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No. 704
FEB. '86

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The Elizabethan

Editors: Thomas Harding, Caroline Miller Smith, Karen Shoop, Rachel Curtis.

Senior editor: Richard Jacobs.

Front Cover: Richard Inglis Back cover: Nick Maisey Captions: Takashi Funaki

Westminster School, 17 Dean's Yard, London SW1

February 1986, Vol. xxxvii No. 1, Issue No. 704

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Headmasters and Politics

In this issue we say farewell to John Rae. Inside, four contributors—his deputy; an ex-colleague, now a headmaster and Westminster parent; an old boy; and the archivist—write about Dr Rae from their various perspectives. *The Elizabethan* would like to add its appreciate thanks for the independence and autonomy that he has allowed the magazine.

Fortuitously, another Westminster headmaster has been in the news. Richard Wollheim's reminiscences of J. T. Christie, his headmaster in the 30's, provoked an angry correspondence in the *London Review of Books* and a certain amount of antagonism elsewhere, including here. These responses have focussed on what may or may not have been Wollheim's motivations in writing his article; more to the point are the implications raised by his account of student radical politics at the time and the Headmaster's repressive reaction. It is to some of these implications that we address ourselves in this issue. In the lead article Katy Bassett looks at the minute-book of U.F.P.F., the 1930's radical Westminster society, and asks what possibilities exist for politics (radical or at all) in the school now. (In addition Rachel Curtis and Harriet Swain report on two conferences in Central Hall aimed to bring youth into politics.)

That schools are politically charged institutions is not to say that politics are actively pursued or campaigned there. Indeed, the best evidence for the successful absorption of schools' political meanings

into their everyday life is that politics *isn't* openly canvassed. It is the passive acquiescence in the political meanings of schooling that requires challenge. The challenge is to *undepoliticize*: to create an environment in which, for instance, it wouldn't be considered odd to want to debate the political meanings of this statement: 'The concept of democracy has no place in the organization of a school'. Whether the Headmaster (who wrote that in *The Elizabethan* in 1980) considers that true or not is not at issue; it is that it wasn't considered worthy of comment and debate. The power structures that inhibit such debate are perceived as natural and eternal, and it is just those perceptions whose ideological workings need to be undepoliticized. Perception is the battlefield of ideology; it is only when the social conditions that determine and shape perceptions are shown to be not natural, not eternal, that change can occur. The state of our inner cities and the disenfranchisement of the poor who live there may seem, however appalling, 'natural' products; it took the Archbishop's commission and *Faith in the City* to demonstrate forcibly that this is not the case. Their report concluded that 'the exclusion of the poor is pervasive and not accidental. It is organized and imposed by powerful institutions which represent the rest of us'. (Alex Prentice interviews Anthony Harvey, Canon of Westminster, who was on the Commission's team of inquiry, in this issue.) The exclusion of politics from the school—in his 1980 article the Headmaster compared schools to hospitals, the implication being that the student body politic must be cured by 'experts'—is also pervasive and not accidental. It is also organized and imposed by powerful institutions. They represent only some of us.



MEETINGS.

Radical Politics and Westminster: 1936/1986

by Katy Bassett

'A tiny fragment of the past which seems to grow in interest even as it begins to slip out of historical focus.' So Richard Wollheim (in the *London Review of Books*) classifies the thirties at Westminster—a conviction endorsed by the activities of Uffpuff. Forgotten, stowed away in an unfrequented corner of Ashburnham Library lies the minute book of Uffpuff—or, more precisely, the United Front Of Progressive Forces (U.F.P.F.), the radical pacifist society that flourished for a year (1936-7) at Westminster School—a relic of the crusade for 'Peace, Liberty and a Better Britain' against 'War, Tyranny and Reaction'. Mr Wollheim's recollection of Peter Ustinov in the back of a football bus, debating the justice of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty with Herr von Ribbentrop's son, bears witness to the fervour at the time, as does the membership of Uffpuff which rose to about a quarter of the pupils (including Peter Ustinov) as well as nine masters.

At U.F.P.F. meetings the United Front Song was 'sung lustily' and teachers' messages of goodwill were read out, punctuated by cheers and loud and prolonged applause. Histrionics infected the opposition who resorted to bribery and alerted governors, parents and prep school headmasters to what they deemed the 'red menace' of Uffpuff. In a public school system where the motion 'Democracy is a sign of degeneracy' could win overwhelmingly in debate at Wellington and where the left-wing paper 'Out of Bounds' was banned in several institutions, radical politics faced formidable obstacles. However, at Westminster it thrived despite fears that the retiring headmaster, Costley-White, (in Wollheim's words) 'a large, extremely handsome man, silver-haired, highly mellifluous, somewhere between a bishop and a general risen from the cavalry', or the new headmaster, Christie, might use his authority to silence angry voices.

The chronicler of the minute book, Michael Cherniavsky, portrays with epic, if not entirely serious grandiloquence, the battle of Uffpuff and its foes: 'During the course of the meeting, Monitor Dean, that heroic stalwart of Peace and Prosperity,

flung the unintelligent and rowdy Valli out of the room when his behaviour became too uncivilised... some Fascists who had left dejected at the failure of their tactics made a cowardly and unprovoked assault on two U.F.P.F. supporters... who acquitted themselves heroically and repelled the Enemies of the People'.

Indeed, Uffpuff was not perpetually serious, a reporter at one meeting claiming his presence was due to 'the hope of getting a meal under the cover of hearing Lord Marley', and describing how: 'Mr. Wordsworth was there attired in a Savile Row suit. When he saw everyone else in a Conduit Street dinner jacket he murmured, 'Oh, I'm not dressed', to enlighten Mr. Lilly who had unfortunately lost his monocle... Lord Marley was cornered by various scholars and despite various attempts to release him, including the admirable method of spilling his beer all over the wall and a chocolate jelly all over his trousers, he was held firmly'.

Nevertheless, curiously mixed with an unmistakable atmosphere of school life, there was Uffpuff's call for grim determination in 'uncompromising resistance' to reaction, militarism and Fascism. Uffpuff admitted it was a combination of people who differed on many problems and the compromise of unswerving support for either the L.O.N. or complete pacifism was limited to school politics. However, the convergence of Liberals, Socialists, Communists and Pacifists was a serious attempt to combine those striving for peace against war and injustice. Political sophistication actually surpassed most schools at the time; Uffpuff had policies ranging from reform of the Lords to slum clearance in domestic terms, and including, in foreign affairs, revision of peace treaties and opposition to rearmament. It also boasted of being the only school organisation in England producing a weekly paper. It had its own library and propagandist paintings, subscription and subcommittees; there was the Ginger Group for recruitment and Old Westminster branches formed at the universities of London, Cambridge and Oxford; peace rallies were attended, delegates went to the Brussels Peace Conference, and some contact was made with other schools and political organisations.

The fact that Uffpuff was the largest and most controversial society in the school renders perplexing the 'discreet silence' (as Cherniavsky terms it in retrospect) of the contemporary issues of *The Elizabethan*, especially when meetings of the Pol. and

Lit. Soc., the Debating Society and the school's L.O.N. branch were reported. It was perhaps another stratagem of the opposition that—despite a claim that 'it seems unreasonable that the public should remain innocent of what goes on at a U.F.P.F. meeting'—the only other reference to the U.F.P.F. is to call it 'as formidable a combination of letters as any to vocalise'.

However, active opposition was not the only enemy of Uffpuff; the minute book contains evidence of a continual battle against mere complacency and pessimism within the school. Even after the first meeting, some felt 'it's all rather futile this mouthing', and H. V. King sneered, 'Me join? I am a practical man'; whether pessimism or realism, an attitude which accepts useless inaction assuming that ideas are bound to fail in practice.

Apathy, as Mr. Cherniavsky acknowledges, in fact partially accounts for the mysterious termination of the minute book on its ninety-eighth page. Ironically, on page ninety-six, there is this spirited acclamation: 'it (the U.F.P.F.) has enjoyed continuous success and will continue to do so... only one thing can kill the U.F.P.F. and that is a big war which will blow Westminster and the U.F.P.F. to blood and ashes. And that is what the U.F.P.F. exists to prevent.'

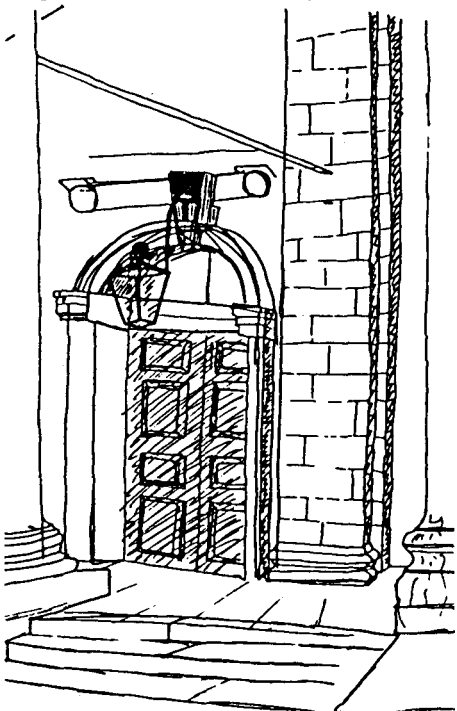
This is followed on page ninety-seven by a report on an incongruous unpolitical debate on the comparatively frivolous topic of male modern dress (the only U.F.P.F. debate *The Elizabethan* considered worthy of an article, and reference to the U.F.P.F. is still avoided). On page ninety-eight the last recorded meeting of Westminster's Uffpuff discussed, with presumably unintentional pertinence, 'Is the civilisation of the West doomed?'; the society that originated with fifteen scholars and that rose to hold 'the most crowded political meetings ever seen at Westminster', was again reduced to an attendance of fifteen.

The enthusiasm of Uffpuff's leaders proves easily misleading especially when the only written account of the society was the Uffpuff minute book. Actual achievement is disappointing; the United Front of Progressive Forces was neither united nor made much real progress in its year of existence. Contact with other schools was limited and war was not prevented; even depth of knowledge concerning planned reforms is impossible to ascertain as the intricacies of discussion were not recorded. Uffpuff was perhaps as impractical as H. V. King predicted though surely their attempt was more commendable than defeatism.

Mr. Cherniavsky, interpreting the causes of Uffpuff's collapse, testifies to internal divisions over the abdication crisis, between complete pacifists and those who accepted war as inevitable, and between Marxists and the more moderate leftists. However, the primary cause was apparently that 'the original enthusiasm couldn't last'; apathy proved ultimately destructive, an apathy still manifest at Westminster today. Indeed, an extract from an Uffpuff newsletter—'At this point you will probably snort and tear the paper

up. You are not interested in politics'—is equally applicable to the reception of most articles at the school now if they aim 'to persuade people to take some sort of interest in politics'.

To say that Westminster's are complacently uninterested in politics would be exaggeration and generalisation. At a recent John Locke Society meeting, Lady Olga Maitland's talk (down) to an increasingly irate, if frequently inarticulate, audience showed that the familiar exterior of indifference could be ruffled; the animosity roused may have been partly personal, resulting from her rather condescending air(s) and apparent assumption of audience sympathy, yet it was also a reaction to her manifestly propagandist caricaturing of Russian and American politics. Interest, if not depth of knowledge, was clear and most meetings on a major political issue, by a well-known speaker, organised for pupils, is animated and well attended, yet the likelihood of pupils initiating the formation of a political society like Uffpuff is small and few today would state specific political allegiances, as did Uffpuff members. Increasing pressure on examination achievements limits class discussion and extracurricular activities. Within the school hierarchy, posts of actual authority do not generally go to the pupils so an attitude of responsibility is not developed. With an 'A' level politics course unavailable internally and a staff not usually openly interested in politics—perhaps in the belief that expression of political preference potentially exerts an intellectually narrowing influence—politics has become largely ignored, if not avoided. Political opinions expressed by a few people, teachers and pupils, are now, even more than in the thirties, the subject of cynical mockery, dismissed as merely spurious, naive or comically eccentric, especially as those who are manifestly interested tend to be the extremists and laughter can be all too easily relied on to



Matthew Landauer

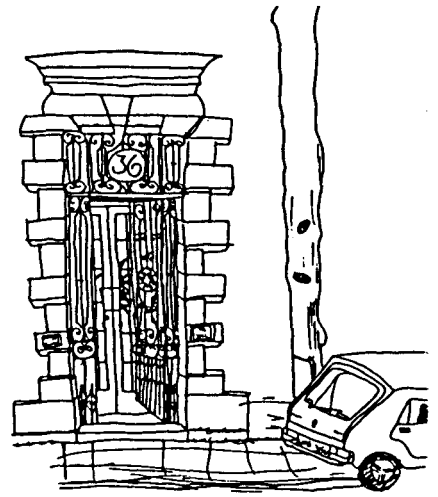
dismiss their beliefs. Individuality is no longer acceptable, it seems, if expressed in political terms.

Avoidance of quotidian contact with the political world is surprisingly easy even in central London. Newspapers swamp the novice in social, economic and geographical references, and news and political satire on television—although they do much to reduce the feeling that politics is 'dry, boring and elitist'—go to the extreme of oversimplification and destructive bias; television news does little but present politicians' public images without comment while satire places overwhelming emphasis on political hypocrisy and corruption usually uncounteracted by an awareness of the potential and necessity of politics.

There is general disillusionment with politicians and parties as well as disillusionment at Westminster on the grounds that school politics have no effect on the 'adults' in parliament and that any hope of improvement is rooted in naivety. When the option of protest is available, absence of resistance to the existing political establishment—even if mere apathy rather than active encouragement—is an act of conservative acquiescence to this establishment. In other words, apoliticism is impossible, commitment inevitable, for even passivity is a political act in a politically-orientated society. However, students are still not part of the economic system so pressure for political action is reduced. Moreover, overt commitment to anything, including political beliefs, impedes social mobility through the shifting social groups within a school, and accusations of hypocrisy constitute a pressure against left wing tendencies in a public school pupil (though it can be argued that using one's own capital in private education rather than using up the state's money is not anti-left wing).

Nevertheless, Uffpuff's desire to improve the national and international situation incites a recognition of the need for political action in the eighties; Ethiopia/Abyssinia was a crisis area then as now and sanctions against it were as controversial as those against South Africa today. But, ironically, for the statistic of two million, the extract from the minute book could be a comment on the present situation: 'Now we are embarking on a vast rearmament programme, the ultimate result of which must be war. At home the government record is equally black. Unemployment remains at the appalling figure of two million'. Hindsight and foresight in 1986 give an additional poignant relevance to the U.F.P.F.'s quotation from Erasmus, "Why is it that when peace offers such advantages to men, they are such idiots as to choose war". These words are as applicable today (1936) as they were in 1536', or the warning, 'Lest we forget, consider Earl Grey's words uttered prophetically in 1910, "Competitive armaments lead to war"'.

The thirties confronted the young with the immediacy of the Spanish Civil War and the imminent threat of world war, and produced many teachers at Westminster who were overtly interested in politics and encouraged pupils' political consciousness.



Jonathan Neale

(Mr. Wollheim now condemns this encouragement as exaggerated enthusiasms, the fruits of the chaotic readings of a distorted representation of the adult world.) Marxism—a strong incentive to radicalism in many public schools of the epoch—had weaker influence at Westminster where boys were probably insulated by the radical but anti-Communist masters; Liberalism and Christian Idealism played a more important part in the anti-Fascist crusade than they did elsewhere.

Instigation to political action at Westminster today may seem more remote, yet, as the U.F.P.F. leaflet claimed: 'You are not interested in politics. But even so there is a very good reason why you should interest yourself now. It is that if you do not decide what ought to be done very quickly and make your voice heard, you and your friends will be utterly annihilated in another great war, compared to which the last war will seem like an O.T.C. Field Day'.

Politics at Westminster have not been obliterated. A considerable number of pupils are interested, if largely uninformed, and the weekly John Locke period and the Debating Society can be used for political discussion. Indeed, even if the Debating Society is often a comfortable alternative to political and ideological discourse, several prominent political figures have spoken at the school in the last few years including Enoch Powell, Shirley Williams, Bruce Kent and Keith Joseph. There was a mock election corresponding to the General Election, though the victory of the 'No Policy Party' certainly shows it was more mock than serious, and, as for those who are already politically committed, Philip Woodford (see *Elizabethan 700*, p.31) actually left as a result of his political beliefs; and most years produce a few outspoken political figures, probably along with more who remain less conspicuous.

However, even if the few clearly committed staff and pupils at Westminster are victims of the negativism of the uninterested, they themselves stifle much of the potential interest among the politically uninitiated by either sarcastically dismissing those who are inquisitive as hopelessly ignorant and unworthy of enlightenment, or 'explaining' still from a level of intellectual

superiority assuming in the questioner considerable political knowledge and resorting to esoteric diction (esoteric diction?!) incomprehensible to the novice. They thus increase the discouraging aura of elitism surrounding politics.

The questions after the anti-disarmament talk revealed some uncertainty and confusion yet the very fact that so many were prepared to voice their opinions and doubts shows political interest. Simple criticism of the questions as 'naive and ill-informed' is a destructive approach to a potential reawakening of political consciousness at Westminster. A consciousness, if not commitment, ought to be an aim when enfranchisement involves students while still at school. Surely, in an educational establishment, the attitude to politics, as to anything, ought to be a willingness and desire to learn on the part of the ignorant and to inform on the part of the erudite.

*

Nice People in the S.D.P.

by Harriet Swain

Curiouser and curiouser, I thought, as I made my way up the dusty corridors and staircases of County Hall without actually seeming to get anywhere. It was a feeling encouraged by the signposts I met at every corner, although they directed me, not 'To the Mad Hatter's House', but to the 'Young S.D.P. Conference'.

Turning into yet another passageway I came face to face with a door on which I read the words 'Have you got the Guts?'

I paused for a short time wondering whether I had them or not and what they would be needed for anyway, before eventually pushing open the door and going in.

As I looked around, the abrupt introduction struck me as particularly inappropriate. I found a select company of well spoken, well dressed 'young people' among whom guts seemed not only irrelevant but slightly indecent. They sat neither too aggressively near the front nor too defiantly near the back of the hall or stood around talking about politics. Several were quietly reading the Review section of the 'Sunday Times'. Someone was trying to recruit people for a youth rally the next day. 'It will be great fun', he was saying; 'we'll all go down on the bus together and bring sandwiches.' 'I would love to but I couldn't miss tomorrow's lecture', or 'Of course I'll come. Should I bring my Youth Blitz T-shirt?'

I was warmly welcomed, given a badge with my name and area written on it and told by an eager, embryonic young man to sit near the front since they were aiming more for a 'discussion' than a formal debate. Since there were barely thirty people in the room altogether this seemed to me rather a good idea.

Polly Toynbee was late for the address and rather out of breath; this had the effect

of making her speech seem vitally important as if we had not much time left. The subject of higher education hardly seemed to deserve it. The questions from the floor seemed far more considered and practical than the speech itself which stressed the virtues of the French and American systems whereby as many people as possible are supported in further education by the state. Someone asked what she thought about John Rae's views as expressed in 'Diverse Reports'. 'Interesting but impractical', was the verdict.

Soon after we broke for coffee. 'Is there any decaffeinated?' someone asked. We all froze. 'Joke', he said at once. A political party with a sense of humour. It was a rare find. Anyway, we had more important things to talk about than politics. 'Did anyone see that comedy programme on Channel Four last night? It was really brilliant'. Brief, but not brief enough, reconstruction of particularly funny sketch. 'It looks pretty pathetic to me'. The language struck me as strangely familiar. I did not work out why until we went on to discussion over subjects raised in the debate earlier. One boy did not agree with Dr. Rae. 'But then I'm biased', he explained. 'He refused me a place at his school'. Memories of Westminster private studies came flooding back. Last night's telly, pretentious politics, nasty coffee cups; of course. But there were two main differences. First, everyone here was interested enough in something to turn up on a Sunday morning to talk about it. Second, they both believed strongly in their cause and knew quite a bit about it. This last point became clear in the second debate of the day which was on sexual politics.

The principal speech was given by a tall, pretty girl in a flowered dress and very high heels who said the words 'sexual politics' in a way that made the male part of the audience turn a rather deep purple. She spoke 'brilliantly'. 'Men should have a greater involvement and understanding in these matters', she said. 'Women should have a chance to say what they think outside the existing male dominated system. They need to be listened to and to be given confidence'. This was one thing the speaker certainly had. Her conclusion was met by thunderous applause. As it quietened down the chairman, sorry, chairperson, asked sternly if there was anyone to speak against the motion. Nobody dared. But, wait, someone from the floor had stood up. 'I just wanted to say', he began timidly, 'that I agree with almost everything Diana said except clause three proposing positive discrimination for women...' The chairperson looked worriedly around at the other people on the platform. The vice chairperson, though clearly listening intently, had been swinging on the back of his chair and smoking very very carefully throughout the speech, bending down every few moments to drop the ash directly into the ash tray, a movement which distracted far more than if he had dropped it all over the floor. With the disturbance he sat up and lost his faintly complacent expression. He gave the chairperson a stern look. She turned with feminine distractedness towards the audience. 'I'm sorry', she said; 'if you want to make an amendment you have to speak from up here'. There were grunts of approval from the hall. 'Well, I just wanted to make a point...', he continued. Everyone



looked annoyed. Everything had been going so smoothly until then. No-one was to propose anything from the floor. It was in the rule book. Fancy not knowing that. 'I'm sorry', said the chairperson again. 'We will take the vote'.

The vote was overwhelmingly for the motion. But it didn't matter. Nothing we said that day would change anything. The disturbance had been only a minor bruise on what was overall a successful morning but it had shown the first traces of bureaucracy. It was not the S.D.P.'s bureaucracy. The party was, as yet, too young to have started its own corruption. It had inherited it from its two parents who had brought it into being and given it the benefits of their experience and national privilege. Their imperfections had given it the incentive to assert its independence but, like most children, the tie with the parents was so strong that it could not help but repeat many of their mistakes.

With the lack of many adult responsibilities, however, their ideas could be far more freely expressed. The final speech given by Danny Finkelstein, chairperson of the Young S.D.P., was eloquent, witty and smug with the success of the conference and the 'niceness' of everybody. For they were nice. Everybody said so, even if, as he informed us to unworried laughter, they were sometimes called confident, ambitious and arrogant. Strange, hadn't I heard those adjectives somewhere before.

'And finally', he said, 'I end with a quote from Bob Dylan...' Unfortunately, someone had used exactly the same quotation before.

*

Participating with Scargill

by Rachel Curtis

Amongst the impressive surroundings of Central Hall, Westminster, the Politics Association invited four speakers to a sixth-form political conference, promoting the idea of 'Participation in Politics.' Dennis Kavanagh, a professor of politics at Nottingham University, opened the conference with a rather lengthy and sober speech which did nothing to support the theme. Further problems with audience enthusiasm for his speech on 'British Political Parties' was caused by the combination of his tiny soft voice and the appalling acoustics of Central Hall. To be fair, the speech was not boring, simply a little too theoretical for nine-thirty on a Wednesday morning.

Peter Bottomley, one-half of a well known Tory marriage partnership, followed Kavanagh by announcing he was not just another Tory MP under-secretary, but also the speediest wet in the house; he is the House of Commons Swimming Champ. He addressed the problem of 'Trade Unions and the Tory Government,' and

managed to speak for half an hour without notes. His governmental minders (or 'advisors' as they're commonly known) monopolised the nearest seats to the platform, in case Bottomley was floored by a question (as he was on two occasions).

By the time Des Wilson appeared, it had become clear that the audience was very much split into the two political extremes. The message was beginning to become active, as questions were fired faster, and were more relevant to the current speaker (i.e. not prepared beforehand). Wilson, speaking on the 'importance of pressure groups in society', reproduced the impossible—a funny political speech. Unfortunately, probably the best speaker with the strongest argument was treated appallingly by the media—perhaps because he refused to play the media game of 'hype now, forget later.' Indeed, Wilson's method is to campaign to keep an issue as alive as possible.

As if replying to his opinions on the media, bright lights were switched on, sound was tested and test-filming began; interrupting Wilson and disturbing the audience. Complaints from the audience coincided with Wilson's own curiosity at these actions, and the ungracious reply came back: 'it's not for you, it's for Scargill—OK?' Wilson was quick to answer: 'Oh, so if I get some of my members to throw stones at policemen, will I get bright lights and cameras too?'

This sequence illustrated, exactly, how the media stir up emotions before an event. Before Scargill even started to speak it was obvious that the majority of people would not listen. Of course, most people had come to the conference with Scargill's appearance at the forefront of their minds, but the atmosphere had changed from neutral inquisition, to violent aggression. The tension created was electrifying, and Arthur Scargill's speech was interrupted by cheers or heckling every five sentences. The audience was by now split into two definite warring sides. It seemed to me sad that this man's renowned unpopularity (which is broader than the usual party representative unpopularity) meant that it was impossible to remain neutral. You could not agree with some points and disagree with others: either you became a Scargillist or anti-Scargill. What is more incredible, is that it was simply the tension and atmosphere deriving from an audience of young people that caused this pressure to conform and that set up these barriers.

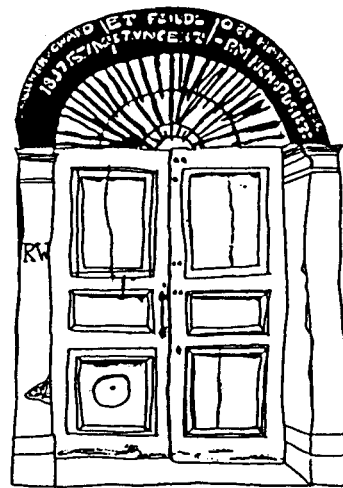
Scargill used the oldest trick in the book for manipulating emotions, by including in his speech every current controversial issue: sexual inequality, nuclear war, and, of course, South Africa. However, he is undoubtedly a brilliant and emotive speaker, and in this way encouraged audience outbursts.

In terms of popularity at the microphones, he won by a long chalk, and not everyone was able to ask their question, even though the conference over-ran. It was also spoilt by those pretentious anti-Scargillists who took up time at the microphones in order to air verbal abuse without asking a question. It was both unnecessary



and embarrassing (as was the continual reference to a certain Jaguar). All the questions came from anti-Scargillists, but Scargill, so practised in being attacked, handled them all with coolness mixed with passion. Constantly he referred to the fact that the British Coal Industry is the most efficient in the world and yet Mrs. Thatcher imports coal from South Africa, thus causing a loss in demand for domestic coal. No-one in the audience dared to argue against that.

The Conference's purpose was summed up by the reaction to Scargill. Participation in politics had occurred, in this instance being both stimulating and educational. With the varying methods employed by the speakers, it was important to have heard views which are usually manipulated and polarised by the media. This media-attitude was emphasised by the fact that only Scargill was considered newsworthy, although each speaker had been addressing an important subject. Surely the fact that over 2,500 people applied for conference tickets (and some were turned away), shows that there is a hungry demand by our generation for a more active role in politics—and for it to be on a broader base than that offered by the black and white emphasis of the media. However, there are still many teenagers who feel that politics is 'irrelevant to everyday life', and the Politics Association and associations like it now have as their task to erode this basis of thought.



D. S. O. Rennie

Poverty is Powerlessness

from an Interview with
Canon Anthony Harvey

by *Alix Prentice*

The Canon was a member of a committee set up by the Church of England, which for two years investigated the inner cities and, more particularly, those areas especially badly affected by economic depression. These areas have been designated U.P.A.'s, or, Urban Priority Areas. Canon Harvey was keen to stress the report's basic function as a directive to the Church; however, he did see it as an attempt to alert public opinion to the increasing poverty, misery, and tension in the inner cities.

'In the report we point out that since 1977 when the problem of inner city decay was recognised, the situation has on the whole got worse. There was a considerable Government effort to channel resources into the inner cities; what we are more concerned about is the fact that the situation seems to have got worse, not better. Much action taken has not produced the desired results, and much of the action has been cancelled out by other actions, to the detriment of the inner cities. Most people still desire Britain to be a compassionate society in which we are conscious of the deprivation of some members of society, and anxious to alleviate distress caused by circumstances outside people's control. A great section of society seems in recent years to have raised its standard of living at the expense of greater poverty and deprivation of the minority. We have seen the continuance of some trends, both in public and general policy which might have the result of making our society less compassionate.

'I don't think that any of us would say that the influence of the Church would be enough to have any real influence on events. However, the Church is in many ways still an important and influential factor. Nevertheless, the publication of the report is perhaps itself the result of an effort by the Church to alert people to what is happening. Perhaps the failure of the Church is not having alerted people to this before. The conditions have resulted in a situation where going into U.P.A.'s is like going into another country. It is so different, and has a feeling of being so abandoned, left behind.

'When examining recent rioting, it is difficult to be precise about causes. It is clear that when a complex of causes unite, plus additional factors such as drug abuse, violence occurs. To put it basically, if you have a group of young people, with no prospect of anything to gain, you have a potentially dangerous situation. If these people have no prospect of getting a job, and no access to all the good things which are displayed on television and in the shops there comes a point when they have nothing to lose by violence.'

Faith in the City reports that 'poverty is powerlessness'; that is, the U.P.A.'s are not necessarily viable political issues on which to base an election campaign, resulting in a lack of real political pressure to institute change. Hopefully, this report will alert the ignorant to the appalling conditions in our inner cities.

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The Wisdom of Lady Olga

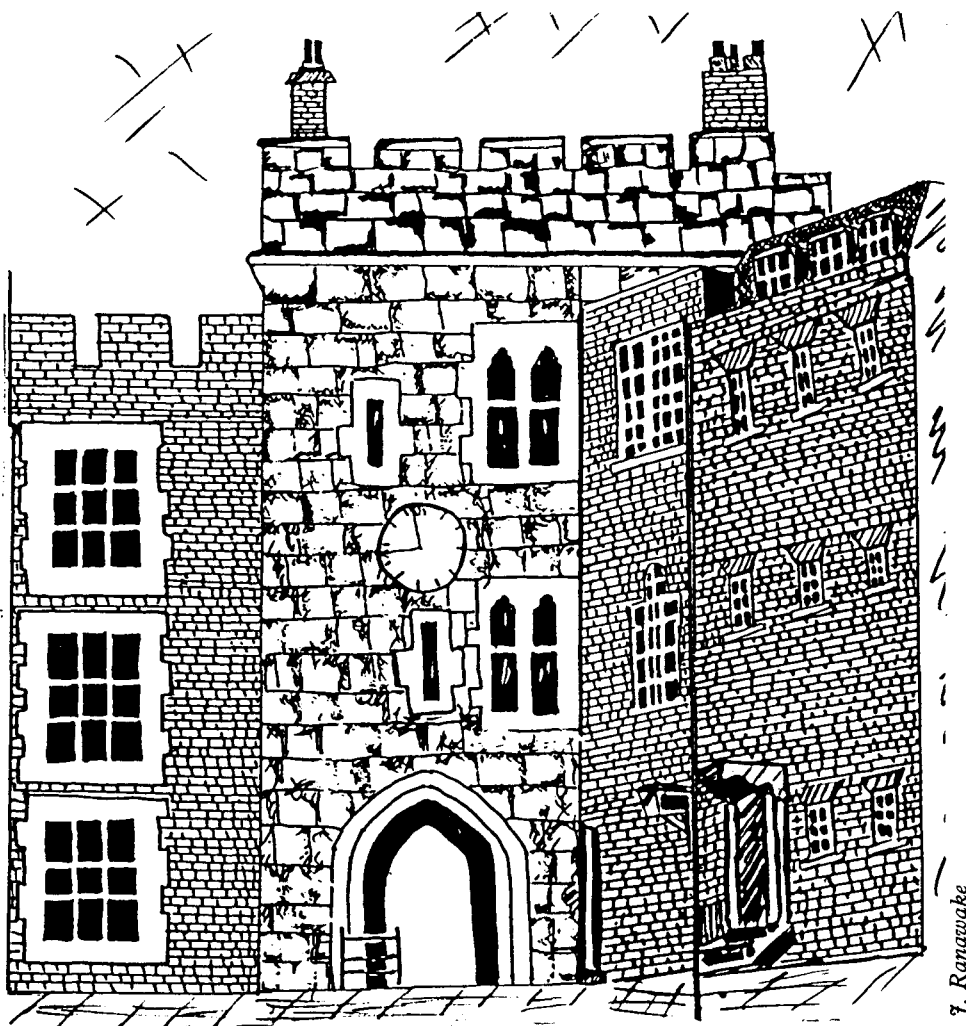
by *Alec Charles and
Richard Jacobs*

After the cold treatment she gave her Westminster audience, one can only presume the aptness of anti-freeze being applied to Lady Olga Maitland. She opened by apologizing for her lateness: she had been attending a morning press-conference to combat the poor, misguided luminaries (including Denis Healey and 'lovely' Jane

Asher) of the nuclear-freeze movement. They'd got the whole idea wrong, silly things. Lady Olga's own group—'Women and families for Defence' (of course they're not *women* at Greenham)—is a great advocate of nuclear arms and nuclear expansion.

Having impressed us all with her familiar handling of illustrious Britons, Lady Olga went on to take the lid off the Russian people. 'Have you ever seen a Russian smile?' No, of course not; the very idea is so implausible that it must prove grinning Gorbachov to be the most evil man in the whole wide world (beware those teeth)—because, of course, all appearances are necessarily deceptive and all information we can possess necessarily wrong. Gorbachov's 'superstar performance' as he 'strutted the stage elegantly' in Paris with his 'wife visible' and wearing 'smart suits' (what a giveaway) is such an obvious contrast to our Ron across the Atlantic: a man 'very experienced in political life' and 'not a fool'; 'when it comes to negotiations people will help him along'. We can trust him because he's not putting on an act; no doubt Lady Olga has studied all his movies and can testify to his inability to do so.

Gorbachov is no 'soft, wet, wimpy liberal' and, yet, 'Soviet policy will not change under his control'. One wonders how she knows. Friends, no doubt, in high places.





Greenham Common

Like the royal family? It was most comforting to learn, in Maitland's defence of American expansionism, that by the time the Queen paid her flying visit to Grenada, all was fine there again. Rule Britannia.

Lady Olga was generous enough to offer the fruits of her knowledge gained from Geneva arms talks. The Americans, it emerged, *did care* and were pitifully afraid that the Russians would 'pull out'. That poor martyr MacFarlane had actually 'put up with a whole day of rhetoric from Gromyko' with his 'phoney argument' and 'soviet propaganda'. And, further to that: 'the Politburo can do what it damn well likes and it does'. (If it can do what 'it damn well likes' then why should the propaganda be necessary?). Boosting our delicate self-importance Lady Olga went on to emphasize the value of *our* vote (yes, most of us will be granted that divine right by the next election; how old and mature we must be) in the democratic system of Great Britain, 'the cornerstone of Europe' (a democracy that gives us Cruise and Trident, and takes away the G.L.C.). But for whom should we little nationalists vote? Well, in this democracy, 'we can have a socialist government next time, *if you want*'. Sarcastic? Yes. Condescending? Also. Not amusing.

It was a great shame that Lady Olga's inability to answer the majority of her questioners betrayed the empty rhetoric of her jingoisms. Odd how she, a journalist, should have to admit to being unable to understand a number of the longer words

used on the attack. It seems she got stuck on the barbed-wire term 'xenophobia'. It is her firm opinion that Russians are bad through and through, that they will invade Western Europe the moment we dispose of our nuclear arsenal (why?), and that she will not see nuclear war in her lifetime (and what about ours?). It did emerge, however, that 'war is the most costly thing we can imagine'. The ensuing laughter prompted her to add that she meant 'both in human terms and economic'. Ah. So she really cares.

Who exactly are these 'women and families' that this Lady claims to represent? The feeling among the girls we talked to was that this implicit labelling and co-opting was presumptuous and offensive. But these were mere 'girls'; Lady Olga presumably represents those 'women' mature and sensible enough to have raised the odd family. The nuclear instinct is, it seems, synonymous with the maternal. This, given the number of demonstrators at her last big rally (about 85), implies a worrying drop in the number of women willing to mother and to produce sensibly large families. The 'nuclear family' perhaps.

Talking about her impending conference visit, Lady Olga closed with this remark: 'I have a great sinking feeling in my heart that, when I am out in Geneva, I will be swamped by pacifists'. If we can be sure that she understands the meaning of 'pacifism', we must assume that the reason for her backing the bomb is that she doesn't want peace and/or is indifferent to

the prospect of nuclear warfare. That said, Lady Olga Maitland would appear to be a very dangerous woman—or possibly a Russian agent (Olga?) on a mission to demonstrate the lack of pro-nuclear arguments. It seems more likely that she means what she says and is intent to pester at conferences, aggravate the cold war and risk raising the nuclear stakes for the sake of her own political and journalistic reputation. If there is a set of attitudes, if there is one person, more likely to help light the nuclear fuse, then these attitudes were embodied at the John Locke society meeting and that person is Olga Maitland. Those might seem impolite statements to make. World peace is more important than social grace. We shan't get the chance to look back in anger.

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Hadi Kato



J.M.R.

John Rae is an unusual headmaster. A historian by academic training and intellectual inclination, his educational attitudes and values reflect the second half of the twentieth century. A consensus operator, sensitive politically and in media terms, conscious of his image and the school's, John knows that independent schools, education apart, are businesses and politically controversial. His modern approach, reflecting a full engagement in the contemporary educational scene, has helped consolidate Westminster's position as a leading school but it has inevitably provoked considerable opposition. John's fourteen years as headmaster have coincided with a period of noisy and muddled educational debate; John, ideally qualified and ideally placed in central London, would have been a coward not to join in. Whether he was defending private education against the Comprehensive lobby, or speaking against the Assisted Places scheme at the Headmasters' Conference, his arguments were impeccably lucid and persuasive but the absence of a consistent and identifiable educational philosophy gave his opponents an easy let-out. Dis-

missing him as a publicity-seeking charlatan they were able to dismiss the uncomfortable ideas he voiced. Sadly, in a world where the media polarize all issues, open-mindedness will always be taken as ambivalence.

In fact, John believes that private education is an important part of our national life; at the same time he would like to reduce the divisiveness and encourage overlap and points of contact. He also knows that any modern state must have a national educational system but he champions the flexible, pluralist approach. To people conditioned to see educational issues in crude blacks and whites, thinking of this kind looks dangerously like opportunism and expediency. But in essence his position is intellectually respectable: our present system is far from satisfactory and John's common sense plus his knowledge of other systems the world over make him realize that things could be improved. The absence of radical thinking irritated him and he disliked seeing the muddle compounded and further anomalies introduced. John detests muddle—he recoils from irrational, heated argument; he likes to establish procedures, to clarify on paper areas of friction—if possible he avoids confrontation. Paradoxically though, it is as a

provocative muddler that his critics, who see any change as a threat, will remember him.

In retrospect one can see why such an approach would raise difficulties. His public voice could never reflect the assumptions of the boarding-school world: he spoke as a commentator on educational issues from a privileged position in central London, from a school not short of pupils or public attention and one whose academic standards were rising. Not surprisingly, H.M.C. dubbed him a maverick. At the same time the general public enjoyed reading his articles, hearing him on the radio or seeing him on TV; but to the conservative this was dabbling with dangerous arts: he was not averse—it was said—to giving interviews or being photographed or filmed, he enjoyed the company of influential people, he had discussed advanced educational theories with Shirley Williams in her more radical days—he had even had dinner with Harold Wilson. These images of John's life were seen in isolation. His detractors didn't know, or chose to ignore the fact, that John is wholeheartedly committed to education and to Westminster School in particular.

His knowledge of independent schools in the English-speaking world is second to

none; he took many a busman's holiday in South Africa, Australia and Canada—visiting schools and carrying the English Public School flag. At home he was much in demand as visiting speaker or preacher in schools all over the country; at the same time he was an unfailingly considerate host to visitors to Westminster—particularly headmasters from Commonwealth countries. Westminster did not suffer from this wider involvement. As his deputy for fourteen years I can honestly say that the charge of absenteeism could not be levelled at John Rae: at the end of a busy day he would be available to chair the most minor committee or attend a house concert or play.

In his time Westminster has faced more problems than at any point since the 1830's. When other competitor schools, already better provided for, were building new facilities Westminster remained huddled on its cramped central London site. To survive we had to offer something distinctive, not just to the traditional Westminster parent—the liberal intellectual minority whose support in a recession couldn't be guaranteed—but to wider middle-class patronage. That something could only be academic excellence without the slur of cramming. Our full lists and all the academic indices confirm that this has been achieved and, as a final accolade, in John's last year the A Level results were among the top three in the country. At the same time, games and the pursuit of physical fitness—no headmaster watched his teams and crews more assiduously—have been taken seriously and the image of an effete and intellectually arrogant Westminster has been superseded. Among the first to introduce girls, Westminster during John's time has most successfully integrated them into the sixth form. On the evidence of old Westminsters whose children are now in the school, Westminster is a much more humane and friendly place than it was twenty years ago.

'Mere valedictory froth,' critics will observe. Not so. Westminster has emerged at the end of a specially difficult period as one of the most successful schools: we have been lucky in having, during this time, a highly professional headmaster with an unusual blend of talents: what in others would be unsettling contradictions in John merged into a memorable and unified whole; a mandarin with a genuine interest in adolescents, a litterateur with a passionate middle-brow interest in films and television, a lover of ceremony and formality with an irreverent eye for humbug. But perhaps after all his historical interests are the true key to his personality; his favourite periods are World War I and Napoleonic France, both times when the ruling orthodoxies were severely shaken. John's interest in change is not merely historical. A gradualist at Westminster he would, had the political climate been more favourable, have been an important catalyst of educational reform. Few headmasters will emerge better qualified for that role.

Jim Cogan

J.M.R.: a View from the Engine Room

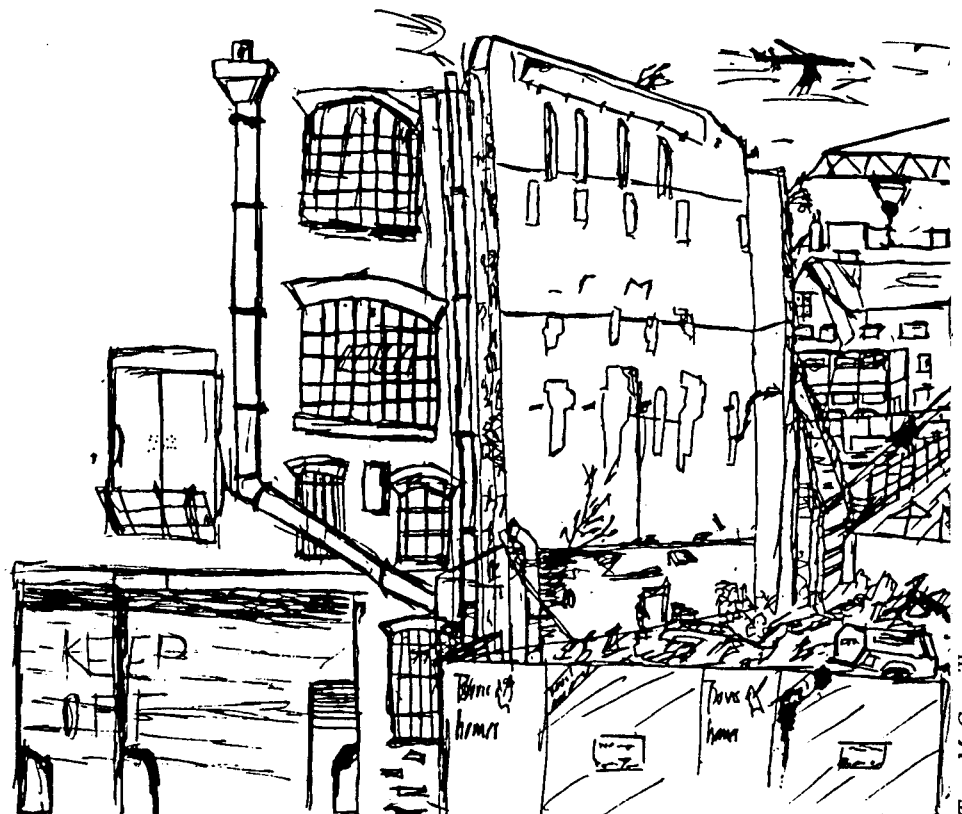
It is chastening to recall the words of the young Queen's Scholar who, asked on television for his view of his Headmaster, said that seeing him was 'like looking up into the peaks of mountains'. That view accorded so little with my twin perspectives of John Rae, that I was, and remain, astounded by it. Both as a rookie Housemaster and later as a jejune Headmaster, I have been fortunate to rely on John's deep experience and support in a pattern of professional and personal contacts which are the obverse of the awe experienced by the young scholar.

Housemasters are sometimes tempted to see themselves as a destroyer screen, flung out to protect the capital ship from the slings and arrows of outrageous parents and pupils. John, however, would frequently reverse these roles not only by playing a full and informed part in the pastoral process but by demonstrating again and again a deep personal knowledge of boys and their backgrounds. That knowledge and concern must surely lie at the heart of John's success as a Headmaster.

Away from Westminster, facing oneself the problems of Headmastering that John's leadership had spared one earlier, the focus changed and appreciation deepened. Two things rapidly became clear. First, John was as available for advice and shared interest on the end of a phone as he was at the other end of Yard. Second, other Heads—

even those who disagreed with him on important issues—recognised in him a vital thinker, an exciting thrower of stones into educational ponds where the ripples often splashed up white on an otherwise scrupulously smooth surface. A maverick, a lateral thinker, a stirrer, an accomplished publicist, an educational odd-ball; however the members of the Headmasters' Conference viewed him individually, corporately HMC valued the powerful combination of his intellect and articulateness enough to elect him—heart in mouth, I suspect—as their Chairman, a brave and intelligent move for an outfit that so often cultivates a bland corporate image. John's pugnacity in voicing consistently his opposition to the Assisted Places Scheme may have won him few friends in independent schools, but kept alive the vital notion of corporate educational functions to be performed jointly by both maintained and independent sectors. If in this he has sometimes sung a solo part, he has not run out of innovative variations on the theme, witness his ideas on National Schools, developed as recently as a couple of months ago. HMC without John Rae will be like beef without mustard.

Indeed, educational appetites of every variety will have less, given his absence, to enjoy. The apparently limitless range of his contacts were a case in point. For instance, you never knew whom he would next bring into College Hall—the Dalai Lama or a bunch of bureaucrats from the Transkei. His articles in the *Times Educational Supplement* were another. While he wrote his fortnightly column in his succinct and beautifully modulated prose style, teachers of every persuasion turned first to the back



Tom McConville

page to find out what new slant John Rae could provide on the whole process of teaching that gave us our professional thrills and paid our gas bills. He never let us down, never swallowed received wisdom, never indulged in jargon. What he wrote was fresh. It stuck in the mind and often lightened the spirit. Once, I remember, he wrote a study of the people whose portraits are hung in the staircase in 17 Dean's Yard. A far cry from Grange Hill? Yes and no, for my comprehensive school colleagues have frequently talked of John as a challenge, a man doing the same thing, but doing it differently. Two Heads, one from each sector, have told me they stopped reading the *T.E.S.* for fun when John's articles no longer appeared. I think he will appreciate the balance of that joint compliment as much as we have appreciated him.

Christopher Martin

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Aura and Intimacy

Aura and intimacy. An unlikely pair, but the very essence of a true headmaster, and a combination of qualities which John Rae has woven together throughout the time I have known him.

For the Headmaster of Westminster, aura is a necessary, though not a sufficient, quality. As the symbol of all that has dignity and authority, he must somehow stand out larger than life, the ultimate arbiter of the common room, the ultimate judge over, the leader of, the school. So many occasions within Westminster life offer wonderfully theatrical opportunities to confirm this symbolic role, but how flat they would fall without the aura and presence that John has always been able to generate. The majestic start to each morning's worship in the Abbey; the Gospel reading at the Carol Service; the brilliance of Commemoration; even the mock pageant of the Greaze. What memorable moments and what vivid recollections he has made them for so many of us. Perhaps the 'locus classicus' for this special quality is the Headmaster's entrance to, and indeed conduct of, that extraordinary institution of Latin Prayers. Few occasions could be better devised to test out the authority and dignity of one's aura. For years, I sat huddled each week in the depths of the charcoal ranks, waiting for that hushed moment when the Headmaster swept through the doors of School, and we rose, row after row, like the thick ivy on the upper cloister walls caught by a mighty updraft. Later on, I sometimes mused that the main privilege of being made a School Monitor (other than the opportunity to wear a lurid waistcoat) was the ability to witness these historic entrances from the best seats in the house.

But if John had just been the generator of a magnificent aura, a majestic but inhuman presence to appear in Yard and embody authority when all else failed, he could never have created the warm loyalty



Thomas Fussell

and affection that has led so many of us back to seek his company.

My thoughts take me to 17 Dean's Yard, and one of my earliest memories of the august Dr. Rae. He was organizing an evening tour of the Abbey for all the New Boys, and we thronged around the elegant staircase and drawing room with that excitement which usually accompanied occasions of mild wickedness. What was extraordinary on this evening was the way in which John managed to sustain the excitement while circumventing the wickedness. He was unquestionably the Headmaster, but he was surprisingly 'one of us' as well. His techniques for preserving the Abbey intact included a quite uncanny ability not only to name instantly any one of the hundred or so grey suited, diminutive and shadowy beings that swarmed through the stonework, but also to pick out that particular admonition or exhortation which most effectively appealed to the part-formed conscience in question. This gave us all a tingling sensation of being individually and personally of importance to that superior being that wafted daily into Abbey in a 'red night-dress', and boomed solemnly from the High Altar or lectern.

As a monitor, I remember my frequent surprise and delight at John's familiarity with all the facets of a situation in which others stuck doggedly to a subset of subjective beliefs. This familiarity was not of some distant and factual nature, but involved a personal and intimate understanding that would lead to vacillation in a less disciplined character, and that seems wholly lacking in most people of such au-

thority. At lunchtime discussions in College Hall, through late evening chats gazing out over lamplit Little Dean's Yard, even in the booming out of ballads from the past at those gruelling sing-songs that follow the Election Dinner, John again and again bridged the distance from his position's authority while never compromising the integrity upon which that authority must be based.

The Headmaster acts as monarch of an aspiring, intense and intimate little kingdom. It would be tempting in such a position to seek objectivity through isolation, but John has managed to achieve it without sacrificing his own direct involvement in all around him. This ability, this blend of aura and intimacy, is rare enough to merit a greater sphere of activity than the charmingly cloistered kingdom of the School. At first John Rae's decision to leave Westminster upset me more than might seem reasonable for one who himself left the school some nine years ago. In a corner of my mind, I had already envisaged the arrival of my own children at a Westminster still run by John, and still offering the opportunities, excitements and delights that had proved so wonderful a panacea for the growing-pains of my own adolescence. Indeed I count myself very lucky that I was a pupil while John Rae dedicated his abilities to being Headmaster. But now, as a member of a broader community, I look forward to benefitting again from his special talents as they open to a wider world, and one that needs them even more keenly than Westminster.

S. M. St. J. Alexander

The Processional Order

Pity headmasters. These days they are challenged by continual four-pronged harassment, from their pupils, their teaching staff, their governors, and the parents, payers of the bills and arbiters of a school's survival. Of those four groups it would be hard to say which is most troublesome, though John Rae would probably say that his pupils have been the least of his problems. To have to win the confidence, retain the loyalties and be just to the often conflicting demands of these unruly dependents, all feeling they have a right to call the tune, requires not so much the confidence of a feudal autocrat whom headmasters are popularly thought to resemble (an illusion which those around them are fortunately disposed to accept), as the patience and tact of a hotel manager who finds his rooms double-booked at the height of the American migration.

John Rae is the 34th recorded Head Master of Westminster School and only the fifth who has not been in Holy Orders, only the eighth who has not been an Old Westminster, only the eleventh to come from Cambridge. He has been the twelfth longest in office, serving nearly 3 years longer than the average of 13 years. The resilient Busby clung to the position for 57 years; at the other extreme John Hinchcliffe (1764) and John Wingfield (1802) survived only a few months before seeking promotion or escape.

A school with a long recorded history must offer many consoling precedents to a modern headmaster in his always lonely and sometimes beleaguered eminence. The original statutes allowed the headmaster leave to be out of the school only between 4 and 5 p.m. each day, and also required him to inspect the boys for lice. He was only fed free of charge by procuring a sermon for one of the prebendaries (canons) whose place he took. Otherwise he had to pay 3/6 a week. The ultimate head magisterial indignity was probably inflicted on Lambert Osbaldstone (1638), who outraged Laud by referring to him as 'a little Vermin' in a private letter, and was sentenced to be nailed by his ears to the pillory in Dean's Yard in the presence of his scholars. He fled, before the sentence could be carried out, and took refuge for some months in a garret in Drury Lane. Among other unfortunates were Richard Williamson (1828-46), who was execrated not only by the school but also by the entire sporting public of London for preventing a rowing match against Eton, saw the school shrink to its smallest ever (67 boys in 1841), and shortly afterwards had to resign after a scandal that has never been fully explained.

Some headmasters have been renowned for exceptional severity. Busby called the rod his 'sieve', and said that whoever did not pass through it was no boy for him. William Page was so ferocious he used to lift boys off the ground by the ears. Rage killed him after only four years (1819). Samuel Smith, faced with a rebellion of the

whole school, took a thick stick and felled one of the ringleaders, Francis Burdett, before expelling him. Busby, disturbed one day by noise, flogged a fashionable and innocent young Frenchman on whom boys somehow pinned the blame, and then flogged his valet who came to deliver a challenge. The French do not seem to have found much favour from headmasters. One of Smith's pupils dropped a dictionary from a height on to the head of his French master, and was sent for punishment. 'Sir, it was only a Frenchman,' he explained. Smith replied—'Oh, he was a Frenchman, was he? There, go and sit down.' But others surprise us by their mildness. Their formal portraits in Ashburnham House conceal Camden's modesty, Nicoll's geniality, Markham's tolerance. Sam Husbands, a pupil of Markham in the 1750's, was, while at Westminster, 'drawn into the embraces of a vile wicked strumpet, who gave him the foul disease'. Markham was quite happy to have the boy back upon his recovery, saying that 'many lads have met the same mischance, and afterwards turned out good men'. However, in one of those curious topsy-turvydoms of judgement which our successors may find equally incomprehensible in us, Markham was later forced to expel him for lying in bed late in the morning. 'Dr Markham has left us to my no small grief', a boy wrote a few years later; 'our new master, Dr Hinchcliffe is, I believe, very good-natured; he did not flog anyone the first week, but has gone on at a good rate since.'

If John Rae has not won the world's gratitude by inventing bottled beer, like Alexander Nowell, or earned a place in the nation's literature like Nicholas Udall for 'Ralph Roister Doister', and William Cam-

den for 'Britannia', he has much to be grateful for. He has not had trouble from his Under Master, as Busby did from Bagshawe, and had to employ the scholars to demolish the staircase to his chamber to prevent him using it. He has not, like William Carey, made fighting central to the curriculum in order to prepare boys for the military life; he has not faced the depth of crisis that John Christie faced in 1940 when he brought the school back from evacuation in Devon to its Westminster home the day before the blitz of London began. He has not, like Gunion Rutherford, waged a frontal attack on cherished and perhaps over-rated traditions when he abolished Water and tried to abolish College, rousing the enmity of a wide range of public opinion. He has not had to start a prosecution for libel against a pupil and future Poet Laureate, as William Vincent did because of Robert Southey's hand in 'The Flagellant', what we would now call an underground magazine.

But John has put his stamp inexorably on the school. His stay has been long enough for him to have appointed all but nine of the Common Room. In his first year, the maximum size of the school was 479; in his last 640. This is the most rapid growth the school has ever seen, and achieved either by magic or a system of Chinese boxes, since the only expansion of the buildings in his time has been one modest, even sheepish Victorian Gothic addition to No. 18 Dean's Yard, and the substitution of the Adrian Boulton Music Centre for what generations knew as Wilby's Yard. Ingenuity or desperation has caused spaces to change their functions as often as boarders fail to change their socks.



It is ironical that the major project which John saw through to completion, the establishment of the new Under School in Adrian House, which is not registered as significant in day-to-day Westminster life, is the achievement for which the future may be most indebted to him. My guess is that his major regret is not having time enough to preside over a similar expansion of territory in the Great School. Like Scott a hundred years ago, whose long labours produced slow returns in a period of equal need, he will leave Westminster with the foundations only metaphorically laid. But it was because of Scott's work, nevertheless, that modern Westminster came into being.

In 1695, at the termination of Busby's long reign, 'flashes and sparks of fire were seen to emanate from the Head Master's residence'. If, in 1986, the same phenomena are seen, and people say, 'ooh, look, Liddell's is at it again', we must probably attribute this to the sceptical temper of the time. For in at least one respect John Rae has done a Busby. When Busby broke all protocol and kept his hat on in the presence of the King, his explanation, accepted by Charles II, and again by George V when told the story by James Gow, was that his pupils 'must not think that there is a greater man in the land than myself'. There have been no mutinies by staff or pupils: his dignified and sometimes austere presence has been seen to that. If in public he has appeared severe, many of his staff and pupils can bear witness to a mild and genial private manner, finding habitual amusement in ironic self-appraisal, and with a highly developed sense of the absurd face on the coins a headmaster must solemnly spin. 'Westminster survives, and so do I' is a formulation that even the greatest of headmasters must utter with relief at the end of their time; more often than not it has represented a triumph against the odds. Westminster more than survives: it flourishes in esteem and popularity. Many have been stimulated by the Westminster John Rae has fostered, and are now following interesting, independent and morally and socially worthwhile careers. As to the rest, let Steele's apology for Busby's failures stand as the ultimate consolation for headmasters everywhere: 'it is not in the Planter to make flowers of weeds.' A reflection to be especially remembered when a school is in demand.

Again, pity poor headmasters. Though they may all hope for, and some even deserve, canonisation after labours for which few are disposed to give thanks, they are usually fated to suffer anecdotalisation, the historian's short cut. John contributes richly to the accumulating store. He is probably the only headmaster to ride into Dean's Yard on horseback dressed in armour, and certainly the only one to climb back on once he had been thrown off. On the other hand, he returned from an Expeditions weekend visit with a black eye, and, wisely, never risked it again. His remarkable sang-froid was never more in evidence than on the Election Dinner day when, owing to some inherited mystery of the School's administrative arrangements, the



D. Mackinnon

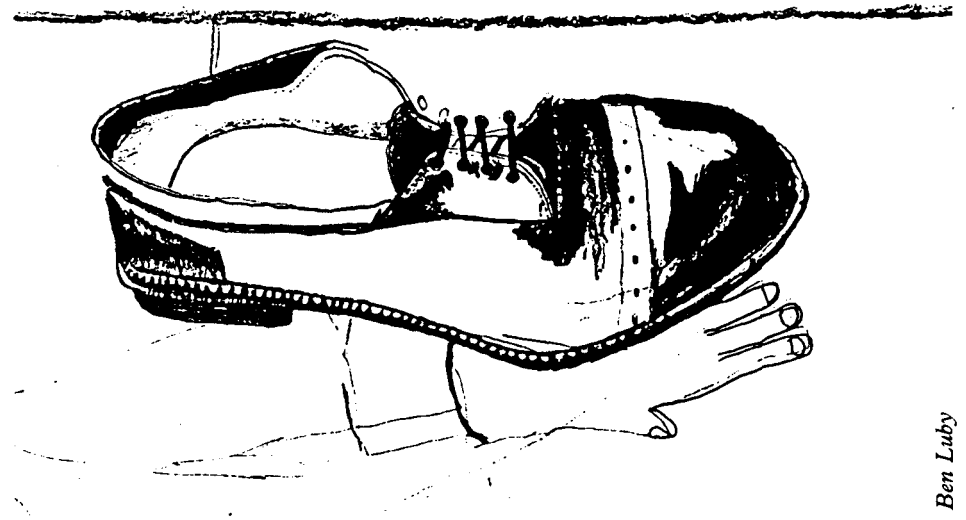
dinner broke down en route from Eastbourne, and a host of dignitaries, which included the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, had to be placated with sherry and small talk for nearly 2 hours while frantic secretaries and masters toured the local take-aways in search of alternative fare. He has shown all the tenacity of survival in the perilous waters of publicity, and has scored some notable successes, especially the discomfiture of Roy Hattersley in television debate. He has kept a kind of 18th Century salon where men of affairs, politicians and other entertainers have graciously mingled with school teachers.

'The ideal headmaster' is a Utopian notion. No-one can combine in perfect harmony administrative and executive skills as well as look to public relations outside the school and the quality of community life within it. In addition, any school has an

unconscious but strong corporate will, as one Westminster headmaster found to his chagrin when he ordered boys to salute him when they passed, and then discovered pupils creeping round the edge of Yard rather than risk crossing it openly. The instruction was quietly forgotten.

Such episodes explode the cliché which likens headmasters to captains or helmets; they more resemble a radio officer, say, suddenly ordered to the Engine Room, where he has no knowledge of any of the controls, and just told to keep the thing going. In these circumstances, ideas of direction are unlikely to preoccupy him for long. John has not only kept the thing going, but has found a direction into the bargain: Westminster is ostensibly as successful as a school as any in the land. Not all may like it, but it's much better than being adrift or aground.

John Field



Ben Luby



The Crucible

by Benjamin Carey

There are some plays in the world's repertoire of drama that have the status 'school play'; such is the misfortune of Arthur Miller's 'The Crucible'. It has a nice large cast, of which ten are female. The play offers no complexities of character for a competent cast, and poses no technical problems for a moderately intelligent Director: I doubt a production of 'The Crucible' could ever be an utter flop...

One of the main protagonists is Abigail Williams, a strikingly beautiful girl of seventeen. Under the auspices of Tituba, a slave from Barbados, she transforms the town of Salem, Massachusetts into tumult in 1692. A series of unfounded accusations sweep the town, until all the characters have either been condemned or have sated themselves on successful accusations, based on temporal grudges of one sort or another. The play is centred upon the fate of one farming family, who find themselves in a crucible of fear and hate. John Proctor is a moderately successful farmer, who has committed lechery with Abigail but has since returned to his wife, Elizabeth. Abigail feels insulted and so wants to repay him for his inconsistency. He is thus accused of association with the Devil.

The society in Salem is a Theocracy. Its power lies in the people's fear of God. The lifestyle of Salemites is laborious and monotonous; to the outsider, futile. In theory, the Salemite Theocracy is ideal, but it cannot work, because there is only such a point to which the human psyche can tolerate such an existence. 'The Crucible' deals with a society in which the rebellious attitudes against it have been born in the minds of those who have yet to be corrupted by it—children. In a society, of which Miller writes that adults 'never conceived that the children were anything but thankful for being permitted to walk straight', those immature minds are bound to require an outlet, where they can act out their fantasies. Where better than a dark forest, shrouded in tales of pagan death and diabolic sin under the pontification of black Tituba?

One of the greatest triumphs of the production was the performance of Jason Rucker. As Parris, his aspect of confusion was never lost, even when slightly masked by an obsequious attitude during the third

act. The timid little man in a dog-collar consistently dominated the stage, and his worried stoop, seeming often comical, made one ill-at-ease. The part of his niece, Abigail, was miscast by the Directors. Although Vivienne Curtis's acting was of a high standard, her portrayal did not bring out the deviousness of the character to a great enough extent. The womanly ferocity with which she screamed at Proctor 'How do you call me child!' seemed out of place. Instead of playing a woman, deviously acting the innocent young girl, after which Proctor might have lusted, she played a woman, mature and ferocious. Sadly her performance was not helped by the direction. Most notably, during the third act, she seemed unconvincing as the manipulator of the other girls: she was too apart from the others. She was the only girl who wore black gloves and who did not wear a boater. Such an appearance was, perhaps, designed to suggest sexual precocity; it could have been subtler.

Harriet Whitehorn's performance as one of the manipulated (Mercy Lewis) was vigorous and flirtatious, and above all she had a strong command of the naïvety and thoughtlessness of the children. When slightly unsure of the situation in Act I, she manoeuvred her way out with a school-girlish grin, 'I'd best be off'. Ruth Kelly's performance as Rebecca Nurse, a wise and disillusioned old woman was very good. Her stiff movements and aged expression, pitiful without pleading, formed a powerful contrast to the naïve immaturity of the children. Sam Thompson (Giles Corey) also overcame the difficulty of having to assume old age with a moving performance. 'Aye. It were a fearsome man, Giles Corey', says Elizabeth Proctor, after relating his death.

Corey's only real ally was John Proctor (Jason Lyon). At the best of times, Jason's acting was outstanding; his self-condemnation at the end of Act III was superb—at other times, he would lose control of his space, and stop acting. He did not look like a farmer, 'powerful of body, and not easily led', in whose presence, 'a fool felt his foolishness instantly'. When in Act III, there were fourteen other people on the stage, one did not particularly notice Jason. However, when he was being spoken to or referred to, his expressions of anger and disbelief were unsurpassed. At such times, he would be supported well by Sarah Christie-Brown (Elizabeth Proctor), whose performance was consistent and powerful. Her expressions of sorrow and

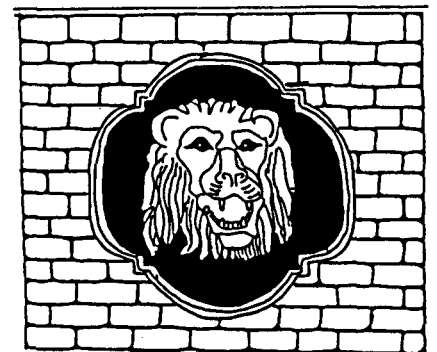
disbelief were made with a sensitivity equal to that of Sam Thompson's.

Act III was the most successful as regards direction, not having so many of the clumsy groupings that one saw throughout the first two acts. The brilliant yet simple way by which the audience found themselves sitting in the court made a mockery of the supposedly eternal limitations of the 'Westminster' stage. It was an admirable achievement by the Director. From behind a half closed door, we hear the interrogation of Martha Corey getting more uproarious, until her husband, crying 'You're hearing lies!', is shouted down by Danforth. There is a shuffling of feet and the door bursts wide open and Giles Corey stumbles backwards over a bench. Commotion follows and Hathorne commands silence. The stunned silence with which the command is received tells us that the Law has taken over from the Church as judge. When the Court was declared in full session, Parris was left awkwardly in the middle of the stage, and so walked nervously across to a seat. It was in such movements and details that Act III abounded.

Miller wrote 'It is as impossible for most men to conceive of a morality without sin as of an earth without sky.' The Reverend Hale, the man of God, was not an exception to this rule. Simon Reid's portrayal of Hale was very melodramatic, but was so consistent and highly charged, that one had to accept its reality. Charles Campbell, who played Danforth, the man of Law, was able to command authority from any point on the stage. His youthful face under greying hair gave him a humane and pensive quality, in contrast to Hathorne (Jason Bell), whose grave expression remained grim throughout the proceedings.

The smaller parts did not suffer from the large size of the cast. Tom Ross (Herrick) gave a memorable portrayal of a drunkard, and produced a short comic scenario, playing against Sarah Mutkin (Sarah Good) and Lynda Stuart (Tituba). Sarah moulded a convincing character in just five lines and Lynda's command of the stage came close to that of Jason Rucker's. Her denial of diabolism as she swayed during the first act was wonderful.

How unnecessary it was for the Producers to cower behind the suggestion that the production would be a 'Workshop production', as an excuse to be used in the event of failure. The Production would have been worthy of almost any stage.



Adam Parker



Cymbeline

by Richard Jacobs

And what, after all, *is* 'Cymbeline'? We needn't go all the way with Bernard Shaw, who called it 'stagey trash... exasperating beyond all tolerance', to admit to a certain disquiet about the play's extraordinarily diverse elements, mixed genres, implausibilities and melodramatics. It's tempting to read the whole thing as some (still not exactly plausible) Stuart myth about national and royal destiny, a myth that we don't happen to have the keys to decode. Whatever, there is what Geoffrey Hill has described as 'an edgy watchfulness to the play's virtuosity': that is, it's too conscious of its effects, too calculated to be wholly



convincing. Another way of putting it would be to say that the play seems permanently on the verge of collapsing into self-parody. It tries too hard. In this respect it is like *Timon of Athens* where strain and bluster are apparent beneath all the fine rhetorical vigorousness. John Bayley makes a useful distinction in a recent book: 'Lear's rage and absurdity seem to belong wholly to him, while in *Timon's* case they seem supplied by the author'. Much of what is most striking in *Cymbeline*—Imogen's unshakeable love, Cloten's brutal buffoonery, Posthumus' raging despair—seem, similarly, 'supplied by the author'. And as he supplies them he is edgily conscious of how each could be taken as comic exaggeration, the virtuosity of pantomime.

John Arthur's production in Ashburnham Garden was unashamedly on the side of the play. It made no excuses for the staginess, attempted no political allegorizing, rarely if at all played it for laughs. I say 'if at all' because I was not entirely sure how to respond to Caroline Miller Smith's Queen: this part really does seem close to pantomime and it was (entertainingly) played close to comedy. But there was no blurring or smudging in the vigour with which the production dealt with such notorious danger-spots as Iachimo (Jamie Catto) emerging from a trunk in order to make a note about a mole beneath Imogen's breast; Imogen waking up beside a headless trunk and misrecognizing it as her lover's; apparitions variously active and Jupiter (Luke Alvarez) descending 'in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle'; pitched battle and the rest of it. All this came off with aplomb and verve in an inventive and varied use of the Garden. At least, it did on the last night: reports of earlier performances suggest that the production gained in force and momentum through the week.

Momentum in the verse-speaking was



certainly firmed up and perhaps might have been firmed up yet more, for this is a long and wordy play—but John Arthur was properly concerned to let each speech have its weight, and this gave gravity if not raciness to the evening. Among the notable performances, Natasha Moorsom's Imogen had splendid life and resilience, John Abando's Cloten was suitably doltish, and Harry Oulton gave real warmth of feeling to Pisanio. The Welsh scenes pose especial problems of near-parody, and so it was impressive to watch Jeremy Callman (Belarius) and his 'supposed sons' (Arthur Morgan-Edwards and Jeremy Hyam) hit these scenes with full-blooded enthusiasm. Benjamin Carey and Jamie Catto gave a good account of Cymbeline and Iachimo, if the former tended to over-stress and the latter to under-stress the parts. Henrietta Lang, Tom Harrison and Owen Dyer were telling in their smaller roles. But it would be idle to ignore the fact that Frederick Vogelius—in his last Westminster role—dominated the production with a Posthumus that managed to register all the extremes in the part with due intensity, thoroughness and sheer professionalism. This was distinguished acting and it was made possible in a distinguished *Cymbeline* for which we are grateful.

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Tanguy

by Jacqueline Cockburn

Tanguy, the novel, is compelling afternoon reading, and although the theme is sombre, the mood is lightened by the eternal optimism of Tanguy, the child. No matter what his ordeal, he finds a friend, someone he can love. The overriding moral is that people are basically good, and to show this via the background of the atrocities of the Second World War is not an easy task. Maurice Lynn, for the Busby-College Play, undertook the task with his usual en-

thusiasm, and his play version of the novel is impressive.

We are given sequential glimpses of Tanguy's life as the play moves quickly from scene to scene. The dialogue is uncluttered, as indeed it needs to be, as a 'flashback' of a child's life. The narrative technique of the microphone permits the audience an insight into the feelings of the young child, and heightens the sense of pathos which is to grow during the course of the play. Peter Cosmetatos made an excellent Tanguy, beginning somewhat tentatively, but gaining confidence and poise as he progressed. Elizabeth Dow was a confident and mature mother figure, who successfully portrayed the conflicting emotions of a woman who loved her son but also loved, and was eventually more drawn by the cause. So many of the younger boys contributed to the atmosphere of the first act, providing the movement, youth and lively ambience so evocative of a young child's preoccupations, and conversely, of the growing sense of foreboding. Oliver Blackburn was a subtle Guy, remarkably mature on stage.

Tanguy's search for security was moving, and was made more convincing by Patrick Massey's portrayal of the cold, calculating father, a coward unable to cope with the dual stresses of war and a politically ambitious wife. Colin Yakely should also be mentioned for his role as Eppy, the epileptic 'friend' of Tanguy. The author, Michel del Castillo, does not hide his sympathy for the weaker characters, and yet somewhat tritely they seem to fall into two categories, the heroes and the cowards.

The slides before the interval came as a shock, and in a way the contrast was overwhelming. The image of war became suddenly coldly unbearable. I understand why it was necessary to face the audience with the unpalatable truth, yet the emotive technique remains unconvincing.

The second half was extremely satisfying to all the senses. As the incense wafted around the hall, one was transported by the actors into the cruel world of the hypocritical ecclesiastics. The search for human warmth became futile, and the characters maintained a remote iciness under their masks of benignity. Jonathan Ward's face was a studied depiction of frozen self-righteousness.

The production became increasingly strong as the evening progressed. It was indeed a mammoth task to involve so many people. Alex Kirkham was a strong Gunther, and contributed to the atmosphere of stability within the chaos with sensitive acting. Here was someone who understood the play well. Paul Denza, Marcus Drese, Nicolai Iuul, Mathew Johnson and Sebastian Rice, all were excellent. Anantini Krishnan showed real versatility of acting, and a mature awareness of the other characters. Edward Stern was a convincing Bishop of Barcelona and obviously relished the role.

Finally, it was a production worthy of congratulation. The amount of hard work involved was obvious, and the pupils' enthusiasm, stemming from the infectiously exuberant Maurice Lynn, was evident.

Private Wars by Rachel Curtis

I didn't hear one criticism of 'Private Wars' from any person who'd seen it; although a few of the older members of the audience did exchange glances at the sprinkling of explicit crude images (such as lengthy descriptions of tight nylon underpants). So, what can I say, but that the performances were superb from all quarters.

The play is set around three Vietnam war veterans, fighting to regain, or discover anew their personalities and roles in society. Each comes from a different background, and has different ailments and problems, and it is simply the common cause of war that has thrown them together. It is ironic that Silvio (Ben Walden) coming to terms with his frustrating physical sexual inadequacies, and finally turning his back on the security of the clinic, is then rejected by society, and his own family. Each gains satisfaction from different achievements: Natwick (Joe Cornish) by admitting his background and failure in society; Woodruff Gately (Adam Buxton) by emphasising his sanity by proving to himself he can fix a radio; and Silvio by flashing to the nurses. However, as Silvio continually says, 'You can leave here anytime you want.' It is fear of the unaccustomed outside world and independence that makes these men cling to the safety of the clinic.

The acting by the three sixth form boys was outstanding, and the droning American accents very rarely slipped. The jokes were successful, lightening the play's very potent emotional pressure. The production of the play was extremely polished, due as much to timing (with voice-overs) as ingenuity. Even the 'ushers' deserve a mention here, as they, too, were dressed up like ninepins for the performances. The simple set design meant that there were no diversions to entertain the audience, so that the actors had to work twice as hard to sustain interest.

As an American play about an essentially American problem, performed in an English Public School, by English actors, 'Private Wars' could have been a disaster. Instead it triumphed, most deservedly so.



Timmy Krishnan

Briefly Noticed: Three House Plays

Ashburnham tackled *Travesties* in School; Grants and Wrens were in the Dungeons with far less celebrated plays: the former with *The Life and Death of Almost Everybody* by David Campton; the latter with two short pieces, *Arrabal's Picnic on the Battlefield* and a Leicester University N.U.S. Drama Festival play called *Ritual for Dolls*.

The Dungeons, as often, proved a very telling and potent theatrical space. With little or no set or props, Caroline Miller Smith and Rachel Curtis, for Grants Juniors, and Jacqueline Cockburn, for Wrens, drew out some strong, spare theatre. All three of these Dungeon productions were allegorical: the Compton play dramatizes a struggle of power and control as a bored stage-sweeper fantasizes a 'play' that takes over and is about being taken over; Arrabal's is a reduction of war to the brutal meaninglessness of children's games, while, conversely, *Ritual for Dolls* gives us Victorian children's toys enacting the terrible lives of their erstwhile owners in a very powerful tale of imperialist and incestuous possession. Dominic Earle, Daniel Doulton and Richard Hughes were very successful in the Grants play, but everyone who saw it will agree that Jason Tann, as Aunt Harriet (and all the Deadly Sins that she offers), gave an extraordinary tour-de-force in his startling and vivid portrayal. For Wrens, Chris Insall and Victoria Wakely (in the Arrabal) were convincing caricatures of parents and (in the far more striking *Ritual for Dolls*) Susanna Kleeman (the Doll), Zac Sandler (The Golly) and Louis Theroux (The Toy Soldier) enacted their grisly tale with an excellent sense of teamwork, precisely observed and very firmly directed. This remarkable short play was one of the theatrical high-spots of the year.

I'd better admit that I find most of Stoppard—and *Travesties* in particular—disagreeable if not actually offensive, so I was not feeling especially sympathetic to the Ashburnham House play which was, as is traditional, a big and ambitious production. But it was an entertaining evening of theatre—Stoppard is rarely less than entertaining (even if rarely more), especially when executed with the enthusiasm and verve that his plays demand, and that Ashburnham always seem to conjure up—if only at the very last moment.

Exactly why sub-Wildean pastiche, limricks and other miscellaneous theatrical trivia, all heavily boiled up to boil down Lenin, Joyce and Tzara, should be considered dramatic art—or even a valuable game—is unclear, but, like other trivial pursuits, Stoppard's plays have their appeal, and there was no doubting the energy with which Andrew Rennie's actors made it as appealing as they could. Reed Smith was quite splendidly energetic as Henry Carr (at various ages) and John Blystone's Tzara was drawn in strong vivid colours. Shivaun Moeran was an appropriately Wildean Gwendolen. R.J.



A Concert of Contrasts and Connections

by Caroline Steenman Clark

With music spanning centuries and continents, ranging from the 17th century to present-day and from Europe to the States (via the Never-Never Land), encompassing styles varying from Classic to Rock, and employing a prodigious wealth of talent—vocalists re-appearing as keyboard, wind or string players, composers conducting or performing their own works—this was no standard 'school concert'.

I was aware that on Friday, 7th June 1985, I was privileged to be in attendance at what I consider to have been an enlightened and enlightening programme, 'Up School' at Westminster. That it did not lack integrity, however, became apparent as the evening progressed.

A full hall was roused initially by the full, warm, 'big band' sound of the Orchestra in a fitting, and fetching, arrangement of *those* chimes by its conductor, Stuart Nettleship. The brass were particularly 'striking' here!

Then followed one of those changes of mood and sound which were to become a feature throughout the rest of the evening. An invigorating rendering of a Chopin study was given a powerful and fervent performance by Jason Kouchak, the revolutionary theme emerging with clarity, supported by a steady left hand. Gavin Pretor-Pinney then gave an equally impassioned flamenco guitar solo, in a technically confident and elegant performance (highly evocative of balmy Spanish nights on what was an unseasonably cool and damp June evening), rewarded by enthusiastic applause from the audience.

When the classical pianist returned to the keyboard to present a trio of his own songs I was impressed by the confidence with

which Jason Kouchak's technical skill was transferred naturally to a personal, 'laid-back' style, in which the emotion generated by each song became evident. Here too, there were no concessions made to standardisation. 'Dreaming of Love' was given a dramatic rendering by the composer and a trio of vocalists, comprising Sarah Christie-Brown, Simon Cope-Thompson and Jo Lawrence, 'If', a poignant interpretation by its author, and the final number, 'Without Love' was further enhanced by some smooth orchestral backing. All three songs, competently backed by a steady percussionist, were clamourously received. My one regret was that the acoustics of the hall did not allow a full grasp of what were obviously moving lyrics.

A smaller side-step now, and we were regaled with a lively set of three Dixieland numbers by the Jazz Band (Ben Baird, bass; Jonny Brown, drums; Sabina Hale, trombone; Jo Howard, clarinet; Orlando May, piano; Sophie Thompson, saxophone;), all put across with an infectious swing by this well-rehearsed group, with a most convincing drum solo from Ben Glasstone providing a fitting culmination to their contribution to the evening.

In as much as one could discern an underlying theme in the programme (although that there should be one at all is debatable), the evening continued obliquely in the same vein as the preceding items—which might be described as music of the people, by the people, arising from the deep traditions of a nation and evoking the soul of that nation, each in its own idiom—with a highly competent performance of the technically demanding Six Roumanian Dances for violin by Bartok. The strong tones produced in the lower register by John Graham-Maw came across powerfully, as did the neat execution of the tricky gypsy rhythms, the syncopation, slurs and double-stopping, so evocative of the music's traditional roots. The violinist coped well with the dramatic changes of mood and brought out the character of each of the pieces, ably and discretely supported

by Tom Mohan, his pianist.

If we may consider the modern musical as one of the expressions of our own age, then, although there was a marked change of style and execution as the stage was again filled by the Orchestra to close the first half of the programme, it followed on well, in that the idiom of this 'work-in-progress', as the composer/conductor Stuart Nettleship explained, was very much in the 'street-style' of today. The extracts from 'Peter Pan II', the account of a group performing Barrie's work on the expiry of its copyright in 1987, presented us with some interesting concepts. The first *Ballet*, with its imaginative orchestration of a smooth melodic line and an effective use of syncopated piano, was well-balanced by the final extract with its colourful woodwind. Despite the distracting acoustics, the songs bode well for the work as a whole—'The Mermaid's Song', a strong humorous, cleverly-worded monologue, delivered with authority by Simon Cope-Thompson, was followed by a moving, sincerely-sung ballad, 'This Time', from Jo Lawrence—all of which contrived to arouse great expectations of the finished piece (a future Westminster production, perhaps?).

Only after the interval did the programme revert to a more traditional level with the performance of two luscious choral works arranged by Stanford, sandwiching a delightful madrigal by Vautour, 'Sweet Suffolk Owl'. The Abbey Choir gave out a nice, well-balanced sound in 'Beati Quorum Via', had good intonation and were responsive to the demands of their conductor, Tom Mohan. Diction was clear in the tricky polyphonic sections of the madrigal and the effects skilfully achieved. The lovely soprano line of 'The Bluebird' was well-sustained and well-supported by the under parts, finishing on a very moving note. I appreciated their freshness of tone and lack of self-consciousness which can sometimes mar a performance of a much-loved work.

If the concert had begun on a rousing note, it was with even greater anticipation that I approached the final turn in this 'palace of varieties': Bernstein's 'West Side Story Suite'. I was not disappointed by the rich opening sound produced. The Orchestra was undoubtedly best in the rhythmic ensembles with strong contributions from the brass and, notably, from the percussion (Julian Anderson, Dinachak Krishnan, Jonathan Rodin and James Totty) sections. Stuart Nettleship conducting, held all firmly together, and the concert ended on the cool, sweet notes of 'Somewhere', having in the preceding two hours encompassed the globe.

I can only congratulate all the performers, and helpers, who worked so hard to make the whole evening such a success. That the 'roots' of such a variety of a people's musical voice should find expression in Westminster, S.W.1 on one single occasion, symbolises for me, and emphasises and bodes well for, the sought-after feeling of a 'global village' of which we all form part, and which the School itself embodies in microcosm.

Hiroshima

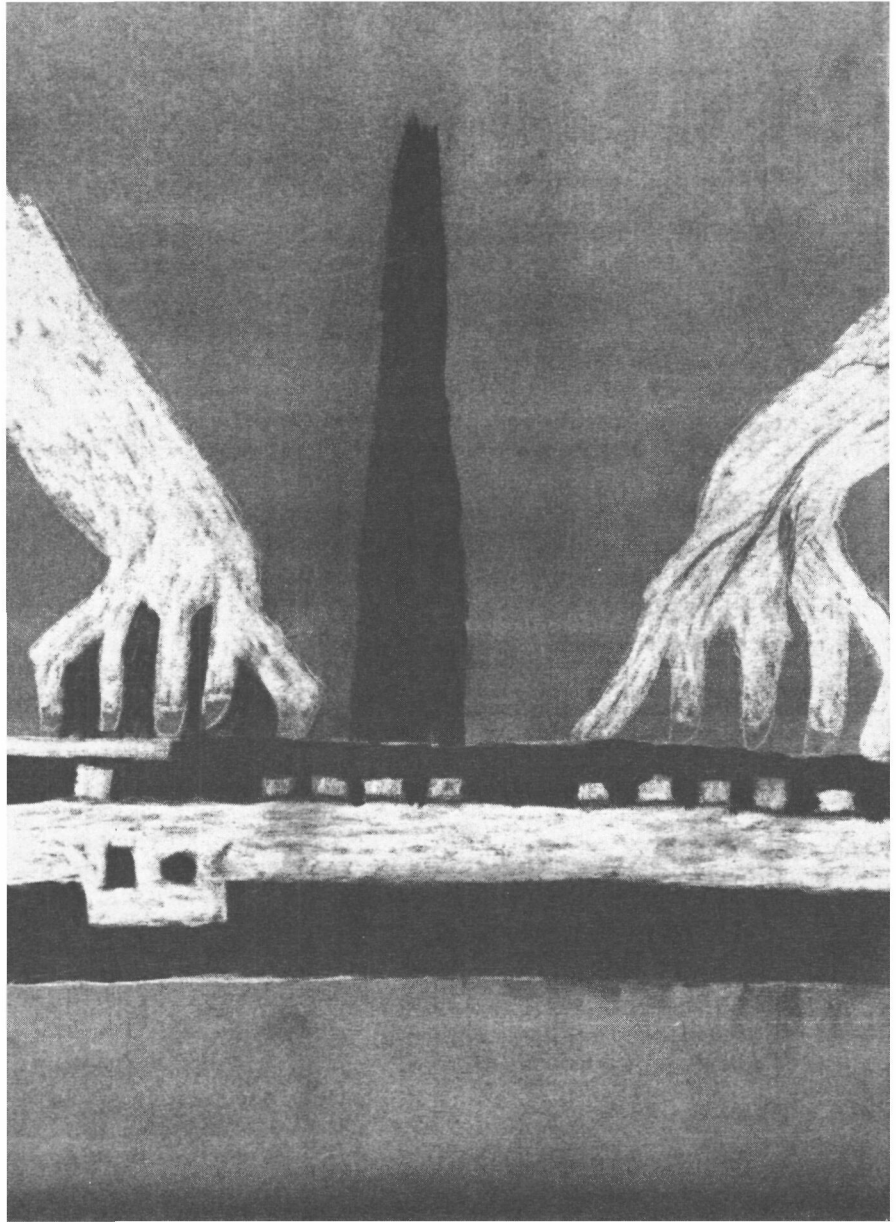
by Jon Adler

A large sixth form following ensured that Hiroshima did not have a capacity crowd to play to here in the Music Centre. At least a third of the room had been occupied by those waiting for 'Green Noise'—labelled affectionately as the Hippies by the ignorant remainder. Thus when 'Hiro and the lads' walked on there was a slight rush for the door. The bouncers, Messrs Baird and Nettleship, seemingly failed to notice that there were almost thirty more people outside, eager to fill up the spaces.

Nevertheless Hiroshima trotted on stage; the visual impact was good—Parry-Wingfield the drummer, and the lead and bass guitars manned by the Takabatake brothers, were dressed all in black, whilst Lavradio, the singer, sported a white shirt and blue jeans. Then came the first dilemma—was he to stop and get someone to repair the dodgy mike, or was he going to have to scream against Hiro's 'much too loud' lead? Poor Luis opted for the latter. For the Hippies it hadn't mattered, but for a group like Hiroshima, who clearly could sing, it was a shame. They were, I might add, excellent in rehearsals.

After cheers of 'Garry' from the back of the audience, they began and tore into the Kinks 'You really got me', a powerful sixties rock milestone. Next came one of Hiro's own offerings, 'Testimony', in which yet again, the lead guitar presided almost to the exclusion of everything else. The two rhythm changes reminded me of Lou Reed's 'Heroin', where the fast/slow effect seems metaphorical for the going up/coming down of the smack hitting the brain. An unintentional similarity, I think.

The following item was Hiro's solo. Introduced as 'Hiro's box of tricks'. This reminded me of Jimi Hendrix's 'I can play with my teeth' method, and was similarly and singularly good. No guitarist in the school could match this, surely? There were minor quibbles of course. Why didn't you move to the middle of the stage? Would they have been better if included in a song, instead of sticking lots of little pieces together? Then Caz and Adam suddenly appeared and the threesome burst into a Hiroshima version of a Van Halen version of a Roy Orbison version of 'Pretty Woman'. Little Caz had begun to enjoy himself now, and was doing infrequent headbangs with his brother, a beaming smile spreading across his face. He stood with his back to the audience, legs wide apart, and headbanged with the drum kit, while Adam banged away with vigour. After an unfortunate quirk of fate where Caz's lead fell out (and he didn't notice until he saw Kershen rolling about on the floor in hysterical laughter) Luis jumped back on stage. 'We're not gonna take it', he screamed. Cries of 'Pardon' from the back were greeted with a thundering drum beat, a throbbing base, and more of Luis' screaming. I couldn't help feeling that this version was perhaps better than that of



Adam Sutton

Twisted Sister—the crowd thought so too judging by the rapturous applause and the grinning faces. Whereas Twisted Sister's stage presence is something that couldn't be disputed, the sight of four schoolboys putting so much into a song, and getting so much back from the audience, is a great feeling for all concerned.

Finally came the Rolling Stones' 'Let's spend the night together.' Mike Field joined the band on piano, but it wasn't loud enough even to dent the aura of the lead guitar. On both versions of 'Let's spend the night together' that I've heard (Bowie and Jagger), the piano is the most prominent instrument. Perhaps it wasn't meant to be so here. Nevertheless, the song was good. How can you go wrong with a Rolling Stones's tune? Luis' vocals for some reason, suddenly started to get through, and the audience noticed too.

With a sudden finish, Luis barked 'Thanks for coming, I hope you enjoyed it.' No one replies. Hiroshima, one suddenly remembers, are playing to the pseudo-Westminster audience. Reassuringly, he adds 'I did'. The band walks off. The Music Centre evacuates. It's time for supper by now, after all.

Play Term Concert

by Peter Muir

Forgive me asking, but what would you say is the state of school music at the moment? Healthy or unhealthy? Flourishing or stagnant? Besides, what criteria would you apply to reach your decision? The standard of the best performers, you say? Well, perhaps. Surely though, as a football team buys its best players, so too good instrumentalists can to a certain extent be 'bought' (well let us say induced to come to the school) by comparatively lucrative music scholarships, and they are therefore not necessarily representative of school music as a whole. The amount of music played? Yes, that's certainly important, and there seems to be more playing going on now than there ever has been. No less than a third of the population of the school were involved in this term's concert (and apparently a fair chunk of the other two-thirds was listening), and even then by no means all factions were represented (for instance the Early Music Group or the booming

pop scene); meanwhile *all* the lower school are now making music at least once a week in the recently instigated creative class music sessions.

So, quantity aside, what about quality? Well, if tonight's concert is anything to go by there aren't any worries in that direction either. Even the playing in the various ensembles we heard was pitched at a remarkably high level, and I do think that ensemble-playing is the hardest thing to bring off.

Indeed the first group to play, the Symphonic Wind Band, was no exception to this rule. Suppé's overture *Light Cavalry* doesn't muck you about. Written in Vienna in the latter half of the nineteenth century, it's one of those jolly, unpretentious, brassy pieces where every tune sounds as though it wants to turn into the *Monty Python* theme while no-one's looking. The texture is very rich—all that heavy brass writing—and sugary, like a musical *Sachertorte*, and don't think that just because it's undemanding on the ears it's easy to play. There were, as there always are with large groups, major problems of tuning and balance, which were generally very well handled. Inevitably some notes were split—but that's the working hazard that dogs all brass players whether amateur or professional. It made a terrific start to the evening's events.

Two movements from Telemann's *Sonata in A minor* for oboe and piano came next, and a fine performance it was too, with soloist Mark Radcliffe sensitively accompanied by Tom Mohan. Mark's tone is generally excellent, although it became a bit quacky on certain low notes, and elsewhere was occasionally a little too thin and reedy for my taste. He guided us effortlessly through the lyrical first movement (well actually there was one dodgy moment...), while the elegant rhythms of the *spirituoso* movement were entirely convincing.

A few years ago, to have a jazz band in a school concert would have been unthinkable (after all, we only have *proper* music at a school concert, don't you know), but here they were now playing two numbers. The first, *Satin Doll*, swung quite well I think, with two short but poignant solos from the clarinet (Alice Feinstein) and trumpet (either Jonny Brown or Charles Winter: I couldn't see from where I was sitting). The other number, *Night Train*, was slightly shakier. It didn't swing quite so well and certain passages sounded a bit under-rehearsed, like the few bars in triplets in the middle which were rather rushed. In general, the balance seemed a bit top heavy (or so it appeared from where I was sitting), with the lower winds playing a little too quietly. The solos (trumpet, sax, and trombone) were good, though.

We remained in the twentieth century for the next item, an exquisite early carol by Britten called *A Hymn to the Virgin*, sung by Abbey Choir, conducted by Tom Mohan. I was very impressed with the standard of this performance. Everything was bang in tune and very clearly and sensitively delivered. The ripieno group (Oliver Hicks, Michael Allwood, John



A. T. O. Sutton

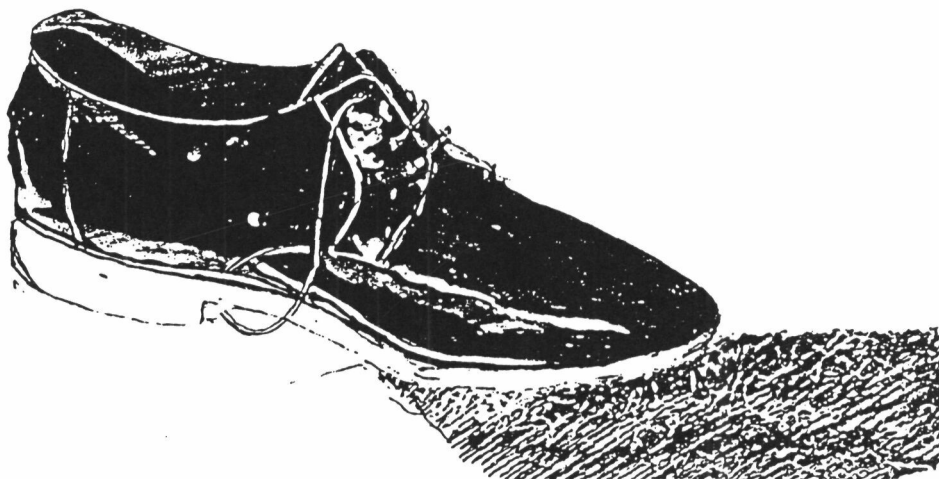
Graham-Maw, Jo Andrews) was excellent. The choir performed another item, the *Sussex Carol*. This new arrangement by John Baird was extremely skilful: ingenious use was made in the opening section of canons, while an instrumental quartet (Stephanie Giles—flute, Mark Tocknell—clarinet, John Baird—piano, Ben Baird—cello) wove a delicate, gossamer-like counter-point round the voices.

After the interval we were treated to the first movement of Mozart's D minor piano concerto K.466. I don't think I've ever heard a school orchestra do better. It is after all a devil of a piece to bring off, yet I was at once gripped by the quietly throbbing syncopated strings which open the work. Meanwhile soloist Sophy Thompson was in superb form. Her reading was clean, precise, and immensely urbane. Soloist and orchestra kept up a convincing dialogue nearly everywhere. Inevitably in one or two places things were less secure: some of the development section failed to convince, and the cadenza was rushed and not given enough time to breathe. In general,

though, first-class.

The evening's finale was another first movement, that of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony, a pot-boiler if ever there was one. Here too the playing of the orchestra was exemplary. Much of the time there was a true blend of sound, but not always (the lower strings for instance sometimes sounded a bit murky when exposed). The louder sections, particularly all those shocking *sforzando* chords were very powerful, though I feel some of the softer sections could have been still quieter, especially some string passages (sorry to keep picking on you, strings). John Baird must take credit for much of the success of this item as well as the Mozart. He really is a very good conductor—with both pieces he seemed to have complete control over the orchestra right from the outset, a most impressive achievement.

I came away from the concert feeling quite exhilarated. I for one am quite optimistic about the state of school music. Are we agreed, then?



Louis Theroux

Sequence

Poetry and Prose

Julian Anderson

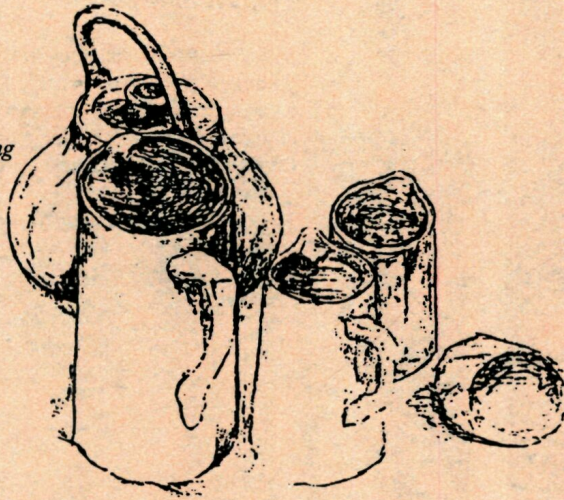
part 1:

it is.

Manzana's Song : Caroline Miller Smith

*Look in the looking glass
there is no apple in my eye,
just an image spitting seeds
or a tart in apple pie,
that tears the sheet in two
but does not let me down
—Though I am sick in heart
and the core is rotting brown.*

*In the dark I string the pearls—
constant pleasures can but cloy
—though sunlighting on leaves
brings me a sudden joy—
The white and spattered burgeoning
is flattering the chaste—
The green and naced flesh
breeds its own waste.*



Ben Longland

Deathsong (to Mishima) : John Horan

*I saw the line and knew it what it was,
Fry or veteran we all know a line,
I've seen the feathered harlotry of snares
As come and claim a man before his time.*

*When I was young, and never could resist
The lust which every line the mind assails
I've darted near myself and brushed and kissed
And felt the hook a hairs breadth from my scales.*

*And I've seen others dice and taunt the line
And in their scorn come just a fin too near
I know the calm derision in their minds
And see the disbelief as they're tugged clear.*

*I'd grown too wise to play that foolish game
And when I saw it winking in the gloom
I knew that I would leave it as it came
And let it lure another's pride to doom.*

*But for an eighth of half a fishes breath
A flashing vision thrashed against my will,
It was not lust for thrashing yielding flesh
Nor crude desire to lunge and snap and kill.*

*It was an arc of desperate purity . . .
. . . It seemed a dream and I was snared.*

*I scarce remember struggling on the line,
I was quite large, I must have fought him well,
And then I saw a body which was mine,
Gaping dumbly, gasping in some hell.*

*I'm sure I saw my struggle and my slaughter
All through the eyes of one on close at hand,
I saw myself a flash upon the water,
The fisherman a wink upon the land.*

*You do not stir now you have heard my deathsong,
Now you have heard that vision which was mine;
Is it too strange beyond your understanding
Or did you seek a purity of line?*

Harriet Swain

*Sea
Salt warm as skin,
Like liquid candles,
Splashes luminous, waxy
Cool opaque as the night*

*Stars
Ice cut by diamonds
Slicing the steel sky
Scratches powdered, fray
To ashes
White dust in the sun*

*We hollow the shadows
Steam-speckled as shade
Bodies naked, watching
Phosphorescence
Dying in the dark.*

John Mosely

*Black and blue and beaten about the legs.
Rugby in winter and cricket in summer.
Locked in a cheap hotel room with broken
Glass all over the floor. Glass on the floor
And that filthy whore, that filthy whore,
The girl who died for England's honour.
The head will cane you to within an inch
Of your life. Pink and white and deep dark red.
Hands tied behind the back, face down in bed,
Mouth gaping like a surprised schoolboy's,
Nobody will ever know what we went through, boys.
He said: 'Hold out your hand, come now my boy.'
Hold out your hand, my darling, my dearest,
The toast was burned, the floor was a mess,
Didn't anyone ever tell you?
You mean nobody ever told you?
He was dressed in his best, dressed in his best.
They will read it in the history books.
I read it in the morning newspapers,
I saw a hundred camera bulbs
Flash, and saw a hundred biros
Scratch the pages of a hundred note-books.
Kicked all over the field, he was kicked
All over the field, and then we ran
All around the field. But still they tied us up at night.*

The Mystery Of The Identity Of Charles

Voices from the darkness.

Yard thickens.
And I fly, gown fluttering through the dark.

Good my liege, even but now,
Haste-post-haste have I come hence to greet thee.
Reckless of danger did I grope my way
Through passages of deep obscurity,
A winding midnight maze where, volleying back,
Mine own fleet footsteps traitor turned to me
And ricocheted in mocking salutation.

Tot, tot, tottering along the lurky, durky, murky littl' ol'
corridor with infinitesimal care, I arrive. Homing in, as they
say. Low visibility; getting pretty windy with those really
weird echoes from the high ceiling, I almost slip—tragic
potential—on the floor...

Come, seeling night
... Well, anyway, as I was saying: Presumptuous, hesitant, I
risk an ever-so-ever-so-never-so delicate tap upon the
portal—So.
O, absolument soigneusement, bien sûr.

Hollow sounds.

No Latchkey 'ere. I spied 'er coming.

Slumped, steeped in golden light, you sit
Ensnared. A rag man.
My king of shreds and patches—
Yea, verily the King himself.
My brother, relatively speaking. O, my hommelette,
No more young fry of treachery, no more o' that.

Hunched, you attend. I, drawn by your threads, mumble,
paralysed.
Buzz. Buzz.
I wait, my back to the door. You lie still—screened in webs,
Net of gossamer; impenetrable Lace.
They. Cannot. Touch. Me.

Dislike man.
Well, honey, how about if I glean what afflicts you, huh?

*

*

*

Two Stanzas to Yeats : Alec Charles

I never understood your music, nor I think
did you, who crow, wise friend of sticks and stone:
for what is past and passing is all gone.
I read somewhere that you liked 'Lapis Lazuli'.
Flattered to see that you agreed with me,
I sketch upon your canvas in blue ink.

The times that we have passed together mean
little to me; less to you. Show flowing rhetoric to ebb
upon the deftly imaged web
and feet of lines prepared to meet her,
be she Helen, Maud or Leda,
stark symbol thrown across a shallow screen.

Words.
Television talk. What's on?

Words.
Superintellectualisationism.
An enlightenment; Holmes for the blind,
But shall I 'scape detection?
On mon deux, mon Dieu, just deconstruct will you! Will?
You?

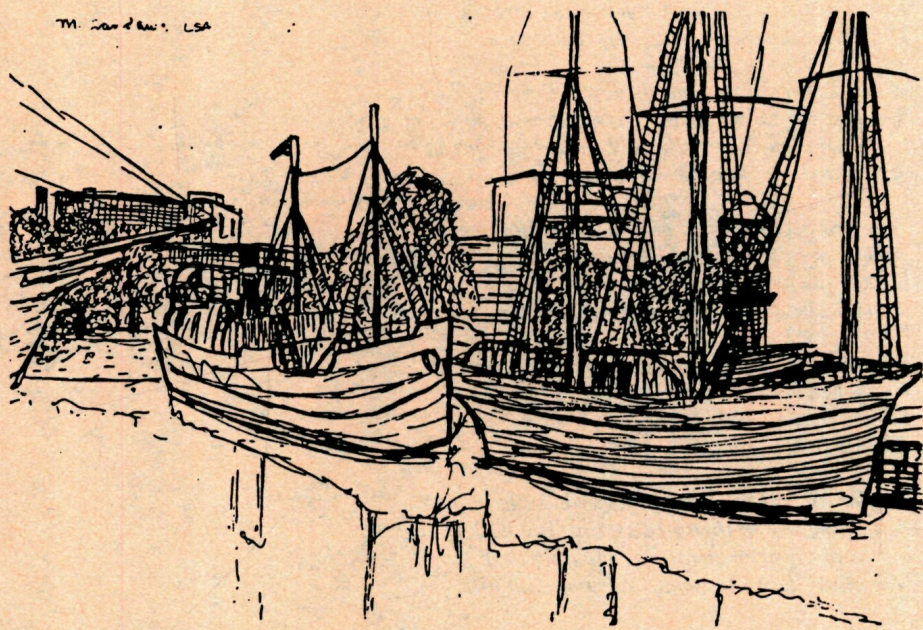
Me? Marry, ay, and that right curiously.
Mais Oui. Yet alack, no—we may not—we are young.

Words
We speak of parents and of the King our father's wreck.
O, ton père riait, and never a cross word.
Qu'a-t-il lit?

A barricade of bottles, green glass blinking in brightness
And beaded bubbles winking at the brim.
Eyes of wounded mooncalf turned upon me
Shadowed.
The scholar's eye.

Time tolling out; the pulses of the hour float in the air.
(You eat the air, a marvellous vegetable love)
I depart. Back into the heart of darkness,
Tot, tot, tottering.

Yard flickers—fleeting figures.
Through the misted glass, I spectate, face up to the pane.
Leaves scutter with a dead sound. Since my young days,
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements—
Unwinding wind. These fragments have I shored against my
ruins.
Yard flickers—fleeting figures.
I must return.
Today's farce.
Playtime.



Matthew Landauer

Katy Bassett

*Smiling, I bestow benign endearment
Upon the infant before me.
I manifest my genuflexion technique—
Lower myself.*

*Avant condescension ...
O such égalité, such fraternité.*

'Hallo'

a silence (rather too long for comfort and my knee)

*An expression of mild contempt—inaudible, invisible—sidles
Slowly,
slowly*

*Sidles
Across his face; lolls in his eyes; strolls from side
To side.
A revolting brat.*

*Inward squirming. I hear the
Grizzle of my rebel joint; hamstrings whine.
Drops on my high brow, of condensation.*

*I think of my eloquence—
Hopefully. Despairingly.
Roget be gone.
So much for articulation.*

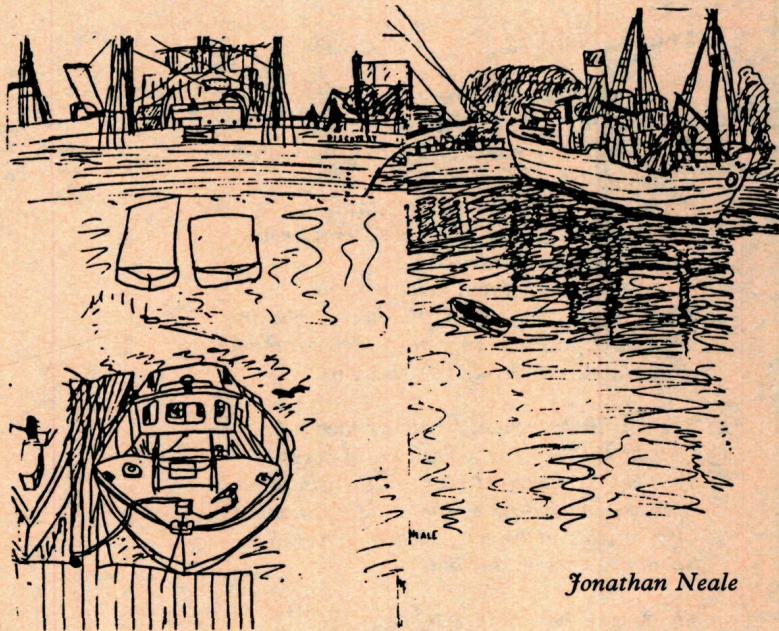
Katy Bassett

*Flash of inspiration
Flicker of sun and shadow
On my closed eyes.
I yearn A bursting, a blossoming sensed within
Potential fruition.
Stirring dull roots with spring rain.
Stirring dull roots.
Dull roots.*

*cons
tric
ted
the roots that clutch
last year's harvest unsupplanted.
i shrivel
merge back into
the grey.*

Katy Bassett

*I am not what I am—
Art conscience.
I hear your calculating prayers,
I, goddess of tanned curves and vital statistics.
'A sign! A sign!' Voice of a divided people,
Voice of sin. I am ill at these numbers.
I am all—woman and child
(I 8 4 2, Sick, single too)
All. I am men.
Many, the three in one.
You! Equal!
O you are nought; I am the one that counts.
OURO + IMN
Ego sum.*



Jonathan Neale

Katy Bassett

*Slug within.
Clamming me.
Gut-rooted.
It has my core.
My core.
My very core.
Oozes my flesh & slow seeps my soul &
I am riddled.*

Understudy

*Evening beyond the pane.
Silent in the chill upper storey
I wait, work forgotten,
Propped against the grey wall.
The light dims.
Below me, in the expectant hush,
I sense my parents enter,
Stalking.
Tension crackling beneath the floorboards,
Muffled dramatic conflict.*

*A sudden screech ricochets
Cracking the silence,
Bursting into a volley of hatred,
Shattering the still air.
Flashes, hisses in darkness.
Their staged blitzkrieg.*

*Pause.
Image of my father's face anger-stained,
My mother's streaked with tears,
Floating in the dusk.
Thud of a slammed door
a shuddering.
Noises off.
Twentieth century drama.*

*Rain from a livid sky.
I draw the frayed curtain.*

*I have a little white dog called Hector
We used to play games in the fields,
Sit together for hours and hours, hand-in-hand,
Watching the gulls float before our eyes.
We would talk about old holidays:
The funny lady who held our attention
At the Covent Garden show;
Pictures of good times, held in focus;
Then, as the sun gave us the hint of goodbye
We would push our way back through the gate
And plunge into home-felt thoughts.*

*She sat, lines entwined with padded tubes,
Caught between apt reflections of herself,
Trapped by spoonfed realism, the contorted
Memory, whose owner she could not name.
Left, staring at herself, without conception
Shrinking away; shielding the kids.*

*She tore at her chair, doubts
Inflated by stickers
Which would not peel away.*

She pitied herself.

'Does she take sugar?'

It was all too late . . .

*She released her brakes
And relapsed into her future.*

Fool: John Martin

*Once I believed in the relief
to story-telling: stammering.
Stut, stut.
That was but . . . but enough.
I put aside my handkerchief,
and hanker for the hammering*

upon the door that leads I know but where.

*Remember when we two were young.
My song is nearly sung.*

*I shall be, or should I be
a Graecian urn of China tea,
a little out of place?
But, all abroad, I'll seem
magnanimous in anonymity.
I have lost face,
it is not me,
yet you were not a dream*

*come true.
Restless, I harken after you.*

*See how the moon refracted in the stars
fractures the Jet in pin-hole breakages.
That night, a moan or stifled cry;
o, Desdemona, die.*

*(these l-linkages
of mine all fall apart)*

*Could I buy a bunch of flowers,
build bouquets of sunny towers
in a sunless sky?*

*Through the half-light, the haze of day-old smoke clogged within an
airless chamber, distant lights glowed faintly. He picked up his car-
rier bags and ran towards the door. The door opened and he slipped
into the mist, fine drizzle of an early-morning rain-shower. The
grey-blue carrier bags trailed weightlessly behind him as he acceler-
ated into a black clothed smear. And he dived into the dirt-black and
dust; waited forever and spat into the tunnels carried, lifted up and
out into the shimmering, bracing freshness, coldness and white frost,
glinting glass before St. James's Park tube station. Monday, only
two quid at the movies he thought, heavy and weighted against the
wind; forced between the hemmed in glittering-white haze of the
street. The cars streamed past him, disappearing silently into the
tarmac as they raced onwards. A vast bus glided by, crammed with
those queueing and waiting to jump off. He walked past the high
archway, then along the edge of the green, beside the parallel of the
jagged and worn away crumbling brick, slabs. Past, through, into a
short tunnel.*

*The yard, drained grey cobbles, field of stone. Trickling down the
concrete steps, the blue door closing behind him. Here inside this
house he tasted its smell of stale milk and its secret language of smiles
and sneers. He sensed and realised, felt that this was a house,
crammed with kids, not even noticing you; but each second watching,
waiting to draw a fine, long pointed blade from within a padded
shoulder; soft-sloping jacket shoulder; shorn hair, long matted black
hair and ram it down your throat.*

*At the top of the house, disused at 8.30, was the snooker room. It
provided him with a view of the grey yard. The black sticks ambling
across the quadrant. And he wondered if anyone was sneering at him
as he sneered, leaning easily against the dew-dropping sill.*

On Verse : Adam Hills

*Gazing blankly over verse,
The words there
Rest limp on paper
Thin and formless
Carefully shaped
Printed words, squashed flat onto flattened sheets.*

*Great Masters express emotion on sheets;
I wane under the weight of
The task, to order
My civil-warring mind
To compact, compose;
I hope you comprehend.*

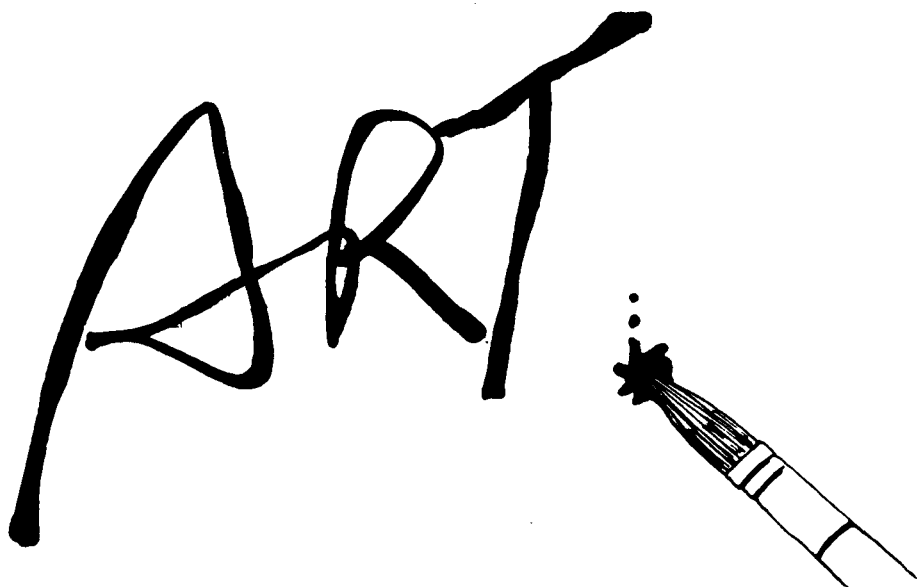
Daisy: Ned Pakenham

*Musical tones drip from Daisy's mellifluous mouth.
She lies languorously next to me and I am shaking,
Shaking with fright and with incredible happiness.
Like a helpless child I grip her palm
And feel the lazy warmth she exudes.
In that dark and smoky room Daisy sucks slowly
On her long French cigarette.
She's a worldly woman, she's in control,
But that is what I want: a girl to make me
Float away into some melodius oblivion.
There I can be warm and safe and clean and passionate.*

!st ?!

part 2:

Julian Anderson



Fascism at the Royal Academy

by Rose Aidin

The subject—German painting and sculpture of this century—holds great potential, a chance to exercise the ghosts of animosity and incomprehension towards the Germans as a nation that lurk in the British subconscious. However, the images that the exhibition created were those that rather than demolishing, enforced my worst preconceptions—those of an unappealing, discompassionate and rather unsympathetic race. The exhibition is unimaginatively presented; like a mammoth it pedantically lumbers on. This *must* be an untrue representation of a country today so economically and politically prominent after its disintegration fifty years ago.

The exhibition certainly is an untrue representation of German Art—the show's advertised period omits the era of National Socialist Art. We are to understand that mainstream art produced by the Germans in Germany between the years 1933 and 1945 was not strictly 'German'. Yet 'German', when used by the 'Royal Academy', is an elastic term encompassing artists not born in Germany, merely working there for some period of their lives. Art produced by German artists in exile following the rise of fascism also is covered by the heading 'German'. But art produced by Germans in Germany for more than a decade, more than an eighth of the exhibition's time scan, under Hitler and with a profound, if malign impact on German Art (its influence is evident in many of the post 1945 exhibits) is not included in this

exhibition of German Art. The omission is almost being glossed over and left vague, the war slips by — one moment Grosz is laying into porky bankers and Oskar Schlemmer's Sculptures are ascending the Bauhaus stairway, the next Max Ernst and Kurt Schwiters in exile are covering for the rest and the war is over.

The Royal Academy's aim is admirable. 'We hope with a series of exhibitions to make good our debt to the artists of this country and bring a wealth of information and pleasure to the British public' (Roger de Grey). Yet the exhibitors are doing Germany a terrible disservice by omitting this most vital—and surely most immediately interesting—link in the chain of German Art. The aim of the exhibition seems to be to trace the evolution of themes and the development of state art. The works are arranged in movements or linked by dates, as the fulsome pamphlet explains; individual names are submerged almost as if they could not exist independently, having little merit save as part of the chain and as reflecting the mood of the German people. In excluding this art the organisers are denying the terms of the exhibition, 'to make good our debt to this country', and doing the Germans a positive disservice.

Surely National Socialist Art reflected ideals and aspirations by no means alien to a majority of German people. Is the depiction by the German Expressionists of women as whores and grotesques or projections of their own individual sexuality any more universally representative than the National Socialist depiction of the arms bearing Valkyrie? National Socialist Art, despite being 'propaganda' and therefore not true 'art for art's own sake', enshrines virtues such as hard work or devoted motherhood, promoting vigour, pugnacity and other associated 'warrior' qualities.

Perhaps it does take a brave sponsor, selector or president to put his name to any show which includes pictures of strapping Amazons striding through the meadows or carvings of over-muscled male Aryans striking warlike poses. Giles Auty suggests in *The Spectator*, with an implication of inside knowledge, that this emphasis is due to the selectors and sponsors, being interested in presenting a particular and not necessarily accurate picture of German Art and culture during the past fifty years. The Royal Academy emphasizes the very generous sponsorship for this exhibition by such international companies as Mercedes-Benz, Bosch, Siemens, Lufthansa, Melitta, Deutsche Bank and Becks Bier; it is later to be shown in Germany where the era of National Socialism is still a very sensitive, volatile subject.

The concept of what ultimately must be termed censorship is just as unpleasant as the concepts behind the art so desperately being suppressed: that the presentation of German Art and its development is not quite accurate but distorted in the hope it will pass unnoticed. The implications are that either history is being censored and rewritten, or that the Royal Academy has decided that anything so easily and instantly accessible to those who don't penetrate the R.A. and diligently pursue the slightly strained thread of continuity of the exhibition, is not quite 'Art' and will not be included within their walls. Roger de Grey wrote that the present enterprise is one that will 'determine our image over the years to come.' I hope not.



The 1985 awards for good sketch books were awarded as follows: Senior—no first prize awarded; second prizes of £15 to Juliet Carey, Karen Shoop and Julius Duthy. Junior—first prize of £30 to Mike Seed; second prizes of £15 to Adam Whybrew, Will Martin and Hiroshi Funaki.



witness; 'a modern history of South Africa' had been suggested by the accompanying posters.

They arrived. Having seen them a couple of days before in Holyrood Park, during a weekend carnival, on the back of a lorry chanting freedom songs and slapping 'wellies', I had some idea of what was to come but what I had not expected was the extraordinary atmosphere that filled the hall. This was not so much created by the, at times slow, but wonderfully deliberate reenactment of Soweto Street life, the student riots, or even the sparkling but sad trumpet, but by the realisation that everyone in the room had a common goal, with common ideals.

The feeling of unity was sharpened by the overtly political element of the show: Amandla are members of the African National Congress, and they drew on part of Nelson Mandela's 5-hour long speech taken from his trial (October 1963-June 1964). Planned sabotage is necessary, 'though not in a spirit of recklessness', but 'as a result of a calm and sober assessment of the situation, after many years of oppression and tyranny of my people by the whites'; as all other means of opposing the principle of white supremacy were 'closed by legislation, we had either to accept inferiority, or fight against it by violence. We chose the latter.'

The end of this excerpt was greeted by a thunderous explosion of applause, chanting, and an ovation; a temporary release from the build-up of emotion, basic in its origins—man's fundamental wish to be free.

A tribal dance concluded the show pulsating with primeval aggression and colour. We left, a stunned but wondrously hopeful, flowing body, tied by the chants still ringing in our ears. The reality of our situation was then brought to us by chinking buckets of loose change, newsletters, tee-shirts and badges. Was this all *we* could do, was this all *they* were aiming at, or was it simply a feast of colour?

The honest answer must be yes; we are limited as outsiders, not only by our actual inability to change South African life, but surely also by the realisation that South Africa must sort out its own problems in the end; so 'No!' to intervention. The true road to freedom, a peaceful multiracial state, one-man-one vote, was devised by a little man earlier this century whilst temporarily in South Africa. Violence is deplorable, whatever the cause, whatever the side: 'No victors, no vanquished—just victims.' The new union is surely the most promising step forward for years; goals to be gained by peaceful means—boycotts; fasting; marching to collect salt; burning books but not neighbours.

Amandla's Power

by Thomas Harding

In a recent declaration, ratified by P. W. Botha, the South African government stated this:

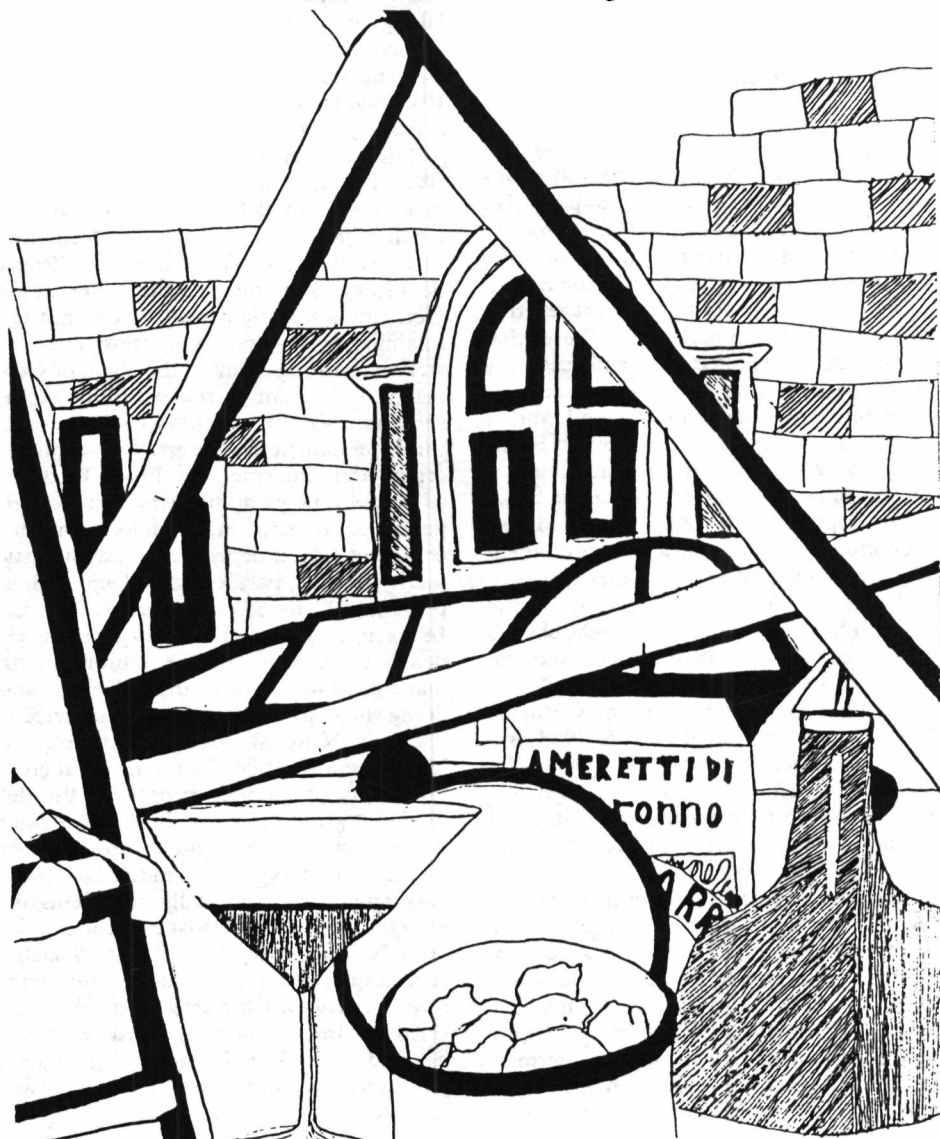
'If by "apartheid" is meant,

1. Political domination by any one community of any other.
2. The exclusion of any community from the decision-making process.
3. Injustice or inequality in the opportunities available for any community.
4. Racial discrimination and impairment of human dignity;

The South African government shares in the rejection of the concept.'

This preposterous claim insults the reader's and presumably also the writer's intelligence. Change is obviously required, however much the Botha government claims that unrest is due to Television film crews, or subversive activity; but how can change be brought about? Should the people of South Africa stand up en masse and shout 'NO!', or stand up throwing stones and petrol bombs at those both guilty and innocent of oppression? Perhaps external pressure might catalyse change, via trade restrictions and public opinion?

Recently, I was up in Edinburgh for the festival. A group or 'ensemble' called 'Amandla'—the Africans for 'power'—were performing in the Assembly Rooms in front of a packed house who shifted nervously, unsure of what they were about to



Features

John Baxter

When John Baxter came to Westminster in 1971 he was already an experienced schoolmaster with a reputation both as a History teacher and as a sportsman. He had taught at Cranleigh and Christ's College, New Zealand, and had made his mark as a talented hockey player and cricketer. It is not surprising therefore that at Westminster he has filled so many important posts and that these in turn should have led to a headmastership.

John became Head of the History Department in 1977. As a member of the Department I can testify to the quietly efficient leadership that he gave. As a teacher he was equally at home with Oxbridge historians and with the lower school. Indeed it has always been one of his strengths that he does not regard himself as too grand in any field to teach the less mature or the less interested. That was important to Westminster History at the time because there had been something of a tradition of regarding the subject as more suitable for the upper school. John made History popular rather than elitist.

Meanwhile he was also running the cricket and coaching the 1st XI. In some ways this was a more demanding task than running the History. Cricket on the contrary has always had to struggle a bit to match the standard of its opponents. John led by example. He was a good cricketer and encouraged the boys to aim high. To say that he nursed Westminster cricket through some difficult years may seem like damning with faint praise but it is really a high compliment because he maintained a good standard of 1st XI cricket in circumstances that might have discouraged a less resilient person.

In 1979 I asked John and Priscilla Baxter to take over Grant's. It was very much a team appointment and I acknowledge with gratitude just how much Priscilla has given to the house over the last six years. It was good to have a family in Grant's again and the family dimension was undoubtedly one of the important aspects of their tenure of the house.

John brought to housemastering the qualities he displayed in his other responsibilities; quiet efficiency, resilience, a conscientious concern for the individual and his problems. He and Priscilla were excellent hosts and were particularly successful in fostering relations with parents.

There cannot be many men in Westminster's history who have run a major Department, been responsible for a major sport and housemaster of the oldest boarding house apart from College. It is a record of responsibilities taken on and conscientiously carried out that any man could with justification take pride in. Wells Cathedral School, to which John now goes as headmaster, is fortunate to have a man of

such experience and achievement. From my knowledge of John Baxter, I believe he is a man who will grow in the job and that he and Priscilla will very much enjoy their new responsibilities. We wish them and their two sons, Jonathan and Mark, every happiness for their future in the west country.

John Rae

*

Dean Edward Carpenter

I doubt whether there has been in the history of the School a Dean who took a greater interest in the School's life than Edward Carpenter. Unlike some other Deans he regarded the close proximity of the School and the Abbey as enriching for both institutions. He enjoyed the friendships of many of the School community. He sent his two sons—David and Michael—to Westminster. He was for nearly a quarter of a century a Governor of the School and for the last eleven years he has been Chairman of the Governing Body.

How can I do justice to Edward's influence on the School without using language that he would think generous to the point of flattery? The trouble is that he possesses that rarest of Christian virtues—humility. He is therefore a disconcerting man to pay compliments to. I will try nevertheless and he will have to accept that what may sound to him like a eulogy is nothing more than the truth.

The Chairman of the Governors of a Great School requires political and diplomatic skills of a high order. If you are Chairman ex officio and what is more live on the spot, these skills will be more than usually in demand. Edward Carpenter combined these skills with Christian charity and personal warmth in such a way that he was able to resolve the various and complex crises that punctuate the life of an institution. Much of what he did for the School was not seen. Indeed it was probably not known except by the individuals directly involved. But the happiness and harmony of the School community owed a great deal to his sensitive interventions.

While Edward intervened when asked to do so and to such good effect, he never interfered. How tempting it must have been! 600 Westminsters, noted for liveliness rather than decorum, swirling round your door, visitors caught in the last moment rush to get into Morning Abbey, cases left in the cloisters and mistaken for bombs—there were opportunities enough for complaints but they never came. In their place there was support and understanding. And the School which we discussed together was always kept in perspective, our conversations not infrequently side-tracked by consideration of Byron's letters or of the implications of the Kantian imperative. For Edward, conversation was a way of sharing ideas and feelings not of displaying his own breadth of learning.

But it was his breadth of learning and

wide sympathies that have distinguished him from many other prominent men. He held firm convictions—on pacifism for example—but was never dogmatic. In recent years he spoke eloquently not least to the School at Latin Prayers on the dangers of the new fundamentalism which he saw as the principal threat to rational thought. He believed that the School's most precious heritage was a tradition of liberality and tolerance and he cared passionately that that tradition should be upheld. If Westminster remains a civilised School, Edward Carpenter deserved more of the credit than the casual historian may realise.

Edward Carpenter retired as Dean and consequently as Chairman of the Governing Body of Westminster School on the 30th November 1985. He and his wife, Lillian, have gone to live in Richmond. To say that Westminster is not the same without them both is only to underline what is obvious to all who know and love this community. Our gratitude to them is deep and lasting. We wish them both every happiness in retirement—a word which seems singularly inappropriate for two such original and open-minded people. For us, glimpses of the past eleven years linger: Edward peering quizzically at the scholar who kneels before him on the steps of the Sacarium seeking entry to the Foundation; Edward presenting a Golden Guinea and telling the School that the Greaze reminds him of Thomas Hobbes's description of life as 'nasty, brutish and short'; Edward in Ashburnham Garden after Election Dinner, ideas pouring brilliantly forth long after most of the guests had gone exhausted to their beds. It will never be quite the same again.

John Rae

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Seeing a Queen

by Andy Spicer

This was certainly a story I would tell back home around a good meal of hot dogs and fries. Here I was, an American, dressed in a morning suit and a long, white, angelic robe, about to participate in the opening of the General Synod of the Church of England. Though it was snowing that Tuesday morning, I was excited. This would probably be my only chance to see a Queen



Tom Manderson

in person. (As you know, America does not have a Queen—not even Nancy Reagan or Madonna.) I checked once more the bow tie someone else had tied for me and walked towards Westminster Abbey.

My job was easy. During the opening ceremony, I would be among the other Westminster boys leading the representatives of a particular diocese to their seats in the Abbey. My diocese was St. Albans. I had no idea where St. Albans was. In fact, I had no idea what the General Synod of the Church of England was. Now I know it is the governing body of the Church of England, but then it would have been just another missed question in the English version of trivial pursuits. (What *is* the game Americans call checkers?) As I have done all year, I just pretended I knew what was going on.

Since I considered myself the only American ever to participate in this prestigious event, I wanted to uphold the honour of my country. I did not want to trip. I wanted to blend in. I wanted to look English. Fortunately, I knew my morning jacket was as British as it could be—I had borrowed it that weekend from Dr. Rae himself. (I'm a little bigger around the shoulders, but not too much.) Since I also did not have to say anything in my coarse accent I thought I could survive the ceremony unnoticed.

It turned out to be more difficult than I thought. After I found St. Albans' place in the line of dioceses, I noticed there was no bishop in the congregation behind me. All the other Westminster boys seemed to get bishops. My immediate reaction was that mine did not come because he knew I was American. No, the rest of St. Albans said, he probably just got caught in the traffic. My God, a bishop in the traffic? I guess it happens to everyone.

Even without a bishop, I still thought I could make it unnoticed. I walked slowly down the cloisters of the Abbey, proudly holding my St. Albans placard in front of me. Then I saw it! A pen spiralled to the ground somewhere in the audience. My instincts took over. I wanted to dive to the ground, yell 'Fumble! Fumble!' and shove the pen safely to my chest. Fortunately I realized I was in England. 'Rugby, not football,' I repeated to myself. This sickening thought calmed me down, and I managed to continue. Without a mishap, I finally sat my bishopless diocese down.

I breathed a sigh of relief and congregated with the rest of the Westminster School shepherds at the back of the Abbey. Our job was finished, but the Queen had not yet arrived, so around 15 of us decided to stay. We wangled ourselves up to a balcony alongside the Dean of Westminster's house and there awaited the Queen. Expecting the blare of 100 trumpets to announce Her Majesty's arrival, I almost missed her as she snuck in unceremoniously. I looked down and there she stood. All I felt was how boring it must be for the Queen to attend ceremony after ceremony like this.

I felt sorry about my reaction. Before I came to England, my parents had told me, 'Andy, you are going to England. England

is a land of history and tradition. Take advantage of that.' (They also told me not to call toilets bathrooms.) I have certainly learned to ask for the toilet now, but, unfortunately, I have not fully understood the implications of history and tradition. As you can tell, I didn't feel anything special about seeing the Queen. I don't feel anything special every time I walk into Westminster Abbey even though it is over 600 years old. I don't know if it is my nationality, my age, or my personality, but the words history and tradition seem abstract to me. Perhaps this year in England, 'a country of history and tradition', will help me to ground these abstract words into something concrete. I hope so.

I would hate it to seem as if my dilemma is a trait of all 'Americans'. There are 250 million people across the Atlantic, and they differ among themselves as much as people differ here. It scares me that I, and the other Americans at Westminster, may represent 'America' to some people. There is no single 'American' that can be easily generalised, and all I can do in a piece like this is to describe my own, and not my country's, feelings.

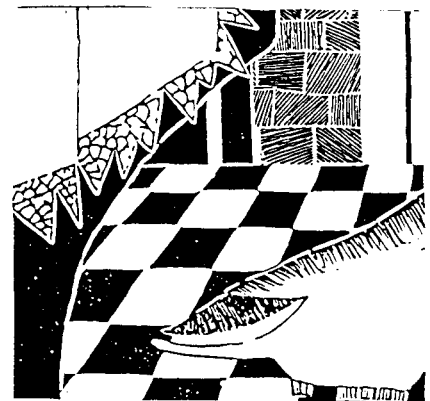
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All Hill Breaks Loose

by Alec Charles

Geoffrey Hill's 'Collected Poems', in 'King Penguin'

When each separate volume of Geoffrey Hill's poetry cost as much as their collected number in the new 'King Penguin' edition, the incitement to purchase was not only the high quality paper and the thickly glossy cover: it was also the feeling that, since, at those prices, you don't buy a Geoffrey Hill book every other day, you might as well take your time about reading the thing. Whether as an 'A' level text or for private consumption, the likes of 'Mercian Hymns' and 'King Log' were tomes considered full and rich in their thirty or sixty pages. Those days now are past with the issuing, by the monarch of the Penguins, of that 207 page collection of Hill's five books—'For the Unfallen', 'King Log', 'Mercian Hymns', 'Tenebrae' and 'The Mystery of the Charity of Charles



Oliver Price

Peguy'—along with a series of three new poems under the umbrella of 'Hymns to Our Lady of Chartres'. And jolly indigestible that lot is, in its intensity and density of bleakness, a phrase that springs confusingly to mind. To try to read Geoffrey Hill's 'Collected Poems' in one go (or in one month) could be to discourage your interest in contemporary verse for many years to come (despite Hill's position as 'the best poet writing in England', Tony Harrison obviously being away in America when that was written). The collection is, as Hill would say, plenty. It is more than enough.

Regarding the menagerie of Hill's collection, one is reminded somewhat of '81's publication by Faber of a collected Sylvia Plath, arranged year by year to present, as it was billed, 'a revelation not only in terms of a developing talent but in the juxtaposition of already famous poems adding a dimension which is sometimes startling'. Taken as a whole, Hill's progress does seem startling, when one sees his latest poetry as so much less than startling (and barely interesting). 'The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Peguy' alludes to literary and historical trifles that certainly elude me. With its self-referentiality (to Peguy and perhaps also to 'Mercian Hymns'), 'Hymns to our Lady of Chartres' is far too obscure to be taken seriously. Hill managed to retain sense through most of 'Tenebrae', despite incessant quotation; it seems that his tendency towards the obscurer and more allusive side of metaphysics has finally got the better of him. Still, the collected Hill does give us two and two half books of his best verse for the price of one.

I must admit to finding his first book, 'For the Unfallen', to be too religious for my tastes; it is self-consciously archaic, almost technically conformist, and lacks the humour of its two successors. Heavy and doom-laden would be the best description of its best (and also most representative) poem, 'Merlin', which considers 'the outnumbering dead' in their 'raftered galleries of bone'. 'Funeral Music' is, characteristically, the sequence central to 'King Log', but more interesting and more powerful are the poems which discuss Nazi Germany (a favourite theme, to return in 'Tenebrae's' 'Christmas Trees' with 'Bonhoeffer in his skylit cell', here best explored in 'Ovid in the Third Reich' and Hill's best-known poem, 'September



Oliver Wicks

Song') and also the lengthy sequence that dominates the latter half of the volume: 'The Songbook of Sebastian Arrurruruz'. The 'Songbook', explains the original edition (but not the Penguin), 'represents the work of an apocryphal Spanish poet'. It is Arrurruruz that prepares us for Hill's most ambitious and successful work, 'Mercian Hymns':

"One cannot lose what one has not possessed."

So much for that abrasive gem.

I can lose what I want. I want you.'

It also includes Hill's first two prose poems. 'Mercian Hymns' is all prose poetry, but not merely the echoes of Eliot that the Arrurruruz pair appear. Hill's claim to be 'haunted by the depth of the English language' is at its most evident here. 'King Log' certainly featured wordplay; the Hymns feature 'moldywarp'. Writes Hill of the English language: 'I love its sensuous beauty and try to be alert to its perils; but this notion that some people seem to have, of computer-like cleverness, I find most disturbing'. He denies using what he terms 'slide-rule calculation'; yet consider this second poem of the sequence, on the naming of Offa, its prime mover and the King of Mercia:

'A pet-name, a common name. Best-selling brand, curt grafitto. A laugh;

a cough. A syndicate. A specious gift. Scoffed-at horned phonograph.

'The starting cry of a race. A name to conjure with.'

There certainly seems the precision of calculation, but that alone would be worthless. The later poems lack not only such definition, but also the sense of humour that hangs over Mercia. Even that book's notes have their lighter moments; on the line, 'I was invested in mother-earth', the note that:

'To the best of my recollection, the expression "to invest in mother-earth" was the felicitous (and correct) definition of "yird" given by Mr Michael Hordern in the programme 'Call My Bluff' televised on BBC2 on Thursday January 29th 1970.'

The 'King Penguin' amends 'Mr Michael Hordern' to 'Sir...'. Sadly, the new edition's notes for all five books are cramped into the volume's closing pages. The difference between an Arden and a Penguin Shakespeare, really.

'Tenebrae' is the final half-book of good poetry, but nowhere is there that light touch of humour that we had by now come to expect from Mr. Hill. Even here, however, a joy shines through the darkness—bleak it may be, dull it is not. Its most

powerful sequence concerns the 'crucified lord' who 'swims upon the cross'. It's not laughs all the way (neither was 'Mercian Hymns' with its flesh leaking rennet everywhere), but is it, like the Hymns, primarily celebratory. 'Lachrimae', as the sequence in question is called, or 'Seven tears figured in seven passionate Pavans', shows what you must keep in mind if attempting to work through Hill's 'Collected Poems'—that, as Laurence Binyon wrote in 'For the Fallen', the title upon which Hill based his first book's title:

'There is music in the midst of desolation

And glory that shines upon our tears.'



Rory MacFarquhar

ALASKA 1985

The upper Noatak River valley, in the Gates of the Arctic National Park of arctic Alaska, is a mountainous region of one of the largest remaining wildernesses on Earth. During a few short summer months the great river meanders sluggishly across the tundra which has become a brief riot of colour and life.

For five weeks in 1985 a party of four masters and ten boys from Westminster shared this explosion of light and movement with the roaming caribou and grizzly bears and also, as the nights' daylight gave way to twilight, witnessed the changing colours of a brief autumn and the first snows of a new arctic winter.

This was probably the most ambitious expedition that Westminster has ever organised; it was certainly the most far-flung and the most expensive. On its return all the members contributed to a lengthy report which has been widely distributed to the many people and organisations who helped to make the expedition possible. The extracts which follow paint a few small pictures of some of the varied and exciting experiences that were had in arctic Alaska.

plane. Otherwise there is not a sound. Behind me, the gravel of the airfield stretches off, deserted and cold, glistening with frost. My breath steams in the air. Away on the horizon, above the trees, the mountains glow pink, lit by a sun that just cannot make it down, a sun unable to keep away from Bettles, so that dusk slips into dawn without a darkness and the mountains glow pink for hours.

This is Bettles at its silent best, but it is an odd town, a town of extremes. A sign by the runway announces to those passing through:

WELCOME TO BETTLES FIELD

ALASKA

35 MILES NORTH OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

POPULATION 51

ELEVATION 843'

LOWEST RECORDED TEMP 1975

-70°

HIGHEST RECORDED TEMP

JULY 1955 92°

HIGHEST RECORDED SNOW-

FALL 116.6 in

AVERAGE ANNUAL MEAN

TEMPERATURE 21°

Much of the year, ridiculous cold, endless darkness and mind-numbing boredom;



I'm sitting on a pile of lumber by a lake peering out into the morning mist of Bettles Field, Alaska. Across the water, the gloom of a forest is just visible through the whiteness. The drifting mass is silent, and except for this, nothing moves. I can hear the snoring of a couple of hunters, asleep in the tent they've pitched under the wing of their

most of the rest, mosquitoes, twenty-four hour sunlight and frenetic activity. It is a barren, two-mile clearing of gravel in the spruce forest that stretches in an almost unbroken ring over the continents from Alaska to Siberia. Across this island in the wilderness, the locals drive in pick-up trucks. Big bearded men in baseball caps, mirrored sunglasses, check shirts and filthy jeans pull up outside the one bar and saunter in, to drink beer and smoke and mutter to each other. Indians roll by with their entire families heaped in the back, the kids staring out wide-eyed, uncomprehending—like a scene out of Steinbeck; the dispossessed searching for a new life, on the road.

Which is odd, because Bettles does not have a road. It is impossible to drive to or from. The 'main drag' is a dirt track which stretches from the bar four hundred yards into the forest, where the furthest cabin lies. There it stops, engulfed by the trees. There is nowhere else to go. Bettles is the last place in the world you need a car, and yet everyone owns one.

Most of the inhabitants also own planes and almost everybody learns how to fly. There are fourteen cabins in the village and while we are there more than twice that number of planes parked on the airfield or floating on the lake. Air travel is a part of Alaskan life, many of the settlements being completely inaccessible by road or rail, but in Bettles it is life, for the village has no industry or agriculture at all. It is simply a staging-post on the way to the Wilderness.

Hunters and fishermen and tourists—successful businessmen from Hawaii and Florida with cameras and bellies and wives in mauve Crimplene trousers out for a Wilderness Experience—stop off there, taking a breather before the final plunge into 'the Heart of the Immense Darkness'. Bettles is a town where people stop for a drink or a meal, or maybe a shower if they can afford it—at four dollars a go cleanliness doesn't come cheap. Some even spend the night, waiting for the next plane to arrive, but nobody actually stays there—Bettles is in no way a goal in itself. It is in on the edge but it is not a Frontier Town; this steady stream of outsiders seems to have saved it from that—from alcoholism, drugs, violence and suicide that plagues many of Alaska's remote villages.

It is another outpost of the American Way, where the television blares all day long and the cheeseburgers are flown in from Fairbanks. None of us are sorry to leave.

The flight out is pleasant, but forgettable—endless vistas of rolling forest-covered hills, no clouds above or rock below, just perfect blue and perfect green. Many of these hills are in fact higher than Ben Nevis, but from our height they look soft and forgiving—and boring. This is not what we came here for. We want to get on, to reach our destination.

We haven't reckoned on Iniakuk Lodge. Packing our gear on a soft sandy beach, kayaks on the water, the sun blazing down, sweet sticky breezes drifting through the trees, fish jumping on the lake and 'Summertime' running through my head. Food

on a great table: muffins, eggs, ham and moose, platters of brownies and cookies and pots of thick coffee steaming on the stove, and a little hope stirs, that maybe that plane won't ever come and we'll be stranded here for always.

It does and the dream vanishes and, half-reluctant, half-excited, we're on our way again, flying over the green. The land is changing, though. Four thousand feet below us, the Arrigetch Peaks unfold like the surface of Mars. All traces of life rapidly disappear and suddenly, where the forests were a few minutes before, there is rock and rock and nothing else—vast echoing amphitheatres of dark grim stone, massive sweeping faces, crumbling battlements and impossible spires: and here and there tiny frozen lakes, dirty glaciers and patches of snow in gullies where, even in the Land of the Midnight Sun, the warmth and light never penetrate. Above all, though, the rock, cold, grey, and very, very hostile.

Up in our plane, to the roar of the engines and the rushing of the wind, we shout and point and take pictures. Then, as the rock goes on and on, we huddle up in our duvets and grin weakly and wonder why we're here.

Finally the scene changes and life returns to the landscape below. The forests have gone, that carpet of green has disappeared. Instead there is tundra, less vibrant, almost

starved—looking nothing like as lush as Iniakuk. There are rivers too, great snaking mirrors, lazily meandering towards the distant coasts, taking it slow and easy, doubling back on themselves; and everywhere lakes, and glittering pools of cloud and sky. The mountains here, the Schwatka, steep and unforgiving but softer with the tundra and less alien than the Arrigetch.

We drop down soon, and circle round one of the lakes, skimming in a few feet off the water, then up and round again for the final approach. Down we go, closer and closer until floats hit surface, water sprays and we glide smoothly into the shore.

We clamber out, inch precariously along the wing, pause on the tip, then jump. And we're there, standing on the soft earth, gazing at the splendour, seeing and hearing and sensing the space and the emptiness, aware for the first time of the essence of Alaska—amazed and faintly bewildered. The journey at last is over and we have arrived.

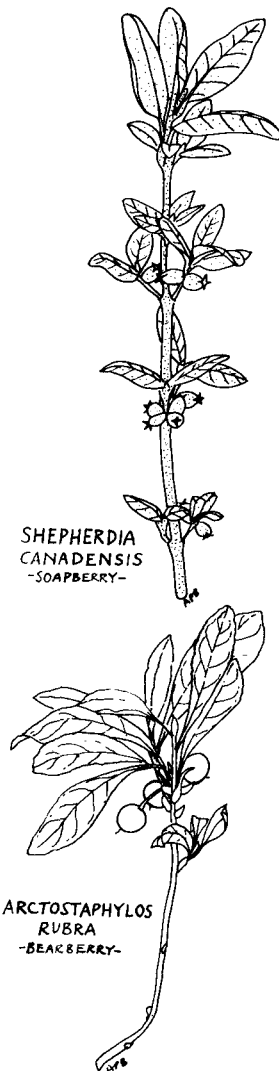
(Luke Alvarez)

Fishing in Alaska is now recognised as superior to any other in the world, promising unfished lakes and unexplored rivers abounding in red salmon (*Onchorhynchus nerka*), Dolly Varden (*Salvelinus malma*), arctic char (*Salvelinus alpinus*) and bears, to name but a few. While we were in the country the official catch of commercial salmon passed the million-ton mark. Recognising the tourist potential of this natural resource, special fishing lodges have sprung up throughout the state; planes take the lucky fishermen to otherwise inaccessible areas. This is one of the reasons why our supplier, Bernd Gaedeke, lives where he does, perched far above the Arctic Circle, hundreds of miles from anywhere except some of the most exciting fishing in the world.

With this prospect the expedition became most alluring, offering opportunities few anglers could ever experience. The reason why Alaska is so abundant in fish becomes apparent when flying the five hundred miles up to the Brooks Range from Anchorage. We passed numerous lakes, of which Alaska is said to have three billion.

Arriving at Iniakuk Lodge we encountered an enormous lake harbouring the elusive splendours of lake trout (*Salvelinus namaycush*). A better indication of the fishing opportunities offered by these northern lakes was demonstrated inside the lodge where trophy fish, including northern pike (*Esox lucius*), lake trout and arctic char occupied vast areas of wall. If this were not enough, two guests had returned the previous day displaying arctic char up to twelve pounds.

One of the cardinal lessons of fishing, as with the wilderness itself, is to resist making assumptions. Literally surrounded by fish, it was hard not to imagine barbecued fresh trout providing our diet for the next four weeks. Yet our proposed destination had not been chosen specifically for its fishing potential and this became still more evident when we landed at our Base Camp on the opposite side of the Continental Di-



vide to Iniakuk Lodge. The lakes here were not a deep blue with rivers passing through them, hence ensuring fish life. Instead they were often relatively barren and shallow, carved from the valley floor by retreating glaciers and hardened by the permafrost which reduces soil drainage.

It took many fruitless fishing trips from our clumsy and disintegrating rubber dinghy to affirm those suppressed fears that supper was going to be harder to catch than I had envisaged. Toward the end of our stay it emerged that several lakes in the valley, about a day's walk away, contained some very large lake trout. Their inaccessibility made the possibility of fishing almost inconceivable. Also, due to the particularly hot weather we experienced, the lake trout and northern pike tended to retreat into the deeper water, only emerging from the depths in the cool of the night, making their fishing an even more gruelling and impossible task.

Frustration was further compounded by those most unobliging furry creatures, the grizzly bears, whose constant presence and love of fresh fish made two-man trips out of the question. Only in a foursome could we fish—with only one rod this meant that three people had to be found who were prepared to sacrifice their time to 'trail along the river bank'.

After a week without making any fish connection several members began to feel the disappointment of this gap in diet whilst failing to appreciate the subtlety and art so natural to fishermen. With insults to the art of a sport still buzzing in my head I determined to explore the pools of the Kugrak River, a large stream which emerged into the Noatak Valley some two miles from Base Camp. I determined to redress myself and the sport. After only a single day I realised the extent of my folly, for whilst the lakes were barren the rivers were abounding in beautiful arctic grayling (*Thymallus arcticus*), distinctive by the green and red spotted shield protruding on the fanned dorsal fin.

As we walked along these clear deep blue pools small shadows could be seen usually in predictable 'lies'—like the confluence of a fast and slow stream with the fish swimming easily in the slow water, occasionally moving out into the rapids to take a passing insect or similar edible. The excitement of stalking these particular fish was compounded by being able to see them chase the spinner, a shiny hooked piece of metal shaped like the head of a spoon, before either turning away or snagging their mouths on the vicious treble hook which lurks unseen behind.

In the smaller rivers these fish tend to average three-quarters of a pound or twelve to thirteen inches long, often being seven to eight years old. As the hot weather continued and the river level fell, these fish either congregated in the deepest pools or returned downstream to the larger Noatak where they could await winter and the enclosing of their existence. At the confluence of rivers where there is also a very deep pool, fish gather in large shoals, revealing themselves in tell-tale splashes as they chase the fisherman's curse in Alaska—the

mosquitoes.

One memorable day we were able to fish the Kugrak-Noatak confluence and, although short of time, managed to pull four grayling from the pool whilst losing an enormous three-pound fish. At this point the food is more plentiful and the fish are about half a pound larger than in the shallow creeks.

During the closing stages of our stay in the Noatak Valley I was given the chance to go with three friends west along the Noatak to the confluence of the next large river, the Igning, with the Noatak. Bernd Gaedeke sometimes flew his guests here to fish for arctic char, the salmon of the northern rivers. Swimming 350 miles against the dangerous current of the Noatak is a feat which makes one feel ashamed to recall our taking of two of these beautiful fish, of five and four pounds.

Fresh from the rivers they have a green sheen across their sides dotted with pink and orange haloes, otherwise they are predominantly silver, closely resembling salmon. Cooking all the fish we caught presented many problems—although we had the foresight to take two rolls of aluminium foil which made baking the fish under a wood fire by far the most effective method. Other attempts included toasting grayling over the fire impaled on V-shaped twigs or just frying the cut-up meat in a billy-can. Both species of fish—grayling and char—are very tasty, especially when prepared with blueberries or bearberries as do the Alaskan Eskimos. However the grayling have particularly unpalatable scales which need to be scraped off before eating.

Bears present a particularly tricky problem when handling fresh fish—a danger emphasised by a postcard seen in Fairbanks showing a fisherman surrounded by three bears in various poses under the caption 'Fishing in Alaska'. In fact they have adapted to the influx of tourists by learning when a fisherman is playing a fish and how easily to scare him away. Fortunately we had no such experience even though a bear walked through our camp and fishing area on the very day that we caught the arctic char.

The type of tackle I used was largely determined by the weight I could pack and the potential problem of carrying a six-foot rod everywhere was solved using two telescopic rods which when compressed were barely a foot long.

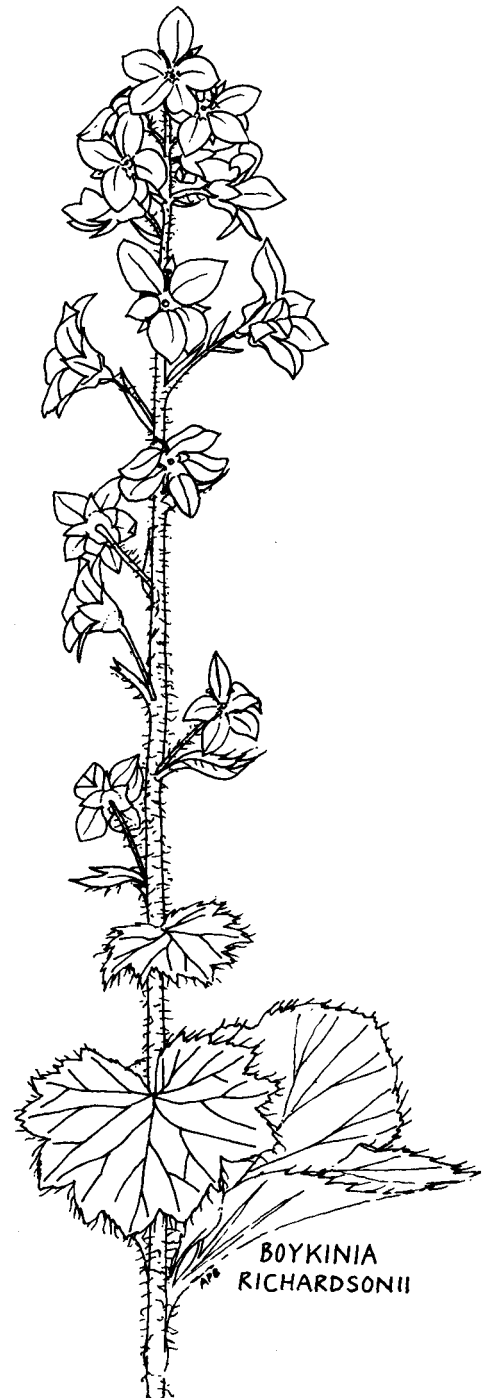
My method of fishing was spinning, one of the simplest and most effective for game fish. The spinner consists of a small metal bar which, when pulled through the water, spins to form the shape of a fish. This proved a very effective method although the arctic grayling tended to attack the spinner or chase it through the pools, occasionally snagging their mouths, but usually just knocking it with their noses. This form of fishing was otherwise chosen because it needed a limited amount of tackle that is both easy and light to carry.

Fishing provided one of the greatest challenges to me on the trip—providing endless hours of frustration and excitement compounded by the breathtaking scenery

and sense of adventure associated with searching hidden lakes and rivers.

(Simon Reid)

'There's a bear!' The well-like emptiness rushed into my belly. The adrenalin bubbled in my stomach, sapping the strength from my legs. Oh God, not a bear! 'Sane but suffering'—the last words of a victim of a bear attack. A pleasant reminder of what could happen. I looked up, and there, in the stream, the chestnut-brown of the glistening rich and flowing coat, the huge body, strolling across the river, those huge paws splashing, the bull-like head. Instinctively the hands go for the bells and the jangling begins. We must close up, we must keep walking, we must not run whatever we feel. Philip welded us into the National Park code. The bear saw us—the horrible moment of anticipation. Would it attack us?



BOYKINIA
RICHARDSONII

Like a skinhead gang it walked on the other pavement, up-valley on the bank, eyeing us up. Keep ringing those bells! God, I hope it doesn't do anything! It came towards us, turning head-on, across the river. This was it! Play dead, that's the next stage. And hope, the stage after. But it ran, turned up-valley and powered away around a bend and disappeared. Relief flooded into us and the atmosphere was cleared. . . .

The nightmare came! Another bear—up on the bank. The chasm inside fell away again and the jittering returned, churned, weakening the already tired legs. High up on the scrubbed bank in the thick, high shrub, the grizzled bear—straw-blonde, old and mean—sat. We had to keep going, jangling our bells, singing, letting it know that we were there, even though you just wanted to run to hide, to sink ostrich-like into the ground. Again those horrible moments of anticipation—only this time worse, much worse. For fifteen seconds we walked on the river bed, singing, shouting, jangling, looking up at the bear, which motionless looked back at us. Please run away! Don't come down, don't! It began to move back up the valley in the opposite direction. Maybe it was going. It began to drop down towards the river. Grizzly, nine feet long, three feet wide, a rugged coat of ageing fur, bulking out its already massive size. The mean, wrinkled face and bull head—the jaws. It dropped down into the river bed, now one hundred yards away. We had to turn now and wait. Those horrible moments of terror: the stories of maulings, deaths and maimings—you remember them all. It crossed the river, the powerful muscles of the huge bulk trotting through the river. Eighty yards away now, directly behind us—or in front as we turned and faced it, helpless. That was the worst—the helplessness: you could not run, you could not fight, if it decided to attack, you could do nothing—only play dead and hope. Panic was setting in—the prospect of death was unnerving. The bear was now at our tracks, eighty yards away, when suddenly it turned and fled. It must have smelt us. For a while a half-relief swept over us, closing up that internal chasm, but the second bear was no coincidence. This valley was bear-infested and there was no possibility of camping in it. The homely gravel bars we had seen from the col were out of the question.

(Anthony King)

Alex and I were making supper—raw vegetableburgers!—whilst Simon and John were by the river burning away the last remains of the fish. I looked up from stirring the 'Hearty Tomato Chowder' and watched the brown fuzzy shape descend from the bank where our tents were pitched, to the gravel bars of the Igning River about seventy yards away. A couple of seconds dragged reluctantly by until recognition hit me. Picking up a pan lid and a spoon, I shouted: 'A grizzly, Alex!'

While making as much noise as we could with any available pots and pans, we screamed at the bear and the other two who were returning from burning the fish. At 30

first they thought we were just being impatient, with supper ready, but soon saw the brown bear.

In fact he was quite small compared to the one we had seen the day before—only about six or seven feet long—a sub-adult! For a moment I thought he might feel threatened with two humans on either side, hurling insults. He acknowledged our presence with a long yawn, and disappeared into the scrub.

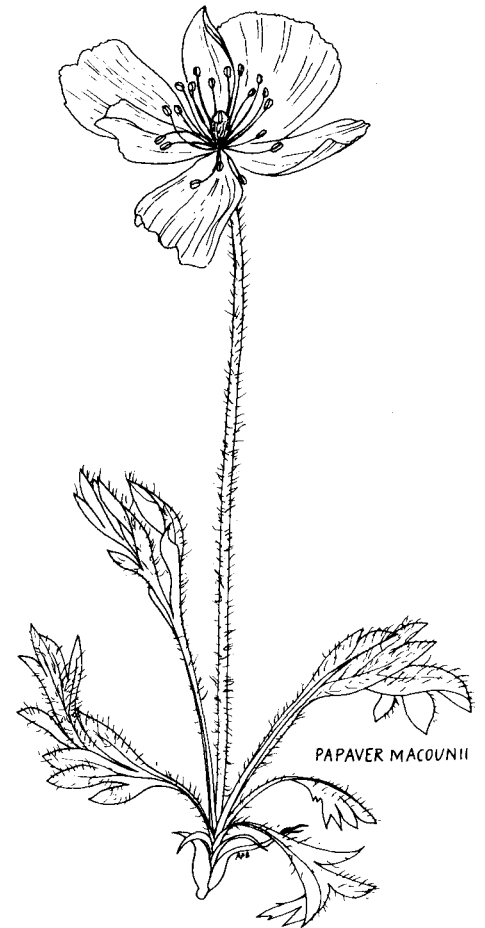
With the knowledge that a bear had passed between our two tents, sleep didn't come too easily to me.

(Nick Maisey)

There were another few hundred feet of climbing to the ridge and the first real chance to rest from the exhausting grind of the steep relentless tundra slope. The heat sweltered up inside, sending sweat streaming down the reddened, strained faces, dripping stinging into blurred eyes and blotching T-shirts with dark patches; a testimony to the steepness of the climb and a sedentary life in London. We slogged on, knowing that the ridge must come, but the skyline and a proper rest for panting lungs seemed ever distant. The slope began, imperceptibly at first, to slacken and the grey-green skyline lowered, revealing more and more hot blue sky and then, finally, horizons of distant ridges. Our first intimate view of the Brooks Range! The valley below fell away in a lawn-like sweep down to the gorge of Oyukak Creek which, over the centuries, had stripped a scar of tundra from the valley bottom, leaving a grey, gravel laceration. The creek embroidered its way intricately, silver and sparkling, through the gravel. The mountains rose sharply up from the creek, forming an imposing wall-like, buttressed ridge which led our gaping eyes up to the radiant, bald ice dome of Oyukak Mountain itself. As we looked down over the dreadful ascent, the far side of the Kugrak Valley was hemmed by a skirt of sandy-coloured rocks which ran rampart-like along, above the river, blocking off the grassier slopes which led to the ridges above. This pattern was broken by two grey-white limestone ridges which ran off peaks standing back from the valley. Their jagged edges cut downwards towards the Kugrak, their sides grooved and grafted into surreal towers and rock funnels, shadowed black on white.

We were in the Brooks Range, seventy-five miles north of the Arctic Circle, 220 miles from the Barents Sea: in a 'last true wilderness'. This is where we were to live and climb for the next five weeks, in the seemingly endless expanse of tundra and mountains.

Scouring through the dusty bookshelves of the historic Alpine Club, we eventually picked out the odd article hidden in a mass of American Alpine Club Journals which described expeditions to the Brooks Range. Most talked of the desperate and dramatic rock-climbing in the wonderful Arrigetch Peaks where routes of VS standard and upwards were pioneered. Somewhat out of our technical reach, they still provided us with a feel of where we were going, a ten-



PAPAVER MACOUNII

uous link with the wilderness of the Noatak Valley and the Schwatka Mountains we had chosen. Interspersed with these articles were a couple of reports of ascents of Mount Igikpak, at 8510' the most impressive and largest mountain in our region. However, although the descriptions intrigued us, they were not actually that useful. The Arrigetch Peaks, stunning though their rock spires and walls are, were at least fifty miles from the Base Camp while even Igikpak with its jagged outline and striped black and white face which was clearly visible on many days, would be a full three days' hike from our Base Camp. It was too technically difficult for us anyway. No, there had been nothing written about our area: we were going in totally blind and any route we were going to try was going to be exclusively our route.

To anyone used to climbing in Britain, with his bookshelves full of walking, scrambling, climbing guides, his detailed maps with a spider's web of lines marking footpaths and the usual Piccadilly-like atmosphere of a day in the British hills, the prospect of finding his own route, of seeing no-one, and above all doing peaks, however technically easy, which had never been done before, would be a chance in a lifetime, a pioneering opportunity that would excite even the most cynical climber.

I certainly relished the prospect of the unknown. The method was as simple as it was exciting: we saw a peak, studied a map, the distances and the contours, and conceived an image of the peak's features. From this image feasible routes were worked out. Scrutinising a ridge, with bin-



SALIX
ARCTICA



SALIX POLARIS (LEFT) S. RETICULATA (RIGHT)

oculars if we had them, we tried to find a route—around gendarmes and towers, headwalls and gullies, until a route had been accepted as being worth an attempt. As we strode out the next day for the base of the proposed ridge, for the first hour, our minds turned back again and again to the nagging question: did the ridge make sense? Had we overlooked something? Doubts and questions which never entered our minds in England, where the trench-like eroded paths like conveyor belts led us mechanically to the tops in our hundreds. It was these very doubts that made the achievement of reaching the summit so satisfying, even if the climb itself was no more than a hill walk, reminiscent maybe of a day in the Lake District. When we reached a summit it had been our work, our study, our expertise which had got us there, not the achievement of a pioneer in the nineteenth century and the subsequent labour of thousands of walkers who had provided us with a route and a path. This was the attraction of the Brooks Range and must always be the beauty of this enormous and yet enigmatic chain.

(Anthony King)

The day so far had been fairly easy, as days went, and even after a large supper we all moped around the camp with faces turned towards the cloud. Would we go? The idea had been that during the hours of continuous light, we should climb a mountain and be on its summit at midnight and so see the sun sink and move slowly across the northern wastes of Alaska. But the weather over the last few days had been steadily worsening and large storm clouds lay over the mountains to the south, the sky being overcast. There was no point in climbing a mountain at 'night' without being able to see any sun at the top, so we all sat and hoped. By 2030 a decision had been made,

and as the clouds had seemed to break slightly, we decided to go ahead and we had left by 2115. The first hour seemed endless; I was constantly striding upwards, having to push each step, legs deadening, shoulders aching. Brief glimpses of a clearing sky kept me going, a valley veiled in pink with tongues of fiery mist rising from lakes and rivers was a poor preview of what was to follow. The final push up to the summit seemed daunting, a slag tip of scree and boulders rose from the grassy shoulder, sheep picked their way high above, their position given in the twilight by the constant rattle of falling stones. Again a great effort to carry on up, each step a fight, only the thought of the top coming closer with each stride gave me energy. The summit came all of a sudden, deadened senses could hardly believe it was over. Ahead lay a short ridge, beyond the red orb of a dying sun over the crests and pinnacles to the north. Two figures stood silhouetted against the glowing fire, two thin wisps of cloud hung over the horizon as flaming burners. I was proud, I felt like crying. This is what Alaska was for me.

(Mark Chapman)

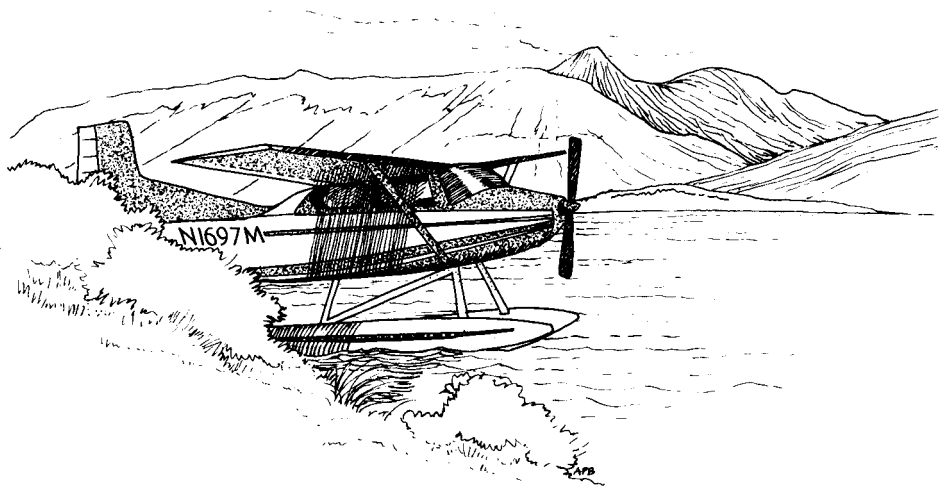
I first really registered that winter was coming as I sat eating my supper getting rapidly soaked, with my waterproof in the tent a hundred yards away. The coming of winter presented us with practical and psychological problems but was also in some ways a relief. Having existed for three and half weeks in temperatures averaging in the high seventies we were unprepared for the change in weather. No longer being able to rely on the weather meant that better organisation was needed all round—both by individuals and within the group. At last we all became thankful for the thick woollies we had previously been cursing and took to carrying our waterproofs in easily reached pockets. Thankfully we were not subjected to endless days of rain and still managed to be out and about, even if not terribly successfully. In fact, while we remained in small groups the weather was no great problem and arrangements for both expeditioning and eating were easily made.

A difficulty arose when we were all in Base Camp together. The practical and

psychological problems were combined. Not surprisingly, being stuck in a tent all day induces boredom—one can only read or write or play cards for so long—and this resulted in the day and everybody's minds being centred on food. This made a meal-time a real event! Lunch consisting of bread, cheese or meat and chocolate, was relatively easy and very successful when dealt with on a cafeteria basis, but supper especially was tricky. The difficulties inherent in cooking for fourteen people in the pouring rain as the ground you were kneeling on rapidly turned to a quagmire were manifold. However, largely due the good humour of the various cooks (and the ribald comments of their customers) even these few meals passed without any serious disaster and the weather was normally good enough to allow us time to dry out afterwards.

Coldness was not actually a problem until our journeys to the Alatna but an all-pervasive damp was, and whenever the rain stopped and the wind got up, Base Camp turned into an enormous washing-line as we attempted to dry ourselves and our gear out. Though nerves were inevitably frayed, good humour reigned throughout as people turned down their brains to cope with the boring hours between food and cracked half-serious jokes like: 'To think we committed ourselves to six weeks of this stuff!' It was partially the knowledge that *this* was standard Alaskan weather and that we had been tremendously lucky that buoyed our spirits.

The coming of winter thus marked the beginning of the end of the expedition. As everybody gathered at Base Camp on August 10 for the final trip to the Alatna Headwaters, the rain really seemed to set in and one of the most frustrating decisions we had to take was to delay leaving because of the weather. Worries about the rising level of the Noatak thankfully turned out to be unfounded and we did eventually set out a day late with autumn all around us. Not only was the Noatak very cold and the mountains all now capped with snow, when previously only Oyukak had been, but all around us the greens were turning to reds and browns and the sky was heavily overcast. After the Noatak crossing the three



groups split and made their own ways to the headwaters in their own fashion, either walking solidly through the drizzle or trying to wait the weather out in the spare day we had allowed ourselves for safety's sake.

Nobody knew what to expect at the Alatna Headwaters and the joy that was expressed at the sight of a cabin or two appearing over the horizon—civilisation!—was out of all proportion to the actual comforts offered, welcome though these were. Despite the log cabin we all felt the cold; the temperature dropped to 12°F one night. After a claustrophobic day inside wearing all the clothes we had, it was a great relief when the morning sun finally cleared the mist on Saturday August 17 and we could all escape outdoors.

Around us the Brooks Range scenery was at its most perfect. The lake shimmered in the pale sun and down the valley Craven's Peak rose massive and immovable, black rock capped in white. As we sprawled in the ever-reddening tundra the caribou moved through the valley on their annual migration south, practically ignoring our existence.

The buzz of the plane when it came was like the last lonely mosquito and as we passed away from the place we thought we knew so well already the land was beginning to obliterate any last traces of us, preparing itself for the first heavy snow, the spring melt, next summer. . . .

(Caspar Woolley)

Drawings by Andrew Brown



Joe Cornish

Venice: A Peopled Labyrinth of Walls

by J. M. Cornish

It would be untrue to say that my father was a man who was prone to mistakes; in fact the opposite could have been said. He had planned our trip to Venice with great detail, there would be no time to spare. But as we stood beside the check-in at Gatwick and realised that he had brought my brother's passport by mistake, I started to doubt the simplicity of our journey. The photo of my brother was three years old. He had long blond hair, whereas I had cropped brown hair, and his face was chubby and wide to my thin pinched features. We held our breaths as I handed the passport to the official; but he took a weary glance at it and let me pass. I was an international criminal, on my way to Venice.

We disembarked from the 'plane having enjoyed a box of Air Italia biscuits and the most enchanting view of Venice I would have. With its lights glowing from what seemed like a hundred islands, I felt like Peter Pan swooping over Victorian London. It was a sight that could not be equalled from the streets of Venice, as passengers on our flimsy little 'plane crowded to the windows to see out.

We landed on an airstrip that jutted out right into the sea—my mother could be heard praying as we seemed to drop towards the water—and once we had endured the nerves of showing my brother's passport again, we were left standing in Marco Polo airport.

Presently a little man in a plastic mac approached waving a clipboard. He spoke in comprehensible English that was littered with quick bursts of Italian. He waited for our full party to arrive, turned on his heel and marched hastily towards the water. We

climbed into two cramped motor-taxis, driven by huge shouting Italians. The two drivers seemed to be involved in an argument, and my thoughts were reinforced when we pulled out into the Lagoon. The track was marked by large wooden poles jutting from the water, and as we swerved to avoid them the smartly-preened businessmen, who had chosen to sit in the back of the boat for their idyllic entrance into Venice, were soaked by waves of water.

As we reached the island itself, the race slowed, and just as I glimpsed the elaborate waterfront, we turned down what can only be described as an alleyway. As we proceeded I started to notice various things; there really *were* striped poles in the water, the houses really did open straight out onto canals. It was as if we had sailed into the most elaborately beautiful African river village. I felt as if this was a community that floated in an ocean of nothing. The beauty of Venice is that it is in splendid isolation. There are no tower blocks to spoil the magnificent buildings. They just reach into the near distance and then halt, with nothing beyond. You are trapped on a drifting raft crammed with the world's most beautiful buildings, and there is only sea to view around you.

We arrived at our hotel early that evening, but it was dark already. The man in the mac, who was like a cross between Inspector Clouseau and Jaques Tati, announced that he would see us all in the hotel foyer at nine the next morning. I wondered if he would hold up his clipboard and march us all around Venice for the next three days.

I was angry that my parents had a television in their room and I did not; it was wasted on them. There was, however, no time for argument as we consulted item one on the itinerary, which was supper in a little restaurant that was recommended in a *Sunday Times* article that my father clutched like a bible.

With only the American Express map to go on we were promptly lost in the maze of alleys and bridges that made up the Venice of a pedestrian. As we strutted on, I became all too wary of images of Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie being stalked by a dwarf in Nick Roeg's 'Don't Look Now'. That happened in the very same alleyways.

It would be too much to list all that I did in my three days in Venice. The American Express guidebook divides itineraries into days. In three days we did ten days worth of itinerary. For the traveller who is prepared to wake with the sun and walk non-stop until mid-night, Venice can be experienced in three days, although my father insisted that we were merely 'scraping the surface'.

My trip was heavily influenced by the fact that I was starting History of Art A-level that term, so I trekked from one building to the next painting and watched the Italian 24-hour pop-video service for the rest of the time. I must admit that there is nothing to do but visit churches and galleries, where some of the world's most beautiful works are to be found, and simply to wander would uncover none of them. Even I found Venice overwhelming; the wealth of artistic achievement that stands sinking is huge. I certainly think that you can't sit on this planet for a life-time and not visit Venice. The three days I spent there restored my faith in man's ability to create beauty, even if it may have gone now.

The greatest view of the city is to be had from the top of the spire of San Giorgio. A priest listening to Mozart and reading a Jackie Collins novel takes one up in a tiny lift, and at the top, straining against the wind, the eye can see the roofs of thousands of houses, the pinnacles of hundreds of churches, and the glistening of the canals. Then it all ends, and there is just water dotted with marsh islands.

The water bus service was impressively efficient, even though no-one ever took any money, and riding down the Grand Canal with a good cross-section of real inhabitants only cost the price of a bus-fare. These vaporetos were far more inviting than the absurd Gondoliers that would sing at you loudly to coax one into their boat.

Another addition was the number of cats. Venice is infested with cats, the largest collection of multi-coloured, multi-breed felines that I've ever seen. This was all the more comforting when our own worm-ridden beast was sitting in the garden in London for three days.

Travel on foot was also remarkably simple. Venice is a tiny city just over four kilometres long, and all streets are either signed towards S. Marco, or to the Accademia bridge, depending which side you are. This makes travel easy, as all the major hotels are near St. Mark's.

We left after three days very footsore but satisfied. The same man led us back to the airport, and I can't say that I was heart-broken to leave. There is slightly too much in Venice, it is too crowded and intense in its beauty to live in or stay in.

I looked for quotes I thought I could pepper this piece with to give it an intellectual appeal, but only one meant anything

to me, or agreed with the vision I now have of Venice:

'Underneath Day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies
A peopled labyrinth of walls.'
(Shelley)

The Isle of Man

by Matthew Ross

The Isle of Man is a curious place. It is one of those islands which every one has heard of yet knows almost nothing about. Set in the Irish Sea, it is roughly equidistant from Scotland, England and Ireland. It was originally settled by the Celts and later by the Vikings. Norse rule continued until 1266, when Scotland defeated Norway at the battle of Largs. Norwegian sovereignty over the Kingdom of the Sudreys (Hebrides), of which the Isle of Man was the southernmost member, passed to Scotland. In 1333 Scotland was defeated by England at the battle of Hallidon Hill; Berwick-upon-Tweed and the Isle of Man have been under the English crown ever since. In 1406 the Stanleys (Earls of Derby) were granted the 'Lordship of Mann', in effect the vassal kingship of the island. This was later inherited by the Earls of Atholl, who sold the island to Great Britain in 1765 for £70,000. Since then, the Isle of Man has been a self-governing British dependency.

But despite this varied history, the Isle of Man has the world's oldest continuous Parliament. 'Tynwald', as it is known, is 1,006 years old. Great celebrations were held in 1979, the Millennium year. Political parties are unknown on the island—the 24 members of the 'House of Keys' (Tynwald's lower house) are all independent candidates. But the politics of the isle are inherently conservative. 'If you read the Guardian, you must be a communist' is a typical reaction. Socialism is a non-starter: the birch is still a punishment for young offenders, homosexuality is an im-

prisonable offence, ten shilling notes still circulate (albeit as 50p notes), the railways (nationalised by Tynwald) have steam trains, policemen wear white helmets and there is a distinctly Victorian atmosphere in Douglas, the capital.

Yet the island is not backward nor jaded, despite its old-fashioned idiosyncracies. Bob Geldof, plastic £1 notes, the semiconductor industry and high-tech banking have all penetrated the island. Being a tax haven is the biggest Manx industry. Merchant banks and international trust companies now inhabit the narrow Victorian streets of Douglas, as well as the likes of Marks & Spencer, leaving the Isle of Man Bank free to cope with the 65,000 Manx residents. Tourism from Britain is declining, although many trippers from Northern Ireland enjoy a 'breather' there, away from the sectarian violence 30 miles away.

During my short visit, I was strongly impressed by the lack of interest in U.K. affairs. (The Isle of Man is not part of the United Kingdom.) The island is now virtually independent of Britain, who merely provides defence and diplomatic representation abroad—Tynwald pays the U.K. for these services. The main issues during early September were the rights and wrongs of building a 'B & Q' d.i.y. superstore outside Douglas, the exploits of a certain Mr. Mezeron (a local shipping magnate), the disgust that the new Lieutenant-Governor of the island was to be an Englishman and that Isle of Man Transport was thinking of axing a bus route.

With the decline of tourism from England, Manx dependency on the U.K. economy declines too. Manx self-awareness is growing, aided by 'Mec Van-nin'—the Manx nationalists. The national identity of the island is very visible; for example the Manx flag (the famous three-legged symbol on a red background) is flown in many places, including the prison in Douglas, a fairly comfortable looking institution with palm trees in the gardens.



Simon Newell

During the Second World War, Britain assumed control of most Manx affairs, using the Douglas hotels to house all Germans and Italians in Britain under house arrest. Since then, British power has dwindled: Tynwald took over postal services in 1973, since 1971 the Manx Treasury has issued Manx coins, Tynwald runs its own health and social security services and now there is ManxAir. Next year the customs link with the UK is to end (and duty free trips to the island will be possible to the delight of the Lancastrians). If you ever see a car with a 'GBM' plate, you will know where it is from...

From the summit of Snaefell, the highest point on the island, the coasts of Kirkcubrightshire, Antrim, Lancashire (and Heaven as the Manx insist) are visible. An electric tram is the easiest way of reaching the top, but the keen climber can be rewarded by the views and the cafe at the summit.

The 'Biker People' must get a look in. They are not a rare mutation of neolithic man—as initial prejudices might suggest—but peaceful motorcycling aficionados of all ages, invariably dressed in black leather from head to toe. They 'invade' the island twice yearly (not in longships like their Viking predecessors, nor do they pillage and rape). All they do is watch and participate in the TT races of May and the Manx Grand Prix in September. (The Hells Angels are deterred from coming to the island by the threat of a birching from one of those policemen in white helmets.) Like the Celts and Vikings before them, the 'Biker Folk' are part of Manx culture, but only for about three weeks per year.

My impression of the Isle of Man was that of an oasis of conservative prosperity. Unemployment is fairly low (7%) and so young people are not forced to leave the island to get work. This adds an air of vitality to the island, sadly lacking in the more northerly islands of the ancient Kingdom of the Sudreys. Although Tynwald announced that the ferry from Liverpool to Douglas was diverted to the Lancastrian port of Heysham on purely commercial grounds, it must have been the thought of Cllr Derek Hatton in Liverpool which was influential. In reply, British socialists accuse Tynwald (if they've heard of it) of being phillistines.

The visitor finally returns to Heysham by the early morning ferry. The sun is rising as the MV Manx Viking slips out of the King Edward VIII pier in Douglas. The pace of life is just that bit slower on the island, the pubs open longer and the quality of life is higher than in the London rat race. My one disappointment was in not solving the tale (!) of the tail-less Manx cat. Despite looking out—I did not see one.

The Harrod Society

by Simon Harding

A number of Westminsters evidently imagined that the Economics Department exists



Nick Wetzel

to promote materialism, train erstwhile entrepreneurs, cultivate capitalists and provide a congenial environment for unrepentant philistines. They therefore took up A-level economics, but were disconcerted to find that the subject matter of the first Harrod Society meeting of the term was not 'How to Make a Million on the Stock Exchange', as they had been led to believe by some unscrupulous economics master, but was in fact transport policy. 'What's this got to do with Economics?' asked one incredulous recruit. So the term progressed with one Harrod Society meeting after another apparently being nothing at all to do with economics, but addressing such totally arcane and obscure matters as unemployment, nationalised industries, tax reform and telecommunications. By half term, the philistines were becoming distinctly on edge, as their dreams of effortlessly-acquired fortunes grew dimmer and more distant. True, some received welcome titbits of advice on how to avoid income tax by investing in forests, but no inking as yet about how to generate the income in the first place.

It is all quite simple. Forests take years and years to grow, even the horrid dingy plantations of stunted Christmas trees that pass for forests these days. While they are growing people have to be employed to thin them out and guard against the ever-present danger of hell's angels holding bonfire parties. Other people have to be employed to prevent penniless teachers stealing young trees at Christmas time. All this employment costs money and generates lots of tax losses, which can be set off against profits earned from writing economics textbooks and giving private tuition. Meanwhile, the trees are growing and increasing in value. Finally, the trees reach maturity, are chopped down leaving a hideously blighted landscape, and the wood is sold at an enormous capital gain. This gain, spread over the lifetime of the trees, is eligible for an annual tax allowance of £5,800 and the remainder is only taxed at 30%.

This, in a nutshell, is how we forest-owning philistines consistently gain at the expense of all the poor scrupulous saps who keep on paying-as-you-earn.

There was a suggestion at one stage that the Economics Department should foster an investment club to 'stimulate interest in the subject' (which subject?). However, this soon petered out, as some fool in the Department had been reading too many articles on 'efficient market theory' and thus came to the conclusion that the market instantly discounts every available piece of information about a company, therefore its share price is always at any given moment, the best available estimate of the company's true worth. As a result of this luminescent piece of reasoning, many 6th formers were advised that it probably was not worthwhile buying British Telecom shares, and the same person who gave this advice is now £300 worse off than he might have been if he had *not* read the *Financial Times*. No F.T., no comment! The investment club still awaits a patron.

A number of Harrod Society speakers mentioned the issue of privatisation in the course of their lectures. Professor Gwilliam spoke about transport; Andrew Lickierman said it was impossible to manage anything, let alone a nationalised industry; Patrick Minford showed some very pretty Persian miniatures purporting to be supply-and-demand diagrams, and concluded from these that unemployment benefits ought to be abolished; Bryan Carsberg explained how he makes life hell for British Telecom by sending them imperious demands for information. There was virtual unanimity on at least one point, namely that the whole issue is totally irrelevant, and that it doesn't matter at all whether industries are owned privately or by the government. The only difference it makes is that the people who bought the shares will soon be clamouring to buy forests to avoid the swingeing taxes that will be imposed by the next government after there are no more state assets to sell to finance current expenditure.

Other matters touched upon were taxes, social benefits, and unemployment. John Cassels, Director of the National Economic Development Office, gave us a broadly Keynesian view of the unemployment problem, with which no-one ventured to disagree. Andrew Dilnot blinded us all with graphs and statistics, from which even the dullest person present could not fail to realise that 60% of all taxes are collected from people who shouldn't have to pay, while 60% of all state benefits are paid to people who don't need them. However, the massed ranks of bureaucrats required to administer these so-called 'transfer payments' would otherwise be unemployed, while the complications of the tax system create numerous lucrative openings for talented tax accountants and lawyers. Also, the existence of waste and inefficiency on such a monumental scale increases the demand for economists to identify, measure and eliminate it. Indeed, so many vested interests may be seen to thrive on waste and inefficiency that one is almost tempted to believe that it ought to be encouraged.

Shortly after half-term, Geoffrey Miller and Alan Davies came from Barclays Bank to inject a note of commercial reality into our proceedings. Inevitably, someone had to mention South Africa, but once that formality had been observed and lip-service to liberalism duly paid, we were able to return once more to the serious matter of profit maximisation. All sorts of schemes were mooted, ranging from keeping banks open all weekend to setting up new branches in the Outer Hebrides. In the end the solution to our problem turned out to be so simple that everyone had completely overlooked it: increase interest rates!

One of the best things that has happened in the Economics Department this year has been the arrival of John Colenutt. Though one is bound to doubt the sanity of someone who subjects his own body to serious abuse in the form of rugby and weight training, John has proved to be such an asset to the school in so many ways that I understand he may actually be allowed to stay. One of his tasks is to edit the *Westminster Economic Journal*, which he launched during the Lent Term. Some people thought this might be a medium for the exchange of gossip about other people's private affairs, and were disappointed to find that it merely contained rather thoughtful and well-written articles about economics.

Finally, the Harrod Society owes its thanks to a growing number of people outside the School who have sacrificed their time and put their reputations at risk in order to come and give the benefit of their knowledge to Westminster economists.

* * *

Sports Reports

Cricket Report

If only to spare the embarrassment of the master i/c cricket and the coach Ray Gilson, the least said about the 1st XI's performance in 1985 the better. Under achievement was the team's hallmark. Con-

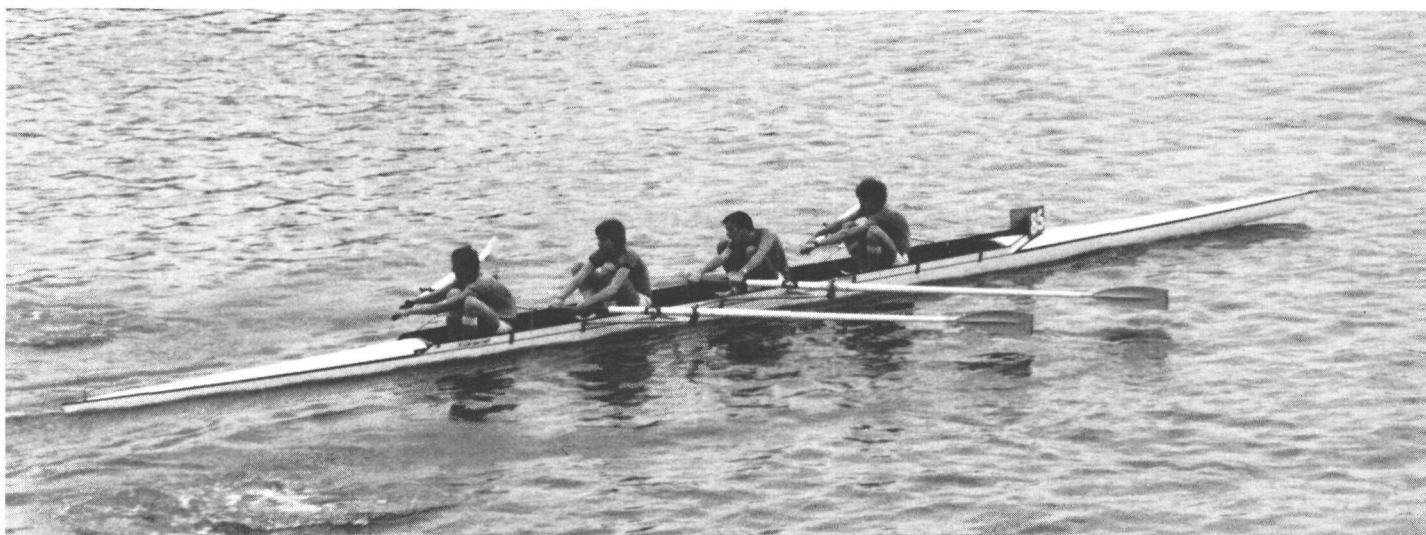
taining as it did eleven genuine cricketers the side's dreary record illustrates how important are confidence and experience—as distinct from mere talent. Equally important is the role of the senior players and this year both the captain A. C. King and the vice-captain M. D. F. Pennington had indifferent seasons with bat and ball. The majority of the side remain and we hope for better things.

The second XI by contrast—under S. D. Young's captaincy—did consistently well and achieved much the best results that anybody at Westminster could remember.

The Junior Colts carried on from last year with another encouraging season. The batting lacked some force, but Coles and Keene both made a series of good scores and look set to do well. Hashimi was again the main strike bowler, while Earle improved notably as an off spinner. The team won 2, drew 4, lost 4, and perhaps the best results were the draws against Highgate and Merchant Taylor's, both very strong sides; in each case the draw was won through the efforts of the whole side.

The U14 XI had a most satisfying season. The finest triumphs came early on, with convincing victories against Aldenham, St. John's, U.C.S., and Al-leyn's. Hyam, Martin, Brooks and Cogan rapidly established themselves as strong bowlers, with Braithwaite and Breach offering reliable support and relief. The success the team enjoyed—much of it due to Maurice Lynn's enthusiasm—can only spur them on to further distinction as these talented players move up the school.

Colours were awarded to: Breach, Brooks, Cogan, Hyam (captain), Iuul and Martin.



The Senior coxless four shooting Hammersmith Bridge on their way to 47th place in the Fours Head in November. This crew with Head of the Water, Simon Collins substituting for Caspar Woolley, who was on the Alaska expedition, were National Club Champions 1985. (Crew: Bow; Danny Glaser; 2: Jules Brown; 3: Caspar Woolley; Stroke: Bob Chorley)

The boat club had the following regatta successes in 1985:

Junior/School Eights Mortlake Spring Regatta

Junior 4 – Coate Water Park
 Junior 4 – Nottingham City
 Junior 4 – 2nd National Schools
 Junior 4+ 4th National Schools
 Junior 16 4+ Reading
 Junior 16 4+ Putney Town
 Junior 15 8 Putney Town

Junior 15 4+ Putney Town
 Junior 15 4 Mortlake Spring
 Junior 15 2+ Coate Water Park
 Junior 14 4 Coate Water Park
 Junior 14 4 Putney Town
 Senior B 4 – Vesta Winter

The Elizabethan Club

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

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the School on Wednesday 9th, October, 1985, with the President, the Rt. Rev. and Rt. Hon. Gerald Ellison in the Chair.

The General Committee's Report and the Accounts for the year ended 31st December, 1984 were formally approved.

Mr. Tony Rider was elected as Chairman of the General Committee on the retirement of Mr. Michael Tenison. Our grateful thanks to Mr. Tenison for all his hard work as Chairman over the last four years were recorded. Mr. John Lauder and Miss Amanda Gould were re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. Mr. Jeremy Broadhurst was re-elected Hon. Secretary of the Sports Committee.

Mr. J. H. D. Carey, Mr. E. N. W. Brown, Miss Isabel Nyman and Mr. V. T. M. R. Tenison were elected to fill four vacancies on the General Committee.

Mr. B. C. Berkinshaw-Smith was unanimously re-elected as the Hon. Auditor and the President expressed the Club's gratitude to him for his services.

The Rt. Hon. The Lord Carr of Hadley was unanimously elected to succeed the Rt. Rev. and Rt. Hon. Gerald Ellison as President of the Elizabethan Club. The Club's grateful thanks were extended to the President for all his work on the Club's behalf during his Presidency.

There being no further business the meeting was closed.

Hon. Secretary
Miss Amanda J. B. Gould

The Elizabethan Club

President:

The Rt. Hon. The Lord Carr of Hadley

Vice Presidents:

Dr. D. M. M. Carey

His Honour Judge Michael Argyle, Q.C.

Sir Paul Wright

Mr. D. F. Cunliffe

Sir Peter G. Masefield

Mr. F. B. Hooper

Mr. F. E. Pagan

Dr. J. M. Rae

Hon. Sir J. Stocker

Mr. J. M. Wilson
The Rt. Rev. & Rt. Hon. Gerald Ellison

Chairman:

Mr. F. A. G. Rider

Hon. Treasurer:

Mr. J. Lauder

Hon. Secretary:

Miss A. J. B. Gould

Hon. Sports Secretary:

Mr. C. J. Broadhurst

General Committee:

Miss K. Miller

Miss T. Beaconsfield

Mr. G. D. Kirk

Mr. F. M. B. Rugman

Miss P. Whitty

Mr. M. C. Baughan

Mr. I. Lazarus

Mr. R. P. C. Hillyard

Mr. J. H. D. Carey

Mr. E. N. W. Brown

Miss I. Nyman

Mr. V. T. M. R. Tenison

The Elizabethan Club Annual Dinner

The Annual Dinner of the Elizabethan Club will take place in early October 1986 (date to be advised in the next issue) in College Hall and will be attended by the new Head Master. The Club would particularly welcome those members who left the School over the last ten years and hope the number of Lady members attending will increase this year.

Old Westminsters' Addresses

The Development Office is in the process of computerising the records of Old Westminsters. Until this has been completed, please continue to forward any changes of address to the office of the Westminster School Society at 5a Dean's Yard.

The School is anxious to maintain an accurate and up-to-date record of Old Westminsters' addresses. Please help us by keeping us informed of your movements.

Expedition Reunions

A Reunion Dinner for members of Ronald French's 1962 to 1975 Expeditions was held in College Hall on November 16th 1985. The following were present:

Ross Baxter, David Benson, Andrew & Sally Botterhill, Mike Burns, Dougal & Alexandra Campbell, Andy & Carla Chubb, Mike Davies, Cedric Harben, David Higgs, Alan Franks, Ronald French, Nick Gray, Jonathan Higham, John La Trobe Bateman, Roger Lazarus, Nick & Elizabeth Longford, Julian & Sarah Lynepirkis, Peter & Val Maguire, Undrell & Sue Moore, David & Susan Newman, Peter Nichol, John & Katie Reid, Nick & Jane Viney, Andrew Walker, David Walker, Michael & Judith Williams, Andrew & Judy Wilson, Stan Woolley.

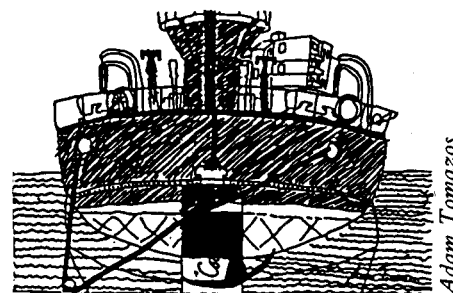
It is hoped that further reunions may take place in the future, particularly for those who, at the last moment, could not get to the 1985 gathering.

1962 Expedition

Members of the 1962 Arctic Norway Expedition met at Easter Week-end 1985 at the Fife Arms Braemar. Derry Lodge and the Lairig Ghru were visited and Andrew Botterill and David Benson did a nostalgic climb of Ben Macduih.

Winnie

The performance of the musical 'Winnie', based on the A. A. Milne stories, on Wednesday March 19th, 1986 will be an opportunity for Old Westminsters who have been at school in John Rae's headmastership to join John and Daphne in an informal end of term event. Anyone who would like tickets for that evening should write to The Business Manager, 'Winnie', at 17 Dean's Yard by March 8th.



Wanted

For the summer production of *Much Ado about Nothing* I am looking for fashionable clothing of 1919-1925 and stylish accessories of the same period, but will gladly accept any gift of old clothes that might be cut down or altered. I am also looking for interested couturiers!

Please contact Kate Miller, Art Department, Westminster School.

Wanted

Has anyone a spare set of the three drawings of Westminster School by John Western, in 1978? If so kindly contact: Major T. E. Jakeman, Drumboe, Woodcote Close, Epsom, Surrey KT18 7QJ.

Grove Park

John King is still anxious to hear from O.W.s about Grove Park and to borrow photographs of the glider there. His address is 44 Le May Avenue, Grove Park, SE12 9SV. He would also like to hear from any O.W.s who were involved in air transport.

Old Westminster News

Daniel Topolski (1959-63, W)'s book *Boat Race* has been published by Collins.

Brian Urquhart (1923-36, KS), the British Assistant Secretary-General has been awarded the International Peace Academy prize.

John King-Farlow (1946-52, A, R) has been made a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.



Julius Rich

S M St. J. Alexander (1971-76, A), who was awarded a Harkness Fellowship in 1983 to go to Harvard Business School, was made Henry Ford Scholar for being top student in his first year and received the Wolfe Award; he gained the Loeb Rhoades Fellowship, a Baker Scholarship, and the Henry Ford Scholarship again for graduating top of his class in 1985. He has now returned to London and is working for the Boston Consulting Group.

C. W. Radice (1964-69, L) has had his translation of selected Poems of Rabinbranth Tagore published by Penguin in its Modern Classics series.

Francis Noel Baker (1934-9, G)'s seventh novel *My Cypress File* has been published by C. Terry.

G. L. R. de Metz (1950-55, B)'s *Off Balance Sheet Finance* has been published by Graham and Trotman.

Lydia Segal (1976-80, D) has been awarded second place in the Winter Williams Oxford University Prize for Law and has won the Balliol College Jenkins Prize for Law, both for her essay on 'Locus Standi in French, American, and English Public Law.'

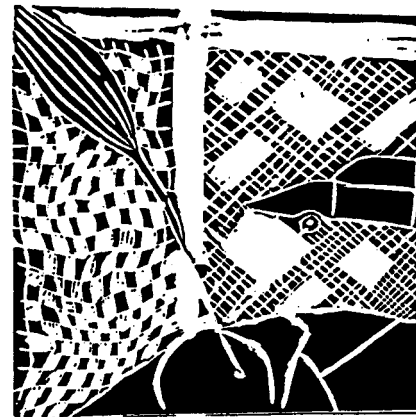
Anthony Aikman (1958-59, L)'s first novel *The caves of Segoda* has been published by Collins.

In the complete list of the Government published in *The Times* for the present session of Parliament, there are the names of six old Westminsters:

Chancellor of the Exchequer, **Nigel Lawson**
Secretary of State for Wales, **Nicholas Edwards**
Attorney General, **Sir Michael Havers**
Under Secretary of State for the Department of Employment, **Peter Bottomley**
Lord in Waiting, **Viscount Davidson**
Second Church Estates Commissioner, **Sir William Van Straubensee**.

The following secured first class honours degrees in 1985:

| | |
|--------------------------|--|
| N. J. Y. Dawbarn, | History Part 1; Trinity, Cambridge |
| Julian Loose, | English; York |
| Kate Teltcher, | English; York |
| Peter Dean, | Classics; Oriol, Oxford |
| Fiona Mann, | Classics; Oxford |
| J. E. T. Jones, | English; L.M.H., Oxford |



G. D. Skinitis

H. W. Siemens, Economics;
L.S.E.
Humphrey Gardner, Medical Sciences;
Caius,
Cambridge

Obituaries

Abrahams—On June 11th, 1985, Sir Charles Myer, K.C.V.O. (1927-31, H), aged 71.

Angelo—On September 11th, 1985, Robert Henry (1929-34, R), aged 69.

Brown—On August 23rd, 1985, Charles Donald (1916-20, R), aged 83.

Cahn—On August 16th, 1985, Charles Montague, C.B.E. (1914-19, G/KS), aged 84.

Fisher—On May 14th, 1985, Claude Frederick Urquhart (1904-07, A), aged 93.

Gordon—On August 20th, 1985, John Donald (1915-20, A), aged 83.

Green—On March 13th, 1985, John Gresham Kirby (1921-25, A), aged 77.

Hadwick—On October 11th, 1985, Dennis Rhodes (1936-40, B), aged 63.

Lewis—On March 19th, 1985, Frank Alphonse (Jan-Dec. 1915, H), aged 85.

MacCallum-Scott—On June 26th, 1985, John Hutchinson (1924-28, R), aged 73.

Montague—On July 19th, 1985, The Hon. Ewen Edward Samuel, C.B.E. (1914-19, R), aged 84.

Norris—On April 26th, 1985, Peter John Bedingfield (1924-28, H), aged 74.

O'Shaughnessy—On October 31st, 1985, Thomas Hugh (1976-80, W), aged 22.

Ponsford—On September 4th, 1985, Arthur Russell (1924-29, A), aged 74.

Proger—On May 27th, 1985, Glyndwr Waldron (1913-17, R), aged 86.

Salwey—On June 6th, 1985, Humphrey John, O.B.E. (1913-18, G), aged 85.

Shore—On September 24th, 1985, Richard Arabin (1905-07, G), aged 95.

Strain—On July 11th, 1985, Ernest Douglas (1920-25, A), aged 79.

Young—In 1985, Pierre Harry John (1939-43, KS), aged 59.

Correction

Troutbeck—On 8th February, 1985, Wilfrid Henry (1916-21, R/KS), aged 82.



James Pemberton

Former Masters:

Bowle—On September 17th, 1985, Professor John Edward, 1930-40 (History).
Pentreath—On October 30th, 1985, the Rev. Canon Arthur Godolphin Guy Carleton, 1930-34 (Classics and Master of King's Scholars).

Tom O'Shaughnessy

To those of us who knew Tom during his time at Westminster the fact of his death is starkly incomprehensible. We have known few people more gifted and more endowed with an appetite for living. He was full of vivacity, delighting in the rapid play of intelligence, in physical prowess, in argument, and excelling in everything he did. To know someone like this is to have life enhanced and his death leaves us all impoverished. If those of us who merely knew Tom feel his death deeply, we can only guess at the sorrow of those who loved him.

Ewen Montagu

The Hon. Ewen Montagu, C.B.E., Q.C., a distinguished junior member of the wartime deception service and an eminent lawyer, died at the age of 84, on July 19th, 1985.

Ewen Edward Samuel Montagu, the second son of the second Lord Swaythling, was born on March 29th, 1901, into the Anglo-Jewish aristocracy. From Westminster he went to Harvard before Trinity College Cambridge; was called to the Bar from the Middle Temple in 1924; and was a practising barrister—he took silk in 1939—as well as an enthusiastic yachtsman. He was commissioned in the R.N.V.R. early in the war, and worked as an intelligence officer at Hull.

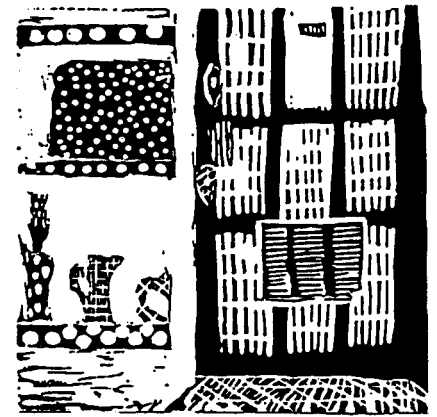
His competence at this task commended him to Rear-Admiral J. H. Godfrey, the Director of Naval Intelligence, who summoned him to London in November, 1940, and used him for highly secret work in the Admiralty. Montagu ran a sub-branch called N.I.D. 17 M. which handled counter-espionage: a subject that called for qualities of intellectual alertness and imagination.

The masterpiece of the team he headed

was operation 'Mincemeat', the floating ashore late in April, 1943, on the Spanish coast near Huelva of what seemed to be a dead staff officer's body, carrying papers that indicated Sardinia and Greece as the targets for the next main Allied effort in the Mediterranean, and thus provided important cover for the invasion of Sicily. 'Mincemeat swallowed whole' was the chiefs of staffs' telegram to the prime minister; the papers went right up to Admiral Canaris and were thought genuine. Neither Godfrey nor Montagu could have done any of the vital work they did without the deciphering successes of the cryptanalysts at Bletchley.

All this work was deadly secret. After the war, Montagu retained his naval connexion—he was Judge Advocate of the Fleet from 1945 to 1973—as well as serving as a judge. He was chairman of quarter sessions for Hampshire from 1951 to 1960, for Middlesex from 1956 to 1965, and for the Middlesex area of Greater London from 1965 to 1969; and Recorder successively of Devizes (1944-51) and of Southampton (1951-60). He was chairman of the Central Council of Magistrates' Courts Committees 1963-71.

Early on, this legal career was interrupted by another man's novel: Duff Cooper (later Lord Norwich) produced *Operation Heartbreak* in 1950. The author, as a minister, had known about 'Mincemeat', and adapted the true story to fiction. Somebody's indiscretion—not Montagu's—let out that there was a basis of truth to the tale. Inquiries made of those who did not know the full story began to embarrass government. Suddenly, Montagu was pressed to publish the entire



David Turner

truth—except for any mention of decipher—as fast as he could.

Using his barrister's capacity to get up a case in detail fast, he worked continuously from a Friday evening to a Sunday evening to produce *The Man Who Never Was*, an instant success when it came out in 1953, which has now sold some 2 million copies and been filmed. In another book, *Beyond Top Secret U* (1977), Montagu was eventually able to explain how much he and his team owed to the Bletchley Park decipherers, to whom he paid a warm if belated tribute.

He was prominent also in various Anglo-Jewish charities, and was president of the United Synagogue from 1954 to 1962. He served as deputy lieutenant for the county of Southampton from 1953. He was appointed O.B.E. in 1944 and advanced to C.B.E. in 1950.

He married Iris Solomon in 1923; she survives him with a son and a daughter.

from *The Times*



Marcus Dreese

John Bowle

John Edward Bowle died on September 17th, aged 79.

Educated at Marlborough and Balliol, he taught at Westminster from 1930 to 1940, succeeding Lawrence Tanner as Senior History Master in 1932. This was indeed a vintage decade for the History Seventh and Sixth. By stimulation and encouragement he was able to generate that sense of intellectual excitement which was characteristic of the form and resulted in a striking number of entrance awards at Oxford and Cambridge.

He founded the Political and Literary Society, for which he secured a succession of very distinguished speakers, among them Mahatma Gandhi, Bertrand Russell and Stanley Baldwin.

After leaving Westminster John Bowle held various part-time academic appointments, including (for seventeen years) a professorship at the College of Europe in Bruges, but he devoted himself mainly to writing. He produced some twenty books on a wide range of topics in history and political theory. As he himself recognised, they are not models of scholarly rigour, but they are readable, sensitive and abreast of the main trends in contemporary scholarship. Together with his articles and broadcasts, they earned him a very considerable reputation.

Michael Cherniavsky

Frank Wilby

Frank Wilby, who died in December, joined the School's maintenance staff, primarily as a painter, in the late 1930s. Not so long afterwards he became one of that outstanding team which, either in evacuation or as firefighters and on general ARP protection duties at Westminster itself, did so much to ensure that there would be a workable Westminster to return to in 1945.

Perhaps the next three years rank among his most valuable periods of contribution to the School. There was an immense amount of recovery work to be done, not only in the major reconstruction of School and College but in the day-to-day domestic necessities for teaching and, in the Houses, for living. A large burden of responsibility fell on Wilby's shoulders, and the speediness of the School's material recovery owes very much to his cheerful fairness in getting things done, during a time of great shortages and with his variety of 'customers' seeking priorities for their own respective 'necessities'. He had many more years of service to give to the School; any future achievements of his maintenance team were surely founded in the achievements of these first post-War years.

T.M.M.-R.

F.R.R. writes

It is doubtful whether many members of the academic staff appreciated fully the debt that the school owed to Frank Wilby,

but a harassed housemaster would acknowledge with gratitude Wilby's willing help in a crisis. In those days Busby's had an eccentric sewage pumping machine deep in the basement affectionately known as James, which periodically had digestive problems and flooded: as often as not on a Sunday. A plaintive telephone call to Bookham would bring Wilby cheerfully to deal with a situation, which presented even greater complications when the flooding reached what were then coke boilers for the central heating. It would be an exaggeration to say that Wilby revelled in such crises, but what one does remember is that he coped with them personally. He was a great do-it-yourself man and his expertise had been built up in the difficult days of evacuation and against a post-war background of a school badly in need of repair and redecoration when maintenance staff and finance had to be strictly limited. But Wilby knew every nook and cranny of the school and could quickly identify a problem, though whether he could always lay his hands on what was needed for repair was another matter, for like any true foreman of works he had many secret bolt-holes, while his office in the Archway with its clutter of paraphernalia of every description defied any attempt at an ordered system of working. But in the end did this matter? Frank Wilby was a dedicated servant of the school and in his own way tackled whatever was needed to be done personally and cheerfully.

Paul Carpenter

We record with great sadness the sudden death last term of Brian Carpenter's elder son, Paul, and extend to Brian, his wife Violet and son Gary our deepest sympathy.



F. Maffei

Old Boys Eton Fives Day

Saturday May 10th

Come to play or come to watch or come to meet old friends

Programme

- 10.45 a.m. Tournament players arrive. Draw for pairs made.
- 11.00 a.m. Preliminary rounds of tournaments. (Game is set at 8 points. Round Robin. 3 games guaranteed.)
- 1.30 p.m. Arrival for non-players.
- 1.45 p.m. Buffet lunch in College Hall.
- 2.45–
- 3.45 p.m. Tournament Finals and Exhibition Matches.

Display Stalls in Ashburnham House.

From
4.45 p.m. Tea in College Hall.

Lunch will be cold buffet, coffee, one glass of wine at £6.50 per head, *in advance only* (entry by ticket).

Tea will be tea sandwiches, cake and biscuits at £1.00 per head, *in advance or on the day* (entry by ticket).

There will be two mini-tournaments for (i) under 40's and (ii) over 40's (negotiable according to demand). Pairings will be selected on the day by random draw from seeded and non-seeded pools. Finals will be in the afternoon.

Exhibition matches will include (we hope) the Common Room and School and invited outside players.

There will be three or four stalls set up in



Jonathan Yeo

Ashburnham House: to display School Fives archive material; to record attendance; to give information about the Eton Fives Association; to explore future directions for the club; other?

One court will be kept free for informal games all afternoon.

Please write or telephone with your name, address and phone number if you wish to attend. Cheques should be made payable to N. J. Margerison (Eton Fives).

Write to:
Neil Margerison,
60 Park Road,
Dartford, Kent DA1 1SY.
Tel: Dartford (0322) 29651

Old Westminster's Golfing Society

The highlight of the 1984 season was without doubt reaching the finals of the Bernard Darwin Trophy. As luck would have it, in 1985 we again drew Wellington and sadly the result was the same; a win for Wellington by 2 to 1.

Losing in the first round is always a disappointment but to offset it, the Society reached the knock-out finals of the Grafton Morrish; something we had not achieved for many years. Although we lost in the first round of the knock-out competition 2 to 1 to Haberdashers, being able to participate in the knock-out finals was much enjoyed by the whole team. For the Halford Hewitt we won a first class match against Gresham 3 to 2, but lost 4 to 1 in the second round to Edinburgh Academy. In the Royal Wimbledon Putting Competition we managed to reach the finals and although we were not placed, did not disgrace ourselves.

In 1985 we played more matches against Societies than ever before, adding a new match against the Old Wykehamists. This match was such a success that it has now been added to our Fixture List for future years. In all we played six matches against other Societies and managed to win

against Radley, draw against Canford and Uppingham while losing to Winchester, Repton, Cheltenham.

A very enjoyable game took place at Coombe Wood against the School and it is hoped that this contact can be developed in 1986.

One very encouraging aspect of the O.W.G.S. has been the increased attendance at Society Meetings. To have 18 at the Autumn Meeting at New Zealand Golf Club is most encouraging and I do hope that all members will make every effort to attend the Spring Meeting and Autumn Meeting in future on a regular basis.

Our Summer Meeting continues to be a great success but with its limitation on numbers there is seldom any problem filling the available space.

Since my report in 1984 I am also glad to be able to report that new faces have been seen at matches and meetings and some old friends from the past appear to have found new enjoyment in the game of golf. All are most welcome and I trust that anyone who would like more information on the Society's activities will contact me at:

B. Peroni Esq.
Hon. Secretary
Old Westminster's Golfing Soc.
c/o 16 Hill Avenue
Amersham
Bucks. HP6 5BS
Tel: (02403) 4254

Cricket 1985

Yet again the OWWs disappointed in the Cricketer Cup. This year the batsmen only mustered 109 runs in the allotted 55 overs. Unfortunately both Charles Colville and Richard Rutnagur were absent through injury. As can be seen from the summary of results they both contributed greatly throughout the season. Rutnagur must be congratulated on obtaining a blue at Oxford in his second year. Although he had little opportunity in the Varsity Match he was a regular and successful member of the Blue's team throughout the season.

Despite the wet summer the OWWs won seven matches including victories over three of the stronger old boys teams. As a result of some excellent bowling by Colville, Lancing were dismissed for only 161. Rugby faced by both Morrison and Colville only reached 180. In both cases Nick Brown steered the OWWs to victory. Rutnagur led the way against the Wykehamists with a splendid innings of 76 after his fellow blue John Sanderson had taken 4 for 55.

Mention must also be made of Ian MacWhinnie's storming innings of 91* against Eton Ramblers; it was the highest of the season by an OW. It was also good to see a father and son combination representing OWWs this season. Michael and Ben Hyam follow in the footsteps of the Riders and the Broadhursts amongst others. Ben who is still at school took 5 wickets against the Adastrians. Jim Cogan's contributions both on and off the field added to the success of the fortnight.

As ever the Club would like to thank the Head Master for permitting us to use Vincent Square, John Ventura for scoring for us and Ray Gilson for preparing the wickets during the season under very difficult circumstances.

Summary of Results

Played 18 Won 7 Lost 4 Drawn 1
Abandoned 6
OWW v Gaieties. OWW won by 4 wickets
Gaieties 217/5
OWW 219/6, Surridge 80, MacWhinnie 1-48
OWW v Stowe Templars. Cricketers Cup 1st Round. Stowe Templars won by 3 wickets.
OWW 109/9
Stowe Templars 110/7
OWW v School. OWW won by 91 runs.
OWW 223, Martin 80, Levy 59, Rutnagur 56*
The School 132
OWW v Newport. Newport won by 73 runs.
Newport 188/6, Colville 5-61
OWW 115
OWW v Lancing Rovers. OWW won by 5 wickets.
Lancing 161, Colville 6-57
OWW 163/5, Brown 66*
OWW v Lords + Commons. OWW won by 46 runs.
OWW 203, Cogan 43
Lords + Commons 157
OWW v Rugby Meteors. OWW won by 3 wickets.
Rugby Meteors 180, Morrison 6-57, Colville 4-30
OWW 181/7, Brown 66
OWW v Eton Ramblers. Match drawn.
OWW 259/6, MacWhinnie 1-91*, Rutnagur 75, Cogan 55*
Eton Ramblers 189/5
OWW v Marlborough Blues, OWW v Beckenham, OWW v Stragglers of Asia. Abandoned.
OWW v Adastrians. Adastrians won by 54 runs.
Adastrians 165, B. Hyam 5-45
OWW 111
OWW v Incogniti. Incogniti won by 4 wickets.
OWW 128
Incogniti 129/6, Morrison 5-57
OWW v Old Cheltonians. Match Abandoned.
OWW 94/6, Rutnagur 55*
OWW v Old Wykehamists. OWW won by 7 wickets.
Old Wykehamists 183, Sanderson 4-55
OWW 187/3, Rutnagur 76, Welch 40
OWW v Hit or Miss. Match Abandoned.
OWW v Harrow Wanderers. Match Abandoned.
OWW 185/8, Brown 64
Harrow Wanderers 23/1
OWW v Beckenham. OWW won by 106 runs.
OWW 210, Rutnagur 68, Levy 43
Beckenham 104, Rutnagur 4-9
Ebby Gemish award for outstanding performance in 1985 I. MacWhinnie 91* v Eton Ramblers
Ebby Gemish award for overall performance in 1985 R. Rutnagur 381 runs (average 76.2) 8 wickets, 3 catches.





PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH