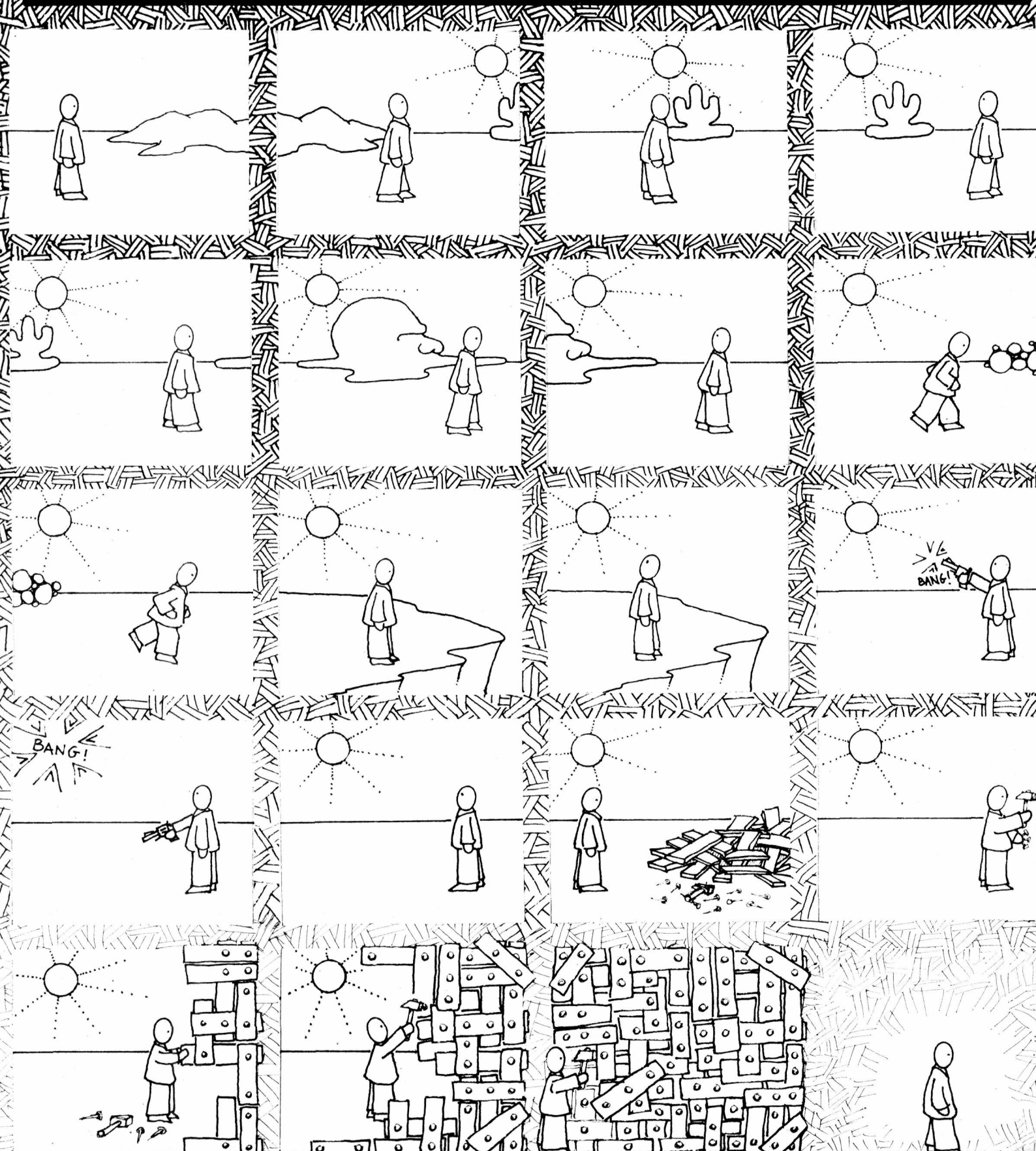


The Elizabethan

Vol. xxxii No 4, Issue No 686, Jan 1977



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The Elizabethan *January 1977*

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Editorial

Qualis Artifex Pereo

And so school days draw to a close; are the happiest days of my life really almost over? In fact, as you read this, I shall already be gone (picturesque scenario of lone horseman riding into the sunset—with bated breath those assembled wait for him to drop off the edge) and only this flimsy, ephemeral woodshaving serves as a *memento nominis*. Are four years of dedicated school life to end overnight, or am I to find that they regret to inform me . . . ? So many dreams left to gnaw on so few words. Or perhaps one's end is to come later when I am told 'You have deliberately tasted two worms and you can leave Oxford by the town drain'.

But you, the fruit of modern youth, should make good use of the time left for you to cast away at school. Although Diogenes (the chap that lived in a barrel—new uniform?) maintained that one cannot step into the same river even once—you may forever keep *The Elizabethan* at your side, in fact it will never leave you alone. Moreover this is to be the last issue of any artistic merit and like rats we leave our ship to sink; *après nous le déluge*. For a new magazine has recently been conceived and born in this last play term. The idea was to cut down the vast expenditure on *The Elizabethan* by putting all the creative material into a new and cheaply printed vessel called *Hatchet* (images fly past like an R.A.F. display team).

As a result of this brilliant ploy, the Old Boy (that could be you) will not be weighed down by boring artwork, unimaginative creative prose, unfunny editorial comments or even unpoetic verses. Instead he will be scintillated by

how Crumbley-Snooks Minimus scored 27 runs in the 3rd XI's match against St. Artmouse's; cunningly drawn in by a review of Professor Otto Grube's latest book on stammering in pre-Demosthenic Macedonia (the appendix on Spartan Hiccups is on no account to be missed); and enthralled by a critical appraisal of Snooks-Crumbley Maximus' rendering of Seneca's last twenty speeches ('de spielibus spielendis' vols. XV and XVI). What an exciting future the *Elizabethan* reader has in store, O beatus vir! (see appendix A IVb for analysis of this unusual use of the optative imperative 'O').

Any piece of work estranged from these important fields will either be destroyed ('You're in detention, boy, how dare you write this filthy, corrupting, "creative" work? Don't you know it makes you blind? No Westminster pupil will ever be called "artistic"—it's disgusting.') or alternatively it will be accepted for *The Hatchet*. Maybe satire will begin to bloom but we should hope that the average seventh former's intellectualesque grunts will not be put into the dignity of print.

All that remains for me to say is that, quoting Zebedee, 'It's time for bed.'

Jonathan Myerson

I thought I had better apologise for not having written an editorial for the second issue running, but having aired my favourite subjects in my articles (the film rights of which are still available) I felt unable to produce an editorial worthy of the first page of *The Elizabethan*—so I didn't write one.

Robert Pickering

Interview with the Head Master

School Discipline

Q: 'Do you think your policy on the school is getting harder with regard to discipline, thinking especially of the introduction of detention?'

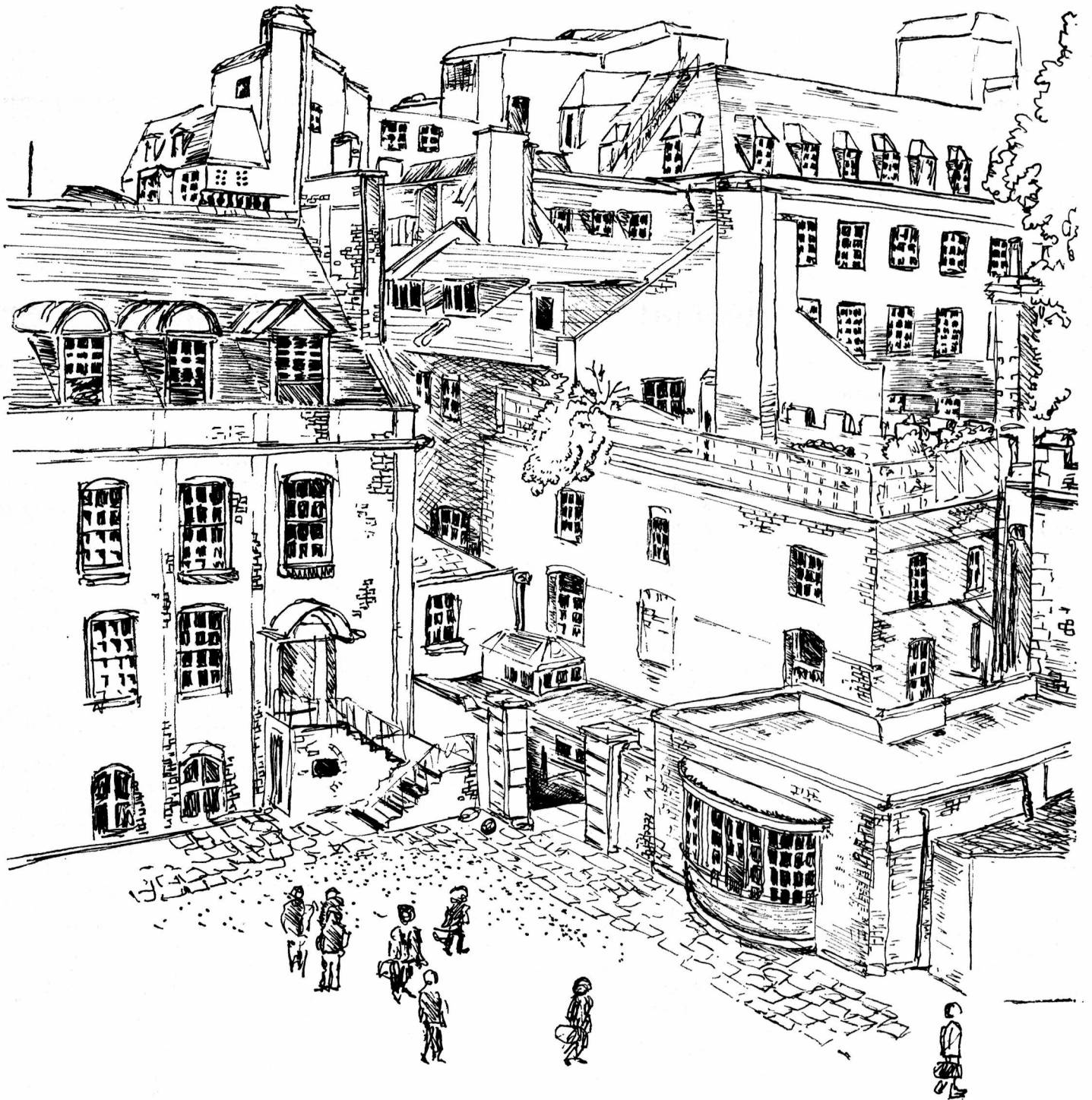
A: 'I think detention is very largely misunderstood. I was very concerned, and have been for some years, that the burden of discipline in the school was falling on Housemasters' shoulders and not on other members of the Common Room. For instance, if a boy misbehaves in form, for example in the Shell or somewhere down there, the tendency was for a master to say: "Well, all right, I'll report you to your Housemaster".

This seemed to me wrong, and in order to encourage masters to do otherwise I decided to produce an explicit sanction and say: "Look, if a boy misbehaves, you put him in detention—don't pass the buck to Housemasters". The idea is to get masters to take their full weight of responsibility.

The more interesting and larger question I think is this: has the school become more restrictive—harder in a sort of sense of being more determined to enforce rules on people? People see this from different points of view. Some people think the school has become too laissez faire in its attitude, others think it has become too restrictive. I am suspicious of these generalisations. Some restrictions—on the qualifications for entry to College and the number of girls, for example—have been lifted.'

Q: 'But these are matters of policy rather than rules.'

A: 'On the question of rules, I think it's true that there has been a shift in favour of more effective enforcement of the rules. A school like Westminster is



Drawing: Benet Critchley

loosely organised and it does from time to time need a nudge in the direction of tighter control.'

Q: 'Detention for the junior school and gating for senior boys are pretty powerful nudges.'

A: 'There is nothing new about gating; it has been standard practice since the disappearance of corporal punishment in the nineteen-sixties.'

Alcohol and the School

Q: 'Still on the subject of rules would you agree that the school sets itself up in a position of responsibility? How can it flaunt the national laws regarding pubs by allowing people, I mean the School Monitors who may be under the age of eighteen, to go into them and hence break those laws?'

A: 'That's a jolly difficult question and I shall not give a satisfactory answer. The rationale is this: that, though the school can't encourage or actively condone anyone's breaking that law, the School Monitors are a special case. The people who are to see that these laws are enforced may be allowed to break the law, in other words they have special dispensation to break it. The fact is that I DO CONDONE THE BREAKING OF A NATIONAL LAW. We are doing it for practical reasons. We don't for a moment deny a LACK OF LOGIC, an ELEMENT OF HYPOCRISY.'

Q: 'We were wondering what the outcome of the discussion last term upon the subject of a school bar was?'

A: 'I feel puzzled by this; if I remember correctly, the feeling was that you didn't want a school bar.'

A: (Marcus Alexander) 'The majority of people who were at the Meeting said that the reasons why they went out to drink were not to have a glass of beer, but firstly they wanted to get away from the school, secondly to get away from the people who they perhaps saw each day, and thirdly to get a change of atmosphere. The school bar would not really cater for any of those things, so we didn't really feel that it would be a justified use of space.'

School Council

Q: 'You said there was a Meeting to discuss the subject of a school bar; in fact that Meeting was somewhat of an exception in that the school was consulted as a whole. Don't you think that the school should have some form of School Committee or regular meeting where, with little or no guidance from teachers, it could establish its opinion and have some say in the running of the school, as opposed to just airing its views? It would have some form of definite decision made that could be taken into consideration as a definite decision by the school.'

A: 'I personally am against it, and let me explain why. If you form any body such as a School Council, which many State Schools have, then you have this problem. Do you actually give them the power to make decisions which will affect the school? If you do, the problem is who is in fact running the school? Do you get decisions which are responsible, based on experience, and taking into consideration all the possibilities and the views of parents and so on? Then if you don't give them effective power, it merely becomes a frustrating "talking shop". Then all they can say, for instance, is that they are in favour of abolishing school uniform. Then the Head Master has to say, "Well I don't agree and these are the reasons why I don't agree . . .", and the chances are that most of the cases would lead to disagreement; and I think the result is greater frustration and not greater communication.'

Q: 'How can you be sure if you have not tried it?'

A: 'Partly by common sense and partly by asking those who have.'

Q: 'And those who have are all State Schools?'

A: 'Not all, no. Two independent schools have tried it and I have visited them to see how it works. King Alfred's School in Hampstead is one and Bishop's Stortford College in Hertfordshire is another.'

Q: 'If you don't have a School Council, how do you know the views of the members of the school?'

A: 'I think there are two ways: one is that you do in fact set up bodies or have meetings to which people can come, and they don't come—it's typical not of Westminster but of democracy as a whole—so that's one way. The other way is that the Head Master receives information through Monitors, Housemasters and other members of the Common Room; if he doesn't, then there is something seriously wrong.'

Q: 'There are two points to be raised: firstly you took two extremes: that the School Committee would all but make the decisions on its own, or the other extreme where it would have no power whatsoever. Now surely you could have a School Committee which could meet and could publish its views and set them down in a formalized style, and they would be shown to you and you wouldn't get frustration because they would at least know that it had had its chance and it had put its views to the Head Master.'

A: 'The problem is this, if the School Committee raises issues, they are bound to be issues where there are many more factors to be taken into account. Let's take uniform for the sake of argument. One of the great factors in uniform is bound to be the parental opinion; there are things upon which Head Masters can lead parents but not on that subject. Does he then say to the Council, "There's your opinion, thank you for that, now I must consult parents"? How is that to be done? Does he circulate

them, knowing full well what the answer will be? I think that would be frustrating.'

Q: 'Secondly, would you say though that sometimes the School Monitorial is used as a School Committee, or you ask for their opinion on any one subject?'

A: 'I think a great deal depends on personality, and I think this must be true of any body of people. When you have a Head of School who's been around for two years, he knows the "ins and outs" so well that the Head Master can't actually get away with saying: "Oh we discussed that last week". That won't work. It's fair to say that Head Masters don't actually raise problems themselves; more generally the Monitorial are invited, are encouraged, to give their opinions. I think it's very fair to say that the degree to which they do so is dependent on personality, either the general attitude of the school or their particular individual personality. There have been Monitorials which I have found extremely difficult to handle because they've had very strong views and I have had to go along with them, because these are the people through whom I run the school.'

A: (Marcus Alexander) 'I think your comment about the size of the school is important. Because of it the School Monitors ought to know at least what is going on in their own House, if not what is going on in the whole school. When we come to Monitors' meetings, the same questions are raised and I think people would be surprised generally how widely people's opinions do differ, how different opinions have been raised, and the question has been discussed. For instance discussing the question of a smoking room when the "pros and cons" have been weighed up, and we've decided against one, the school isn't even aware that the possibility has been raised.'

Q: 'But when you do quote the School Monitorial and their opinion, as you did on the subject of school uniform to be worn in exams, you said that you had discussed it with the School Monitorial, but you had still made your decision differently. That's perfectly acceptable but I would suggest that the School Monitorial are not in the position to sound the views of the school. Each School Monitor is appointed for his ability to carry out certain functions of responsibility within the school, and he is going to be disinclined to take a strong view against you.'

A: 'I think that is probably true because the School Monitor is someone who has become Head of his House; there are obviously exceptions beyond that, sometimes controversial ones, but generally that is true. Needless to say that person who has become Head of his House isn't necessarily the one who is going to find all the holes in the working of the school and want to change it, that's obvious.'

Q: 'But doesn't that invalidate the principle of consulting them at all?'

A: 'No, because they do not neces-

sarily take the establishment line. For example, on the subject of school uniforms in exams, two or three of them felt very strongly that I should abolish this which proves that they were in touch with the general opinion of the school.'

Q: 'Yes, they are in touch with the opinion of the school but they are not in as good position as, shall we say, the Editors of *The Elizabethan* are to oppose the views of the Head Master because they are put in such a position. If Monitors agree with you one could suggest that it's sycophancy to a point; if they disagree with you they surely can't make their opinion strongly.'

A: 'The nature of Head Mastership is autocratic. A Head Master can't pretend to be a person whom it is easy to push around. So I think generally, yes it is difficult for Monitors. You don't appoint people because they're yes-men, you genuinely hope that some Monitors will be awkward to the point of raising points that you don't want raised. You try to achieve a wide spectrum of the Monitorial but this has been a hard ideal to achieve on the whole.'

Uniforms and Exams

Q: 'As regards the subject of uniform and exams. When that was discussed you came up with the conclusion that "A"-level candidates should have to wear uniform so they should not be discriminated from "O"-level candidates. Surely in the case of last summer when the heat was so oppressive you could say rather that the "O"-level candidates should not wear uniform in exams either?'

A: 'I think uniform really is a very difficult problem indeed and I don't find it easy to produce any straight answer on this specific point or on the general level. I think that if one does have a uniform school dress, then public exams is a time when it should be worn and it is inconsistent not to. Possibly in a very hot summer there are exceptional cases, but I think the rule ought to be that when there is a formal occasion one should wear formal dress. The bigger argument is whether you need formal dress at all and, as you'll guess, I think that I'm in favour of it.'

Q: 'You said, for example, that this summer was an exceptional case: then why wasn't an exception made?'

A: 'Because I decided not to.'

Q: 'Then, in that case, exceptional cases don't exist. For I don't really think that you can get much more exceptional than this summer.'

A: 'Fortunately there won't be another one like it in the next two-hundred years so it won't concern me. Because that exception was not made, doesn't mean that no others are.'

Driving to School

Q: 'People are allowed to cycle to school now-a-days, assuming they've got a note from parents admitting responsibility for accidents, so why shouldn't people be allowed to drive their cars to school? You might say the problems would arise over parking but the number of people who have a car and a licence and wish to drive to school would be so minimal that the parking would never really arise as a serious problem.'

A: 'I think it is only a matter of parking. There is no logical reason why if someone can come on a moped, he can't come in a vehicle. But I think there is a real practical problem that you can't bring them into Dean's Yard—that is absolutely out—and there isn't enough room "up fields" to park a sufficient number of cars and you do have a problem where to put them. You may simply say this is the boys' problem not the school's. But I think when a boy finds he can't get in anywhere he will try and park it in Dean's Yard or up Fields and then it becomes the school's problem.'

The snag is that you would have to limit it by age and you would have to make some waiver about people giving lifts to others. It isn't the school's responsibility, it is a parental view, I think, that you couldn't have a situation where, for instance, you drive to school and then take B and C home and drive into a bus. I think parents would ask what was the school doing to avoid that happening. There are ways of getting round this and this isn't the real problem, the real problem is that there simply isn't any room to park them.'

Q: 'Do you think it would be worth having a trial run to see how many people would want to drive to school in a car?'

A: 'I'm perfectly prepared to consider it but I'm very wary of giving promises on tape let alone anywhere else.'



Centralization of Authority

Q: 'About the amount of pressure placed on Housemasters. Don't you think you ought to alleviate the system? We could get a situation where in one House a boy can have hair half way down his back whereas in another he's got to have a short back and sides, depending on the views of his Housemaster. Don't you think that little things like that ought to be regulated from the top and not give rise to a situation where boys in different Houses can feel a certain amount of inequality?'

A: 'That's a very good question and I don't think we ever get this perfect. The policy I adopt is that on really crucial matters there has to be a school policy, and while the length of hair may not be crucial, it can give rise to conflict between Houses and Housemasters and boys so there is actually a formula which I give to Housemasters where I say that you ought to draw a line where the hair is actually growing down over the collar. That doesn't mean to say that I can control the Housemasters who say, "Your hair is growing down over your collar to-day, yesterday it wasn't, go and have a hair-cut immediately". Or the Housemaster who says, when it's grown over the collar, "Well, look, that's beyond the Head Master's outline and I think you ought to go and have a hair-cut". You can't control the style of Housemasters.'

There may be a problem of differences between Houses in other things. It may be, for example, over week-end chits or television viewing, where in one House you can come out of school at 4.0 p.m. and switch it on straight away whereas you may not be able to in another House.'

Q: 'There's one example which springs to my mind, which happened in 1974, which seemed to me to be most unjust. There was a particular rock concert which a lot of people wanted to go to and some Housemasters wouldn't let boys in their Houses go to it because they said, "When you go to a pop concert you have already made up your mind what you want to hear but when you go to a classical concert your mind is more open"—a pathetic excuse incidentally. Whereas I, as a day boy, happily went off to it two nights running, someone in another House wasn't able to go at all.'

A: 'That particular case, which I remember well, is a good example of how things work. People say, "Well, Head Master you should have spotted that this thing was going to happen". But frankly you don't always spot that sort of thing and as a result different Housemasters reacted differently. There are guidelines from me now for Housemasters on how to react to the sort of situation that arose from that particular incident.'

Articles

A Mediaeval Fayre

The Crichton

Crichton: Well, Socrates, what are you doing here, on Green, on such an inauspicious afternoon, in the May of Seventy-six?

Socrates: Actually, I'm just here to watch, spend and enjoy. But, tell me, what do you think of the political consequences of that scenario in the middle?

Crichton: Well, Socrates, I thought it was a jolly jape when that chappy rode up on a real live gee-gee—and he was dressed as a Knight of St. John. You see he was supposed to declare the fun-time open by cutting the jolly old ribbon. But (tee-hee), just as he was about to, the gee-gee bolted rather and threw him off. And you'll never guess who the old fellah was . . . (giggle-giggle)

Socrates: What vast, terrible repercussions to the state, my friend.

Crichton: Rather a jolly wheeze if you ask me. Then later the same old codger went pillow-fighting on a beam, did rather better than before, what?

Socrates: And what of the moral implications of selling jumble and old books, in the manner of our forefathers?

Crichton: Well: picked up some jolly bargains there meself, must admit, what? Looks to me, old boy, like they might make about eight hundred quid on it all.

Socrates: And all of it goes to charity?

Ah! What perfect citizens we are—social consciences and all.

Crichton: Food was jolly scrumptious, too! Cakes and buns and beef and lamb and mead and biscuits and sausages and jelly and ice-cream and . . .

Socrates: But let me ask you, as you are such an expert, how you feel about fortune-telling as a part of our religion?

Crichton: Well he spun me a bally yarn—was jolly good fun, what's more, just like those Thespians in the middle, put on a damn good show—pity things like *The Last Expedition* couldn't be such jolly good japes.

Socrates: But how can you tolerate the crypto-violent impulses of man being allowed to show through for money's sake?

Crichton: Come on, old bean you know damn well it was jolly good fun chucking wet sponges at chappies in stocks, just a pity they couldn't have been stones.

Socrates: Really Crichton!

Crichton: Sorry, Socrates.

Socrates: But would you say that overall it has been a success in the non-metaphysical sense of the term?

Crichton: Rather—jolly good fun was had by all. Dashed good idea. Rather a jolly old change for the better, glad it was such a wheeze. Congrats to the chappies who organized such a fun beano. Pity it rained . . .

Socrates: So you would say that it was all admirable, Crichton?

Crichton: Rather, what?

The End

Jonathan Myerson

The Three R's Rule, O.K.?

It is a generally accepted fact that education is growing up; the approach to teaching has been modified so that the process of learning is no longer an onerous task associated with one's childhood but, hopefully, a systematic programme calculated to give positive results and with maximum enjoyment to the pupil. This at any rate is the aim of the modern educationalists. One of the more misguided opinions which this change of attitude has given rise to is the notion that if a subject has no obvious utilitarian benefit it is useless or obsolete. David Price says of Westminster in an article entitled 'Public or Comprehensive?' 'The academic emphasis is, however, still very traditional. While "Trendier" subjects like sociology are frowned upon, a respectable dead language like Sanskrit has recently been introduced into the curriculum'. The statement about Sanskrit is, in fact, untrue; but this is irrelevant since the thought process which led Mr. Price to make this highly pointed statement reveals the manner of thinking of a man who, judging from this article, reckons he is quite an expert in 'Educational Philosophy'. The inference he makes is that Sociology is valuable, as it has a modern day application, whereas Sanskrit is useless because it is a dead language.

The argument I would put forward to challenge this idea is that it is not the object of a school to teach utilitarian skills but to train the mind to operate in



certain ways. The refinement of an analytical intelligence is possibly the prime educational goal of a school. We at Westminster, and other less 'trendy' schools like us, are trained in the discriminatory techniques which subjects such as English, Greek, History or, in fact, any arts or pure science subject instils in order to be able to take a single-minded and objective viewpoint on a multiplicity of subjects. We are trained, for example, to be instantly suspicious of a generalization or any form of argument or statement which seems to be inconsistent or unsubstantiated. I feel it is far more important to have this sort of intellectual discipline instilled at an early age when it is most likely to be taken in, than to be taught a specific subject like Mr. Price's sociology, which can be picked up at a later date with comparative ease. In fact, some 'trendy' A-level subjects, Politics, for instance, are ones which most well-educated people learn about anyway in the course of their academic careers.

What I see the danger to be is that under the new system of education, we will end up with a great many people knowing a great deal about their respective utilitarian subjects, but as they have never been taught anything else since they took their O-levels, they will not have this intellectual habit of mind which more traditional subjects provide, and will not, as I see it, be truly educated people. Another result would be that, because each 'trendy' subject is so specified, educated people would not be able to communicate outside their own fields about anything of importance, hence a series of academic cliques would arise. School disciplines again are similar in fundamental approach and so there are a sufficient number of common terms of reference to provide meaningful communication.

I would advocate the teaching of mental disciplines through traditional school subjects rather than the early provision of specific skills which can be acquired by an educated person at a later date.

Robert Pickering

In memory of Stephen Caplin, 'poet'

Why do I call my poems
inspirations?

Because of the Ultimate
Paradox.

I wish to find it.

They're not.

Stephen 'anything for a fast buck' Caplin

Before:



Discipline in Westminster

The principal difficulties involved in enforcing discipline in Westminster arise from the age-range of its pupils. The authorities of the school are faced with the problem of controlling about five hundred boys, ranging from 13-year-olds having pillow-fights to 18-year-olds smoking. It is a tremendous responsibility which the school—in particular in its capacity as a boarding-school—has taken upon itself: namely, to guide a boy through one of the most difficult periods in his life.

Many other boarding-schools have attempted to deal with this problem by enclosing their pupils in a world of their own: this has been facilitated by the situation of these schools in the country, with extensive grounds of their own. By this means, they have attempted to control and regiment their pupils as they wish: they have presented their inmates with selected aspects of the outside world.

Westminster, however, neither has been able nor has wished to do this. It has always prided itself on its ability to prepare its pupils for adult life as it is, rather than as certain academics would wish it to be. To an extent, this has been unavoidable! Westminster is situated in the centre of a busy capital city. A Roman historian once remarked that all vices flourish in the capital, and nobody could deny that London has its share of temptations. Furthermore, because it is situated inside London, Westminster is unable to own grounds of any reasonable size. The boys must therefore be allowed out into the city, unless they are to be confined within the small precincts of the school buildings.

Westminster thus is not able to discipline its boys in the manner of the traditional public boarding-schools. And rather than attempt to impose an unrealistic discipline, Westminster has always prided itself on facing up to these problems, and has set itself a much more difficult task than it might have done. Westminster does, to the best of its ability, encourage its pupils to recognize and to resolve the practical, moral and

social problems of living an adult life. Thus it has urged its pupils to go out into London and experience independent life; girls are now accepted as sixth-form students; boarders are encouraged to go out in the evenings, rather than confine themselves to their Houses; Wednesday afternoon options for the Upper School were created in order to give boys the opportunity to indulge in non-academic activities; boys are allowed to wander freely in and out of the school in the afternoon, without seeking special permission. The authorities of the school have to an extent even encouraged boys to criticize school policies with which they disagree. In short, the authorities have tended to put the boys' interest before their own convenience.

All this is very praiseworthy; but I believe that in some respects the school is still evading responsibility concerning issues where a genuinely realistic attitude would cause considerable inconvenience to the authorities. Let me take as an example the present attitude towards drinking on the school premises. It is certain that sooner or later, whether in the Remove or at university, a boy is going to be faced with the opportunity to drink as much and as freely as he wishes. It is also generally true that most boys, upon their first contact with substantial quantities of alcohol, are tempted to drink in order to get drunk—this is something one soon grows out of. But it is the fact that many undergraduates have had only restricted access to alcohol in their adolescence which causes the type of sordid college parties, which are so common amongst university

students, to occur. It is my belief, and my personal experience, that the way to avoid this phenomenon is to instruct a child to respect, rather than to abuse, alcohol. The school has to an extent a responsibility to ensure that this respect is bred into its pupils. Yet it finds it more convenient to issue, through the school regulations, an absolute ban on drinking, than to supervise an 'education' in this field. In my second and third years at this school, the monitorial in College were so lax, and my parents too were so sympathetic to my attitude, that I was able to drink virtually as freely as I wished. Yet this has not turned us into an election of alcoholics; whereas it has become so much more difficult to drink up House, over the last eighteen months, that many boys in the school have come to regard drinking as an end in itself, rather than as a means towards social intercourse.

I have taken drinking up House as a particular example: similar, if modified, arguments could be applied to the question of whether boys should be allowed into pubs, and whether or not they should be permitted to smoke, as well as to many other less important issues. The authorities' attitude towards discipline is pointing in the right direction; but if the school is to live up to the ideals of which its reputation consists, then it must shoulder its burden not partially, but fully, and it must demonstrate that it genuinely does prepare its pupils for adulthood.

Gregory Wilsdon

After:



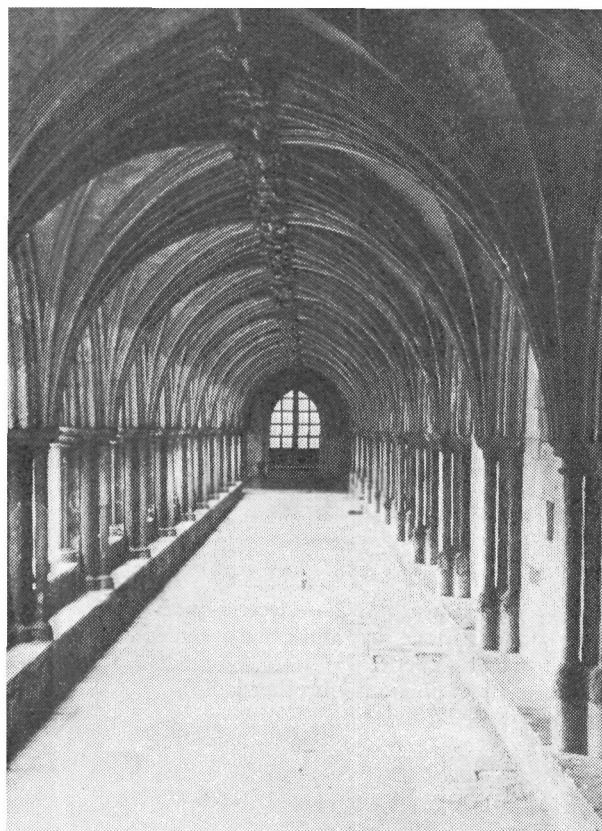
Essays

Flick Sok Meets Frankenstein (Part One)

Over the past couple of terms those who were able to rake up £1.50 at any one time have been privileged enough to see such films as *Wait Until Dark*—a not-so-subtle nervy thriller, with a plot so thin that you just couldn't see it from sideways on. Then there was *Dr. Strangelove*, a really good black comedy which was turned into a really good black guessing-game as the sound system got progressively worse. *Traffic*, an almost totally silent comedy, foiled the sound engineers who retaliated by sabotaging the screen. In *Lady Sings the Blues* we encountered Diana Ross—a great singer who should have stayed with the Supremes for she hardly reached an acme of acting in her portrayal of Billie Holliday—who was probably a terrible actress as well anyway. For the less platonic members of the audience *Magnum Force* (a film about champagne—the follow-on from that vast success *Mouton Rothschild*) which starred Clint 'I can out-mumble any cat on the block' Eastwood wiping out half the criminal population of San Fran. As their last offering we have *Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman*, oh how I long for it!

No single mind can fathom the possibilities for next term.

Jonathan Myerson



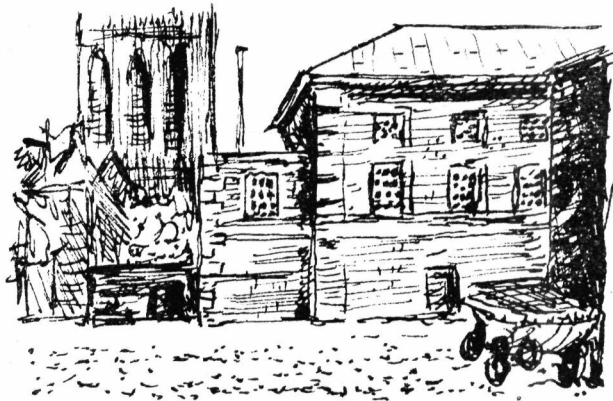
'Dryden's'—The House Of Your Dreams

Before:



Once the populace of the school had dispersed for the Summer Holidays the work proceeded apace. Indeed the operations were all but complete by the time the teeming students returned—and for this Mr. Drummond and his team should be heartily congratulated. Indeed this was such an unexpected result that the powers that be had not consigned enough pupils to the House. So Mr. Francis and his merry crew made their very own contribution to the population crisis: by accommodating—somehow—twenty in the space provided for seventy.

After:



dizz-buster riff or the volkswagen wot crashed (with me in it)

once there was a not so young man called basildon who was a don at a totally pointless university, or perhaps i shouldn't tell you such things.

'what are you reading?' some nose person may ask.

'd.h.' he replied.

'evans? been to the sale?'

as can be guessed from the style, basildon crashed; exploded; even bruised his thumb.

dizz-buster two and the warden notices
the blood-soaked boots: 19th century
post-romantic horror; synge exits from
the cupboard; travers is well-oiled, to
say the least.
'read terson, basildon?'
'all flesh is grass.'
'innisfree f.c. versus the eric thomson
eleven?'
basildon met a chick, at a Rollers' gig,
i might add, but it was no giggle for the
woman-spawn, she'd left her pirsig
behind.

dizz-buster three.
'rape is a serious crime, basildon.'
(quick thoughts of sex)
'shining from shook foil.'
'i'll send you down.'
'she was no fanny brawne.'
'nor botticelli venus.'
'he wasn't confined to a football special
to messalonghi.'

dizz-buster one, the beetle rolls, have
twang will travel. phone in quad—out of
order—bando crackling—no holiday
for me today. shed rule, o.k.?
the astute reader will notice how
basildon became fascinated by the
parentic ethos of football hooliganism,
after the school of orton, becket, hunt
(leigh) and mark (sir robert).
oh basildon! when the boot rips out
the small intestine, the knife slices the
kidney, the thighs are dissected and the
head is severed from the body by plate
glass. 17.376376 seconds of wasted time,
in full floodlighting, from taiwan.

dizz-buster 3.721—electric-quartz time.
the phone may work but byron couldn't
repair a beetle.
must phone my brother james.

Short Stories

Moby Richard

It was a steamy and sultry day during one of the summers New York has yet to undergo. It was also the day Ishmael had chosen in preference to three hundred and sixty-five others of this leap year to go on his last shopping spree into the heart of the massive metropolis. Nor should the reader presume from this that Ishmael was a man approaching his death-bed, who felt that this would be the last time he would be able to summon the vast quantities of energy required for such an expedition. By no means! Ishmael was a vivacious youth of but twenty-seven years experience of life, nor had he ever entertained any thought of suicide. But Ishmael was a man of principle, and one of them was that a man should know when he's doing something for the last time. He had not however considered what he would do about shopping sprees in the future, but, as he was also a man of initiative, such a small bridge to be crossed would hardly delay him.

Ishmael embarked on this historic sortie by stepping out of the suburban house in which he had been squatting for the last few weeks and looking about in an expectant manner. But seeing nothing of outstanding interest he returned to the book he had been reading and allowed his feet to do their navigation totally unaided. Very few things were permanent about Ishmael's existence, but one of them was the book he was never to be seen without; nor was this highly coveted volume some recycled paperback potboiler; in fact it was none other than Herman Melville's masterpiece. Moreover, it was the only book that Ishmael had ever read, and the same was true of his mother; Ishmael had often wondered whether this was also true of his father. For he had never known his father and everything he did know about him had come from his mother. His favourite story (which he earnestly believed) was that his father had been a showman who had impressed people by his knowledge of words that rhymed with 'silver' and 'orange'.

Ishmael found that his feet had delivered him to a subway station so he made his fiscal baptism for the day by purchasing a ticket for the metropolis. He got off, having been mugged but twice, at the junction of 93rd and 58th Streets and emerged from the station bearing the same name, and headed down 93rd.

Soon nirvana began to loom up in the distance—Macey's . . . the biggest department store in the world . . . twenty-seven times larger than Harrods had been . . . the only shop of its size in the world to

be staffed totally by automatons. He walked towards a door and an android in a maroon greatcoat rushed to open it for him; it occurred to Ishmael to tip the automated doorman but he was at a total loss to find somewhere to put the coin and the android only went to hail him a taxi.

Ishmael walked on and into the ground floor department; each floor was devoted to one particular luxury and the ground floor sold only food, the saviour of the palate. He passed by one android at the kosher food counter which had gone out of control and was daubing itself with gefilter fish and pouring borscht (with a raw egg shaken in it) into the computerized till; that is until the policing robots came along and vaporized it; anyway kosher food just wasn't Ishmael's scene. But he still had one great barrier lying before him: was his credit card still in the black? If it had gone red, the whole expedition would have to be called off and the coming year spent in organizing another one.

Boldly he walked up to the candy counter, selected a three pound box of chocolates, gave it and the credit card to the automaton, and waited for it to ring it up; it rang it up, she pushed the credit card into the slot, the machine whirred . . . and the credit card came out of another slot. Blissfully he took the box of chocolates and the card and walked away grinning a grin. Ishmael quickly ate both of the chocolates out of the box that had weighed two pounds and fifteen ounces; but more important was the knowledge that, for today at least, he was a rich man, in a packed department store, in the middle of the world's largest shopping centre.

And lo! He was on the second floor, surrounded by mortals and androids. This was the floor of electrical gadgets, and within minutes he had bought a televideophone, a personal dwarf robot, and an all-purpose home cooker. Then he was on the third floor, having dispatched all purchases except the robot to the pickup counter on the ground floor. But Ishmael passed on from the third floor without purchases, for this was the floor of personal sensual pleasure, and, if little else, Ishmael was rather moralistic. He passed through the floor of books to the fifth floor, for, if kosher food was not, toys were Ishmael's scene and fifth floor meant toys. There is not room enough here to list all the things Ishmael bought; but suffice it to say that he only deigned to carry with him a teddy bear and a jigsaw puzzle.

From there he passed through floors of furniture, paintings, photographic, cars,

planes, 'The Half Way Food Shop', hardware, carpets, clothes, shoes, cosmetics, and on still further until he found himself on an escalator to the 173rd floor, equipped with a new suit, a teddy bear, a bag of food supplies, a camera, a revolver, a jigsaw puzzle and a miniature robot, not to mention the other things awaiting him downstairs.

He had been shopping all day and he had now reached the 182nd floor and he was, as he only just noticed, all alone; what's more they were not selling anything on this floor; so he went up again, but nothing was to be found on the 183rd floor. Ten floors later he had had enough; so he decided to take the downward escalator. But it had disappeared; it was no longer there. So he decided to go on up, and up, and up. He kept counting until Floor 243, but then he became hoarse and gave it up. He sat down. He looked around as he had done earlier that morning: no people, no automatons, no goods, but most of all no downward escalator.

It was only then (but nevertheless too late) that Ishmael started going down the upward escalator. He was half way down this flight before he collapsed and was hoisted up again and deposited on the next landing with his purchases. So, being a man of initiative, he realized strength was needed and made for his package of food. One tin of Tuna fish, one packet of dehydrated smoked salmon powder, and one tin of passion fruits later, he tried again—but in vain.

He was in fact being carried up and up, however much he tried to resist it. He was by now above the clouds, the oxygen was thinning out, and Ishmael was getting drowsy. He stopped on a landing and began, in a daze, to do his jigsaw puzzle.

Having completed it he went on, leaving the panoramic view of a Swiss waterfall there. He collapsed a few flights later, to find he had only a teddy bear and a robot left. He was gasping for air and water, but still he felt he must go on and up and on. Having programmed the robot to be his gravestone (with the teddy bear to keep it company), he went on. But one floor later he dropped again.

Ishmael was lying face down on a landing, his foot being rhythmically knocked by the escalator, when his hand fell into his pocket and he pulled out his only remaining travelling companion—the book. Ishmael opened it at the first page; he read the first words and only then did he know why he had been christened thus.

Jonathan Myerson

'Is there a unicorn in your eye . . . ?'

(R. D. Laing)

He had seen a day of this foulness before, but as he told me, her fairness gave the specific memory to that melancholy mid-September afternoon. 'Misty days and damp like that ooze out visions of funerals and the end of season English pastoral.' The picture was framed with mist in his mind, although he never knew whether this was from tears or perspiration clothed in thick mourner's overcoats. When his vertebra cracked in rolling his vision forward he saw the vivid green blanket of grass dissipate bitterly into the mould of leaves bordering the graveyard behind. A plastic sheet pressed down, sweated on the new flung soil of a grave: flowers can't even be planted, let alone washed away.

—What I would have seems swathed away always in synthesis.

But she, she was the spade, clasped by the sexton. With a thrusting jut from plated abdomen to metal sheen breast she cut his grave too well, cleaving like a cat-squawl in the morning or Launcelot's blade.

He enjoys a dazed humility in book-shops, and was left headless by the ranks of the great unread. They never challenged but had their way with a stoutness and stomach stretch just before their spines. The door opened occasionally, admitting a customer, cold wind gust and bus rattle. But he didn't hear her enter, had he, he would have been surprised. She whirred and throbbed like a sweet-oiled machine, shrugging off delicate efficiency as a by-product. I don't think she ever saw him that day, but perhaps it was better. Once, another time to find a ground for conversation, he had led her to discuss his favourite shops; another he knew that she despised book people. For she'd turned a trachial click into a hum with the roof of her mouth and slipped out the silk of contempt.

—Fortunately the rain they said it would be that night, came down by courtesy. I had my contemptuous face flashed back by the window panes, and passing car tyres spat at me. I felt at last as though my emotions and the world were merged together.

It is only when events matter to both observer and participant that they become affairs. The arch-pierrot Franz Ferdinand's death was, all told, an event that claimed the life of assassins, assassinee and many more men, who gibbeted their silhouettes on barbed wire. But she wouldn't pulp in the trenches and channels of books. Being a functional place her actions were ordained:

- (1) She moved downstairs to her shelf
- (2) not rasping the unvarnished wood of the staircase with her shoe soles, as he had done



(3) nor need she fear electric shock from the chrome banisters.

(4) Like is repelled by like.

He watched her in the shop because he liked her and so he wouldn't be seen back, ever ready to dive into a good book. A man to his back asked if they'd seen Teach Yourself Malay and he probably pondered drily on the esoteric hideaways of post-imperial I.C.I. and tricky I.T.T.

—How anybody could fill shelves with Marx and Lenin, when all they needed in Russian Lit. were school books and a little light reading . . . and a Dostoevsky notebook which is what I want.

Irritating that this is the only shop that's any good anyway. You've got to ice-pick Trotsky again to find your book . . . and what am I going to do tonight? He played at thinking he thought she thought.

He never knew what he should have done but that was how his half-screwed courage was.

She stood oscillating her left foot, her heel, the pivot which cut the ground. He didn't think he distinguished her hands. Probably the ball of her pelvis cannoned with the ball of her hip. Elbows thrust back in a geometric curve, like the top of the banister rail, to champ her shoulder blades together. Her sleeves had slunk away from her upturned wrists and the soft blue underbelly by her pulse lay exposed. When firmness leans back it shears sinewy against an under-mollusc softness that stays behind—that way, as Lawrence would say, a fig skin pops spilling seeds (leering and striding backstage). There was an itchiness in her Norman-visor nose, that yearned complacent and taut to be scuffed or freckled. He had never seen the throat before. But now her head was kicked back and her lightning-conductor neck glistened at the loftier leftier bookshelves.

He noticed her eyelashes more on her upper lid, they were thorns in a Pre-Raphaelite Christ's halo or the venerable railings round a foundry. Confronted with the stinging soap-up-your-nose of her presence, he was cleansed and gazed meekly at her, demurely. Maybe underneath in the fading light unknown images performed a superseded super-ego triumph show. She looked up, o reader, the pupils of her eyes averted, gazing at you only with the eye-white. It glowered stickily, uneven, as if a polished ball had its surface chipped or a unicorn a ruffled flank.

Twilight: backview of a silhouetted man wearing a cloak and an opera (not top) hat. He stands just by the corner of a dark dank railing-surrounded building. At first however only its shape against a putrid dying sky is visible. His hands are raised and his cloths folds splash out rooky-winged with the flick of his burying downward motion.

He sinks a metal post in the soil. Lurch back leaving the scene of a child's stick in congealing yellow snow.

Afterwards, when he talked about the thoughts he met in the day of his success, he (my lover that is) twitched at the cheek bones and paced, unseated. His voice forced down the scale to sound detached, joky mature.

It had been like sudden discovery in a winter early morning. You walk and watch your breath, treading rosily, and allow the air on your cheeks but your hands are buried deep in the folds of your coat. The path is wet enough to have an un-oily slint—that grinds against your shoes and then sticks against their sides. Then you see a bench. Last night the ground froze—the frost lingers cobweb grey until a malt track of foot-paths crumples the sheen. The rings on the seat are covered in melted frost droplets. You wonder if you'll feel the damp, but your cloth is thick enough. You sit pushing away the water in a wake as you slide back. But then you remember again it's not the water but the wood underneath that's cold and the jolly flatness of your lower thigh is hurt. Just when you thought you'd escaped, you're stung numb by the last rung. He'd been in the cold away from people enjoying the bracing early morning early winter whiteness. But he'd grown tired and bowed to the human in nature, sat on a seat fallen for a lady, as they say; he'd returned to the warmth gradually avoiding all the risks either of being a libertine or shy, but his cautious com-

mital of forces was now spoiled by his flood of phantom violence.

She payed the bookseller, took the book and left him searching in the poetry section between I dare not and I would. A poor cat who'd found his claws but didn't know where to dig them. As he left he resolved not to look after her but march upon his course. Having reconnoitred in both directions he abandoned all hopes and struck out for a haven, musing for a while on previous snipes of inactivity and indolence and what his new stupidity would merit.

The bar was boring and quiet, I sat there because I had nothing else to do than some writing to read and a depression to cultivate. Two men talked about our luck in the war, we had remarkably good fortune it transpired.

I suppose, o vanitas, her eyes spattered blackberry juice on white paving. They had a shape which pierced. She moved to the counter, languid. Sliding her hips and chest forward, her head haughtily rigid behind. He stood with a thirst for alcohol until with a flick of wrist and cerebellum, he had only a glass. She looked at it, then him.

—Wait, I said, I saw you in the shop but couldn't stop, but I'm glad 'cos I've found you now, she said. She pouted to cluck, at "cos", in a casual cheek: a drawl of her lower lip, swing of her head and a toss back of long hair.

Adam Boulton

Party Piece

'Are you enjoying the party?'

'Moderately—I can see you are.'

'Well, it's the novelty of it.'

'Novelty?'

'You see; I haven't been to one before.'

'Why on earth not?'

'... I don't have many friends: but the ones I do have aren't really of the party giving or going clique—if that isn't the same thing.'

'Oh, I am sorry.'

'... Of course I went to parties at my prep school, but that was the pass-the-parcel kind: nothing like *this*... You know, they were the happiest days of my life—my prep school days. It was before I realized what the world was really like.'

'What is the world like then?'

'... Horribly unfair...'

'Don't be an Eeyore... it isn't unfair to me.'

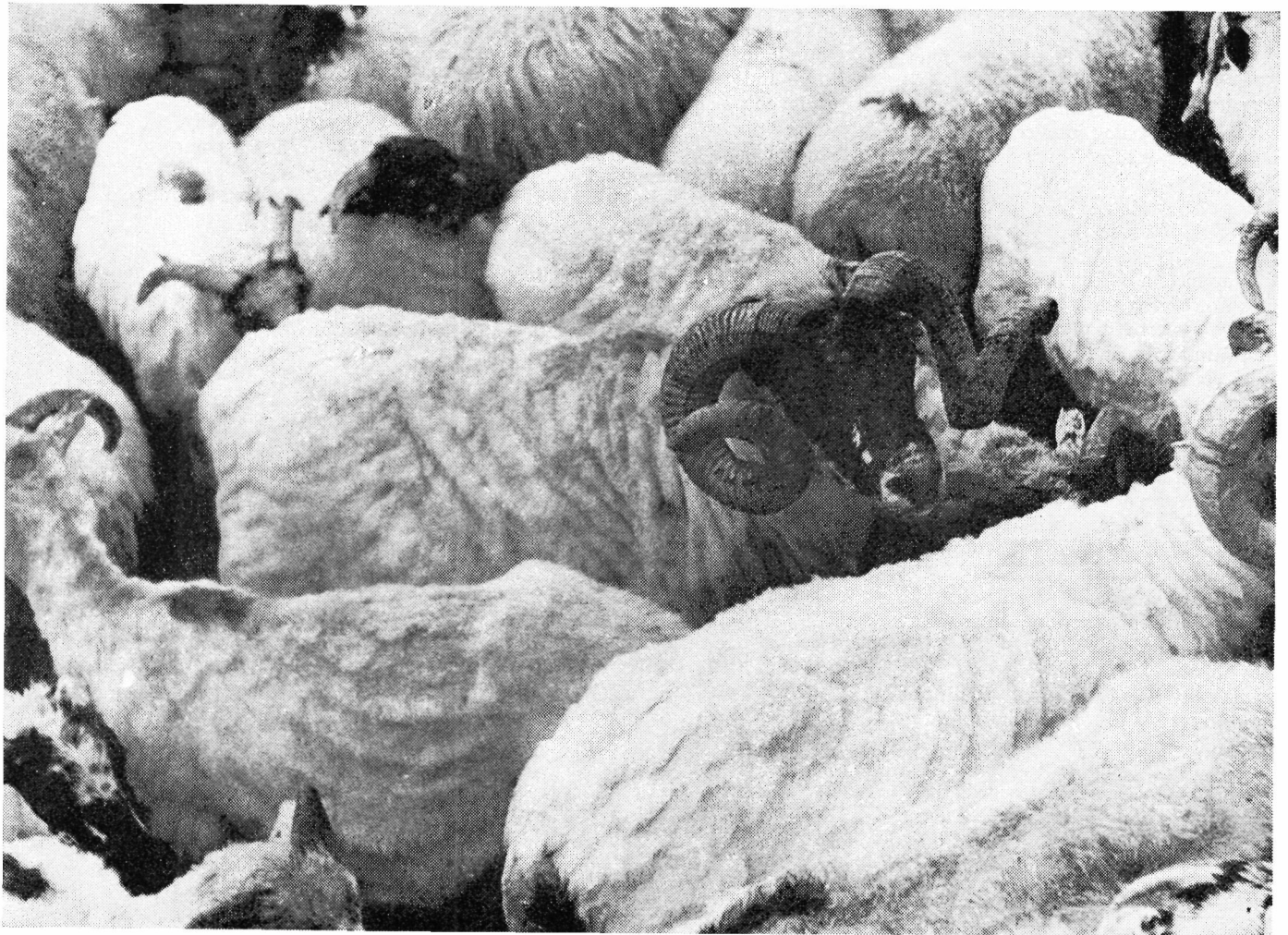
'Well, you're at a great advantage—being a girl.'

'I would have thought it just the reverse.'

'Having not been a girl, I suppose it's hard to be sure. But unlike other people of my age, I haven't known any either; before...'

'Mm?'

'Would you like a twiglet?... No?... I don't care for them myself. Anyway—'



what I was trying to say is that girls—at least pretty girls—have a choice between lots of boys who all like them, but most boys have to try very hard to get even *one* girl interested in them.'

'You're too intellectual.'

'For whom?'

'Not sure but . . . Perhaps if you go off and drink something you'll get less serious.'

' . . . I do hope I am not boring you.'

'Oh no, that would be impossible.'

' . . . Have a peanut.'

'Er, no thanks.'

'Very wise: I once knew someone who choked on one . . . Do you like music?'

'Yes, Why? Don't you?'

'My classical training has prevented me enjoying it as much as I would have done. I have had to listen to disdainful comments on popular music by music teachers, and that has led to my own poor opinion of it.'

'Can you play an instrument?'

'My father made me learn the clarinet, but I am not particularly good because I haven't been playing for very long and I'm also not very old.'

'How old is that?'

'Although it may not look like it, I am only sixteen.'

'Sweet sixteen . . . How nice to be so young.'

'How old are you then?'

'I'll be twenty-two next month.'

' . . . Sorry, I thought you were my age.'

'It is very flattering that you think I look so young.'

' . . . I'd rather be thought older than I am.'

'That is a sign of real youth.'

'Now who's being intellectual? I've been trying not to be—just for you—I don't know why I bother.'

'Nor do I really.'

' . . . Are you sure you won't have a peanut?'

'They have a boring flavour, and I don't like boring things.'

'Why on earth should you? Boring things are for boring people.'

'Do you like peanuts?'

' . . . The quality of sound reproduction on this record player is not very good, is it? . . .'

'Oh you're not one of those HiFi enthusiasts are you?'

'Not really—being a musician I don't like those "gimmicky people who use music to test out their machines".'

'HiFi isn't gimmicky; it just provides better sound reproduction than you can get in a concert hall.'

(Who's he?)

'If you get too fussy about quality of sound, concerts become a disappointment compared with records.'

'Look mate, I should know. I've certainly listened to more records than you will ever have done, and I've probably been to more concerts. You go to concerts for the atmosphere and listen to records to hear the music.'



'How absurd. Anyway—you're interrupting my conversation with this young lady.'

'You can see she's bored stiff, but I s'pose if she's a masochist, I may as well leave you.'

'Please don't . . .'

'You see.'

'Well, as it seems that I'm unwanted, I'll go and get drunk.'

'Haven't I seen you somewhere before?'

'I don't know.'

'Perhaps your name will remind me . . .'

'It's Jane.'

'Oh yeah, that rings a bell. It's a nice

name—Jane. Nice people always have nice names.'

'Oh! Thank you . . . what's yours?'

'My what?'

'Your name, silly.'

'Michael Barrat—call me Mike.'

' . . . D'you like the record that's playing now?'

'Yes.'

'I suppose you don't like dancing though.'

'Oh yes I do, really.'

'O.K. When it comes to the next song we'll have a go then. After we've got fed up with that would you like a bit . . .'

'Mm.'

Giles Taylor



The Greatest Old Westminster?

One bright clear spring morning, when the first green shoots were pushing their heads uncertainly through the dark brown leafy ground, Pooh and Piglet went for a walk in the great wood along the Cricklewood By-pass. Pooh was feeling very creative, and had made up a Walking-Along-The-Cricklewood-By-pass sort of song, but as he had forgotten the words he merely hummed the tune, with Piglet adding occasional lyrics when he tripped over tree-roots, or fell into rabbit holes.

'Ho, humpty-hum, tee-hum', hummed Pooh in a very lively sort of tone; 'D**N!' cursed Piglet as he fell into a rabbit hole for the tenth time, and they made their way along the woods until they came upon Eeyore's thistle field with Eeyore in it.

'Let's go and talk to Eeyore', said Pooh, helping Piglet out of a rabbit hole, 'Cheer him up, sort of' he added doubtfully, so they both made their way carefully across to Eeyore's favourite thistle patch, where Eeyore was peering intently at an object, lying on the ground.

'Good morning, Eeyore' intoned Pooh and Piglet.

'Oh, hello Pooh', said Eeyore dolefully, 'it's very kind of you to come and say hello, wasting your time on a nonentity like me; you are a good sort; not like some', he added balefully. Pooh, who was by now very embarrassed, coughed, and, because it filled in the baleful silence, coughed again. 'What's that?' interrupted Piglet, looking at the object in front of Eeyore.

'A book' stated Eeyore, 'The Origins of the Medieval Papacy by H. C. Keelie, though I don't suppose you're interested. Nobody's interested in my speciality anyway; not that I'm *hurt*, of course, it's just that a little recognition from the masses of my research on this subject would be *nice*, just a few words, you know, maybe: "You must be clever to do that, Eeyore" or "How interesting, Eeyore, tell me more", you know, though I suppose you haven't got time to listen to boring old me?'

'Er, well, it's just that . . .' began Pooh.

'Good, good' said Eeyore, 'well, I'll start', he bent down over the book, 'For many years the Papacy instigated claims against the Emperor, and even threatened him with excommunication. Gosh!' he said, looking up at them darkly, paused a little then resumed, 'This was made clear by the "Alexiliad" of H. J. Gumby,' Eeyore looked up again, 'To whom we all owe so much in this field' he said solemnly.

'Where, where?' said Piglet excitedly.

'No, not this field, my dear Piglet' said Eeyore patiently, 'Why don't you just go and see Kanga and Roo now?'

'Ooh, yes!' said Piglet, and he dashed off quickly, cursing excitedly to himself as he fell into rabbit holes.

'Aah, now we can have intellectual discussion between ourselves, Pooh' said Eeyore, delving once more into his book, but just then Tigger arrived, bouncy as ever.

'Good morning, good morning, good morning' said Tigger, 'I love the morning. In fact I love everything. All Tiggers love everything, except for, er, thistles, and, er, tree-climbing'.

'Ah, hello Tigger', said Eeyore, 'Are you interested in culture?'

'Culture', said Tigger, 'is what Tiggers like more than anything else. In fact, it is what Tiggers like *best!*' And he started bouncing on Pooh from behind, going 'wurra-wurra-wurra' as he did so.

'Ah, yes', said Pooh, in between bounces, 'I've just remembered that I have a very interesting book that you would enjoy, Eeyore, so I'll go and get it for you', And he rushed off hurriedly to the safety of his home.

'Well now, young Tigger, let's get on with our little sortie into yesteryear,' said Eeyore, looking for the right chapter, while Tigger looked around for some culture, as he was getting hungry. 'Here we are, "Habits of Ninth Century Monks" by D. H. Fowler—possibly the greatest old Westminster—now just listen to this . . .'

When Pooh returned two hours later, a book clutched tightly in his paw, he found a very unbounced and deflated Tigger staring miserably at the ground, while Eeyore happily read out of his book, . . . 'bringing to its end the mightiest Empire that the B.B.C. has

ever known. Oh, hello again Pooh, you just missed a most interesting account. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the pleasure of your company'.

'Um, Eeyore', said Pooh, nervously, 'I've brought you a little something that I wrote about the Papacy. I'm sorry it's sticky, but it was elevenes, and I have this little pot of honey; or should I say *had* a little pot of honey, or rather . . .'. Tigger suddenly mumbled something. 'Sorry, Tigger?' said Pooh.

'Tiggers hate culture more than anything else', said Tigger in a defeated sort of voice. 'In fact, they loathe culture with an animosity that is almost unbelievable'.

Eeyore didn't notice, however, and continued to read Pooh's honey-covered type-script, while Pooh amused himself by watching Piglet fall into rabbit-holes as he came back from Kanga's.

Pooh,' said Eeyore in a low tone, 'Pooh, you will not be upset if I tell you something about your work?'

'Er, no, of course not,' said Pooh, feeling upset anyway.

'Pooh, it is the most incredibly banal and boring essay that I have ever read in my life. As a famous Old Westminster once said, "You are a bear of extremely little brain".'

'Well, I had thought of writing a story about me and you and Piglet—ooh, that was a nasty rabbit hole—and then publishing it. Do you think I might, well . . .?'

'My dear Bear', said Eeyore unhappily, 'it will never sell'. Rupert Stubbs.



Drawing: Benet Critchley

Fred

—Peanuts ?

Not a sound from the snakes or the spiders in their pools of light. Just Fred.

—Ook, ook.

—There you go.

Fred happy, the woman took out a paper pad from under his cage, drew three lines on it, and left the room.

—And this, said the woman as several qualified people watched her piece of paper, is believed to be the first attempt at representational art by someone other than a human being.

Interesting, everyone murmured, very, very interesting.

—Of course, said the woman, investigations of a far more scientific nature will have to be made before we can make any positive statement as regards 'Fred'.

And they left, fascinated. For the next few weeks Fred was left to scribble in the zoology laboratory at Navajo University. Most of the time he made a terrible mess and the brilliant people whose eyes the chimp saw peeping through his window began to despair. But nonetheless Fred went on to draw a cat, two strawberries and a fish, which apparently took him three weeks. The pictures weren't very good. After all, as the woman kept on saying, Fred was only four years old. But Zelda did think the chimp was nice, with its big ears and furry face and silly eyes. It was a pity it was so stupid, though.

She went to the typewriter. Hypothesis One. If it is accepted that chimpanzees represent the closest anthropoid ancestor to man then Fred would appear to be a specialization of this suborder, which may eventually evolve an intelligence equal to or exceeding that of mankind.

In a big steel room, round a marble

table, glasses of water, pads, phones, the representatives of American science. The *Fred Report* was being discussed very seriously. One spoke and the others agreed with him. When all was over and the *New Yorker* reporter had been pushed into the street many of them quietly congratulated Zelda over a cocktail in the lounge. To herself she decided to make Fred better known, generally. She phoned Reuter.

—Hello.

—News Service.

—You've got a story; come to Navajo College with a camera.

Fred really hated the flash bulb. Ooh. He put up his clumsy arm and squealed. He jumped around and got angry. It made a good series of pictures and his chimp face got nationally syndicated through the dailies. Fred didn't get headlines, but made the full-page photo captions, as he looked so cuddly. He looked amazing. Correspondingly, reports of his intellectual progress became more frequent. Zelda had to pay someone to stay on the line to the press. Every Saturday night she'd be with him.

—Peanuts ?

And she'd draw something new or something old again. The pictures were getting perceptibly better, considering they were meant to be by a thick monkey, and interest was gathering in both scientific and popular fields. Zelda was happy, and getting much happier. Money had already been offered; the bids for Fred were getting higher from all sides. One Thursday they got an invitation to guest on the Dick Cavett Show, and fame was before them. The discussion would be largely with Zelda of course and on serious scientific lines, but Fred would be expected to hold up examples of his artwork and maybe wear a funny paper truss.

—Hold, Fred, hold.

The chimp grabbed the piece of cardboard, then let it drop.

—Both hands. Both hands. Yes! Yes!

On his third day of training Fred was now able to hold a card. Zelda sighed with relief.

—OK Fred. Sign language. Eat. Eat.

No your *mouth*. Eat, you but he got it in the end. By now the woman was fed up, really fed up. She hated her goddamn chimp. She dragged it to the studios, pulling it over the side walks, and threw it at the make-up men to deal with. But then there it was; the glass table with the glasses of water. The lights went up. Sound, action, camera one. The introduction and focus on Zelda.

—Well I've lived with Fred for a number of years—in a manner of speaking—

that killed them

—and I've been consistently educating him. I don't know if you'd be interested but he's bought some of his favourite pictures along, haven't you Fred ?

—Surely we're interested.

And Fred held all five of his three-line drawings to the camera.

—Obviously they're fairly basic.

We must remember he's only four years old. There aren't many human babies that can draw like that at his age!

—Well what we thought we'd do, Zelda, is actually give Fred a pencil and paper now and let him get on with it, see what happens. Is that OK ?

—What ? Yes that's fine. Fine, fine. Got the— ?

—Surely. We've got pencil and paper here.

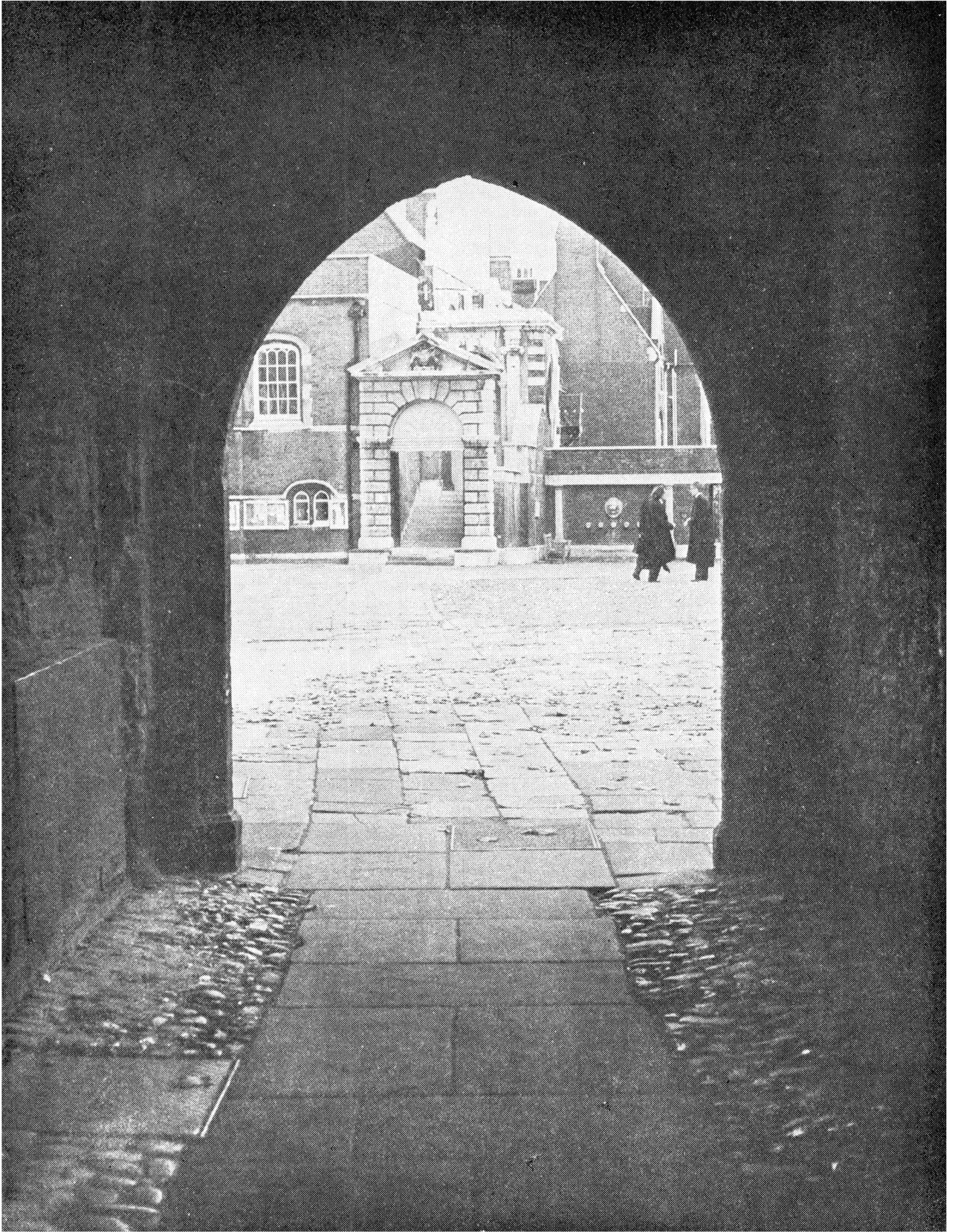
—Right. Well I should warn you now that he often just scribbles well badly. You're taking a chance he might be wasting valuable air time.

—Don't worry Zelda, can't say I've had problems with air time.

The woman saw her monkey take the pencil and squat over the paper. It started drawing slowly. Zelda was ready to die the death for her chimp but he seemed to be making a neat shape, with shading and form. The camera stayed on his hand for five minutes. The studio director couldn't believe his eyes. The chimp put down his pencil, picked up the paper and swung it round to fill the camera. It was a picture of a cage, finely drawn, with a chimpanzee inside. Beside the cage was a woman, with a pen in her hand and several pieces of paper around her, which she had apparently finished drawing on. The pieces were clearly shown. They were the five line drawings Fred had recently held up to the camera. An audience of twenty million had a full seven minutes to appreciate and understand Fred's picture. Zelda was over. She turned in sweat and disbelief to her chimp, and could have sworn that it then asked her, in perfect English, not to cheat him on the royalties.

Matthew Tree





Play up and play the game or Westminster Notes

The Editors would like to point out that during the course of the compilation of this magazine they have refrained (at great personal cost) from mentioning , or even , not to mention what happened when did when that had happened, and finally of course keeping off the subject of . Not bad.

* * *

Speaking at John Locke Society, Mr. Richard Ingrams, the editor of *Private Eye*, compared his magazine to weedkiller. Not to be out-metaphored we, the Editors, think that the *Hatchet* compares to warm beer but our publication to a *Mouton Rothschild* 1962. Mr. Ingrams went on to relate how pieces are selected for Pseud's Corner (polite coughs and quick glances), and to tell us about the Amalgamated National Union of Satirists.

* * *

We welcomed as a visiting fellow last term Mr. Michael Duane, former headmaster of Risinghill Comprehensive School, Islington, which was closed down by the former London County Council in 1965 after a long and bitter row. An alleged reason for the closure was that his methods, which included banning the cane and allowing pupils to swear and smoke (according to a recent newspaper report), were considered too progressive at the time. Mr. Duane has been teaching English one day a week and delivered a memorable talk to the John Locke Society on the subject of Anarchism.

* * *

Tour de Force

While the Cricket Team are about to commence their earth-shattering tour of Australia (in conjunction with Charterhouse School), the Fives' Club had in mind sending all of two pairs on a similar tour. Setting their sights ridiculously high they planned to encompass East Anglia and the Midlands. Unfortunately, due to the gargantuan complications of the necessary organisation, this proposal was abandoned, much to the relief of some.

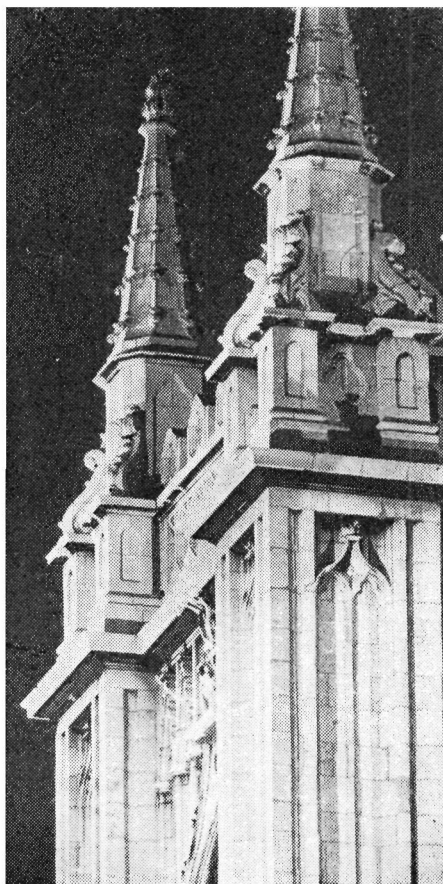
Followers of Westminster Cricket may have been surprised to discover in the *Guardian* of Saturday, September 11, 1976, that the school boasts the only cricketer ever to score a double hundred and take a hat-trick in the same match. W. E. Roller (1858-1949) performed the feat for Surrey against Sussex in 1885.

* * *

At the Mediaeval Fayre (p. 139) over £900 was raised for three organizations with which the School's Local Community Unit is associated: The Ebury Bridge School for Mentally Handicapped Children, The Cheyne Walk Spastic Centre and The Pimlico Neighbourhood Aid Centre.

* * *

T. J. Jeal (G. 1958-62), winner of the John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize 1975, had this to say in a recent newspaper survey on the subject of examinations. 'Creative writing makes two distinct demands on an author: the first being the free exercise of the imagination, and the second, the conscious ordering of this imaginative material. This second ordering or editorial function depends upon self-criticism and disciplined control of the imagination. Successful fiction can only be achieved through this delicate balance of freedom and control. Examinations may therefore help future writers to develop this second function.'



The Very Reverend Dr. E. F. Carpenter, Dean of Westminster and Chairman of the Governing Body, has had the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by London University.

* * *

Erratum

The photographer whose picture appeared on page 86 of the last January issue whose name was corrected in the last issue to 'John Garrett' was not John Garrett. We apologise—this of course should read 'David Carrott'.

* * *

The Music Department was taken over last term by Mr. Charles Brett who came to us from Malvern College. He was educated at Winchester and King's College, Cambridge, where he sang as a counter-tenor in the choir. He also sang with the late David Munrow's Early Music Consort, and has made many recordings and recitals. We wish him the best of luck in transforming Westminster philistines into cultured men of taste and sensitivity.

* * *

It was noted that the prizes in the Cricket Tour Raffle were: A Colour Television Set followed by An Energy Saving Bicycle, and for third prize A Trust House Forte Weekend Break for Two plus many other sundry items. By some irrelevant quirk of fate these are identical to the prizes offered in the Baffin Island Raffle. The Editors are presently looking for persons who won in either of these competitions.

* * *

Truth will out

Only when I was a Headmaster did I have time to watch television.' (M. J. H.)

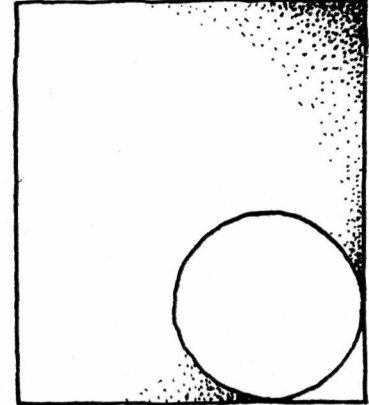
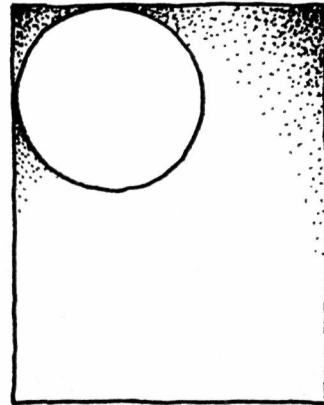
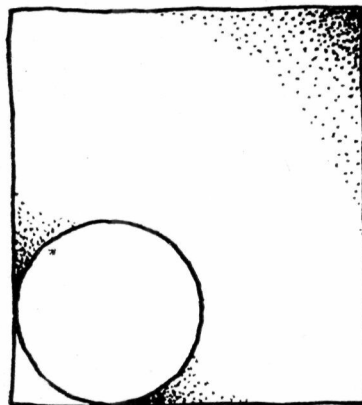
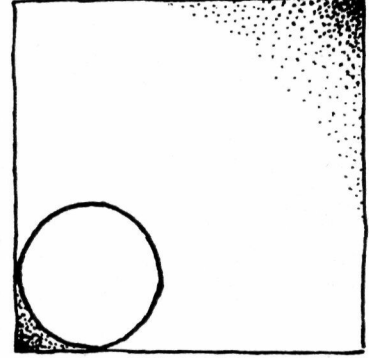
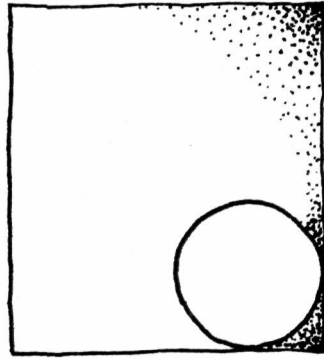
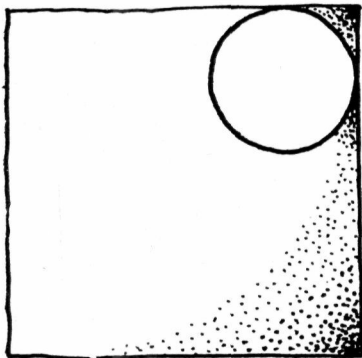
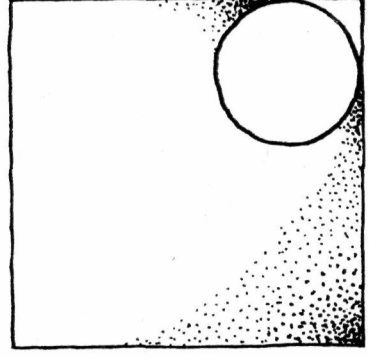
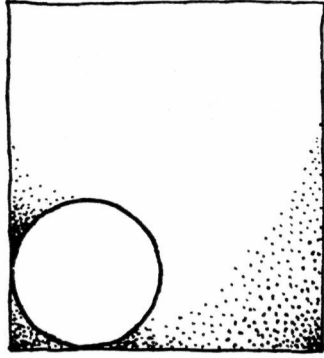
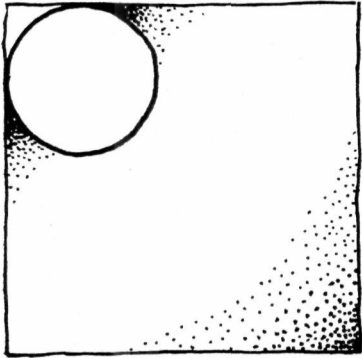
The highly sophisticated élite.



Roses

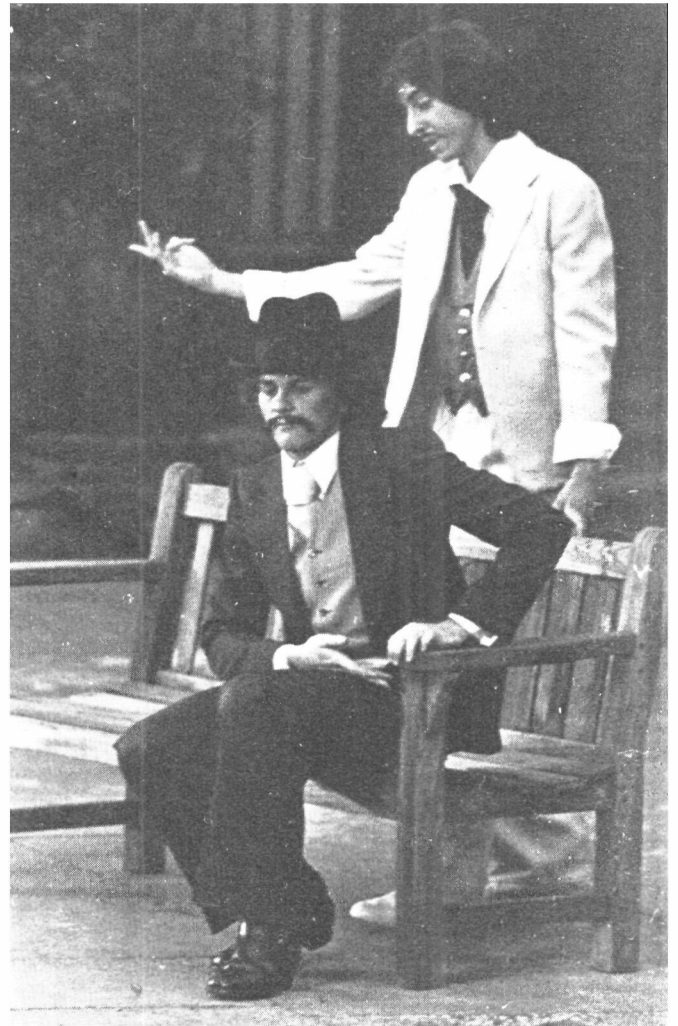
John Morley of the Art staff was commissioned by the Royal National Rose Society to paint the Rose 'Elizabeth of Glamis', named after their patron Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother. 1976 was the year of the Rose and the centenary of the Royal National Rose Society. The painting was to mark this event and to be given to Her Majesty as a token of the Society's appreciation of her patronage. The Rose 'Elizabeth of Glamis' can also be seen on the 8½p stamp in the series of stamps issued to mark the centenary.





RAS.

Asinaria



Latin Play

1976

They are getting the words out magnificently! These words of praise from the lips of an eminent Regius Professor of a University barely 60 minutes out of Paddington, audible to the casual eavesdropper during the interval of the recent *Asinaria*, would be evidence enough to many that yet again the School's production of the Latin Play was proving to be a great success. But the occasion spoke for itself; the now familiar setting of Little Dean's Yard, the unbroken run of excellent weather, the mediterranean voices, the obvious and infectious enjoyment of the members of the cast, the pure fun of Plautus' play all contributed to make this a wonderful entertainment for all the audience, however rudimentary their knowledge of spoken Latin.

There were two 'firsts' this year, 'firsts' that is, in the Guinness Book of Records rather than the Honours List sense. There was the lovely Charlotte Miller, who was privileged to make the first female incursion into what hitherto, give or take a horse in 1962, had been an exclusively male preserve. The other was the play itself.

Never before, so far as is known, has the *Asinaria* graced the Westminster repertoire, which is surprising indeed, seeing how particularly well-suited it is for such inclusion. After all, it is a fun-play, with a plot that simply acts as a vehicle for a series of varied comic sequences and ridiculous situations, with no claim for any deeper intent than to give the audience a



good time. As such, it afforded the lively young cast the opportunity to mix the business of maintaining the usual high quality of academic excellence with the pure pleasure of letting themselves go. Schoolboy slapstick will out on these occasions, but in this play it never appeared out of place.

Another reason for the Play's eligibility for repeat performances in future years is that its sequences, besides being extremely comic, are really self-contained vignettes, each employing a different permutation of actors. So often the Latin Play depends on one or two actors whose presence on the stage is required almost the whole of the evening and who therefore tend to dominate the play to the disadvantage of their aspiring fellows. But not so the *Asinaria*. Here a good half-dozen or so members of the cast share the limelight, each having the opportunity to show off his or her acting skill and entertain the audience at different stages throughout the course of the play. And so, when you have a wealth of talent from which to draw your cast, the *Asinaria's* the thing!

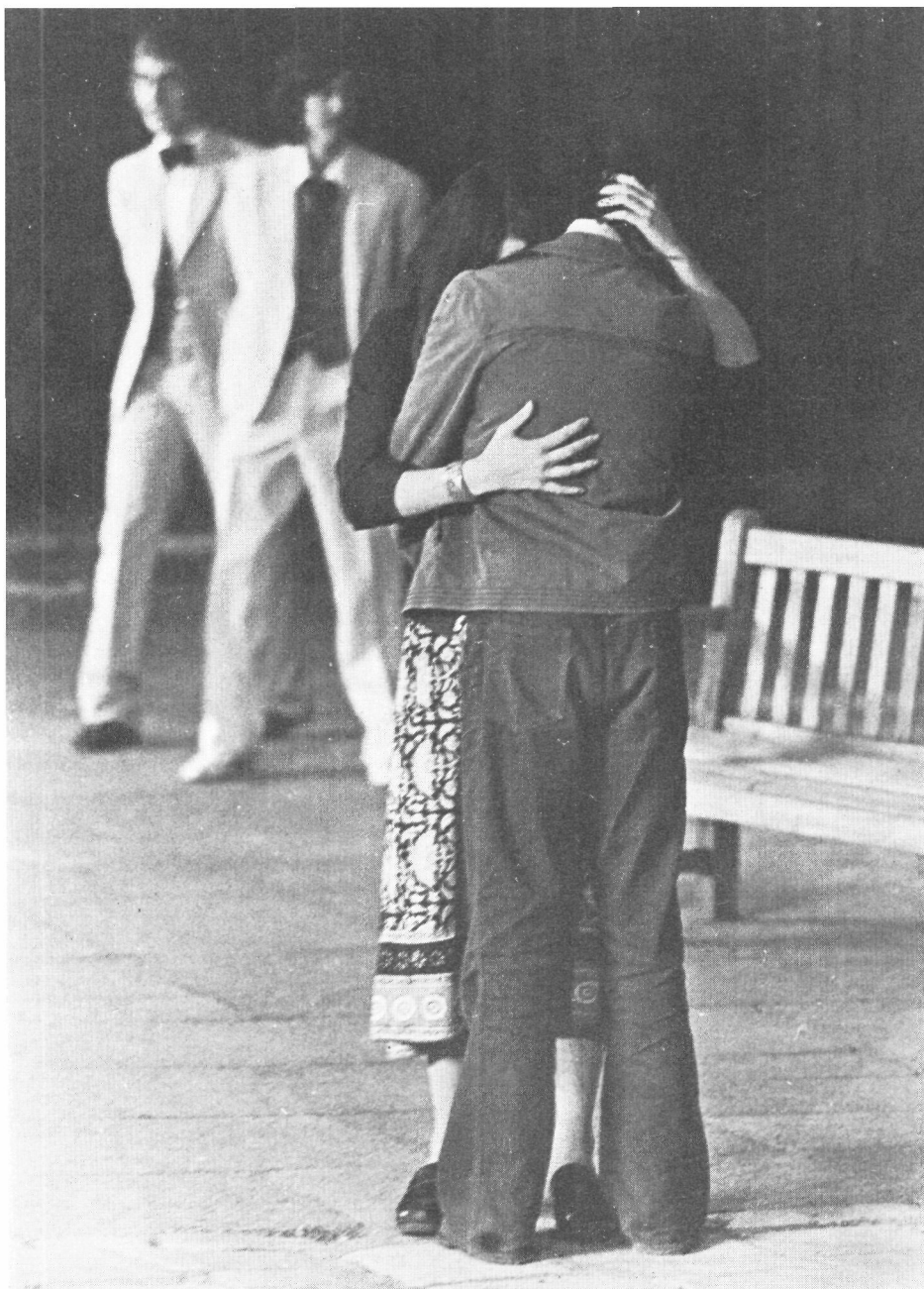
That talent was most readily discernible in Marcus Alexander's versatile and professionally executed performance as the second slave. One could not fail to warm to this confidence-trickster with the red hair and the broadest of grins slapping the back of his senior counterpart played by Jonathan Myerson. Indeed, the slaves' duo-act was a tour-de-force, Jonathan Myerson having already displayed his ability in the two-man routine earlier in the evening, playing opposite John Burns as master of the house.

Of the other delights of the evening, a couple of compelling female impersonations should not be allowed to pass by unrecorded. There was Justin Byam Shaw, whose hard-headed business woman of easy virtue was particularly well-observed, followed, after the interval, by David Hillelson, giving a performance as the outraged wife which was nothing if not an advertisement for lifelong celibacy.

It was David Hillelson's interruption of the extra-marital debaucheries on stage that produced the evening's supreme moment of theatre. Had a member of the audience tossed a grenade on to the stage, the effect could not have been more dramatic. The champagne that only moments before had been flowing so freely out of bottles as large as the flunkeys carrying them suddenly evaporated, the flunkeys themselves with a flurry of arms and legs vanished into thin air, and the hapless but guilty John Burns was a crumpled heap on the floor. It was a moment of pure farce to crown the evening's entertainment.

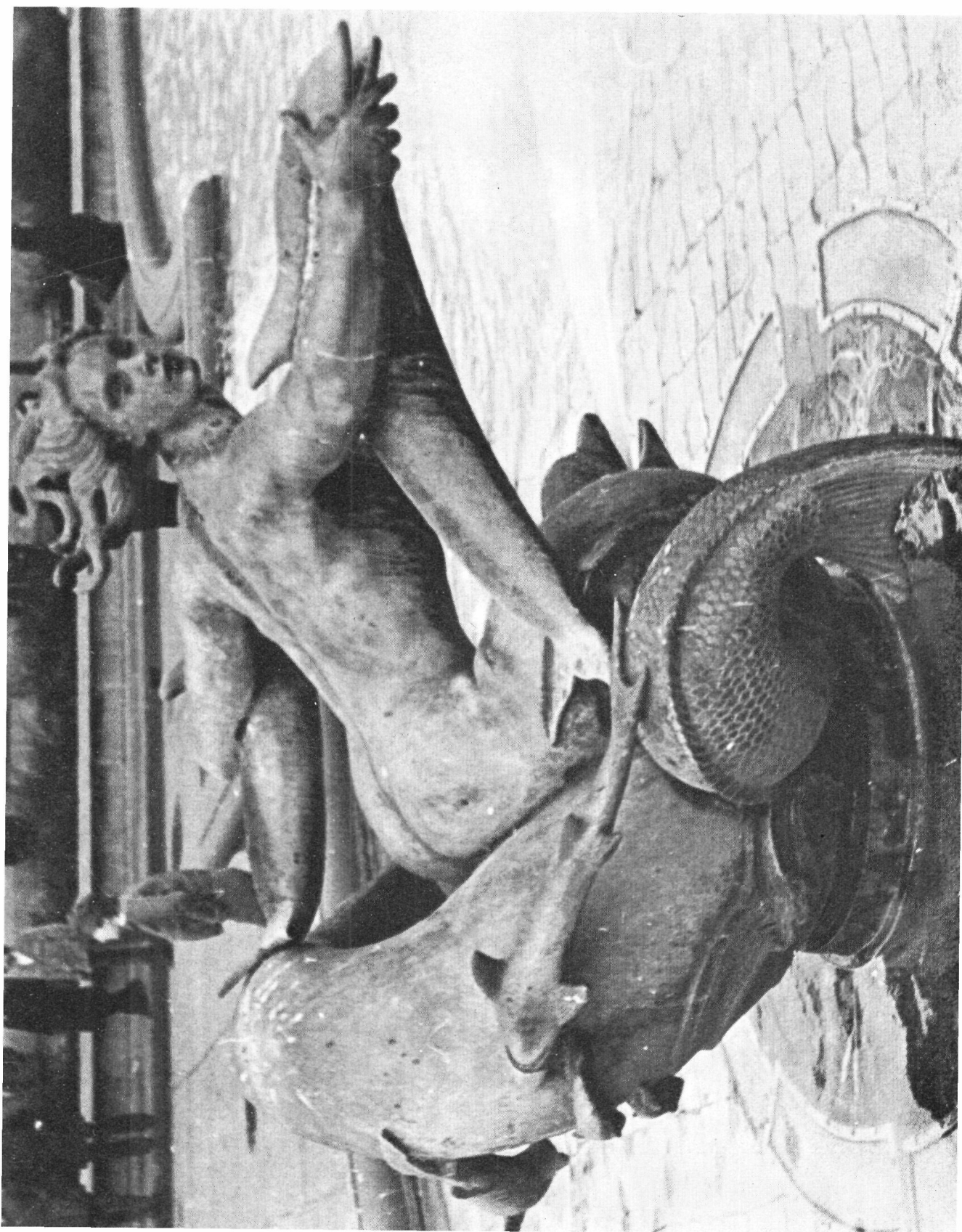
Lastly, a word of praise for the synopsis supplied to members of the audience. The 'Old Boy' in the Prologue complained it was rotten and made him sick, but this Old Boy found it particularly useful and so presented as to give the casual reader an intelligent understanding of the exploits enacted before him.

Stephen Lovenbury





Lithograph: Tom Reid





Reviews

Heartless Antigone

College Play

The Attic theatre thrusts the audience to a centre round. The radial structure of the acting area, with altar as focus, embodies the unity of destiny. The Chorus who either span the perimeter or (as in *Antigone*) speak as one man, express the unequivocal tragic fate of the dramatic protagonists. Mr. McDadd, aware perhaps that Anouilh had written an anti-tragedy, placed his play under the proscenium of the great school. He therefore presented a play, staged sparsely, that had no sense of direction—for the size of the auditorium deprived the audience of any physical contact with the action. This, of course, places a far greater onus on the performers: they must engage the audience both emotionally and intellectually by the force of their acting alone and this I feel is an almost impossible task for a part-time amateur production.

The wry-faced Martin Millband, dressed like a compère from *New Faces*, was our destiny. He strolled nonchalantly before his puppet-characters presenting Fate's bill of Fare. He managed to remain aloof suitably from 'the mire of human veins' until, after the death of the immured lovers, he had to reveal Eurydice's suicide to an already distraught Creon. Anouilh's brutal abruptness here is not compatible with the preceding reality of the drama: the announcement of death is simply hurried and crude. Stephen McDadd here left his players transfixed and perplexed and seemed to have offered no cohesive guide to each role. *Antigone* herself presented different characters but each with extreme confidence. But she neither communicated her blurred motivation nor found the final necessary harshness of character to achieve the final shift of tragic destiny to Creon. He, Anouilh demonstrates, is the true pawn of Fate and as the only survivor cannot be the tragic hero.

The core of the play was a sustained discussion on the nature of destiny between Creon and *Antigone*. Piers Higson Smith and Felicity Plaat ran through their arguments rather as in a competent play reading. They successfully communicated the mood, but could not manage any specifics of mannerism or speech. Mr. Higson Smith was not helped dressed as he was as an SS stormtrooper. The audience's intellect felt blindly during their discourse—the black background, table and two chair set provided no distraction—and were not offered any emphatic characterizations.

Mr. McDadd however did offer 'human interest' in his subsidiary characters. Simon Target fopped nicely, William

Maslen as the nurse gave an excellent impression of Frankie Howerd, and Bill Hammond and Edward Harcourt offered sufficiently 'proletariat' guardsmen for Creon's feudal oligarchy. Jonathan Graham who again lit this play like almost every other performed at Westminster in the past two years managed an admirably stark barrage compared with the Gothic eccentricities demanded by Shem MacNamara and Harry Chapman—the boy is versatile.

If *Antigone* is ultimately a hollow play, deprived even of the consummately destructive tragic conclusion, then Stephen McDadd's humdrum dramatization communicated this admirably. If it is a drama of greater significance than he conveyed—its structure is certainly far cruder than Sophocles'—his attempt to place entirely serious discursive drama on Westminster's much-prostituted boards at least deserves commendation.

Adam Boulton

The Making of a Dictator

This play, performed towards the end of the Election Term, concerned the early life of Adolf Hitler, and the fundamental causes of his fanatical ambition to rise to power.

This would appear quite an appealing topic upon which to base a dramatic production, but the practical aspect, as the performances showed, presented more problems than the director seemed to have envisaged. The idea of allowing the actors to direct their own parts was novel but resulted in a noticeable lack of cohesion, despite surprisingly pleasing individual performances by one or two members of the cast. The relevance of the programme to the dramatic spectacle which was presented was not immediately obvious, and therefore it afforded little guide to the evening's entertainment: it later



transpired that this was because no less than twenty-two of the thirty-six parts originally conceived were cut immediately prior to the first evening.

It is my opinion that perhaps some of the parts were badly cast; furthermore, a number of technical errors coupled with an apparent instability in the financial grounding of the play also detracted from the audience's enjoyment. Attendance at the play was further diminished by its lack of publicity and by its close proximity to exams throughout the school. The small audience that did attend was, I believe, in the wrong frame of mind to appreciate the play as it was intended. Finally, it would seem that perhaps the director was not sufficiently experienced to handle such a dangerously novel form of dramatic entertainment. All these factors resulted in a production which was—it cannot be denied—not as successful as it deserved to be.

Gregory Wilsdon

The Brass Butterfly Ashburnham House Play

In choosing *The Brass Butterfly* the Ashburnham Thespians made an interesting if unusual choice. It was a comedy, set in Rome and (unlike its more pure rival) performed in contemporary garb—period piece in the ultimate period. In terms of house plays performed in the Lecture Room it was a valiant and often amusing attempt, by no means a disappointing way to spend the time.

Matthew Patrick was perhaps the most polished of the cast, and Paddy Miller balanced the attack of his performance with equal vigour. Clare Conville justified her inclusion by lending the cast a touch of professionalism; the rest of that cast were satisfactory if perhaps at times not forceful enough to maintain the pace.

The set was simple—as befits the cramped stage they were using—and yet perfectly adequate and moderately evocative. Gerry Ashton should also be congratulated for directing the play with modesty and stock simplicity—the direction overreached no-one's abilities nor did it underplay the more able.

MORAL: now, more than ever, in this glut of dramatic activity it was nice to see a play which had very few pretensions—merely a return to stock comedy with no unnecessary sophistication. Good show.

Barney Hoskyns

The Last Expedition, or Chapman gets his Oates

Arts Page, Letters

Sir dear,

Our society offers many condolences for the ticket-cards returned to us for 'Harry Chapman's last Expedition'. At it a very good time was had by us all, as you say. But we are the only pole-exile society identified in this country, we beg to denigrate the responsibilities owing by us. We may not have understood but what had it to do with Mr. & Mrs. Poland.

Yours chastifyfully,
Johan Karsonski (aged 8½)

Dear Sir,

I and my chums in the Pilkington Polar Society were very chuffed by your invites to 'The Last Expedition': for which many thanks. Unfortunately we can but quarrel with a few minor aspects of the production.

- (a) Captain Robert Falcon Scott was, in our view, a far greater man than was presented.
- (b) Quite a lot of jolly good sorts lost their lives on that expedition, and your jokes did not help us understand why.
- (c) The grey things on that screen (we could not see the projector, very clever that) did not seem to have much to do with the action.
- (d) That balloon thing left us mystified.
- (e) Amundsen's men were not a load of girlies. Even allowing for long hair, those chaps had v. squeaky voices.

However we all agreed that the songs were very good though. We are sorry to have to make these criticisms.

Yours etc.,
Cedric French

Dear Sir/Madam,

This is a letter of complaint. If you continue to entertain audiences with plays put on with very little lighting and plain sets some of us will be out of a job.

Yours faithfully,
Jon Ogden

Condolences Telegram:
HARRY CHAPMAN STOP PLAY
STOP PLEASE STOP Dean Farrar

Harry,

I am forced, vi et armis, to admit your play was very good. Bye the way your facility with vocalization was remarkable, and your singers, especially the adorable Liz Wilson, enchanted me. O Circe, O poor swine. Neil Monro-Davis was a huge success.

The play was staged beautifully and what I wish had been your final image, the oil-lit tent, will haunt me for many days, a pity you couldn't see it from the back. As to the slides, you slipped up, old chum. I admired them greatly but they seemed, with the sound effects and the power of your acting, to be irrelevant.

Your actors: well, Matthew Tree took root not having much to do, and Ian Assersohn played a good pig-headed ass, Lottie Miller poses a threat to Lotte Lenga. The others self-effaced themselves into the snow blizzard with 'grace'.

The nursery game ending was a bit heavy perhaps, you made it more than clear that they were a bunch of kids earlier on.

Cheers,
Shem MacNamara

Harry darling,

Kiss kiss ever so
For your wonderful wonderful theatre-show.
I've been feeling dull for absolute years
But was soon pepped up by your ideas.
I split my sides at those stuck up folk
Obsessed with duty, what a joke!
My congrats and do convey these
To all your smashing leading ladies
The fellows too made no slips
And kept their stiff upper lips.

Scott and his lot were the sort of crew
Who got us into World War Two.
I mean okay so Hitler's mob were plebs
But what did they ever do to us pseuds
and debts?

But now I'm running out of space
So Harry dear—je t'embrace.

Ophetrana

Dear Harry,

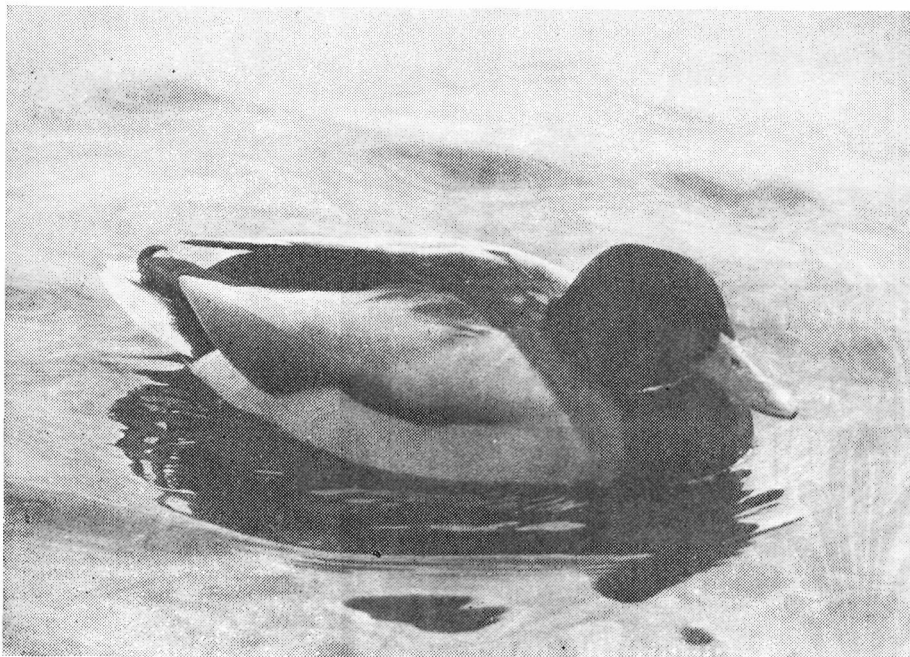
Congratulations on your splendidly professional production of the last expedition. The dilemma of conscience of Scott's party was caught admirably. Your past plays have set a very high standard, but this last has durably impressed my colleagues and I. Please pass on my congratulations to your cast.

Jon Ray (no relation)

All letters forwarded by Adam Boulton



Lithograph: Christopher Clarke



An Alternative View

With *The Last Expedition*, performed Up School on October 11th, 12th, 13th, Harry Chapman completed a trio of distinguished productions of his own works which have added a whole new dimension to drama at Westminster. Like the *Jazz Age* (1974) and *Eric* (1975), *The Last Expedition* shared Chapman's predilection for wide-ranging cultural material, for writing musical and visual experiences with the traditional properties of theatre and for sensitive evocation of the 'feel' of an age brought into some ironic or critical relation to his/our own experience. The three works have displayed a steady increase in artistic control, from the loosely episodic revue style of the *Jazz Age* to the taut structural control achieved by the narrative in *Last Expedition*, and have given steadily increasing pleasure to small but appreciative audiences.

The Last Expedition, ostensibly an 'operatic' account of Scott's ill-fated venture, had a distinctive texture. Stage effects had a make-believe simplicity with extensive use of pose and tableau, limited use of costume and props. There was very little dialogue in any normal sense: utterance was declamatory, the script reduced to the bones of the language with maximum effect gained from the simplest nuance. Stark alternations between the brittle jollity of London parties and the brittle domesticity of life at the Pole emphasized both the separation and proximity of the sexes in their selected destinies; the applicability of the drawing-room and music hall songs to both required the audience continually to refocus its awareness of Chapman's intentions towards his material. Perhaps—and this is my major reservation about the piece—Chapman's own awareness of his intentions was blurred. The audience certainly sensed a satirical element in *The Last Expedition* in the expressions of faith in discredited ideals such as patriotism and hearty

decency, and in the exposure of egotisms disguised as corporate endeavour. On this level the dead-pan songs could be seen as ironical comments. Yet on another, and in my view, stronger level of feeling, Chapman revealed an affectionate nostalgia for a morally and sexually simpler world, where social and artistic frameworks for the control and mediation of thought and feeling were naturally to hand. Here the emotions generated by the songs were those of gentleness felt for a lost innocence, and apprehension of the featureless complexities of adult life.

It remains a matter for sad conjecture why many members of the school, themselves often unashamedly self-interested in their daily lives, should have been so hostile to 'Chapman's ego-trips'; why many largely indiscriminating in matters of taste should select for persistent derision achievements of a higher quality than most of a year's dramatic productions put together. Perhaps an ego-trip which involves discipline and resolution, and which gives widespread pleasure is much more reprehensible in the total scale of egotism than one which is exclusively self-directed and impulsive. Or is it, as Yeats observed, the undying hostility of the mob towards creative achievement, 'regarded as the eunuchs regarded Don Juan as he rode through hell on his white horse'. Successful people are hard to forgive: their fertility makes us uncomfortably aware of our own barrenness, their energy of our own inertia.

Chapman has learned his craft; all credit to him and to those members of his cast, particularly Matthew Tree, Liz Wilson, Charlotte Miller, Neil Monro-Davies and Ian Assersohn who have supported him so loyally and with obvious respect for his abilities. As he himself said, 'There will be others, but not here'.

John Field

Rigaud's Concert

The Rigaud's Concert was held in College Hall on June 16th and featured no less than eighteen items. However, what threatened to be a distinctly over-long evening was saved firstly by some remarkably fine performances and secondly by very quick changeovers between items, so that barely had the last chord of one item sounded than the next item was underway.

The evening included contributions from two old Rigaudites, Alastair Sorley and Antony Peebles, and it was the former who opened the concert in great style with the 1st movement of Wierieski's 2nd Violin Concerto. Sorley's technique was dazzlingly fluent and he drew a beautifully even and rich tone from his instrument. I did, however, feel that the more melodic sections called for more charisma and relish. Stephen Caplin then gave a thoughtful account of Mozart's D minor Fantasia producing some fine weighty tone in the rhetorical repeated note section. Schumann's Romance for oboe poses horrible breathing problems with its endless melodic lines, and Sally Barber overcame these well in an accomplished performance. Toby Keynes responded well to the poetic aspect of three Vaughan Williams Songs of Travel, but I hope in time he will develop more vocal control and colour.

We then had some extremely distinguished Ravel playing from George Benjamin (the Prelude to the Tombeau de Couperin). He caught the neatly pointed style perfectly with nimble grace-notes and subtle colouring: a real delight. Alastair Sorley joined forces with Charles Peebles in a Sphor duo for two violins: in view of the high expectations such a talented team provided this was a bit disappointing; it needed more rehearsal in order to sort out more thoroughly the issues of light and shade, etc. One must sympathize, however, with the problem—Sorley is no longer at the school. Part of a concerto by Albinou was pleasingly played by oboists Sally Barber and Benjamin Dillistone, the languishing suspensions coming over tellingly. Toby Keynes then rendered an amusing song 'A Pattern for Headmasters' by Tom Holt and the first half ended with a Morley madrigal.

Before the evening began I was not very familiar with Schubert's late C minor Sonata, but, to begin the second half of the concert, Alastair Sorley played the last movement. After about 40 bars he stopped to go in search of a cloth to remove the sweat which in the course of the evening had made the keyboard slippery. Starting again he got to the beginning of the loud central section when he again stopped, realizing that the top of the piano had not been opened. He then started at the beginning yet again and gave us a quite superb rendering: coherent, distinguished, poised and full of closely observed detail. What with various repetitions of the opening and the

remarkable calibre of the eventual performance, I now feel I know this last movement well.

This was followed by more Schubert: three songs from 'Die Schone Mullerin'. I felt that the singer, Peter Mulreen, with his refreshingly forthright delivery, would be more suited to oratorio than lieder. Peter Mulreen then changed robe by taking to the keyboard and with Charles Peebles at the other piano (yes, there were two identical uprights there) gave us some rather heavy-handed Mozart. Stephen Caplin returned to give a brief jazzy interlude—'I'll wait for you' by Legrand.

Charles Peebles then played some un-accompanied Hindemith on his violin—restrained, subtle and introverted—and then, joined by his brother, Antony, gave a forthright account of the Brahms Scherzo in C minor for violin and piano. The concert was completed with Messrs. Benjamin and Sorley playing some Bach for two pianos, rich in antiphonal delights, and Antony Peebles playing two pieces by Liszt.

A word of praise in conclusion, should go to the two principal accompanists, Jonathan Katz and George Benjamin, for their sensitivity and skill.

Antony Peebles

Election Term Concert

David Byrt's farewell concert as Director of Music on May 26th up School was a moving and nostalgic occasion as well as an enjoyable musical event.

The programme reflected the progress in School music during his eighteen years as Director. From humble beginnings Mr. Byrt has built up a sizeable symphony orchestra capable of tackling demanding works such as Wagner's Meistersinger Overture, which started the evening. True there were imperfections of intonation in the exposed woodwind and brass writing, which might have been aided by a livelier tempo, but the overall sound was full and clearly enjoyed by players and audience. In Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (first movement) the strings played strongly and rhythmically, and the brass excelled themselves in Elgar's majestic Pomp and Circumstance March No. 4.

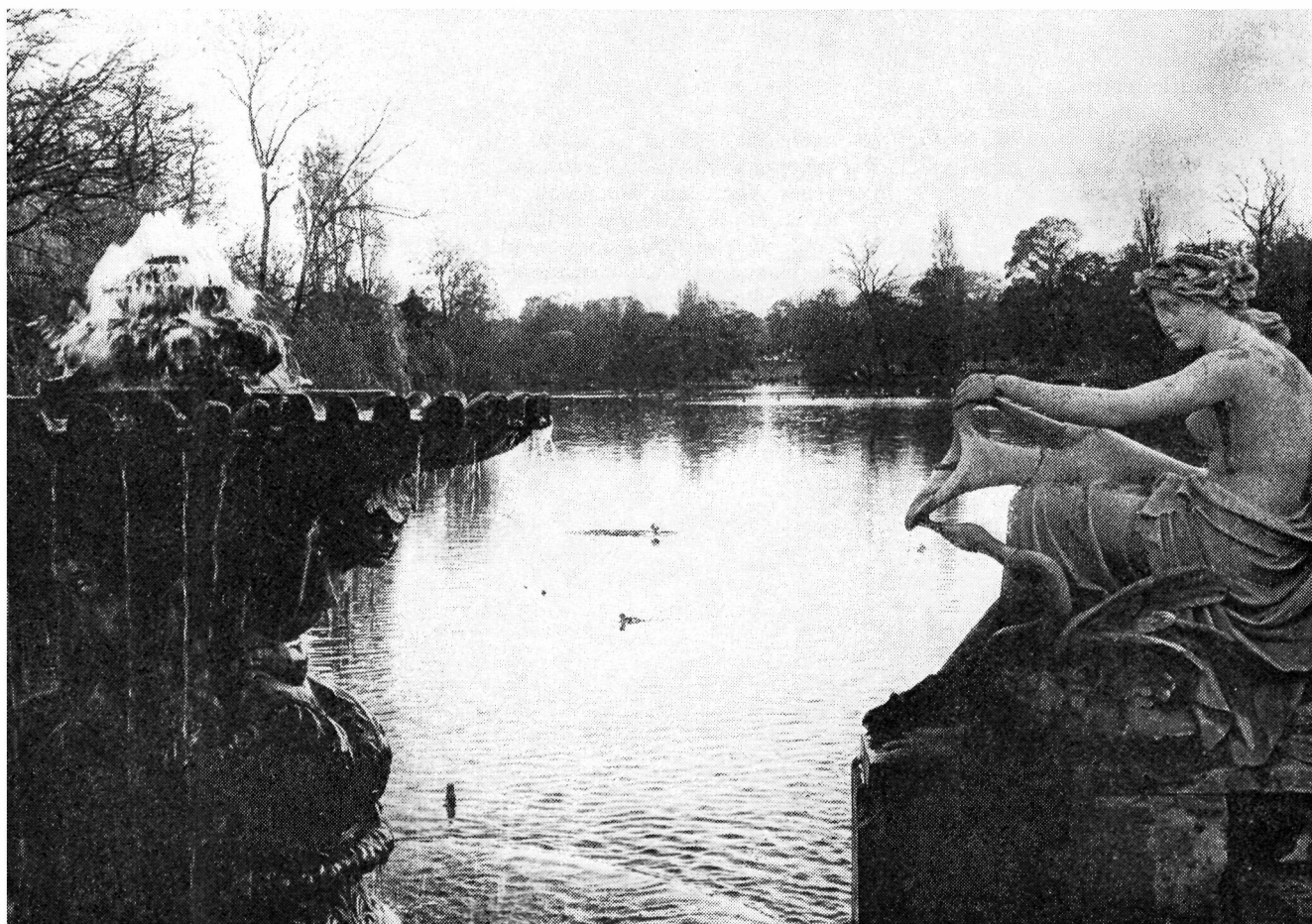
Concerto items however dominated the programme. Giles Taylor gave a fine performance of Haydn's Trumpet

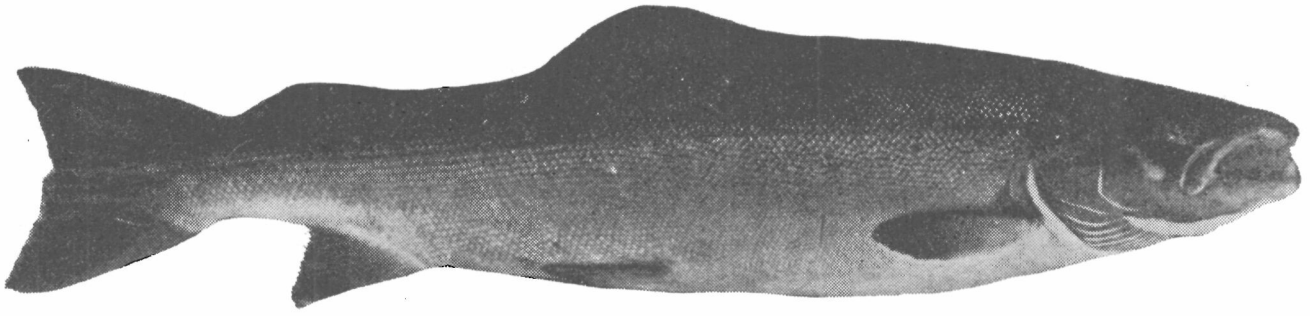
Concerto with a clear, effortless tone which was only occasionally marred by nerves in the tricky scale passages. As a welcome contrast in mood Elizabeth Wilson, Westminster's first girl soloist, played the delightful Concertino for Flute and Orchestra by Chaminade. She executed the sometimes very fast and rhythmically complex passages with verve, and at the same time maintained the French delicacy and nuance.

Beethoven's Fantasy for Piano, Choir, and Orchestra, which formed the finale, featured as soloist Antony Peebles O.W., who has established himself internationally since his days at Westminster. Choral Society was joined by masters, friends and O.W.W., and together achieved an excellent quality of choral and instrumental sound under their conductor.

That it was David Byrt's evening was evident by the applause and standing ovation in his honour.

Richard Blackford





Poems

See-weed

Seaweed—climbing the
descent on the off
colour green slime.

If the carooned.
And the oil slick.
Slicked naked.

Just this side of radiation's
reach, it stands in isolation
dominant to the core.

It took two days
to pull out the thorn
and to find a satiric rebirth.

Marmaduke Hardewicke
(1962-66, G)

'Oh, graziosa fanciulla ed incantevole,
Per tre anni voglio esser servo tuo,
per vedere l'eccellente tua figura,
gli occhi neri, le soltili sopracciglia,
le guance tue rosate, le labbra tue di miele,
il collo bianco, i bianchi seni tuoi.'
'O giovincello, povero illuso!
quello che avere tu puoi, te lo diro:
gli occhi tenebroosi e vuote le mani.'

John Burns

Return to Byzantium

Into the star-filled mosaic-flat
blackness of flame
I stumbled; not hammering now,
he said,
Flitting, flooding like a fluttering flitter
he gyred.
Not made by man, but artifact of
Byzantium;
Into light I died, into night arose,
Causing Caucasian catastrophes of
culminating complexity.

Falling and falling, the falcon fell apart—
Alive, yet in darkness, destroyed by
Hermes' hammer.

An image arose, not nothing,
but something, yet—nothing.
It walked in death, voyaging like
Aeneas in the mire.

All that we are, yet not, are; planted
On the starlit milky sparrow of Hades'
faggots
He fell.

A W. Butler Yeats Production

Night wet, oppressive, one could drown
outside,
In thick fog; red and tired here and there
Burn sadly street-lamps without gleam
of light
A wet and dirty ale-house.

Still darker on the outskirts seems the
night
Sad hovels are now flooded everywhere,
A dry and bitter cough is echoed wide
Through crumbling walls.

Like Edgar Poe I am returning home,
Or like Verlaine, quite liquefied with gin.
On such a night nothing can worry me.

And then, with steps of exaggerated
length,
I grope about some time within the
house,
Tumbling, crawling, bawling.

John Burns

In my voice I saw
the shadow of your voice
I would as well not see it.

In my flesh I felt
the warmth of your flesh
I would as well not feel it.

In my bone I saw
the marrow of your bone
I would as well not see it.

In my sweat I wiped
a drop of your sweat
I would as well not wipe it.

In my body I loved
everything your body has
I would as well not love it.
But . . .

John Burns

Sports Reports

Cricket

P 14 W 1 L 6 D 7

These figures do not accurately reflect the way this year's cricket went. There is really only one match which is best forgotten, yet even that is memorable for one fact. Lancing needed only 6 runs to win with 8 wickets in hand when Simon Hamilton bowled his one and only ball of the season which was swung away over the long leg boundary. Lady Luck may long have deserted us on the cricket square but this year old Father Time decided to take his leave too. We would find ourselves desperately wanting five more minutes to bowl a side out one week, whilst next time we would all be willing the clock forward those few extra minutes.

Our solitary victory this year was against Highgate. Much of the credit goes to Tim Bailey who bowled extremely well: 15 overs, 5 wickets, 33 runs. It was Tim (next year's captain) who bowled us into many strong positions, which unfortunately we were

unable to exploit fully. John Barkhan's all-round contribution was invaluable, Adam Cameron and Giles Taylor showed their ability only for brief moments, and Jeremy Liesner turned in some very useful low-order batting performances.

A sign of our progress since last season was that in only two matches did we score less than 100 runs whereas previously we managed it only 4 times. This year we scored over 200 runs in 2 matches and yet our highest score last year was 178. The fielding this year was much harder because of the bumpy outfield and yet on the whole it was more effective.

Practice was always difficult since the nets proved to be very dangerous. We were without a coach for the whole of the season so all this responsibility fell on the master-in-charge.

Batting has always been our weakness and next season much pressure will be put on the shoulders of the captain and vice-

captain. Mike Warburg is a promising cricketer from the Colts, who will especially strengthen the bowling line.

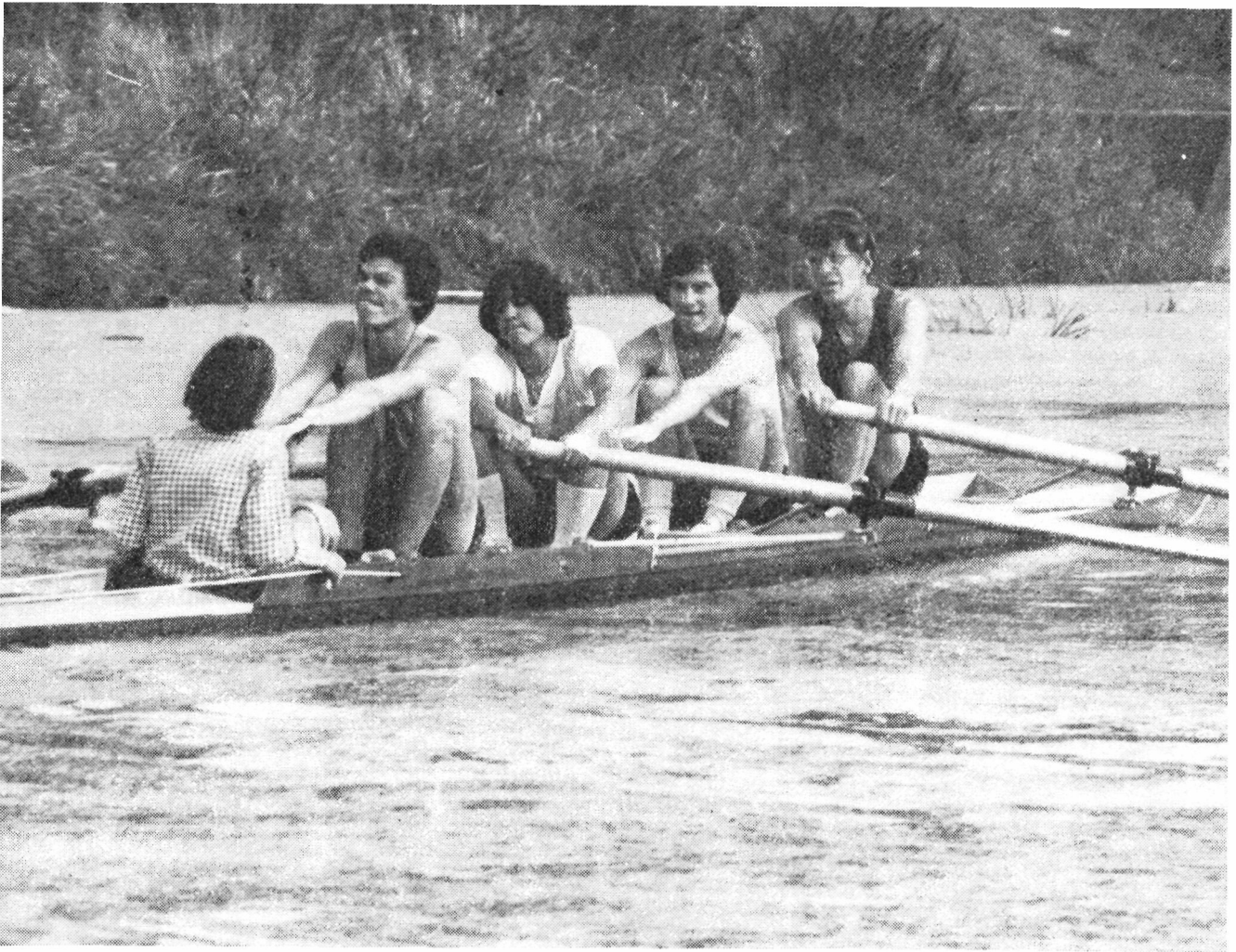
This year's House match final was won by Liddell's due to Giles Taylor's great efforts and so Rigaud's iron grip on the cup has finally been loosened. Throughout the season the least thanked member of the side, and arguably the busiest, was our scorer, Piers Higson Smith, who only missed one game during the season.

For the first time ever Westminster is going on a cricket tour. At the end of the year together with a number of cricketers from Charterhouse we are leaving for New Zealand and Singapore where a number of games have been arranged. The tour party leaves on December 15th and returns on January 14th.

So although '76 was not a season for the record book, it was one which contained much fine cricket. All the best for '77.

Peter Wilson





Westminster IV in The Boston Marathon (32 miles)

The Water

This season the Boat Club had a fairly successful time on the water, as can be seen by looking in the silver cupboard at Putney.

The senior squad consisted of oarsmen of varying capabilities, ranging from one with two years' experience in the squad to those newly joined from the Junior Colts' crews of last summer. Once again we used the Play Term for sculling, although we boated a number of pairs and IVs as well. The objects of boating IVs were to improve some of the weaker oarsmen before the main regatta season, and enable us to compete in the IVs' Head of the River races.

The squad attended Reading, Henley and Marlow long distance sculls, winning the team cup for schools at the latter. We entered for the Head of the Cam IVs which is rowed at two separate times. This enabled us to take three boats and use them twice each. Of our six crews, one won the senior C division, three others came second in their divisions, and the remainder succumbed to inexperience and minor accidents during the race.

The next events were the Vesta Winter VIIIs and Midland Bank IVs. The only successful crew was the main entry of the senior squad, as a lightweight VIII. They

won their final against Quintin having successfully substituted one member (in the shape of the Head of Water) after the weigh-in, as he had eaten too much and was no longer lightweight! The squad also entered for the Thames R.C. scratch VIIIs and Plum Pudding VIIIs. Unfortunately we did not repeat last year's success in the latter event and another crew won the barrel of beer.

The Lent term began with trial VIIIs and Trial VIII races. Two crews were formed with the aim of competing at Trent, Gloucester, Schools' and Kingston H.O.R. races. Unfortunately the seasonal diseases prevented us from entering crews up to full strength. The 1st VIII however won their divisions at the Trent and Gloucester Heads, but had an accident at Kingston when no. 3 was catapulted out of the boat after a crab.

In the Schools Head we had a fairly good row to come in 9th behind some very fast crews. The Junior Internationals, Emanuel, won the event by 12 seconds. Our Junior Colts A crew produced a very good result, coming second in their division. This was our best Junior Schools Head result for many years.

During the Election Term the school regularly entered the Saturday regattas

with the 1st, 2nd and J.C.A. VIIIs, and some smaller boats when possible.

The 1st VIII recorded successes at Putney Town, Vesta Dashes, and Walton regattas. At the first the VIII won both senior B and C, beating Ibis and Quintin respectively. We also entered a IV from the 1st VIII for the Schools cup, which we won, beating Eastbourne College, for the third year running. At the Vesta Dashes we again beat Quintin to win the senior C race. Walton regatta gave us a qualifying win at senior C, moving us up to senior B level. Besides these wins, we had a very good race at Twickenham and were narrowly beaten by Canford.

The 2nd VIII, sadly, were not rewarded for their efforts by a win but had some very good races. One worth mentioning was at Putney Town, where in the second re-row they were narrowly beaten by Ealing 1st VIII.

The J.C.A. had a very successful season with some close races, particularly against Emanuel A whom they beat on some occasions and by whom they were themselves beaten on others. They won at Putney Amateur regatta and at Putney Town, their final win coming from the Metropolitan regatta.

In the week before the 1st VIII began

their training at Henley, we rowed down to have tea with Black Rod on the terrace of the House of Lords.

The 1st VIII entered for the Princess Elizabeth Cup this year. Our first round race was against Tabor Academy, U.S.A. They had a weight advantage over us, but Westminster managed a good start and by the end of the island had just a length lead. This was the situation till the barrier, when both crews spurted. At this point Tabor began to move up and overtook us. They finished well, and over the last part of the course they drew out to 4 lengths.

The season for the 1st VIII ended with Henley, but the squad produced a IV, and this and a sculler competed at Kingston. The IV went on to compete in the National Championships at Nottingham, eventually being knocked out in the repêchage.

The School regatta was held on the Tuesday after Henley. Grant's retained the Halahan cup for the third successive year by winning 5 out of 9 finals. Rigaud's again came second with 23 to Grant's 47 points.

Finally with few people leaving the senior squad this year and some good Junior Colts moving up, I look forward to the future with optimism.

Simon Tenison

Water Season '75/'76

Successes

Senior 'C' IVs' Head of the Cam
 Senior 'C' VIIIs' Gloucester Head of the River Race
 Senior 'C' VIIIs' Head of the Trent, Nottingham
 Vesta Autumn Lightweight VIIIs
 School IVs' Putney Town Regatta
 Senior 'C' VIIIs' Walton Regatta
 Senior 'B' VIIIs' Putney Town Regatta
 Senior 'C' VIIIs' Vesta Dashes
 Senior 'C' VIIIs' Putney Town Regatta
 Junior 15 VIIIs' Metropolitan Regatta
 Junior 15 VIIIs' Putney Amateur Regatta
 Junior 15 VIIIs' Putney Town Regatta

Tennis

This year Dr. King took over the running of the Station with Mr. Stokes and Dr. Evans both ably assisting.

The 1st VI won some matches, improving at least on last year's dismal results (Won 0, drew 1, lost . . .), beating the Common Room and the Lords and Commons but only drawing with the Old Wets. Anthony Davis and Clive Beck were the top pair, a

fact which we were not allowed to forget; David Higgs and 'Benny' Green were entertaining—in their own view at least—if not over successful; Nick Barrett was consistent in his tennis and efficient as Secretary; Tim Brow was a late but successful addition to the team and Antony Graff made a valuable contribution.

The 2nd VI did not do as well as usual but were short of manpower so that Emily Reid became the first girl L.O. from a tennis match. The Colts had an average year; Chan McVeagh played well and also helped out in the senior teams while several young players made their debuts—in particular Nicolas Humphris who improved greatly during the season.

The mixed team came into being for one match and, uncharacteristically for Westminsters, failed to lose a set. We (Emily Reid, Benny Green, Sally Barber and Anthony Davis) beat Charterhouse 4-0.

The results were:

	W	D	L
1st VI	4	2	5
2nd VI	0	0	4
Colts VI	4	0	4

Rupert Green



Photo: William Lees

Golf

During the past year there has been a constant flow of embryonic golfers, of whom one or two are potential champions. The year has, though, had its anxious moments, due to the total absence of the members of the team of the past two years. After many successes, they have left Westminster to pursue their careers at University. We hope that following in the steps of Simon Williams, one or two—or even three—will get their Oxford and Cambridge blues.

The present members of the team are Ian Reid, captain; Michael Cooper, secretary; and Charles Croft. Simon Hamilton and Tim Bailey have also played in matches. Though inexperienced, they have played attacking golf, and were unlucky not to have won some matches. We halved with St. Pauls and lost to K.C.S. Wimbledon, a more experienced team, 3-2.

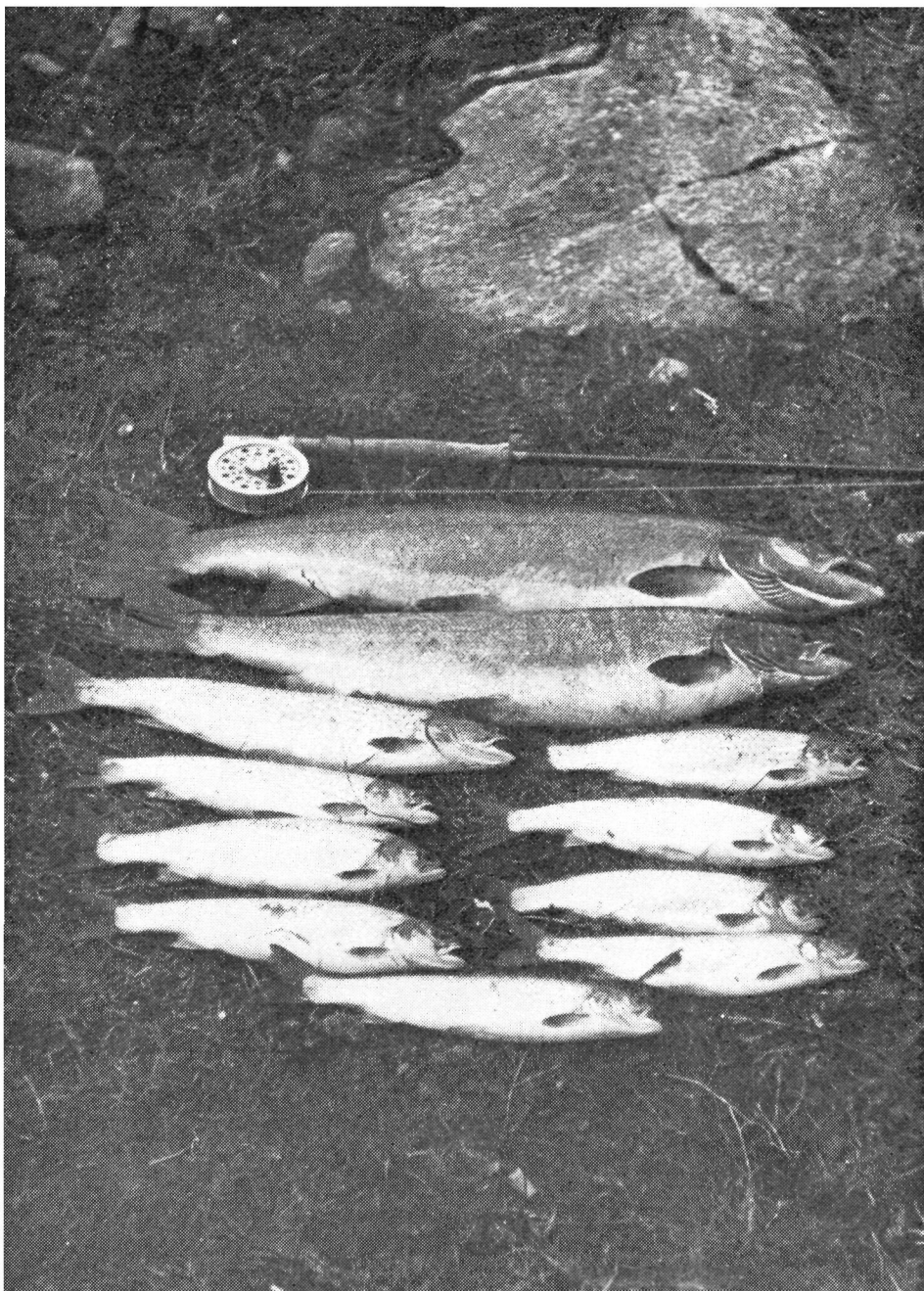
During the Election Term some Westminster golfers helped on stalls at the Fair to raise money for the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club, at Richmond, who are very kind to us every Tuesday and Thursday during term.

We are grateful once again to the Westminster Society for money which provided golf balls as prizes for competitions.

The winner of the Westminster Golf Society Cup was Christopher Hunt.

Boys have benefited again from the coaching scheme offered by the Golf Foundation and the constant encouragement of David Munir. The station flourishes; there is a sizeable waiting list, and we have acquired our first lady member of the station. Some boys play football in the winter, while others play cricket in the summer. We hope there will be a few with single-figure handicaps before long.

Ian Reid



Swimming

Not a very successful season to report. One of the main reasons for this was the lack of able, full-time swimmers, who belong to an outside club. Swimmers such as Charles Doxat, John Skelton and Eric Gavin managed to guarantee, with their winning times, to gain Westminster enough points to survive in matches. Also with a team made up of boys who have played football or fives during the winter, it is hard to put up a challenging team.

The other reason is the lack of a pool of our own. Most of our traditional opponents, such as Alleyn's and Forest, now have pools and are able to train throughout the winter terms. This, as last season showed, has greatly improved their standards, and we can from now on expect more difficult competition.

To counter these problems the team is being trained at Dolphin Square by the resident coach, during the winter. It is hoped that the team should derive some benefit from this, but at the present there is no real evidence of improvement.

The season marked Westminster's first girl swimmer to be included in the team: Emma Lewis, who swam hard against St. Lawrence. An excellent Queenswood team, our traditional warm-up opponents, provided very tough opposition and showed that they were almost good enough to take us on even without the usual handicaps. Another feature of the season was Charles Doxat actually being beaten in the O.W.W. match by Josh Sparks. Tim Beyts and John Goodbody also swam very well, and showed that their O.W. team would

certainly have done better in the season than us, though the result of the match was a compromising draw.

The season's main point scorers, in the Open events, were Josh Sparks and Chris Morgan, both awarded their full-pinks, with Dan Peyton, David Hillelson and David Morland getting their halves. Merick Lewis, Alistair Gill and Thomas Reid collectively won most of the Juniors points and deservedly got their colours.

Due to other inter-house Competitions being held on the same day ours was not very well attended, so the individual houses' full potential was not used. However, eventually it was won by Liddell's, with Rigaud's a close second.

David Morland

Athletics

(best performances are given in brackets).

The season began well with a convincing victory over the City of London School in the annual warm-up relay match. The Under 15 team maintained this winning form and ended the term unbeaten, with victories to their credit over Berkhamsted, Haileybury, Felsted, Highgate, Mill Hill and Cranleigh. Outstanding in this team were Ray, who dominated the 100 m. (12.0 secs.), hurdles (12.2 secs.), high jump (1.63 m.), and triple jump (10.95 m.), Gaastra, who eclipsed R. G. Dawson's 400 m. record of 1938 (converted from 440 yards) with a time of 55 seconds and Walker, who was unbeaten in the long jump and was only headed by Gaastra in the 400. These were ably supported by Dawson (800 m.), Wood (hurdles and jumps), Crabtree (800 m. and long jump) and in the throwing events by Brod and Parnwell who kindly lent their muscular services from other stations. Rose and Secker Walker also showed promise for the future (middle distance).

The Open and Under 17 teams took some time to get into gear, but ended the season on a winning note at Winchester and Mill Hill respectively.

In the Open team Mizen's hurdling was particularly impressive (16.1 secs.) and it

came as no surprise when he reached the Final of the London Athletic Club Schools' Championships at the end of term. Dean and Davison ran strongly in the 400 m. and 1500 m. respectively, while Allen-Brinkworth and White provided loyal support in the sprints and javelin, as did Manyonda in the weight.

The backbone of the Under 17 team was surely the middle-distance running of Mostyn, Broadbent and Summers. Mostyn especially is to be congratulated on coming 2nd in the London Schools' 1500 m. championships in a time of 4 min. 15.5 secs.: with another year in the Under 17 group his prospects are indeed bright. Cooper was consistent in the high jump, but his big moment was to come in the holidays when he became the first Westminster to clear 6 feet. Zachariades and Patrick proved themselves more than useful sprinters by the end of the season, while Mason and Leaf threw their objects with distinction. This team was unlucky to meet some formidable opposition and deserved to win more matches.

On the whole this was the most successful Athletics season for some years and we look forward to further progress under Mr. Jones-Parry, who is to be congratulated on his appointment as master-in-charge.

Fencing

After a good start to the year with three victories, the club suffered the annual loss of the more experienced members after the Oxbridge examinations. This set us back somewhat more than usual: a gap developed between Seventh and Sixth with fewer than usual Remove members.

Though the results were not exceptional later in the year (eight wins, one drawn match, four defeats), it became clear that the younger members held great promise. We hope for an even better record this year

Individually there were many outstanding victors. Tim Gardom won the individual trophy at the Worth Sabre Championship, came fifth in the Public Schools and has many more victories to his name. Marcus Alexander deserves mention for his many fights won in all three weapons. He, Tim Gardom and Tim Barrett won the Worth Sabre team event. The ladies too have had their successes both within the club and in competition; we hope soon to field a ladies team.

As always Edward Smith must be thanked for the energy he has put into station: as must Bela Imregi and Bill Harmer-Brown for their effort and drive.

Piers Higson Smith



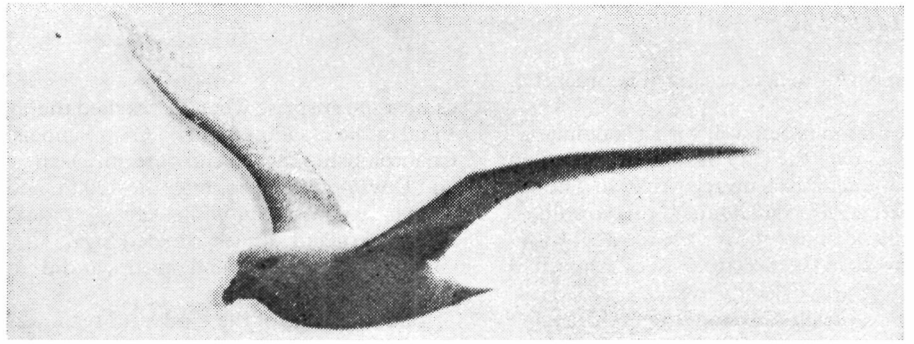
Lithograph: Ian Fairclough

Squash

Squash has always been regarded as one of the most strenuous stations at Westminster and for this reason there is always a plentiful supply of enthusiasts to join. Last season the captain decided that even more exertion could be asked of the 'double squash' players: they were told they must run to and from station at Dolphin Square a mile away, and were threatened with banishment to Grove Park if they did not. However this was too much to ask and few had enough energy to do it. This dynamic squad produces a steady flow of 'promising' players, the best of whom are selected for the team which is coached carefully by John Baxter for matches against other schools. Last season we played five matches and lost them all—one or two rather drastically—but this is not surprising since our hosts' courts never behave properly and are usually cold and naturally one is 'off form' when one plays a match.

The truth of the matter is that two hours' squash a week is considerably less than our opponents play, and is in any case insufficient if even a small rate of improvement is to continue after a couple of years of playing. All the team suffer from this in one way or another: Tony Davis inherited a very good style from his tennis playing but lacks anyone much better than himself to play; Clive Beck also has the advantage of playing tennis but has had insufficient practice at squash to know all the tricks; in contrast Tony Somervell and I have experience of the tricks but suffer from foul tempers—a severe hindrance to the game. Stephen Cornwell and Roddy Jackson are both competent players and have good prospects for the future.

Giles Taylor



* * *



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Corrigenda

In the last Elizabethan football report it was wrongly reported that Rigaud's won the House 6-a-side competition. In fact Grant's won.

Gareth Mostyn's Under 16 Long Distance Race record is 14 minutes 48 seconds, not 16 minutes.

* * *

The Elizabethan Club

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

O.W. Notes and News Annual Dinner

C. H. Gibbs-Smith (1923-25, H) has been elected a Research Fellow of the Science Museum.

The Rt. Rev. G. A. Ellison (1924-29, H) has been elected a Master of the Bench of the Inner Temple.

R. M. Robbins (1929-34, K.S.) and G. E. D. Halahan (1924-28, G) were both awarded the C.B.E. in the 1976 Birthday Honours.

D. P. McKenzie (1955-60, A) has been elected to a Fellowship of The Royal Society.

A. W. A. Peterson (1961-65, Q.S.) and D. N. Sedley (1960-64, W) were elected to Fellowships at Christ's College, Cambridge, on the same day (May 25th, 1976).

J. E. Deanfield (1964-68, A) fenced in the Montreal Olympics. N. Halsted (1956-61, G) was on the British Selection Committee.

A. L. Yuille (1968-73, W) was classed as a Wrangler in Part II of the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge.

J. A. Marenbon (1969-72, W) achieved a First Class with Distinction in the Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic Tripos at Cambridge. On the strength of this he was awarded the H. M. Chadwick prize for the most outstanding performance in this Tripos. He was also awarded by Trinity College a half share of the recently established Ver Heyden De Lancey Prize (given to the most distinguished third year undergraduate in Trinity).

P. M. Forbes-Irving (1970-74, Q.S.), previously an Exhibitioner, has been elected to a Scholarship in Classics at Trinity College, Oxford.

To mark the election of C. M. O'Brien as President of the Institute of Actuaries it is planned to hold a dinner next Shrove Tuesday, February 22nd, 1977, for all O.W.W. who are also members of the Institute. Will all interested please contact R. C. Standring, Still Waters, Pine Walk, East Horsley, Leatherhead, Surrey, for further details.

Those who have always seen the Annual Dinner of the Elizabethan Club as the keystone of its social activity were moved to raise a small cheer on the evening of September 29th, 1976. For one hundred and fifteen members had come together on this most gregarious of Westminster occasions—a heartening increase on the attendance last year.

By far the most telling factor was, of course, the Head Master's great kindness in allowing the Club the use of Ashburnham House and College Hall. Living memory does not extend as far as the last Club Dinner to have been held at the School; the problems involved have always been tacitly assumed to be insurmountable, but this Michaelmas night triumphantly proved the contrary. College Hall is indeed the Dinner's natural venue, and the Club's appreciation of being afforded its use is profound.

Some practical difficulties did admittedly arise, and access to Hall had to be delayed beyond the advertised hour; but the remaking of old friendships in the splendidly refurbished surroundings of Ashburnham Library amply filled the time. The Club's thanks are warmly due, too, to the School monitors who so cheerfully dispensed the drinks before dinner.

The dinner itself was admirable, and the very real problems of service in the strict confines of Hall splendidly overcome. But it is the toast of *Floreat*, and the Head Master's traditional reply, that Westminsters most keenly await each year, and they were immensely fortunate, on this signal occasion, that the Dean had agreed, with ready generosity, to propose this toast. Eloquent and witty as ever, he made it once more evident how valued a friend, and how gifted an administrator, the School possesses in the present holder of this high office.

The Head Master's reply is, each year, eagerly anticipated and received with close attention. In this audience there was an encouragingly higher proportion of younger members, and his absorbing survey of the present, and his moving statement of faith in the future, will have gone far to inspire these natural progenitors of the School's population in the years to come.

Time still permitted a return to Ashburnham and to further reminiscence and refreshment; next year, those who apply too late for tickets will surely find the lists are closed.

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the School on Wednesday, September 29th, 1976, with the President, Sir Anthony Grover, in the chair.

The General Committee's Report and the Accounts for the Year ended March 31st, 1976, were adopted.

On the President's proposal, Mr. Raymond Plummer and Rt. Hon. Lord Carr of Hadley were unanimously elected Vice-Presidents of the Club.

Mr. Frank Hooper was re-elected Chairman; Mr. F. A. G. Rider and Mr. D. A. Roy were re-elected Hon. Secretary and Hon. Sports Secretary respectively.

The President paid tribute to Mr. C. M. O'Brien, the retiring Hon. Treasurer, for his considerable services to the Club in that office over the past twenty years. Members were delighted to hear that Mr. O'Brien had agreed to serve on the General Committee for the ensuing year. Mr. M. C. Baughan was elected to succeed Mr. O'Brien as Hon. Treasurer.

It was agreed unanimously to re-elect Mr. H. K. S. Clark as the Hon. Auditor and the Club's gratitude to him was recorded.

Mr. M. W. Jarvis and Mr. M. J. Hyam were elected new members of the General Committee.

The Rigaud's Society

The proposed date for the 1977 Annual General Meeting of the Society is Wednesday, June 29th followed by a Cocktail Party.

It is hoped that members will keep this day free and will encourage fellow Old Rigaudites to attend.

Members are reminded that their annual subscriptions were due on April 1st, 1976.

Election of Members

At the meeting of the General Committee held on October 19th, 1976, the following new members were elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(B):

College

Jeremy Mohan **Palmer**, 82 Plymouth Road, Penarth, S. Glam.

Grant's

Timothy Hamilton Patrick **Gardom**, 79 Maze Hill, London, S.E.10.
Grahame Jenkins, 57 Norbury Hill, London, S.W.16.
Christopher James Crawford **Morgan**, Orsett Hall, Orsett, Essex.
Simon Gregory **Tenison**, Shortmead, Village Way, Little Chalfont, Amersham, Bucks.

Rigaud's

David Hilary **Barber**, 81 Ashley Gardens, London, S.W.1.
Christopher James **Buckley**, 27 Denbigh Road, London, W.13.
Adam Torquil **Cameron**, 2 Hampstead Mansions, Heath Street, London, N.W.3.
Stephen David Saunders **Caplin**, The Court, Rickmansworth Road, Chorleywood, Herts.
James Sebastian **Campbell**, Hurst Cottage, Hadley Common, Barnet, Herts.
Piers Michael **Mizen**, 28 Kensington Park Road, London, W.11.
Daniel Barr **Peyton**, c/o Cockhaise, Lindfield, Haywards Heath, Sussex.
Christopher William Parry **Woodcock**, 38 Alleyn Park, London, S.E.21.

Busby's

Edward Peter **Green**, 3 Edith Villas, London, W.14.
George Dimitri **Pateras**, 26 Imperial Court, Avenue Road, London, N.W.8.
Jonathan Paul **Rees**, Home Farm, Wentworth, Surrey.
Martin Giles **Roxbee-Cox**, 52 Southborough Road, Bickley, Kent.
Paul Mark **Smedley**, Sherwood, Oak End Way, Woodham, Weybridge, Surrey.

Liddell's

The Hon. Alaric Charles Blackett **Beaumont**, 1 Hampstead Square, London, N.W.3.
Nicholas Jocelyn **de Peyer**, Southlands, Warninglid, Sussex.

Nicholas Rees **Martin**, 30 Kensington Square, London, W.8.
Rupert William **Metcalf**, Langham Hill, Ivybridge, Devon.
Christopher Frank Edward **Pare**, Clayhill Lodge, Meadway, Epsom, Surrey.
Matthew John LeFanu **Porteous**, 52 Elgin Crescent, London, W.11.
Carl Austen Nino **Rossini**, 5 Ravensdon Street, Kennington, London, S.E.11.
Jonathan Davis **Sparks**, 92 Manor Way, Beckenham, Kent.

Ashburnham

John Patrick Oldfield **Bartlett**, 5 Coalecroft Road, London, S.W.15.
David Anthony Peter **Higgs**, 20 Carlyle Square, London, S.W.3.
Andrew Geoffrey Eliot **Howard**, 25 Thurloe Square, London, S.W.7.
Edward Francis **Maggs**, 3 Kingswood Avenue, London, N.W.6.
James Montgomerie **McCall**, 5 Eliot Place, London, S.E.3.
Warwick Richard **Pethers**, 24 Rouse Gardens, London, S.E.21.
Roderick Peter **Ross Marrs**, 130 Reigate Road, Ewell, Surrey.

Wren's

Anthony Marcel Joseph **Delarue**, 22 Ashworth Road, London, W.9.
Andrew George **Farkas**, 11 Clifton Hill, London, N.W.8.
Richard Francis Peterson **Lindsay**, 24 Priory Avenue, Bedford Park, London, W.4.
Alexander Anthony Christian **Matthaei**, 14 Blackheath Park, London, S.E.3.

Honorary Life Membership

Mr. C. F. Harris has been elected to Hon. Life Membership under Rule 4(B).

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School Store

Obituary

Ashley—On May 28th, 1976, Francis Noel (1895-1902, A) aged 91.
Brousson—On May 25th, 1976, Brigadier Anthony Gerald Habgood, O.B.E. (1921-24, A) aged 69.
Cachemaille-Day—On May 4th, 1976, Nugent Francis (1910-12, G) aged 79.
Charrington—On July 7th, 1976, Harold Francis (1924-28, A) aged 65.
Costley-White—On December 6th, 1976, Hope, widow of Dr. Harold Costley-White, Head Master 1919-37.
Crowe—On June 23rd, 1976, George Lawson (1898-1903, Q/K.S.) aged 90.
Davidson—On July 10th, 1976, Archer Grant (1917-19, R) aged 73.
Feasey—On May 17th, 1976, Colonel Gilbert George (1904-10, H) aged 85.
Gabell—On June 25th, 1976, Gerald Noel (1920-26, H) aged 68.
Gourlay—On July 18th, 1976, Arthur Bellyse (1920-25, A) aged 69.
Graham—On July 26th, 1976, Cecil John Hart (1910-17, A) aged 77.
Ilsley—On September 28th, 1976, George William (1918-22, A) aged 71.
Johnston—On May 18th, 1976, Joseph Perry (1936-41, A) aged 55.
Morris—On August 29th, 1976, Charles Astley Nelson (1917-19, G) aged 73.
Murray—On June 27th, 1976, Douglas Vivian (1919-24, H) aged 70.
Radford—On August 28th, 1976, Brian Nicholas (1912-17, G) aged 77.
Scholefield—On June 18th, 1976, Bernard Graham (1912-17, R) aged 77.
Simpson—On July 8th, 1976, Rev. Canon Philip (1914-21, H) aged 74.
Waterfield—On August 9th, 1976, Donald Corrie (1914-17, K.S.) aged 76.
Waterson—On August 8th, 1976, The Hon. Sidney Frank (1909-14, K.S.) aged 80.
Youatt—On August 15th, 1976, David (1924-28, R) aged 65.

The Hon. S. F. Waterson

Sidney Frank Waterson was born in this country on June 4th, 1896, and was taken to South Africa as a child. Later he returned to England and entered Westminster as a King's Scholar in 1909. He was still at Westminster when the First World War began and in 1915 he joined the Army, seeing service at Salonika and in France.

After the War, Waterson returned to South Africa and in 1929 he was elected a member of the Union of South Africa Parliament for the South Peninsula. In January 1939 General Hertzog appointed him Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for the Union of South Africa to France. However, in September of that year he was transferred by General Smuts to London as High Commissioner. His chief task as far as the British public was concerned was to explain the extent and determination of the war effort of his country. In the summer of 1942 he accompanied General Smuts on his tour of inspection in the Middle East.

In 1943 he returned to South Africa to become Minister of Commerce and Industries; in 1945 he added Mines to his responsibilities and was also, in 1948, Minister of Transport. After the end of this period in ministerial office he continued as an M.P. until 1970.

Dr. B. G. Scholefield, M.D., M.Ch., F.R.C.S.

Bernard Graham Scholefield entered Rigaud's in 1912 and became a Non-Resident King's Scholar two years later. He played an important part in School life before being elected to Christ Church in 1917. He was successively Head of House, School Monitor and Captain of the School; he gained the O.W. Masonic Prize. He was C.Q.M.S. of the wartime O.T.C. and Captain of the Shooting VIII; he won the School mile and was a football pink for two seasons, as a bustling inside forward. But his outstanding achievement in the athletic world, unique in Westminster annals, was to gain a Rugby 'blue' for Oxford in the seasons 1920/22.

War memorial scholar at Guy's Hospital in 1921, he became M.B. in 1924, F.R.C.S. 1928 and M.Ch. 1931. After practising at Blackheath, he held appointments as Surgeon Registrar and Tutor at Guy's Hospital, and Surgeon at Hereford.

Mr. D. C. Waterfield

Donald Corrie Waterfield, who died in August, was the last of a long Westminster line. His father, Harry Wingfield, was Captain of the School in 1882; his grandfather, Edward, was admitted at the age of nine in 1844, transferring to Haileybury eight years later; his great-grandfather, Thomas Nelson, was admitted in June 1811, a month short of his twelfth birthday. Thomas Nelson's father lived in Barton Street, and married the sister of William Benthall, O.W., becoming, according to Volume II of the Record, Private Secretary to Thomas Peregrine Courtenay, O.W.; but, as this Thomas Peregrine had a brief and not very distinguished career, perhaps this entry should refer to The Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay, who held several offices of State.

Colonel G. G. Feasey

Gilbert George Feasey first joined the Army and served in West Africa. He then transferred to the Colonial Service, serving in Nigeria where he became a member of the Legislative Council, retiring in 1937. He rejoined the Army in 1940, and served throughout the war, being Principal, Control Office for Germany and Austria, 1946-47.

Mr. G. L. Crowe

George Lawson Crowe, though he never gained his pinks at school, subsequently played cricket for Worcestershire for several seasons.

Mr. H. F. Charrington, G.C.

Harold Francis Charrington was awarded the Empire Gallantry Medal for his bravery while flying in fog in Palestine in February 1939. The award was converted into a George Cross in 1940.

Mr. Charrington, an assistant civil engineer in the Air Ministry Works Department, was a passenger in an R.A.F. *Fairey Gordon* which got into trouble. He helped a fellow passenger climb out of the open cockpit when he was impeded by his parachute and the slipstream. Only with difficulty did he get out of the spiralling aircraft himself and he was fortunate to land unhurt in a ploughed field.

Mr. F. N. Ashley

Francis Noel Ashley, who died in May, was awarded the C.M.G. in 1937 after an interesting career in the Colonial Service, which included being Resident Commissioner in the Solomons.

Mr. G. N. Gabell

Gerald Noel Gabell, after spending ten years with Balfour Williamson and Company, joined English Electric in 1936 and was Secretary from 1949 until his retirement.

Mr. A. B. Gourlay

Arthur Bellyse Gourlay was a master at Sherborne for many years and published in 1951 a history of the school.

Mr. G. L. Barber

(Classics Master at Westminster School 1929-1941)

An Appreciation

The notice of the death of Godfrey Barber in the last number of *The Elizabethan* was, unavoidably, so short that I have been asked to collate recollections of him, and to try to produce an appreciation which does him justice.

First, then, his work. A fine classical scholar himself, he had the ability to get the best out of those he taught, inspiring them to enjoy their studies. He was a genius at making boys work, without their being aware of what he was getting out of them; the examination results are the proof of this. 'Aha', some young reader may say to himself, 'this obituary is drawn from the thoughts, fading memories and illusions of a few wrinklies, doing a mental square dance to the music of the 1930s!'

Secondly, his power of leadership. He took over the running of the School Scout Troop soon after its foundation, and with a light touch led it through a decade of Adventure Training, both within the school and at camps and in expeditions all over Europe; in this, he was a generation

ahead of his time. Many of the survivors of his Scout Troop meet every three years at Dunchideock House, near Exeter, drawn together again almost entirely by his personality. Do I hear some cynic saying to himself, 'These old fools are trying to recapture their youth?' If so, they include headmasters, surgeons and doctors, general officers, churchmen, head brewers, tycoons, antiquarians, civil servants, judges and others. They have all had other teachers, other schools and universities, other experiences in peace and war. What was so special or different about Godfrey Barber?

Finally, then, his spirit. It was indomitable. He was always a convinced pacifist. None of his pupils, the overwhelming majority of whom became fighting men at that time, ever thought a whit the worse of him for that. On questions of principle, nothing could shake him. During the 1939 war he took himself off to farming and afterwards to the Civil Service. Great loss though he was to the teaching profession and to Westminster, he made his mark in the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, becoming a Deputy Secretary. His many responsibilities there included the quarries throughout the British Isles, and this enabled him to indulge his love of the open air and of the countryside.

His personal life had episodes of sadness, and long periods of great joy and success. He remained at all times equable, fair, and very humble. Strongly self-disciplined, he was always able without emphasis to obtain the necessary discipline from others.

To be with him was to feel secure, happy, joyous. To meet him after an absence was at once to be revitalised by the old fire, the old genius.

Even now—going on for 40 years since he quit teaching—his influence on the lives of Westminster men, past and present, is profound.

It was a privilege for us all to have known a man of such unique qualities.

CLAY *et al.*

Games

Football

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Old Westminsters Football Club will be held in the John Sargeant Room at the school on Tuesday, May 10th, 1977 at 6.15 p.m.

Agenda

1. Chairman
2. Minutes
3. Matters arising
4. Hon. Secretary's report on season 1976-77
5. Hon. Treasurer's report on season 1976-77
6. Election of Officers for Season 1977-78
7. Any other business

M. J. Samuel
Hon. Secretary
November 8th, 1976

Cricket

The promise that has been shown in the last few seasons was fulfilled in 1976 when Old Westminster's won ten and only lost four out of the seventeen matches played. For the first time in many years the club got through the first round of the Cricketer Cup, when we beat the Old Whitgiftians by 161 runs. Although there is still some way to go before we can be regarded as a strong side, the results this year showed that no longer are we a side to be taken lightly. In fact, with a greater number of Old Westminster's playing cricket now than for many years and with several younger players challenging for places, the future picture is certainly one of great encouragement.

There were some notable games played. In the Cricketer Cup 2nd round when we met Bradfield Waifs, despite a great innings of 40 by Michael Mitchell, all seemed lost when we were 167 for 8 chasing a total of 238, with 12 possible overs remaining. However, Charles Colville and Desmond Perrett between them added a further 46 runs before we ran out of time. Two new fixtures were arranged around that time against Oxford Colleges (Trinity and Keble). Both were won comfortably and confirmed that there are several young members with considerable potential.

An exciting match against the School followed. After the School had batted well to reach 237 for 5 declared we were struggling at 188 for 7, despite good innings from Ian Macwhinnie (48) and Philip Wilson (32). However, Nicholas Nops (52 not out) and Abel Hadden, who scored 40 in 18 minutes, came to the rescue and we managed to scrape home in the penultimate over.

This year the 'cricket fortnight' (as it now almost is) was extended to eleven successive days cricket. Several close finishes occurred and there were a number of individual performances of merit. At one time against the Dragonflies, batting first, we were 51 for 6. However, led by Jim Cogan (61) and Jonathan Carey (39 not out) the later batsmen staged a strong recovery to enable us to declare at 198 for 8. Some hostile bowling by Richard Pain (3-48) followed, supported well by Alan Yuille (4-38), and the Dragonflies were finally defeated, again in the penultimate over. The following day, against the Incogniti, we were set to get 222 to win. Despite a good start from Alan Meyer and Nick Brown, who scored 76 for the first wicket, and a fluent innings of 61 not out by Peter Miéville, in the end we finished 5 short with 3 wickets standing.

Some great batting performances highlighted the week-end. On Saturday, Anthony Macwhinnie and John Mortimer scored 83 not out and 50 respectively, enabling us to declare at 224 for 6 against Charterhouse Friars at Charterhouse. However our bowling (although we took the wickets of the three leading Charterhouse batsmen for 35) did not match our

batting and we lost by 5 wickets. On Sunday a tremendous stand between Tom Rider (42) and Tony Willoughby (100 not out) ensured a comfortable victory against Hit or Miss C.C. (a new fixture).

The second week of the 'fortnight' again produced some exciting and at times good cricket. In particular, a great game was experienced against the Adastrians when over 500 runs (including two centuries) were scored in little over six hours cricket. Set to get 253, Stuart Surridge scored a magnificent unbeaten 124 and supported well by all his partners (especially Peter Yellowlees, who contributed 37 in a 4th wicket stand of 89), we were able to cruise to a seven wicket victory. Two one-day matches against Major MacDonnell's XI ensued and honours eventually finished even with one victory apiece.

In the final match of the 'fortnight' we dismissed the Free Foresters for 85 following a great piece of bowling by Michael Mitchell (8-47). We then raced to victory by 9 wickets with Robert Welch scoring 46 not out. Michael Mitchell was again primarily responsible for our victory in the last match of the season against Beckenham when he first took 4-35, as Beckenham struggled to reach 98, and then scored 43 not out in 28 minutes, enabling us to win by 5 wickets.

Apart from individual performances mentioned above, we owe our successes to contributions from players of all levels within the club. Though it is not possible to mention every noteworthy performance, of the younger players Nick Brown, Peter Yellowlees, Tom Rider, Anthony Macwhinnie and Charles Colville played consistently well. We are also fortunate in having a number of promising young players such as Nick Hamblen, Crispin Simon, Simon Taube and Ranald Morrison and we look forward to another successful season next year, when there will be an extended fixture list.

We are indebted to the Head Master for allowing us to use Vincent Square, and to Ray Kemp without whose dedication and hard work the 'cricket fortnight' could not take place. Our thanks also go once more to Leslie Barnes for providing us with umpires of the highest integrity and to Jo Willoughby and Gilly Sutton for all the marvellous meals they were able to produce.

Any O.W. who is not currently receiving a fixture card, and who would like to receive one before the start of each season should contact: J. H. D. Carey, 16 Iverna Court, London, W.8 (01-937 0807).

Summary of Results: P 17, W 10, D 3, L 4
Cricketer Cup—1st Round
O.WW. 258-8 (S. Surridge 62, J. Mortimer 53, M. Mitchell 57)
Old Whitgiftians 97-9
O.WW. won by 161 runs

Trinity College, Oxford 153-9 d. (S. Berrill 4-19)
O.WW. 155-2 (N. Brown 44, A. Macwhinnie 54*)
O.WW. won by 8 wickets
Cricketer Cup—2nd Round
Bradfield Waifs 238-8
O.WW. 213-8 (R. Welch 47, M. Mitchell 40)
O.WW. lost by 25 runs
O.WW. 211
Keble College, Oxford 131 (C. Colville 4-51)
O.WW. won by 80 runs
Westminster School 237-5 d. (P. Wilson 73, G. Taylor 54)
O.WW. 240-8 (I. Macwhinnie 48, N. Nops 52*, A. Hadden 40)
O.WW. won by 2 wickets
Band of Brothers 172 (M. Mitchell 4-20)
O.WW. 132-8
Match drawn
O.WW. 198-8 d. (J. Cogan 61)
Dragonflies 149 (A. Yuille 4-38)
O.WW. won by 49 runs
Incogniti 221-8 d. (C. Colville 4-69)
O.WW. 217-7 (A. Meyer 42, P. Miéville 61*)
Match drawn
O.WW. 224-6 (A. Macwhinnie 83*, J. Mortimer 50)
Charterhouse Friars 229-5
O.WW. lost by 5 wickets
O.WW. 169-4 d. (A. Willoughby 100*, T. Rider 42)
Hit or Miss C.C. 136
O.WW. won by 33 runs
Aldershot 229-3 d.
O.WW. 144-7 (J. Lander 48)
Match drawn
O.WW. 160
Eton Ramblers 165-6
O.WW. lost by 4 wickets
Adastrians 252-9 d. (I. Macwhinnie 4-20)
O.WW. 256-3 (S. Surridge 124*)
O.WW. won by 7 wickets
Major N. MacDonnell's XI 106 (J. Carey 4-36, C. Colville 4-27)
O.WW. 107-2 (P. Yellowlees 59)
O.WW. won by 8 wickets
Major N. MacDonnell's XI 223 (C. Colville 4-52)
O.WW. 189
O.WW. lost by 34 runs
Free Foresters 85 (M. Mitchell 8-47)
O.WW. 89-1 (R. Welch 46*)
O.WW. won by 9 wickets
Beckenham 98 (M. Mitchell 4-35, J. Mortimer 6-37)
O.WW. 99-5 (M. Mitchell 43*)
O.WW. won by 5 wickets

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