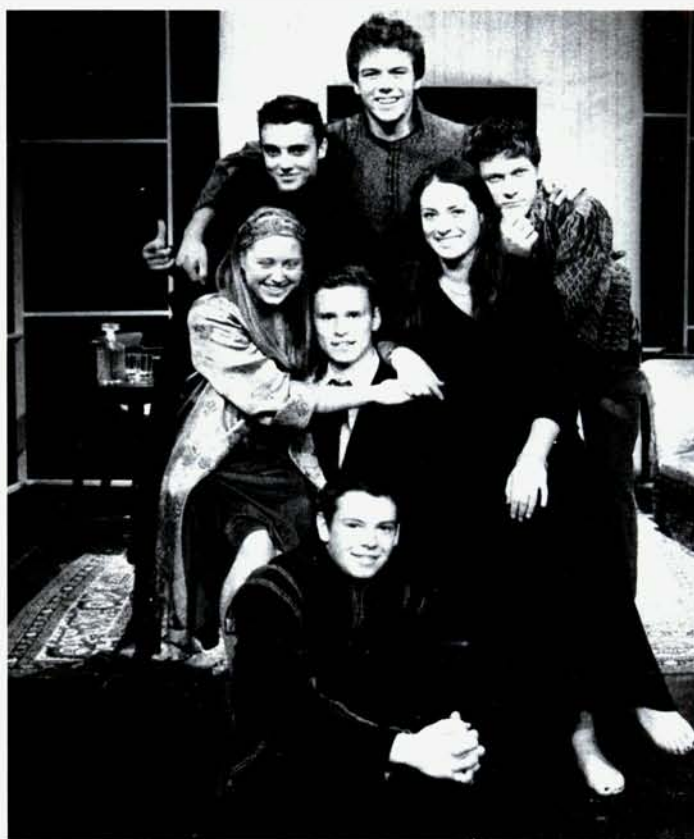
Sam Pritchard's choice of vignettes was vindicated by some triumphant and amusing playing by Clem Naylor and Jonathan Richards, while Andrew Naughtie should also be commended as his lighting was done to immense precision, and we would call him Handy Andy if *Changing Rooms* hadn't stolen the name first.

The evening ended with a very well-rehearsed bow at the end, and Pinter had proven me wrong, for I thought that the plays were going to be awful. That the evening was genuinely entertaining is a tribute both to Pinter's skill and the quality of the production.

ERNIE'S INCREDIBLE ILLUCINATIONS

The Fifth Form LSA drama group put in an excellent effort for their first ever production in February writes **Lydia Mason (PP)**.

The evenings provided a showcase for two short scenes from '*Under Milkwood*' and '*Unman, Wittering and Zigo*'. However the main focus was the short play, '*Ernie's Incredible Illucinations*', by Alan Ayckbourn, which is a story about a boy who has hallucinations which seem to come true, often with disastrous results. The play was well acted, spanning the comical and more poignant aspects of an over-active mind. It was also great to see fifth formers in dresses, a privilege usually reserved for College in House Singing. There was clear potential in many of the performances, particularly Chris Donovan (Ernie) and Carlos Fain-Binda (Ernie's mother) and Max Ziemer (Auntie May) who were often hilarious but also portrayed well in this energetic celebration of the imagination and its power.



SCRATCH PLAY
CAHOOT'S MACBETH



Above:
Charlie Hayes, (left) and Ned Naylor.

Left: The cast of 'Cahoot's Macbeth'.
Top: Joe Marwood, Charlie Hayes, Ned
Naylor. Middle: Amelia Earl, Alex Nurnberg,
Charlotte Bevan. Bottom: Ben Martin.
Photographs courtesy of Anna Rubin.

A-LEVEL ART EXHIBITION 2002

It should come as no surprise to find genuinely original and intellectually purposeful art at Westminster. Art at school often hovers on the edge of the derivative and much of the art produced is necessarily constrained by the needs of the syllabus. It is a tribute to the vision of Andrew Bateman and his colleagues in the department that the exhibition of pupil's work revealed a diversity of vision and an exceptional degree of skill. Across the year there was a range of personal and varied work, from Bruno Lacey's technical perfectionism in printmaking to Naomi Curtis's stunning life drawings. Collage, mixed media, etching and linocut, painting and photography were all well represented both in sketchbooks and in final pieces and in each case genuinely seemed to express a developing personal vision rather than just being pale imitation. Despite the limitations on space which means there is little opportunity for sculpture, the department has that rare sense of artistic purpose that allows the individual to reach inside for intellectual and emotional creativity. Highly recommended. AC

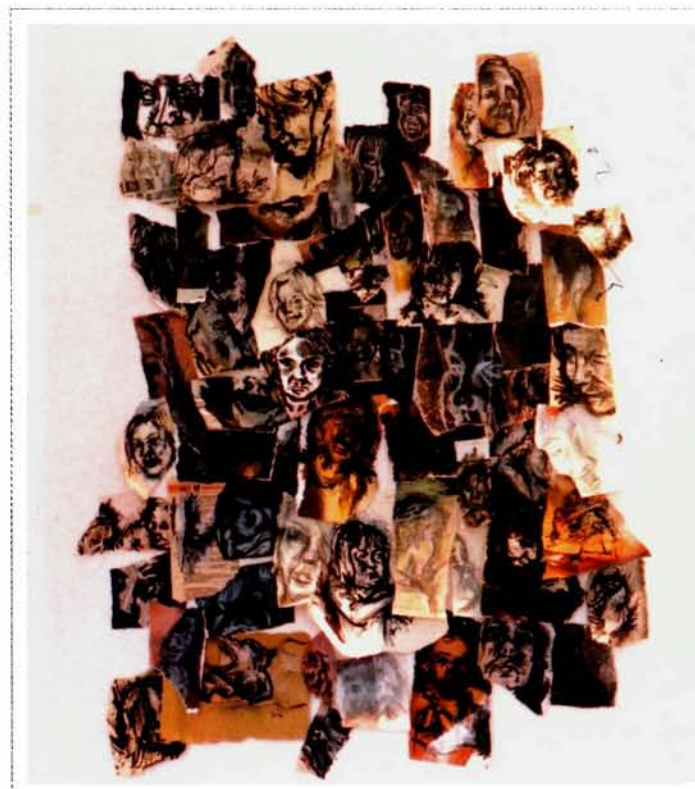
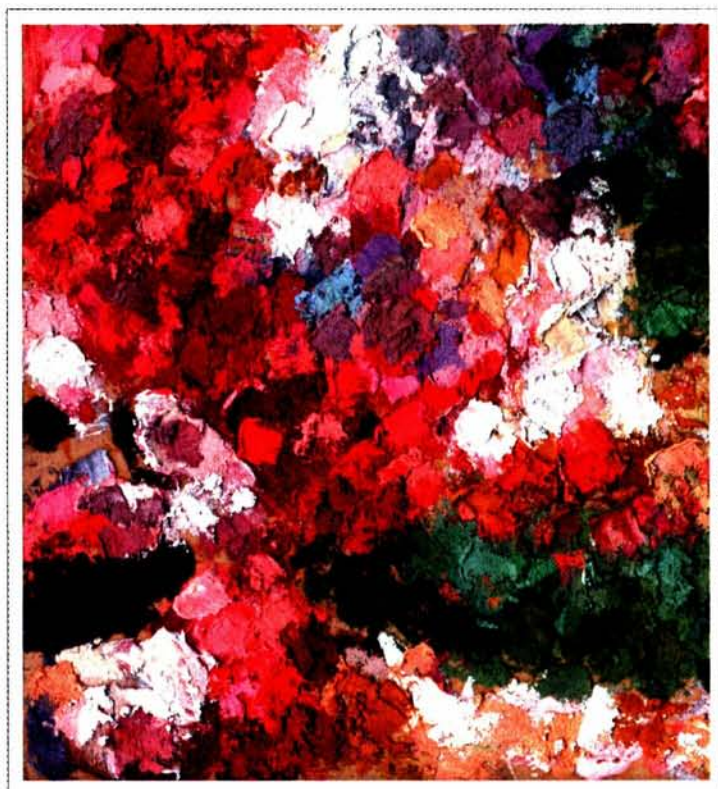


Above:
Frances Pollitzer.

Left:
Sixth-form work.

Below (far left):
Sophia Killingbeck.

Below:
Lucinda Cash-Gibson.





A FUTURE IN ART?

Conrad Shawcross (OW) had a highly successful show of his recent work at the Entwistle Gallery in Cork Street this February. **Will Stevens (OW)** looks back on what it means to study art at Westminster and thereafter.

To spend five years at an intensely academic institution like Westminster and then decide to go to art school is a bold decision. There often prevails a feeling among the students tiptoeing along the precipice of “what the hell am I going to do after A levels?” that to reject the more formal aspects of education in favour of something so seemingly ‘peripheral’ as making art is to jeopardise one’s future. Almost a decade ago, Conrad Shawcross took that decision and went to the Ruskin School of Drawing, the well-established art school attached to Oxford University. He passed his degree three years later with a top first and went on to complete a Master’s at the Slade. His recent show in Cork Street led to being purchased by the collector Charles Saatchi, who was nominated the most important figure in the contemporary art scene earlier this year. In short, Conrad’s story overturns the misconception that it is impossible to equate becoming an artist with having a successful career. This is further exemplified by a contemporary of Conrad’s at Westminster, Annie Morris, who has illustrated Sophie Dahl’s first book *‘The Man with the Dancing Eyes’* to great acclaim since its recent publication. These achievements amount to more than solely the development of reputations in the art world and beyond. They are a positive reflection of the rich experience it is possible to have at art school and indicative of the personal and creative growth that can occur in students who go from a place like Westminster to a place like the Slade.

What is it like to study Fine Art at Oxford University? There are currently a record number of five OW’s at the Ruskin, for which the Westminster art department should be proud, as should the whole school. Perhaps little is known about this course among the departments to whom fine art might appear an anomaly, for it is sometimes perceived to be a soft option and a back door into the University. Common prejudice from other students is embodied by comments like “I’ve got to write two essays for tomorrow morning... it’s alright for you, just sitting there doing your colouring-in!”. In reality, the course is extremely complex, so much so that not a single one of the five students could summarise their experiences in a single sentence, let alone a paragraph. The first year emulates a ‘foundation’, through a year of rotations in a number of disciplines to include painting, printing, digital manipulation and sculpture. There is also an emphasis on

drawing with regular classes and a unique opportunity to study anatomy, which is not provided by any other art school in the country.

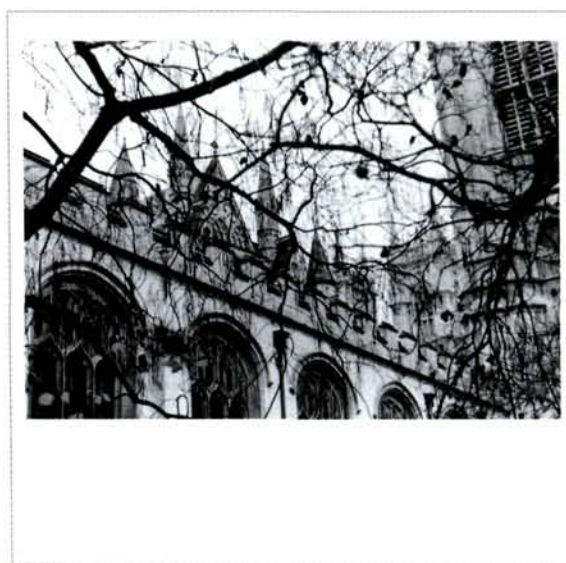
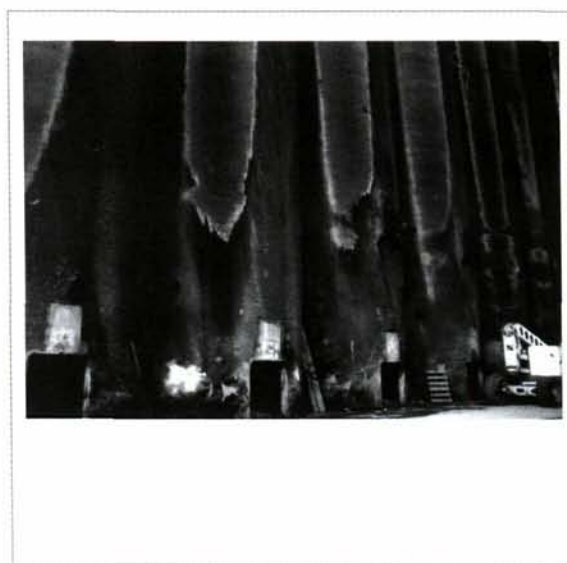
Although an extremely rigorous programme, its true challenge and complexity does not come until the second year, when students are faced with a daunting void as the initial support structure of the course falls away to leave a metaphorical blank canvas and empty studio. “That’s it. You’re left to your own devices” one of the tutors explains, “Managing to master one’s work when given such total independence and lack of framework demands real maturity. It’s arguably a challenge that those who go from studying Law straight into a Law firm will never have to face. Having said that, to be surrounded by people applying their intelligence to a spectrum of disciplines from biochemistry to political philosophy whilst learning to develop one’s creativity, is an amazing experience. You could spend the whole three years at Ruskin trying to work out what you’re doing here. Maybe even then you wouldn’t really know, but I think that’s the way it should be”.

When walking round the building, students give the feeling that their work is never done and perhaps more importantly, that it has come to mean everything to them. This studio atmosphere leads me to conclude that ‘complacency’ is the most inappropriate of possible accusations.

The art school does not offer the sort of traditional tuition that some parents of perspective applicants might hope, but gives its members a remarkable opportunity to see behind the ‘enigma’ of contemporary art and cultural thinking in the broader sense. It is an institution that demands a genuine conviction, intellectual integrity and raw talent from all of its students. Only that unlikely few who saw ‘Nervous System’ and were not completely bowled over by Conrad’s profoundly intricate and immaculately constructed sculptures could dispute this.

Conrad Shawcross’ exhibition finished at the Entwistle Gallery, Cork Street W1, on March 1. Reviews of his work have appeared in a number of leading art magazines, including *Frieze* and *Modern Painters*. *‘The Man with the Dancing Eyes’* by Sophie Dahl and illustrated by Annie Morris (OW), is published by Bloomsbury.

SIXTH-FORM OPTION
**PHOTOGRAPHY
GALLERY**





Artwork: 'Temples' Christopher Donovan (HH)



STATION

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FOOTBALL: 1ST XI

This season was set to be the flowering of one of the most successful year groups in Westminster's long footballing history. In almost all cases they lived up to their expectations and in addition to their excellent playing record, the team secured quarter-final places in both of the ISFA's major competitions. The weekly challenges nationally amongst the 40-50 member schools is intense and the team established itself as one of the leading outfits on the ISFA circuit. There was of course disappointment in us not progressing further than the quarter-finals, but this should not detract from many memorable moments and achievements. David Weinstein-Linder ably led the side and became a prolific goal scorer helping us to secure a number of important wins by his direct, attacking style of football. Along with the talented Cyrus Alamouti, mercurial William Stevenson and the poise of William Yell, we had 4 layers who were selected for ISFA U19 south representative sides. Cyrus went on to play for the full ISFA south side against the North at Malvern.

One of the advantages we had was that the side remained fairly settled throughout the season and although changes were made to personnel, positions and formations at crucial times, we completed the season with essentially the same

players on the pitch in March as we had begun with in August. Ned Naylor developed in to a highly competent keeper during the season and added many qualities and skills of a good keeper to his natural shot stopping ability. The back four of William Yell, Rob Sawbridge, Sherif Salem and initially, Jack Wolton, played with tenacity and a good level of understanding and organisation. William and Rob worked well together and their contrasting styles meant that we had most angles covered. Rob was a good defender who was capable of producing the odd outstanding performance, most notably against Eton in the famous 2-1 cup win where perhaps he had a point to prove. William grew in confidence as the season progressed and became our most important asset at the heart of defence. Sherif was a little inconsistent to start with but by the



end of the season, he had turned a corner and the blossoming of his natural talent and good positional sense were a joy to behold. Jack settled well in to the position of right back which gave him an opportunity to exploit his footballing and athletic talent. Unfortunately injury struck early on in the season and Richard Clark, who had been hitherto, struggling with the demands of central midfield, made the position his own. He became our most consistent player and an impressive defender. Central midfield was certainly a problem area for us in the early days as we were looking for a player to support the talented Cyrus Alamouti. On the flanks we had both pace and skill and caused sides a number of headaches by our crossing ability. William Stevenson, a gifted technician, and Jack Testard who had skill and raw pace, could both deliver excellent service in to the box. We did not always make the best use of this and squandered many chances, but it proved a dynamic style of play that also bought us many rewards. David Taylor turned provider for this season and used his ability to link effectively with David Weinstein-Linder. He worked hard at his game in the latter part of the season and put in some excellent performances. Chris Karageorgis, who still has another season to go, played a number of games for the team and was unlucky not to become a permanent fixture. His natural enthusiasm and competitive edge in midfield and up front were very important to us on a number of occasions.

The results really speak for themselves, although they suggest that there is a two tier system developing in Independent Schools football, with Westminster trying to establish itself amongst the leading schools. There were a number of impressive wins, due to a combination of good defensive performances and an ability to create chances. We were outplayed on only a few occasions, most notably by an excellent Forest side. The result against Charterhouse was a major disappointment as all the indicators suggested that this would be a close encounter between two good sides with over 135 years of history. The stakes are inevitably higher for this fixture but we put in our worst defensive performance of the season and allowed a competent and successful side to rescue and maintain the initiative. An excellent performance against fellow cup quarter-finalists Chigwell was a preparation for the epic encounter with Bradfield Abandoning our 4-4-2 system and playing with 3 defenders we played some of our most ordered and disciplined football of the term running out deserved 3-1 winners. We were left with 10 clear days to prepare for Bradfield and an intensive programme of fitness and ball work ensued. On the day we were beaten by a set piece corner, scored at a critical moment in the first half when our faithful band of

FOOTBALL SEASON: 1ST XI 2002-2003 results

Aug.	Pre-season tour to France		
Sep.	Hulme Grammar (h)	Won	4-2
	Alleyns (a)	Won	2-0
	Ardingly (h)	Won	4-1
	ISFA Sixes (Forest)	Qtr finals	
	Old Westminsters (h)	Lost	1-4
	Eton (a)	Lost	2-4
	KES Witley (h)	Won	6-0
	Shrewsbury		
	ISFA Cup 2nd Round (at Vincent Square)	Won	4-0
Oct.	Forest (a)	Lost	0-3
	Kimbolton (h)	Won	6-1
Nov.	Highgate (a)	Won	3-1
	Eton		
	ISFA Cup 3rd Round (at Eton)	Won	2-1
	Latymer (h)	Won	3-2
	Charterhouse (h)	Lost	1-3
	Chigwell (a)	Won	3-1
	Aldenharn (h)	Won	3-2
Dec.	Bradfield		
	ISFA Cup Quarter-finals (at Bradfield)	Lost	0-1
Jan.	Corinthian casuals(h)	Lost	2-3
Feb.	Hampton (h)	Lost	1-3
	King's Canterbury (h)	Won	8-0
Mar.	Harrow (a)	Won	2-1
	St. Paul's (h)	Won	4-1
	Bishop's Stortford (a)	Lost	2-1

Record

P: 22 W: 14 L: 8 F: 65 A: 35

Goal scorers

David Weinstein-Linder	22
William Stevenson	12
David Taylor	6
Jack Wolton	6

supporters arrived. Drunk on the success of Eton their enthusiastic arrival was going to be the signal for us to up our game. Unfortunately, our concentration for the corner was momentarily interrupted and the Bradfield centre-forward ran to head in from close range. We played with great determination against one of the best sides on the circuit and defended superbly. Ned Naylor made an excellent save to deny them a second, but our creative players never put them under enough pressure. Bradfield just about deserved their win and went on to lose narrowly in the final. The highlight of the Lent Term was an excellent performance against Harrow. A side we have never beaten presented us with a serious challenge again, but on a heavy pitch against a physical side we gave one of our best displays of the season. We played with great movement and passing and dominated possession. Our defence played superbly and Harrow created very few chances. Protecting a 2-0 lead a soft goal was conceded in the final few minutes and consequently the 2-1 result did not accurately reflect our domination of the game.

It has been a pleasure working with such a united group of players this season and I have been delighted by the quality of football we have played. At times, our performances have exceeded anything I have witnessed from a Westminster 1st XI and I wish all leavers the very best for their football futures.

I must give a special thanks to Ian Monk whose enthusiasm, coaching skills and innate understanding of the game of football have been invaluable in masterminding the progress of the season. We are truly in a fortunate position to have such ready access to his expertise and support both on and off the field of play.

The players: David Weinstein-Linder, William Yell, William Stevenson, Jack Wolton, Cyrus Alamouti, David Taylor, Sherif Salem, Ned Naylor, Richard Clark, Jack Testard, Robert Sawbridge, Christopher Karageorgis, William Oates, Ned Younger, Tom Smith, Oliver Garthwaite, Jake Levy, Jack Farthing, Jamie Lewis. JJK

FOOTBALL: 2ND XI

Played: 20 Won: 12 Lost: 6 Drew: 2

It is the last game of the season. On a windy but sunny Spring day up at Bishop Stortford and the Westminster 2nd XI are down to ten men against a well organised and very handy football team. Had this been game one, and indeed any game up to and including our tenth, we would simply have crumbled, wolfed down our beans and chips and rolled home on the coach trying to pretend that we weren't bothered about the defeat. We won our fair share of matches in the first half of the season but this was achieved without finding any true balance to our side. So anytime we played a team of any quality we were royally thumped. Eton, Forest, Lancing and Charterhouse notched up a total of sixteen goals between them in reply to our three.

The turning point in the season came when we switched from a 4-4-2 to a 3-5-2 system. Will Oates, Tom Borsay and Murat Gokman (who played in every game) formed a formidable trio in defence which meant that Robin Low in goal finally had the defensive support in front of him that

his exceptional talents deserved. With such a strong defensive unit, confidence quickly grew and the quality of football we were capable of began to be displayed.

Oddly enough one of our best performances of the season, game 13 against Bradfield, ended in defeat. This defeat, however, was very different. This time defeat left the lads physically drained and mentally gutted. I was thrilled. I knew from that moment that Westminster 2nd XI were on the up. Bradfield were the best team we played all season and with 15 minutes to go we were only one goal down. Matt Web zipped a perfect cross from a free kick into the box and Daniel Bamford rose above the opposition's defence and thundered the ball into the back of the net with an incredibly powerful header. Goal of the season, or so I thought at the time. We finally lost the match in the last five minutes. The Bradfield fixture at the end of November was our last defeat. If only we could play that game again now.

The Common Room were easily brushed aside (5-0) but our next game, at Hampton, ended two goals apiece. This match delivered what is undoubtedly the best schoolboy goal I have ever seen. One-touch possession football by the likes of Aarish Pandya (captain), Jake Levy, and Tom Smith culminated in the ball being played out wide to Chris Abell who hit a first time cross to the back post. In flew Daniel Bamford who crashed the ball into the back of the net with a diving header. Truly awesome. Not that Daniel was our only goal scorer. Oliver Garthwaite and Chris Karageorgis were a productive strike force late in the season and Ned Younger netted more goals than any other player in the squad.

Ned was also, in my opinion, the outfield player of the season and not because of his strike rate. Time and time again he created fast flowing forward moves with his brilliant vision and pin-point passes – a great football brain and a wonderful central midfield player. The most improved player of the season? In fact there were two of them. Ben Paget and Daniel Bamford must both be knocking on the door of the first XI. Ben is a ball-winning terrier in the centre of midfield and enough has already been said of Daniel's ability. Other players who regularly pulled on the pink shirt included Jack Farthing, who proved to be a versatile left-sided player and Jay Elliott-Purdy, with his long range shooting boots.

The progress that this team has made this season has been very exciting and so it came as no surprise when ten Westminster men walked off the field at Bishop Stortford having won the match one goal to nil. The quality of football they have played has at times been inspired and at other times rather ordinary but most importantly the team has discovered how to play as a unit. They play for each other and have made winning a habit. Well done team.

PDH

FOOTBALL: U16

Played: 13 Won: 3 Lost: 8 Drawn: 2

This year's Under 16 team have been a pleasure to work with. Whilst, at the start of the season I was worried by a lack of basic ball skills as the first term progressed we settled

>> continued overleaf >>



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down to play some very attractive football. Our first match against Ardingley provided us with a comfortable win. Playing with a five man midfield and Smith on his own up front we created numerous chances in a 6-0 victory. The idea had been to place the three most talented footballers in the year, Rashidian, Cooke and Hepworth in central midfield in close proximity to one another and allow the attacks to build from there.

We returned to earth with a bump in our next match against Eton. Whilst Smith made a nuisance of himself up front he became increasingly isolated as the game developed. Despite having a numerical advantage in midfield we were out-passed and ended losing 0-5. As a result of this we decided on a more conventional 4-4-2 formation for the match against Lancing. Kember joined Smith up front, Hepworth moved to the left side of midfield and Khan dropped into the back four to join Lloyd-Thomas, Gill and Reicher with Grosse in goal. After a disastrous first twenty minutes that saw us 2-0 down we played some of our best football to create a succession of good chances. Unfortunately, our finishing could not match our impressive build-up play and the match was lost 4-2. There were, however, several positives to take from the game. Hepworth and Khan combined well down the left hand side frequently producing dangerous crosses. On the right side Joseph was also making a significant contribution and in the centre Cooke and Rashidian were passing the ball well.

After a closely contested game against Highgate, again lost 4-2, the rapid Scrace replaced Kember up-front. He was to score in both of the next two games, a 4-5 loss to Charterhouse and a 2-1 loss to Chigwell. These were frustrating defeats; in both

games we looked the better side but were punished for defensive errors and against Chigwell could not finish well. Deanfield was added to the midfield at the expense of Smith. His strong defensive play helped as the Aldenham third XI were defeated 8-0; a 5-0 loss to a very strong Bradfield team brought the first term to a close.

In the second term Rashidian replaced Smith in the forward line for the match against Dulwich; an injury to Reicher at half-time brought Deanfield into defence and Byrne into a holding midfield role. We lost to Dulwich 4-0 but persevered with the same shape for the match against Colfe's. Here we played well to win 3-1 with Jagger making a solid debut in goal and pulling off one outstanding save. Similarly against St Paul's a brave defensive performance resulted in a 2-2 draw. In a scrappy match against Harrow we lost by a solitary goal in the last five minutes. Our last game was a keenly contested goalless draw against Latymer with Naylor, Zamkow, Byrne and Deanfield defending boldly. MHF

FOOTBALL: U15A

The overall statistics for this season do not make pretty reading. The team played 17 games, won 1, drew 1 and lost the rest. We scored 14 goals and conceded 87. There was a real gap in quality between our lads and the likes of Hampton. However, this statistical tale of woe is not the whole story.

When winning every game becomes impossible, the index for success must be changed. The football we played at the end of the season was unrecognisably better than at the start.

In addition, we competed well in every game and generally got hurt only when tiredness became a factor in the last quarter. All this goes to show that the team can compete when they focus on shape, fitness and getting the basics right. In all these areas there has been real progress over the season. We developed an increasingly organised back four of Hall, Comminos, Gordon and Steuerman that has become strong and tough to break down. In the midfield, Feridun's early engine problems were resolved by the latter few games and he became increasingly influential. Up front, Asher found his shooting boots in real style against St Paul's and the other strikers – Ferguson, Cattell, Estorick – notched up goals to remember across the season. There is also skill in the team. Gooding's mazy runs down the right have gradually started to yield end products. Baghdadi's fearsome left boot has learnt a bit more patience and control. There have also been casualties – particularly Pinkus who came out of football retirement only to break his leg in the first match back. Ouch. Thanks must also go to the other valuable irregulars – Berend, Maynard, Parsons, Kim, Woodhams, Hannah.

Two individuals deserve particular attention, however. Firstly, Sam Allen, who kept us in so many games with breathtaking saves of real class – especially early in the season. Secondly, Stefan Vukcevic, who was never willing to accept defeat and fought through all the games. His strength and skill will be missed next year, but the absence should encourage the rest of the team's shoulders to broaden and discover their real capabilities.

Ultimately, then, there have been moments to be proud of amidst a confidence sapping season. It is hard to stay motivated, focused and organised when the opposition have a range of quality players that we do not, but to achieve progress and to stay competitive all season was a real success despite the results. Special thanks must also go to Nick Hinze for his empathy, to Paul Wittle for his valiant coaching efforts and to all our touchline supporters. AJ

FOOTBALL: U14

The year began with a narrow defeat at the hands of Ardingly, but the A side bounced back immediately with an excellent and rare 4-1 victory away at Eton. There followed a narrow defeat away to KES Witley, before a more comprehensive loss to a very skilful Alamy's team possessing a sprinkling of Academy players. Next came a thriller at Forest where we played some of our best football of the term. The lead changed hands several times until, in our over-exuberance to win the game, we were caught short-handed at the back and lost 4-3 to virtually the last kick of the game.

Once again we were able to bounce back with a 6-3 victory against Kimbolton, but, for the remainder of the term positive results were hard to come by despite our best efforts. We were swept aside by Lancing and Highgate, the latter of whom possessed the Arsenal U14 captain, who despite being the smallest player on the pitch stood head and shoulders above everyone else in term of ability. The team competed and fought hard but with little ultimate reward against both Brentwood and Chigwell (who thankfully were missing their England U14 player), before succumbing more meekly at

Charterhouse. The last two matches of the Play Term proved a case of snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. Against Aldenham a 1-0 half-time lead ended in a disappointing 2-1 loss, whilst at Bradfield we were brilliant for two-thirds of the game, taking a 3-0 lead against a previously unbeaten team. However, in the last twenty minutes, goalkeeping errors, defensive frailty and the true class of the opposition combined to produce a very frustrating 5-3 reverse.

In contrast, the Lent Term saw a change of fortunes and upturn in results due in no small amount to the arrival of Phillip Crandall in between the posts. He proved to be a very promising goalkeeper for the future indeed, pulling off some breathtaking saves throughout the term. Suddenly, the team no longer leaked soft goals and therefore began to see just rewards for their outfield play. An excellent Hampton side delayed our revival where blushes were only spared by Crandall's brilliant debut. This was followed by a pulsating match of competitive, end-to-end football against Latymer Upper in which we triumphed 6-2. By contrast, the game against Dulwich was a very tight affair where the teams remained locked at 1-1, both slightly hampered by the Lilliputian size of the playing area. Against a good Harrow side we held a nervy 1-0 lead until tentative defending and poor marking in the last five minutes saw us worryingly snatch defeat once again. The season finished with a match at home to Bishop's Stortford where, (at last) the gods smiled on us and we were able to overcome a gifted team 2-0, thanks to a disciplined performance by the boys and an inspired effort by our woodwork which denied the opposition at least five times.

Mention has already been made of Crandall's outstanding efforts, but, these were matched by the defence as a whole which improved dramatically during the course of the year. Adam Hines-Green was my Player of the Year (and he should be one to watch for the future), but his efforts were nearly matched by Captain George Burnett in the heart of the defence. On the flanks Ben Astaire proved a strong athlete and James Stoker deservedly earned a regular place. In central midfield, Byron Orme exhibited excellent ball skills whilst Toby Thomas proved a good ball winner. Out wide, Robert Taylor displayed a sweet left foot providing telling crosses and the occasional stunning strike. Up front, Robin Macpherson and Ye-Ming Yuen proved a handful for all opposition defences despite being starved of ball for long periods. In addition, Hugh Logan-Ellis, Joe Scantlebury and Max Ziemer were invaluable utility players filling a number of different positions with admirable effort. Thanks must also go to Messrs Brentegani, Porter and Hamilton for their hard work in goal before Crandall's arrival.

In summary, this was a season in which the U14s exhibited much promise but often the quality of their football was not accurately reflected in the end results. Matters did improve with the arrival of a potentially outstanding goalkeeper in the Lent Term, and one would hope that the same group will achieve a winning record as U15s next season.

Finally, I would like to thank all the U14s for their cheerful enthusiasm and hard work throughout the year, and all those concerned with U14 football, pupils and staff alike (particularly MNR, JAI and RRS), for their efforts this season.

JDK

CRICKET

At the half-way point of the 2002 season spirits in the cricket camp were somewhat depressed. On the positive side, against Butterflies and the M.C.C. we had batted well to earn creditable draws. Clark played beautifully straight during his innings against Butterflies and it was not until late in the day that our chances of winning faded. Pike's knock against the M.C.C. was full of wonderfully timed shots and although he played and missed a fair amount he deserved his luck. However, we had failed to put Charterhouse under any pressure and despite pushing Merchant Taylors close, insufficient runs had effectively ruled us out of the match. In both these games penetrative bowling from Ell gave us some impetus and it was a shame that he was not to play much more during the season.

Against Allyn's we were greatly disadvantaged by the toss and the fact that that pitch was rolled at lunch and tea as

well as between the innings. A spiteful morning wicket had settled down to something of a featherbed by the afternoon. Our one win in the first half-term came in a rain-reduced game against Aldenham.

We were playing very good cricket in patches. The Old Westminsters, for example, were reduced to 34 for 4 before recovering to post a respectable total. Morrison-Bell's catch to dismiss Cogan off a scorching cover drive was as fine an effort as you will see on any cricket ground. However, the School, from a position of relative safety, threw wickets away to gift the opposition a win.

Yell, Japhet, Manners, Hughes, Woodrow, Cooke and Weinstein-Linder all bowled well at times and the fielding was generally good. Our batting, on the other hand lacked consistency with Bamford, Butler, Stevenson and Hall all struggling for runs.

It was not until the final three games of the season that we started to play the consistent determined cricket that wins matches. After a comfortable win against Kingston we enjoyed a thrilling match against St Dunstan's. The School had looked in trouble at 65-4 but an explosive partnership of 106 in 40 minutes between Stevenson and Cooke gave us the game. Cooke showed that he has a fine eye for a ball and a sound temperament to match. Stevenson provided another of his gritty innings, nudging the ball into gaps and running aggressively between the wickets.

Our final match was one of those superb cricket matches that ebbed and flowed over the course of a day with both sides struggling to achieve a decisive advantage. Batting first we found life at the wicket difficult. Clark and Japhet both played workmanlike innings to provide a platform but without Hall's fluent cameo we would have been well short of a competitive total. In the field Manners made the early breakthroughs but it was Bamford's impressive display of swing and seam that gave us the edge. With the last pair at the wicket we had reduced Reigate to 101-9 but the match was far from over. The Reigate batsmen showed intelligence and determination as they gradually reduced the runs required. With only six runs in hand and the game slipping through our fingers, Weinstein-Linder made the breakthrough with Clark holding a fine catch in the gully.

In the end I felt grateful for the wonderful spirit and humour of our team. They have been a pleasure to work with and many have given freely of their time despite the pressures of exams.

Ian Monk is to be congratulated on the fine condition of Vincent Square. He continues to provide great cricket wickets, evenly balanced between the bat and the ball. Many thanks also to all the staff who have helped out at station and, in particular, Jim Kershen for his inspirational coaching of the 1st XI. Jim has now taken over running the cricket at Westminster.

MHF



running the cricket at Westminster.

CRICKET

2002-2003 results

The Butterflies 201-8

(Japhet 3-62) drew with Westminster 192-9 (Clark 98)

Westminster 88 (Clark 37*)

lost to Charterhouse 92-4 (Ell 3-13)

Westminster 50

lost to Merchant Taylors 53-7 (Ell 4-15)

M.C.C. 226-4

drew with Westminster 176-6 (Pike 99*)

Westminster 99

lost to Allyn's 101-2

Aldenham 101-3

lost to Westminster 102-2 (Bamford 43*) in a 25 over match

Old Westminsters 200-6

(Japhet 3-63) beat Westminster 136

Chigwell 154-4

beat Westminster 129-6 (Pike 38) in a 30 over match

Westminster 114

lost to Eton XXXIII 115-6 (Japhet 3-40)

Kingston G.S. 136-6

lost to Westminster 139-3 (Japhet 77*)

St Dunstan's 180-4

lost to Westminster 182-5 (Stevenson 51, Cooke 47*)

Westminster 140 (Japhet 41, Hall 35) beat Reigate G.S. 134 (Bamford 5-19)

WATER

The Westminster Eight was the club's single disappointment in the 2002 Schools' Head, being the only boat entered not to win a medal in its category, writes Charlie Hayes, Head of Water.

I don't think it's unfair for me to say that our 18th position was not in any way indicative of the talent of the nine people that raced in the boat. We perhaps redeemed ourselves with our comfortable win at Kingston Head of the River only one week later. Comparing our Kingston time with that of other crews who also competed in both events, it appears that we should have been capable of making the top five at the Schools' Head. The result of the Mens' Open

Head 2002 speaks for itself – Abingdon School, who dominated throughout the season, and Pangbourne College were the only two school crews to beat us. These inconsistent performances continued throughout the season, sadly. The most gutting, from my point of view, was at National Schools where The Eight frustrated everyone by being eliminated in the semi-final after leading by two lengths of clear water until 1500 metres gone and got ‘caught napping’ in a scramble for the line by the rest of the field.

Weakened by key personnel departures after the Nat. Schools ‘fiasco’, we re-constructed the eight and set our sights on Henley Royal Regatta. At Henley Royal Regatta we drew our long-time rivals; Eton College on the first day. Eton fielded a strong crew that had a good season. We knew we’d be in for a severe challenge and I’m proud of the way we handled the race; the only tactic you can have in a situation like ours was to really make Eton race. Like the noble underdogs that we were, it was decided that if Eton wanted a Thursday race they would have to work for it. We weren’t going to give an inch. Westminster stormed off the start and took an early lead. Eton held their composure despite trailing at Fawley, just over half way, and we were then roughly level for another three quarters of a mile until just before the enclosures where they pulled away. We went down fighting in a thrilling race. A result that easily justified the selection of the crew mixing dependable experience and young and promising shoulders.

At the National Championships in Nottingham, the senior four of Will Sweet, Jack Holborn, Sam Scheuringer and myself, ably coxed by Praneet Shivaprasad, briefly showed the Top Squad’s true colours when we produced a spectacular row (after a poor semi, no less) in the final of Junior Mens’ Coxed Fours to row down St. Paul’s and Northwich Rowing Club to snatch the silver medal and gain selection as the England coxed four at the Home Countries Regatta in Strathclyde during the summer.

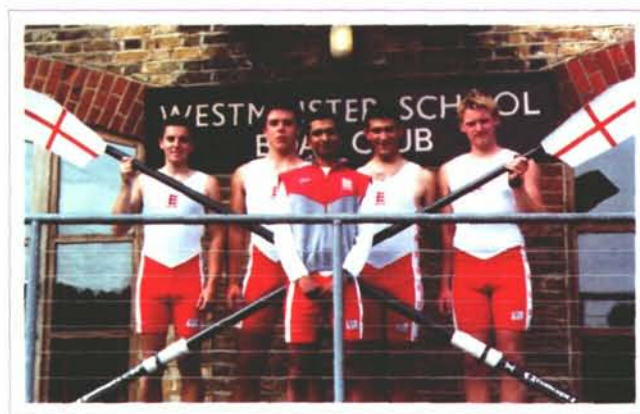
The boat club saw the most people in training that it has done in some years. These numbers were made up mainly in the bottom two years and in the very strong girls’ rowing program. These increased numbers were matched by a great season for most.

The greatest success was clearly that of the Girls. Jessica Chichester and Mathilde Pauls became the Club’s first female National Champions and were indisputably the best crew that the club had put out all year. They destroyed the field in the women’s pairs, from junior to elite, all season; a feat they achieved again representing England in Strathclyde. Not content with being the best in a pair, they joined forces with three girls from St. Paul’s Girls School for the National Championships and rowed through their field after a poor start to become National Champions again, this time in a coxed four. They doubled up and rowed for England in this class of boat too.

Mathilde decided she hadn’t enough on her plate and developed a penchant for a single scull. She stormed to victory in the long distance junior squad trials in Boston, beating the country’s best junior scullers by over 20 seconds, even though her nationality made her ineligible to compete for Great Britain. To supplement her training she also notched up some impressive wins on her bike, winning the Women’s Cycle Racing Association’s national series. Emily Smith’s sculling has also impressed me constantly. Her attitude and

technical skill meant that more experienced and powerful girls, who should have had lengths on her, didn’t. Unfortunately, she missed out on medals at the National regattas in Nottingham and this is frustrating but she will be on the rostrum soon.

The standard of Westminster girls rowing has risen so significantly in the past two years that activities, previously impossible and unheard of at Westminster – for example a girls’ only training camp on the Spanish Olympic lake in Banyoles, a girls’ eight being taken to race in Philadelphia and another winning the Schools’ Head eights for two consecutive years, not to mention two successive Women’s Henley entries with Mathilde making the semi-final in the Girls single sculls.



Moving to the club’s younger members, Andrew Sanderson and Matthew Greig-Taylor’s row in the final of the National Championships is another race that stands out for me. After some frankly shocking races earlier in the season in their J16 pair, the boys brought it together for the Champs and worked very hard all the way to the line. Their result put them up there with the powerhouses of school rowing and they should both be very pleased with their fourth placing.

James McNaughton, selected to row in the club’s top eight for Henley, stroked his J15 coxed four to a silver medal at Schools’ Head and at National Schools. Especially satisfying was their final at National Schools, where they achieved a personal victory by forcing the strong King’s, Wimbledon four that had beaten them all season into the bronze medal position. Both crews lost out to a newly formed Shiplake College four. Our J15 coxed four group, or the ‘coxed five’ as it was for a lot of the time, had a great season with wins all the way from Putney to Valenciennes. They should all aim high for next year.

Last year’s J14 group excelled all season and shown the way with their eagerness to learn, on and off the water. Their attitude and commitment, shown especially in the small group that joined the seniors in the training camp in Gent last Easter, has thankfully never got in the way of the fun that can be had rowing! Their obvious enjoyment of the sport has led to good results throughout, their season culminating in the J14 national championships in Peterborough where Jamie and Charles Moran and Eurian Leonard-Pugh deserve special mention. A specially organised ‘boat race’ event against King’s, Wimbledon saw Westminster adopt the guise of our varsity guests Oxford University, mimicking them so well that we won both the first and second boat races.

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The new season is now well underway. We've decided to concentrate, and hopefully capitalise, on the notable results achieved by all three of the lower year groups last season. The top group will stay out of the eight for a while and have instead been racing in different combinations of fours and quads, where already we have been more successful than last season; the Senior Coxed four finishing second in the Schools' Head.

Now ably led by Jessica Espey, it seems that we can continue the advances that we have made recently in Girls' rowing, where we are now one of the stronger school clubs in the country. As mentioned above, the girls' eight won the Schools' Head and had a very successful regatta in Gent over Easter.

The Lower Shell group break Westminster tradition somewhat by still having a second eight, which is a sparse luxury for any year-group in a club this size. The new Fifth form group joined the Top Squad in Gent over Easter and showed their potential and talent in training and in racing winning their first international medals. The boat club leavers, including myself, can be somewhat reassured that the future of WSBC does seem to be in safe hands.

There are some Old Westminsters whose success deserves a mention here. Most impressively Ned Kittoe, who won a bronze medal in the Lightweight Coxless Pairs for Great Britain at the World Rowing Championships in Seville. Also, Anna Theophilus and Ivor Vanhegan who both represented Wales in the Commonwealth Regatta last year. Dan Barry sat in the 4 seat of Goldie, the Cambridge second boat, in this year's University Boat Race while Julia Parker raced, for the second year running, in the Cambridge University Women's Blue Boat.

The enthusiasm of the junior group, the Fifth form and Lower Shell, has made it fun to train at the club. Their frequent and encouraging success has proved invaluable in motivating the top squad and enhancing 'club spirit' – something that Westminster School Boat Club, for all its other failings, can always boast. Every member of every boat at regattas always enjoys the support of the whole club. This is a fantastic feeling to have, one that breeds success and moves us away from the feeling of the boathouse just being the part of school that we have to do for a few afternoons every week.

The support the crews give each other makes for a great atmosphere and motivates towards better performances. This support is infectious and will last after you've left the school. This was especially evident, for me, at Henley Royal Regatta. Plenty of Westminsters, from all years, had come out to support those of us racing there; those horrible Teflon grey suits that we're made to wear have never looked better than they did on the towpath! Old Wets too, still donning pink jackets, shouted loudly from the banks. It meant a lot to us racing.

The last word should be about our coaches: especially Pete Proudley, our retiring Chief Coach, who has been involved with, or probably directly responsible for, all of the best results over the last twelve years, at all levels. He, and his wife Maureen, will definitely be missed.

FENCING

This year has been the most successful fencing season in recent memory, the highlight of which was winning the Public Schools Fencing Championships for the second year running, write Cornelius Trestler and Matthias Williams.

The team produced excellent results across the board, in both individual and team events both in the UK and abroad. The year began on a very positive note, with Station seeing the highest intake of fifth-formers for many years – a total of 37 new fencers taking overall numbers to nearly 80.



We were very grateful to receive generous additional funding from the School Society, which gave us the necessary means to buy new metallic pistes for use Up School and a large amount of extra equipment and weapons which greatly improved our training and has helped to produce notable results throughout the season.

At individual level, these included the Senior British Foil Championships, where there were good performances from Cornelius Trestler (Captain), Dominic O'Mahony and Andrew Holgate, and most notably by Matthias Williams (Vice-Captain), who came 26th – an exceptional result for a teenager in an adult competition. At U18 level, Andrew Holgate won the London Championships and reached the final of the National event. Other individual successes include Cornelius Trestler winning the Sir William Perkins Cup, and his rapidly improving brother Lucian who took the bronze medal in the U16 competition.

Consistent high-level performances at U17 level meant that Dominic O'Mahony was selected to represent Great Britain at international level, making his mark at the Madrid Junior A-Grade. Later in the calendar, he and Cornelius Trestler were selected to fence for Britain in the Osnabruck Cadet Championships in Germany. A greatly expanded Station is now performing well across the board. Epee and Sabre fencers have witnessed an equally talented new fifth-form intake that will match the quickly progressing senior fencers.

In the British School Team Championships we quickly established our dominance throughout: the school won the gold medal in both the U18 Foil and the U16 Foil. The younger epeeists and sabreurs showed their promise by winning several silver medals.

However, the highlight of the year was undoubtedly the Public Schools Championships which had a record number of over 1100 entries – making it one of the largest sporting occasions of its kind in Europe. Westminster convincingly

won the event, picking up the overall Championships together with the Boys and Girls Combined Trophy, the Senior weapons Trophy, the Junior weapons Trophy, the Foil Trophy and the Best Fifth Form Trophy on the way. Apart from outstanding performances in the Senior foil where we had five out of the last eight finalists, the competition was notable for the emergence of some of the new fifth form as serious contenders: Andrew Marshall, Tom Samuel and Tom Henderson did particularly well.

ed off somewhat slowly, which was probably explained in part by trying to overcome frostbite, and actually ended up beating the Harrow first pair in a close tie-break. In the other matches, the 2nd IV lost 4-2, but Rashod Faizullaev and Ahmet Feridun played very well, winning 2 of their 3 sets. The Colts fared less well and obviously suffered from having to play outside the more temperate climates of SW1. The pairings of Hessing and Webb, Cochran and Nicoli and

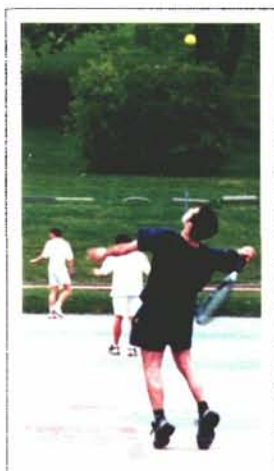


Much of this achievement is down to the hard work of the Head of Station, Russell Dudley-Smith, whose inspiration has produced a highly competitive squad of dedicated fencers. A big thank-you must also go to the coaches, Tomek Walicki, Dave Taylor, Chris Howser and Ian Williams.

Matthias Williams (Captain)
Cornelius Trestler (Vice-Captain)

TENNIS

The 2002 season began with our traditional fixture against Putney Tennis Club. Sadly for Putney, as they were one player short, they drafted me in as a vaguely legitimate ringer, if that is not a contradiction in terms. In spite of my appearing for the opposition and therefore unquestionably assisting the Westminster cause, the School ended up losing a closely-fought battle 9-7. Ned Younger and Jamie Cochran played very well, and the pairing of Sancha Bainton and Olly Garthwaite took their first pair very close.



On Thursday 9th May we embarked on our annual excursion with Mel up to the northern backwater that is Harrow. It was good to see some Westminster parents supporting the team, especially since the weather was bordering on the glacial on that particular afternoon. The 1st VI actually ended up losing the match 6-3, but there were many good performances. Vadim Varvarin and Marc Baghdadi won 2 of their 3 matches. They start-

Mashru and Zafiriou all battled valiantly and it was great to see Matt Webb back in action.

On Saturday 18th May a Junior VIII combining the U14s and U15s took on Highgate. Alex Berend and Hakan Feridun were excellent, Theo Petersen and Josh Cole competed really well and JJ Remez and Harry Shaw and Ed Jeffries and Alex Brooman-White all impressed. We ended up winning a very close match 7-5.

On Tuesday 21st May the 1st VI and 2nd IV travelled to Paddington to take on the American School. This has usually been a closely-fought fixture over the years, and so it was a fantastic achievement to win 13-2. That weekend we played the Old Westminsters. This fixture had previously been played on a Tuesday, but we have moved the match to a Saturday which works out much better. It was an excellent afternoon, and after several stewards' inquiries, not facilitated by the generous Pimms intake on the OWW side, it was established that the School won 5-4.

After half-term there were further matches against the Common Room and UCS and a junior fixture against Harrow. In the Juniors match versus the CR, Baghdadi and Feridun won 2 of their 3 sets, but Berend and Hannah, although playing very well, were unable to overcome their opposition. There were rumours about the more geriatric members of the Common Room being on performance-boosting substances, but the allegations were vigorously denied. On Thursday 20th June Baghdadi and Feridun were in tandem again and drew their particular match against a strong Harrow U14 p 1st pair. In the final match of the term on June 22nd, the 1st IV and Colts IV went down 4-2 against UCS. It is no coincidence that this coincided with the celebrations following Turkey's quarter-final win against Senegal in the World Cup. Ahmet Feridun, great competitor that he is, looked a little bit the worse for wear. However, I think we can forgive him... SC

FIVES

It has been a good year for Eton Fives at Westminster. Results have been encouraging, particularly those against Highgate, St Olave's and Harrow. For a second consecutive year, we had a 5th Former in one of the winning pairs at the Harrow beginners' tournament in December, Ben Cagan's (Dryden's) impressive return of cut giving him an edge although all of our 5th Form entrants performed well. The current 5th Form is the strongest since I have been involved with the station. It will be interesting to see the effect of some of the boys from Westminster Under School coming here next year having played Fives up here on Friday afternoons this season.



We had representation at the Schools' National Championships at Eton in all of our years and we performed well. We can now expect to get players through the early round on the competition, which then allows them to play against the top seeds in the knock-out phase. Having so many of pairs there this year was very pleasing and I expect next year will be even better. The best performance was from one of our U16 pairs, Freddie Krespi (Dryden's) and Theo Peterson (College) who got through the pool stage in the Senior tournament.

Once again I would like to thank John Troy, Richard Stokes and James Harrison for their help staffing the station this year. Matthew Wiseman, our coach, continues to raise the standard of Eton Fives at Westminster and extra coaching this year came from an Old Westminster, James Japhet.

MJM

CROSS COUNTRY

After the tentative return of cross country last year to the Station programme, it has been pleasing to see a core group of athletes develop this year, and improve the School's performances as a result. The School finished top of all schools that competed in the London Schools Cross Country, and significantly, four athletes were selected to compete in the prestigious English Schools Championships. The team's performances are all the more remarkable when one considers that the bulk of the team will still be available to run for the School in 2006.

The Long Distance Races in September were as competitive as ever, with Joe Marwood (RR), Asaddollah Rashidian (MM) and Tom Samuel (GG) coming out on top in their respective age groups, and Rigaud's, Milne's and Ashburnham taking the spoils in the team event. Highly competitive matches against Winchester, Harrow and RGS Guildford followed in the Lent Term and provided a greater challenge, with Alex Murley (MM), Jamie Moran (DD) and Tom Samuel all running well

to post impressive times. This form, and strength in depth was most marked at the London Schools Championships when on a windswept Hampstead Heath, we won team medals in three age groups, with our Senior Girls team winning the gold. As a result of their performances in the London Championships, Natalia Marrin (AHH), Jesse Mears (GG), Joe Marwood (RR) and Tom Samuel were all selected to compete for London Schools at the

English Schools Championships in Brighton – a magnificent achievement in its own right.

The annual Bringsty Relays, held on a bone-dry Wimbledon Common, brought overall victory for Milne's (again), with Joe Marwood perilously close to the course record with a fine run of 5 minutes 10 seconds. The year's racing was rounded off in the most positive way possible at the Ranelagh Schools Cup in Richmond Park, where Westminster finished 4th out of 11 teams thanks to a squad which mainly comprised boys in the Lower School. The gutsy and spirited performance of Charles Moran (DD) stood out, a performance he repeated the week after in finishing second behind Joe Marwood (plus sling) at the Charity 7 mile run.

The performances this year have shown that with a little bit of hard work, sizeable improvements in performance can be gained, and I look forward to the current crop of runners improving yet further for next year. SDW

BRINGSTY RELAY

A WORM'S-EYE VIEW

More often than not, reports on the competitive struggle and skills acquired and honed in the course of Station concentrate on triumph against the odds and the race well run. Occasionally, as **Toby Stevens (DD)** makes clear, the experience may be different.

To my mind, the conclusion to running the relay for the first time didn't produce any winners or losers; only sheer, gut-wrenching agony! As we lined up for the start I had no idea what to expect but I could feel butterflies in my stomach. The race had been built up to such a level that my legs were actually shaking with the pride of competing for my house and the expectations of my peers. It was unfortunate that having never been a sporting achiever I knew that this race might end in abject failure and ridicule but I steeled myself for the occasion nevertheless.

The race started with a gun shot, and the first set of runners set off, whilst the others stood around the race area staring abjectly at the ground looking sickly. I lay on the ground trying to think of anything apart from the prospect ahead of me to avoid throwing up there and then. Suddenly the first runners came through to the finish and my turn was nigh.

With leaden feet I began to run, simply to escape the scrutiny of my competitors. Once round the first bend the immensity of the 1km still to run hit me and with my mind meditating on failure, I continued on my way.

Through a maze of brambles, bracken and trees, up a superfluity of hills and valleys I lumbered on my journey. The various markers spouted rather unencouraging remarks and so willing my legs to move I made it to the final 'hill of death'. This is what really separates the serious competitors from the rest, with a one hundred metre scramble up an almost sheer gradient slope. Finding myself scrambling along, pulling myself up by tufts of grass, I become conscious that my efforts would not be well received by my team mates and so I imitated a heroic running stance and stumbled over the finish, exhausted.

ROCK CLIMBING

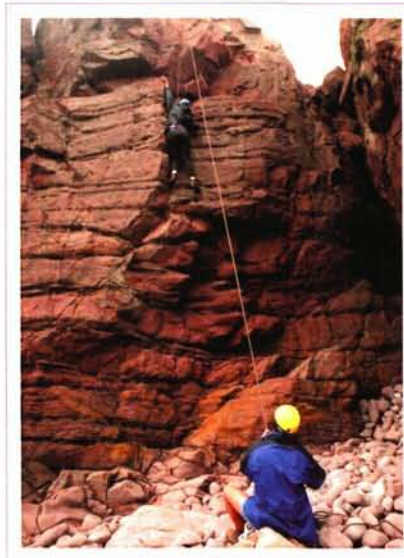
This year has seen a threefold increase in the number of Westminsters taking part in rock climbing station. The station operates at the indoor wall at Mile End, one of the premier indoor bouldering centres in the country. It caters well for all abilities from novice climbers to the very highest levels in the sport and was the venue for our first 'fixture' in January.

'The Italian Job' was an open competition attracting some of the best climbers in the UK. Westminster entered a team in the junior section of the competition, which saw our pupils competing on the same routes as the professionals. The six-man team spanned all years in the school and saw some extremely strong performances. Whilst not raising the trophy this year the experience was greatly valuable for all the climbers who spent a couple of months preparing for the rigours of competition climbing.

Whilst our weekly climbing is done indoors, the growth in popularity of the sport in school has led to a number of expeditions being organised to give the experience of climbing outdoors.

A lower school climbing expedition to Catalunya was offered to the Fifth form and Lower Shell last summer with the help of an Old Westminster who is running a climbing company in Spain. The climbing, on massive limestone faces, went on until late evening and then we were treated to the grand hospitality of the Spanish 'Gites'. The trip was so popular that it is set to become a regular in the expedition calendar.

The Play term saw a new addition to the expedition programme, a lead climbing course. With a one to two instructor to pupil ratio, skills were gained at a rapid rate. By the end of the weekend a long list of classic climbs had been notched up, including leads to the Very Severe grade.



The annual Skye Expedition threw some rather unexpected weather at us, namely glorious sunshine. We ditched ice axes for sun hats and had one of the most productive weeks anyone can remember. Andrei Kosenko, a climbing instructor, accompanied the trip and gave us the opportunity to undertake some multi-pitch climbing. A one thousand foot climb on Sgurr Sgumain by Huw Walters and Andrew Marshall took some seventeen pitches over two days. All in all it has been a successful year for an increasingly popular activity.

MAB

MARTIAL ARTS

With an expanded fixture list, 2002-3 proved to be a fruitful year for Westminster Judo, writes **Jack Seaman (MM)**, modestly. The first match was held at Eton, and fought with the hosts and Charterhouse. The score line did not do us justice as coach Larry hinted after the fight by saying that 'we were robbed' and 'the referee was biased.' In the face of 3 victories that were not counted as official, George Rhys-Jones saved face somewhat, by achieving Westminster's solitary win. After a further defeat by Harrow, the tables were turned by two sturdy victories against Charterhouse, 5:4 in November and then 9:7 in January. The latter fight was all the more convincing considering a depleted side, where Chas 'The Beast' Greenbury retired from action, not being able to bear the prospect of fighting a 120kg brute.

The major test of this budding team of judoka-in-the-making was at the Independent Schools' Championships on 8th March. This year, a delighted Larry and Mr Allnatt were able to boast 5 bronzes from 8 competitors. A special mention should be given to the Mitchell brothers, who got the ball rolling and were close to gold. The other medallists consisted of a technically superb Yean Chooi, an inspirational Henry Morris

who defied the odds to beat a blue belt, and myself, who pulled off an epic third match victory to secure a medal for the seniors. The future looks promising to say the least for Westminster Judo, with Hugh Leonard, Sebastian Nadal and Alex Cline sure to bounce back from disappointments at this year's Independents'. Message for next year: Beware Harrow!

SHOOTING

'All change, all change!' No, not another Connex announcement, but the regime in College roof. After 4 years of cheerful stewardship Sarah Jackman handed her Firearms Licence back to SO19 and I took over running the Rifle Club, writes **Charlie Robinson**.

I am extremely grateful to Sarah for all she put into the Station in her time Mistress *i/c*. We also said goodbye to Alun Lewis who has been a very successful coach. Alun replaced himself with another Stock Exchange Club man, Mark Pearce. Mark trained as a craft and technology teacher, and as well as being a superb coach, he has become an indispensable in-house gunsmith, keeping some of our more aged rifles firing

>> continued overleaf >>

straight and true. He has also dragged us into fully computerised analysis, and a consequent healthy rivalry over positions in the club. Both Alun and Mark put together an excellent Christmas shoot in which aliens were annihilated and balloons burst by the score, resulting in some silly prizes for all.

This year has also seen the Rifle Club back in wider competition. In Play term we entered 3 teams in the British Schools Smallbore Rifle Association postal competition. Each team held its own in each group, the A's coming 5th, B's 2nd, and C's 5th, all out of 6. Team top score badges were won by Ed Sanders, Ken Akito, Tokini Peterside and Charlene Kong. Ed Sanders was awarded his half-pink for his surefooted captaincy and personal performance in this term-long competition.

In Lent term we had two shoulder-to-shoulder matches, away to Harrow and then a home match against Wellington. Harrow normally shoot Lee-Enfield .22 conversions and take part in competitions such as 'The Mad Minute', which is reminiscent of Rorke's Drift in terms of pace of firing. Our match was thus naturally handicapped by combining their rapid firing skills with our deliberations in what was a very enjoyable course of fire, and we managed to win, despite the maddening minute.

It was our turn to host Wellington this year. After being so narrowly beaten last year, we sorely wanted to win. Wellington fielded two novices, so it was agreed to have a team competition and also an internal match of the top 6 scores in each team. Team scores were 1494: 1473 to us, and then a wonderfully close 1128: 1126 in the Top 6 competition, also to us. Like this year's Boat Race, both teams would have preferred a draw.

In what has been such a successful year for Westminster shooting, it was all the better that the Head Master approved the new Shooting Tie (of crossed pink and white rifles on a navy background) to be awarded as Station Colours. It has been awarded to those who have performed very well in both competition and weekly averages. Those awarded the tie are indicated in the team lists below.

The Club is very grateful to Alex Duncan OW for his extremely generous donation of his Anschütz rifle to the school. We have begun to replace some of the spotting scopes and are purchasing some new lightweight rifles, including a left-hander, for the new shots. In time jackets and slings will also be renewed.

ATHLETICS

The Athletic Sports provided the highlight of what was inevitably a fairly short season, and Hakluyt's yet again took the spoils by some considerable margin. The star performer of the day was without question Dominic Parsons (HH), who set two new School records in the Junior 100m (12.1) and 200m (24.2) and was a key contributor in the relays. Dominic's progress continued into the summer holidays and culminated in a superb performance at the English Schools Championships where he set a new best time of 52.46 en

route to finishing 4th in the Junior 400m. Other athletes who excelled at the Athletic Sports include Lucinda Cash-Gibson (HH) in the Senior Girls 100m, Toby Salmon (W) in the Senior 100 and Long Jump as well as Peter Kennedy (RR) and Jack Holborn (LL) who both demonstrated considerable versatility on both track and field.

In addition to events on the track, the day marked the final Athletic Sports for Jack Woods, who for many years has guided us up his time and acted as the official starter. We will miss his good humour and patience! SDV

COMMUNITY SERVICE

One station afternoon in September **Robert Freudenthal (HH)** and **Rebecca Greig (GG)** left the secluded haven of Dean's Yard to enter the real world of underfunded and underpaid doctors and teachers to take part in community service as their Station choice. Robert was going to become a teacher's assistant for year 2 at Soho Parish School, while Rebecca went to St Mary's Hospital, Paddington.

Soho Parish School

I was at first apprehensive having heard reports of the school and I was a bit worried by the many sex shops near and around the school. I was introduced to my class as "Robert who has come to help teach". Thankfully all the children seemed to speak English as their first language, apart from one Yong Zhe Han, who was introduced to me as "Han doesn't speak much English, but he knows what's funny." He then proceeded to laugh for the rest of the afternoon without ceasing. Six months later, I feel that I now have a better understanding of what state schools are actually like and, apart from the facilities, I don't think that primary state schools are much different from private state schools, especially as my class at Soho Parish School is very middle class.

St Mary's Hospital

On learning that I was to be assigned as a volunteer to a gynaecology ward at St. Mary's Hospital I was more than slightly apprehensive. However, my fears were unfounded as I found to my great relief that my job involved chatting to patients and fetching them things from the hospital shop rather than examining any intimate orifices! It may be a cliché but I do find community station both enjoyable and enriching and I love the contrast with my everyday life. This is no 'normal' day at St. Mary's and during the six months that I have been volunteering I've had a wide range of experiences and duties, acting as friend, therapist, social worker even assistant nurse. Comforting patients if they are in pain, or merely listening to people and talking with them if they are lonely are my main duties. Patients are generally very appreciative of this attention and among other things I am regularly offered chocolates and grapes of which many patients have a plentiful supply. One woman insisted on giving me a carton of apple juice while another even asked me back to her house for tea! I declined the offer but I was touched by the invitation.

LEAVERS 2002-03

Anthony Cardona	QS	Thomas Morrison-Bell	BB	Tess Thackara	WW
Harriet Gibson	CC	Tamsin Omond	BB	Christopher Abell	DD
Karim Ladha	QS	Vita Peacock	BB	Raymond Bilderbeck	DD
Ned Naylor	QS	George Richards	BB	Nicholas Britton	DD
Hik Nissanke	QS	Rachel Tod	BB	Nicholas Brookes	DD
Alexander Nurnberg	QS	Kim Tourret	BB	Anna De Paula Hanika	DD
David Powell	QS	Ryan Victor	BB	Dorothee Duvaux	DD
Emily Qin	CC	Philippe Weber	BB	Paul Gilbert	DD
Mohan Rao	QS	Cyrus Alamouti	LL	Sushila Phillips	DD
Anna Rubin	CC	Sancha Bainton	LL	Edward Saperia	DD
Tristan Summerscale	QS	Charlotte Bevan	LL	Henrietta Spiegelberg	DD
Henry Alty	GG	Oliver Butler	LL	Alexander Van Wingerden-Cross	DD
Nicholas Boswell	GG	John Gethin	LL	Huw Walters	DD
Alexander Coats	GG	Thomas Giddings	LL	Matthias Williams	DD
Rashod Faizullaev	GG	Samuel Green	LL	Josephine ap Simon	HH
George Gilmore	GG	Michael Greenwold	LL	David Brescia	HH
Alexander Halban	GG	Adam Hall	LL	Lucinda Cash-Gibson	HH
Charlie Hayes	GG	Frederic Kenny	LL	Justin Cook	HH
Jason Ho	GG	Rod Mamudi	LL	Paul Cowie	HH
Jonathan Kay	GG	Gregory Mostyn	LL	Salima Dhalla	HH
Sophia Killingbeck	GG	William Muirhead	LL	Benjamin Irving	HH
Dae Il Kim	GG	Aarish Pandya	LL	Nathaniel Korda	HH
Erdem Konyar	GG	Azusa Sato	LL	Lucy Maizels	HH
Sebastian Marlow	GG	Thomas Smith	LL	Nicholas Manners	HH
Edward Sanders	GG	William Stevenson	LL	Christian Mason	HH
Robert Sawbridge	GG	Jeremy Stump	LL	Timothy Modiano	HH
Oliver Schneider	GG	Jacques Testard	LL	Theodore Raymond	HH
Freya Scott	GG	Alexander Williamson	LL	David Weinstein-Linder	HH
William Swannell	GG	Stephen Wong	LL	Joseph Anderson	MM
Lydia Thorold	GG	Amieth Yogarajah	LL	Aled Batey	MM
Cyrus Azima	RR	Hikmet Babayev	AHH	Cordelia Bowdery	MM
Jonathan Bailey	RR	Oliver Barron	AHH	Hal Brindley	MM
Alexandra Cairns	RR	David Crosse	AHH	Jayant Hoon	MM
Kate Drummond	RR	Raphael D'Amico	AHH	Roland Jones	MM
Julian Grant	RR	Jay Elliott-Purdy	AHH	Daniel Koehler	MM
Francis Hamlyn	RR	Athena Goulimis	AHH	Petra Kwan	MM
Jonathan Hazell	RR	Harry Hazeel	AHH	Mira Patel	MM
Naveed Karim	RR	James Jolly	AHH	Thomas Pickup	MM
John Larkey	RR	Sophie Neuburg	AHH	Zoltan Rajeczy von Burian	MM
James Lewis	RR	Arpad Rajeczy von Burian	AHH	Guillaume Redgwell	MM
Joe Marwood	RR	Edward Saatchi	AHH	Jack Seaman	MM
Edwin Moore-Gillon	RR	Sherif Salem	AHH	Suneet Shivaprasad	MM
Emily Robinson	RR	Misha Volodchenko	AHH	Daniel Stoker	MM
Benjamin Williamson	RR	Naomi Weir	AHH	Stefan Vukcevic	MM
William Yell	RR	Charles Bullock	WW	George Woodrow	MM
Lisa Andronova	BB	Orlando Campbell	WW	Zoe Chan	PP
Sophie Bowen	BB	Rory Campbell	WW	Rebecca Dixon	PP
Louise Chappell	BB	Edward Cripwell	WW	Amelia Earl	PP
Richard Clark	BB	James Fassam-Wright	WW	Jessica Espey	PP
Charles Clement Corn	BB	Charles Greenbury	WW	Serena Hines	PP
Thomas Coats	BB	Eriko Miyazaki-Ross	WW	Alexandra Jackson	PP
Joseph de Lacey	BB	Iain Phillips	WW	Jennifer Loh	PP
Ahmet Feridun	BB	Richard Reilly	WW	Tamiko Mackison	PP
Charlotte Gloerfelt-Tarp	BB	George Rhys Jones	WW	Tokini Peterside	PP
Georgina Haacke	BB	Rupert Russell	WW	Susie Richards	PP
Oliver Kreitman	BB	Toby Salmon	WW	Camilla Southall	PP
Jesse Marre	BB	Camilla Sanderson	WW	Rebecca Tan	PP
Faris McKinnon	BB	David Taylor	WW	Karmen Watson	PP

