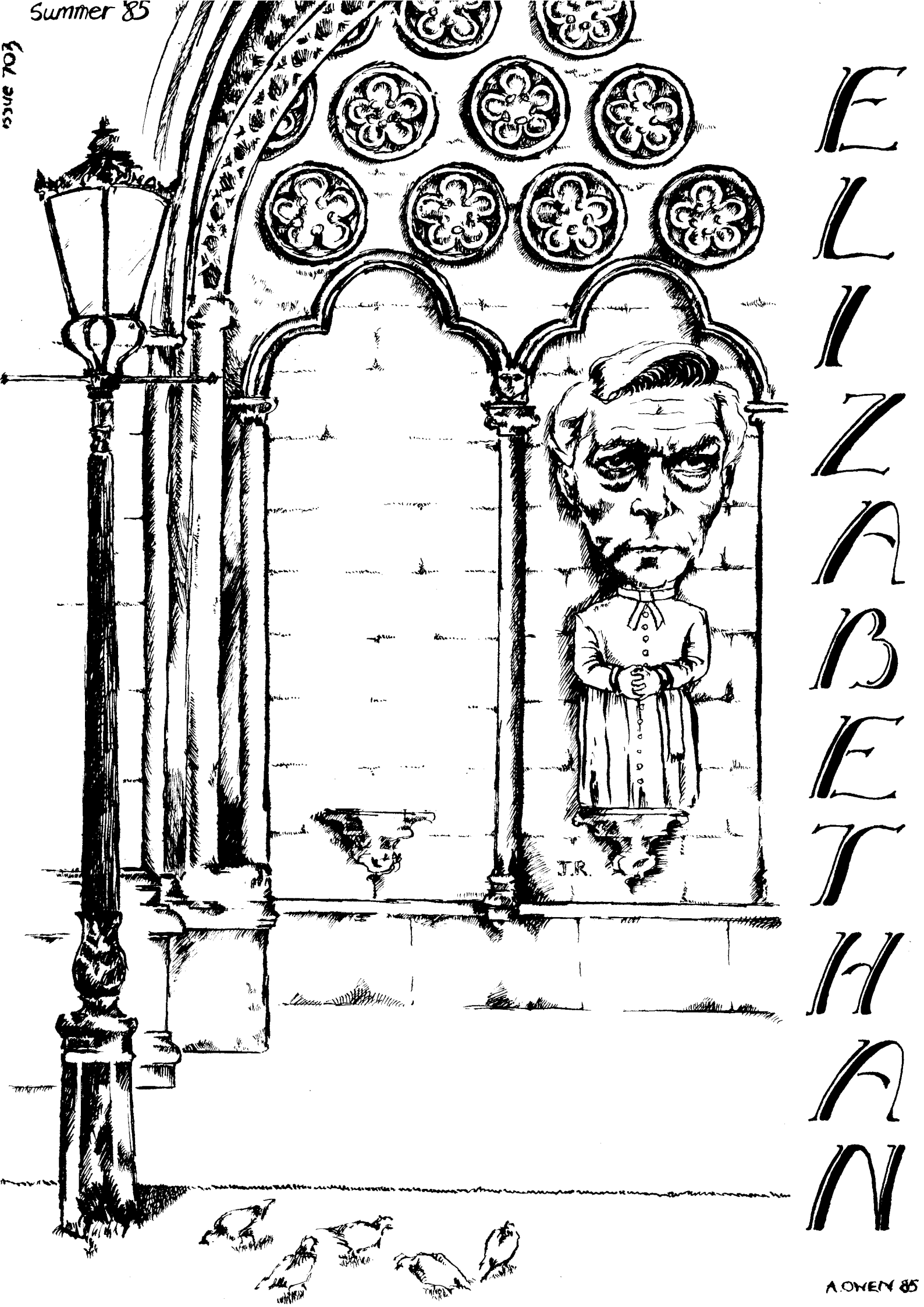
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The Elizabethan

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From O-level to Oxbridge

In the light of changes both internal (everyone to take three years to O-level) and external (new Oxbridge entrance procedures; new public examinations) the school has been looking at its curriculum. That is, some of the teachers have been looking at it. For the very notion that students might have some ideas to contribute to a discussion of what should or shouldn't be taught to them is, of course, too silly to contemplate, almost as silly as the notion that teachers generally might wish to ask whether our whole teaching enterprise isn't cripplingly dependent on a very particular set of assumptions, beliefs and demands passed down, with the whimsical benevolence characteristic of those institutions, from Oxford and Cambridge. Their latest ukase, which will certainly influence our practices (as, for instance, a handy terrorising instrument in the lower school, and a nice excuse to reintroduce streamed setting), contains the news that Cambridge won't normally consider making conditional offers to candidates who have less than six A grades at O-level. Fine. So they're looking for breadth and consistency. Anything else they want? Yes. In the Humanities they're looking for 'originality of mind'.

There would seem to be a trifling contradiction here. Six A grades at O-level may be nothing to do with 'originality of mind'. In many cases they're more to do with cramming and confining the mind. And are we all confident that O-level results are an accurate gauge of anything much at all? In a subject like Maths an A grade might well be a useful indicator. In other subjects it might not be. The English literature questions, for instance, in their very formulation, tie the candidate into an intellectual strait-jacket before she can even start to face the problem of saying what she 'thinks' (has been told that she thinks) about a text. Whether a genuinely original mind could score an A in that exam seems open to question. The equivalent must be true in other subjects. The papers are set by (in our case) Oxbridge dons who are about as in touch with what students (and many teachers) might consider valuable in education as politicians are. It is thus exactly appropriate that Oxbridge dons and that well-known pragmatist Keith Joseph should be in control of what happens in our classrooms.

The sooner good schools take the lead in throwing this whole business open the better.

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Robert Katz '85

That the Government's Chief Policy Should be to Reduce the Number of the Unemployed

by Owen Kellie-Smith

Opening this debate, John Horan asserted that what the motion debated was not a question of 'simple' economics, but of the present government's obligations to the society it professes to serve. He saw it as a tragedy that the ambitions of young people should be made to succumb to an overwhelming dismay about the bleakness of the future. While the government sat back and vaguely hinted at unemployment falling in perhaps 10 years, it made huge waste of its resources, fostering only a generation whose attitude to the seat of power was one of mistrust, and hostility. The government's theory of monetarism was not just mis-guided, but mis-placed and inconsistent—it insisted on the 'vital' nature of persistent cuts in domestic spending, yet continued to lavish money on such dubious projects as 'Fortress Falklands' and the Trident programme with wanton profligacy. Governmental stubbornness should not be mistaken for 'admirable political determination'. Even if it compromised its original intentions, this government 'of the people for the people' should flood money into employment.

Introducing his opposition to the motion, John Colenutt denied himself the luxury of blinding us with economic science, and announced that he would restrict his argument to its moral grounds. To put the blame for unemployment on central government, he said, was not only misleading, but deceitful, as it just gave us a convenient excuse for avoiding our own responsibilities. Governments were fallible, and, certainly on the issue of job-creation, ineffective. The only jobs they could create directly were through public works, and the only public works left to perform meant the construction of the Channel Tunnel or yet more miles of motorway. Boring, meaningless and wasteful, these jobs would just be short-term, and ultimately fake—taken to an extreme they amounted to little more than paying one man to dig a hole, they paying another to fill it up again. Far more important than mass government intervention (burdened by the choking sloth of its own bureaucracy) were the actions of the small-time entrepreneur—and it should be *we* who found areas of real demand, and exploited them to create and secure truly productive jobs of interest, purpose and value.

Thrown open to the floor, the principal objectors to Mr. Colenutt's apology for the government's attitude of 'laisser faire' cited the Conservative party's own election campaign of 1979. Swamping us with posters of long dole queues (consisting of paid models, incidentally) the Conservatives were elected, largely on the strength of their skilful slogan 'Labour isn't working'. The Tories *then* presented unemployment as the result of a particular governmental inadequacy, attacking Labour for their failure to reduce it. Conservatives portrayed themselves as the white knights of hope, only too eager and able, to rid us of a crippling 'social evil'. Mrs. Thatcher quoted St. Francis of Assissi, and mothered us all back into our boxes, confident that 'where there [had been] discord', she would bring harmony.

The present despair of the unemployed, and the government's polarisation of rich and poor provoked the exclamation that the Prime Minister's pledge to hope and harmony was little more than a sick joke. Mr. Colenutt had asserted that a government's only role in ensuring employment was to create the right 'atmosphere' (of ambition, high productivity, and low taxes). In response, he was told that the atmosphere the Tories had created was one of fear—they had used *un*employment as a positive policy—to break the backs of the trade unions by invigorating people's anxiety about the security of their own jobs, instilling an attitude of 'I'm just about alright, Jack, so to hell with the rest of you'. The unemployed had become a social evil in themselves—'the enemy within', 'scrounging' off the state's already scanty resources. Government policy did not regard them as a source of potential—rather they were an added scourge in the battle against the inexorable recession.

Unless the Conservatives were to admit that the slogans of 1979 were simply examples of cynical, exploitative politicking, then their attempt to shirk their responsibility for unemployment—blaming the menacing, shifting sands of 'market forces'—was nothing short of treachery. Indeed, to regard unemployment as anything other than their most pressing political concern was sheer hypocrisy. What the government should now do became plain. They had spent 6 years insisting that jobs would only come 'in the right atmosphere'—yet they had been extraordinarily narrow-minded in supposing that all that was needed to create this atmosphere was that one bullied the over-indulged workforce. For all the British worker's new attitude, the infrastructure around him was still in a parlous state. What Mr. Colenutt had said about public works was simply not true. Granted, few *new* bridges were needed, but a massive amount of work was needed to repair the old ones. Many schools, hospitals, and housing estates were structurally unsound—and all needed work on them. The number of homeless people in Britain demanded that new houses be built—all this was going to cost, but it would cost a lot more next year if it were avoided this year. Purposeful jobs would immediately be created in the building trade, with the natural benefits to all the suppliers and dependants of that industry. The government had come quite far by simply turning its back on the welfare state. But if it continued to allow society's basic fabric to crumble, then the economy would crumble with it. The argument stood up to economic analysis, as was readily agreed by Mr. Colenutt afterwards (who, though he argued with great energy, had been given the uncomfortable task of opposing his own point of view.)

Sadly, but clearly, this debate had created little interest. Only three people (from the floor) stood up to speak with any conviction at all, and so the arguments were generally very repetitive. With no pressure of time, speakers could allow themselves as much irrelevance as they pleased—indeed the closing speech from the floor devoted its first half to an attack on 'the apathetic Westminster'. Still, however unrelated to the title, the attack was wholly justified in relation to the conduct of the debate itself. Few people came to the debate, and most of those that did displayed not just apathy, but an uncomfortable distaste for the subject—a genteel coffee-table conception of what was proper. One simply did not talk about unemployment in public. It was indecent.

Presumably the debate did not appeal to Westminsters because, unlike motions like 'Religion is the opium of the masses', it was not sufficiently vague to allow speakers to preen their own self-esteem through lengthy rhetorical, aesthetic expositions on vaguely philosophical subjects. In this debate, the subject matter was too immediate for such intellectual self-indulgence. The proposition's argument was not just weak because they were so lifeless, but because they disdained to back up their argument with anything other than emotive opinion.

Westminsters go to debates to be entertained, and amused. They turn up in great hordes to watch the guaranteed star-turns (Jim Cogan drew a full house for 'Man should go back to the trees'), and for issues which they think concern them. ('Women should go back to their stoves' was treated as a battle for sexual supremacy within the

school—nobody cared what was said—they were there to vote.) Politics, however, is clearly not an issue which concerns them. Whether that's because they choose to ignore that 'having no politics' just means accepting the ideology of the day, or whether it's an aesthetic snobbery which insists that they look no further than the fluff on the end of their noses is unclear. Whatever, politics is a pretty grubby subject, one that should be giggled over, rather than respected. No one suggests that debates should be attended with ponderous, earnest gravity, and of course, they are extremely theatrical—the licence that this theatre gives the speakers is part of their attraction. The trouble is that at Westminster, the theatre has become a debate's all. While the debate whether 'The government's chief policy should be to reduce the number of the unemployed' wasn't going to rock the world, its subject was of immediate social importance. Still, as John Horan pointed out, *we* had our O-levels, charity begins at home, and unemployment hadn't yet dented our ambitions. The resultant complacency, and its disdainful sneering, was not helped by the Headmaster. When the vote was taken—18 in favour, 6 against—he just laughed. It's all a terrible pity, but probably no surprise.

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Never Again: John Locke Society, May 8

by Thomas Harding

On a day when world leaders were congratulating themselves in a particularly evident case of self-indulgence and glorification, a member of Amnesty International weaved his way through tight security to come and underline the irony of that day, when 'never again' echoed from deserted cloisters; in particular to remind us of that morning's *Guardian* on the front page of which Reagan was reported to be humbly declaring 'never again' over remains of tortured German dead, while, a few pages inside, a story that didn't even merit a headline meagrely announced that 'some tortured victims testify in a trial'. Never again?

Alex Milne began by outlining the dimensions of Amnesty's work and its origins, how one man rose above the usual apathy and cynicism to proclaim that the basic rights of a human creature were being flouted, and how he was then surprised to find, not only that people condoned his stance (which is about all they usually do), but also that they joined him in the belief that they might be able to do something about the widespread corruption—and so Amnesty was born. Their main concerns, then as now, are detainees captured (and sometimes even convicted) for their beliefs, the organization adopting those who have not advocated violence in their attempt to express their opinions, irrespective of race, colour, sex or religion, as 'prisoners of conscience'.

The United Nations has a declaration of human rights which such countries as Chile, Yugoslavia and Argentina have signed. But despite the attempt to protect basic human rights, thousands of people are in prison because of what they believe. In 1983 Amnesty adopted 5557 cases; the true number of cases not adopted is incalculable. Detailed evidence exists of systematic torture and ill-treatment of prisoners in ninety countries, from prison-cells in Iran to psychiatric hospitals in the U.S.S.R. and torture centres in Chile. To add to this, hundreds of thousands of people have been murdered or 'lost' by these governments in the past decade. To make this state of affiars appallingly visible, Mr. Milne showed us a video about torture: here were men and women tortured by having four inch nails driven into their skulls, electrodes driven into their genitals, men and women beaten, stabbed and driven insane by similar treatment being applied to neighbouring inmates and relatives.

What can we do? Mr. Milne had a number of specific suggestions: financing lawyers to fight for prisoners' rights; mobilizing international opinion against those governments which torture, murder or 'lose' their citizens; inspiring individuals to write to governments denouncing their treatment of prisoners, urging a change, indicating that they are being watched carefully; and by writing to the prisoners themselves:

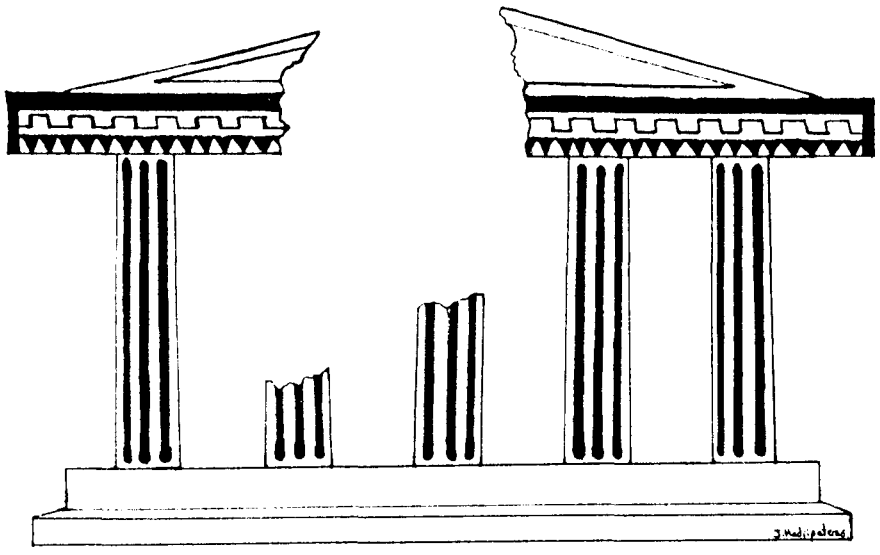
> 'For years I was held in a tiny cell; the only human contact I had was with my torturers... On Christmas Eve a guard tossed in a letter: "... do not be discouraged." Those words saved my life and my sanity; eight months later I was set free.'

Mr. Milne suggested these courses of action instead of token despair, and he ended his talk with this cautionary poem:

> 'First they came for the Jews,
> But I did not speak out because I am not a Jew;
> Then they came for the communists,
> But I did not speak out because I am not a communist;
> Then they came for the Trade Unions,
> But I did not speak out because I am not a Trade Unionist;
> Then they came for me,
> And there was no-one left to speak out for me.'

The collective brain of the audience was soon heard to be whirring and a question popped out. Isn't Amnesty too afraid of extremism? No, Mr. Milne replied; although we have all, at some time, wanted to grab a machine-gun, head for South America and spray the first official we can lay a hand on with lead, it would get us nowhere. For how can we criticize them for breaking their laws if we don't uphold them ourselves? A related question was how, exactly, can Amnesty assess the 'advocacy' of violence? In reply we were given the example of Nelson Mandela, whom Amnesty has appealed for, but whom they have never formally adopted because of his open condoning of violence as a means to an end. In contrast, his wife, who has never advocated violence, has been 'adopted' on a number of occasions.

Most of the audience, on their way out, picked up the pamphlets that had been provided—and this reflects how powerful was the effect of Mr. Milne's simply expressed, directly and mildly delivered message to us. Whether those incriminating words will remain prominent on mum's coffee-table, or left to the council's dustcart, only the men and women driven insane by the futility of their position and crushing solitude will ever know.



John Hadjipateras

Science and the feminine

by Sara Mutkin

Science is a sphere traditionally dominated by the male, an integral part of the boy/science, girl/art stereotype. Dr. Jane Matheson had infiltrated this male preserve and gave us the benefit of her experience in a talk entitled 'Science and the Feminine'.

She maintained that men had no specific biological advantage rendering them necessarily more capable in scientific areas; for example, a three-dimensional analysis had disproved the myth that boys have any special spatial ability. Therefore, how to account for male dominance in scientific fields?

The theory advanced laid stress on environmental factors. It was proposed that unconscious interaction between parents and young children promoted stereotyping—guns for boys, dolls for girls to foster the aggressive and maternal instincts respectively. This conditioning would obviously greatly influence choices made throughout life; the speaker particularly stressed the likely effect on crucial subject choices made by 14 year olds. Young adolescents, trying to achieve security through social acceptability, are unlikely to identify and assert their individuality against their conditioning and society's expectations.

So far, the argument seemed sound, but she was to conclude with an apparently contradictory statement. While asserting that there was no difference between men and women—apart from the Y chromosome—she contended that women were needed to bring an essentially feminine element into science. For example, it was women scientists who succeeded in banning the dissection of rats in public examinations. Eventually, she admitted that there must be some difference between men and women—apart from that annoying chromosome—that was left undefined and unexplained.

While agreeing that there are masculine and feminine elements in every individual, she took only a passing interest in the question of how men could acceptably express their femininity and adapt to women expressing their masculinity. The message for would-be female scientists seemed to be

(i) don't go to a mixed school
(ii) do go on the pill
(iii) don't play with a Sindy doll.

A recent debate also looked at women's role in society, the motion being 'Women should return to the stove'. The debate was unsatisfactory on two counts; firstly, each side chose to define the motion for themselves and gave no consideration to the opposing view and, secondly, the motion polarised the audience into the classic boy/girl confrontation, resulting in supposedly jokey hostility rather than reasoned discussion.

The discrimination exercised against women, limiting their freedom of choice in occupations, was the main point which the proposers failed to answer. The effect of women leaving the home on men's position in society was not dealt with by the opposers.

Discrimination against women must surely be based on the threat they present to men's security both at work and at home. Any true liberation for women must include a change in attitude that transforms them from threatening, unnatural competitors into individuals with their own needs and rights who could be welcome colleagues.

Distinct sexual roles can only exist in a rigid hierarchy which does not recognise people as separate and distinct beings—merely types, man/woman, black/white. What we all need is the opportunity to decide for ourselves and choose science or domesticity or whatever, with our personal preferences and abilities as the only discriminating factors.

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The Westminster Female: Theory . . .

by Andrea Owen

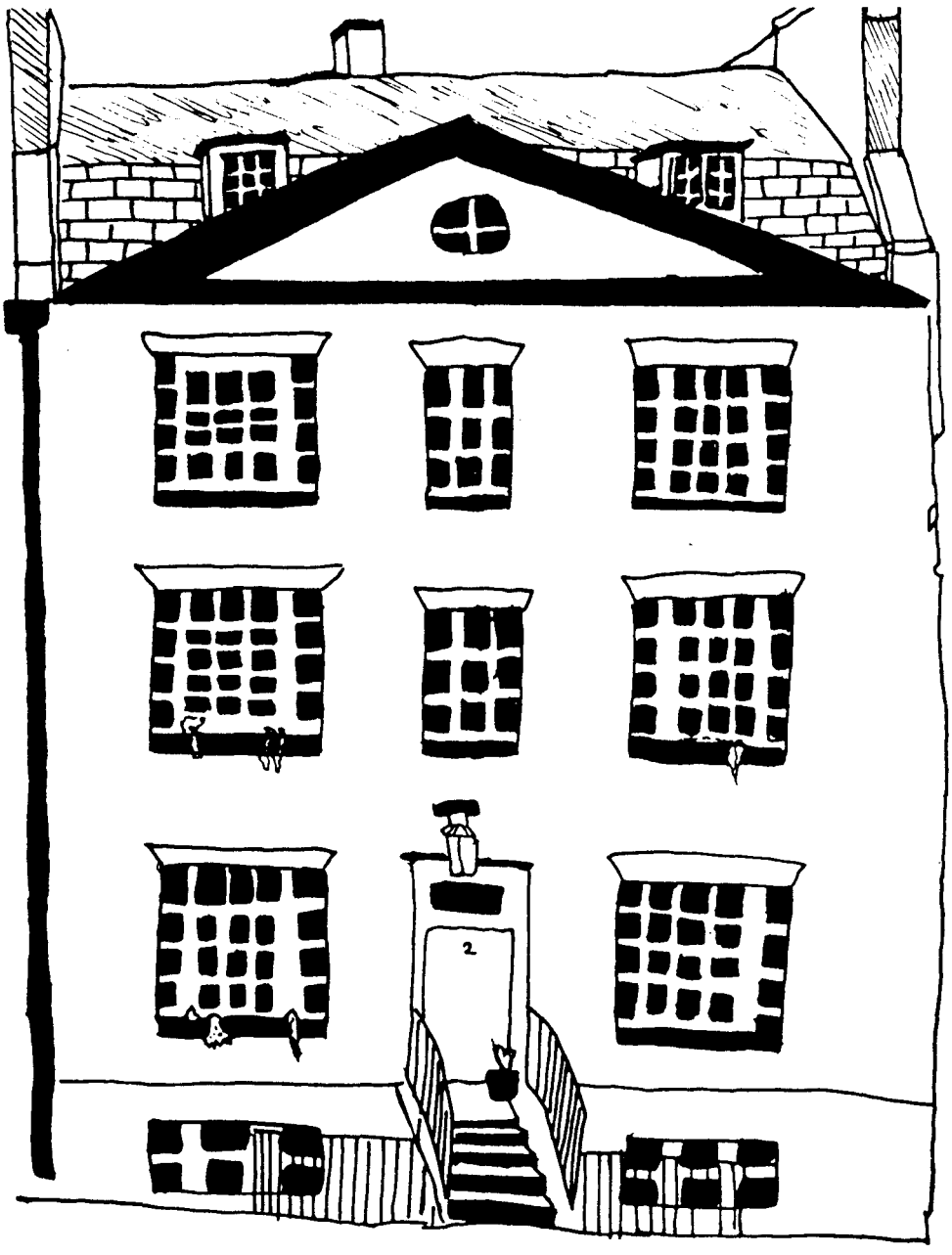
'Wow! A boy's school! You're going to a BOY'S school?!'

'Well yes actually I am. I believe in equality of education and men and women coming to terms with each other from an early age, I think it makes for maturer individuals. I mean girls and boys shouldn't feel the need to compete or be self-conscious and—'

'But you're going to *Westminster.*'

Yes indeed.

So much for fictional idealism: how many of the girls haven't at some point when asked, why Westminster, said (or thought), Well, there's MEN there. Some hope. There can be no doubt that the girls



Selim Toker

get the worst of the bargain here, if only because the ruling body can afford to dictate without compromise. But since this is *The Elizabethan*, this had better deal with the girls' contemporaries rather than their guides and mentors in the Common Room. What pressures are brought to bear on the vulnerable innocent who first pores over her map of Yard, the Girls' Powder Room, and Matron's? Admittedly that depends on the girl, though I believe she is carefully picked for her toughness and survival abilities (rightly so). To start with, there are the Hard Lads, all frantically determined to assert their masculine confidence: do you look snooty or burst into tears when the first barrage of crude comments on your vital stats explodes on your unsuspecting ears? If you ignore the crippling remarks on your physique and sex life, it takes you two terms of meek submission to rid yourself of the prefix, 'arrogant'; if you succumb to the temptation to be femininely vulnerable, it takes you three years to believe that *anyone* will ever take you seriously. How do you convince boys mostly a year younger than you that harmlessness is in the eye of the aggressor? Yes, there are psychological as well as physical differences between the sexes; but it is up to the women to define those differences as well as the men: 'different' is not synonymous with 'superior/inferior'. Discrimination is unavoidable but need not be a dirty word.

One of the 'Rules for girls' handed out is, 'Girls should at all times wear unladdered tights'. Impractical and man-made, this rule should long have gone the way of the Head of school's right to graze a goat on Green. (Are laddered tights really that titillating?) A petty example, yes: but that the School could expect the girls to take this kind of thing lying down (figuratively speaking) shows its aggressively blind arrogance. There is no pat answer to the pat line, 'Stop complaining, you *chose* to come here'—it simply dismisses the issue, which is that a girl's ability to choose could continue to operate when she's a member of the school.

Another complaint frequently levelled at the girls is that they can 'get away' with 'almost anything' merely by being female. This is largely true. However, the fact that this is possible assumes a level of sexism in staff and pupils that strangles any true attempt at self-assertion. The girls should not settle for what little practical advantage they can gain by exploiting prejudices—ideally they should be prepared to risk social condemnation for the right to be taken seriously. I know the infuriating response a self-declared 'feminist' gets: 'Oh God and I suppose she never shaves her legs and goes to lesbian yoga classes': the overwhelming temptation is to say, 'Oh grow up', which not surprisingly doesn't go down too well, especially if the other person is a teacher of some twenty years' standing. Yes, I know how many times it's been said before: but until girls and boys alike stop hiding in sexual stereotypes and easy roles, no Westminster female will rid herself of the idea that she is in fact highly privileged to be allowed to exist on any terms in a man's world.

The Westminster Female: . . . and practice

by Sara Snow and Laura Hacker

Westminster originally started taking girls to offer them better science teaching and facilities—it seems ironic that science is now considered by many to be an 'unfeminine' subject; while the sciences have become dominant in girls' public schools, girls at Westminster tend to drop sciences and switch to arts. Are the arts the only subjects in which equality both of attitudes and results seems possible? When faced with comments from the Common Room like 'sometimes girls can even do well at Physics', one tends to think so.

Is it the pressure to be 'feminine' in a male environment that causes girls and sport to be considered worlds apart? Some would argue that girls do not come to Westminster to play sport but it is evident from the enthusiasm of the girls doing Water that this just is not true. Girls are expected to, and do, play a full part in all school activities (including so-called voluntary ones such as choir), so why are their stations not given equal status while they are simultaneously barred from football, cricket, fives where genuine interest is dismissed by facetious quotations such as 'girls playing cricket are like dogs walking on their hind legs'. From being a 'doss' option where keenness was derided and apathy reigned, netball has become a popular and lively station, yet we are still playing on an unmarked, badly surfaced court while basketball, a minor option, is treated preferentially.

Girls are still seen as 'temporary residents' as they are only at Westminster for two years and it is therefore not considered worthwhile spending time and money on facilities for them. Barton Street is an exception and the demand for boarding places for girls justifies this; girls can now be considered a normal part of boarding school life and not an 'addition'. There is still differential treatment; the girls' boarding houses, although generally considered more luxurious than the boys', do not justify the difference in the sixth-form-entry students' fees. As one member of the Common Room commented upon no. 4, 'this is squalid!' Is that what we pay an extra £165 per term for?

Girls are seen as an academic or social addition to the school but are not treated as equals. Contrary to popular belief, being treated differently does not mean attention or admiration but is often demeaning and causes unnecessary self-consciousness. Girls who come to Westminster are expected to cope with this and are apparently successful—but should it be necessary to be constantly self-aware, because you are never fully considered a member of the school, but always a 'girl at Westminster'?

The Debating Society: a reflection

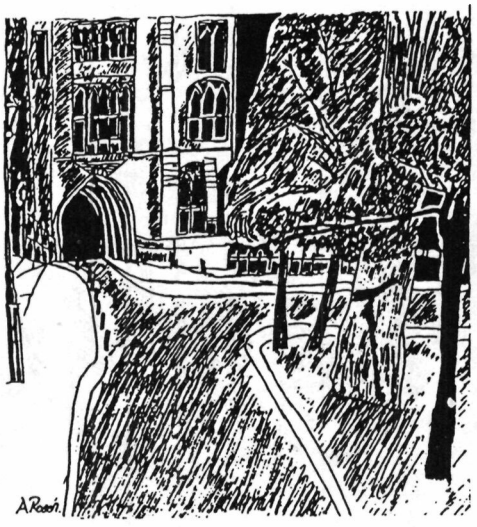
by John Kingman

Now that the Debating Society has been 'under new management' for more than a term, perhaps the time is ripe to lean back and take a look at the progress of this Society. In many ways, the venture has been a success: the last debate was attended by some 80 people (mostly from the Sixth Form), and the Society seems to have encouraged some members of the School to come forward and to stick their necks out about some subject or other. These are, however, perhaps not the ideals at which the Society should be aiming.

What marked the most recent debate ('Women should return to their stoves') was the appearance of a better-than-usual speech (it may be true, as I heard someone say that 'his argument stank', but I am referring to a well-ordered and persuasive speech). Up until then, no speech, excepting one or two very interesting comments from the floor, would make me seriously re-consider the issues of the motion in the light of their views. Some speeches were severely off the point, some boring, others ill-prepared. Some speakers have been so nervous (in front of less than a hundred of their contemporaries) that mentioning them here would seem to be like rubbing salt in their wounds—suffice to say that a shivering piece of paper and a wavering voice can be very distracting. In all, at least half of the speeches have lacked any cogent order or afterthought.

Above all, however, the main fault in the speeches was the rolling out of old chestnuts—the arguments that we'd all heard before. The answer to this problem seems to be to hold debates with less clichéd motions. Then we might have some novel arguments, original angles on untrodden problems... Is such a motion impossible if it is to remain interesting? Surely not!

The other distinguishing factor of this



Adam Rosen

most recent debate was the audience. As one speaker from the floor remarked, this was the most tense debate—the motion was seen as a 'battle' between men and women. There were a considerable number of boys who were quite clear about who should be chained to the stove ('It's just obvious that women should be at their stoves... that's what they're there for'), and their jeering degraded what might have been a very interesting debate. Not that they were entirely to blame—the opposition (thinking themselves as very reasonable) were being thoroughly unreasonable, ignoring any other point of view (I caught 'irrational', 'selfish', and 'ancient' among others). This audience had made up its mind long before the debate (not only in this debate—the others too), and no speech was going to change it. The answer? Less cliched motions?...

If we were to have debates with less well-trodden motions, does that contradict the nature of a debating society? I think not. Is not the duty of a debating society to debate controversial topics? Perhaps—but there are controversial topics which do not enter the public eye quite as much as others—topics about which people do not already have firm-set opinions. Ideally, we want a system which involves the quality of the speeches swaying the opinion of the floor. A debate is an artificial situation, of which main speeches are a crucial part. At present, the vote is meaningless, except as an 'opinion poll'. A school like Westminster, with a reputation for academic ability, ought to be able to discuss important topics in a better way than it has done. A predecessor of mine, writing up a debate for *The Elizabethan*, wrote that 'the trouble was the motion', and this is the point which needed to be raised. Perhaps the resuscitation of the Society was a step in the right direction, but now this step needs to be refined.

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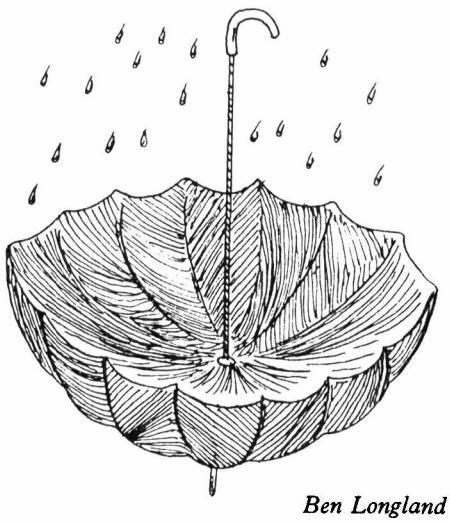

Ben Longland

Savages
by Richard Jacobs

Savages, according to the pundits quoted on the back of the Faber edition, is 'profoundly serious', a play that is 'delicate' and 'cumulative' in its 'power'. It is based on anthropological evidence and political history; it records the ruthless 'genocide' of Brazilian Indians, and simultaneously the rather genial kidnapping of an English diplomat by revolutionary marxists aiming to overthrow the American-backed military dictatorship. It is not a profoundly serious or delicate play; Hampton characterizes by type rather than insight, and the play's liberal conscience is too crudely pampered by the ending, in which the most genial of the terrorists is forced ('sorry') to kill the diplomat while (off-stage) they are overpowered by the military. The political unconscious of the play is designed to flatter: it is apparently right to make a fuss about disappearing tribes, and sensitively to collect their poetry, rather than about capitalist exploitation of entire populations. Of the savages contained in the title, all are indelicately and unprofoundly presented: the Indians have all the poetry and insight ('you see, they look into your eyes and they know it all'), the exploiters and do-gooders all the pantomime stupidity (the word 'savages' is used, predictably, by a Reverend), the revolutionaries all the misguided and doomed ardour. The result is a play that is an uneasy mix of documentary and pastiche, a polemic that doesn't believe its own polemic. It's simply not good enough—though typical of the 'socially conscious' theatre of liberal playwrights like Hampton—to disarm the play's strongest speech like this:

> —'All your liberal hearts bleed at the thought of those poor naked savages fading away, but it never begins to dribble across your apology for a mind that half a million children under five starved to death in Brazil last year.'
>
> —'That is a complete perversion of my point of view. You people are all the same.'
>
> —'So are you people.'

Gavin Griffiths' production for Ashburnham faced the play's problems (among them its 22 little scenes each imperiously demanding a 'black-out') by giving us a very spare, uncluttered version on the floor of school. The acting was almost stylized in its use of freeze and simple gesture; the floor made a casual arena for the bare bones of the action—and I think these were good ideas: elaborate naturalism would have exposed the play's thinness of texture. (I only wish the use of not-quite off-stage actors waiting to perform had been firmed up as a production feature and the black-outs ignored.) A rather more radical and severe simplification was the abolition of the Indians from the play. This had the effect of desentimentalizing the play's covert liberal message—we had to agree with the speech quoted above as we were not allowed *direct* access to the Indians as suffering people. So the Ashburnham production was a 'reading' that subverted the play's uneasy conscience—another good idea.

There was some good, clearly judged acting and strong delivery. Fraser Metcalf made real sense out of the diplomat (though the part is typical of the play in its mix of character and caricature) and Jeremy Callman hit the revolutionary's part with passion and conviction (rather more than the play demonstrates). Tony Lezard, as the troubled anthropologist, was as convincing as the part allowed, and Jon Abando and John Blystone made us laugh as the hidebound old colonialist and the absurd American Reverend. And that's the problem: making us laugh is all too close to Hampton's purpose. The pundit quoted at the beginning of this review, after all, thinks that *Savages* is a 'true comedy... bristling with epigrammatic wit'. Oh, so that's what it is. Ashburnham were quite right to make sure that it wasn't.

*

Andrea Owen

A Little Night Music

by Jo Howard and Amanda Kleeman

The school production of Stephen Sondheim's 'A Little Night Music' was the major musical and dramatic event of the Lent Term, and certainly a memorable one. The enthusiasm generated by it was considerable, and a large number of people were given the opportunity to prove their dramatic, musical and managing skills.

For those who declined to attend any of the three performances, here is a synopsis of the plot. Fredrik Egerman (Dan Glaser) takes his new wife Anne (Fenella Welsh) to see a play starring Désirée Armfeldt (Jo Lawrence) with whom he had had an affair 14 years previously. Anne sees Désirée staring at them and is upset, so they leave early returning home to find Fredrik's son Henrik (John Graham-Maw) entangled with the maid Petra (Stephanie Giles). After the performance Fredrik returns to the theatre and he and Désirée renew their relationship. Some time later he visits Désirée, and is in a nightshirt when her present lover, Count Malcolm (Jason Kouchak), arrives unexpectedly, and Désirée and Fredrik have to explain their way out of an awkward situation. Count Malcolm is jealous and in between verses of a song ('In Praise of Women') sends his wife Charlotte (Sara Snow), Anne's old school friend, to tell her about the episode. She does so, and they console each other about their respective marriages ('Every day a little death'). Désirée meanwhile visits her mother (Emily Lawson) and illegitimate daughter Fredrika (Natasha Tahta) in the country, and persuades her mother to invite Fredrik and family for a weekend. Count Malcolm hears about this and decides to go, uninvited, with Charlotte. The first act finale is the number 'A Weekend in the Country' with various combinations of characters discussing the invitations.

The beginning of the second act sees Count Malcolm and Charlotte, Fredrik, Anne, Fredrik's son Henrik, a serious young man training for the ministry, and their maid Petra all arriving at Madam Armfeldt's château simultaneously. In the following scenes Fredrik and Count Malcolm discuss the irresistible attraction of Désirée ('It would have been wonderful'), Charlotte and Anne devise a plot for regaining their husbands, and Henrik admits to Fredrika that he is hopelessly in love with his stepmother, Anne. At dinner that evening tempers are fiery, and Charlotte puts her plan—to seduce Fredrik and make her husband jealous—into action. Then Henrik loses his temper, smashes an expensive glass and storms out, after denouncing the stupidity of the other characters' relationships. Then, while Madame Armfeldt laments the demise of liaisons as she knew them, Henrik tries to hang himself, Anne finds him, Petra announces to Frid, the butler (Ben Longland), that she is going to make the most of her freedom while she has it ('I will marry the miller's son'), and Count Malcolm, seeing Charlotte confiding in Fredrik on a bench, goes off to duel with him in the summer house. After this Count Malcolm takes Charlotte home, Anne and Henrik run off together and Madam Armfeldt dies, leaving Désirée and Fredrik alone for the reprise of 'Send in the clowns'.

There were many fine performances in this production. Jo Lawrence introduced her dramatic and musical talents to us in her first school production—may it not be her last! Judging by the number of people whistling and humming 'Send in the clowns' around the school, her portrayal of Désirée was very memorable. Her dragoon partner will certain not be forgotten either: a shining example of good casting: Jason Kouchak showed commanding authority and confidence on the stage, though whether he was actually acting was a matter of considerable uncertainty among both cast and audience. Fenella Welsh, also in her first production for the school, gave an enthusiastic and convincing performance as Anne, although she had, perhaps, a little too much confidence in the sound system, and we would have like to hear her voice more clearly. Dan Glaser, certainly not new to the Westminster acting scene, gave further proof of his ability; his experience and well-developed sense of timing in particular helped to keep the whole show together. John Graham-Maw excelled himself, not only in acting a difficult rôle and singing in a difficult range, but also learning to play the cello especially for the production; Stephanie Giles injected verve and enthusiasm into the part of Petra, and Natasha Tahta made a very sweet Fredrika. As her grandmother, Emily Lawson was very convincing, although she also had to sing in what was really the wrong range for her. Sara Snow, another familiar face in Westminster productions, certainly lived up to our expectations, looking particularly stunning in the dinner table scene. And finally, the 'Liebeslieder', Nick Hudson, Sarah Christie-Brown, Sabina Hale, Simon Cope-Thompson and Anna Markham, must be praised for their fine performances as chorus in the songs commenting on the action, singing reprises, and, above all, exhorting us time and time again to 'remember'.

This musical is designed for a vast stage, and calls several times for two or three sets to be visible simultaneously. The narrow, shallow stage of School meant that there could be no ideal design, and the result was a frequently cluttered stage. However, the flying system was put to great use: single wall-papered flats against a black cloth represented the interiors; a magnificent *trompe l'oeil* theatre set was flown in for Désirée's first entry, and an enormous *pointilliste* Swedish château dominated the second act, its pastel colours carefully matching the pale pinks, blues and beige of the costumes. A single large chandelier over the elegantly decorated table against black drapes denoted the luxurious dining-room, and a simply draped window gave the focal point to Désirée's bedroom. Madame Armfeldt's wheelchair (despite its lack of manoeuvrability) was an unusual visual feature.

The new lighting system saw its first big production, and the improved angles provided soft, clean light for the whole stage, allowing the follow-spot to be subtly deployed just for highlights. Use was also made of a frontlit gauze, sometimes with

leaf gobos, to mask scene changes and suggest the garden of the château. The new sound system was on show, its advantages (and occasional teething troubles) obvious to all.

The orchestra, under the expert direction of Stuart Nettleship, tackled the difficult music very well, and nearly all the wrinkles were ironed out in time for the first performance. Special thanks must go to Sophy Thompson for the many hours she put in as the accompanist for the cast rehearsals. Kate Miller gave her considerable expertise and unflagging enthusiasm to the set, planned and painted by a team under her leadership. She also designed and made Sara Snow's ballgown. Benjie Carey led a willing and able stage crew, and Philip Needham and Bryan Lovell worked with their customary professionalism in directing the lighting and sound. Hilary Arthur tackled with inexhaustible patience and encouragement the seemingly impossible task of teaching the cast to waltz, and also supervised the immaculate dressing and lightning costume changes. But of course praise must go above all to John Arthur for his dedication and imagination in designing and directing such an ambitious and successful production.

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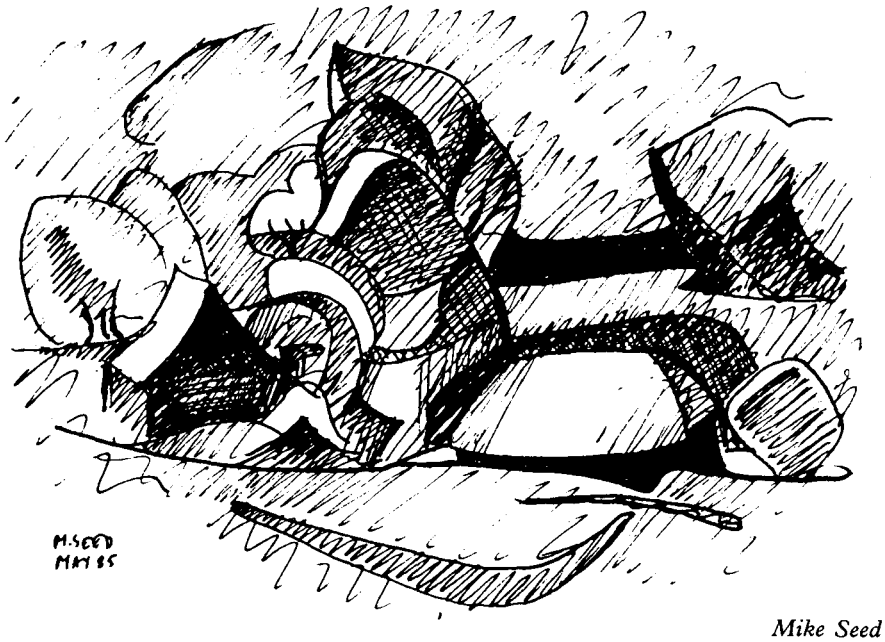
Les Justes (Camus) / Vineta (Soyfer)

by Mark Williams

The cramped, rather claustrophobic conditions of the Dungeons provided a very apt setting for Maurice Lynn's production of *Les Justes* by Albert Camus. The play, set in Russia in 1905, investigates the different attitudes of the members of a group of revolutionaries towards murder (specifically, the murder of the Grand Duke and his children) as a means towards their political end. The range of views expressed is then re-examined by the introduction of outsiders, as visitors in prison to the condemned assassin, the 'Poet' Kaliayev (Chris Durrance).

The stark simplicity of the set, and the absence of props, reinforced Camus' own intentions, that it is the quality of the message which counts, and that anything which might distract from what his characters have to say is to be avoided.

As the play opened Annenkov, the leader of the group (James Hordern) and Kaliayev's lover Dora, played with assurance, and considerable sensitivity, by Marianne Glynn, stood facing the back wall. A long pause followed before there was any movement or speech, and thus the tension which was to be the keynote of this drama was quickly established. Their comrade Stepan (Paul Cohen) returns from three years' imprisonment, and if one sometimes felt that Annenkov lacked the authority necessary for a leader, it was probably against the background of the certainty of purpose, and total conviction in the rightness of his own cause, which underlay every word uttered by Stepan.



Mike Seed

It was, however, after all the terrorists had had the opportunity to express their views, after Kaliayev and Dora had made their plea for humanity, after Anenkov had vainly tried to assert dominance over the relentless Stepan, and after the fifth comrade Vionov (Selim Toker) had opted for a life supporting the revolution by committee and propaganda work rather than by bomb-throwing, it was only after all these things that the scene could move away from the insularity of the terrorists' upstairs room, and the outside world be introduced. For once in prison Kaliayev has to go through a number of interviews, which he finds increasingly uncomfortable, and it was at this point that the production was perhaps at its best. There was considerable black comedy created in the scene where Kaliayev learns that Foka (Toby Rowland), the convict cleaning his cell, whom he had initially addressed as 'frère' is also going to be his executioner, and even worse, will actually gain a year's remission from his own sentence for it! Then followed an interrogation by Skouratov (Vieri Timosci), the chief of police—a Stepan on the right side of the law, as one critic has pointed out. It must however be said Skouratov's leering grins aside to the audience, coupled with the slapping of his riding crop against his high boots, and a rather studied effeteness in the characterisation overall, combined to suggest a menace to Kaliayev of a sort which had certainly never crossed Camus's mind.

The real anguish came for Kaliayev when he was forced to face his victim's widow. Ainoa Doughty as the Grand Duchess conveyed an impressive serenity. There was no sense of recrimination, and her self-control provided a useful counterweight to the passionate appeals of previous scenes.

The final act brings together the arguments. With Kaliayev's execution now carried out, and graphically described, Dora suddenly acquires great inner strength of her own. The gesture employed as an act of submission earlier in the play, leaning weakly against the solid brick wall of their room, is repeated, but this time it provides a moment for reflection before she resolves to take up the fight in the front line:

'... Donne-moi la bombe ... je veux
la lancer.
Je veux être la première à la lancer.'

Although considered 'too intellectual' by some critics when it was first produced in 1950, and despite having since been added to the list of examination set texts, which has been enough to finish off many a good book in the past, the enthusiasm with which this production of *Les Justes* was received perhaps indicated that even if the setting were quite specific, the problem which the play broaches, that of individual responsibility and justification of the means employed to a given end, retains a universal interest.

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If *Les Justes* was concerned with attempting to explain values which surpass life and death, the message of *Vineta* by Jura Soyfer was perhaps more daunting still, since it deals with reactions to an imagined land of limbo in which the fixed points of conventional existence—time and place—have both become so confused and eroded that in the end the very language used by the people there ceases to have any sensible meaning.

The story of *Vineta* is an extended flashback, a story told by Johnny, now a drunken old sailor, about a time when as a young deep-sea diver his air-supply failed. As he hovered on the very edge of life he found himself visiting a strange undersea world. It is in this world—Soyfer's thinly-disguised view of the lifeless and hopeless atmosphere of Vienna in the 1930's—that

Johnny initially tries to make sense of what is going on around him, before he, too, is swallowed up in its absurdity.

The older, worldly-wise Johnny was played with great humour and not a little pathos by Ian Huish. Mortimer Menzel, as the young Johnny, had a long and demanding rôle to sustain which he did with commendable vigour. His portrayal of the initial confusion when he regained consciousness in the topsy-turvy *Vineta*, and then slow but sure integration into its nonsense, was convincingly handled. Across Johnny's path comes a parade of unlikely characters, a monosyllabic policeman who can answer none of his questions, a lady waiting for a ship which will leave yesterday, two senators seriously discussing non-existent business, and so the list goes on. These characters are essentially two-dimensional and offer little scope for dramatic virtuosity, but despite this many of them remain memorable—Johnny Brown's larger-than-life Senator, for example, or Emily Phelps-Brown's totally vacant and yet paradoxically rather engaging Dame.

Eventually we return to old Johnny still telling his story in the bar, but despite the importance of what he is saying, it is only a distracted prostitute who listens: everyone there has heard it before.

Before the play itself there were readings from some of Soyfer's other works: 'An alte Professoren' a plea to teachers to take their pupils seriously, and a reminder that sarcasm should have no place in the classroom; another extract was on a theme particularly close to his heart—that of living life to the full: 'Halbheit'—'halfness', he insists, is not enough. Time and again come references to life and to living: 'Ich muss lebendig sein' seemed to be Johnny's only defence against the ubiquitous amnesia of the people of Vineta.

Providing an overall framework at the beginning and at the end of the evening, and a reference point to everything that went on in between, was Soyfer's last poem, his Song of Dachau, recalling the sign which stood above the entrance to that camp 'Arbeit macht frei' (Work makes you free).

Einst Wird die Sirene künden
Auf zum letzten Zählappel
... Hell wird uns die Freiheit lachen
Vorwärts gehts mit grossen Mut.
Und die Arbeit, die wir machen,
Diese Arbeit, sie wird gut.

(One day sirens will be shrieking
One more roll-call, but the last.
... Bright the eyes of Freedom
burning
Worlds to build with joy and zest
And the work begun that morning,
Yes, that work will be our best!)

Surely, though, the real irony is that Soyfer's warning about the dangers of a decaying society should have found expression just two years before he became one of the first victims of the holocaust. As the 40th anniversary celebrations continue for D-Day, VE-Day and all the others—days at the end of the six most appalling years in Man's history, it might be worth sparing a thought for those who sang Soyfer's song with him:

Bleib ein Mensch, Kamerad,
Sei Ein Mann Kamerad,
Denn Arbeit, Arbeit macht frei!

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Endgame

by Maurice Lynn

All around the room, pierced by two small windows, a world is decomposing. The unnamed cataclysm has happened. Yet Clov, the only person who can move, and look outside, spots—just once—a child. Perhaps. Apart from Hamm and Clov, we glimpse the former's legless parents, Nagg and Nell, imprisoned in dustbins. To the neck. And doomed, like all, to regurgitate sentimental memories and funny stories. As does Hamm, as puerile and selfish as his hated parents. Clov alone remains lucid. Will he have the strength of will to escape Hamm's tyranny? Perhaps. But the two are too much like Pozzo and Lucky to be not inseparable. Both are trapped in a no man's land of impossible solitude and equally impossible communication. The power of the play is pitilessly cruel.

Given that there is nothing to be said, nothing that can be said, what is said must constitute some oblique strategy, the objective of which blurs impenetrably into meaninglessness, into 'l'inutilité théâtrale et sans joie de tout' in the words of Jacques Vaché, that spectral embodiment of Dada who opted out at nineteen, true to his School, before having published a single word.

So there is nothing to be said in the realm of 'le jeu', the game or the 'play': a silent void and a gaping silence, writ eloquent in the case-book of nil prospect and terminal depression. But still, the grievous laughter breaks through. I would have preferred the Dungeons less full, less intent, better to savour those hollow expirations that Beckett can draw from us when we least expect, just as the tears to which we are mercilessly reduced. Or elevated.

No virtuous hero, here, to pity or fear. Just a blindman, centre-stage, an actor/imposter to the power of two, nailed to nothing—images of Joyce and a young expatriate amanuensis. Or soul-blindness, and the witty bat of insanity the other side of annihilation. Nothing to be...

What then is Beckett's game, his 'jeu'? Perhaps a gamble? He doesn't so much play with words as gamble with them. Both stake and pay-off are finitely renewable. Is his endgame the final gamble—or the final gambol? You see, it's catching. Is it the last match, or the party-pooper's final call of 'partie's over'? The transligual punning never stops: Hamm/Hammer: Clov/Clou: Nagg-Nell/Nagel.

With Cartesian contortion Beckett would be saying 'Lacrimo ergo sum', with the threatening existential rider of 'laugh and you're dead'. Endgame meets war-game. Not to forget that the fear of nuclear catastrophe was as acute in '57 as in '85. So where does it end? In the game? Or the play?

The Westminster production of 'Endgame' compared more than favourably with the last professional working I saw. It spoke beyond what we now consider the clichéd stock-in-trade of New Wave or Absurdist Theatre—the theatricalism, metadramatic asides, minimalism, atemporality, stasis etc. These are all present in 'Endgame'. But there is so much more than is fresh and stunning, revivified by Alec Charles's production. Richard Jacobs, Alec Charles, Jason Lyon and Vivienne Curtis, as Hamm, Clov, Nagg and Nell respectively, all gave us a convincing taste of hell. And so 'nicely put', to boot.

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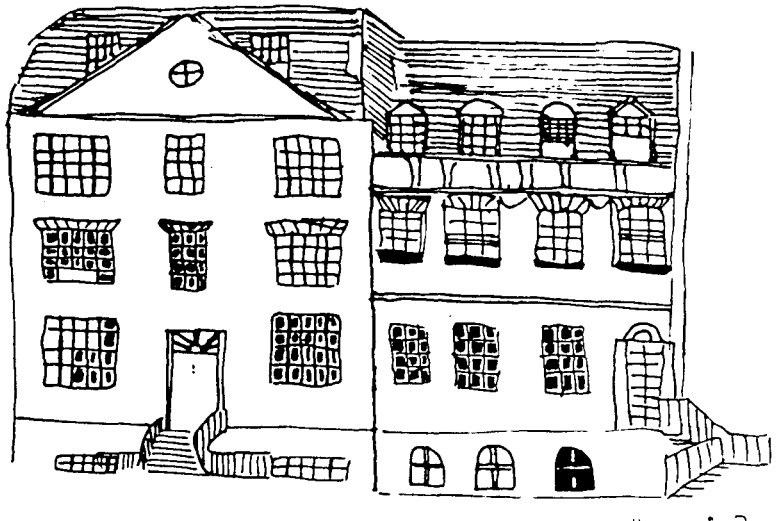


Henry Sainty

National News: 'Pravda'

by Alec Charles

'Welcome to the foundry of lies.'

On that line ends a play which demonstrates that a 'comedy of excess' (or so it calls itself) need not merely go on too long. 'Pravda—'the truth'—deals with the 'quick forge and working house' of the Fleet Street press. Although its two writers, Howard Brenton and David Hare—writers of 'The Romans in Britain' and 'Saigon—Year of the Cat' respectively, and of 'Brassneck' together—claim that the setting is an all-encompassing metaphor, it is perhaps better to abandon that line of interpretation; in other words, any line of interpretation. 'Pravda' can be read as a deep-and-meaningful play: it cries for notice of its importance as a social(ist) statement. I fear that it is not, however, an 'important' play.

It takes two central political stands: primarily against the lack of 'the truth' in Fleet Street's productions; but also as an anti-South African piece, which, unfortunately, goes beyond pure anti-Apartheid. Athony Hopkins plays international businessman and newspaper proprietor, Lambert Le Roux—a white South African whose ideas of political reality make Machiavelli look something of a naif. All very funny, of course—'He is a South African. Of impeccable liberal credentials.' 'So he's black.'—but, after the brilliantly subtle, political, South African drama at the National, 'The Road to Mecca', one wonders whether Messrs Brenton and Hare are aiming at an important political statement about Apartheid (this they miss), or are simply picking, somewhat ironically, upon the South Africans as a racial minority for unabating derision. Theirs is not practical, constructive criticism.

As I said, it is best not to read the play too deeply. Its greatest merit is, predictably, Anthony Hopkins—forget Ian McKellen (most people already have), here is the most impressive performance on the London stage for far too long. Hopkins is a conscientious professional; he offers none of that false relaxation which is becoming so popular; Lambert Le Roux is observed in every detail, an unflaggingly tensed figure of burningly active egotism. An Iago in execution, his driving ideology of amorality is ultimately infective: 'What on earth is all this stuff about the truth? Truth? Why, when everywhere you go people tell lies. In pubs. To each other. To their husbands. To their wives. To the children. To the dying—and thank God they do. No one tells the truth. Why single out newspapers?' Lambert Le Roux is ever on edge—that is what sustains our focus on him. No one could sympathise with his views; I think we all secretly identify with him.

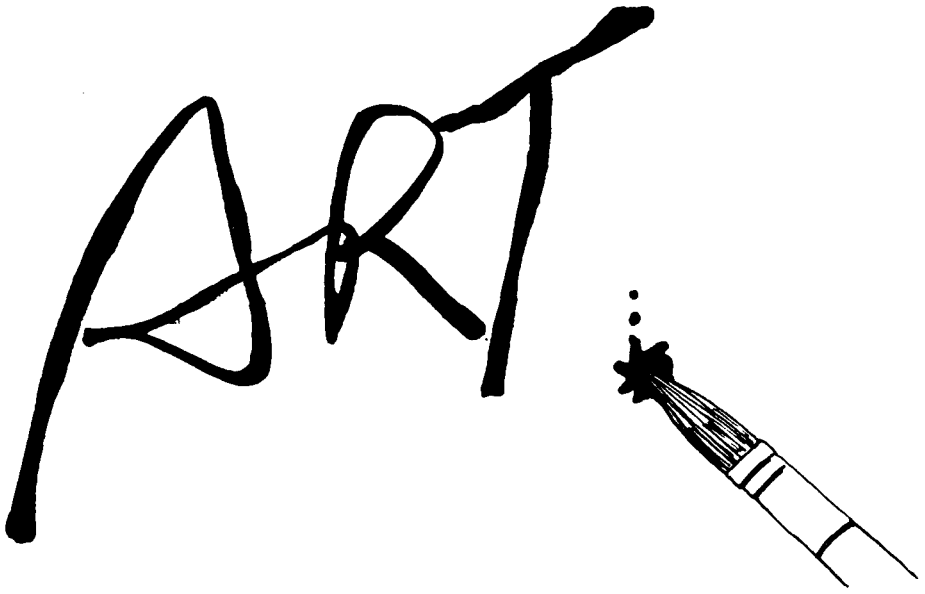
The rest of the cast is not-quite-equally strong. Hopkins, in showing off his own talents, does not attempt to show up his fellow performers. The real hero of the piece, Tim McInnerny's Andrew May, journalist and editor, works, in his naivety, as a powerful contrast to Le Roux—but McInnerny's best moment comes at the drama's close, when that naivety cum innocence is shattered: 'I don't want a best friend, I don't want a wife. I want this job!' Also of some note is Bill Nighy's performance as Eaton Sylvester, the archetypal Australian, whose language is not for the effete ear.

I hardly need to comment upon the show's production, direction and pace. It is, after all, at the National.

While not conferring upon the play any interpretations that it might not deserve—however much it may want to, it cannot hold up a moral philosophy on the subject of truth as an absolute ideology—its 'superficial' points concerning the responsibilities (ie: the irresponsibilities) of the press are of some value, as are its basely political periphera. Of the latter, there are supportive references to—amongst other contemporary issues—C.N.D. and the Miners' strike (of those one cannot complain); but more interesting is the concept that the government needs the media *more* than the media need governmental support. The newspapers—in that their proprietors and editors, and even their journalists, are all playing games of power politics themselves—can avoid 'the truth', because they are in a position (albeit a competitive one) of manipulative control—over readers, over governments (through the power they hold over those readers), and, of course, over what they want to say. Is this also the case in the U.S.S.R.? More immediately sobering is the formula that Lambert Le Roux can fit to even your most 'trendy lefty' journal: 'Page one, a nice picture of the Prime Minister. Page two, something about actors. Page three, gossip . . . a rail crash if you're lucky. Four, high technology. Five, sex, sex crimes, court cases. A couple of filler pages then it's editorials. Then letters. All pleasingly like-minded, all from Kent . . . Then six pages of sport. Back page, a lot of weather and something nasty about the Opposition.'

Judging by the applause—at the end and between *every* scene—I guess I was not alone in enjoying 'Pravda'. It is, in places, sanely Pythonesque: in particular, the semi-relevant calls of the newsvendors who open most scenes—'Headless murder case. Whose head is it?', 'Thornton Heath sex triangle: fourth man named.' It is thus, self-consciously, almost more of a drama-documentary than a straight play; the boundaries between fact and fiction are already so unclear here that it is surely not unintentional. Also comically excessive are some of the characters' names: Ian Ape-Warden, and Elliot Fruit-Norton and (inevitably) a Cliveden Whicker-Baskett. You must see it—if only for the precision, perfection and hilarity of Anthony Hopkins's Lambert Le Roux. Do keep an open mind, try not to let the play's deceptive ideology get to you (too much). To tell the truth, 'Pravda' is not a 'great' play. But it is a great laugh. And, in the world it forecasts, or merely reflects, that is something that we could all use.

Robin Stopford



The 'Trendiest Churchman in Christendom'

by Katy Bassett and Jonathan Baxter

Locked doors; curt graffito. Broken windows faintly exhaling breath as decay, of absence, darkness, death, things which are not; an expiration. Another London church plunged into obscurity and added to the congregation of historically and architecturally interesting, but decidedly lifeless, urban edifices. Another relic.

Such seemed the destiny of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, as it was confronted with financial ruin and imminent closure. Then, in 1980, Donald Reeves took over and provided the illumination so desperately needed for the resurrection of St. James's. Indeed, today, St. James's, 'now a bit of Heaven in Piccadilly'—still only four years into Donald Reeves' great 'Ten Years Plan'—already surpasses the modern view of the customary functions of a church. In fact, as Donald Reeves intended, it provides a 'platform for artists and multicultural activities', having established the Piccadilly Festival of Arts and constantly offering itself as a centre for exhibitions like 'Art for Peace' or for poetry readings. It has even created its own theatre group and orchestra.

However, apart from being a cultural centre with a music and an art director, a church for visitor and artist, it is more importantly a church for the community. Though Donald Reeves acknowledges the problems of attempting to provide a 'parish' church in a largely non-residential area, weddings remain local rather than 'snob' affairs. Even if those who attend St. James's are not local people, a community can still be created within the church regardless of residential differences. In fact, the community probably benefits from the social diversity thus obtained. Although it may still be 'modest and fragile', 'the St. James's community', the Ten Year Plan proclaims, 'has been born'. Yet Donald Reeves still has to contend with the growing bureaucracy incurred by his church's popularity, which threatens the immediacy that he would like to offer. It stems from the apparent incompatibility of a basic ideal with a modern urban society. The irony is that the threat merely serves to highlight the success that the church has had.

Donald Reeves realises and exploits the full potential of the 'secular, multi-racial and multi-faith society' with which he is faced, and believes 'the Church should seek to include everyone', aiming to make St. James's 'a Seven Days a Week Church for London and the World'. Indeed, the 'inter-faith' activity of St. James's is thriving for people should, Donald Reeves feels, ecumenically, recognise 'the presence of these other historic faiths' and aim to 'explore the common ground and the differences'. He rejects the usual isolationism of the Church of England, believing that rigid frontiers shield central weakness whereas, by contact with other faiths, the strength of the basis of one's own faith is tested and confirmed.

Despite its mass of secular activities, including the fund-raising Wren Restaurant, St. James's is still very much a church for celebration; indeed, Donald Reeves wishes to 'make it a show case for Christianity.' Rejecting the complacency of what he called the 'Hovis Advert background' of the Church of England he believes the Church should be a 'disturbing influence, a slightly direputable influence.' Although it provides sanctuary and a home, Christianity should be an experience of invigorating exploration and the Church's role is 'to raise disturbing and difficult questions.' Donald Reeves' Ten Year Plan defines the community of St. James's as one which helps people possess their faith and survive 'in the rather complicated world in which we live.' It is concerned with the 'journey inward' searching for self unity as well as the 'journey outward' considering wider problems beyond the immediate community.

This positive expansiveness is a striking characteristic of Donald Reeves' view of the Church's role. Undeterred by the fact that 'most of what I do is greeted by the Church authorities with silence,' and drawing inspiration from America and France rather than England, Donald Reeves—like the Bishop of Durham—favours theological advance. He supports the ordination of women, and far from discouraged by the realisation that this advance would mean that 'the whole perception of what Christian religion is about would undergo a great change,' he points out that the so-called innovation would in fact move back towards the Middle Ages with their numerous abbesses and other women in positions of religious power, and towards the Old Testament's concept of God as 'wisdom', a feminine figure.

This view of change and 'revolutionary' rather in 'cyclic' terms than as innovation is another of Donald Reeves' guiding principles. Although he has been called the trendiest churchman in Christendom, and sees St. James's as a 'living and radical church' for the 'exploration of radical Christianity', he realises his work 'could easily be interpreted as a repudiation of the past' but claims, 'in no way is this intended. Whatever new happens has to grow organically out of the past.' He terms himself 'a radical Christian' with 'radical' meaning 'going back to the roots'. For his reinstatement of the church in its position as the nucleus of a community is essentially medieval and a basic principle in the teachings of the early church. It also supports the well established, yet long forgotten concept of religion being a prime patron, and inspirator, of the arts.

Politically, Donald Reeves again rejects the image of the radical and in fact criticises politicians' tendencies towards extremism and intransigence: 'compromise; collaboration; moderation; to my mind these are the very stuff of politics.' He wrote, moreover, to *The Times*,

> 'It is surely a matter of prudence not to politicise many of a younger generation whose disaffections will play straight into

Alexander Max

the hands of extremists of the left or right and thus help to make Britain more ungovernable than it already is'.

As a convert himself, Donald Reeves recognises the problems in attracting, or more probably repelling, the disillusioned young. But his church attempts to offer support and encouragement in the everyday activities of its community. This extends from advice and help about employment, to cultural fulfilment or stimulation, and political awareness. However, St. James's Church also has an active role in the struggle for world improvement. Public lectures and discussions have included speeches by prominent politicians including David Steel and David Owen, and private seminars allow the furtherance of discussions on the issues raised.

St. James's, by these politically and socially orientated activities—the 'Dunamis Project'—provides a forum for contemplation of traditional and alternative ideas for the pursuit of international and personal security and, rejecting 'dogmatic commitment' to any one solution to these problems, aims to hold up 'a vision of a more stable and just world order than that represented by the two blocs.' It also intends to 'play a part in building bridges between the world of the Rich North and the Poor South'. In fact, theories have been put into practice with the 'Jangano Project' which involves St. James's Church in helping a group in Zimbabwe with agricultural, financial, technological and medical improvements on four co-operatives.

Donald Reeves believes mankind is between 'death and a difficult birth', at 'a watershed of extraordinary change' and the seething activity of St. James's reflects his desire for positive action to improve the modern world. The atmosphere of 'healthy idealism' is infused with a sense of continuous driving power, not to mention the importance of reality. Seeing the distress of the human condition, Donald Reeves asks: 'what lamps can be lit to help us find our way about in the wilderness, manage it and even celebrate in it?'. In answer to his question—on local, national and international levels—he considers and acts keeping possibilities open, welcoming new ideas and new people into the St. James's community. As he says, 'locked doors are a negative sign.'

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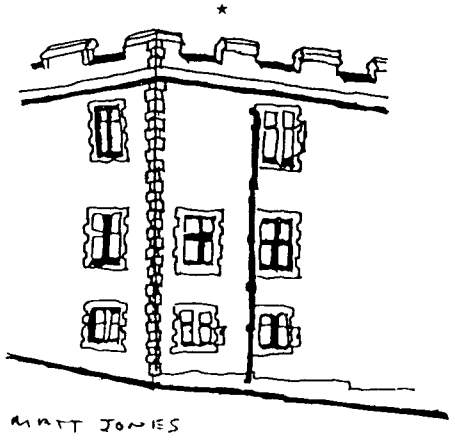

Matt Jones

'Artists for Peace'—at St. James', Piccadilly

by Sabina Hale

Turning right off Piccadilly and walking into St. James' Church, the peace and cool of the old building comes as a relief after the traffic and noise outside. And here a recently formed organisation, 'Artists for Peace', are staging their first exhibition. They believe that art does have an important social function, and want to alert the public conscience to the dangers and hypocrisy of war in whatever form, through their art.

'We aim to further the cause of peace through the strong and sincere expression of human feelings', explains the catalogue. And many of the paintings offer a clear expression of those human reactions, love, fear, sorrow, that are the natural and valuable emotions experienced of war and peace. The paintings and sculptures give a more direct and cutting impact than can be obtained from the political propaganda of both sides that floods our T.V. and newspapers. Indeed, several of the exhibits actively expose the triviality and hypocrisy of our media, using cuttings of blaring newspaper headlines placed over images of crying children, bloodied limbs, and terrified faces. The exhibit by Marisa Rueda, 'For Whom is the Dying?', is concerned with the specific issue of the Falklands war. She uses a selection of now faded newspapers of that time with such contrasting headlines as these:

—'Pope asks us to "pray that the God of peace will move men's hearts to put aside the weapons of death."' (*The Express*).

—'War with the Argies only hours away—God be with you!' (*The Sun*).

The newspapers lie arranged in the shadow of a multilated human figure, suspended from overhead.

Having evoked such reactions against war, other paintings in the exhibition go on to show how these feelings can be put into action to a positive effect. Paintings depicting the C.N.D. rallies in Hyde Park, for example, which put over the tremendous feeling of strength that the thousands of people there feel and the impact they can have, united by their one conviction; or the painting 'Over the Wire' showing the determination and strength in one woman's face as she climbs over the high wire airbase fence and all it symbolizes. These paintings deal specifically with C.N.D. and the threat of nuclear war, for some artists feel that this issue should be the most urgent to anyone concerned with peace today. But it is because of these paintings that art galleries declined to show the exhibition, on the grounds that it was 'too political'.

However, many other artists have avoided putting across any political message through their work, and instead use their paintings, sculptures and carvings to show what the ideal of 'peace' means to them. For example, 'The Promenade', which shows a classical building, perfect, balanced, even, or the paintings of gentle women sleeping or holding their child, or the studies of light as it falls in lush gardens or into quiet, cool, rooms. Each give a revealing and personal view, and have a soothing, peaceful effect.

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The International Conference Centre—Powell, Moya and Partners

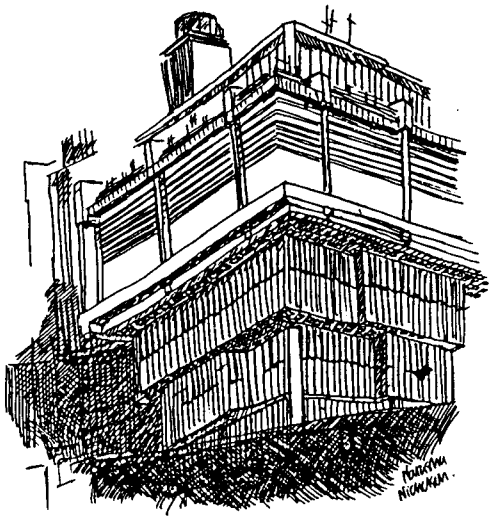
By Natasha Nicholson

The new conference centre opposite Sanctuary occupies one of the most important architectural sites in Central London. Surrounded by such distinguished neighbours as Central Hall and Westminster Abbey, the development has high standards to meet, both in design and as a successful public relations exercise.

Philip Powell and Hidalgo Moya made their name with the Churchill Gardens Estate, Pimlico (1946–62)—a highly acclaimed work, though unfriendly and overcrowded. Since then the partnership has produced little of note—the Museum of London for example. They began work on the I.C.C. design in 1974.

The dominant feature of their solution is the projecting conference floor, like the Renaissance 'piano nobile', whose importance is indicated by the sandwiching accents of white concrete above and below, and the comparative complexity of the design. The bays are governed by harmonic proportions and articulated by columns in the classical tradition. Further interest is provided by the horizontal aluminium 'louvres' which subdivide the upper half of the window.

The crudely undulating lower storeys are dull in tone and recede behind the sharp



white corner piers. Clearly the architects' intention is to create the illusion of a great mass supported only by these slender columns. The use of concrete, with its solidity but apparent weightlessness here, is obviously paradoxical. It's an old trick, employed with far greater elegance and fluency by Le Corbusier at the Villa Savage near Poissy (1928–31). However, the effect is enhanced here by the powerful uplifting effect created by the terrace—like cantilevered beams which appear to strain at the floor below.

Stylistically the design contains constructivist elements; that is, the building methods and materials are not conceived but integrated into the design. For example the 'waffle' slabs project at the corners purely as decorations but continue inside to improve acoustics and conceal services.

With a budget of £44 million (at 1983 prices) I find it disheartening that the result is not more inspired. The building has been designed to last several hundred years on a prime architectural site. In view of this could the architects not have made a real statement. A 'carbuncle' would at least have been controversial.

Their design is direct, unambiguous and sharp but neither innovative nor exciting. It harmonises adequately with the surrounding buildings, having a particular affinity with Central Hall. I don't know whether their common emphasis on the horizontal and the pyramidical is intentional—an 'architectural joke' perhaps.

Colour is a new and valuable architectural tool. And Westminster is an area particularly devoid of colour. Yet Powell and Moya have used it with excessive caution—if not embarrassment. The potentially dramatic green slatted walls are hidden down a side street, leaving only a surreal pale-blue chimney which blends with the sky behind.

The entrance facade of the I.C.C. is typically unimposing, the entrance itself being covered by an improbably cantilevered panel in the style of Frank Lloyd Wright. Presumably it is intentionally uninviting and connected with the high security which will inevitably surround the building. The public will be excluded from the conference centre, though not from the grass forecourt intended to complement the Sanctuary triangle opposite.

I am not in a position to judge the functional qualities of the building. However, I do value the aesthetics of such a development as being of the utmost importance. Is this creation worthy of such a site? Is it great architecture, if indeed 'architecture' at all? Le Corbusier wrote on this subject: 'You employ stone, wood and concrete, and with these materials you build houses and palaces—that is construction. Ingenuity is at work. But suddenly you touch my heart, you do me good. I am happy and I say: "this is beautiful". That is architecture. Art enters in'.

My terms are not so harsh. I do rate the I.C.C. as architecture but not of the first degree.

The 'building site' will be sorely missed by many. Its replacement makes it a questionable sacrifice.

How Pleasant to know Mr. Lear

by Hugh Cameron and Rose Aidin

'The owl and the pussy cat
Went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey and plenty of money
All wrapped in a five-pound note'.

These verses and the lively and spontaneous drawings which accompany them including the nonsense figures such as the Bongly Bongly Boo must instantly evoke memories of everybody's childhood. Everyone must also at some point have written a limerick and must be familiar with the rhyming scheme which Lear used:

'There was an old man with a beard
Who said, "It is just as I feared"—
Four larks and a wren,
Two owls and a hen
Have all built their nests in my beard.'

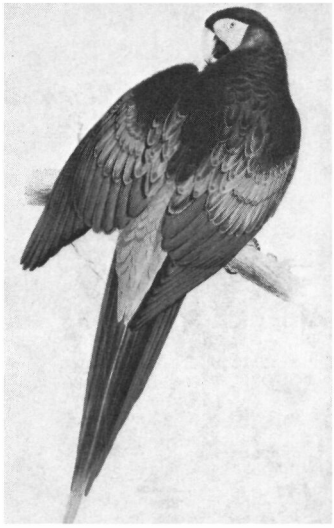
Behind these seemingly innocent, humorous and almost trivial works was a tragic figure who despite his reputation today was never self-fufilled. Although today, 100 years after his death his work merits an exhibition at the Royal Academy, in the past they ironically condescended to his work and refused to acknowledge his talents. As a result he believed as an artist he was a failure and hence with no reputation to retain he amused himself with the trivial nonsense verses and illustrations. This sense of personal inadequacy was coupled with his poor state of health; he suffered asthma, bronchitis and was short-sighted and above all was a victim of epilepsy. It was this severe and regular epileptic condition which dictated his recluse-like behaviour and he described his attacks as being visited by his 'Terrible Demons'. These epileptic fits are marked by crosses, sometimes up to forty a week, in Lear's intricate diaries covering every aspect of his daily work and thoughts, of which three volumes are exhibited. His family life was equally sad; he was raised by his eldest sister Ann, twenty-one years his senior and he had no relationship with his parents. His loneliness as a child and lack of

a real childhood were hindered by his short stature and ugly features. Rejected by adults but adored by children, he regularly caricatured himself in his drawings as a balloon with tiny sticks for arms and legs.

However, Lear was a man of extraordinary talents, one of his contemporaries describing him in reference to his paintings as 'a man of versatile and original genius'. Few people seeing the exhibition can fail to be astounded by the variety of his skills: his influential ornithological draughtsmanship, his watercolours, oil paintings, drawings and sketches. It is only now he is gaining the recognition he deserves as a man of diverse technical and artistic talents.

He was taught to paint and draw by his sisters at home and at fifteen he began to make his living as an artist. Until 1831 Lear continued earning modest sums from drawing birds and animals for other people. Among these the most significant was Lord Stanley, later 13th Earl of Derby who offered to send Lear to Rome. These ornithological and zoological drawings seemed to us the most fascinating and unexpected aspect of Lear: incredibly intricate, detailed drawings and paintings of birds and animals that seem vested with life—this probably being due to Lear working from Lord Stanley's private menagerie, rather than from stuffed skin as was the usual practice of the time. Lear's nature pictures became an art form: the animals have warm and plump flesh, and a feeling of form, realistically detailed with a great interest and vividness in colour, as in the Red and Yellow Macaw.

Uncannily lifelike it seems to really grip its perch, the colours shimmering and projecting the bird's shape towards us. Lear's eyes however, were by this time becoming strained by the detailed ornithological work and he was prompted to give it up at only twenty-five years old when he went to Italy to 'learn to paint'. Yet it was in this field that he gained a reputation; the fact that three types of



parrot were named after him seems indicative enough of his influence.

In Italy Lear experimented with drawing styles; eventually these drawings and watercolours provided the basis for paintings. Lear first worked in oils twelve years before meeting William Holman Hunt, the pre-Raphaelite painter who was to have substantial influence on Lear's painting, defining his technique and use of colour. Lear yearned to achieve recognition through his pedantic, elaborate and very near pre-Raphaelite oil paintings. Yet clearly, from the exhibition, oils were not his ideal medium: destroying the spontaneous liveliness present in the cartoons he was merely indulging in an aspect of the art world where his genius failed to surface. To fund these oil paintings and to ensure a basic income Lear was forced to mass produce watercolours, his 'tyrants' as he called them, producing up to thirty at a time and reducing his reputation even more as a result. It is obvious that in his strife for success Lear gradually demolished all his chances for recognition, though understandably remaining financially secure was a major problem for him.

Two years before Lear's death John Ruskin, commissioner of Victorian Art, said, 'I don't know of any author to whom I am half so grateful for my idol self as Edward Lear. I shall put him first of my hundred authors.' Lear's 'Book of Nonsense' brought him the success and recognition he had lusted after as a painter, as one of the country's unexpectedly famous and influential poets.

In the nonsense verse illustrations Lear portrays an ugly yet quaint world in drawings that are more than doodles and with poems that are more than 'nonsense'. Both reflect his unhappy, lonely, celibate life: 'The Jumblies or the Dong with the luminous nose'. As his need for tolerance and understanding grew, his poems became more sad, the nonsense world of sympathy and merriment replacing his hurt and sadness.

'There was an old man who when little
Fell casually into a kettle
But growing too stout he could not get out
So he puffed all his life in that kettle.'
(1877).

The illustrations are simplified with unexpected details; as a result of his knowledge of animals Lear was able to create reality in a few light lines of charm and simplicity.

The exhibition itself is fascinating though more as an intriguing insight into the mystical figure of Edward Lear and his nonsense than as an exhibition in its own right. The landscapes and watercolours of Lear's travels seem very much 'Victorian accademia arcadia' whose rejection one can understand. The original manuscripts of the nonsense verses are tucked in a corner at the end of the exhibition and their juxtaposition in glass cases makes them difficult to see and they cannot be read with the same enjoyment without the complete book being seen. The interesting feature, however, in this area is the previously unpublished work written to amuse the children of his friends. However, the early ornithological and zoological lithographs are equally stunning art in their own right. The exhibition demonstrates Lear's versatility and diverse talents: ornithological draughtsman, traveller and diarist, landscape painter, nonsense writer and musician—the extraordinary range of his achievement. It also pieces together the phenomenal character that makes Edward Lear, the restless life of this benign misfit.

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Remove Art Exhibition

by Ursula Griffiths

In the second half of the Lent Term the Remove art group who are just about to sit the A-level exam put up an exhibition of the work they have done during the course so that they and everybody else can see how far they have got. In particular a qualified impartial observer is invited to look at the exhibition and afterwards to advise and criticise with all the artists present. This year three boys and seven girls exhibited: they each had about twenty square feet of wall space and chose and arranged the work that was put up themselves. They also left out their notebooks, sketchbooks and portfolios so you could see the progress of the whole four years and not simply the best bits.

The qualified observer was Moy Keightley who as well as being a professional artist also teaches at the Central School of Art and Design and is the head of the art department at the North London Collegiate School. She talked generally first then we all walked round while she criticised individual exhibition and pieces of work. She said what she was most keen to find in a picture was a strong sense of commitment on the part of the artist, and the idea that it had taken a lot of effort to create this was a sense of struggle. A picture which grabbed her and made her stop in her tracks might not be accurately executed in an obvious way but would be striking because of the feelings in it. And conversely something smart and stylized would be devoid of personality and no good. I think we found this idea a bit difficult to grasp at first: she liked the strong pictures: Julie Hiam's self portrait and Katharine Peterson's which they themselves weren't sure about. She asked Alex Williams to say which of his drawings he had felt most about when he did it and it was the one she liked best. She admired the pictures where she felt there was what she called a hand-in-glove relationship between work and artist. Richard Baylis's landscape postcards. Isis Olivier's cat sketches, Andrea Owen's drawings of animals: more than that she praised particularly the sketchbooks and especially Natasha Nicholson's because of the way she composed a page: fascinating, full of information, she said. Everybody had painted a self-portrait in oil: each one was completely different in style and each one was complimented. Pictures she didn't like were the ones which she perceived had bored the people doing them, or not wholly enjoyed them—some compulsory still life, for example. Her last comment on inspiration was to suggest that her A-level group at North London Collegiate came to Westminster to draw the buildings and that Westminster go out to North London to draw the (nearly) countryside. I hope they do: being sent outside regularly in the same place to draw 'what inspires you', however fascinating that place is, gets rather dull much sooner than it should.

I myself was impressed by the range of materials everyone used—numbers of printing, paints, pastels and crayons. They had clearly felt obliged to put up a range of different categories of picture: life and portrait, landscape, architectures and still life; this revealed weaknesses in some people's exhibitions which perhaps needn't have been there. Better to show what you are good at, like Alex Williams, who should have, and mostly did, put up life-drawings than admit what you are not so good at (although maybe that wasn't the point of the exercise). I admired his life-drawings and Andrea's: surely there is some use to the artist in being able to reproduce what he sees beautifully rather then always inflicting his own personality on something to the extent of seriously detracting from its realism; not always of course—the way Juliet Carey and Isis handled colour is a case in point. I think Moy Keightley was careful not to over-estimate the standard of the exhibition. Parts of it, parts of everybody's were extremely good, and people had often assembled very bulky portfolios. Only in some of the work which looked as if it had been intended to improve drawing technique did lack of commitment begin to show. That didn't matter, because the exhibition was successful for the richness and diversity of the things they enjoyed.

A Requiem and a Te Deum

by Julian Anderson

This article will deal with two events which were emotionally, temporally (they took place within six months of each other) and geographically (one took place in New York, the other in Westminster Abbey) very distant from each other. They have certain things in common however: both events were first performances of pieces written, although it seems hard to believe, almost contemporaneously. The other thing they have in common, apart from the fact that both pieces were settings of standard Latin texts, is that the composers of both works have strong links with Westminster School; to be precise, one composer was a pupil, the other still is a master here. There are no prizes for guessing that one of them is Andrew Lloyd Webber; the other—well, you'll see.

Towards the end of March this year, in New York, the first performance, before a packed audience of what one paper called 'the Manhattan glitterati', of Andrew Lloyd Webber's Requiem. Or rather, his *Requiem*. The performance took place in the sumptious and spacious surroundings of St. Thomas's Church on Fifth Avenue, one of New York's finest churches. The performers included no less a conductor than Lorin Maazel, the soprano Sarah Brightman (that is, Mrs Lloyd Webber), who must surely be the terror of all goldfish bowls on both sides of the Atlantic, and the world-famous tenor Placido Domingo. To the choir and orchestra of St. Thomas's Church were added the choristers of Winchester School and their head chorister, Paul Miles-Kingston. The performance was recorded for B.B.C. television and was broadcast on B.B.C.1 two weeks later. As to why the performance took place in New York, Lloyd Webber said, on an interview that preceded the television broadcast, that everyone 'just happened' to be in New York at that time, which presumably explains why he had the Winchester choristers flown in specially for the occasion. The performers were as distinguished a line up as has been seen for some time, and the surrounds as beautiful as New York has to offer; the church was packed. Clearly this was to be an event.

Some people have aired the view that a Requiem by the composer of 'Evita' and 'Cats', the most successful musicals ever produced by an Englishman, is an absurd, even offensive, idea. Lloyd Webber, however, has insisted that this piece is his most 'serious' so far, a claim not to be taken lightly since he has been composing for over twenty years now. To bolster his claim, he has cited several horrific incidents in recent twentieth century history as having inspired the work, which started out as a Requiem for Northern Ireland. This, he says, is reflected in the distribution of the soloists: the tenor is the most 'optimistic', the soprano more innocent 'but not completely', and is meant to seem like a sort of 'elder sister' to the boy treble, who is 'the most innocent'. Work on the Requiem was delayed for some time but with the death of his father, a teacher at the Royal College of Music, in 1982, more concrete ideas began to form, although the work was mostly written last year. The final form of the work, dedicated to his father's memory, is a fairly standard succession of Requiem, Dies Irae, Recordare, Lacrimosa and so on, ending with the Lux Aeterna and Libera Me, and an echo of the opening Requiem.

In the end, despite all the newspaper razzmatazz surrounding the premiere, the piece turned out to be quite ordinary, even timid at times. The opening movement typified this: a dour, unexceptional motif for harps and solo treble failed to catch any attention; an interesting combination of solo soprano and solo treble got nowhere; the texture grew into a rather ill-proportioned climax which was noisy rather than powerful, and the movement quickly subsided. The Dies Irae movement is the composers' movement in a Requiem, calling for frightening depictions of various terrors, busy counterpoint, noisy brass, and, of course, a real tuba mirum. Well, this setting was fast, but had little strikingly original music in it. Prokofiev, Britten and Carl Orff were all plundered, to no surprise, and an interesting jazzy episode petered out. We got our tuba loud and clear (and in camera close-up), but we also got a close-up of an over-used suspended cymbal.

The next movement I distinguished was the Recordare, a potentially powerful movement largely ruined, to my taste, by various showbiz gestures, and not helped by Sarah Brightman's piercingly loud solos, which she boldly delivered from memory while clutching an enormous full score at her side, as if to fend off anyone who offered competition. Similarly Placido Domingo, who actually looked at his score, did not help my appreciation of the Ingemisco with his over-operatic manner. The Lacrimosa offered nicer and more memorable things, including, to my ears, the most memorable tune of the piece; there was also some striking harmony at 'Deliver the souls of the faithful', but this seemed out of place. Various episodes followed each other, including a sort of fugue which isn't and gets nowhere, and a banal (mock-Arabic?) dance. More interesting stuff again at the Sanctus but, as with 'Deliver the Souls', I was reminded of a sort of sub-standard Herbert Howells.

The Hosanna offered the most overtly 'popular' music of the work, with the pseudo-Latin rhythms and synthetic drums. This was banal, but was evidently intended to be, as Lloyd Webber has said that he has 'never really understood what the Hosanna is doing in a Requiem'. His 'solution' to this 'problem' was to have the 'vulgar' and 'extrovert' Hosannas interrupted by Sarah Brightman piercing as ever, solemly singing her 'Lacrimosa' again, but this, to my mind, is over-simplistic and, more importantly, fails to miss the point of the text. If Lloyd Webber really doesn't understand what the Hosannas are doing there, why didn't he omit them, as, for example, György Ligeti had done in his Requiem (1965), to name but one distinguished recent contribution to the genre?—but then I suspect Lloyd Webber doesn't listen to Ligeti. An even

Hiroshi Funaki

bigger miscalculation, to my ears, is the over-sugary diatonicism of the Pie Jesu, or rather *Pie Jesu*—since this movement has already become a hit single. Finally there came the Lux Aeterna and Libera Me, which had a good, or at least passable, opening idea which failed to develop in any meaningful way, but was just repeated over and over again, leading to the rather inevitable return to the dour music of the very opening. The work finally wound down onto Paul Miles-Kingston's repeated 'perpetuum' figure; which was, out of the blue, subjected to a 30-second assault from a full organ (in clusters), which broke off to reveal Miles-Kingston still singing away, until he too broke off, leaving a 'profound' silence. Is this ending meant to be 'deep' or 'meaningful'? The work received a five minute standing ovation, a tribute very few composers, and even fewer great ones, ever get during their lifetime.

Technically, the performance was, for the most part, very accomplished, the exceptions being Placido Domingo's Hosannas which seemed to pose some problems for the great tenor, although the rhythms contained therein are facile for anyone who has ever heard any Stravinsky; and Sarah Brightman, in vocal terms, seemed to have little to commend her being chosen for the occasion. Paul Miles-Kingston, the choirs and orchestra, were flawless. Lorin Maazel conducted with grand gestures to the choir, and with a variety of facial contortions to the orchestra. At the end only the work itself seemed to puzzle; certainly it had interesting bits; but its orchestration was average and frequently below that; most of the melodic ideas went up and down when they should, but little more; the harmonic style was derivative of everyone under the sun, and occasionally awkward and embarrassing. Was it the music, and nothing else that caused the B.B.C. to televise the work, E.M.I. to record it immediately, the audience to pack the church full and to then applaud deafeningly? It seems doubtful. Yes, the music made a pleasant noise, but everyone expected it to; it made little or no demands on the concentration of the audience, being quite short for a large-scale choral work—just fifty minutes. But while a successful writer of musicals is *meant* to entertain in a variety of styles, to provide a 'nice night out' as part of his trade, this does not necessarily provide him with a good technique for large scale choral composition, which many composers spend a lifetime trying to perfect.

Requiem was repeated on April 21st in Westminster Abbey (a performance attended by Mrs Thatcher), which brings me round to another, slightly less glamorous event in that august building, which took place in November 1984. Not to deny that it had its own splendour, in plenty! The occasion was the 'Commemoration of the Benefactors of the...' but this Commem. had a special aspect to it. The centre of this large undertaking is always a setting of the Te Deum, as the roses are laid by the nicely dressed-up people at the grave of a certain Queen and Founder—usually, as at the previous Commem., the music is by Mozart or someone like that. This year the Te Deum had been especially composed by John Baird for the occasion, and it involved not only the Abbey Choir and the organ, but also the Under School Choir, the full school orchestra, and several solo singers. By some miracle, all of these people were fitted into the organ loft, and Stuart Nettleship directed all of them with great patience, affability and, above all, clarity. The work itself merits a review devoted to it alone, but the amount of intense effort and work undertaken by the players, singers, and the composer himself to bring the performance off make this event one that must receive attention if this magazine is to reflect the musical life of the school at all.

The starting point for the work was the reading which comes shortly before the headmaster's address, 'Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us...', in particular the verse which talks about 'such as found out musical tunes.' John Baird chose to reflect this aspect of paying reverence to one's begatters, or the famous men 'such as found out musical tunes', by allowing some of the 'musical tunes' to filter into the structure of his piece. Two major 'musical tunes' in particular proved helpful starting places: the first is the work of one Frederick Bridge, and it is actually the Westminster School Song, although very few boys at Westminster, I'm sure, were aware of its existence; the other major source is a Purcell alleluia which we do know, in a slightly altered form, as the hymn 'Angularis Fundamentum' which begins the Commemoration service. These sources are only gradually revealed, very discreetly, until each eventually has a large climax built upon it, during which the congregation actually join in, singing the main tune. The school song is in fact treated in a complex canon which for some time masks its true identity.

The work involves, in addition to the choirs and orchestra, three soloists, two basses and one tenor, or ideas, as in the first part, as at the end, simply comment with long alleluias. The opening of the work exemplified the strange but real way in which John Baird has managed to combine allusions to all sorts of musical sources with his own original setting of the words. The work begins with an ominous sounding open fifth on horns, which is taken up by the strings—with more than a passing reference to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; on a free pause, one of the soloists singing to the Quire, declaims the plainchant Te Deum, and on a later pause, the second bass declaims it to the Nave. The choir enters with a bell-like (original) Te Deum motif which is referred to several times during the course of the piece. As the texture grows to a climax a tiny pre-echo of the Purcell Alleluia insinuates itself into the texture. Then begins the first part proper; this is mainly fast and is full of dancing rhythmic and scalic patterns of various kinds (including an important one on the words 'Pleni sunt Coeli et Terra') which were very fluently executed by the choir and orchestra, who had found them tricky at first. About half-way through this part, the school song enters in a disguised version on an oboe solo, and is gradually taken up by the whole orchestra in various juxta-positions, canons, syncopations and so on until it is sung in unison (to words from the Te Deum text) by the full choir and congregation.

After this subsides, the unaccompanied choir enters with a tender theme on 'Christe Tu Rex Gloriae', with a quotation from the Coventry Carol at the words 'Non horruisti virginis uterum'. A brief appearance of the Purcell Alleluia, more explicit this time, subsides onto a canonic section on 'Judex Crederis Esse Venturus'. There emerges a lively passage in 5/8 setting 'Te Ergo Quaesumus' again in canon, sometimes very close canon. In fact the main theme of this section is a distorted version of the 'Christe, Tu Rex' theme. The Purcell Alleluia, it too in a rhythmical distorted form, emerges in the texture, which becomes a complex pile-up of most themes in the work, moving, roughly speaking, backwards, via a large climax on the Purcell music, which is sung by the congregation as well, to a return of the fanfare of the first part and a vast climax on the bell-like 'Te Deum Laudamus' motif from the very beginning. There follows the most tender passage in the whole work, a calm and very, very simple series of antiphons for two groups of male voices in the choir, with the tenor solo simply singing long alleluias. At the calmest point in the work, the fast tempo of the first part is suddenly taken up, with the 'Pleni sunt Coeli et Terra' theme, until an unaccompanied phrase on 'Non Confundar in Aeternum' and 'Gloriae Tuae' leads to a serene and logical cadence on the bare A-E fifth which opened the piece.

The work was ideally suited to the occasion for which it was written, incorporating as it did music with many Westminster- or Abbey-ish connections, while not sacrificing any of the originality of the composer: a very distinct, if singular, musical personality emerged by the end of the work. The consummate soloists included the excellent Timothy Woolford and the whole affair was admirably 'pulled off' by Stuart Nettleship's excellent and precise direction. Hopefully, it may be more often that we have an opportunity to have music of such high calibre written for us.

Andrea Owen

The Lent Concert

by John Arthur

Reviewing a school concert is usually a perilous enterprise. The image lingers of endless short pieces (usually arranged for unlikely combinations of instruments) by 18th century composers unknown outside the German or Italian courts in which they worked, except to the compilers and users of instrument tutors. It is hard to be nice about such a concert.

Mercifully, as those who come to Westminster concerts will know, this is not the case here. If you have stayed away fearing trial by musical monotony, accept this challenge: you will not fail to enjoy the competence, musicality and variety on offer.

This Lent Concert began with Buxtehude (the whole evening cheerfully avoided tributes to the Birthday trio of composers). The Abbey Choir, bigger and better than ever, sang the Cantata *Alles was ihr tut*, with the Chamber Orchestra under Tom Mohan. The sopranos especially exploited the acoustic advantage of the sideways presentation up School to produce a thrillingly firm and clear sound, and Sarah Christie-Brown and David Rennie were confident soloists in the central aria. A delightful piece, crisply performed.

A Haydn Quartet movement followed, with John Graham-Maw, Sterling Lambert, Richard Harris and Benedickt Baird. These boys play sympathetically together, and the jaunty dotted rhythm of the opening and the sensitive pairing of the violins in the second subject were an especial pleasure.

Julian Anderson then gave the first performance of his new piece *Éventails* for piano. His concern that the missed accent from the title in the programme would obscure the work's French reference was perhaps unduly modest. The use of the range of the keyboard and piano tone to evoke the opening and shutting of a fan was clearly, though subtly, achieved. And while the structure was modern and the voice individual, the textures reminded me of Debussy and of Messaien. (Perhaps Julian will write for organ one day?)

The Westminster jazz revival was taken a step further next as the Jazz Group played three Dixieland numbers. I enjoyed the cool sax of Charlie Fulford, and the zest of lemon trumpet of Jonny Brown, but found the playing rather four-square; the group has yet to find the relaxed style that comes from total confidence in the rhythm and familiar knowledge of what each player is doing. A welcome reminder, though, of the breadth of first-rate musical talent available.

What followed was a sort of commercial, a trailer for the musical to be performed later in the term, Sondheim's *A Little Night Music*. The orchestral *Night Waltz* drew lush string sound under Stuart Nettleship's direction. Jason Kouchak sang his main number from the show as if he had been singing in musicals for years, then Jo Lawrence tugged the heartstrings for the first time this term with *Send in the Clowns*. This was also the first try-out for the new sound equipment, which will provide challenging opportunities for the technicians as well as extending the range of musical and dramatic possibilities.

There was one work in the second half: Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 in F major. The interest here, apart from some fine orchestral playing especially notable for its full dynamic and rhythmic brilliance, was that the piece had three conductors: Julian Anderson conducted the second, Richard Harris the third movements. Neither used a baton; Julian kept firm control of the changes in dynamic in the metronomic sections, although perhaps at the expense of the unity of the movement; his beat was more of the moment than one providing a line through the piece. Richard's greater experience in ensemble playing kept the relaxed minuet moving forward and well-integrated, but he was a little tentative in his control of sound level and tempo changes. But what an experience for these two musicians to be offered and rise to in a concert performance! John Baird steered the orchestra in the outer movements through the Symphony's exhilarating alternation of jubilant exuberance and enigmatic questioning.

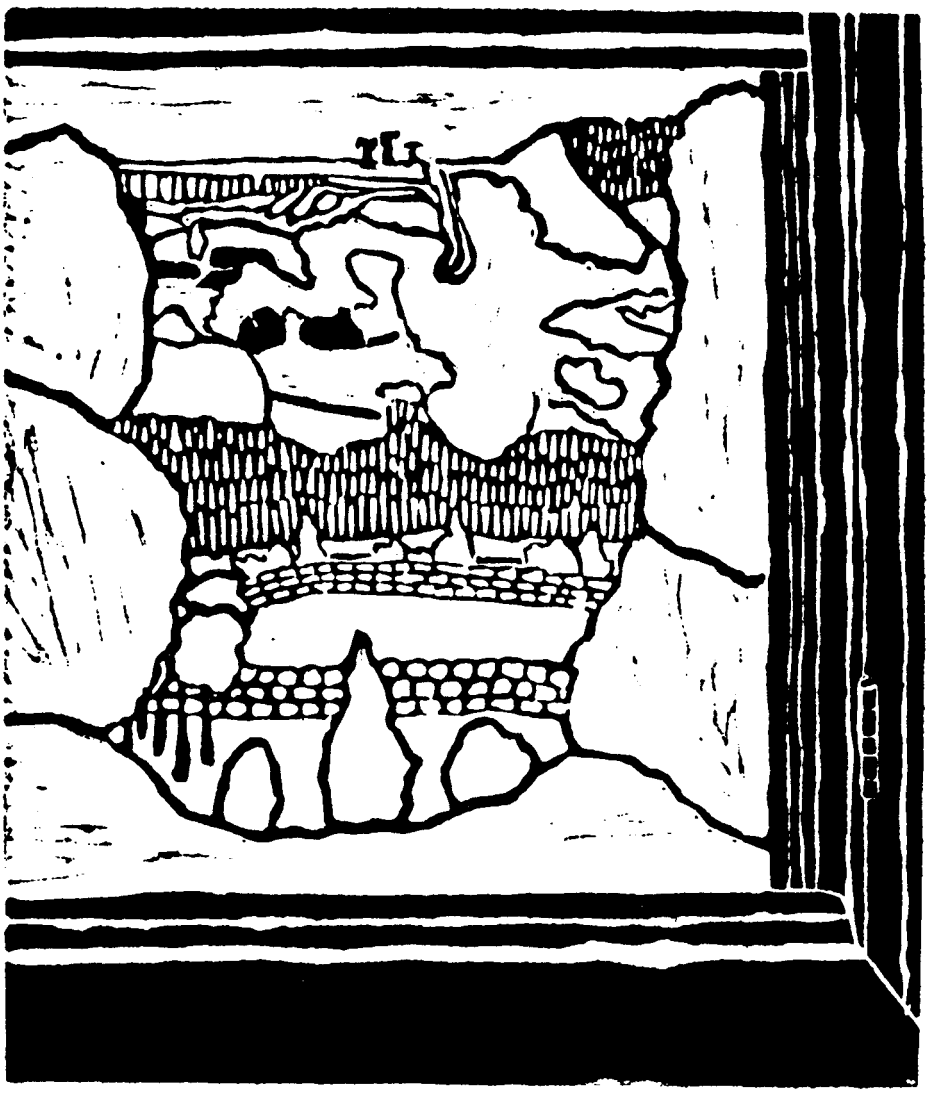
A neat concert, leaving one looking forward to the next.

Cursed Earth in Concert

by Bahman Sanai

At present, Cursed Earth are the only band in the school brave—or naive—enough to risk embarrassment and ridicule by playing *at* school, in front of an audience composed entirely of their fellow-pupils, most of whom were there solely to attempt to heckle and laugh at the group, some of whom were there solely out of friendship, and only a few of whom were there out of sheer curiosity. Those in the first category were sorely disappointed (and proved they were by staging a faintly amusing, deliberately comatose walk-out about half-way through) for the band showed a degree of musical competence and professionalism that few had expected of them. This is not to say that the music was necessarily *good*, only that their standard of musicianship was sufficiently high to make any destructive criticism too obviously contrived and strained to be of any effect.

Thus, mid-way throught the set, the band were suddenly left with an audience of (reasonably) normal human beings, and it is to their credit that they appeared unruffled, even spurred on by these activ-



Nic Wetzel

ities. As a school band comprising four A-level students taking time off now and then to become 'Cursed Earth', they were good—an entertaining and an enjoyable afternoon's experience. As a rock'n'roll band seriously involved with entering the vast melting pot of modern pop, they are quite a different proposition.

The songs they played were, for the most part, originals. Yet it says little for the band when the most enjoyable tune in the concert was an unchanged rendition of the The Cramps' 'Googoomuck'; as a part time band, again, it wouldn't matter; as a band with aspirations of getting somewhere, they need to put their own songs over with as much conviction as they do others'. It could be that their own songs just aren't as good as the ones they choose to cover, but, drawing on the better flashes of original material throughout their set, it is hard to believe that they cannot match what is, after all a fairly mediocre tune by a group whose cult following can hardly be recognised as having a great musical, lyrical or artistic appreciation, with one of their own of equal or better quality.

A point in the band's favour is that their varied influences make it difficult to accuse them of copying any one band—several different ones, maybe—, and their musical styles are diverse enough to suggest that they have the potential to produce interesting, original-sounding music. Yet one influence rings through much of their material, in more ways than the obvious. Their first cover was an (involuntarily) altered version of the Stranglers' 'No More Heroes'. The aggression and fire of the early punk era is no more a part of Cursed Earth than it is a part of the mellow contemporary Stranglers, which is partly why the song sounded awkward and out of place. However, there is a (probably sub-conscious) whiff of Stranglerism in some of their own tunes: the rowdy, noisy, and almost brilliant 'Cursed Earth' sounds somewhat like a watered-down version of the throat-compressors' (sic) definitely brilliant 'Down in the Sewer'; 'Day in the Death', which becomes monotonous and whiny after an eerie opening, has an almost identical lyrical content and context to the Stranglers 'Genetix': 'Found a new game to play/Thinks its impossible to lose/Messing around at playing God'—Black, Burnel, Cornwell, Greenfield, 1979; 'At God's game Finster just can't lose'—Hodgkinson, May, Pretor-Pinney, Parkin-Moore, 1983. Its almost as if the band were trying to do a precis of the original song. The less desirable points of both bands are the frequently banal, only occasionally 'poetic' (and even more infrequently comprehensible) lyrics, and an interest in furry creatures with sharp teeth ('Rats' Rally'—Stranglers 1977, "Rats' Alley'—Earth 1984).

Of their other originals, only 'Sour Sixteen' with its seething chorus and dynamic guitar came close to the exceptional standard required by a band of Cursed Earth's style (selling their music rather than their bodies) to make a significant impression; it was the only song—together with a shorter 'Your Eyes'—that could have turned heads

and invited real praise (rather than that born out of surprise and cameraderie). The aforementioned 'Your Eyes' was quite touching, with a beautiful guitar solo and languid, stylish keyboard playing; the vocals, as ever, became strained but it was, perhaps, all the more effective because of it.

Some bands have built a reputation for live shows of high entertainment value: their methods of doing so vary immensely, but a key part of the audience's enjoyment and a major contribution to bridging the gap between carefully recorded discs and 'live' music is the band's communication with the audience. The sexually-transmitted showmanship of Jagger or Morrison (which has gone on to inspire contemporary 'singers' from George Michael to David Lee Roth), the anger and sheer gut power of Pete Townshend's guitar smashing, or the original Clash, all brought the audience onto the same level as the band, incorporating them within the music, so that they were all part of a seething, swirling audio-visual experience. This is vital for a big band, physically separated from their audience by several hundred yards at times; it is also important for a band of Cursed Earth's stature: one can believe in their music only if they can look as though they do: a rock band is not simply a method of conveying written music to aural cacophony, it is a living, breathing music machine, and cannot expect the audience to have faith in its creations unless it (looks as though it) does, too.

Sadly, Cursed Earth, until the momentous conversion of O. J. May from keyboard wizard (he's got such a supple wrist) to guitarist in the flamboyant and hyperbolic style of Weller, Townshend and Burnel before him, were something of a dormant, if not a dead, visual spectacle; the music seemed to be coming out of the amplifiers rather than flowing in rainbow-coloured bursts from the guitarists and the bassist's instruments—the point of acting is to suspend the audience's disbelief: the illusion was not maintained by The Earth.

Tom Hodgkinson has, fortunately, substituted his former flat-footedness with an ample supply of competence. Writhing around on the floor in a pseudo-epileptic fit (a la Siouxsie, same hair even) can generate the 'stage presence' Cursed Earth so badly needed; rolling around sheepishly as though searching for a lost contact lens (a la Hodgkinson), however, is unlikely to generate anything except derisive laughter.

Aside from sing and play guitar, Gavin Pretor-Pinney had another job to fulfill: as the front man of the band, he was the main bridge between musicians and audience; it was up to him to create a feeling of a live act rather than four musicians plugging away; he had to create their stage-presence. In this, he failed miserably, or, in fact, he didn't exactly fail because he didn't bother trying. It was probably nerves and embarrassment: however, because he presented a cool, sophisticated face to the audience, it came out as an aura of lethargy, almost of condescension—hardly a quality endearing to the hostile pop audience.

Because so many of their songs aren't *about* anything in particular,—'Arlington Blues', 'Cursed Earth', Rats Alley', 'Mindstorms'—it seems they are relying purely on the music to pull them along—surely this is a mistake at this early stage? As it is

Andrea Owen

hardly concievable that, with 39 O-levels between them, they are incapable of writing a song with a relevance to the outside world, it must be lethargy, or smugness, or lack of imagination that makes them write about rats, one-night stands, mad molecular biologists, etc—they obviously don't want to fall into the trap of 'political pop', but perhaps they don't realise all rock music which offers a political or social commentary is not the teenage angst as expressed by late 70's punk bands or 60's protest groups; to all but ignore the real world reeks of the arrogance many 'non-independent' school pupils would presumably immediately assume present in a public school pop group.

A cursory (sorry) glimpse at a record chart will reveal what sells pop music: sex. Cursed Earth could attempt a break by amplifying their pretty-boy image, smoothing off their songs, and praying for a record company executive with fat wallet and greedy mind to come strolling benignly by. But they have enough talent (if not determination) to take a less cliched path. Gavin Pretor-Pinney is a good guitarist (although his lack of involvement seems to suggest that he would be more successful as a backing musician for Cliff Richard or suchlike, where anonymous skills are welcomed), Orlando May is a dexterous keyboard player, and their rhythm section of drums (Dave Parkin-Moore is quite spectacular at times) and bass more than sufficient to support them. They could produce some songs that sound exciting and original—if they wanted to. But this is mere speculation. They are, unfortunately, nothing more than four school-boy musicians who can grind a few decent tunes together, and whether they remain so or not is entirely up to them.

*

A Passage to India

by Caroline Miller-Smith

My faith in *David Lean's 'A Passage to India'* was initially undermined (despite his evident ability to move mountains) when I read that he had blasted his own Marabar Caves out of a hillside, without inquiring into the existence of any previous (perhaps ancient) caves in the vicinity. Dynamite and the dynamic man, this article seemed to imply. But to me it conveyed a fundamental irresponsibility to a portrayal of India. Unfortunately, a book as subtle as 'A Passage to India' can all too easily become another definitive epic on India and British rule, and in doing so the images of the reader fade and vanish in opacity. So let us deny Forster, and leave Lean in sole possession of his Raj.

Because it cannot be doubted that possession is there to be agnegated within the book: the possession of truth, of territory, of one people by another. The real India that Miss Quested wanted to see did not exist, and to define any set of pictures as such is simplistic, degrading and presumably saleable. For on the north west frontiers of Chelsea I felt embarrassed as the audience lapsed once again into passivity while viewing the acceptable and therefore real face of India. The surely central role of British rule in India becomes a commodity in the film, and was therefore bound to uphold the prevailing views of the public. These are a little shaming. The naivety of Dr. Aziz, for example, is so grossly overplayed that it becomes all-consuming and rapidly loses any pathos. This implied inferiority of the Indian at first seems irre-concilable with the vague racial conscience of the film, the subjugation of the Indians by the British, until one notices that the only way Lean presents the deprived and repressed people is by filling the screen with crowds of very clean, very healthy, Indian extras. Which seems to indicate that there must be something inherently wrong with the Indian race. It is also rather unfortunate that Professor Godbole, the last bastion of Indian culture within the film (where Aziz does not register at all at an intellectual level, as the man who 'read his Persian and wrote his poems'), is played by Sir Alec Guinness, who bares his boot-polished paunch and his ignorance with equal relish. And a slight Scottish accent.

Deliberate ironies, then, are sparse in *David Lean's 'A Passage to India'*. We seem forced to submit to the other vital criterion of prettiness, of endless insipid exotica. Deprived of any sex'n'violence for the sake of subtlety or a PG certificate, Lean is compelled to resort to gratuitous Kashmiri mountains. Miss Quested seems capable of bicycling twelve miles in the sun without shedding more than a few artful beads of sweat—and so any consideration of the effect of the alien heat and dust on 'a girl fresh from England' is played down. Yet the rain begins to pour down opportunely as Fielding watches Aziz drive away at the rift in their friendship—Englishmen do not cry. Visually the film seems to have little resonance beyond these obvious oscillations in its wobbly, card-house existence. A few images are striking, such as the train from Chrandrapore, tiny and insignificant on the screen, silhouetted against a brilliant sunset and a passing minaret. But, to be subjective about a film promoted largely by personality hype, I was sorry Lean did not play more on the image of 'Victoria station' in Bombay, where the two women board the train. For the railway stations of the Raj, with their monolithic facades and their hollow existence, have always seemed to me fair comment on British rule in India. Unlike the film, their uneasy mix of eastern and western architecture contain no facile reconciliations. These solid epics cannot be so easily blasted away.

Andrea Owen

Winning Ways

by Gavin Griffiths

Craig Raine's collection of verse *Rich* was published this year to unrestrained hoots of acclaim; Martin Amis's novel *Success* (newly released in Penguin) met a similarly rapturous response when it first appeared in 1975. Any Westminster with literary ambitions and a desire for cash must read both books very carefully.

Rich is divided into three sections: two sections of a dozen poems each and a short prose memoir of Raine's father. According to Raine the purpose of all three sections is to demonstrate the Wealth of Things. It is an intention that quite takes the breath away.

Raine's chief claim to originality is his use of the 'puzzle-metaphor': he likes to point up connections between different objects. He sees the world in terms of peculiar relationships:

> ...a line of cottages
> with vulgar wigs
> in wire hairnets.

Oh, I see, he is talking about thatched roofs. Now I will see thatched roofs in terms of hairnets. I will also see hairnets in terms of thatched roofs. And so forth.

Let's look at another one:

> Seeing the pagoda
> of dirty dinner plates
> I observe my hands
>
> under the kitchen tap
> as if they belonged
> to Marco Polo:

Six lines and, already, the crushing burden of melancholy is overwhelming: do I really want to know why Craig is reminded of Marco Polo when admiring himself?

But then domesticity is celebrated in this volume. Not only Craig but his kiddies get the full treatment:

> I watch him grub
> in the vegetable patch
> and ponder the potato...

And then of course there is always Craig's father, celebrated in the prose section entitled 'A Silver Plate'. The reminiscence is full of resonant phrases rich with poetry:

> 'The town I grew up in was a typical, ugly small town in the north of England. My parents still live there and my father loves it and shares its faintly ridiculous pride.'

Yawn. The sentences snap along with the sound of popping vertebrae as Raine wrestles to pat himself on the back with indecent regularity:

> 'At home, I mooched about in a pair of basketball boots mended with a bicycle repair kit, eating ketchup on bread and staring at a wart on my finger the size and texture of a tiny cauliflower.'

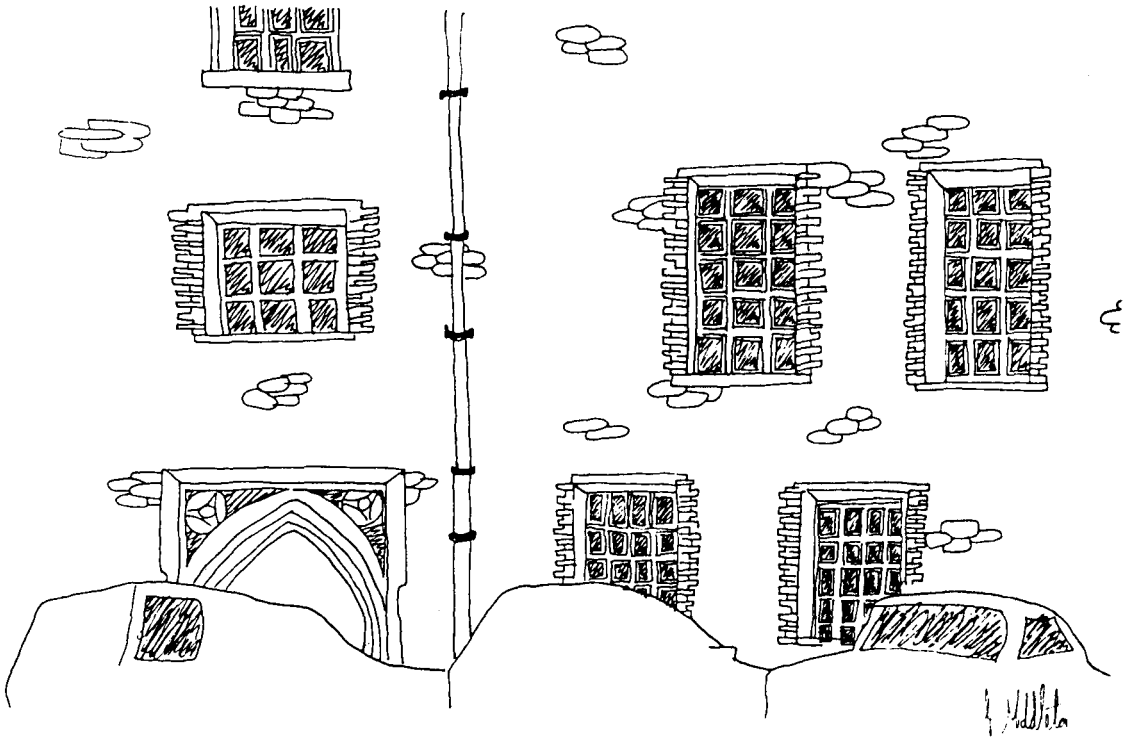
I do wish the dear boy would leave his hands alone. Superficially nothing could be more different from Raine's jolly onanism than Amis' novel *Success*. This is a story of two brothers (who share the narration of the story), one a spotty failure, the other a camp success. During the course of the book the brothers swap roles: this is all cleverly handled and all cleverly thought through and all cleverly written out. Unlike Raine whose writing seems designed to induce terminal narcolepsy, Amis's prose is unflagging. Anyway, I think that's the word:

> 'Spryly I elude the wheeling, clueless hordes in the underground station. I select a no-smoking compartment and stand throughout the journey, whether 'seats' are available or not, usually with a cologned neckerchief cupped over my lips.'

That's the camp one writing. Of course, it's no point claiming that this is arch because that's the point. Amis peoples his world with dinky cut-outs because he believes that he is a satirist in the manner of Waugh. One may suspect that the dinky cut-outs are also useful because they flatter the readers. We know how to respond: when to applaud, when to cry 'shame'. And because the spotty brother is too spotty and the effete one is limp from the elbow, there isn't much risk of identification, involvement or interest. But the reader can admire Amis's pat style and admire his own taste in admiring Amis' pat style and admire his own admiration of his own taste... The mirrors recede into nothingness.

When I was a young lad I was told that Westminsters tended to become both arrogant and complacent. At the time I assumed foolishly that this was a warning. If only I had grasped that this was an attempt to thrust into my neat little palm the Golden Key of riches and success. Raine and Amis display a riotous narcissism that is popular because it sweats self-confidence and self-confidence is the theme of the times whilst Mrs. Thatcher remains our role model. Compare the relish with which both writers describe our little private functions. Actually, I'd rather not.

So, Westminsters, take note! Next time teacher tells you you're too pleased with yourself broaden your grin and touch your cheque book. You can't fail.



George Middleton

Sequence

Poetry and prose

Clown: John Martin

It is turning late:
and sings Lear
(it is my name),

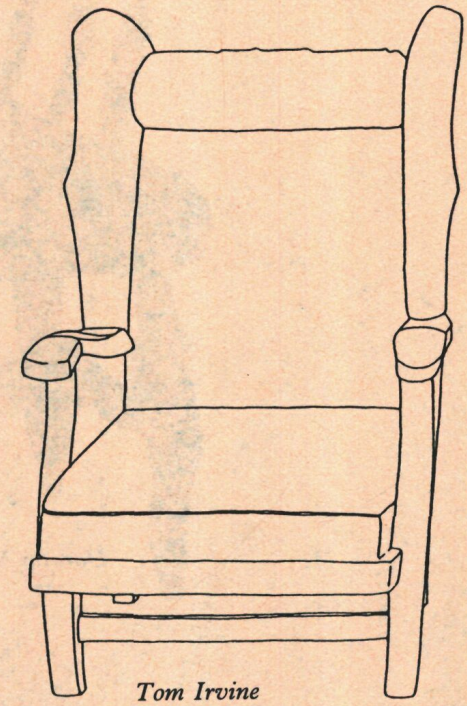
'Cordelia, Cor—
delia.' In the next cell
(there is some thing rotting in this state)
lie Superman and Tinkerbell.
They are one, and the same.
It is in my name.

Sir Topas, the curate: good night.
Malvolio has taken flight.
(It is my name)

–Hold up your bride, sir,
or the dew will rust her.
Here, blinded with an I;
after, a drunk upholds a bar.
Cordelia.

Ophelia, Desdemona.
Gertrude.

Fool.
I am one and the same.
I am my name.



Tom Irvine

Hands: Andrea Owen

They caught me redhanded, like Macbeth,
Those unforetold, everywhere fingers
Rippling unhindered through the carpet fringe
Tumbling like sunlight through the leaves of books
Stippling softly, as persuasive as wavelets,
Then retreating like tongues.

Skilfully they bound and wound me
Till I lay comatised and cocooned
As they worked small centuries of motion,
Cut the candleflame, outdraughting its light,
Overturned furniture in its time-corrected medium,
Spilling sadness like champagne.

At first, their presence gave me panic–
Having never seen them before.
Now I lean back on their palms, surrender
To an infinite language trickling down my senses,
And regret the effort I once spent in trying
To find my own limbs.

A cautionary tale: anon

He sat in the front row,
Promising child,
And made the right school as expected.
And after a year
Of a spotless career,
He felt himself over-protected.

'You're only 14'
But he had to be seen
Going to all the wrong parties.
His parents clamped down,
And said with a frown:
'You know how important your work is.'

The grudge and the grind
Became such a bind,
And the ennui of classes got boring.
Went out for a fag,
Went out with that slag,
And his new social status went soaring.

But then he reformed
And pulled up his socks:
Expectations all neatly fulfilled.
But he worried all day,
And worked through the night–
All his friends were so soon to be chilled.

'The pressure of work
Got too much for the berk.'
Dived under a train and he died.
So they cleared up the mess,
And they made us forget.
And told me not to be snide.

An x-rated tale
Of how not to fail–
Think how important life is:
Get your balance right
And sleep through the night;
Go out, but remember what WORK is.

Isis Olivier

What strength in anonymity, empty provocation? A sentimental gesture, unfocussed emotion, a shrug of defiance. The gain, little more than short-lived attention. Hollow ideals pursued temporarily with no substance, direction, experience to validate the argument. Articulation, perhaps eloquent, but what is there to support the verbal assail? Superficial conviction, idle folly quickly perceived by cynicism, scrutinized, crushed.

Stagnation and decay, paralysis. Those who disturb the rubble are condemned, mocked bitterly. Fear of energy, enthusiasm, originality and motivation. But the crevice supplies little more than shallow stability. A rigid attitude, repetitive and limited; self-inflicted confinement. Yes, it's safer to follow, but each time the rut gets deeper, the gap widens.

West Bank: Thomas Harding

'Our history.'
the arabs
'Our revenge.'
the Arabs
'Our security.'
The Arabs
'Our Right!'
'your dead?'
Our Fathers
'your Dead?'
Ourselves
'Your Dead!'
our children

'Partition?'
Partition partition partition
'NO!'

The turned ram-handled knife
Lay, red, clutched white-knuckled;
No note; just the innocence
Burnt into the cool
Israeli air.
His deep confusion bandaged
By the hasty act.

No Op. Posth. (An Imitation): Alec Charles

Man buried out in Resurrection, lost his grip
–rarely averse to vice before the plot–
tottered up a tiny outing
to the topplesome bridge. Thank pot
and providence banks broke his fall:
he rolled along some 20, 30 feet

a week into '72.
Thoughts black, alien veils of his nat'ral gravity
ensure six more, Delmore.—Among de bones
I'll get down to my work, the rest's a dream,
a semi-sunken toy in frost-numbt hands
(and still Lowell remains untouchable).

Silent of bright eyes and of tales tall,
the cops named the corpse by bloody spectacle
–in short, it must have been an over-sight.
He left behind the Spanish blade,
a book, no look & Kate,
and left projected Henry to his fate.

John's slept in late, mused Henry lonely at the wake.

A stanza from 'Gitanjali': Rabindranath Tagore.

He whom I enclose with my name is weeping in this dungeon. I am ever busy building this wall all around; and as this wall goes up into the sky day by day I lose sight of my true being in its dark shadow.

I take pride in this great wall; and I plaster it with dust and sand lest a least hole should be left in this name; and for all the care I take I lose sight of my true being.

Horatio Mortimer

Memories: Andrea Owen

Memories: disconnecting my choices
Seep seething through the trees
Writhe in the grass. And another one
Swims smiling silence–

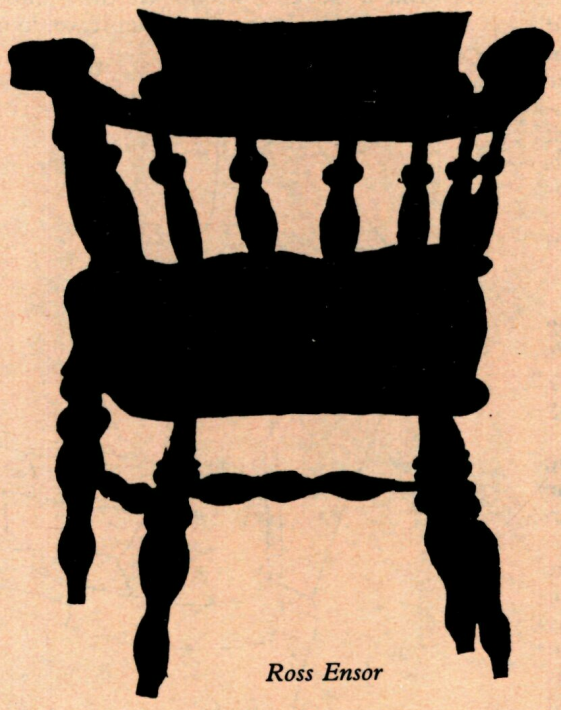
In among the bruised sky
Crying out in its throat of the sun
The figures turn in smokerings
In the right-angles of broken matches:
Couples trapped like eyebrows in a hat
Or curved out naked by expectations
Retreat cat-claw-like as we pass,
Running like the light, a devil of definition.

But I remember what it was to be
His caretaker: schooling his hands as the day
Closed its mouth and the night smacked its lips–
Eyeballs slip like stillettos on ice. She
Puts her hand up to his–
Eyes that catch in my hair and clothes
Like forgotten catch-phrases that bubble
Bubble and burst on the tips of my tongues
Double back on the store; turn and close
Dissolved by the striking of a match.
Eyes that flip over like the cocking of a gun
Of a man afraid who can't see what to shoot.

My words mingle like tears and sweat:
Curling from memories like burning paper
Burnt, the sensation dissolves dirtily in the tide
Of up-and-down seasliding shooting steel sheets
Of water mechanically across the dark sand.

The News Stand: Tom Hodgkinson

At once the crowd dispersed,
Eagerness turned to sorrow as
So many tabloids were consigned to the gutter;
Pressed deep and dirty, cheap, with
Flirty girls alongside news of Arthur's
Cock-ups; justified type,
Unjustified hype of the red and white.
A universe on the soggy newstand
Reflecting us, showing us the light;
The light of so many people's lives.
It's what they want to hear
Voice of the people (A complaint)
No restraint: Up yours, they proclaim,
And aiming too far left they hit the mark.



Ross Ensor

'Love is no oracle': Harriet Custance

Immediate truth shines from the sun,
And is reflected by happiness.
–In a flash
All is snatched back
In an oppressive cloud of winter days.
My hands grab out,
Grab, grabbing....
–SMACK!
The Dog of Doom
Mindlessly retrieves the tree,
Again and again,
To suffocate its bark in loving saliva.
But the tree cannot breath;
It flings the dog away,
Yelping with pain.
Poor Doomed Dog,
Doomed insane, ...until
The sun shines again.

The Valley of Life: Alexander Max

Paint me an image, of
Another side to truth,
Wherelife is not just hope,
But pictures of heaven.

Lead me to the Valley
Where all glass reflects good
And sun's tears enlarge health,
The amber augments Life:

Where trees wend a pattern,
(As Kings engrave emblems,)
In the forests of spring,
And greenery rules love.

The downs of this valley,
Uniting buds and roots,
Portrays the wholesome earth
Fed to Satiety.

And in the wheat grain sun
Rays a light invade, as
A spectrum of nature
Where canvas disperses

Impressionistic views,
Simplifying image
In complex formation,
As a unity of

Races, conveying life
And soldering the world
So people are one and
Religion is as love.

Paint me such a picture,
Of my impregnable
Dreaming memories, o'
God, and I will be happy.

Horace Wimp: Richard Harris

The overwhelming suddenness of her presence took Horace completely by surprise. It was late, very late on the last day that Christmas term and he had just gatecrashed another house's end-of-year supper, a fact of which he was very proud. (Being a shy, quiet lad, Horace had little ambition as a rule; and thus the sense of achievement he gained from the audacity of his act more than satisfied him.) However, his little adventure over, Horace now stood in the middle of the yard with a friend, bored. Miserable, drizzly rain fell as it had done all evening, the drops hitting the ground with a sort of dull inevitability that he found oddly irritating. Horace watched the raindrops form little black rivulets in the paving-stone cracks and chatted with his friend. Through the rain they could hear distant sounds of festivity from some boarding-houses as end-of-term celebrations were enjoyed. The fact that everyone else was having a good time added jealousy to Horace's boredom since, as he saw it, he had nothing to do but go home. His friend felt the same way, the knowledge of which was a source of pathetic solace for Horace, and so he stood by him, moping, unreasonably annoyed with everyone and everything.

At one point during their conversation a few inebriated figures emerged somewhat noisily from a house and formed a giggly group in a corner. Horace suddenly recognised a friend's voice amidst the din and turned his head to look at the group more

closely. Instead he saw her, standing right there beside him.

She was there because her house's celebrations had not yet got under way, and Horace's friend was a mathematical colleague of hers. She addressed a greeting to him, looking at Horace as she did so. Horace shuffled uncomfortably, feeling the wetness of the rain on his warm cheeks. A close female presence made him feel awkward at the best of times; but the fact that it was a pretty girl with soft blue eyes and one whom he was almost definitely about to talk to, was making him acutely embarrassed. Horace overheard his friend say 'by the way, this is my best friend, Horace' and suddenly his knees went weak.

'Hallo,' she said, and smiled.

Any doubts Horace might have had about 'hallo' being simply a perfunctory utterance were immediately dispelled by that smile. It was a pearly white smile, friendly, slightly dimpling her sweet, chubby cheeks... Horace said 'Hi' with what he hoped was casual indifference, and heard it come out as a sort of dry gurgle. There was a pause. A small transistor suddenly decided to let loose a taut stream of music from its precarious position on a high-up windowsill; the sound was hideously metallic and it echoed dully off the stone buildings. At this point Horace's friend decided to turn round and go off towards the swaying group of people in the corner of the yard, some members of which were now trying to dance, their senses of rhythm impaired to a ludicrous extent by drink and their own lack of ability. Realising that she would follow him, Horace felt a yearning sadness stir in his stomach. But she didn't go; she stayed next to him. Heart thumping wildly, Horace watched his friend go up to the group, where one girl, unsteady to the point of leglessness, stubbornly insisted on kissing him on both cheeks. Horace swallowed nervously and looked at his feet.

She broke the silence. 'You should be happy', she said, looking at him, smiling, sensing but not understanding his sadness. 'It's the end of term. Come on, let's dance.' Horace managed a watery smile, and took her arm gently. The drizzle increased suddenly to gentle rain, but no-one seemed to mind.

'You'll have to teach me, I'm afraid,' Horace said, grinning weakly. 'I'm pretty useless at this sort of thing.' In reply she smiled again, and Horace felt a storm of emotions churn within him at that smile.

He made a fool of himself trying to dance with her, but she didn't mind, and neither did Horace; it was good fun. Then for no reason the music suddenly stopped at the height of its tinny wailing, presumably due to the intervention of authority. It left Horace alone with the girl in the middle of yard, his chest bursting with love-ache. Suddenly he felt very sorry for her; reduced to him for company when a sweet girl like her should deserve good things all the time: all the time, for she really was a nice girl. He looked at her, and felt very sad.

'Do you know what I need right now?' he heard himself say, his heart thumping wilder than ever; 'I need a cuddle.'

'Aaah,' she said, and Horace felt his spine tingle with pleasure at the pure sympathy of that utterance; a sympathy so genuine that even her voice broke slightly with a little sob of sadness as she spoke it. Then he was in her arms, feeling the damp, warm wooliness against his face; he felt secure and happy, immersing himself in that gentle, feminine smell, the calm, woolly wetness... Suddenly she disengaged, but kept one arm around his shoulders and, smiling, she ruffled his hair with her hand.

'Cheer up,' she said, still smiling.

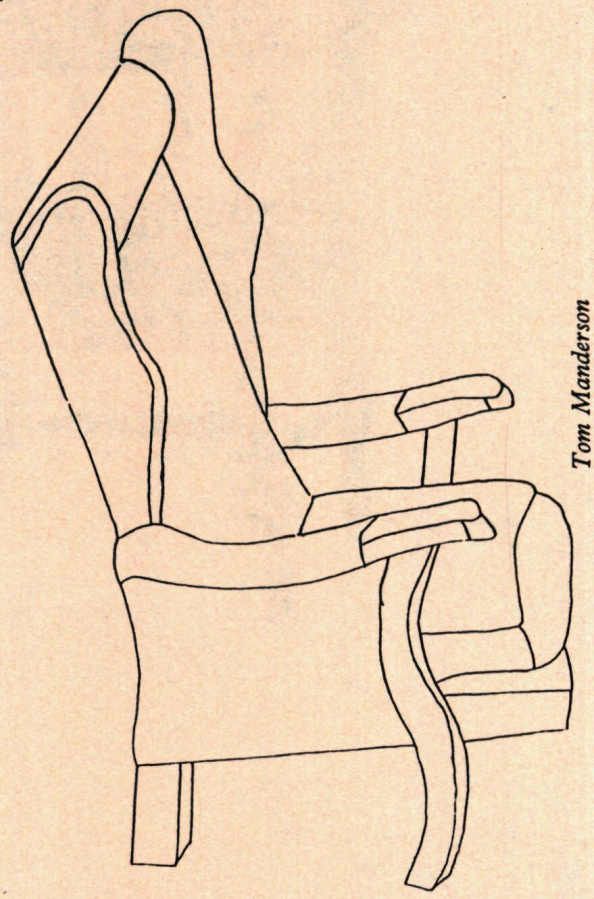
Horace was suddenly aware that his friend was there speaking to him—they had to go... what, now?... yes, everyone else was going. Indeed since the music had stopped the group's individual members had one by one moved off slowly towards the arch. Horace looked at the clock. 10.30. He didn't want to go home.

'Why don't you come and watch our house video?' she enquired suddenly. She was in another house—evidently she was staying the night. There was no way Horace could now, though both he and his friend were at one stage considering asking the housemaster if it was possible.

'I can't,' he said, sadly. By now his friend had disappeared under the arch, and Horace turned to walk towards it himself, staring at the ground, miserable, watching himself break up the little puddles into sparkling ringlets of reflected light. She went slowly off back to her house to rejoin the festivities. Horace reached the arch, an intense storm of sobs heavy inside his chest; a sad longing and aching desire. The rain began to fall very heavily now, and Horace looked up at the sky, letting the drops splash onto his face. He hadn't even said goodbye, he realised. Horace looked back over his shoulder. She had gone.

For some strange reason Horace forgot about the girl completely during the Christmas holidays. He came back to school the next term and saw her quite by chance at a choir rehearsal. Everything flooded back suddenly; picture after picture of that night a month or so back; it was like suddenly remembering some dark dream inside his head, made up of countless vivid images appearing in quick succession with Horace helpless to stop them. Sitting in his particular row he looked at the girl again now, and felt the same sensations as before; intense love mixed with terrible shyness; an ache of desire in his stomach and heart.

For the whole of that term Horace watched this sweet little girl, thought about her, breathed her as she limped in that peculiarly adorable manner from the world of chalk-dust and stale logic to the clinical, white-coated or else gaseous, vapid world across the street. Each time his inner self wept with frustration but too shy to make a move he would withdraw into tormented seclusion, trying to hide a love so vast that it would often manifest itself at



Tom Manderson

awkward times through its sheer hunger—Horace, silly Horace, would be sitting quietly thinking and then suddenly he would be having to blink back hot, salty tears that for no appreciable reason had suddenly sprung to his eyes; they had come from Horace's little heart, and they left him aching with a misery he couldn't really understand.

By the end of term, Horace had managed to communicate. Three vague conversations lasting a minute each; with customary assertiveness Horace had collapsed in a trembling heap each time. With the first little tête-à-tête (chance meeting; she was lost—deserted school—Horace had nowhere to hide) she was friendly—in fact she had given Horace that same smile which came close to deranging him permanently. Conversation ended, Horace had gone on his wobbly way (any direction; he didn't care), his excitement bordering on insanity. During the second meeting, which Horace had specially originated and consisted of a half-hearted and very badly-worded attempt at a 'date', she had seen that he was intensely embarrassed and had gently assured him of its pointlessness. She had also given him a totally knowing smile as if she had completely understood what he was trying to

say. Heart thumping, Horace had tried to talk sense, but before long he had deteriorated and his speech subsided into vague mutterings once again. The third time (a phone-call this time) Horace prepared the right things to say beforehand, and when she gave a reply that he hadn't foreseen, one that didn't exist in his flow-diagram of possible answers, he fell to bits completely. In the end she became so disillusioned with the rambling nonsense provoked by his state of utter mental confusion that she couldn't help letting a tone of superiority sour her gentle voice; and Horace stood there, the trembling receptor of her sarcasm. He had derived pathetic consolation from the belief that he had sensed a sighing regret as she terminated the exchange; Horace forced himself to ignore the possibility that she could simply have been sighing with sadness at a pathetic creature who had just fought with such pitiful earnestness for her attention.

For a few weeks Horace hung onto shreds and strings of her as he remembered her to be sweet, small, beautiful; not the arrogant bitch or other more sordid names bestowed upon her by her contemporaries. When Horace realised the main reason for such lavish, vaccinal descriptions (the reason why her associates fought not to share a room with her) he did not feel jealous; not jealous at all, but for a while very sad. Then even Horace's sadness began to disappear thinly and slowly dilute itself into a new resolve as the next holidays went by.

With an effort—and it was some effort—Horace pulled himself together. He knew that there was virtually no time left (what with 'A' levels this term, and that staying-at-home business) and that as usual, and as they had been from the start, circumstances were totally against him (different year, different house, different subjects). It was now too late; Horace knew that he would soon be leaving to start a new 'life' in a new establishment with new faces, even if she still had a year to go after his nondescript departure. Horace contemplated wryly the faults of a system whereby there were thirty or so people older than he in the 'year' below. Admittedly she was twenty-six days younger, his sweet love, twenty-six days... Horace resisted further thought of her. It was time for a divergence; a going of separate ways, a treading of respective pathe; a pursuing of different careers. Sweet, chubby cheeks, pale, gently freckled, blue eyes, longish slightly curled hair, the perpetual wearing of that coat, in itself a tremor-inducing shade of grey-green; the very sight of that colour was an endearing prelude to a vision, nothing less. Stop, Horace: forget it. She probably has other people in her life; and you soon will have. As the Easter holiday drew to a close and she returned from some Nordic break-a-leg extravaganza, Horace knew it was time to face up to the facts. Clear-headed, resolved Horace had shaken off the amorous fog that had clouded his head with its heady aroma. Clear-headed, resolved Horace. Facts: the realities of life. You can do it, Horace. Realities.

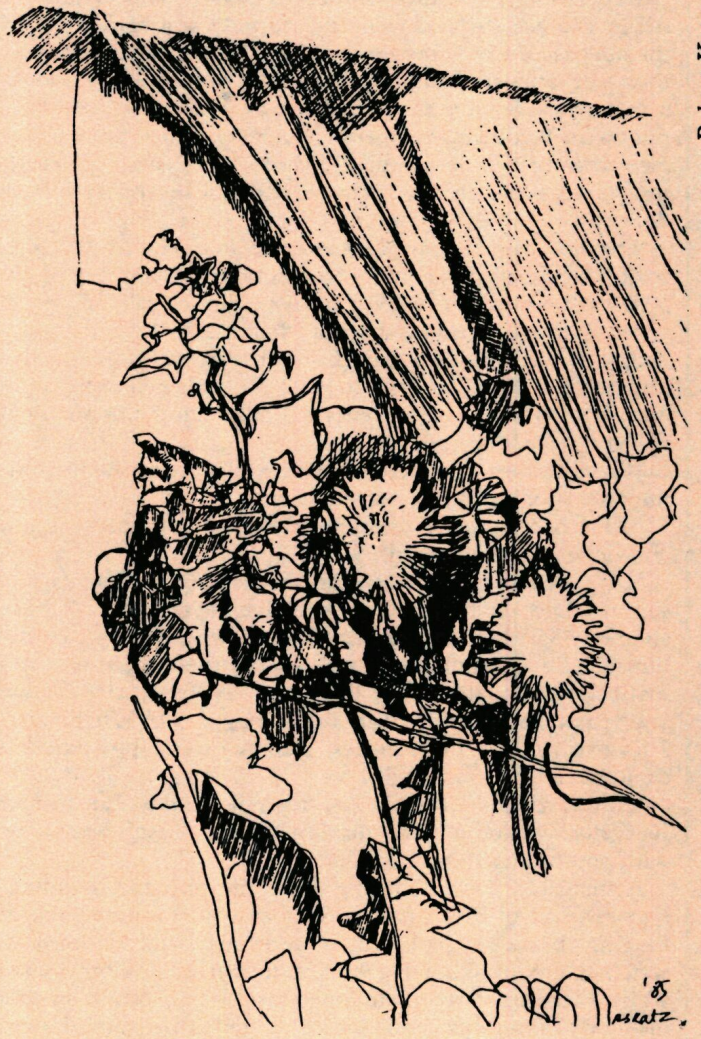
To help forget her, Horace went to a local party a week or so before the start of the new term. It wasn't the greatest of parties, but it was a very important one for Horace. He met another girl. Horace had tried to ignore her while she had eyed him unswervingly from the corner of the room, but after half-an-hour he admitted defeat and went and sat down next to her. Being slightly drunk, he did not lack the courage to talk about whatever came into his head. He was confessing a lot of things now suddenly, and he knew it, but what did it matter?... and her name was... but forget her... who are you? Her name was Charlotte, and she lived in Petts Wood. Where? Petts Wood. Kent, isn't it? Orpington, thereabouts-ish? Yes. Nice place, nice place. Mmm. Used to live there meself. Mmm? Sure did.

Horace got to know Charlotte well; very well. They met every day of the last week of the holiday. Inside however, Horace remained uneasy. He had a feeling that as soon as he saw his first love again, everything would flare up as before, aching desire... and he would lose Charlotte, he would just sit there morosely, running his cold fingers distractedly through her long, wavy hair, thinking about his 'true' love. It must not happen, Horace. Control yourself, and lose her. Horace swallowed. Do it, Horace. Please.

The first time he saw her that term was at the abbey, slightly tanned, chatting with her friends. The grey-green coat had given way to a red one. For some reason Horace suddenly felt nothing for her; in fact he felt a slight dislike. It made him smile grimly. 'God knows why I wasted my time with you last term, cow,' he thought. 'I'll leave you to enjoy your boyfriends back home now, darling, because it's over, I'm afraid, I've got my own girl, and I love her'. In the ensuing days, however, Horace grew uneasy again. Everything seemed so right with Charlotte—too good, almost destined; it was like some divine intervention for his own welfare. With his first girl there was still uncertainty. Ignorance of who she fancied; vagueness about who fancied her (rumours about that awful shrimp what's-his-name, though; ha! Leave her alone, for Christ's sake! and leave him alone too, you; you deserve better than him). Was she really as lonely as she gave the impression of being? Or did she transform herself into a social figure chez-elle, cute and freckly, lying limp in the arms of various starved boyfriends, submitting to their base sexual desires? Horace shuddered at the vivid series of images his feverish imagination was conjuring up. Did these people exist, or did she make them up to hide her real isolation; a form of verbal defense?

Friday lunch; she sat opposite him. Alone. Horace was surrounded by friends, and was aware that he was talking incessantly, chatting, sharing jokes. Occasionally she looked at him, but didn't say a word to anybody throughout lunch. Horace was not nervous, as he would have been before. In fact, he felt rather gregarious; but he knew he was wilfully ignoring her, again for his own good. Having disliked the food, she got up suddenly, and went out. Horace followed her with his eyes. As he half-expected, he didn't feel very talkative after her departure. He sensed that he had missed some kind of opportunity; but he also felt rather happy. She had been less than a yard from him, and it had made him happy. It wasn't like that with Charlotte, thought Horace; much as she was appealing, that just didn't happen. Goddamn it.

Horace went to Saturday lunch partly in the vague hope that she would be there. She was, but having come in rather late she had to be content with sitting with some vaguely undesirable people. Again Horace was with friends, and the talk was Friday night with Charlotte, Charlotte, Charlotte; but Horace could see his girl with her back to him on the next table in front, alone, quiet; a burst of loveache sprung within his heart, and Horace hid it desperately. He had told everybody how he hated the girl now, now he had found somebody else. It was only partly true.



Robert Katz

That same Saturday, Horace went to a party; his old friend's birthday gathering. Charlotte had gone to some ridiculous place with her family for the whole weekend; Thierry-les-Aix, or somewhere. France, in any case. After having undergone something of a bitter argument that Friday night with her, (a touchy matter on which their opinions differed widely), Horace was secretly rather relieved that Charlotte, who had been invited, was not able to come. For some reason Horace's friend now disliked his school-love intensely, and had made it insultingly clear that she was not invited; even though Horace had mentally toyed with the idea of inviting her himself and confessing to one and all, there and then, that he didn't really hate her. Because, God, he didn't hate her.

As he intended, Horace got drunk at the party, and it verbally loosened him up. He saw two girls he vaguely knew, and propping himself up against a table, decided for no reason at all to confess everything to them. In the midst of his outpouring he ascertained that they both knew the girl well, which cheered him up immensely. Horace heard himself ask 'Is she nice?' and then thought what a ridiculous question that was. Both replied that she was indeed, and Horace stood swaying gently, his eyes moist. He wished she was at the party.

'Can you do me a favour? he asked one of the girls slowly, having to concentrate on forming coherent sentences. 'Can you ask her who she fancies?' He paused. 'No, actually . . . ask her whether she has any boyfriends. Can you do that? Please? But don't mention my name . . .' The girl smiled knowingly and nodded. 'That would be really great.'

Horace went back to school after the long weekend, and he couldn't wait for the girl to ask his girl. Doubtless he made himself irritating by reminding her to do it whenever he saw her.

On the second day of his return, Horace had to play in a lunchtime concert. It was a rather hit-and-miss affair, complete with pieces obviously under-rehearsed, wobbly stands, and sheet upon sheet of music flying all over the place. The whole thing was making Horace rather giggly despite the conductor's strivings to keep everything under control. It had been going for about half-an-hour, when Horace saw the girl at the party looking in: she looked around, saw him, smiled to herself, and vanished suddenly. Horace stopped grinning stupidly and kept on watching the open doorway. There was a pause of five or ten seconds, and then 'she' appeared and looked straight at him. Horace looked at a spot a yard or so to the left of her, as if he hadn't seen her, and put on his favourite expression one, he classified as a 'thoughtful face with an I-know-about-life smile'. Her gaze, smileless, did not waver; and then after a few seconds she disappeared from the doorway.

The first conclusion Horace came to was that the girl had wilfully disobeyed his orders by mentioning his name. However, he felt secretly rather relieved at this; it didn't really matter. What worried him was her expression when she had stood there—she hadn't looked and smiled; she had watched him, coldly and impassively: 'Huh, so it's him is it? Who the hell wants him?' he had read in those gentle eyes he once adored, back in those halcyon days long ago. . .

When he next saw that party girl, Horace rushed up to her, impatient for desperate consultation.

'What did you say?' he asked feverishly, almost jumping up and down in anticipation.

'Oh', she said airily, 'I asked if she had any boyfriends, and she said no. Did she have any prospective boyfriends? No.' Horace suddenly felt like leaping into the air with joy, but controlled himself. So, he thought, it was untrue then about that mathematical shrimp; she didn't like him. My lovely girl! You know you're not wanted, you little sod; so bugger off. What a girl, and I forgive you for those stories, I know exactly how you felt, he thought. It's the same with me.

'However', the girl went on, 'it's not too hopeful, I'm afraid. Basically, she doesn't like you. I mean, she doesn't want to go out with you or anything.'

A small boy came charging down the corridor, skidding to a halt in front of his dayroom door and then entered the room, flinging the door open with unnecessary force. Horace Wimp watched him, blinking. He felt lost; nowhere. He stood by the girl while a feeling of complete loneliness and desertion swept over his body, numbing him, almost frightening him. He was a nothing-person, a nonentity. A little, lost wimp standing alone in a corridor.

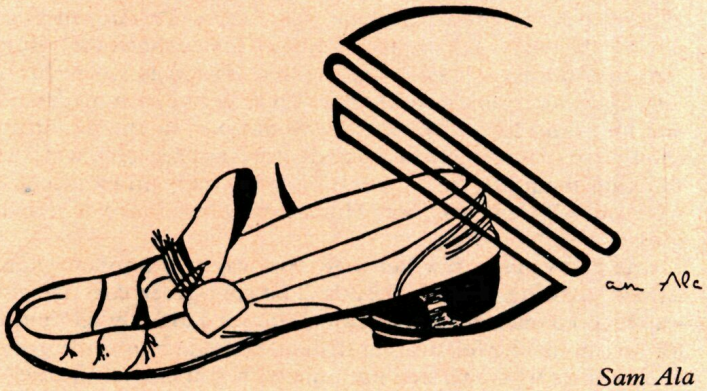
Horace heard her say, 'I'm sorry about that, but that's how it is', and saw her walk off towards her dayroom. For some reason though completely dejected Horace noticed her body sway gently to some internal rhythm as it always did when she walked. With that odd detail in mind, he wandered off up the corridor, slowly, looking at his feet plodding along gently, heading somewhere, anywhere.

O.K. Pull yourself together, you fool, it's not the end of the world. She doesn't know you; no wonder she doesn't like you. The three times you spoke with her, you were so aware of her presence that you made a fool of yourself. You're not like that really, Horace, so go out there and prove it to her. Alright? But to Horace Wimp these words were meaningless echoes inside his head; he knew it was all true, but he knew he wouldn't be able to face up to the embarrassing actions involved, and their consequences.

In the end Horace came to the music-centre, and crawled into one of the practice-rooms. Eeyng, went the door. A stupid, listless noise. He sat down slowly on a wooden stool, feeling somewhat pitifully at home with the stark spread of black and white. An ancient dog-eared copy of the St. Matthew Passion lay sideways at one end of the lid, and with warm, trembling fingers Horace prodded at the cold keys and attempted to occupy himself by playing extracts from it. Sepulchral, weighty arias and languid choral fragments did little to cheer him up; listless, his fingers often missed the right keys and, uninterested, Horace came to a sonorous halt. For a minute or so he sat, thinking. It's no good, he thought. It was never going to work out, my little girl, was it. Horace cleared his throat and stared at a crack in the mottled wall.

'I know you're not listening', he said, out loud, 'but this is for you. There is one person in this school with whom you never were unpopular and never will be, sweet little girl who never really understood me. Between us there was always incomprehension—not your fault at all; you never knew me, you didn't even know my name. But I loved you; I loved you with a love so intense it completely engulfed me; it swallowed up my naive, adolescent heart and choked it; it sifled it with desire.' Horace paused, slightly surprised, wishing he could be as lyrical and articulate in real life as he was being now. Too late, in any case. A week before I'm off home, that's all. Too late. 'What a damn waste of time and thought: what a shame. And I let it affect me so deeply—well, that's me; trust me to be a bloody Piscean—and my work, home, my friends.' Horace went on, waylaid by a tangential line of thought. 'Thank you friends', he said dramatically, 'and you know who you are; thank you for listening in sympathetic silence to my outpourings, for concealing your boredom and laughter, for allowing me to share my troubles with you.' Horace was unstoppable now; oblivious to the faces he knew were pressed to the window. He could visualize their noses flattened against the glass, their basic, apathetic curiosities vaguely stimulated. Horace did not give a damn. 'I have to forget you', he continued, almost shouting now; 'for my sake, for Charlotte's sake, for the sake of not embarrassing you. It will seem like I'm ignoring you, but I want you to know that whenever I see you I think of you. I want you to know that.' With that, Horace got up, seized his music, and rushed out of the practice-room, his cheeks wet, his eyes glistening defiantly. People looked at him. He looked at them. Eeyng, went the door.

As he expected, Horace found his task very easy: ignoring



Sam Ala

people was something he was good at, being the sort of boy he was. As the days went by, the relief he felt from not having to confront her was only undermined by the sense of deep sadness he often felt, a feeling of having lost a brilliant possibility, what 'could have been'. What should have been.

In these mid-term days, Horace saw Charlotte more and more frequently. Some nights he would go up to her and like a little boy ask for a hug, and she would comply, muttering in the soft gooey way of hers, 'big baby, that's what you are'; she was always pleased at his show of affection, but she never understood his desparate reason or need for it: since day one, Charlotte had forgotten that this other girl had ever existed, and Horace had decided not to remind her.

Weekdays continued to pass with frightening speed; Horace felt himself rushing headlong into an important point in his life with no sense of control or knowledge of what was going to happen to him. Half-term came and went, a half-term full of study, essays and a sickly-sweet Charlotte draped round him, spilling into his lap like so many sheets of paper; and Horace drowned himself in his work and in her.

A few days after half-term Horace reached a stage where he would see his original girl and feel nothing; or he would see her talking with a potential rival (as he still classified all male students) and just think 'You can have her'; a soft thought inside his little head but yet a contradiction to the gentle ache he still felt in his heart. If she walked across the yard, Horace no longer watched her with the ecstacy she usually induced in him; he would take his eyes off her, and though sometimes deep sadness would well up inside him, he would continue on his way.

Then of course it was time to go off home, and revise: Horace, complete with what he thought were new-found, demoniacal powers of concentration, strolled off, clutching book-filled bags and looking forward to the different order to the days ahead. And as Horace stayed at home, he saw Charlotte most evenings as a sort of relaxation at the end of each day, and he was thankful for it; he loved her company. He still thought about his first girl; he wondered if she was ever bored and lonely at school—Horace often imagined visiting her there; comforting her; kissing her gently, dreamily, saying 'I want you to be happy; please, be happy for me', and he would put his arm around her with infinite tenderness... but these thoughts were less and less frequent for Horace now—he hadn't seen her closely for so long that he could at best vaguely remember the prettiness of her face; all he kept seeing in his mind was that red coat, that used to make her stand out in the yard so much. Then even this vivid image grew a sort of hazy penumbra around its edge until all his mind could conjure up was a coloured blob a long way away—her, talking to other people, lost in a background of faces and hands, and blackness. Horace didn't see her once when he came in for exams, and so his mind could not replenish the emptiness that resulted in his efforts to remember that pretty face.

The long lazy summer days passed, and Horace completed his exams, blindly stumbling from one to the next in a studious drowsiness. He had three days in which to sink into a daze of exhausted relief before the last day of term, which he passed rather uneventfully.

So the last day came, and Horace went to school, awaiting his holiday with eager anticipation. He walked into the yard, and went into his house. At a few minutes to nine he entered the abbey, sat with his friends, and chatted briefly. At one minute to nine she entered, and sat down in a pew facing him. There was a momentary pause in the conversation. Same red coat, same pretty face. Horace looked at her blankly. There was no chest-ache, no amorous pangs in his heart; and his knees felt as strong as ever. His mind, however, was reeling. It was as if several thoughts were fighting for supremacy inside his head, while he looked on, a casual observer to the struggle. Then this feeling was gone, as quickly as it had come—and during the rest of the service, Horace did his best to ignore her. Only once did he look at her again—during the hymn, which was 'Jerusalem'. At the words 'O clouds, unfold' Horace suddenly looked up and saw her looking straight at him. For a few seconds Horace looked straight into those eyes; and then let his own eyes drop to the page he was looking at. 'Nor shall my sword', he read.

After the service, Horace went to lessons—uneventful lessons with no-one feeling inclined to do any work, teachers included. Break came and went with its usual rapidity, followed by two even more good-natured lessons. Before lunch, Horace strolled out into the yard to meet a friend, habit forcing him to cast an eye around the whole area as he did so. Mmm... no, sir. Not there. Horace suddenly found he didn't have much to say to his friend, and after a brief exchange of pleasantries ambled slowly back to his house for lunch. As he approached the door, he looked up at the row of windows above. Uh-uh. Not there either. In his mind, Horace suddenly began to feel the same bewildering sensation as he had in the abbey that morning. Slowly he pushed open the corridor door. He didn't know what this feeling meant, exactly. Horace walked down the little flight of steps and turned left into his dayroom. As he opened the door he suddenly had an absurd wish for her to be standing there, in the dayroom, waiting for him; and Horace felt a giant surge of warmth and happiness quickly flood through him at the idea—but then of course she wasn't there, and Horace felt cold, and empty.

During lunch Horace could not concentrate on anything, and certainly the last thing he felt like doing was eating. He sat, toying with the food on his plate, feeling incredibly low, and wondering why. He had been happy a short while ago; by all accounts he should be happy now: summer holidays coming up, 'A' levels over, a whole summer to enjoy with that girl Charlotte... Come on, Horace, he thought, you should be happy, it's the end of term. Cheer up, for Christ's sake.

Horace experienced a similar lack of capacity to enjoy anything during the afternoon, despite the reduction of some lessons to playing-grounds for various childish games. At tea he sat with friends but remained quiet and thoughtful throughout—this didn't surprise his friends, who knew that behind his reticent, almost seemingly anti-social behaviour, his thoughts were harmless enough. His friend, his good old friend, said, 'You're not still thinking about her, are you?' with great disdain, and Horace shook his head slowly. 'By the way', his friend went on in a normal voice, 'do you want to come to our house supper tonight? Thingy knows you well—you do a lot for our house as it is. He won't mind. It'll be good fun'. He nudged Horace. 'You did it before, remember?'

'I can't', said Horace slowly, still not quite sure why he was refusing.

'Eh?'

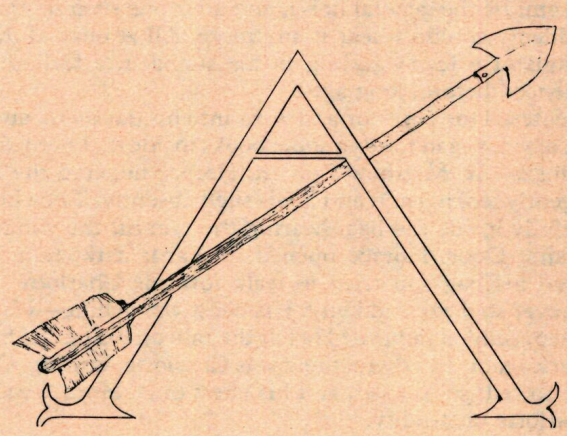
'I don't want to go. I've got to go home,' he continued uncertainly.

Horace's friend laughed. 'Horace, my boy, where have I heard that one before? Come on.' he said, tugging symbolically at Horace's arm. 'Come along. There'll be lots to drink. And eat.'

Horace couldn't help smiling at his friend's slightly overdone enthusiasm, even though there was now a deep rumbling of something painful in his stomach; something stirring.

He left tea and decided to use the external route to go back into the yard. Horace reached the cloister arch and turned left. Oh my god! there she was in front of him. Red coat. Right in front of him, now, looking at him, a sad smile; Horace transfixed, they passed, brushed arms, she went by. Horace walked quickly on a few steps then, suddenly desperate, he turned round: she had disappeared; gone, under the arch.

He entered the yard. People were standing around everywhere; boarders were wheeling suitcases towards the arch; some day-boys were lurching homeward staggering under the weight of bags and unweildy briefcases packed with bundles of clothes,



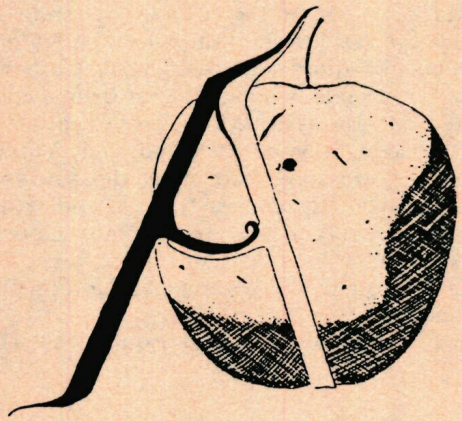
Nathaniel McBride

books and other objects. A warm wind sprang up and caused leaves to swirl in little circles. A small piece of paper described a large parabola and landed some way off, flapping feebly. Horace felt a raindrop on his cheek, then another, and then another. With unusual haste he went into his house to stay until supper.

At supper Horace was still feeling bitter. Gatecrashing another house's supper was hardly the most daring act imaginable, he thought. O.K., so I might have found it fun years ago, if ever I did it before; did I? Probably not. To think I could be at home now with Charlotte. I wish I was'. Horace drummed on the table gently with his cider-glass. 'I wish I was back at home now', he thought '. . with Charlotte.' Again he played with his glass, prodding at it with a trembling finger. He could hear the rain falling outside, heavier than before.

The party ended, and Horace fought his way out into the rain amidst the jostling stream of adolescents. He had reached the middle of the yard, having been carried along by the surge, when he suddenly saw a feminine shape by the arch, waving to him. Oh my god, he thought, it can't be. . . Horace started to run blindly towards the girl who stepped forward to greet him. He came to a sudden halt.

'Hullo, Charlotte', he said, 'what are you doing here? I don't believe it! You're the last person I would have expected to be here.'



Nicolas Weldon

She smiled. 'I came to see you. Let's go home'.

Horace looked at her. 'God I love you,' he said suddenly, and kissed her.

'Just wait a sec, and I'll get my stuff. Wait right here.' Saying that, he rushed off towards his house to collect his books. After a bit he slowed down to a trot, and then even more, to a walk. The rain poured down from the blackness above. In a corner of the yard a small knot of boys were laughing and chatting. Horace stopped before he came to the corridor entrance, and looked up at the row of windows. Every one was dark, silent, empty. He continued to stare at them and felt the rain on his face. Behind him he could hear people still chatting, laughing, going home. In a distant boarding-house music was playing very softly. Now soaked to the skin, Horace strained to hear it, but kept losing the sound amidst the general noise, and after one such interruption, he suddenly couldn't hear it any more. All at once Horace was conscious of a funny feeling in his stomach; a feeling he had experienced before, long ago. . .

He entered the corridor and went into his dayroom, and, picking up a bag, began to sling some books inside it. There, finished. Ah; music—St. Matthew Passion. Horace fingered the tattered copy gently looking at it and at his shelf absently. Then he placed it carefully inside the bag, hearing the rain hit the window. Up the stairs. Door. Horace opened it. Yard; dark; rain. Horace clutched his bag and tried to walk towards Charlotte. He felt dizzy, ever so dizzy suddenly. His chest was aching—why? Why this deep, sudden sadness? He felt the rain on his face. The music was back again; and there, there was Charlotte, waiting. Oh God, he felt so sad; so, so, sad, and his chest hurt. Horace walked up to Charlotte unsteadily.

'Come on', she sang, gaily; 'let's go.' Horace put his bag down. *You should be happy; it's the end of term.* He choked suddenly—a broken sob that he couldn't stop. Tears welled up in his eyes and Horace buried his face in his hands. Not now; God, not now.

'Horace! Horace? Hey, Horace, what is it?'

In silent misery, Horace couldn't answer; the tears kept falling down his cheeks.

. . . You know what I need right now, I need a cuddle. . .

'Oooh, God', he cried suddenly, aloud, his body shaking with sobs. He couldn't help it now, he couldn't stop it; it wasn't just crying, it was the love he had always had for her in those tears.

'Horace? For God's sake, Horace, what is it? Tell me. Tell me!'

Horace looked up at the night sky and let the rain fall onto his face, his eyes stung with misery, his cheeks burning. Charlotte put her arm round him gently.

'Horace . . . What is it, Horace?'

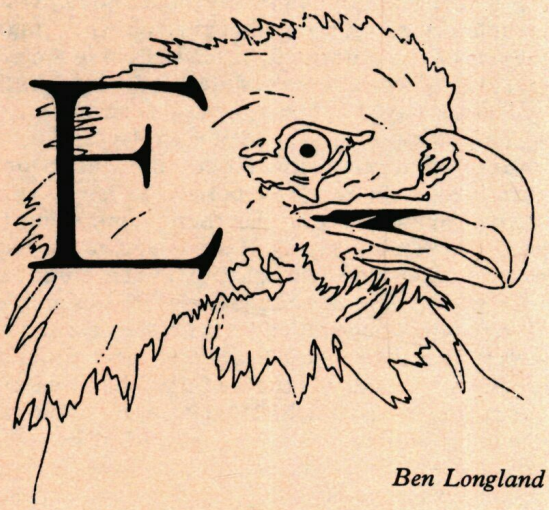
Cheer up . . . his face in her warm, woolly shoulder; standing there, that cuddle; the happiness he had felt, just like a little baby . . . that face. That smile. Oh God; that smile.

Horace picked up his bag and looked at the girl. Sweet, well-meaning Charlotte. He could feel himself about to cry again, and did so, stroking her hair tenderly.

'Goodbye', he said, slowly, with infinite tenderness.

'What?'

'Some day, Charlotte; some day, I'll tell you all about it,' he said. 'I promise.'



Ben Longland

Le Songe—a tone poem: Alexander Max

Now:
It is April casting intricate patterns
onto the whispering cobblestones through the
veil of singing blossoms, lulling the night
to the soft slumbering hues of starry dusk,
darkness that rocks the bobbing sea to silence.
And yet the lilacs still breath life into the
crepuscular fountain of the swaying, throbbing
nightly sky. Listen, the birds whisper listen,
as their drowsy sleep drowns their ears with music
calling from the golden trickle of speckled
moonrays. Here, the sweaty sheen drips its light dabs
on to the earth with a dappled image of
fantastic, sparkling sparks of colour: beyond
the springtime blind dusk forms of spectrosity
enlighten the eventide with canvassed hope.

I hear imagery of my immortal
soul as the unity between earth and world.

Bells ring in the fountains, neither toll nor peel:
Bells ring I think, chimes changing from my skull like
world. Or perhaps the moon's bulb glow is striking
the brilliant start percussively; they say. . .

Harriet Custance

The explosion
Cannot feel its way through
The tears of time.
Time flies,
On many a chime,
And another now is then.
Irretrievable.

The image you once held;
I needed to share it.
And now
You ignore your own creation.
You loved it some time ago.
I could have responded,

But, you were like a snail,
Hiding a rotting heart
In a faceless shell.
You thought you were safe,
That time,
Wrapped in warped visions of security,
Yet, I knew all along.
This time,
Who will perform the last song?

A Dialogue: Tom Hodgkinson

Body:
What unease troubles my sleep,
And racks my brain with unknown pleas?
Whence come these restless sighs,
And wakefulness I cannot shake off?

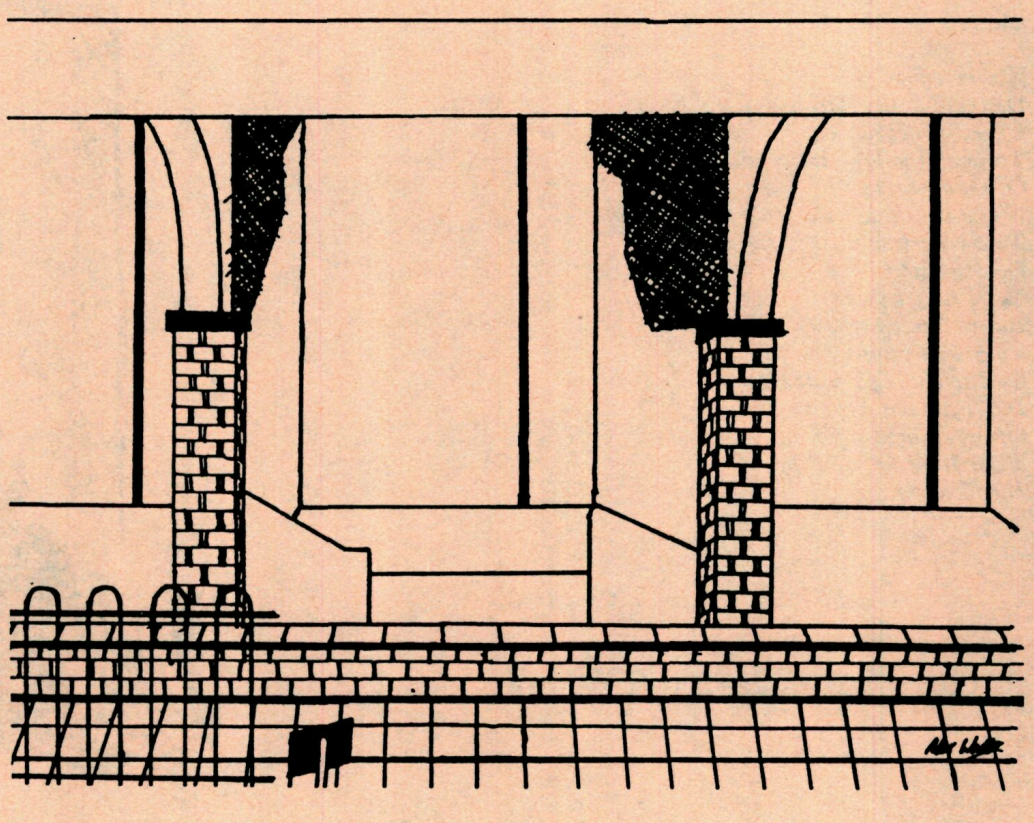
Soul:
Aethereal beauty troubles
The restless vision of your mind.
The soul pleas for discipline,
To reject, choose, nullify.
Then the pleas will fade and die.

A Hard Day's Reckoning: Jonni Raynes

'Love' pauses between my lips
Like the lesions on my tongue.
Those emotions I never feel
And the numbness unsung.
The facial contortions of sorrow,
Jerky sobs, bleary eyes,
Mother and son, tough-cookie trauma
At least the plum in the pie:
Some chirp-chirp cheery voice
The blood singing in my ears–
'Your chips are up, mate,
No laughter, no tears.'

An iced slice of melodrama
Toy-town histrionics,
This girl's checked out
Garbo at the local flics.
'Life's just a fairy story'
'Life's just a horror story'
'Life's just something
I heard somewhere'
Bald statements and big hearts
Suck the bright city dry;
Life's just the time
From when you're born 'till
When you die.

With this dryness in mind
I try to assess the fleshy mass
Couched in terms of the table's
Other side. Our sensibilities seem
To have been punctured. We'll push it
No further.
Her honey'd tongue shuffle-foots
The familiar love-dance,
I gild the frail mend with a
Suitably-judged prettiness.
We've said sorry,
The rest can wait 'til tomorrow.



Alex Watt

The Heretics: Ruth Kelly

That vulgar virtue of inanity
Constricts in uniformity.
When nihilist is moralist
And activist, antagonist
The thirst for hidden music
Is spur of the heretic.
The unrequited longing
For the passion of the thrush's singing
The ardour of the amaranth
And beauty in the simple truth
Is bound by Earth's conformity.
Live in this reality
Abandon that society
To anarchy react–
Art, not artefact.

The Picture: Sarah Mutkin

The boy had come into the gallery because it had began to rain. A pity, you might think, because the day had been sharp and fine, but the boy loved the incessant strumming of the water on the windows and the warmness that crept up inside him.

Pictures were not really his 'thing', and he strolled aimlessly round the display, finding it hard to sustain an interest in anything he saw. He could tell some of the paintings were beautiful, but he could not feel it, could not appreciate their perfect symmetry or shape. He wondered what was on the television that evening.

Sensing the eyes of an attendant upon him he stopped in front of a picture. The painting was rather badly lit and he had to step right up to the rope before he could see it clearly. His eyes rested on the most colourful corner of the painting, a little scene showing some countryside through a window.

He followed the winding path, or was it a river? He stepped a little further forward to see the colour. The shapes of the mountains interested him, geography was his best subject, and he took a certain pride in being able to recognise rock formations. He was annoyed when he couldn't. He left the painting.

The gallery had filled up a bit, it must be raining harder, he thought cynically. He wondered why people came to look at pictures, they were so dull and stationary. So out of place in this world of perpetual journeys and struggles. Perhaps that was why. He went back to the painting. He averted his attention from the corner and studied the face of the man. It was a peaceful sort of face, pity about that nose, was it Oliver Cromwell who said that about the warts? He noticed that the boy also seemed to be staring at the man's nose, rather up it. He smiled.

Actually he knew the boy was looking into the man's eyes, the man was looking back at him. Strangely this tenderness touched him, hurt him also. The image was one of shared sorrow, shared hurt and he did not want to be a part of it, it was too painful.

Quickly he left the gallery and brushed the water from his cheek. It had stopped raining.

anon

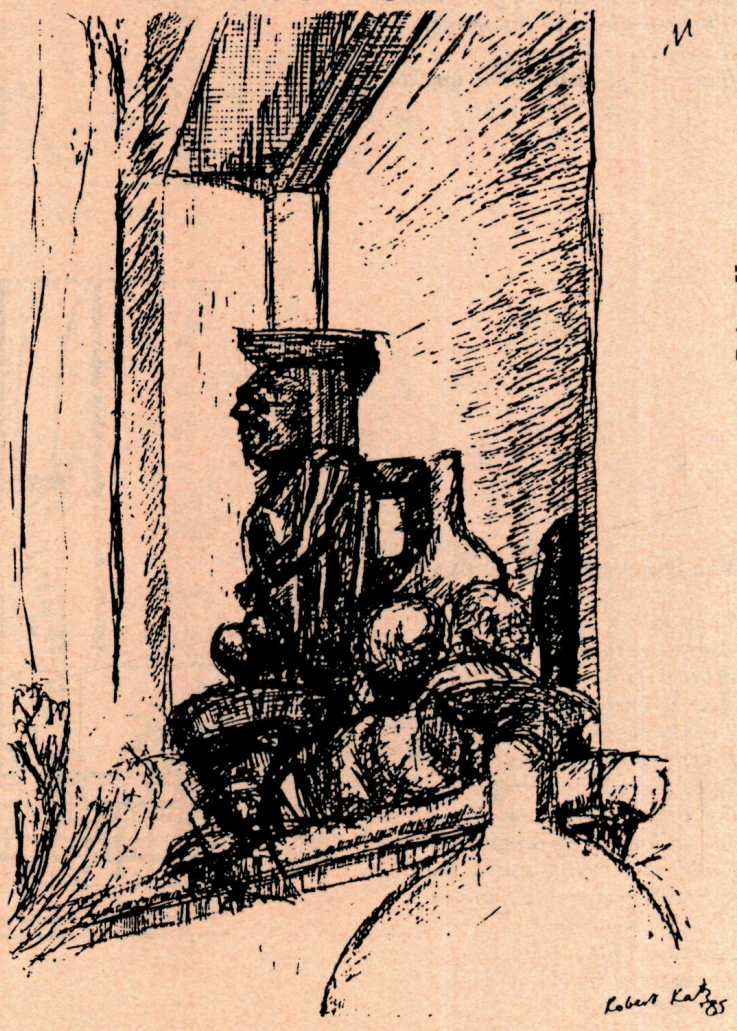
A slow walk;
Descending the spiralled
Cliche of depression,
Through the lazy uncertainty
Of shaky egos–
While the shadows of pale hollows grow
To a reflecting wall of suffering.
Do I see it?
Yes I did, I think.
But couldn't verbally reduce it
To a trim summation
So I left it, and walked on.
Into the neon security
Of my limited suffering,
Their limiting suffering,
I walked on.

Cliff Hangers/Consequences: Laura Hacker and Andrea Owen

Once upon a time there was a particle/called Jim who held strange and intolerant views upon the delicate and controversial subject of/armadillo brains (to quote from a great genius). These views caused him considerable trouble in his society, which was extremely unsympathetic to such dogmatism. As a consequence/, he was condemned to live on a diet of right-wing, fascist-tendency political diatribe provided by a newspaper with an unjustified reputation for impartiality. Meanwhile, domestic trouble was brewing:/ from his extensive and addictive perusal of *The Sun* horoscopes, Jim was aware of the stormy future. Being a simple soul as, in these distant days, a simple harmonic particle, he decided to leg it before he was simply harmonically executed.

Footling: anon

On the platform.
And a pair of brown ones
With fading laces, steam past;
And the scruffy suede, the
Altogether look
Of the Action Man
In desert boot;
So far from the cutting creases
Of the pinstriped brogues
And tightly furled socks which
Stand to attention
Ready
To march at the command.
And the broken down blue fadeds
With the off-fluorescent tights,
The heels ground down by
Days of polite smiles and swallowed indignation,
Tripping awkwardly across the office floor.
Oh for the thonged sandal,
And the smug serenity of spreading toes.



Robert Katz

Song for the Ham & High: Thomas Harding

I

The automated doors shrunk,
Head-in-hand,
Away
From the deformed,
Black,
Jew.

Blood-red bristles
Were swept, tumbling,
By the black foot-print,
Forward.

He clanked his way
Set-eye on the rooted
Spotless white desk,
Insincere in its welcome:

But he was aware–
Thrashed by stares
Tortured by squirming thoughts
And nerve-shuffling feet.

His mind vomited sight,
Bent double over hearing,
Collapsed, exhausted by numbness;

But the ground
Closed up her pores,
To him.

He lay, rejected,
An alien.

II

He was not enghettoed,
Segregated, fenced in–
By the white curling smog;
No debate.
Nor was he shelved
Mouth-taped
Reduced to piety
Of the State;
His thoughts censored:

Instead,
Their eyes screamed
For darkness,
The walls sweated–
Fevorous,
The cold flannel–
The doorway,
The night–
The shell
Perforated by disgust,
Induced shame, pity;

Saturated through long soakings
In the neurone-clotting fear;

Driven wordless,
Silent mutilated solitude–
His friend;

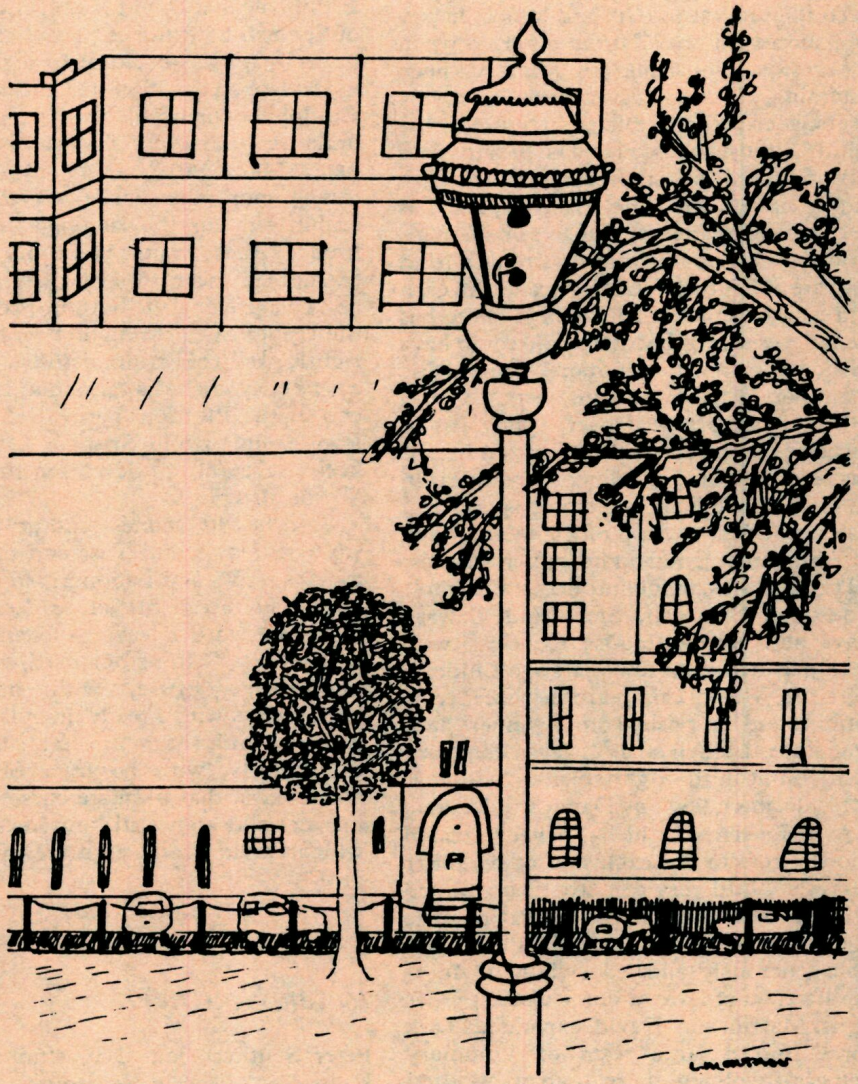
Filed, untouchable,
Tax number 337668.

III

The air grew stale,
Horns blew,
Sounded by impatience–
Eager to get away,
But car-ground
Entrenched in tin-slime,
Steel-bog.
Until they were engulfed
By the concrete quick-sand.

IV

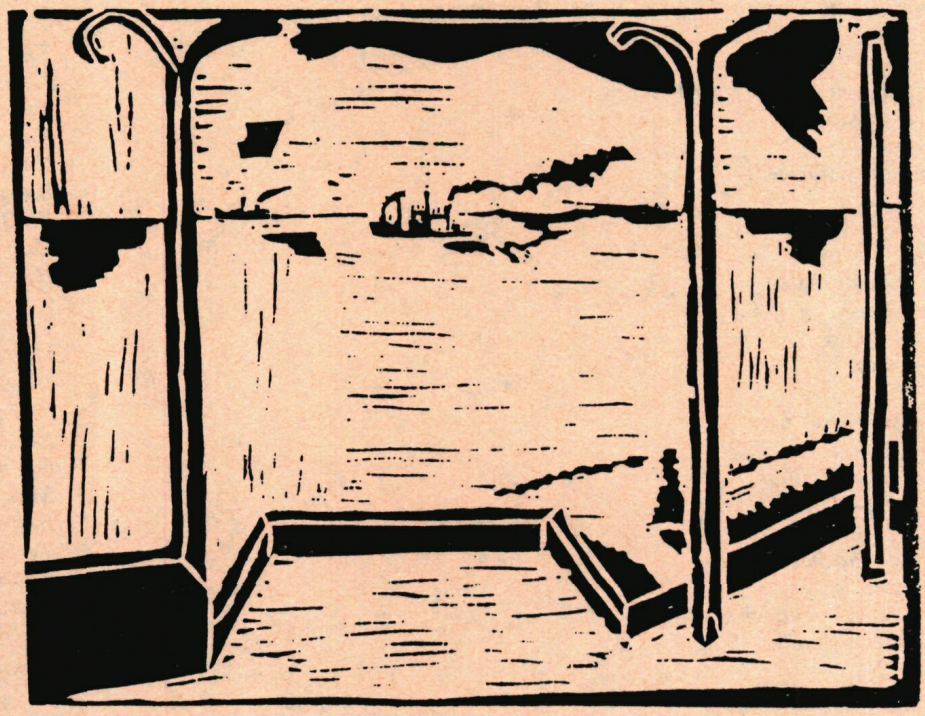
He trudged on,
Staring infinitely into
The white-wash;
No door to escape into
Off the long, long
Man-made sieve-tube;
Extracting societies dregs.
To be dispensed of down
The lonely corridor of
Mutilation–



Luke Montague

Common Room

David Brown



Andrew Linger

David came to Westminster from Brentwood, where he is still fondly remembered, in 1965 to teach French and the small amount of Spanish taught at that time. He has thus spent half a working life here and his achievements amply reflect those twenty years of enthusiasm and devotion to the school. Few who do not know this would guess from either his looks or his manner that he has been around that long.

The early years commuting from Purley while Tess taught at Croydon High were a tough apprenticeship for both of them: the early train, the late evenings and Saturday matches. From being House Tutor successively in Grant's with Denny Brock and Rigaud's with Ronald French came the experience of boarding-house life which he had not had as a boy himself. Meanwhile David was running Junior Colts Football and Cricket and building up the Spanish Department which he started from scratch in the days of Ernst Sanger.

In 1973, when Charles Keeley retired from Liddell's, David and Tess (with Jonathan and Katie by this time) moved into No.19. He found the House in "excellent working order" and his reign, as only the third Housemaster in its history, has been the longest to date and a most happy and successful one. During a period when the number of boarding applicants has been declining, Liddell's has been relatively oversubscribed and this is a tribute to the family atmosphere which David and Tess have fostered over the years as their own family has grown. The 'House spirit' has been strong but never exclusive or chauvinistic and derives much of its strength from the care and interest they have taken in each and every Liddellite. I doubt if there has been a member of Liddell's who could have wished for a better or more sympathetic champion of his(or her) interests.

David has presided over a long list of successes in every aspect of school life. It has been rare for Liddell's not to appear in an inter-house final in a major sport or at least come near the top of the table. Many will remember 'good nights out' at successful productions, involving almost the whole House, of Sheridan, Shaw and Coward plays and regular House Concerts with 'star' performers. A few years ago Liddell's won the Music Competition three years running and has pushed other winners hard ever since. Liddell's has always been competitive but in the right spirit—"winning a few, losing a few" as David would say.

As a Housemaster he has never retreated into the role to the exclusion of his other interests. Until very recently he continued to coach both football and cricket because he enjoyed it. In the days when the timetable generously allowed a whole Wednesday afternoon for extra-curricular activities Chris Martin and David expanded Task Force into a large team of Voluntary Helpers involving more than a hundred boys and girls. For ten years or so he was on the Management Committee of the Westminster House Boys' Club which at the present time perhaps receives less financial and personal support than David would wish.

It is a happy coincidence that his successor in Liddell's should be also his successor as Head of Spanish, Gerry Ashton. It was in this role that David established the study of Spanish here and as part of that process he set up the Easter Study Courses in Spain in the late sixties, first in León and then in Cordoba which he has continued to organise and run for the last decade and a half. Many generations of Hispanists (many more than once) have had their enthusiasm for the language and culture fired by these visits. His other forte as a teacher has been to specialise in cajolling and encouraging the bottom French Set in the Upper Shell through O-level and he is rightly proud of his almost 100% record. In a very busy life he has also found time at the end of the Election Term to do some A-level examining in Spanish Literature to keep abreast of developments outside Westminster.

So it is with sadness and gratitude that we wish David and Tess and their family every success and happiness in the Headmaster's house at St. John's, Leatherhead. The final word I leave to Charles Keeley who writes: "I think of a hard-working yet unobtrusive figure, with no air of importance, with a ready quiet laugh, great realism and humour yet, and most significantly, with no trace of cynicism about boys, that ultimate curse of schoolmasters and above all housemasters." To which David would wish me to add "and girls".

T.P.F.

*

Peter Southern

Peter Southern joined Westminster from Dulwich College in September 1978, and during those seven years has been Head of the History Department, member of the planning group, Master in Charge of Squash, Master in Charge of Golf, and a tutor up Busby's.

In the History Department he will be remembered not only for his stimulating and humorous lessons, but also for his ability never to hold a Departmental meeting. As he inherited a Department consisting of three ex-heads of History plus the Head Master, this was probably a wise move, and when younger members replaced the 'Old guard', departmental policy emerged from the back bar of the 'Barley Mow'.

A talented sportsman, he looked after Squash for four years, but turned to Golf when the boys seemed to be getting fitter. He also graced the Tennis Court, the Fives Court and the Cricket Field, and to each game he brought both skill and a competitive spirit.

As House Tutor up Busby's, he enlivened lunch by his entertaining and erudite conversation, and it is this aspect of the man that the Common Room will particularly remember. Shafts of wit, delivered in clear, precise terms from the alcove coveted by historians relieved many a tedious meeting.

Now he is to take up the more weighty office of Head Master; and we shall watch with interest for signs of change—will the equivalent of abbey become voluntary? Will housemaster meetings (indeed housemasters) be abolished? Will the cricket at Bancrofts improve?

To Peter and Dinah, to Tom and Nicky, we offer the warmest of good wishes for a happy and successful future.

J.S.B.

*

We extend a warm welcome to the following new members of the Common Room: **J. E. B. Colenutt** (Economics), **E. M. G. Pearson** (Biology and Chemistry) and **M. N. Prescott** (Art).

Takashi Funaki

When a person has lived a full life-span, his memorial service need not be a sad occasion, but Takashi was only eighteen when he died so that a sense of real grief must surely have been uppermost in the thoughts of all those who filled the Henry VII Chapel to overflowing on January 31st. Yet the service that followed, with words and music so personal to Takashi, was less a sorrowful tribute than a celebration of an amazingly full and creative life. We were reminded of the things he lived by and depended on—the love of his family, his capacity for friendship, his determination to live life to the full, his great artistic gifts, his love of music—things which never left him, even when he knew he was under sentence, even during the last painful weeks in hospital.

Born of a Japanese father and German mother, Yoshimaro and Hilde Funaki, Takashi was educated first at a kindergarten in Düsseldorf, then at St. Michael's School in England, and he was one of the first pupils at the Japanese School in London before coming to Westminster in 1981. Here he quickly caught up with his contemporaries and when he was due to enter the sixth form it was already clear that he was heading for real distinction in Science and Mathematics. The onset of leukemia kept him in hospital for a large part of his last two years in school, yet he pressed on with extraordinary courage, achieving, in the summer of 1984, the excellent results that had been expected, and was offered a place to read Chemistry at Keble College, Oxford. To have done this under such difficult conditions would have been enough for most people, but Takashi's art was just as important to him as his work and his painting, drawing and printwork flowered in a quite remarkable way during these last two years and he was able to organise an exhibition of his work in the Carleton Gallery just before he went into hospital for the last time.

And so, in the memorial service, we were reminded of so many of the different strands that made up this delightful, brilliant and courageous person. Mr. Ogamo, who taught Takashi at the Japanese school, spoke about him at the age of 13. His cousin Yoshiko Kitazawa and Melissa Posen described his visit with his father to Japan last year, and another cousin, Emiko Kitazawa played a Japanese folk-song. His friends Felix Dux and Paul Ross read German and English poems, and the music of Bach and Brahms and a reading of Schiller's 'Ode to Joy' recalled some of Takashi's musical enthusiasms. Willie Booth and Tim Francis spoke movingly, from their own special knowledge, of his career at Westminster and his influence on those who knew him. As Tim said: 'He was a person who in so many unforeseen ways was to enhance our lives and show us the nature of true courage... If it is any comfort at all to his family and friends, I would venture to say that in the short span allotted to him Takashi led a full and successful life, giving much joy and happiness, and that his memory will always be cherished here.' We can only echo these words.

*

A fund has been established to endow an annual award for Art, to be known as the Takashi Funaki Art Prize. Contributions can be sent to the Midland Bank, Central Hall (a/c 31078003) or to T. P. Francis at the school.

The school has also received an anonymous gift of a capital sum, sufficiently generous to endow not only an annual prize for Chemistry but also one or two 6th Form Bursaries to be awarded to a boy or girl of outstanding promise in one of the sciences.

*

On Madness and the Occult

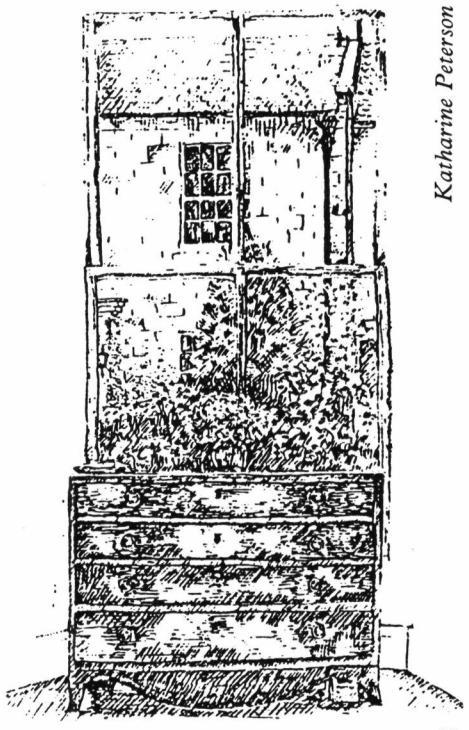
by Joe Banks

A fine illustration of the gap between what people want, and how they want to appear is the concensus attitude towards the occult. Few people will have titles relating to this interest on their bookshelves, but stray into a public library, the 'safe house' for genuine interests, and you will invariably find a considerable array of relevant reading matter, along with such literary classics as 'The Unspeakable Crimes of Dr. Petiot', 'The Manson Family' and similar embarrassing titles. Magic is one of society's sore points—the average person invokes rationalism and condemns it out of hand in its systematic forms, although perhaps taking on board a handful of traditional superstitions and insecure suspicions picked up from the horror industry. Interest in the occult is 'safe' when confined to such clandestine fraternities as the Freemasons, and the antiquarian book trade, which incorporates a distinct section devoted to works on Thelemism—those concerning Aleister Crowley, Britain's most famous serious occultist, and his 'cat strangling' followers.

An interest in the occult seems to be 'latent' in most people, but simultaneously they wish to hide their willingness to be led by such ostentatiously ridiculous ideas. Our society is so heavily influenced by science that even the self-appointed Christians, who allegedly constitute the bulk of the population, tend to take on board the scientific orthodoxies—the need for objectivity and exhaustive precision in causal investigations. Society has been seduced into the erroneous belief that the world in which we live is controlled by the rules of science; however, the truth of such theorems depends entirely upon the circumstances under which one is operating, not only because of the constant flux that makes up the history of this ostensibly 'objective' art, but also, as I am told, though the subject is beyond my understanding, thanks to the very nature of the forces we are dealing with, at their most basic level (quantum physics?!): one tangible example I can claim some knowledge of is the fact that the basic principles of calculus are disproved by the more complex theorems, for which these principles are essential precepts—the 'truth' of either depending on the specific problems needing to be solved. Calculus, however, is not an exception amongst branches of science, each branch being not a law as such, but an effective, if subjective, tool—by no means justifying the mystic 'authority' invested in them.

'Science' is manifestly a process of observation; there is no 'divine body' of mathematics into which man occasionally reaches, bringing himself closer to the state of perfect knowledge, since the most basic precepts of all science depend upon the observer's perspective. It is the product of 'successful crimes'—our modern beliefs being based upon methods of investigation that lead us to laugh at the methodologies of past generations, whilst those methodologies, where appropriate, be it by chance or by design, to the needs of society, form the precepts of the contemporary status-quo. The orthodoxies of phrenology and 'racial science' of the 19th century suffered more 'debunking' from the destructive effects of German nationalism than they did from the scientific community.

A scientist can only observe in the most passive sense; accounting for complex systems of comparative study his explanations of cause in relation to effect are pure invention. Practical experience serves to verify the hypotheses produced by this process, the theorem standing or falling, at the final assessment, according to its implications for society at large, inclusive of that unquantifiable phenomenon 'culture', regardless of any innate 'truth'—a theorem can serve a purpose well, serve a purpose moderately well, or merely be erroneously perceived to fulfil its role, without affecting its 'final' truth in any way.



Katharine Peterson

Many factors that affect our society are completely beyond our comprehension, especially when they are intangible. Throughout the ages man has attributed both mental and physical disease to 'evil spirits'—a similar belief to that currently held by so called 'Christian existentialists': the 'Devil's fingertips' were widely believed to burn the backs of victims of 'St. Vitus' Dance', a condition of hysterical twitching and dancing common in medieval religious communities, leaving numb spots currently associated with common hysteria—a condition in which individuals enter into a trance-like state in order to exorcise themselves of self-restricting obsessions by committing the very acts they are most fearful, in the conscious state, they might commit; Roman doctors attributed the attraction of malarial mosquitos to night-time lamp-light to malignant spirits that wandered aimlessly after dark.

However, the advancement of medicine, the first source of magical belief, has encroached upon public faith in the occult, so that one can nowadays only find it in bastardised forms surrounding the 'plague mentalities' associated with such diseases as cancer, legionaires disease, and *AIDS* (for example the stickers currently circulating around Edinburgh and Glasgow reading '*AIDS*, a divine retribution'). Of course the laws of these myths are very hazy, as illustrated by the extraordinarily imaginative ways people have lately misconceived that they might contract *AIDS*, yet so we must assume has the occult always been, its rendering into something more closely resembling modern 'science' arising in the rare instances when its rules were periodically laid down by *professional* healers and magicians, who were probably few and far between.

Many opinions tell us more about their authors, than the subject ostensibly in question—this psychology is plainly evident in the occult, but also applies to formal science. I say 'formal' science because magic is essentially *informal* science. Crowley drew a distinction, in the basic 'rules' of his 'Magick in Theory & Practice', that his 'own', oddly named 'magick' constitutes the sum of all intentional acts, whether or not they lie within the fold of the general public's conception of 'mumbo jumbo', or within the fold of science; he was at the same time broadcasting anti-British propaganda, as part of the German war effort, from the relative safety of the United States, and adopted language appropriate to the philosophical heritage of his sponsors—'every act of the will is an act of magick'. The distinction between 'science' and 'gibberish' emerges in explanations of intangible phenomena, not surprisingly, to which supernatural causes are ascribed, the presence of god, or gods, in the explanation lending an unimpeachable authority to the idea regardless of how inappropriate or ridiculous it might be: for instance the ominous authority of 'the great beast' (Crowley again), which has been sufficient to permeate those bastions of conservatism and traditional commercialism—the Masonic lodges; it is thus hardly surprising that this 'threat', and countless others like it, have persistently enabled various hypotheses to withstand the corrosive effects of time and pass from the world in question into the world of mumbo jumbo—especially given the modern phenomenon of disregarding authority regardless of its specific nature. As we all know, the Serpent, allegedly, along with the Dragon, the adolescent boy, and the 'Great (human) Beast' (again), is 'the oldest friend of knowledge'.

Katharine Peterson

Occult explanations may not be right, but, for the period of their duration *they work*—and it is this that has produced the immense wealth of cultural heritage related to the practice of magic. It serves as a form of psychic self-defence, protecting human society from the ontological implications of the inexplicable; as discussed before 'magic' tends to concern itself with medicine, whereas its other extreme, organised religion, tends to concern itself with natural disasters and criminality. The hysteria of magic provides an opportunity for catharsis, its rituals facilitate self-repression: in short it is a primitive form of psychiatric social therapy, which, by the by, occasionally gets things right, as the complexity of contemporary state-of-the-art science plainly demonstrates.

The dichotomy between religion and magic is more wishful than it is practical, a reflection of the vested interests of politicians and clergy, who, through deliberately dogmatic preaching, quite literally *feed* off the good faith of their unsuspecting followers.

One example of the influence personal roles have on 'objective' study is in the field of psychiatry. Here I am dealing with the field of 'Anti-Psychiatry', the movement sparked off by Ronald Laing in the 1960s, which, like most 'anti-' movements, such as 'dada, anti-art', is an extension of the knowledge it purports to be against. According to this doctrine the failure of traditional psychiatry to deal with such 'intractible' diseases such as epilepsy and the schizophrenias is a result of passive observation, of the type discussed before. Forcing patients to spend all day chained into alternating very hot and very cold water tanks, putting patients into devices that topple them over every time they attempt a movement, or drugging them up to the eyeballs achieves *passivity*, and because mental illness is judged entirely in terms of the behaviour's anti-social aspects, 'passivity' comes to be equated with 'cure'. This is especially true since most doctors' training is in the field of 'mechanic' medicine, and thus, owing to a basic misunderstanding of the nature of the task in hand, the wrong people for the job wishfully distort what should be general practice according to preconceptions about disease that are purely formal. An extreme parody of 'old school' thinking would read 'he is quiet, he is safe, he is cured', but whilst psychiatry may tame or incapacitate the individual no amount of straight-jacketing or electro-convulsive therapy will cure the essential problems faced *outside* the walls of the institution. Linking self-expression with physical pain, with manacles or with needles, or electrically interrupting the brain's pleasure/pain communication system is superfluous to the issue of basic 'sanity'—yet 'right wing' psychiatry is currently enjoying a resurgence of interest: revitalised faith in the hot-cold baths 'treatment', and in the increasingly popular view that that most subjective of all phenomena, 'teenage rebellion', is actually a form of temporal lobe epilepsy, and hence a distinct 'disease'. Attrition is seen as the motive force in 'caring', not understanding; and some anti-psychiatrists extend the belief that anti-social tendencies are the sole determining factor in 'insanity' ('criminal' behaviour will be discussed later), to the belief that schizophrenia does not exist at all as a disease, but merely as a pattern of behaviour unavoidable to those forcibly detained in psychiatric institutions, e.g. Holloway Women's Prison psychiatric wing 'C.One', into whose appalling claustrophobia women are forced by an uncomfortable union of the caring services and the forces of 'law and other' (sic), 'for their own protection', only to be led to self-mutilation in order to escape its own horrors, or suicide should that fail. Being wired up to the mains may work as a temporary neurological placebo, but it pays no bills, and, as will be shown later, the *persistent* use of such a stop-gap measure has horrors all of its own—just as valium induces addiction and withdrawal symptoms often worse than heroin, and the over-prescription of anti-psychotic drugs produces the neurological condition 'tardive dyskenesia', similar in its symptoms to Parkinson's Disease.

Antipsychiatric doctrines have been applied with considerable success in Italy's 'Psychiatrica Democratica': in regions where the necessary cash is forthcoming from local government it has succeeded; in those where the buck does not extend to society's outcasts it has been an unmitigated failure. The theories, however, have withstood the wear and tear field-testing.

Antipsychiatry sees 'madness' as having

been assumed by the patient, on a subconscious level, in order to defend his or herself from the pressures of society—to be called 'lunatic' entails an extraordinary freedom from reproach within a hostile and inescapable society, and to warrant this description certain socially-predetermined behaviour patterns are necessary. In its medical aspects this phenomenon is a self-defence mechanism—the brain releases those chemicals also released by psychedelic drugs, in a similar fashion to its release of adrenalin, about which there is no mystique—in response to subjective emotional circumstances, be they fear or excitement, humiliation or isolation. The passive security of catatonic states, the positive security of hebrephenia, and the nihilistic independence of psychopathic nihilism are all refuges from the behaviour of society. Where the deviant's intention is his own (for instance, greed) that individual is *criminal*, but *insanity* is solely produced by the environment; in so far as it is a disease at all it is a *social* disease. Laing stated that an essential precondition of effective therapy is the understanding that the patient's family and associates have entered into an unwritten pact, a subconscious 'conspiracy' against the patient; the fact that this view is totally subjective exactly echoes society's refusal to accept its own responsibility in defining and producing madness.

Whether or not 'society needs its freaks', society invents words like 'nutter' in order, as it does with magic, to explain away threats to its seamless existence—these terms are required by both the individual and the society. And the comparison with magic extends one stage further: just as 'divine right' distorts the natural decay of magical beliefs, the 'patient's' adjustment to concentrating, as we all do 'in crisis', only on *short-term* objectives, may well be positively detrimental to their, and society's, *long-term* interests; small wonder that so few people make an effort to understand the insane, preferring instead to abandon humanity's natural balancing-systems to the public convenience of institutional control.

Society cannot be 'governed' according to its averages, since averages are necessarily the product of a broad spectrum of behaviours—equal opportunities, if not equality of treatment, being the only workable goal in the light of the wealth of individual peculiarities squashed by the levelling forces of morality and mass communication to the many by the few. Society is not a distinct body, but a mass in constant flux, with individuals constantly moving to and fro across the boundaries of acceptance: thus it is in constant war with some of its individuals, *necessarily*, and thus the fairly common view articulated by the Heidelberg S.P.K. (which affiliated to Baader-Meinhoff in July 1971) that society was insane, merely projecting its worst aspects off onto its outcasts, is manifestly true given their perspective—the only barrier to their 'war' becoming real being their inability to manufacture explosives in any more than firework quantities.

The prefix 'anti-', although this movement is a branch of psychiatry, is a tactical weapon in identical fashion to the nature of words such as 'sick', 'mental', 'warped'; it is a force in opposition, not a means of accurately describing its 'subject'.

Similarly the role of language is vital to the processes perceived to be in the occult, not only in terms of understanding the true nature of magic, but in terms of its practice, regardless of such an understanding. Words become weapons, or less emotively 'tools', imperfect but sufficient *means*, not ends. Thelemism is a development of central traditions—Hermeticism, the unified science and theology of ancient Egypt, drawing upon the Arabic tradition that unified philosophy and mumbo jumbo institutionally; and the Quabballah, the post-biblical Hebrew text that systematically laid down the individual secondary meanings of each letter used in the original texts of 'the' book that is, in translation, central to contemporary western morality. Prehistoric Nordic culture used a system of Runes, simultaneously arranged into a 'normal' alphabet (interestingly enough their language was structured entirely around *effects perceived* rather than causes assumed), and 'victory' and 'possession' (two favorite Runes of neo-Nazi symbolism), to be carved into wood or stone and carried as talismans in order to affect the owner's environment by their mere presence; a cure for disease was also thought to lie in examining the lie of the dirt below the diseased's bed, obliterating the shapes of Runes seen in the random patterns, and replacing more favourable symbols. A similar value of the strategic potency of words was perceived, albeit erroneously at least correctly in relation to the systems of an imperfect society, by the early Christians who termed Jaweh 'I.H.V.H.' for fear of summoning his presence by the very act of invoking his name, and the Christian Greek slave who invented, according to legend, the multi-dimensional 'square' 'incantation' "Sator Arepo Tenet Opera Rotas"..

To conclude, it is only necessary to demonstrate the integration of such esoteric means of control into the formal body of science. This 'art' has encroached upon such sensitive ground because it set out not to explore the aforementioned 'divine body' of untapped perfect knowledge, a pursuit to which many investigators have sacrificed the public good, but because it set out with a quite specific, interestingly enough 'immoral', task to accomplish: the fine-tunning of the *political* art of brainwashing. Two basic techniques of forcible indoctrination are relevant to this article: the first is based upon the most primitive use of political 'incantations' (religious incantations, since they support a specific vested interest, the clergy, are equally political), available to 'the patient' at the touch of a button in order to relieve days of enforced and comprehensive sensory deprivation; the second technique, yet more relevant to our concerns, is that of the C.I.A.-sponsored work of Canadian Professor Eugen Cameron, carried out illegally throughout the 1950s. Cameron's enigmatically named 'MK-ultra' project took mildly disturbed psychiatric patients, such as one man suffering "psychosomatic leg pains", and turned them, according to the testimony of one of his ex-patients, Mrs. Velma Orlikow, into "speechless, incontinent vegetables", in order to research the options open to potential 'brainwashers' operating for the Soviet government. One of his subjects was a young psychiatrist who unfortunately showed signs of "nervousness" during a job interview with the professor; she ended up in the 'Depatterning ward' with 52 other patients to be subjected to an ordeal of torture comprising methods well established in psychiatric practice: electroconvulsive 'therapy' of 1.5 times the voltage (150 volts), twice the duration, and 8 times more frequency than normally practised; this process took place under barbiturate sedation. There then followed a programme of "psychic driving" during which the desperate inmates were kept receptive with doses of amytal, attentive with amphetamine sulphate, and incapacitated by curare, to prevent escape; the psychedelic/hallucenogenic l.s.d., an artificial form of the cactus and fungi mescal used in ritual magic by American Indians, was also administered and for 16 hours at a time inmates would be subjected to a continuous looped-tape spoken message, to be received, in this drastically altered condition, the 'repetitions' or 'incantations' being the substance, if not the most shocking element, of the treatment. Similar methods were then used to make patients forget their experiences at Cameron's centre. One patient described this witchdoctor as "like God, he had complete power over us", although it is both disturbing and encouraging to note that he had to resort to threats of physical violence on at least one occasion in order to cajole his subjects' consent to their ordeal.

Oliver Woolley

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Science and the Arts

by Andrew Rennie

Why does British education force people to specialise at such an early stage in their academic career? Is this the reason why Britain is not longer 'Great'? It would be foolhardy of me to think that I am qualified to answer these questions completely or even partially, but instead I can provide a personal view of my attempts to mix science and the arts.

In a world where very little exists in an absolute form, to specialise in either the sciences or the arts too early is condemning yourself to a single-minded existence. To be brilliant in the chemical industry but unable to appreciate literature or to be a great writer unable to add up your every day bills would be, in my opinion, a tragedy. Of course these are exaggerations but the idea remains valid when taken into everyday life. When you switch from a general approach to specialisation, you are cutting off opportunities for later life. Naturally you have to specialise at some stage but it is not best to make that moment as late as possible?

School exists to provide a training of the mind as well as basic knowledge and A-levels rely more on the training than the level of knowledge, at least in theory. Thus why should people feel compelled to specialise at A-level when they have kept their options open at O-level? The argument for this specialisation says that O-level provides all the basic knowledge that anybody needs for life and the A-level is taken to further any interests that you might have in a particular subject. But in a school such as Westminster where the object is to make yourself a better person, why limit yourself to one field or another? This ignores human nature which makes us give up the subjects we hate regardless of the effect on later career prospects or university entrance, but it is not this that is harmful. Is it people, who deny themselves chances later on because of in-built attitudes at Westminster or because of indecision, that are being harmed. Double maths, physics and chemistry or English, French, history are considered normal at Westminster and combinations that mix the two are considered unusual. When the panic to choose A-level subjects occurs as the O-level course finishes, this attitude invariably seeps through and influences people's choices. In an individualistic school such as Westminster, it did surprise me how many people let themselves be classified as scientists even though they did have an interest in the arts.

One reason for this is the worry that mixing arts and sciences will be difficult, that exams will clash and that schedules will be tricky. As the only person in the Remove who does double maths, physics and Spanish, I have found that Spanish inevitably clashes with maths in every exam and that when I first started it was difficult switching mentally between the skills needed for Spanish and those needed for maths or physics. But two years later, I have no regrets that I did make my mind up to do a combination of the two.

I hope that what I have said will encourage people who are unsure, that it is possible to mix the arts and the sciences but that above all, more thought should be put into the choice of subjects that are, after all, going to influence, at the very least, two years of your life.

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The 1985 Tizard Memorial Lecture

by Penelope Noble and Natasha Tahta

This year's Tizard lecture, on the potential energy of biomass, was presented by Professor David Hall from King's College London.

Biomass is a term used in the context of energy for a range of products which have been derived from photosynthesis. Today, 14% of the world's primary energy is derived from biomass, predominant use being in the rural areas of developing countries where half the world's population lives. Kenya derives ¾, India ½, China ⅓ and Brazil ¼ of their total energy from biomass, whereas Sweden derives 9% and the U.S.A. only 3%.

The world's total annual use of energy is only 1/10 of the annual photosynthetic energy storage. This seems to indicate a large surplus of energy—but there is a problem in tapping and distribution it to where it is needed. The energy content of stored biomass on the earth's surface, mainly in trees, is equal to our fossil fuel reserves which, in fact, only represent 100 years of photosynthesis. In addition, many people are concerned about the problem of build up of carbon dioxide in the Earth's atmosphere producing the greenhouse effect causing a rise in atmospheric temperature if we continue to burn fossil fuels. However, since carbon dioxide is a limiting factor in photosynthesis, increasing the carbon dioxide concentration in the atmosphere may increase photosynthetic efficiency of plants.

The largest biomass project at present was started in 1981 in Brazil. Brazil is trying to reverse its great dependence on imported petroleum by the production of alcohol, which is blended with 80% petrol to produce gasohol. The alcohol is produced from sugar-cane plantations, making Brazil more self-sufficient. A disadvantage of this process is that a large quantity of stillage is produced, a by-product of alcohol distillation, which pollutes local rivers—removing oxygen from the water. This, however, can be counteracted by depositing the stillage in lakes on which water hyacinths can then be grown; a source of biomass energy in themselves. Zimbabwe, and to a certain extent the U.S.A. and Europe, have also started biomass projects. Professor Hall illustrated these points with appropriate slides.

The main advantages of biomass rather than fossil fuels as an energy source are summarized as follows: it stores energy whilst being renewable, it creates employment, is reasonably priced, safe and does not increase atmospheric carbon dioxide. There are also problems; these are: that land areas are required, it is a bulky resource, transport and storage are a problem, and it is subject to climatic variability. Unfortunately in some cases the cutting down of trees for energy use causes problems of deforestation. If this was to be reversed 6.7 billion dollars would need to be spent over the next five years.

Professor Hall and his colleagues also set up some interesting demonstrations in the John Sargeaunt Room which helped to explain, and expanded upon, his lecture. As our historian headmaster Dr. Rae pointed out, this year's Tizard lecture was comprehensible even to himself, and was the best Tizard lecture he had ever attended.

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Classics Conference

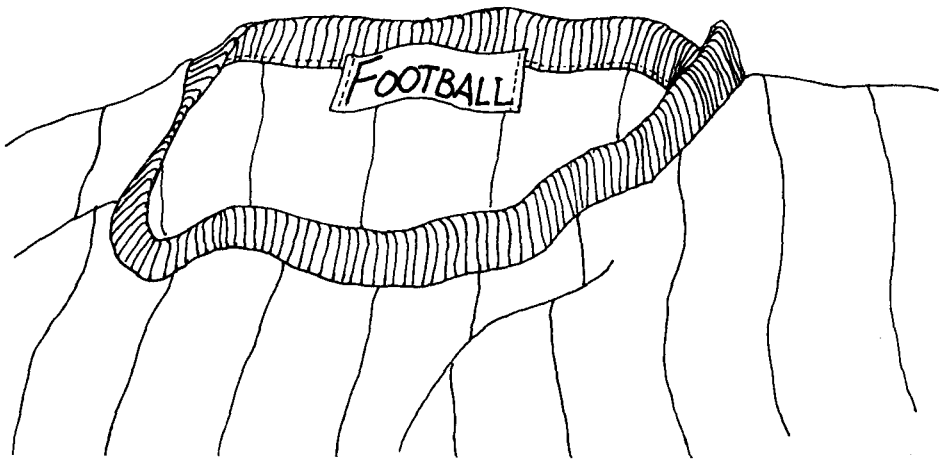
by Luke Browne

The conference held annually by the London Association of Classical Teachers took place this year at Westminster for the first time. A record number of two hundred sixth formers and twenty-seven staff from thirty-five schools attended. Andrew Hobson was Chairman, and the speakers were, from University College Cardiff, Professor Peter Walcot and, from Bristol University, Professor John Gould and Dr Richard Buxton. The morning's lecture, 'Athenian tragedy and the social order', was given by Professor Walcot who put forward and illustrated the idea that tragedy was a force for social cohesion as well as a means of justifying Athenian imperialism and of denouncing the enemies of Athens.

This lecture was followed after coffee by discussion in groups, conducted by masters from Westminster Classics and English departments and by visiting teachers. Time was also provided for students to put questions to the three speakers.

Lunch was followed by a choice of two lectures both relating to this year's A-level texts. Dr Buxton spoke on 'Medea and Greek Myth' and dealt with the traditional story as well as Euripides' dramatisation of it. Professor Gould discussed the political language and riddles of that most famous of Greek tragedies, 'Oedipus Rex', in his lecture 'The Language of Oedipus'.

The conference provided useful background to the 'A' level set texts and the opportunity to hear the views of scholars other than those in our own classics department.



Westminster Football Tour 1985

by David Hollingworth

With the current state of football coming under the scrutiny of everyone—from sociologists and psychologists to Margaret Thatcher and her 'war cabinet'—definitions of our 'national game' seem to range from a passionate and spirited bloodsport to a reactionary cess-pit for the sexually repressed and psychopathic only. With this in mind it would be nice to say that my initial reaction to going on the Easter football tour of Austria and Hungary was a confused muddle of frothing at the mouth in savage anticipation, and a deep sense of despair and alienation—would they let us through customs . . . or perhaps they would keep us in quarantine indefinitely on our return for further research into human behaviour patterns?

Westminster football, however, is not run on the basis of a second division league club, and does not attract an equally 'professional' lunatic fringe. The priorities—humble as they may seem—are largely centred on old-fashioned past-times like 'enjoyment' and 'enthusiasm'. The coaching staff are unlikely to ever 'lock the lads in the dressing room' for an hour after the game to carry out a post-mortem on the strategic short-comings and technical merits of continental football. For everyone involved, therefore, the Tour was undoubtedly an interesting and enjoyable week, as well as providing invaluable experience for those with future seasons at Westminster. With Ben Sullivan, Captain for the Lent Term, and Anthony Goldring, another 'veteran' unable to come on the tour, and the loss of acting Captain Francesco Conte after only two games with severely sprained ankle ligaments, the ability to achieve good results was inevitably weakened; but without making excuses, this was never the overriding aim of such an expedition, despite Dave Cook's instructions before each game to 'take no prisoners'.

On arriving at Vienna Airport there was no coach to take us to our hotel, contrary to the promises of the Tour Company. Any hopes of some perverse parody of Jack Kerouac's 'On the Road—a neurotic hunger for sensation and experience' starring Westminster School's football touring party—swiftly faded as we arrived at the hotel in a fleet of taxis. After a day spent 'adjusting to the climate and food', the opening game against the Vienna International School became a 5-a-side indoor match split into four 15 minute 'skirmishes'. Questions—unfounded it must be added—regarding the 'A' Team's activities the previous night were still being asked as they left the gym after a humiliating 5-1 defeat, but Westminster overcame this disadvantage to win 9-8 on aggregate at the end of the four games. Amidst the cramped spaces of a gymnasium tension was unavoidable, and at times the consequences were anarchic—'World War 3' as Colin Powell put it. It was mostly good-natured, though, and definitely good entertainment. A victory to start the Tour, therefore, but everyone remained in control of the situation—'Obviously we're delighted, but we're not going to talk about Wembley just yet . . .' was the general feeling amongst the coaching staff.

Although football's philosophers have claimed that 'Life is a game of two halves' it was good to find the Art History Museum in Vienna devoid of such allegories, and subsequently Rubens and Rembrandt provided a nice escape from Greaves and Charlton. The chance to relax and enjoy Vienna as a City, as opposed to merely some massive football stadium, was certainly appreciated—although the attraction seemed to rely on the history and achievements of the past rather than in any charm or spirit in the Viennese lifestyle. Reservations over Austrian hospitality were crystallised in the cynical professionalism of S.V. Schwechat, a club side whose facilities would have put many English league teams to shame. They expoited our inability to communicate with the referee and consequently their collective skills as footballers seemed only one of several obstacles to overcome. After holding out bravely for 40 minutes an unlucky deflection confused James Kerschen in goal and gave our opponents the psychological incentive of a goal just before half-time—'it only takes a second to score a goal', that well-seasoned and perceptive anecdote normally associated with last-minute goals, would have summed up our misfortune in typically dramatic style. Equally uttered amongst the football fraternity by aspiring theorists is the revelationary truth that 'The Game lasts for 90 minutes'. With this disputed by no-one, Westminster played the second half with maximum effort and commitment, even after being on the receiving end of a penalty deicision which made it 2-0. Some strong runs by Stuart Belcher were singled out for particularly crude defensive methods, and our luck was epitomised with a missed penalty. Despite being disappointed and unfortunate to lose 2-0, the difficulties in adjusting to floodlights and a 'home' referee definitely made the game a more interesting experience.

The next morning a train full of bleary eyes was en route to Budapest, with varying degrees of apprehension and excitement at travelling through an Eastern bloc barrier. The imagination, fuelled no doubt by Cold War notions of the Iron Curtain, can create flickering fictions of 'Journeys into the Unknown', as isolated villages and daunting factories, uniformed soldiers and propaganda posters flash past. Although the Customs Officers did have trouble smiling—the 'noises' coming from Takabatake's walkman speakers would have tested anyone's tolerance—the witch hunt for *Daily Express* editorials and other illicit materials never took place, and Ray Gilson's claims of K.G.B. infiltration must have been mere hallucinations.

After the crumbling grandeur and cold complacency of Vienna, Budapest far exceeded its predecessor. Besides numerous intriguing banalities, the grand-scale scenarios are surely inspiring to even the most deep-rooted in the American dream. The statue-lined bridge that spans the Danube, its stone gate opening out on Budapest—in this and the Baroque architecture of the city facing, there is the inbuilt shock of history petrified. And in the wide, clean streets that stretch out, apparently endlessly, beyond this façade, in the fragile lighting and the busy cafes, the city reveals a remarkable intensity. It is in these incidentals that the picture of the city is contained, although time shock makes comparisons difficult. Sometimes it was like walking through scenes that span from your very earliest moments back to ten years before, until a Culture Club L.P. cover hurtles you back to the present day. Electrical goods displayed in shop windows can play disturbing tricks on the memory—ghosts of machines long wiped out in the West by rampaging progress. Everything, it seems, had a character of its own, making Vienna more icy and cosmetic in its heritage, and its streets and buildings progressively integrated with the decorative indulgence of its teeth-rotting confectionery.

If sordid debauchery had seemed elusive in the sugar coated settings of Vienna—even the topless waitress of Club 24 lacked sleaze, despite Paul Thomson's sudden passion for the ceiling and the floor—then our hotel in Budapest found us uncomfortably close to the unappealing reality of those who have decided to 'live off immoral

earnings'. Considering that we were staying in a state controlled touring hotel, it was ironic that its employees seemed to be among the most unmoral collection of people east of 'Arfur' Daley's Winchester Club. Although someone said that it was reassuring to see so many bulging waist lines, we were often the target of their materialist ambitions, ourselves, which definitely made a change from the safer establishments that most of us are probably accustomed to. Our preconceived identity of 'grasping Western Capitalists' certainly disappeared temporarily, however, as we were handed outrageously over-priced bills for Matt Hauger to challenge. Generally, though, no one seemed sufficiently provoked to embark on the evils of Western Society, and only once did any local hint at the vastly different conceptions of wealth that separated 'us' from 'them'—English Society itself is hardly exempt from making similar distinctions within its system.

The game against Vasutepito Torekues was played amidst the bleak landscape of monotonous housing blocks, which combined with the chill wind to produce a dour and scrappy game. The superior efficiency of the opposition's teamwork ultimately wore down our spirited but unfamiliar midfield, and once forced to attack in search of an equaliser, the resultant gaps we left allowed the Hungarians to finish flattered by a 4-1 scoreline. The chance for Nick Hudson, Furio Francini and Kas Takabatake to illustrate their potential alongside the nucleus of next season's first XI, nevertheless, more than compensated for the disappointing result.

Training sessions were rescued from their traditionally grim reputation by the fiercely contested but also comical 5-a-side competitions. Ray Wilson emerged as a defiant and firm-handed referee who refused to succumb to the artful professionalism of Colin Powell and Tony Nolan, or the heated enthusiasm of Dave Cook. It was also a chance for 'youth coach' Paul Miller to demonstrate his unsung talents and Howard Fox to reveal a natural ability in goal which was 'criminally overlooked' by professional scouts during his youth. Collectively they found a balance of humour and reason which was reflected in the enjoyment and restraint—on most occasions—shown by everyone concerned.

Hungarian Party officials would dispute the claim that the Revolution starts at closing time, and, despite the 'serious drinking' tag given to several members of the school party, international incidents were thankfully avoided. The British Embassies in Vienna and Budapest were thus resigned to their everyday affairs of tracing lost passports and stolen luggage. Tabloid stories of 'gross indecency mars Holiday Prize for winners of Inter-Pub Darts Competition in Kilburn' could never be related to the conduct of either players or staff, although the April fool joke on Mr. Cook may be of some interest to believers of Human Rights. Such farce was more humorously reflected in the final game against the Economic and Social School of Stephen I which saw a pre-match build up where each player was introduced to the crowd one by one over the public address system, in very suspect English, with a token wave expected from each in response.

Any illusions of world domination, and glossy posters of oneself on the walls of every teenage girl's bedroom alongside their pop idols, however, were quickly banished as the home team commenced to completely annihilate us, and by half-time we were trailing 3-0—our inept performance threatening to turn the occasion into a bad joke. Perhaps the predominately female crowd were exposing the variety of some to an alarming degree, although Tony Noland and Colin Powell rightly saw the main problem as laziness. Therefore in an endeavour to make the efforts of our hosts a little more worthwhile, and more importantly to actually prove to ourselves we were capable of better things, the second half ended with signs of effort and ability indistinguishable from our first half performance. Despite losing 4-1 Tony Nolan told the invisible reporter that 'the lads done well' while our hosts showed their warmth by surrounding the team with an unashamed curiosity and exuberance which brought back memories of George Best scambling for his limousine. It was an amiable end to a week which was a fitting testimony to the effort and thought which Dave Cook and the rest of the staff employ in an attempt to make Westminster football a rewarding, enjoyable and successful activity of mutual benefit for the school and pupils.

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Football Report—1st XI

This Lent Term proved to be one of the most successful ever for Westminster with eight wins from ten games. Luck favoured us all the way, and the season ended fittingly at Colfe's who we beat 2:0 with our most resounding victory of the season. The school had never played Colfe's before having always been considered 'out of our league', and so it was with a special delight that we watched the Colfe's sweeper bend the ball around his scrambling goalkeeper and into his own net. Half-time followed shortly and in the second-half a favourable slope, a gale-force wind and a 'dodgy' referee prevented any threat from our luckless opponents.

We enjoyed only moderate success in the Play Term, but were impressive in victory over Forest, Aldenham, John Lyon, Kimbolton and St. Edmunds, Canterbury. The defeat at the hands of Eton, which was written up in *'The Times'*, was one from which we never really recovered. Scathing reviews left many disheartened, and the concerns of 'Oxbridge' members of the Team, obviously elsewhere.

In the Play Term the team was held together by the courage and commitment of the centre-half, Steve Drawbell, Tim Stagg, Damian Cope and the (by now) notorious Tom Horan. All four left following their Oxbridge exams, and it seemed likely that the team would crumble.

No longer could we rely on scaring the opposition out of the game, and no longer could we dominate games with sheer strength. The team that took the field against Chigwell at the beginning of the Lent Term looked small and inexperienced, and totally unlike a Westminster side in the new 'Dave Cook mould'. The team battled bravely in the cold despite being without Sullivan, the new captain, Hollingworth, or Hauger, and were holding the skilful East Londoners 0:0 when goalkeeper Jim Kershen was injured. Chigwell enjoyed an easy 6:0 victory and the signs for the coming term looked ominous.

There followed a three week break in competitive matches forced by the snow, and it was in this period that St. Andrews 'boss' Tony Nolan forged a coherent team out of the squad members. Dave Cook's masterstroke in drafting in the skills of Tony Nolan to complement the hours of work put in by our coach, Colin Powell, paid off in our 3:1 victory over Sevenoaks. The squad soon formed a happy relationship with Tony, and his invitation to 'let the ball do the work' seemed particularly attractive. With our new 'total football' style of play new talents emerged. Mark Penninton whose skill had previously been overshadowed somewhat by his temper, soon developed the goal-scoring habit, inventing a few of his own methods of 'finishing'. Matthias Hauger, the German giant, rose from a complete refit on the surgeon's table to become our big-man at the back, and Dave Hollingworth, with his diminutive frame, complemented his graceful skills with predeliction for 'tripping'.

Of the more experienced squad members still more names stand out. We all came to rely on Tony 'Twinkle' Goldring for the 'killer blow' and Francesco Conte made up for his lack of speed with his natural ball skills and new-found vision. His role in calming games down and encouraging patient, skilful football from other team members, was vital to all our successes. Likewise, John Levy, drafted into the side as a 'heavy' but soon developing into an enterprising 'overlap', was always a cheerful team member who kept our spirits up, even when they had no right to be.

A string of narrow victories followed. Against Haileybury, a team of muscley determination, Paul Thompson rode the rough tackles and with his weaving runs and tight control, scored and took us to a 2:1 victory.

We then made hard work of two relatively easy games against King's Canterbury, and St. John's Leatherhead, before 'the biggie' against our North London rivals U.C.S. The teams knew each other and a few 'personal battles' were fought out on the muddy pitch. Although the score was only 2:1 there was never any real threat to our record run of victories as U.C.S. rather let the 'passion' override the direction in their game.

The members of the team who will continue to play next season showed great promise and enthusiasm throughout.

Stuart Belcher who shouldered much of the work load in the midfield, and Simon Anderman who has already played three terms of 1st XI football, were both key members of the team, as was James Griffiths, the under −16. It was in the difficult game against Latymer Upper, a very highly regarded side, that James really came into his own. Apart from scoring, he showed speed, skill and above all, an understanding of the game that will make him into one of the best players ever to represent Westminster.

Then came disaster. A-level mocks interrupted training, games were cancelled and having taken our exams, celebrations on Friday night proved irresistible. The following morning most of the team slept all the way to Brentwood, and on a wind-swept pitch the bleary-eyed boys in blue suffered their first defeat since January. Jim Kershen, whose family 'rolled' along to watch the game, valiantly kept goal. In the face of a battery of shots he let in only two, making our defeat look less convincing than it was. On many occasions it was Jim's bravery and reflex saves that kept us in the match, but there is no doubt that the season's success was the result of teamwork. We tried to work as much as we could as a unit, and bearing this out, was Sullivan, our centre-half, who was the term's top scorer.

Despite the occasional grumble over the fixture list, all the team members enjoyed the season immensely. We found that trying to play 'good football' was not only fun, but brought us victories when things were not going well. For their advice and enthusiasm we would all like to thank Tony Nolan and Colin Powell (without whom we would have been hopeless), Paul Muller, Chairman of the Supporters Club, Charles Keeley, our most loyal supporter, Ray Gilson, groundsman, 'physio' and comedian, Stewart Murray, the 'guru' of Westminster football, and Dr. Rae. Most of all, the team would like to extend special thanks to 'the Boss' Dave Cook, whose successful record speaks for itself, and we wish him continued success in the future.

The end of season awards went to:—

Most improved player—Dave Hollingworth

Best young player—Stuart Belcher

Players of the Year—Francesco Conte and Ben Sullivan.

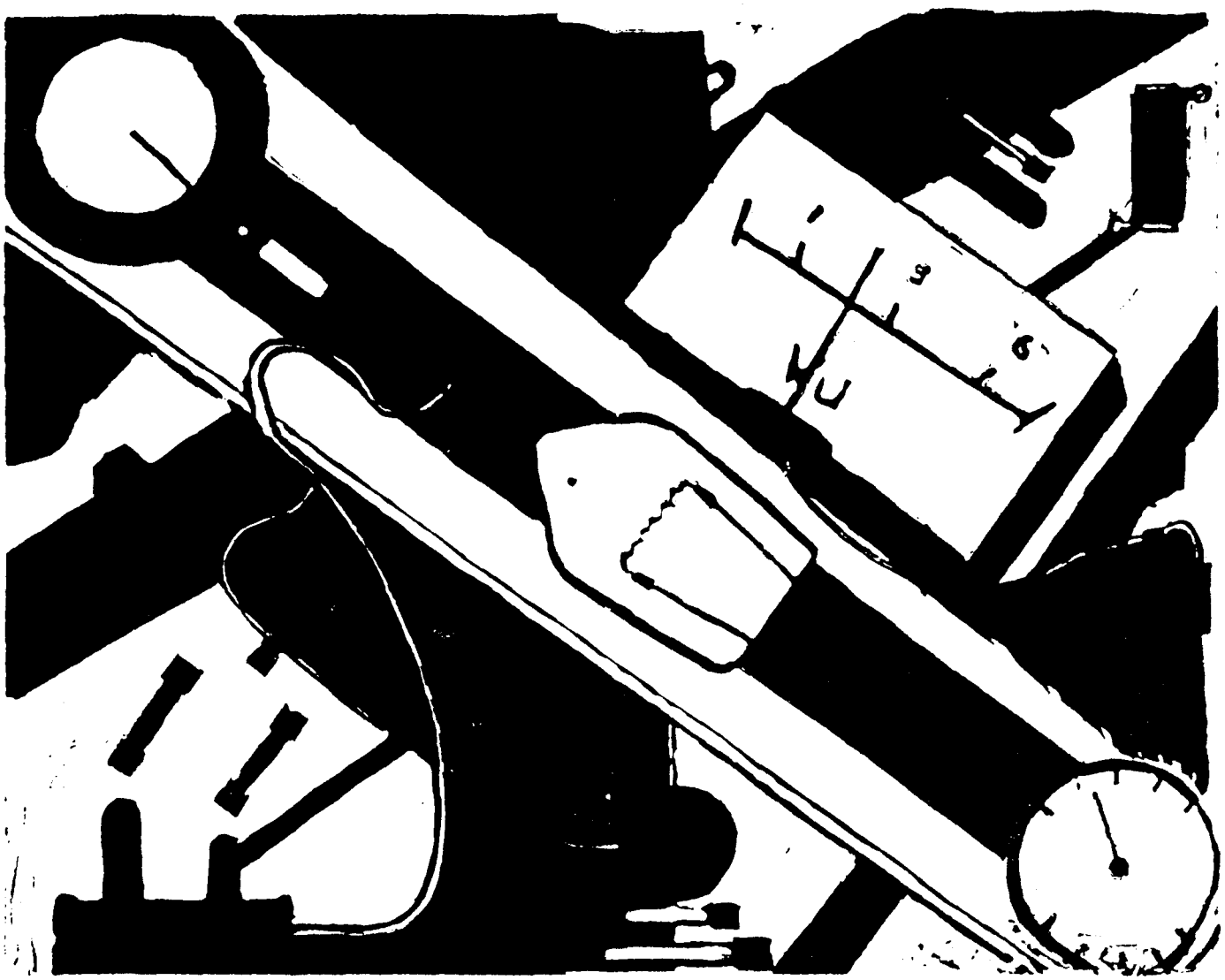
The following were selected for Public School Representative XIs:—

Sullivan, Conte, Belcher, Griffiths.

Lent Term Record:

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
10	8	0	2	18	15

Ben Sullivan



Neil Wilson

1st VIII Rowing Camp at Lucerne

by Alex Gandon

Switzerland is further than Watford. The full impact of this (i.e. that France is a very large country to cross when travelling at a maximum speed of forty miles an hour in an extremely cramped minibus) does not hit you until after the first hour—with only another twenty-three to go. This problem is not helped when you have to stop half-way to replace the remnants of a shattered trailer wheel bearing. (Who knows the French for bearing?)

So rule number one: always travel in a large, powerful minibus while towing a serviced trailer.

Rule number two is always to have rowing camps in Switzerland. This is a rule that has been followed successfully by many top crews, particularly from England, notably Cambridge University, Eton College, King's School Canterbury and various national squads. These are all squads that consistently do well—some more than others (Cambridge?).

Why Switzerland? There is plenty of water at home! This is a question we all asked before we went and which was clearly answered while we were there.

The main reason is that for ninety-nine percent of the time the water on our lake (the Sarnensee, near Lucerne) was like a mirror. Admittedly the one time it was rough Canterbury sank, but even so there is no comparison to the water of the Tideway which is frequently rough and full of large floating obstacles (boats? Cambridge?) Smooth water is a great help as it allows much finer balance to be maintained and it is also possible to carry the blades much closer to the water on the return stroke, a factor which contributes to much more work in the water.

The other main advantage of going to Switzerland was our total commitment to rowing. Other than rowing, eating, sleeping and a little sun-bathing, there were no other distractions on hand—no television or newspapers, no work etc... So we found that we concentrated almost entirely on rowing.

By the second full day of rowing we had all recovered from aches and pains and gripes about too much exercise on the first day and put all our effort into vastly improving our rowing technique and fitness level.

A side advantage was the excellent weather which is of course totally beneficial to rowing and health (OK a good tan).

I would seriously recommend a similar trip to all other future senior squads and in particular recommend that they go to the Waldheim Hotel which is ideally geared to rowing (masses of food, on the lakeside, facilities for videoing performance) thanks to the manager Basil and his trusty waiter Manuel (from Portugal).

So our thanks to all those who served: Hero-Coach for his tireless devotion to tearing any apparent success to pieces, David Muffet for, among other things, driving half-way across France to retrieve our repaired trailer, the various trusts and funds that subsidized the trip, the French waitress with three chins and a moustache and finally to King's Canterbury who we hoped liked their new quad Empacher.

*

Water Report

With the departure of Chris George at the end of the summer the first stages of training were seriously impeded because of the impossibility of Mike Williams and Tom Mohan giving sufficient coaching to all the boys at Putney. This was especially important at senior level where new crew selections were necessary following the departure of most of last year's squad. Considering this the performance in the Fours Head was quite impressive.

We were very fortunate to have ex-Cambridge Blue Ewan Pearson recommended to us by the Old Westminster grapevine of oarsmen, who is coaching and teaching part-time for this season. His arrival has considerably eased the coaching load and has enabled prospects for the regatta season to be very bright.

After an intensive new coaching and training programme for the end of the Play term and the start of the Lent term the 1st eight appeared for the first race of the season at the Burway Head, where we were narrowly beaten into second place in the Junior section. Trying not to be too deflated by this result the eight prepared even more rigorously for the Henley Schools Head, the first of its kind. After a very encouraging practice row over the course the actual race was marred by an unusual overtaking manoeuvre by our cox Justin Hollis, which kept us in the stream on the outside of the bend for rather a long time, making our overall placing irrelevant. A two week interval before the Schools Head gave us scope for further improvement and a chance for racing against other top schools who had come to practice on the course. We did a full race against King's Canterbury, beating them by 9 seconds (a margin that would have put us 3rd overall), and some short pieces against Eton proving our speeds to be similar (Eton came 2nd). After a week without full crew outings because of flu we actually finished 35th!

Determined to prove ourselves faster we had two very enjoyable rows at Kingston and the Tideway Heads recording a more satisfactory time at Kingston.

After the arrival of Ewan Pearson, Mike Williams allowed him to take over the first eight coaching so that he could then take over the Junior 15 squad from Tom Mohan, in addition to the Junior 16's whom he was already coaching. The Junior 16's also showed some promise in the Heads, with some greatly improved technique. Their best chance of success lies in fours, and the A crew looks particularly formidable, albeit still slightly agricultural. It was the B crew however who reaped the rewards by winning the coxless fours division in the Schools Head.

The junior 15's found the transition to rowing slightly more difficult than their competence as scullers would have suggested, but the advantages of each crew member being able to change sides easily were a great help in crew selection. The highlights of winter training were a win in quad sculls at Tiffin long distance sculls and a magnificent win in the restricted class of the Schools Head. The eight and the two fours training below this look certain to pick up some good wins in the regattas.

The new J14's were taken over by Tom Mohan at half term in October, and were soon covering long distances in Eton shells with great confidence. Quads were formed in January and the A quad were delighted with a victory in their first ever race at Burway Head. Unfortunately accidents to equipment cost them any chance of winning later Heads, but they too should find plenty of success in the regattas, and will aim for the National Championships.

All the squads have shown that they are determined to do well in the summer and especially the 1st eight who after their week

training in Lucerne have developed a professionalism and determination which seems certain to bring rewards.

Simon Collins

Wins:
J14 Quad: Tiffin Sculls. J14 Quad: Burway Head. J15 Restricted eights: Schools Head. J16 Coxless fours: Schools Head. School/Junior eights: Mortlake Spring Regatta. J15 Quads: Mortlake Spring Regatta.

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Girls' Water

by Emily Lawson

Having started doing Water almost by accident it is vaguely worrying to notice the amount of time I now spend on it. For my first two terms I was 'dossing' doing community service, then suddenly there I was on the tube on my way to Putney. And now here I am on the tube, going home after Saturday station. 'You're crazy', everyone tells me, but there must be something in it. Perhaps a masochistic pleasure from blistered hands and aching limbs, perhaps a self-congratulatory feeling of being tired and knowing you deserve to feel that way? Or could it be the Water teas? I'm not really sure but I do know that when we are (finally) rowing well, the boat is balanced, and there are no J15s in sight to laugh at us, I feel good.

The improvements in girls' water over the last year have been enormous. Last summer it was 'let all the boys take their boats out first, then we'll see what's left for you.' A girls' four had been going out for a month when they were told—'no, you have to pass your sculling (single boats) test first.' And it was infuriating to watch 5th formers sculling off in the Eton shells when we *knew* we could row better than them!

But come this September and an enormous influx of sixth-form girls, we were told that things were going to change. Mr. Griffiths had been put in charge of girls' station, and our previous coaches Boris Mills and Luc Alvarez were kindly requested to relieve the boathouse of their presence. Actually, Luc continued to show his face once a week for some of the Play term, although he then, together with 3 of the previous girls 4, deserted Water for the more glamorous aerobics station.

After a humiliating defeat by every other eight in the boathouse in the handicap eights at Xmas—6 of our eight had never rowed in an eight before, and we were coxed by Tony Lezard, who some say had his mind on other things—(excuses, excuses). We arrived back in the snow and ice for the Lent term. 'Land training this term—"head of the river" coming up', pronounced Mr. Griffiths, bursting with unfitness. I'm afraid land training did not see many girls although we *did* all go running, several times. Lent term saw an unprecedented occurrence—we were given a better boat. Two weeks before the head, when we asked for faithful 'Martlett' to be repaired, Mike Thorn and Mr. Williams agreed that we could have 'Defiance' to row in (now rechristened 'despondency' or 'despair'—I never can remember its name, except that it begins with 'd'). At the news the girls were to row in a race there was much hilarity—notably among the first eight and the J15s, and were those a few strains of envy from L.A., K.B., E.H., and N.D. who had given up their four for other, less exacting stations?—only Ursula Griffiths remained faithful to Water from Lent '84 to Summer '85.

The head team consisted of a now 'official' girls 4—cox Amanda-(where are the doughnuts)-Kleeman, stroke Ursula Griffiths, 3, myself, 2 Stephanie Giles, and bow, Jo Lawrence. Unfortunately Jo's seat came off at about the halfway mark, and although she valiantly kept rowing we finished in a much slower time than we'd hoped. But we did manage to beat 7 teams, including one of the novice quad sculls, so we weren't that bad! (nb 1st eight).

So despite the general consensus that anybody, let alone a girl, who does Water must be barmy, despite ribald remarks from all and sundry, and despite the fact that we aren't the greatest team in the boathouse (yet), we continue to exhaust ourselves—we rowed even in the snow. And now I've said that, don't any of you VI formers dare give up; now Mr. Griffiths even changes for station and you couldn't desert him. And despite coxing us into the middle of a race (which we weren't in)—we appreciate his time and effort (money in the post in unmarked bills please G.G.). All we need now is a new Janusek to bring us up to competition standard. Please?

I'm having terrible trouble ending this—I'm sure I've left out a lot—but Water is worth the bother, really, and you can always go out on a nice peaceful scull: I'm on a recruiting drive, can't you tell?

Henley Royal Regatta

A new challenge trophy for the Special Race for Schools has been presented to the regatta by G. A. J. Young, in memory of his son Nicholas Young, O.W. who died in a car crash recently. Nicholas rowed for the school between 1963 and 1967, and later for St. Catherine's College Oxford.

M.I.W.

*

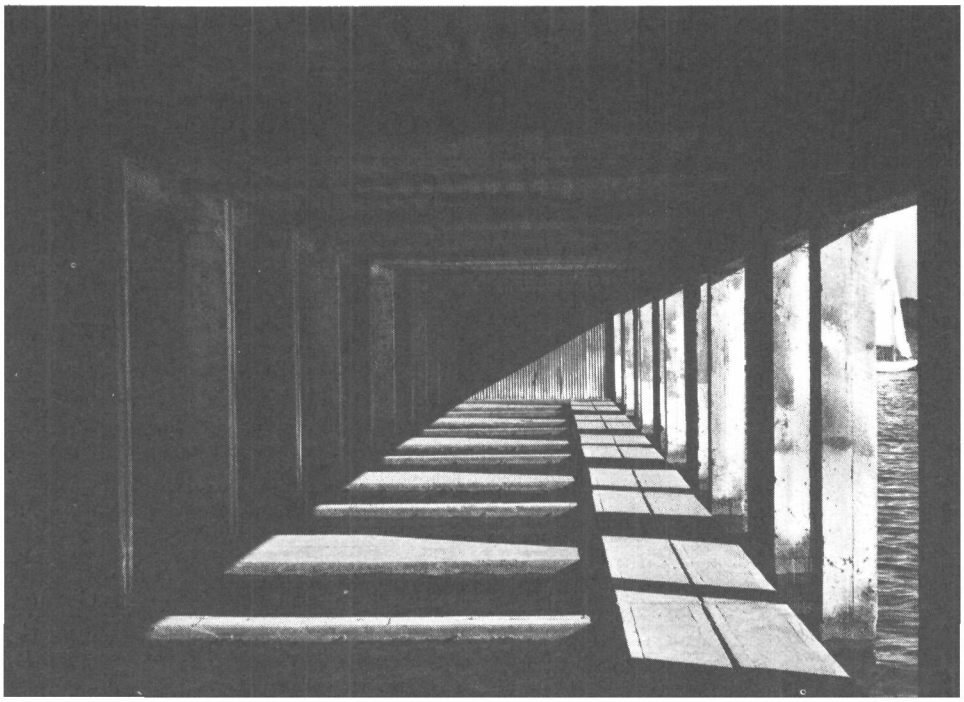
Golf

Golf is not a station to be taken lightly. Indeed it is probably the only sport at Westminster to which all its members are so deeply devoted.

We have recently gained the use of Coombe Wood Golf Club which allows us to practise every station day. In fact, this course will ensure that the team will be ready for any opposition that may arise in the summer.

Some notable performances were recorded by the following during the winter season: Alister Wertheim of Grant's has established himself as our first player by achieving numerous near-perfect rounds. David Lemkin, when he manages to turn up, has proven that he is still the best putter and driver in the school. Patrick Flood-Page is our complete golfer. He is the type of sportsman one can rely on, especially when it comes to matchplay, as his strategy in catching the opposition off guard is finely tuned. Josh Judd, when he is not at the nineteenth hole, demonstrates his prowess, particularly when it comes to the 'one club challenge', where his vast repertoire of shots guarantees him success. The others in the station, especially those in the lower school, will, by next year, be a major factor in Westminster's new golfing high standards.

Robert A. Eskapa



Robert Eskapa

The Elizabethan Club

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

Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting the One Hundred and Twenty-First Annual Report, covering the year to December 31st 1984.

The Annual General Meeting was held on October 10th 1984; the Minutes of the meeting were included in the February 1985 edition of *The Elizabethan*. The Club's Annual Dinner was held Up School this year due to repair work on the roof of College Hall. In a change of format the Head Master proposed the toast of 'Floreat' and spoke on activities at the School and outlined issues of importance to the future of Westminster. It was extremely interesting to hear of the various plans and of how the Head Master saw the School positioning itself to cope with a changing and challenging environment. Mention must be made of Peter Whipp's fine efforts as organiser of the Dinner over the last few years; he is in fact retiring from duty and our special thanks go to him for his hard work which has made the Dinner such a successful occasion.

The Club held its third Garden Party in College Garden. Despite bad weather, many O.W.W., Parents and Sixth Formers braved the elements and took the opportunity to meet each other on an informal basis.

It is with particular sadness that we have to record the death of Tom Brown, Chairman of the Garden Party Sub-Committee, who had recently become a Vice President.

The activities and results of the various sports sections have, as usual, been reported separately in *The Elizabethan*. Their efforts continue to provide a good forum for O.W.W. to maintain contact with each other and the School.

Work began at the end of 1984 on a review by the General Committee of the Club's aims and future policy with a view to bringing the Club closer to its members and the School. It is expected that the Club will fulfill and increasingly important role in promoting both social activities among O.W.W. and undertaking special projects in conjunction with the School. This process began when the School organised a number of 'Career Days' to which O.W.W. from many professions and at varying stages in their careers, were invited to come and talk with Sixth Formers about their work. The Days were a great success and proved an excellent way for the Club to contribute to the good of the School.

The General Committee is always open to new ideas for events or special interest sections in its efforts to involve more O.W.W. Please contact the Hon. Secretary, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London SW1 with any suggestions. Similarly, if anyone is interested in other sports please contact the Hon. Sports Secretary, Mr. Jeremy Broadhurst, c/o the same address.

On behalf of the Committee,
Miss Amanda J. B. Gould
Hon. Secretary

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Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of The Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London SW1, on Wednesday, October 9th 1985 at 7.00 p.m.

The Annual Dinner will follow and the toast of 'Floreat' will be proposed by Father Peter Knott, S.J.

Miss A. J. B. Gould
Hon. Secretary

Agenda

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on Wednesday, October 10th 1984.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited Accounts for the year ended December 31st 1984.
4. Election of Officers.
5. Election of General Committee.
6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.
7. Any Other Business.

The names of candidates for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London SW1, so as to reach her not later than September 28th, 1985.

The Old Westminsters' Lodge no. 2233

There was a notably large attendance, both of members and of distinguished guests, at the Installation Meeting of the Lodge held on April 18 last. Philip Duncan (Wren's 1963/68) was installed as Worshipful Master, in succession to Dr. Robert Woodward (Ashburnham 1951/56) who had enjoyed a highly successful year of office, and Philip Hackforth, DSO (Homeboarders 1938/33) and Howard Taylor (Ashburnham 1963/68) were appointed as Senior and Junior Wardens respectively.

The retirement of the Secretary, Richard Walters (Ashburnham), after twenty one years of dedicated service, was announced and perforce accepted. Peter Whipp (Ashburnham) was appointed to succeed him.

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

The Lodge meets at the School, and dines in College Hall, four times a year, by kind permission of the Head Master and the Governors. Membership is open to all Old Westminsters and members of the School staff, and enquiries will always be welcome, whether from potential new entrants or joining members from other Lodges. They should be addressed to the Secretary, Peter Whipp, at 85 Gloucester Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey, TW8 3BT.

*

Old Westminster Lawyers

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminster Lawyers was held on 19th February 1985 at the Athenaeum Club. Mr. E. J. Rendle was in the Chair and thirty-eight O. W. W. were present.

The Headmaster and the Development Officer (Mr. R. N. Mackay O.W.) were the guests and spoke after dinner.

For Sale

2 John Piper Westminster lithographs no. 33/100. Offers in region of £200 each.

Also set of 3 John Western prints, £100. Contact **J. V. O'Connell**
Dill Hundred Cottage, Vines Cross, Heathfield, E. Sussex. 043 53 3387.

* * *

A Westminster Mug

We thought it was time Westminster had its own coffee mug.

The Westminster mug was designed and made for the school by English Life: the illustration is based on a drawing of Ashburnham House and Yard with the towers of the Abbey in the distance.

The mug is on sale in the school shop for £1.50, and all profits go to the school development fund.

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A Westminster Gaudy 1958-1963

Westminster had its first Gaudy on the 19th April—Gaudy? Oxford? well, a Westminster evening when the school invites back a generation of Old Westminsters. We invited everyone who came to Westminster between 1958 and 1963 (more accurately, everyone whose address we knew); out of 425, 130 came to the dinner and another 60 asked to be put on the next invitation list.

The evening began with a service in Henry VII chapel when The Dean welcomed back the congregation (perhaps the hymn singing could have done with more practice!). After this there were drinks up-House with conducted tours, and the statutory mild disapproval of new baths: 'the place is going soft'.

College Hall was packed for the dinner, and, as the Head Master said in his speech, 'it was nice to see College Hall filled with well mannered and well dressed people'. The Head Master began by saying how pleased he was to be talking at his first, although probably his last Gaudy. He thought the greatest change at Westminster over the last 20 years had been the school's growth from 425 in 1958 to 600 (of whom 60 were girls) in 1985—a 40% increase. Despite this increase he was disappointed that only 4% were the sons and daughters of Old Westminsters; the school needed many more. Some Old Westminsters believed Westminster was impossible to get into, the standards were too high; that was simply not true, 'especially if your son is a good footballer'. Westminster had not turned into an exam factory, even if the 1984 results were among the best in the country. To balance that, Old Westminsters would be reassured that the Football XI had won 7 out of its 10 matches last season. Many things were unchanged, the boys and girls were still compelled to go to Abbey, and still sung Latin Prayers as if it was a great pagan ritual.

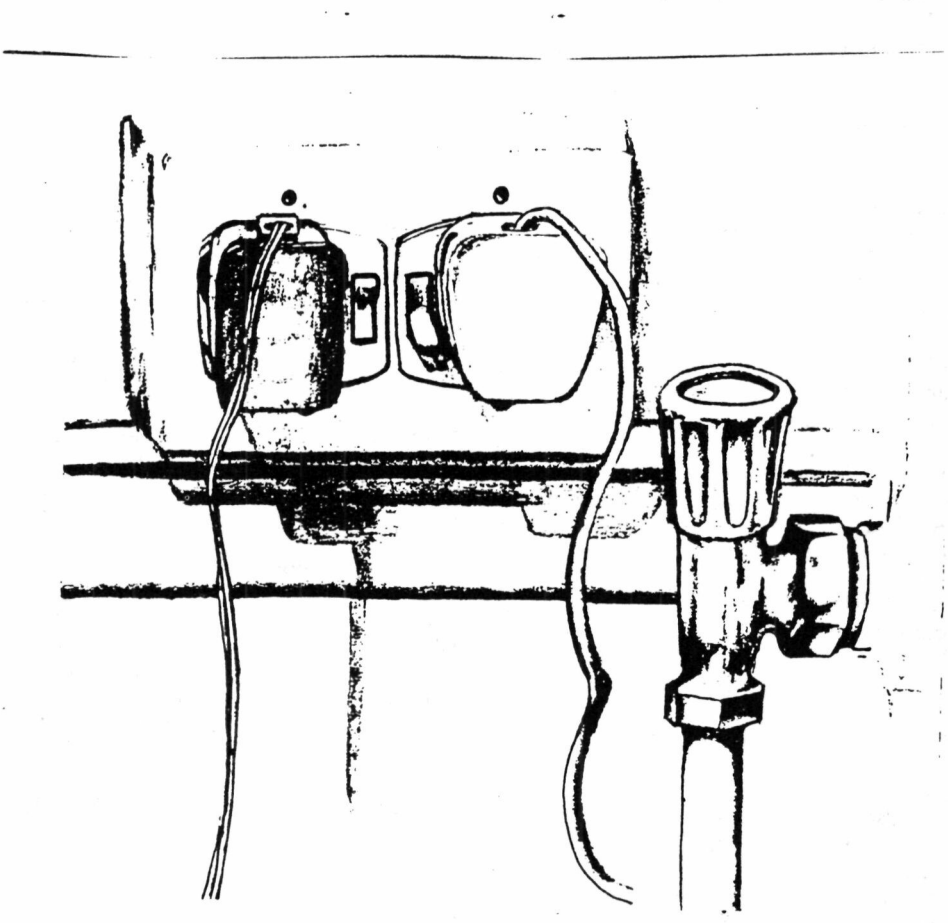
Dr. Rae defined the essential Westminster quality as 'non-conformism'. 'There is a streak of not so much 'bloody mindedness' but of individuality, which we think is tremendously precious, and which we have not lost. We do not cultivate it exactly, but it is in the air as something to do with tradition, something to do with London, something to do with what is handed down from one generation to another by boys and masters. This is good, the Westminster ethos remains, which has nothing to do with any individual Head Master, but runs on despite them, and long, long may it survive.'

Dr. Rae then analysed Westminster's most serious problem, space: 'if you have 600 pupils in a space designed for 400, you have a problem'. A permanent Development Office had been established because the school knew that sooner or later it would have to buy a nearby building, and in SW1 that means not thousands of pounds, but millions. Westminster needs funds desperately, but despite this, the school was in 'good nick', demand was high, and the future 'very exciting'.

Charles Byers replied for the guests with an appropriately sentimental speech. He had been certain that he was going to be treated to a COLLEGE HALL SPECIAL—'one of those things which will remain with me thoughout my life'. He thanked the Head Master for the shock of a delicious dinner.

Charles Byers remembered Westminster as a school of eccentricity and generosity. He reminisced about Jim Cogan, 'that well known star of TV documentaries'; and Theo Zinn sitting night after night in Yard under his umbrella in the rain, coaching boys for the Latin play. He also remembered Mrs. Tollet, the founder member and senior maid of Liddell's who ruled the House like a martinet; her epitaph would surely be, 'I can't clean in 'ere Mr. Byers, it's dirty'.

Charles Byers summed up his feelings about Westminster: 'It was a unique school, we were not processed through it like cheese, not pressed into some mould. Westminster gave us the opportunity and the time to organise our own lives'. He thought this was why people from Westminster had gone successfully into every walk of life, from industry to national opera, from running shipping lines to the law, from Oxfam to medicine, and 'I need not add, writing musicals'. He asked, 'If Westminster has equipped us for life, what



Andrea Owen

can we do for Westminster? We must do what we can when we are called upon to do it—and nobody should ever say they are too busy'.

Charles Byers finished by drawing attention to the enormous contribution made to the school by Dr. Rae in the last 15 years, 'an impetus has been kindled and success achieved in many fields. Let us hope that the person who follows him will achieve the goals he has set out for us all'.

The evening ended in Ashburnham House over beer; it had been a good evening; sedate black-tied businessmen had whooped across Yard as if they were in the Transitus, the Head Master had been statesmanlike, the guest speaker nostalgic. Everyone said 'you haven't changed at all'—addresses were swopped and fathers talked about entering their sons and daughters. Of the 130 who came to the dinner, probably 120 had not been back to Westminster since they left, so we hope some bridges have been rebuilt, and maybe a new Westminster tradition started.

Neil Mackay

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Old Westminster News

Robert A. de Jauralde Hart (1926–30, A), one of the pioneers of the Ecology movement, has had published, in India, *Ecosociety: a Historical Study of Ecological Man*. A copy was presented to Indira Gandhi just before she died.

J. P. H. House (1955–63, B/QS) was the co-organiser of the recent Renoir exhibition at the Hayward Gallery.

Martin Duncan (1961–66, W) has been successfully pursuing his theatrical career at Sheffield, Stratford and in Europe, and is taking his own piece *Casual Sentence(s)* to the Edinburgh Festival.

H. A. Chase (1968–71, W) has been appointed to a Fellowship at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

C. J. H. Duggan (1971–75, QS) has been elected to a Junior Research Fellowship at All Souls College, Oxford. His subject of research is the Mafia.

A. N. Winckworth, whose name was unfortunately mis-spelt in the last issue, has alerted us to the fact that the correct title of his recent book is *My twenty one short stories*, not, as reported, "best" stories. ISBN 0 9509418 0 8. Sorry.

James Irvine (1978–82, QS), whose name was also unfortunately mis-spelt in the last issue, since winning the Chancellor's Prize for Latin Verse, has gained a First in Honour Mods, and been awarded both the Hertford Scholarship and the Gaisford Prize for Greek Prose.

Letters

Monday 4 March 1985

Sir or (perchance) Madam,

May I offer my congratulations to yourself and to Mr Le Quesne? He has obviously achieved his aim of gratuitous offensiveness. You have abetted him by bothering to publish his letter.

Those of us who, over the years, have greeted the arrival of *The Elizabethan* on our doorsteps (along with a vast range of other unsolicited mail) with less than joy and gaiety deal with the contents in the time-approved fashion. Certainly we have felt no need to scribe letters which should with little doubt been signed "Lt Col. Disgusted (retd)".

I am left with a minor problem. What prompted me to read (well flick through) *this* issue?

Yours trivially,
E. M. D. Scott (1961–65, B)

6 Sandy Lane
Aspley Heath
Milton Keynes MK17 8TT

*

March 10th, 1985

Dear Sirs,

I am sure that I remember the crests to which Messrs. Swayne and Kavanagh in their letter of the 10th December 1984 refer. 'E. R.' stands, I have always understood, for 'Edwardus Rex', not 'Elizabetha Regina'. Although it is believed to have much earlier origins, the School's official foundation date used always to appear in 'Whitaker's Almanack' as 1339, in the reign of King Edward III. I have the 1945 edition, where that date is given. How in some way the date became altered to 1560 (see the current edition), I do not know. It is clearly wrong, that being merely the date when Queen Elizabeth I confirmed King Henry VIII's foundation of a College of Forty Scholars: see the Commendatio Benefactorum (pp. 45, 46 in my (1930) copy of the School Prayer Book). It is time that 'Whitaker' was put right.

Yours faithfully,
Spencer G. Maurice (1932-37, R.)
River Hill Cottage,
Flamstead,
St. Albans,
Hertfordshire AL3 8BY.

*

March 6th, 1985

Dear Sirs,

May I suggest a possible solution to the enquiry of Messrs. Swayne and Kavanagh (Letters, Issue No.702)? Maybe the idea of the two crests flanking the entrance to Ashburnham was to honour the first and (at that date) the last monarchs under whom the school flourished? This theory depends on the letter 'E' standing for 'Edward', and the numbering following that of the Kings of Wessex—Edward the Elder being Edward I, Edward the Martyr as Edward II, and Edward the Confessor (perhaps the greatest Old Westminster) Edward III.

Far-fetched? The only problem is the Garter surrounding the monogram, which would be something of an anachronism seeing that our first founder predated the order of the Garter by some 300 years.

Yours faithfully,
C. C. A. Pearce
4 Highshore Road,
Peckham, London SE15 5AA

*

Dear Sir,

I well remember the Grove Park glider, though I have no photos. Twelve sweating R.A.F. cadets would pull an elasticated V of rope with the glider anchored at its foot. When worn out we would be told to 'run', and the glider would be released. It was then floated aloft a few feet for perhaps a hundred yards.

On about its fourth flight a novice was at the controls (Clement Danin). The rope was stretched only to 60% to keep him low and safe. Alas, as he was released a gust arrived. The glider flew up 20 ft. and came down steeply. It landed with a bang, twisting Danin's ankle and breaking its spine. A tragedy!

I'm glad to see editorials about 'edgy guilt'—a fair response to finding a silver spoon in our mouths. Let's hope that, in time, *every* A-level student will have the chance of a year (free) in a Public school and every post graduate student a year (free) at Oxford or Cambridge. Otherwise there is privilege for sale which can have no justification, and probably does the world more harm than good (by helping stuffy people too often at the expense of able people).

Yours sincerely,
Tim Eiloart (1950-1955, W)
Bridge House St. Ives,
Huntingdon,
Cambs.

*

21st March 1985

Dear Sir,

Perhaps you, or one of your readers, may be able to throw light on the old Victorian saying characterizing the product of four English Schools, in alphabetical order, as follows:

Eton, boatmen, Harrow, gentlemen; Westminster, scoundrels; Winchester, scholars.

So far as I can discover this saying has only appeared once in print. It is quoted at the head of a chapter in *Dr. Moberly's mint mark*, a fascinating history of Winchester College published twenty years ago, the work of a distinguished Old Wykehamist which was promptly given an assassination review in *The Trusty Servant* and has scarcely, I fear, been heard of since. I happen to be acquainted with the author of the maltreated book and have quizzed him on his source for the saying; but in reply he has only rather vaguely indicated that he thought it had been passed down over the years by word of mouth.

The idea of such more or less sardonic "proverbs" might, my author friend suggested, be traced back to the characterization of the citizens of rival towns, and he quoted as evidence a rhyme he had learned during a lengthy sojourn at Verona many years ago, which rises to a terrible climax of disapprobation:

Padovani, tutti dotti; Trevisani, galeotti; Veronesi, tutti matti; Vicentini, mangiagatti.

(Padua, pedants; Treviso, criminals; Verona, madmen; Vicenza, cat eaters).

While attending a conference at Vicenza last year I verified that this saying, said to be "very old" and described as "proverbial", is still current in the Veneto to this very day.

Another such saying, going back at least to the third quarter of the 17th century, is recorded in "An account of a journey made thro' part of the Low Countries, Germany, Italy and France" by Philip Skippon—a journey made between 1663 and 1665, but not published until 1732 when it was included in the second, enlarged edition of *Churchill's Voyages*. The saying to which I refer will be found in the sixth volume of that collection on page 641, second column, lines 22 and 23, and reads as follows:

Fiorentini, ciechi; Pisani, traditori; Senesi, pazzi; Lucchesi, Signori.

(Florence, ignoramuses; Pisa, deceivers; Siena, crackbrains; Lucca, gentlefolk).

But unlike the Veneto "proverb" this Tuscan one has not survived in current use into our own times, or so at least I am informed both by my Florentine relations and by learned Italian friends. One of the latter expressed the view that "although one couldn't deny some grains of truth in those old characterizations, nevertheless one should also recognize the existence of ironical overtones, not excluding scepticism of the worth of the very concept of urban stereotypes". Innuendoes may also be detected on how some communities might wish to be regarded. The Sienese for example might like to be thought eccentrics or the men of Lucca lords. So if citizens of some towns wished to seem what they were not, their "proverbial" descriptions could be the opposite to the truth—the Sienese for instance, far from achieving the reputation for eccentricity which they might have desired, continued on the contrary to be deemed sensible, well balanced people.

One has also to recall the Italian tradition of extreme, if not false, modesty as a form of humour to be seen at its most blatant, and amusing, in the names of famous learned academies whose members had the sharpest minds in Europe but called themselves the Torpidi or sluggish ones of Bologna, the Incolti or boors of Mirandola, the Humidi or wets of Florence, the Insipidi or tasteless ones of Siena, the Insensati or senseless ones of Perugia, the Ottusi or dullards of Spoleto, and many other sobriquets of the same kind.

Have these Italian precedents or parallels any relevance for the meaning of:

Eton, boatmen; Harrow, gentlemen; Westminster, scoundrels; Winchester, scholars?

I trust that you, Sir, or one of your readers may be able to throw light on the origin of this old Victorian saying, and explain precisely how it ought to be read.

I am, Sir, yours etc.

J. R. Burg

13 Lingfield Road,
London SW19 4QA

*

February 1st, 1985

Dear Editors,

I write to tell Dennis R. F. Campbell that the width of Baa Lamb's alley is, in archaic units, 15 ft. 5¾ in. It has taken me several months to work out the general solution to this problem but I hope that fresher, younger minds than mine have been able to master it in a matter of hours if not minutes.

I would like to see more contributions to your columns from budding scientists. Presumably there still is a Modern Side. All it got in the last issue was a report on an ill-attended lecture.

Otherwise I enjoy the outpourings of your precocious literati and appreciate your considerable labours.

Yours sincerely,

J. M. Herbert (H.B. 1930-35)

2 Captains Court,
Horton,
Northampton NN7 2AX

* * *

May 20th, 1985

Dear Editor,

May I, through *The Elizabethan*, express my warm thanks to those Rigauds' parents who, by their generosity, enabled me to travel to Australia in March of this year. I spent a wonderful five weeks there, four of which were with June and Patrick Buxton in Tasmania. The 'Old Colonial' hospitality was overwhelming.

I thank you again for making it possible for me to undertake this trip.

Yours sincerely,

Noreen Furlong

*

Obituaries

Aitken—On April 30th, 1985, the Hon. John William Maxwell (1924–28, R), aged 75.

Albert—On March 19th, 1985, David Fenwick (1928–31, R), aged 69.

Bannerman—On March 8th, 1985, Dr. Robin Mowat (1941–45, B), aged 57.

Bowen—On November 20th, 1984, Ivor Ian (1922–27, A), aged 75.

Brown—On February 6th, 1985, Tom Whittingham (1928–33, G), aged 69.

Chalk—On April 25th, 1985, the Rev. Richard Seymour (1918–24, R/KS), aged 80.

Cuming—On December 1st, 1984, Henry Arthur (1920–25, R), aged 77.

Dams—On March 10th, 1985, the Rev. Edward Lamprey (1925–30, A), aged 73.

Doulton—On December 29th, 1984, Peter Duke, C.B.E. (1920–24, A), aged 78.

Funaki—On December 12th, 1984, Takashi (1981–84, D), aged 18.

Gates—On January 2nd, 1984, Ralph Charles (1920–25, A), aged 77.

Guymer—On January 26th, 1985, Maurice Juniper (1927–30, A), aged 70.

Jacomb-Hood—On April 9th, 1985, John Wykeham (1920–24, G), aged 78.

Martin—On January 1st, 1985, Louis Dennis (1917–22, A), aged 81.

Randolph—On January 30th, 1985, Richard Seymour (1919–22, G), aged 80.

Roe—On January 6th, 1985, Frederic Gordon (1908–12, A), aged 90.

Salvi—On February 11th, 1985, Giuseppe Umberto, O.B.E. (1919–23, H), aged 79.

Sillar—On January 4th, 1985, John McKnight (1920–22, G), aged 78.

Somervell—On March 5th, 1985, Colin Mackay (1970–73, R), aged 27.

Stonier—On March 25th, 1985, George Walter (1917–22, A), aged 81.

Strong—On December 6th, 1984, Rupert Henry Mordaunt (1925–29, H), aged 73.

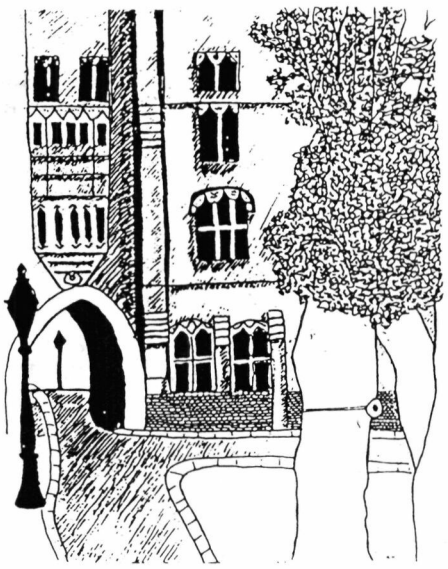
Troutbeck—On 8th February, 1985, Sir Wilfrid Henry, Bart. (1916–21, R/KS), aged 82.

Williams—On July 6th, 1984, Gerald Lowe (1924–27, H), aged 74.

Willoughby—On March 30th, 1985, John Lucas, O.B.E. (1915–18, KS), aged 83.

*

Alex Goulden



Adge Craft

Sir Max Aitken

Sir Max Aitken, Bt, DSO, DFC, who died on April 30 was chairman of Beaverbrook Newspapers from 1968 to 1977 and for many years a prominent figure in the political and social worlds.

As the son of Lord Beaverbrook he was born the heir to great wealth, but also had to live for many years in the shadow of a domineering, brilliant father, who was always reluctant to believe his son capable of succeeding him. It was to Max Aitken's credit that, while lacking the daemonic qualities of Beaverbrook, he was able to be his own man.

John William Maxwell Aitken was born in Montreal on February 15, 1910. At that time his father was in the process of moving from Canada and big business to London, where he plunged into politics. Max was educated at Westminster and Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he became a soccer blue and a scratch golfer.

He then went into newspapers, beginning in the composing room. By then his father had become one of the most dynamic of British newspaper proprietors, and the young Aitken was at some pains to avoid being totally dominated by him. He had his own rising career as an executive, but he was powerfully drawn to the bright lights of the West End and was determined not to allow his own style to be cramped.

When the Second World War broke out, Aitken was already a pilot in 601 Squadron, one of the crack squadrons of the RAF, mostly recruited from White's Club, which he had joined in 1935. His reputation stood high and increased during hostilities. Aitken emerged from the Battle of Britain with a record of 161 sorties and from the war with a tally of 16 German aircraft shot down.

He commanded a night fighter squadron in 1941–42, and from 1943 commanded the Strike Mosquito Wing, Norwegian Waters. He won the DSO and DFC, and reached the rank of group captain. By the end of the war he had established a position for himself independent of his father's money.

From then on he took on more and more of the running of the newspaper empire his father had created, and showed himself ready to use his own independent judgement. This showed in the Suez crisis in 1956. When Eden had become Prime Minister, Churchill had seen Beaverbrook and persuaded him to support the new government. For Beaverbrook, this was a complete reversal of policy.

But at the time of Suez Beaverbrook was in the Caribbean ill, and sent his son a message telling him to attack Eden's policy. Aitken took the view that this would involve a second volte-face, and was impossible. So the *Daily Express* published a leading article supporting Eden.

Similarly at the time of the Cuban missiles crisis in 1962 Aitken, without the opportunity to consult his father, committed the *Express* to a pro-American, pro-Kennedy line. Later on, it seemed an easy decision to have taken. But at the time it seemed audacious.

Beaverbrook died in 1964 and Aitken renounced his claim to the barony, though he retained his father's baronetcy. He could hardly hope to have his father's impact on the Beaverbrook empire, and in any case the *Daily Express* was on the verge of a steady decline in its fortunes, with circulation dropping from its peak of over four million.

Beaverbrook himself had steadfastly blocked all efforts to diversify the organization's interests and so provide a cushion against such financial strains; he had dealt his son an all but unplayable hand. March 1974, saw the closure of the *Scottich Daily Express* and the *Scottish Sunday Express*. Against a background of still-falling circulation and evidence that the *Daily Express* was being sold to an increasingly ageing readership, and in the hope perhaps of emulating the success of the *Daily Mail's* conversion in 1971, the paper was eventually relaunched as a tabloid in January, 1977.

But Beaverbrook Newspapers continued to sustain losses, and the prospect of a larger Beaverbrook/Associated Newspapers merger—which might have secured the futures of both by creating the strongest publishing group in Britain—also faded, even though the two principals had shaken hands on a deal in 1972.

At one point such figures as Sir James Goldsmith and Mr Tiny Rowland both stood poised in the wings as potential saviours. But in the end it was a bid from Trafalgar House which was decisive. In July, 1977, Mr Victor Matthews, as he then was, Trafalgar House's managing director, succeeded Aitken as chairman of Beaverbrook Newspapers.

Aitken was already a sick man during the fateful negotiations, and could not be held wholly responsible for the final outcome. He stayed on as a life president, but the abandonment early in 1978 of the name Beaverbrook and the reversion to the title of Express Newspapers set a seal on an epoch.

Though not active in party politics after 1950, Aitken had maintained a keen day-to-day interest in them. In 1968 he went three times to Salisbury to see if a Rhodesian settlement could be negotiated. The origin of this remarkable mission was a statement by Mr. Ian Smith, whom he had known during the war in the RAF. "Max Aitken is the only person in Britain I can trust".

Hearing of this, Mr Harold Wilson called Aitken to Downing Street in the middle of Cowes Week, and asked him to make the journey. It was no fault of Aitken's that these efforts did not lead to a settlement.

Aitken was married three times; to Cynthia Monteith in 1939 (marriage dissolved in 1944); Mrs. Jane Lindsay in 1946 (marriage dissolved in 1950); and to Violet de Trafford in 1951. There were two daughters of the second marriage, and a son and a daughter of the third. His son, the Hon Maxwell William Humphrey Aitken succeeds him.

*

T. W. Brown

We are sad to report the death of T. W. Brown, (1928-1933, G) who died suddenly in Nairobi on 5th February 1985.

Tom Brown had a long and distinguished career in education after Cambridge: assistant master at Clifton College, Headmaster of King's School Gloucester and Headmaster of the Duke of York School Nairobi. He then spent two years at the Kenya Institute of Education, three years as Bursar of St. Catherine's Cumberland Lodge and then as Inspector of Schools, Nigeria before ending his career as Bursar for a group of schools in Blantyre, Malawi.

He was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and had climbed a number of peaks in Africa including Mounts Kenya and Kilimanjaro.

After his retirement in 1983 he quickly became involved in Elizabethan Club activities and was elected Vice President in 1984. Sadly he was to have little time to give to the School and the House he loved.

*

Katharine Peterson

Sergeant Major W. J. Stewart

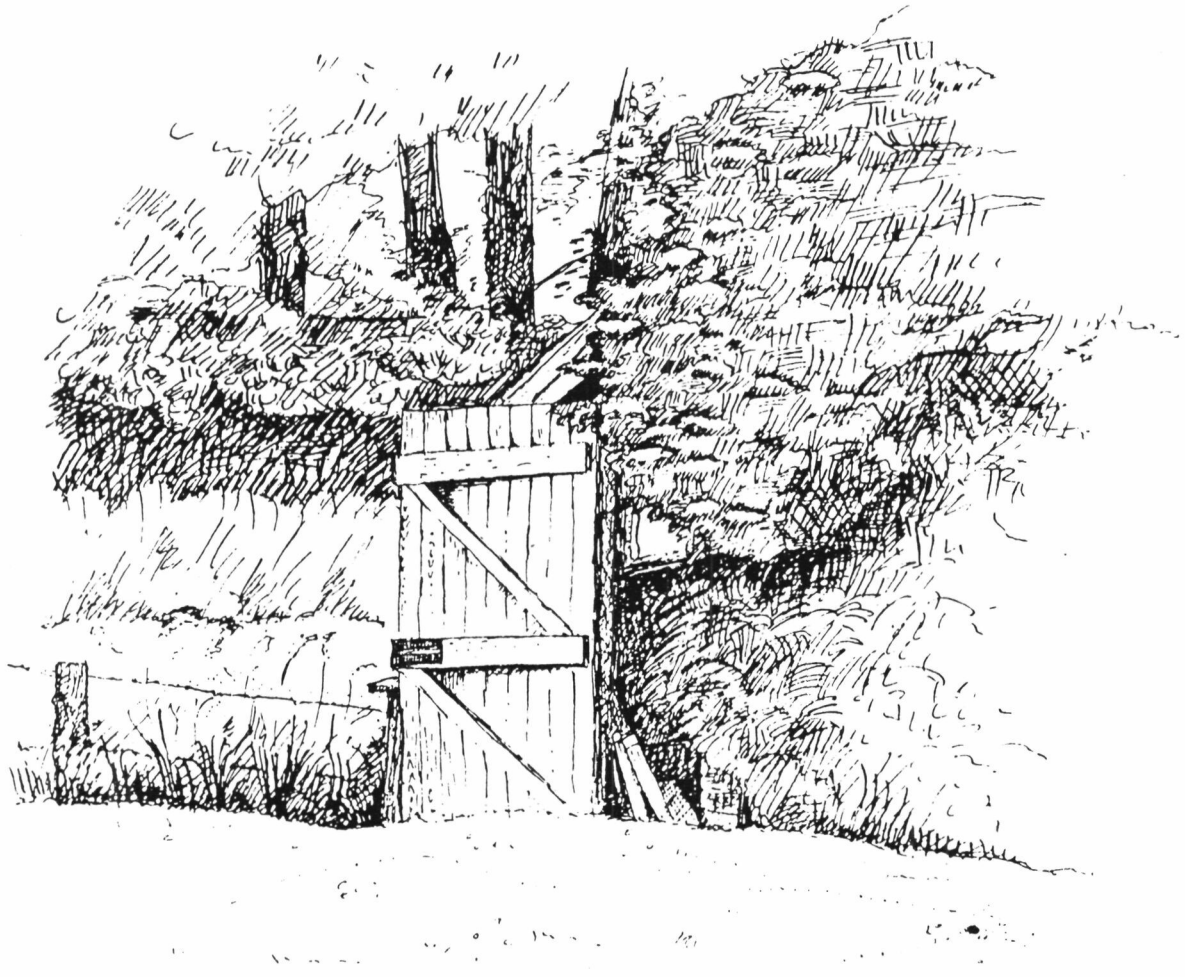
Sergeant Major William Stewart died in Bromyard on 24th April 1985 at the age of 83. The Sergeant Major, as he will always be remembered by Westminsters, joined the school before the war after service with the Coldstream Guards where he reached the rank of Drill Sergeant and saw service in China and other Far East stations. In the Coldstreams he won the reputation of being an outstanding warrant officer and took great pride in producing the best squad in the regiment. The transition from the regular army to Westminster must have been a difficult one for him, and it was a measure of his personality in the way that he quickly and readily adapted to dealing with boy cadets rather than attested regular soldiers. In 1939 Sergeant Major went with the boys in evacuation, and in addition to his work with a school split between Ferney, Buckenhill and Whitbourne, he played a major role with the local Home Guard and until his death was remembered by many in Herefordshire for the work he did in the neighbourhood.

With the school he returned to Westminster in 1945 to play a very full and active part in the life of the community be it in the Orderly Room, on the rifle range or drilling a squad in the Yard. He took over the school duplicating, was responsible for the issue of Water tickets and involved himself in many varied activities. He enjoyed his visits to the British Army of the Rhine with the cadets—his first trips abroad since his return from China. He was a devoted Westminster, respected by masters, boys and domestic staff alike. When a presentation was made to him after twenty one years service he asked for a clock 'with Westminster chimes' to remind him of his time at the school, and this clock stood on his mantlepiece on his retirement to Little Cowarne. His retirement came earlier than he would have wished, but his wife's health was his primary consideration when she, after much illness, was told that she must move to the country.

Sadly, things did not go well for him in his retirement yet he never despaired or lost his sense of humour. His cottage was isolated and his wife's health continued to give trouble, and the pressure of events meant that he never had enough time to devote to his bees and vegetables. He did, however, maintain his old pre-war Rover car in immaculate condition—he was an excellent mechanic—and in his old age took up crochet work producing beautifully worked table pieces. Mrs. Stewart died early in 1984 and he then moved to Bromyard with his son Terry for his last year.

Sergeant Major will be best remembered for his loyalty to both his Regiment and to the school, and as a loving husband and father to his wife and family of five sons, four of whom survive him. Hard working, reliable, with a great sense of humour and patient—even with the most awkward boy in a drill squad. Perhaps the happiest memories of him come from his work on the shooting range or at annual camp. To camp he would take all the office files together with typewriter and duplicator in the belief that he would be able to catch up on the office work. He never did for he was happiest on night ops when his peaked cap would be pushed on the back of his head and the years would roll away as he did a night stalk with boys forty or more years his junior.

The Sergeant Major was buried at Pencombe. Two of his sons in the full dress uniform of the Coldstream Guards acted as escort and a regimental trumpeter sounded the Last Post and Reveille. He will be sadly missed by his family, and by his friends both at Westminster and in Herefordshire.



Katharine Peterson

Sports Reports

Football

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XI	19	4	2	13
2nd XI	16	6	1	9

By contrast to the successes of the previous year the club had a difficult season in 1984/85. The first XI was relegated from the Premier Division of the Arthurian League after only one season. The 2nd XI has also struggled for survival in the 3rd Division.

The most positive feature of the season concerns the club's new ground at Stoke D'Abernon which is hired from the Charing Cross and Westminster Hospital Medical School. The clubhouse enables us to entertain players properly for the first time. The pitch itself is unquestionably the best in the Arthurian league. We hope that more Old Westminster footballers will take advantage of these splendid facilities.

The root of our difficulties on the pitch this season has been the scarcity of players and the absence of competition for 1st XI places. At the start of the season we lost Peattie, Taube, Keyser and Brigginshaw, who were either injured or abroad. Unfortunately no new players emerged who were available on a regular basis. Especially worrying is the shortage of quality forwards.

For the 1st XI there were some bright spots though. Ben Rampton was chosen to represent the Arthurian League in goal—a suitable recognition of his outstanding performances. Adam Cameron was the most improved player and his commitment was an example to the rest of the team. Joss Newberry and Cosmo Campbell also had good seasons.

For the 2nd XI the performances of the evergreen Rob Summerson in goal and Nick Law in defence held the side together at the back and the forwards Richard Balfour-Lynn, Andy Watrons and Paolo Paglierani were capable of troubling even the best defences if they were given just a reasonable service from midfield.

We were delighted to be able to choose Owen Pennant-Jones, Tim Stag, Steve Drawbell and Tom Horan for a few matches after they left the school. All made significant contributions. In particular it is notable that without Owen Pennant-Jones playing at centre forward, the first XI did not win a single game.

Sadly the game between the first XI and the School's 1st XI was cancelled for the fourth year in succession. But with the help of David Cook, we have been trying to maintain contact between the club and school football.

I would like to thank Andrew Graham-Dixon, Philip Wilson and Adam Kinn in particular for their help this season. Andrew's labours as 1st XI captain have been as heroic in adversity as they were in the triumphs of last year. Philip is the outgoing treasurer who has contributed much work over the years for which we are very grateful and Adam has continued to perform cheerfully the tiring role of Fixture Secretary in spite of his serious back injury which still prevents him from playing football.

Simon Taube
Hon. Secretary

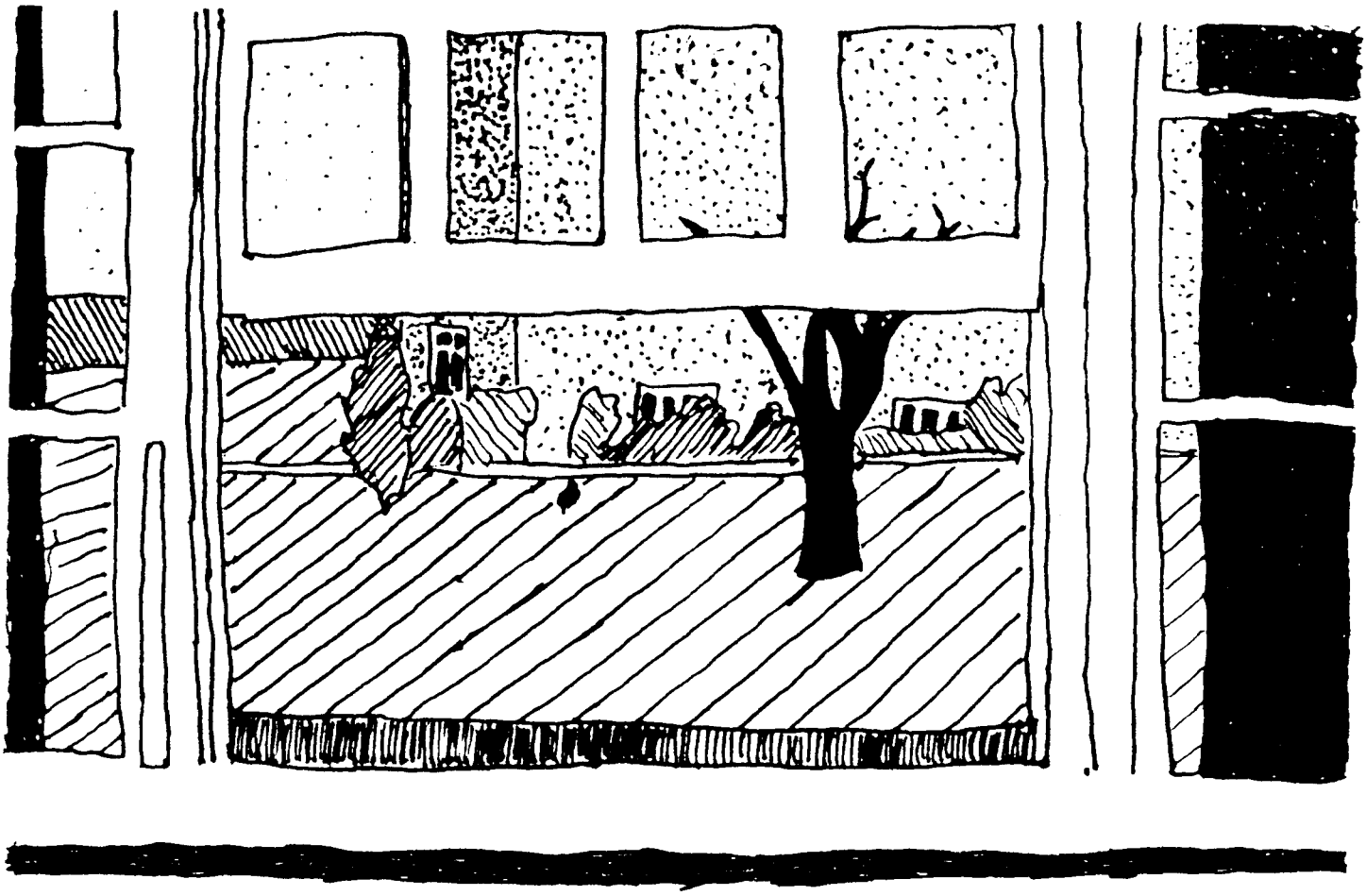
*

Real Tennis

Old Westminsters' Tennis has had a much improved season during 1984/85. Three matches have been played—v. Holyport where we lost 2-3, v. Canford where a 4-1 victory was recorded—the first for many years—and v. Petworth where a narrow success was achieved. The match manager was in the highly unusual position of having to SELECT a team on two occasions and it was good to see the elegant Patrick Cashell on court again at Canford.

Anyone wishing to have an introduction to the game should contact the Secretary.

J. M. Wilson,
192 Manor Grove,
Richmond,
Surrey TW9 4QG



Bruno Maddox

The Elizabethan Club

Balance Sheet December 31st 1984

1983		1984	
£		£	£
	GENERAL FUND		
21,615	Balance at 31st December 1983	33,218·61	
1,350	Life Subscriptions (20% proportion)	1,612·50	
1,444	Profit on realisation of investments	Nil	
8,810	Non-recurring increase due to collection of life subscriptions in one instalment	Nil	
33,219			34,831·11
	INCOME ACCOUNT		
6,765	Balance at 31st December 1983	7,775·47	
1,010	Excess of Income over Expenditure	3,039·24	
7,775			10,814·71
883	SPORTS COMMITTEE FUND		984·39
41,877			46,360·21
£		£	£
27,411	INVESTMENTS at cost Market value at 31st December 1984 was £59,287 (1983 £40,489)		39,376·55
	CURRENT ASSETS		
	Balances at Bank	9,300·14	
	Less: Sundry Creditors	2,046·48	
14,466			7,253·66
41,877			46,630·21

J. A. LAUDER
Honorary Treasurer

REPORT OF HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have examined the accounts set out above which have been prepared under the historical cost convention. My audit has been carried out in accordance with approved auditing standards. In my opinion, the Accounts give a true and fair view of the state of affairs of the Club at 31st December, 1984 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

33-34 Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1EW.

B. C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH
Honorary Auditor

Income and Expenditure for the Year ended December 31st, 1984

£		£	£
64	Administration		72·65
522	Computer		500·00
250	Honorarium		275·00
352	Memorials: Sir Adrian Boult		500·00
921	Taxation		984·42
2,150	Sports Committee		2,200·00
3,750	*The Elizabethan*		2,209·11
(318)	Social Events:		
	Garden Party	(149·61)	
	Dinner	77·62	
	Elizabethan Evening	400·00	
			328·01
1,010	Excess of income over expenditure		3,039·24
8,701			10,108·43

£		£
5,405	Life subscriptions (Proportion 80% of £8,062)	6,450·00
563	(Bequest)	Nil
2,733	Income from investments (gross)	3,658·43
8,701		10,108·43

Sports Committee Funds

Receipts and Payments Statement at 31st December 1984

1983 £		£	£
694	Balance as at 1st January 1984		882·51
	INFLOW OF FUNDS		
1,750	Elizabethan Club Grant	1,800·00	
400	O.W.F.C. Ground Hire	400·00	
50	Net Interest Receivable	57·64	
2,894			2,257·64
			3,140·15
	EXPENDITURE		
	Grants allocated as follows:		
400	Football Club Ground Hire	400·00	
440	General	440·00	
565	Cricket Club	565·00	
475	Golf Society	500·00	
65	Lawn Tennis	65·00	
105	Fives Club	105·00	
40	Real Tennis	—	
40	Shooting Club	50·00	
—	Athletics	30·00	
2	Bank Charges	0·76	
2,132			2,155·76
(120)	*Add:* over-provision for Football Ground Hire		—
882	Balance in hand at 31.12.84		984·39
2,894			3,140·15
	Held by Midland Bank	466·39	
	Less: cheques not presented	(450·00)	
	Held by Elizabethan Club	968·00	
		984·39	

Robert Eskapa

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

ANNUAL DINNER—Wednesday 9th October 1985

By kind permission of the Dean and Headmaster pre-prandial drinks will be held in Ashburnham House and the Dinner in College Hall. College Hall has been renovated and your Committee have no doubt that a greater number of OWW than usual will want to satisfy themselves that College Hall is much the same, if not better than ever; early application for tickets is felt to be essential.

The Toast of Floreat is to be proposed by Father Peter Knott S. J., lately Father Superior of the Farm Street Community and now the first Roman Catholic Chaplain at Eton for 400 years.

The cost will be £15 to include aperitifs and wines; £9 for members' first dinner. Drinks in Ashburnham House at 7.15 for 7.45. Dinner in College Hall, and afterwards in Ashburnham House again. Black Tie.

A number of Club members, unable to get to this great occasion in the past, have nevertheless very generously contributed to the cost of entertaining official guests. Your Committee very much hope that this delightfully civilised practice may continue this year.

Enquiries to Michael Tenison; telephone: Little Chalfont (02404) 2107

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

ANNUAL DINNER—Wednesday 9th October 1985

To: The Elizabethan Club
'Shortmead'
Village Way
AMERSHAM, Bucks.
HP7 9PU.

I would like ..... tickets at £15.00 or £9.00.

I am unable to attend but enclose a contribution of £..... for the Club to invite more guests from the School.

My cheque is attached for £.....

NAME and ADDRESS (in block capitals please).

House, and years at School .....

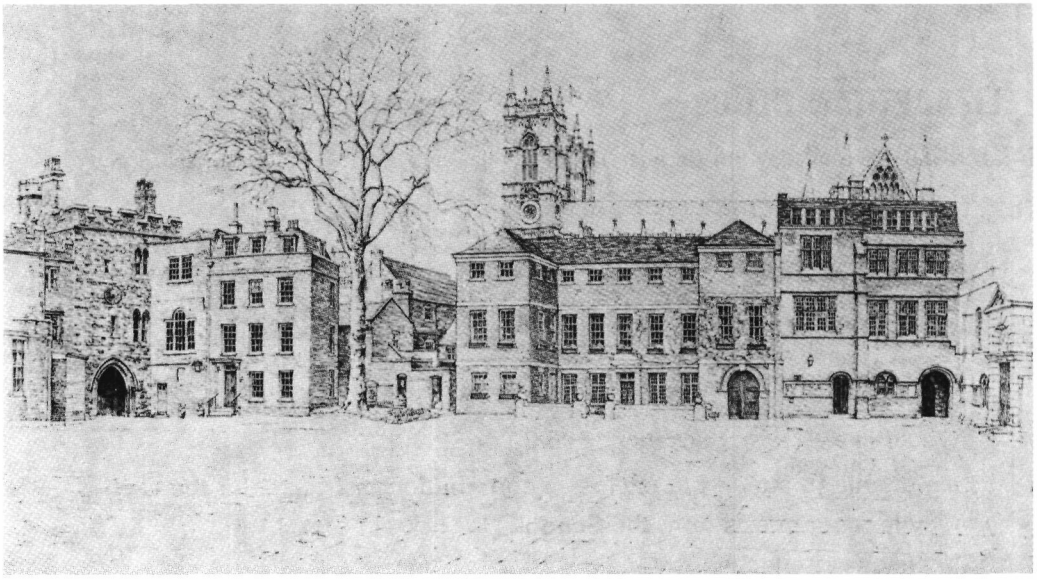
I would like to sit next to: .....

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL
WESTMINSTER UNDER SCHOOL

PAYMENT OF FEES IN ADVANCE SCHEME

The Westminster School Payment of Fees in Advance Scheme has been helping parents to pay school fees at both the Great School and the Under School for nearly 25 years. During that time over 1,000 parents have benefited from the Scheme. It is open to parents, guardians, grandparents and others wishing to provide for the fees or part of the fees of a pupil entered for either School.

The Scheme enables parents and others to provide for school fees at a discount and at the same time to take advantage of any available tax reliefs. There is an element of free life insurance cover applicable to parents of pupils who enter the Scheme.



Any parent whose son or daughter is registered for entry to the Great School or the Under School, or anyone who is interested in the Scheme should apply to The Bursar, Westminster School, Little Dean's Yard, London SW1 3PF (01-222 3116).

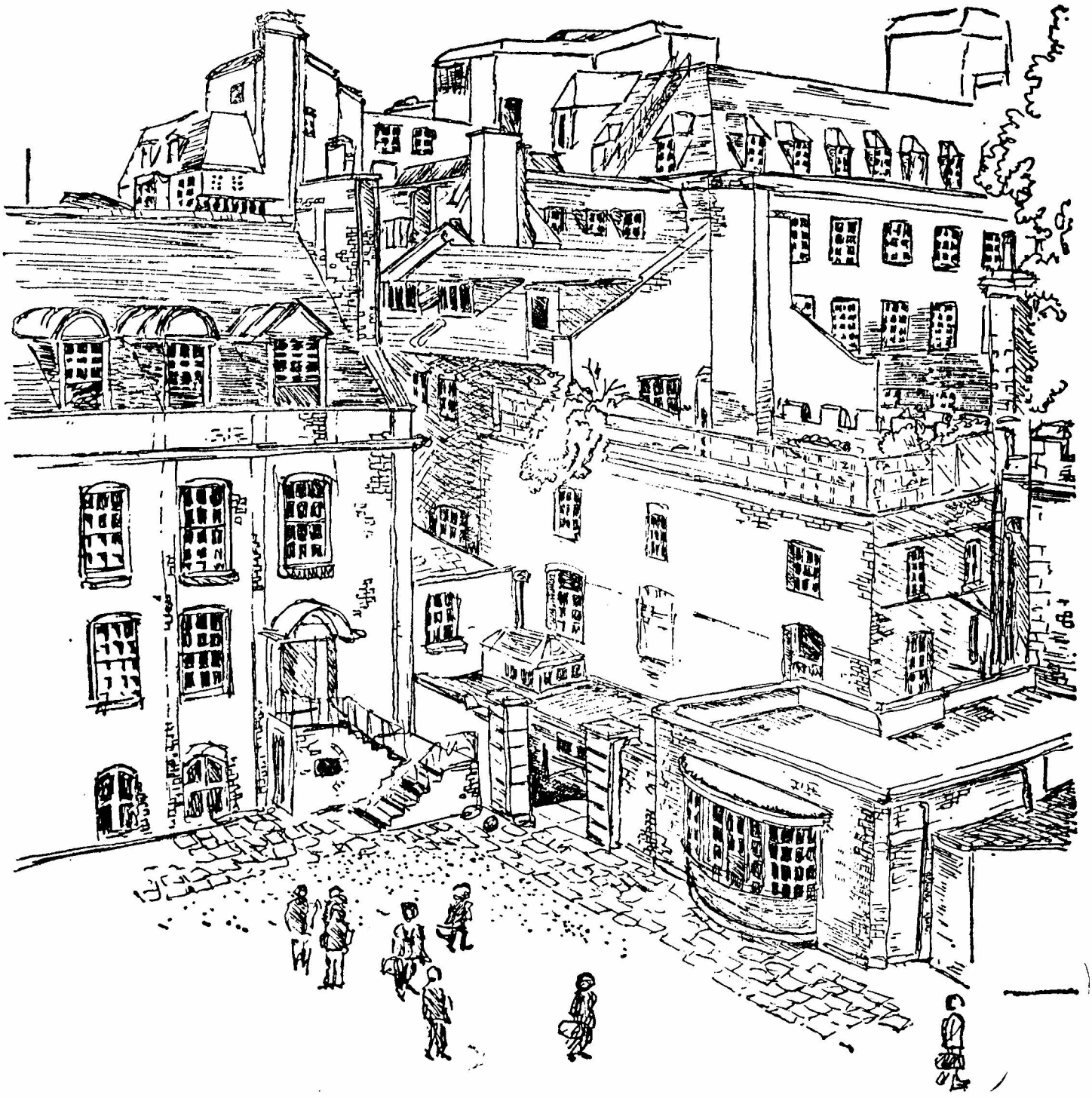
OLD ASHBURNHAMITES

The Annual Dinner of the ASHBURNHAM SOCIETY will be held on Monday 16th December in COLLEGE HALL

All Old Ashburnhamites are welcome to come to the Annual Dinner which will return to College Hall after last year's capacity attendance. Wives, husbands etc. will be most welcome as usual.

If you are interested in coming, but are not on the Ashburnham Society's mailing list, please write to the Honorary Secretary:

David Seddon Esq., 77 Lawn Road, London NW3.
(Telephone 01-722 7972)



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WESTMINSTER SCHOOL
17 Dean's Road
London SW1P 3PB
JUNE 1985

THE HEAD MASTERS LETTER

Dear Old Westminster,

This is the third and my last Head Master's letter to Old Westminsters. As you may know, I have decided to leave Westminster in April next year. I shall have been Head Master then for sixteen years and I am sure it is time for the school and myself to have a change. I shall miss Westminster tremendously and I do want to say how grateful and appreciative I have been over the years for the support and friendship of so many Old Westminsters. Leaving is made much easier by the thought that I shall be handing over to David Summerscale, the Master of Haileybury. I was delighted to hear the news of his appointment and I know that he will receive the same warm welcome from Old Westminsters as I received fifteen years ago.

Now to the past year. I am going to start with academic achievement because this has been an outstanding year in that field. Last summer's A level results were by a significant margin the best in the school's history. How do we account for this? When we have considered all the other arguments—the more competitive entry at 13, the admission of academically gifted boys and girls to the Sixth Form—we must still acknowledge that these results could not have been achieved if Westminster had not had a team of very talented and dedicated teachers. Here are the results in the context of the last five years with a glance back to the early 1970s to show just how much the present generation in the Common Room has achieved.

Year	*"A" levels taken*	*% Grade A*	*% Pass*
1970	376	19	82
1971	380	13	80
1980	440	32	93
1981	428	29	93
1982	444	31	93
1983	457	28	95
1984	461	37	98

It was to be expected that these pupils would do well in the Oxford and Cambridge entrance exams and they did not disappoint us. Sixty candidates won places, 37 at Oxford and 23 at Cambridge. Cambridge had already abolished entrance awards but 1984 was the last year for such awards at Oxford. Westminster won 16 open awards at Oxford in this final year, the highest number at that university that the school has ever achieved. I am not sorry to see the open awards go but I am very glad that Westminster finished in style in the competition for these academic honours.

Two members of the Common Room are leaving this term to take up headmasterships: David Brown, the Housemaster of Liddell's, is going to St John's Leatherhead and Peter Southern, the Head of History, is going to Bancroft's School. In April 1986, John Baxter, the Housemaster of Grant's, leaves to become Headmaster of Wells Cathedral School. In the last two decades Westminster has produced a number of Headmasters and it is good to see that tradition being continued.

On the sporting side, it is particularly good to see that two young Old Westminsters have won blues at Oxford: Simon Craft for soccer and Richard Rutnagur for cricket. How long is it I wonder since Westminster produced a soccer and cricket blue at Oxford in the same year?

The Development Officer, Neil Mackay, has been particularly active during the year helping us to improve our contacts with Old Westminsters. In April we had the first Westminster Gaudy for those who had been at the school 1958/63. It was a most successful occasion and brought back to the school many who had not visited it since they left. Neil tells me that 90% of those who came had never been near the school since they left; it is one of the attractive aspects of Westminster that it does not produce 'professional old boys' but this seems to be carrying detachment too far! It is our aim to encourage Old Westminsters to renew contact with the school. Later this year—probably in November—we shall hold a second Gaudy, this time for those who were at Westminster 1952/57. We shall be sending out invitations in September. If you were at school in those years and do not receive an invitation please contact Neil Mackay on 01-222-1468. The Development Office is also hoping to computerize the Old Westminster records by 1986; the present records are in a poor state and Neil would be very grateful for any information you have about change of addresses and so on.

May I conclude by wishing you all well. It is a golden rule for headmasters that they should keep out of the way for a period after they have left but needless to say I shall continue to take a keen interest in all that Westminster is doing. It is a great school and will always command my loyalty, affection and respect.

My very best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

John Rae

N.B. Elizabethan Club Dinner in College Hall on **Wednesday, 9 October 1985.**

WESTMINSTER HOUSE BOYS' CLUB-NUNHEAD

APPEAL

Started by Westminster School almost 100 years ago, the Boys' Club moved from St. Vincent Square to Nunhead soon after the second world war, receiving all the time great help from its founders.

Situated in a very poor area, seriously lacking in facilities for the young, it now provides a wide range of recreational and sporting facilities.

After many years of use, £65,000 is now being spent on essential repairs and extending the building to provide:

- A larger gym
- A two vehicle garage/workshop
- Full disabled access and facilities
- New changing rooms and showers
- Full waterproofing
- Redecorated coffee bar and social areas
- Repaved playing area

When the Club reopens in September 1985, we will provide a far wider range of activities including:

- A daytime unemployed drop in and activity centre
- Activities for the handicapped
- Motor maintenance
- Girls activities
- An early evening club for younger children

We raised the £65,000 for the repairs and new building. We now need to raise:

£10,000 to equip and furnish the Club

plus

£5,000 a year to cover maintenance costs

If you would like to help with youth work in this poor, high unemployment area of inner London, please complete and send off the form below. Your help will be much appreciated.

To: The Treasurer
Westminster House Boys' Club
29 Nunhead Grove
London SE15 3LZ

☐ *I enclose a cheque payable to Westminster House Boys' Club for £* .....

☐ *I would like a covenant form to help provide the Club with a regular income*

☐ *I would like to be kept informed of developments*

Name: .....

Address: .....

.....

.....

Thank you