

GRANTITE E V I E W

OTHER
STAIRS.



The Granite Review

1991

Editors:

John Dudding
Murray Ellender

Art Editor:

Kate Joseph

Business Editor:

Ziad Akle

Word Processing:

Chris Ling

(C) Grants 1991.

HOUSE NEWS

ELECTION 1991:

Departures were Akle, Balasegaram, Barker, Blacher, Csaky, Dummet, Forsyth, Kawabata, Lordos, Rodier, Shulman, Sinclair, Solti.

PLAY 1990:

Nader Akle was Head of House

Mark Dummet was Head of Hall

Monitors:

Balasegaram, Forsyth, Lordos, Sinclair, Baker, Blacher and Solti.

Arrivals:

Baughan, Boyce-Cam, Burnett, Ellender, Grace, Martinos, Ranu, Sanders, Shawcross, Steele, Wellman, Woodroffe.

Adam Feiler, Victoria Hayes, Claire Johnson, Kate Joseph, Zoe van den Bosch.

20 . IX . 91

Dear Old Grantites,

First may I thank you for contributing to the cost of this issue of the magazine. Increasingly, we are finding it harder to find outside sponsorship, and so your gesture is much appreciated.

We had an excellent year, and although there are disadvantages with this later date of issue, it does give me an opportunity to report on the academic success of last term's leavers; most of them were able to take up the offers universities made to them and we wish them all well.

Grant's won both the House football and cricket competitions, came third in the school regatta, and performed well in the singing competition.

Finally I would like to thank all the contributors to this magazine, the editors, and especially Ronald French and Frank Hooper for their pieces on John Wilson. When I first came to Westminster, John gave me a lot of help and support. His brand of friendship was a model we should all try to copy.

With best wishes,

Christopher Clarke

HOUSE SPORT

Grant's sporting strengths this year showed themselves to be exceptional. We actually won both the house cricket and football competitions, and two out of the three who won the Lyke Wake Walk were Grantites. The captain of tennis was Perry Blacher, and next year's captain is widely tipped to come from among our number!

Perhaps the Grant's victory in the inter-house cricket was the most satisfying result, as although it might perhaps be fair to suggest that we were not expected to win, the overall enthusiasm and effort of the team as a whole showed through. We narrowly beat Busby's, employing a rather odd tactic of allowing two young batsmen to stay in so as not to allow a more powerful 'slogger' into the crease. Then in the final, Grant's, this time unhindered by questionable scorers as last year, finally defeated Rigaud's. Special mention should be given to Marc Anderman, Jagger-Aziz and David Mahoney for their combined bowling and batting skills. These individuals together with Paul Gilbert and Simon Glasser made up the victorious football team as well, perhaps representing our genuine sporting talent, but both teams found dogged support from the rest of the house.

There have also been calls (as yet unanswered) to press for an inter-house competition in squash, perhaps based on the assumption that Grant's could easily win such an event; Chris Ling has long been the Captain of Squash and are three members of the first five in the house!

GRANT'S FOOTBALL

I know nothing about football. The only reason I could write this article is that I am in Grant's and I go to tea. Tea is a particularly good hang-out for a budding sports journalist like myself. Both tea and Dave Cook's history lessons are football. So, what have I picked up about Grant's football in the last year?

Well apart from looking rather chic in their kit (particularly the Danny Gill fan club T-shirts) rumour has it that there is some talent in the team. My sources inform me that we actually won the house football in a really gripping final versus College. There is some confusion in my mind over who has scored any goals, but nonetheless well played. Up Grant's, hoorah!

So, what about rowing in Grant's? Well I heard from someone who was told by the cleaner who overheard the cook saying

Zoe van den Bosch



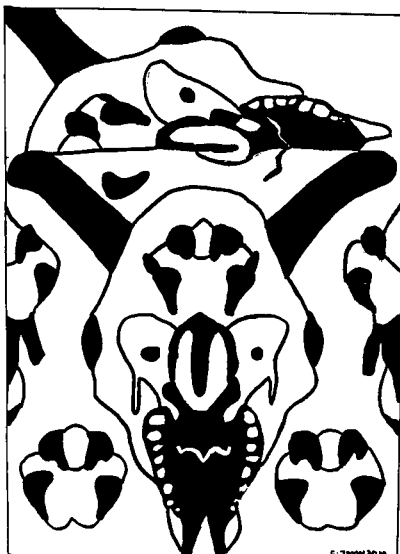
Kate Joseph—Woodcut

THE SCHOOL REGATTA 1991

Last year we were quite successful at the inter-house regatta, winning the junior fours race by a close margin. This year having lost two junior rowers (Sebastian Edwards and Tom Forsyth) we were not expecting to perform as well. The team consisted of two first eight members (Nick Linton and Murray Ellender) and three J16's (Tom Linton, Turi Munthe and Ben Thomas). But surprisingly, after the heats on Thursday, Grant's lay in first position by a few points, having won two fours races, one pairs race and a couple of singles races. However, on the Saturday of the final we managed to come second in almost every race, and Turi was unfortunately umpired into a barge. Consequently, we finished in third place, and Rigaud's won.

ED'S COMMENT:

I now understand Zoe's point; I know nothing about rowing, but I have heard that Grant's has quite a strong boat or two. But, what does being 'umpired into a barge' consist of? Is it painful? Should I be doing it?



Claire Johnson

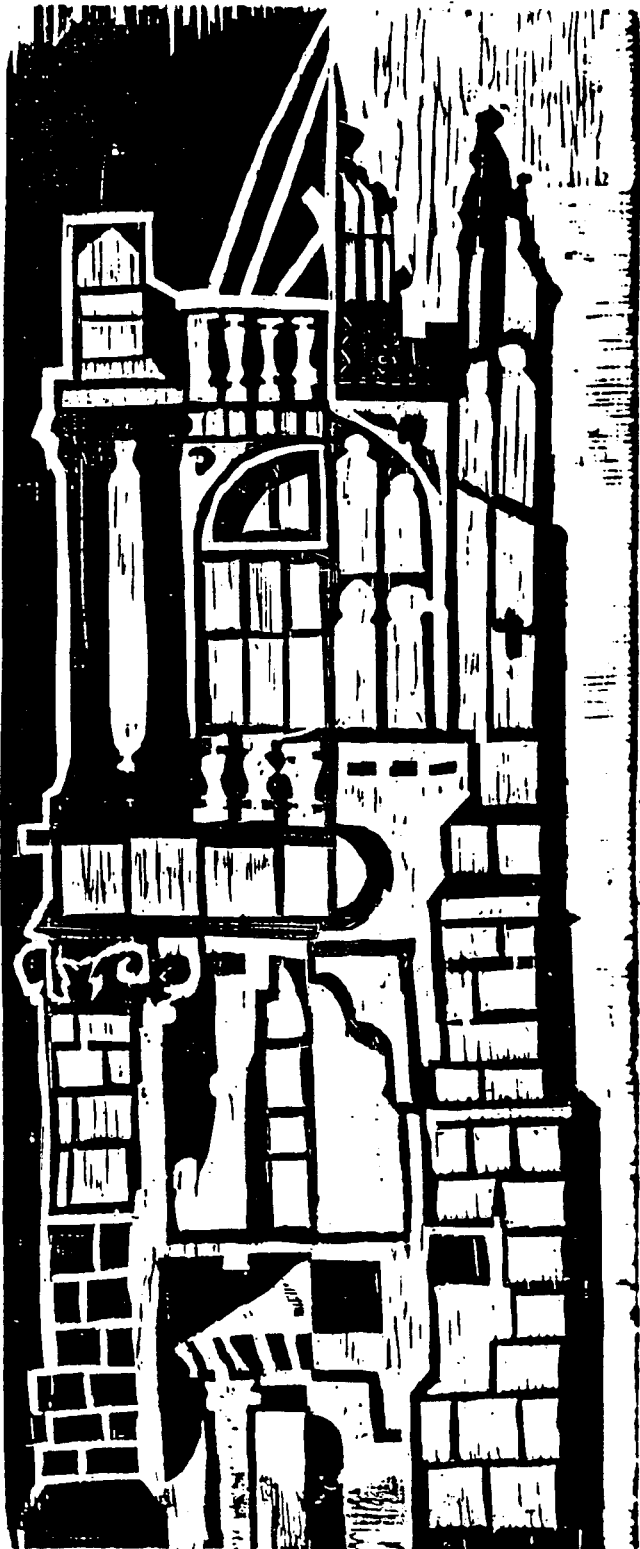
HOUSE PLAY : 'BLACK COMEDY'

With only three weeks to go before the first night of the Grant's play was due to be produced, the situation was potentially disastrous. Indeed this was so much so that the entire cast asked Seb Edwards to postpone it for up to a term ! Three weeks later, audiences actually left up school congratulating the performers and recommending the play to other people. This ensured full houses on the second and third nights.

This success was very much due to the hard work of students and not teachers; Seb directed single handedly and the stage itself was designed and built by Simon Glasser, Chris Ling, Robert Pagan, and Adam Feiler. There was a rehearsal every day, and eventually the cast knew their lines so well that they could not help including them in their conversations, much to the annoyance of other members of the cast.

However, the play did have its share of setbacks, such as when Ziad Akle accidentally took the batteries out of a torch, which was at the time the only light source on an otherwise pitch black stage. Furthermore, Gagan was locked underneath the stage and could not make his final entrance, when the string attached to the trapdoor broke. Events like this apparently made the performance even funnier !

CAST : Murray Ellender, Zoe van den Bosch, Jonathan Dudding, Thomas Heaton, Vicky Hayes, Kate Joseph, Gagan Ranu, and Ziad Akle.



Chris Clarke – Woodcut

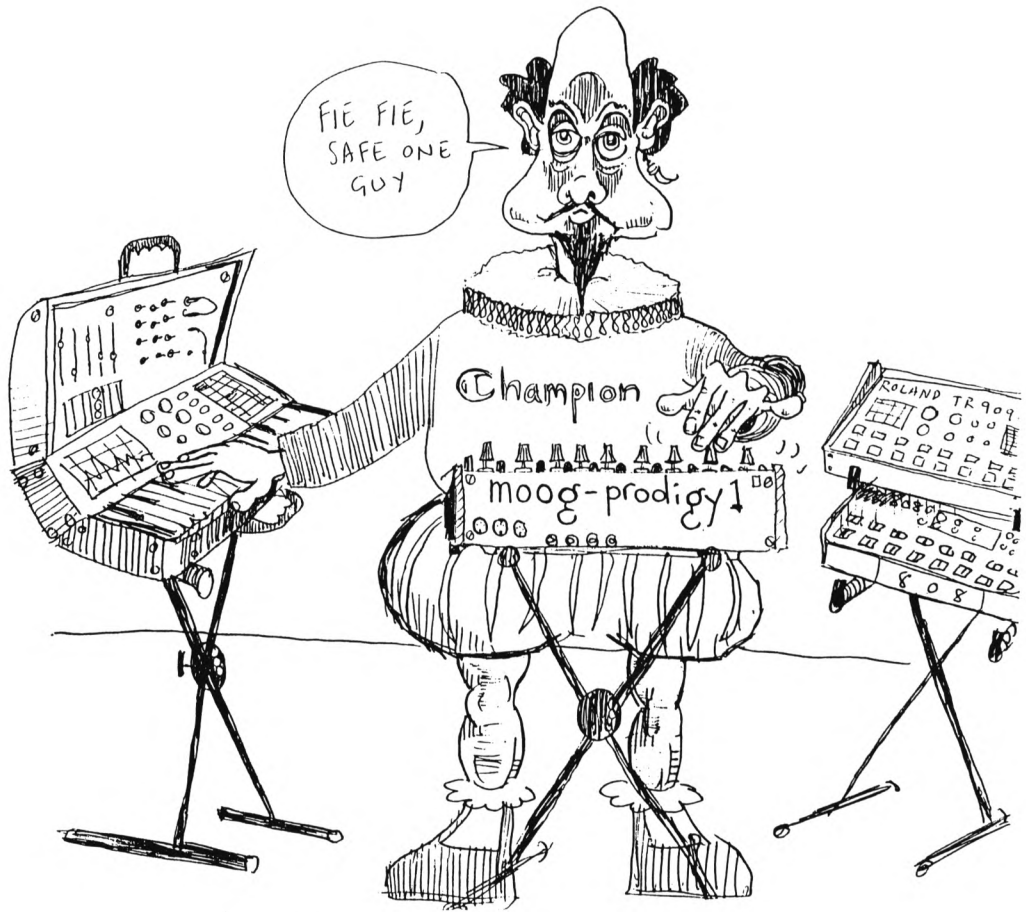
KNEE-HIGH LIFE IN GRANT'S

I'm the youngest person in the house, so I thought that I would tell you my views from my knee-high position. I see life in Grant's to the full on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, when I go to B's flat. She collects me from my daddy. I have usually spent some time there doing my admin. work. I find so much paper, and so many pens, irresistible.

It is then time for me to do my cleaning, a favourite occupation of mine. Once when I went missing, I was found cleaning the basins in the loo! I work down in the basement with Lola. I love using the mop best of all, even though it is twice my size. On Tuesdays, B and I do the laundry. We usually listen to the Pet Shop Boys, because it takes our minds off the smelly socks! How long do some of you wear them for?

It's now time for my sleep. It keeps me in good spirits for the rest of my busy day. At one o'clock, I go down to lunch in the Dining Hall. I sit with the Fifth Form. There's usually a bit of a race to see who gets to sit next to me. I'm rather interested in the hair styles of these young lads - a lot of flicking of hair goes on. After lunch, I watch 'Neighbours' with B. We are always interrupted by various requests for a piece of paper called an L.O., whatever that is! At 4pm, I go and see Molly. I cast an eye over tea and then I go out and look cool on the Grant's steps. I love watching the boys playing football. I can't wait till I get bigger, so that I can kick the ball too. I sometimes have a go, but I usually fall over. A few days ago, I took my new tape machine out with me to the steps. Two Removes were very interested in my 'Round and Round the Garden' tape. Yard is a great place; the place where romances often begin. During my day I often pick up a lot from the adults about you; it's interesting what they say. I would like to tell them a few things, but at the moment, I am the only knee high and I understand that little girls should be seen and not heard.

Sophie Clarke Aged 2 1/2



M. C. Shakespeare and his Elizabethan bleep machine

A SIKH WEDDING

When my father, my sister and I arrived at the house in Chandigarh, there was still a lot of preparation going on, although my mother had left two weeks before to help out. For example, that day a lady came to put mehndi (henna) into the palms of those women who wanted to create traditional and delicate patterns on their palms, as a form of decoration.

The ceremony, in which a canopy is held over the bridegroom while his mother and other ladies put red colouring on his forehead, then took place. Prayers were held the next morning, at which the bride's parents attended. Afterwards, the family and friends of the groom went to the bride's house for dancing, singing and a big dinner. Indeed a group of singers had come specially for this occasion.

At the main ceremony, which took place the next morning, I was acting as the Sarbala, which is the equivalent of best man. The Sarbala is the bridegroom's nephew. Family and friends of the groom entered the house, and when everyone had arrived, another ceremony took place in which the bridegroom sits on a decorated horse and all his sisters and cousins tie beads to the horse. Then the 'Barat', or group of people at the bride's house, left to hear prayers, in a ceremony called 'Milni'. The fathers and the maternal uncles of the bride and groom exchanged gifts and money at this ceremony.

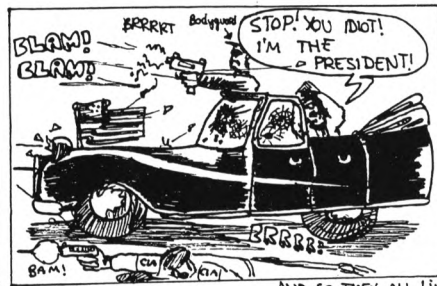
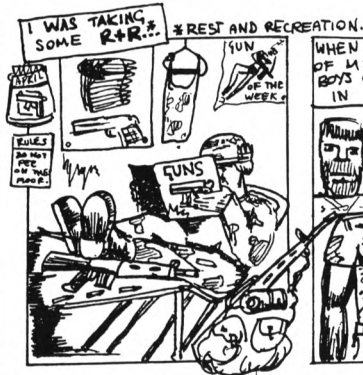
The act of marriage, 'Anand Karaj', actually takes place after this, when the couple to be married circle around the Sikh's holy book. In the fourth encirclement, everyone showers rose petals on the couple, and holy verses are read out.

This does not, however, end the events; two games were still to be played. Both are played between bride and groom. In one, a large bowl of milk is placed between the couple into which a coin is dropped. The winner is the one who finds the coin first. This happens in the evening after Anand Karaj. A day after this, the whole sequence of events is finished off when the couple manage to undo a piece of string which binds them together.

Gagan Ranu



Peter Saunders



AND SO THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER. EXCEPT FOR JOE OF COURSE - HE WAS DEAD AND 56 CIA AND FBI MEN - DEAD AS WELL NOT TO MENTION 93 innocent bystanders.



AN ATOMIC GLOW-WORM PRODUCTION BY ED GRACE.

JOHN LOCKE

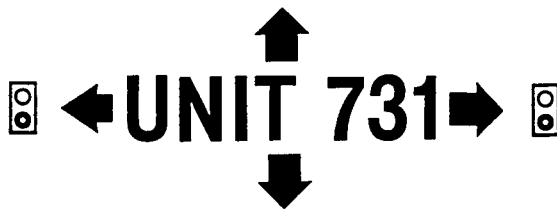
The first John Locke speech of the Play Term 1991 by Ian Howarth, founder of the Information on Destructive Cults, showed perhaps the value of having public figures come and talk to the school at its greatest. The people who had attended came away much more aware of the problems caused by cults today, and indeed many were worried. Put very simply it seems that cults lure people to attend an initial meeting of their societies by discovering an individual's greatest weakness, whether it be his desire to give up smoking or wish to find a constructive form of relaxation. The societies are experienced in pandering to these weaknesses, and if they succeed in breaking down an individual's ego, replacing it with some 'group interest', they can effectively control his or her finances.

The speaker, who had previously been a Moonie, gave a straight forward and down to earth talk, answered questions directly, and had obviously gone to the trouble of discovering which groups currently were working in the Westminster area. However, such praise cannot be given to the next speaker, Dr. Lionel Kopelwitz. The title, 'Political turmoil in Eastern Europe' seemed highly relevant and as Dr. Kopelwitz had been the Chairman of the Board of British Jews only the year before, most people expected a talk as interesting and revealing as had happened the previous week. Sadly though, we were given a general recap of political events of the previous year, which it seemed even the briefest glance through a daily newspaper would have given. Even this review was given through the very partial eyes of the speaker. It seemed that so little interest had been raised by the actual speech, that the questions from the floor quickly moved onto the relationship between Israel and Palestine as soon as possible. The answers were woolly, Dr. Kopelwitz seemed to suggest for example, that as Israel had a shape resembling a woman with a 'thin waist', (representing the distance from the sea to her Arab neighbours) she warranted defending. This seemed like an absurd answer to a serious question about Israel's borders - why did he not go further and suggest

that Egypt's borders were very straight, resembling, perhaps, a television? This does however highlight the contrast between good and bad John Locke speakers, who obviously range a lot in their style, as well as in the intrinsic interest of their subject.

John Dudding

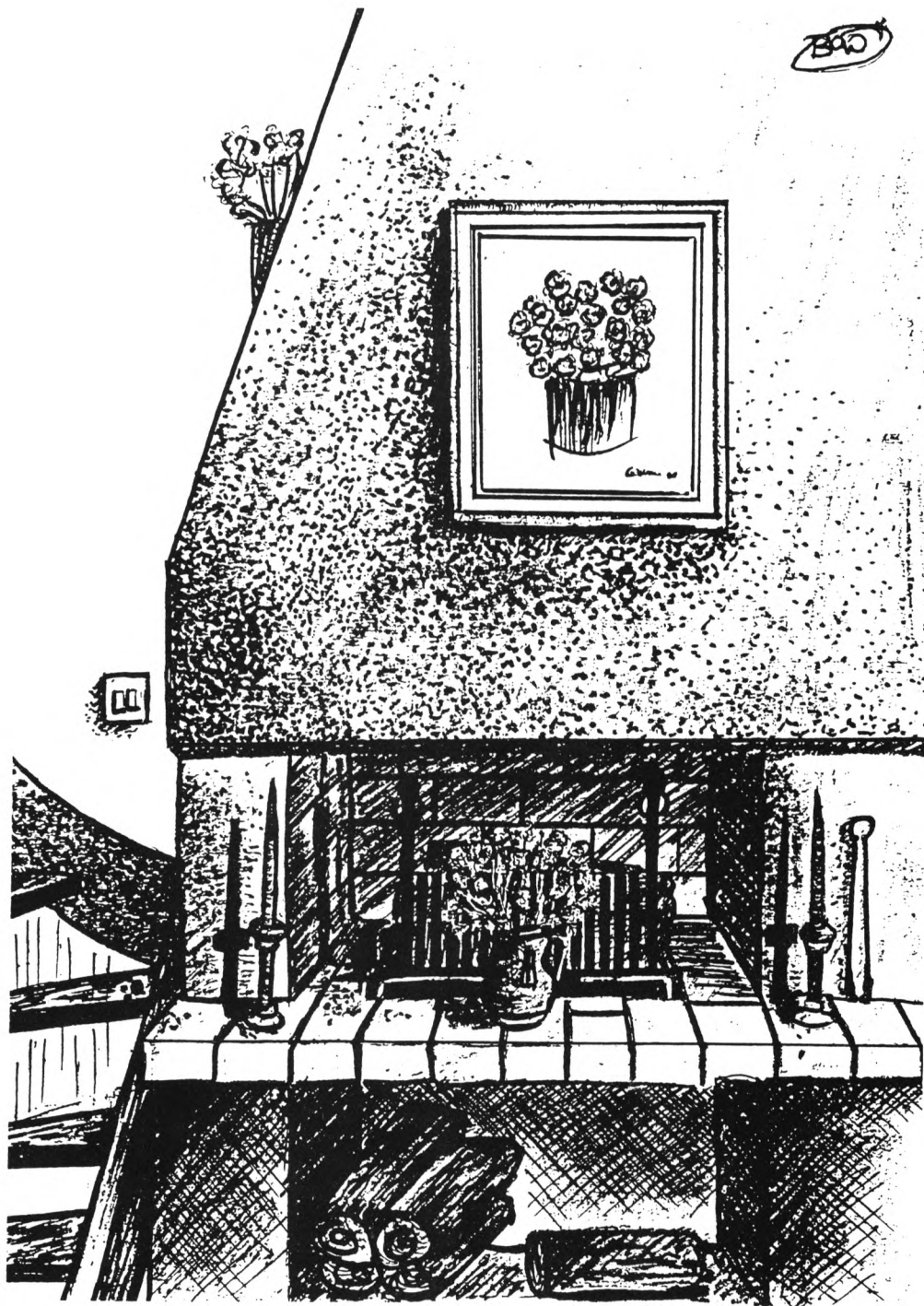
OUT NOW ON WHITE LABEL



COMMUNION E·P

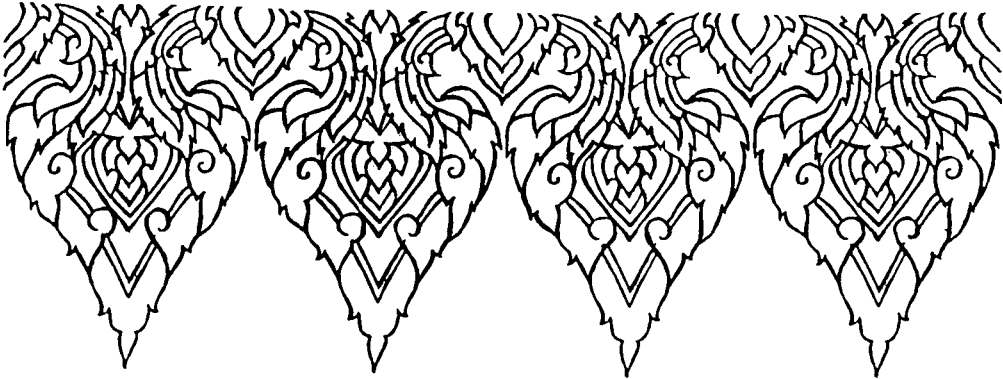
RHYTHM CITY *Records*

Unit 731 Flyer



Ben Thomas—Still Life (pen & ink)

A NIGHT IN HANOI



Nan Atichatpong (traditional design)

To most people, Vietnam conjures up images of war; to the Vietnamese the war was a nightmare they did not want to have. Having seen the Hollywood adaptations of the war, I was eager to see the country as it really was. With unexpected permission from my parents, this became possible last year.

The flight to Hanoi was in itself rather frightening, but when my family and I arrived, fresh from the smoggy air of Bangkok, we found Hanoi rather cool and clean. The highway that took us to downtown Hanoi was little more than a country lane, surrounded by a green countryside. I certainly could not visualise that a bloody war had been fought here. Our hotel, the Thong-loi was a bit primitive, but we coped. It's location by the lakeside gave it a glamorous look, but the inside told a different story. Before we reached our rooms, we walked past many rooms with their doors ajar. We could smell the unpleasantness and dirt - accompanied by a chorus of mice. The cashier at the reception did however, give us a mosquito net each, which was to be kept under our pillows. There were two signs of the

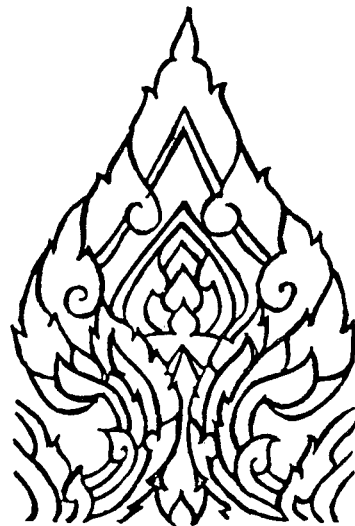
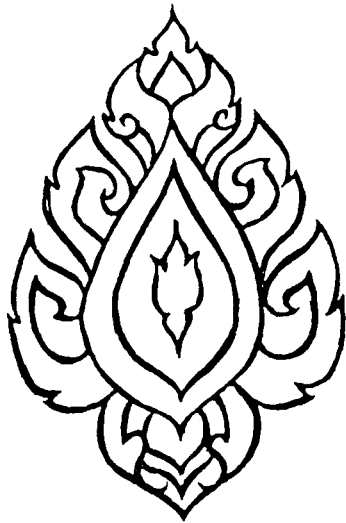
20th century: a fridge and a television. There were only two bottles of water in the fridge, but that didn't matter as it was cooler outside the fridge. The Vietnamese say that they have three television channels. However, we were only able to receive one, a fuzzy black and white picture, which was in Russian. Out of the 63 million inhabitants, over half can speak Russian.

Hanoi's nightlife seemed a little empty compared to the bustling Pat Pong area of Bangkok. People were just not out and about. Neon lights were sparse, and prostitution was much more discrete. So, we decided to have a quiet first (and last) night.

Like the Communist capital of Asia, Peking, Hanoi was full of bustling cyclists anxious to get to work on time. The broad boulevards lined with elegant trees must be credited to the French, who colonised Vietnam for a good part of recent history. During rush hour, if ever there was one, the car horns were used by everyone, resulting in a most displeasing cacophony of sound.

After all this, we were very pleased to get back to Bangkok, where we could at least have a shower. My short but poignant trip into 'war-torn' Vietnam gave me more of an insight into South East Asian culture than I had previously seen.

Nan Atichatpong



*Nan Atichatpong
(traditional design)*

THE LYKE WAKE WALK

OCTOBER 1990

This is not an advert. This is what Mr Tocknell does tell you about the Lyke Wake Walk. Whatever you hear about it being "a challenge worth undertaking" or "something you must do", is not true. Yes, it is a challenge, but it is definitely not worth undertaking.

The walk, appropriately enough, follows an ancient funeral path along which dead bodies were carried to the coast. The path is unmarked and it crosses large areas of deep bog. There are long sections that resemble a lunar landscape - very damaging for the morale after miles of bog. And to add to the problems, the walk takes place at night, in October, in Yorkshire. Last year we were 'lucky' with the conditions - it did not snow. It was cloudy, very windy, and at 4am a cold, wet fog descended (visibility about 20m.).

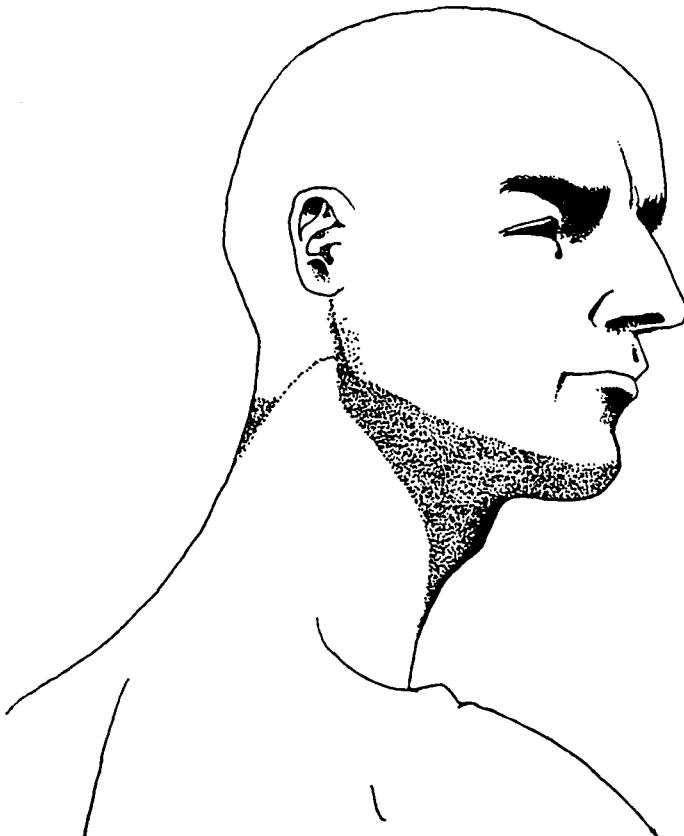
One of the major difficulties is beginning at night. The walk is divided into four stages, and between each stage you must check in at a checkpoint (a minibus on one of the few roads crossing the moor). The hardest navigation takes place at night, and this involves accurate compass and map work with a torch, in the pitch dark. We were very lucky in that we did not lose our way. We had calculated walking speeds, and worked out how long it would take to walk before we had to change bearing. This system would have worked well, had we taken obstacles such as hills into account! Our planned time was 12 hours (a couple of hours short of the record). However, due to certain unforeseen circumstances (such as Mike Lea falling waist-deep into bog at 5 am, and me losing most of the skin from my toes and heels) we finished in a time of 15 hours, 15 minutes. We were quite pleased with this time since we had stopped for about 3 hours at various points along the way.

The only enjoyable parts of the whole expedition were the beginning and the end. Before you begin, an excellent meal is served at the starting point (an old Westminster's house). And at the end, when you rise over the last ridge to be greeted by Mr. Jones-Parry, and you are driven to a bed somewhere. The location is meaningless, as you fall into a deep sleep very quickly, for a very long time. For this it was worth it? Well, sort of, if you can handle the consequences of not being able to walk out of the house for the first week of half-term, then maybe consider it.

Ed's note—The author is actually doing the walk again on Saturday October 12th 1991. Perhaps we should take his final conclusion with a pinch of salt!

Those Grantites who completed the walk were : Nick Linton, Murray Ellender, Chris Ling, Tom Forsyth and Alex Lordos.

Murray Ellender



ARE GRANTITES REAL MEN OR ARE
THEY JUST A BUNCH OF
'QUICHE EATERS'?

"Real men don't eat quiche", said Flex Crush, ordering a breakfast of steak, prime ribs, six eggs and a loaf of toast.

We were sitting in the professional driver's section of an all night trucker's pit stop, somewhere west of Bluffton on Interstate 44, discussing the plight of men in today's society. Flex, a 225 pound nuclear waste driver, claims to be the one of the last real men in existence. "His idea of the 'warrior spirit' is very different from that of Robert Bly however, it does not so much entail a return to natural values as a return to the bar!"

So, let me now lead on to the anatomy of a real man:

Real men always carry cash; quiche eaters carry credit cards.

Real men carry cheque books, but never have joint bank accounts.

Real men never know their exact bank balance.

Real men do not budget and they do not have mortgages.

Real men carry keys in their pocket with their loose change.

Real men do not carry National Trust/Library cards.

Real men carry an open packet of condoms, but never use them.

The only other form of identification a real man may carry is an endorsed HGV license. However, only real men who drive trucks may wear string vests.

And now a short questionnaire to see if you've qualified as a 'real man'.

1. A certain low-rate Persian nation grabs 52 British hostages. Do you

- a) Negotiate?
- b) Send quiche?
- c) Nuke 'em?

2. How many pairs of bikini underpants do you own

- a) 0?
- b) 1 (received as a gift)?
- c) more than 1?

3. Your girlfriend announces she's having an affair with another woman. Do you

- a) Nuke her?
- b) Send quiche?
- c) Ask if you can watch?

4. How many women have you slept with in the past year

- a) 100 - 200?
- b) 200 - 1000?
- c) 1000 plus?

5. Terry Wogan's guests on ITV include Julian Clarey and Barbara Cartland. Michael Parkinson is talking to Sue Diamond and Barry Manilow on BBC1. On BBC2 is the famous show 'Annie'. Channel 4 is showing the undiscovered rainforests of Panama. Do you

- a) Take the dog for a walk and go to the pub?
- b) Carry on making quiche for Greenpeace national day?
- c) Smash the set?
- d) Re-run Terminator on the video?

Scoring:

- | | | | | |
|----|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. | A: 5 | B: 1 | C: 20 | |
| 2. | A: 15 | B: 15 | C: 1 | |
| 3. | A: 7 | B: 1 | C: 20 | |
| 4. | A: 0 | B: 20 | C: 5 | |
| 5. | A: 1 | B: 0 | C: 10 | D: 20 |

0 - 4 A certified wimp

5 - 10 Quiche chef

11 - 25 You command respect at road junctions

26 or more You're Clint Eastwood, John Wayne and Ziad Akle in one person.



Ed Grace "Real Man"

A VISIT TO KEET SEEL
NAVAHOE NATIONAL MONUMENT
ARIZONA.

This summer I visited the Four Corners area of the U.S, and saw many ruins and artifacts of the prehistoric people, known today by the Navaho name of 'Anasazi', meaning the 'ancient ones'. The most exciting visit was to Keet Seel, a 13th century cliff village built in an alcove in a sandstone canyon wall. It could be reached only by a two day hike or a sixteen mile ride on horseback with Navaho guides.

In order to protect the ruins and to restrict the number of people on the surrounding Navaho lands, a limit of twenty people per day, on three days per week, is imposed. Permits to visit are obtained two months in advance. With the permits came warnings of the incredibly high temperatures in the bottom of the canyon, the need for two litres of water per person, and the possibility of flash floods in July and August.

Indeed, when we reached a thirty foot waterfall where our horse ate, drank and rested, the Navaho guide showed us some quicksand by riding his horse into it. Fortunately it sunk only a few inches before scrambling out. The day before there had been heavy storms, and the sand was still wet two feet above the level of the stream.

The roughness of the terrain was in fact enough to put many tourists off from making the trip, although we did meet some hikers who had slept near the ruins on their return journey.

However, the Indians had learnt how to come to terms with this infertile territory. They used roots of the yucca trees for soap, the leaf fibres of the same plant to make strong cords and ropes, and the sharp leaf tips to make needles.

The Indians attached great importance to their visible surroundings; they believed for example that a large rock pinnacle called the Kachina mother brought rain and health. The nature of their religion was a fundamental reason why the cliff village had been so well preserved as the Navaho avoid anywhere where the spirits of the dead may be, and as the site is so remote, few other people venture to it.

When we finally arrived, we were therefore able to see the fascinating artifacts left behind, such as the husks of corn or fabric, and the cords made of yucca, inter-twined with turkey feathers.

However, when the site had been discovered a hundred years ago, twenty mule loads of pots were removed and examined. The village appears to have been deserted some 600 years ago; an age determined by taking samples of wood from the roof beams and carbon dating them.

To get to the site, you have to climb a 40 foot ladder and all the family went up together. As only five people can visit the site at once, I was struck by the quiet of the place which emphasised the pictorograms and petrology (etchings) on the sandstone walls. The Anasazi left with no written records, and these painted pictures of longhorn sheep, stick men, and ducks were very memorable.

Ben Wellman

JOHN WILSON

August 9th, 1991: the summer sun flooded through the windows of the village church John Wilson had long loved and served, and a host of those who had known, admired and loved him had come from far and near to crowd the pews.

Of the Westminsters present, all were predictably Grantites, save one. Not for a moment did it cross his mind that - because and not in spite of his heretic upbringing - he would be given the opportunity and the privilege of adding a few words to John's memorial.

I had known him for an unbelievable forty years, and to say that our close association arose from innumerable partnerships on the fives courts, does not remotely trivialise a friendship I immeasurably valued. Fives is a splendid game in its own right, but more particularly, it is unique in that it can only be played in partnership. Its rules and its apparatus are basic, and success relies ultimately on trust, respect and above all - tolerance between partners. Personality is never laid so bare, or characteristics so harshly underlined, as in a hard-fought fives match.

Others of a later generation will bear witness - (from personal experience that I necessarily lack) - to John's exceptional and endearing qualities as Housemaster and teacher, and I have it in my elderly heart to envy them. For my part however, I was able to see those qualities sharply outlined against the background of our long extramural association - the even tenor of his approach to life in general, his abiding sense of humour, his deeply sympathetic attitude (perhaps especially) towards the most persistent offender, and - if I may pick a word with dubious connotations today - his charm.

Frank Hooper

JOHN WILSON

John Wilson died on August 3rd 1991 after a long but uncomplaining battle against cancer. John read classics at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and after wartime service in the Royal Navy came to Westminster in the Play term of 1946.

He was appointed Housemaster of Grants in 1948 and held the position until 1963 when he became the first registrar at Westminster, serving in that capacity until he retired. John was a person of great energy and integrity, showing enormous devotion to duty. As Housemaster he made himself constantly available to both boys and parents, shunning much of the social world around him, so that he was always on hand if his advice or help was needed. He won the total respect of the Grantites who responded with their loyalty, while those who he taught would always be given his full attention, and knew their written work would be returned next lesson. In addition to these two full time jobs, he ran all the O and A level exams, both the administration, and the sending out of results, from wherever he was during the summer holidays.

On the sports field he showed himself to be a formidable cricketer and great player in the fives courts - and he was later to become master in charge of that sport. A firm Christian, he played a very active part in the worship of the school and in the teaching of divinity. Never one to get in the pulpit, he led by example.

As registrar, he will be best remembered by Housemasters for the detailed and accurate summaries of the boys he interviewed at age ten - reports which were so valuable to Housemasters at later entry meetings. In his formidable tasks, he was given great support by his wife Madge, who was also claimed by cancer, and later by Margaret. Both fulfilled admirably the taxing role of Housemaster's wife.

On retirement to Aldbourne, John quickly became a very active and much respected member of the village community and devoted a great deal of time and energy to work for the local church. He played a good round of golf, walked and cycled in the Wiltshire countryside, as well as enjoying the local ale. He continued with his classical studies in tandem with another former Westminster teacher and Housemaster, Frank Kilvington. Grants owes a very great debt to John for his re-establishment of the House after the war and for his unstinted energy for the old Grantite Club.

Ronald French

NOTE FOR GRANTITE REVIEW:

OLD GRANTITE CLUB NEWS:

Honorary Secretary: after 19 years as Honorary Secretary James Woodford retired at the last annual general meeting. During his time of office, the Club celebrated the Centenary of the Grantite Review with a very successful dinner.

The new Honorary Secretary is Patrick Pearson, who was up Grants between 1943 and 1948. His address is 25 Kildare Terrace, London, W2 5JT.

The next club dinner will be held in the Jerusalem Chamber at 7.15 for 7.45pm on Wednesday 5th February 1992. This function will be for Old Grantites only. Dress Black tie. As space is limited, please tell the honorary secretary as soon as possible if you wish to attend. The price for a ticket is £23.50.

It is hoped to hold a dinner in College Hall for Old Grantites and their partners during the summer of 1993. Further details will be circulated in due course.

