

THE ELIZABETHAN





David Neviascky

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The Elizabethan

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Contents

Drama	
<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> ..	146
<i>The Gamblers</i>	146
<i>Harlequinade</i>	147
<i>Arturo Ui</i>	147
<i>No Exit</i>	148
Music	
<i>Façade</i>	148
<i>School Concert</i>	149
Abroad	
<i>Córdoba</i>	150
<i>Impressions of Russia</i>	151
<i>French Exchange</i>	154
<i>The Library</i>	155
<i>The Tizard Lecture</i>	156
<i>Interview with Anthony Howard</i> ..	157
<i>Common Room Notes</i>	160
<i>Kenneth Stevens</i>	161
<i>Diary of a French Assistante</i>	162
The Arts	
<i>Landscape by Poussin</i>	164
<i>Poems</i>	165
<i>Meredith Frampton</i>	166
<i>Shaksfacts</i>	167
<i>Sports Reports</i>	168
Expeditions	
<i>Skiing at Hochsolden</i>	170
<i>Skye</i>	171
<i>Ashburnham Centenary</i>	172
Miscellany	
<i>Eat Your Heart Out, Cecil B</i> ..	174
<i>A Game</i>	175
<i>Music at Westminster</i>	175
<i>Evening at the Workhouse</i>	175
<i>The Elizabethan Club</i>	176

Editorial

I came to Westminster from a rather 'keen' girls' public school in 1980. For the first few weeks Westminsters seemed refreshingly unkeen. Later this lack of involvement began to irritate me—especially as it was combined with a readiness to condemn everything that anyone else was trying to do as neither worth it nor good enough.

The responses to the last issue of *The Elizabethan* mirrored this attitude completely. On the day of publication my friends were falling over themselves to tell me how uninteresting they found it. 'As awful as usual, I see' was frequently heard. In fact it was one of the best issues for some time. Westminsters do not lack honesty although tact is always in short supply. It wouldn't have been so bad if any of the critics had had their precious articles rejected, but only the unprintable is ever turned down. In fact very little or no editing ever has to be done.

Last issue had no Editorial; perhaps you noticed. This was mainly because the editors

had already exhausted themselves in writing far too much of the magazine themselves. This happened partly because we wanted to air our pet opinions and partly because not enough people would write for the magazine. Editing has become a misnomer. If those people who were so keen to express their derogatory opinions of the last issue want the situation to change they must do something about it. If you have any literary pretensions at all (and Westminster seems to have its fair share of you) please be brave enough to come out of the closet. If you feel strongly about an issue, whether it be compulsory Abbey or the Third World, commit your convictions to print. If you are an Old Westminster, please respond to the begging and imploring of the last issue and write and tell your contemporaries of your activities in a letter to the Old Westminster section. Editing *The Elizabethan* has been fun but disheartening. Please make it better for the new editors.

Isobel Bowler

Kenneth Stevens

It was with deep sadness that we heard of the death of our Bursar, Kenneth Stevens on January 22nd 1982. He will be greatly missed and we would all like to associate ourselves with the tribute paid to him by the

Head Master in Westminster Abbey on April 29th. In particular we send our sympathy to his wife, Jean and her family. *The Head Master's address appears on p. 161.*

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The cover illustration by David Jefferys is of St. Basil's Cathedral, Red Square, Moscow. 'Impressions of Russia' appear elsewhere in this issue.

Drama

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Reviewed by Alexandra Perricone and Sarah McTavish

Forget everything that has been written about house plays. A play must be considered for what it is, without this distorting qualification which has in the past seemed to dominate reviews of house plays. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a light-hearted play, a celebration of love. On one level the play deals with various expressions of love in an enjoyable and amusing way, but on another we are made to laugh at ourselves and our behaviour in love. In visual terms the changes from the human world to the fairy world give the play a magical quality. This production was fresh and original, full of interesting touches.

The rôle of Theseus, the earthly ruler, who represents middle-aged stability, was admirably portrayed by Matthew O'Shaughnessy, especially through his voice, which was convincingly old and authoritative. Louise Brown as Hippolyta acted well without seeking to give her character the attention which perhaps only a rare actress can achieve in this limiting rôle. Paul Hollingworth as Egeus did not seem to enjoy his part, perhaps suffering from being 'type-cast'. The lovers did manage to convey the clumsiness of human relationships and even more so the humour of misdirected love. James Goldfinger as Lysander was well cast, convincing and very much in tune with his character. Philippa Fletcher as Helena also acted extremely well and it is a pity we have not seen her in other plays. Melanie Levy (Hermia) was quite grudging, which works well in this part and in her argument with Helena, when she urges the physical contrast between their statures, her acting improved dramatically, and she did not

yield to the temptation of getting cheap laughs, despite the audience. Tom Purton was perhaps somewhat weaker in his portrayal of Demetrius, yet he was good at spurning the girls and both he and James Goldfinger did their 'waking-up' scenes very well.

The fairy world—we knew we'd switched to this when the lights went down—should be dark, moody and mystical. Puck (Andreas Gledhill) was frighteningly malicious (when he remembered to be) with a depth and intensity of feeling and a keen and calculating mind which was disturbing in the sense that behind this façade of youth we saw a fully developed awareness, retaining only at times a small degree of boyish mischievousness. In short, a 'larval adult'. Mark Kitcatt as Oberon had an aura of mysticism and also of authority and it was to his credit that in the strained relationship between master and servant (Puck) he convinced us of his dominance, mixed in with affection for his protégé. The dialogues between Puck and Oberon were the most powerful in the play, with Puck seeking to threaten his master's authority, but always being kept in check. Titania (Lucy Miller) was, like her husband, 'weird and wonderful' and her appearance was particularly striking and effective. She spoke her lines with clarity and her passion for Bottom, despite his appearance, was convincing and humorous. Above all she achieved an ethereal quality.

Bottom (Phiroze Noshier) was not scared of the stage; he added some humorous touches which he managed competently but he was self-centred in his acting and this, coupled with Quince's (Miles King) lack of strength as leader of the Mechanicals, could perhaps explain the lack of unity sensed in their scenes. As individual performances, however, some were much enjoyed. Richard Rutnagur was endearing as the 'lion' and

James Rowe's (Snout) lute-playing was delightful.

The production was imaginative. The actors were not used to the awkward set-up of the stage however. They wandered aimlessly, creating movement for movement's sake. At least the whole thing was simple and gained from not having to cope with the hollow structure of the stage Up School. Props were kept at a minimum, which was perhaps as well considering the difficulty found in producing even a few chairs at the right moment. Scenery was conjured up through the lighting, which was well used. There remain one or two aspects of the production about which we were uneasy—Oberon's commercial make-up, Helena's stint on her knees, over-consciousness of words. At the same time there were some lovely touches, such as the fairies' rustling costumes. The directors, Katherine Sturrock and Cyprian Broodbank, deserve to be praised. It is a shame that technical hitches spoiled some of their work.

Shakespeare is not usually considered material for a house play. At least the audience was not presented with a definitive epic and the lack of pretensions, the simple and informal approach, was perhaps responsible for the success of this thoughtful and ambitious project. The most magical moment of the evening was Christopher Insall's beautiful singing, which held the audience spellbound.

Very good, enchanting . . . but we mustn't get carried away. After all, it was only a house play!

The Gamblers

Reviewed by Penny Gibbs

Many plays at Westminster are produced more for the sake of the cast than the audience. And it shows. The Junior College Play was a refreshing break from this too-hallowed tradition. *The Gamblers*—a minor one-act play by Gogol—is almost unknown in this country. The originality of the choice, inspired no doubt by Ian Bostridge's passion for nineteenth-century Russian drama, was matched by the quality and sophistication of the play. On reading the text it must have seemed so dauntingly obscure that few audiences, let alone one so selective as for a Junior House Play, would be able to relate to the themes and characters. The small, uniformly good cast overcame these odds. They behaved as though gambling were their habitual pursuit and through the unselfconsciousness of their performance, brought out the wider issues of the play: the importance of trust in human relationships, the futility of man's struggle to gain power over others by means of money, the extent to which physical and psychological appearances deceive.

Julian Peck



Credit for this subtle presentation of a difficult play must go to the director Catherine Bindman, whose first production it was. The standard of acting was high and my only criticism is that there was some awkwardness of movement at certain stages. Ben Hamilton and George Powell stood out, if only because their roles had greater complexity, thus giving greater scope to the performers. Giles Murray, encouraged at every gesture by his vociferous fan club, transformed a potentially dull part into a hilarious caricature. The staging was plain, which allowed the audience to give their full attention to the play and avoided the prop calamities which make so many school plays unintentionally farcical. Lemonade instead of champagne and the disappearance of a scarcely started appetizing meal were the only signs that this was a low-budget production.

As *The Gamblers* is the fourth excellent play to have been produced in the Dungeons, they have now established themselves as a most welcome third school stage. Each production has gained immeasurably from the intimacy of the audience-actor relationship, an intimacy impossible to achieve in the Lecture Room or Up School. The Dungeons force producers to concentrate on simplicity of staging and a high quality of acting, from which many are diverted when using the formal proscenium arches of the other stages. These invite complex scenery and over-sophisticated stage movement. Simplicity of design must be the keynote of Westminster drama if it is to rise above the normal standard of school productions.

Harlequinade

Reviewed by Isobel Bowler

This was one of the funniest plays I have seen at Westminster. No one could say that it was 'good theatre' but as a piece of entertainment it surpassed all. Finally a house has realised that it is better to put on a light, straightforward play than to court the almost inevitable disaster of a complex and tortuous piece.

It was amusing to see Dominic Martin (Arthur Gosport) in a rather different interpretation of *Romeo*. Towards the end of the piece his good performance was marred by over-acting. This criticism cannot be made of Sophie Chalk's 'Juliet'. She resisted better the temptation to over-ham. Chris Dangerfield was credible as the harassed Jack and Helen Palmer (Muriel) maintained her accent well. Joanna Whiting as the doting Miss Fishlock achieved a professionalism none of the others reached. She managed to caricature without playing to the audience which no one else seemed able to avoid. William Tuckey succeeded in exacting every ounce of humour from an almost tacit part by admirable use of facial expression. Rupert Widdicombe earned the largest laughs of the evening in a way that defies description.



Charlotte Bogard

All in all *Harlequinade* gave an amusing and memorable evening to a packed house. Praise must go to the direction of Charlotte Bogarde and Chris Dangerfield for making full use of the possibilities of a rather mediocre farce. In addition the advantages

of staging a play in the Lecture Room were again demonstrated as were those of simple comedy for house plays. I hope the cast enjoyed their performances as much as their audience did.

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui

Reviewed by Paul Hollingworth

So, an anti-Nazi pantomime to round off Westminster drama for 1981. A parable play with a message to crunch on; as the director, Bruno Rost, personally pointed out in the programme 'The terrible possibility of despotism, whether originating from the extreme left or right, is just as strong as ever.' I nodded, put on my sober gravestone face and tuned into Busby's latest offering.

The end-product was a pretty compact House Play which overcame the usual problems involving the availability of money, of actors and of time. When a project like *Arturo Ui* brings thirty or more boys and girls together from the house community there is a sense of achievement straight away. Despite some pretty dumb casting, the players responded positively with enthusiasm and energy, savouring every moment of a rare opportunity to become Al Capones . . . maybe not so hard. When you turn up to see friends your gravestone front cracks and reveals a smile.

To the plot. The five men who control the wholesale grocery trade in Chicago face economic crisis. They bribe Dogsborough, a respected mayor, to grant a loan. The press hear of this but Ui, yes his name is Ui, who wants to protect the wholesalers and is blackmailing poor old Dogsborough, murders the one witness. With the aid of Giri, Givola and Roma, Ui establishes a protection system and sets fire to the wholesaler's warehouse. A soft joker is picked up by Giri and found guilty with the

help of a judge's connivance. The gangsters fall out over Dogsborough's testament, which states that Ui is his successor, and when Roma opposes Ui's plan for extending operations to the suburb of Cicero, Ui has him treacherously shot by the others. When lawlessness in Chicago is criticised Dullfeet is murdered after every sign of friendship. So the wholesalers of Cicero are scared into asking for Ui's protection and Ui finishes by outlining his dramatic plans for the future.

The deflating of Hitler's pretensions to greatness—and of the German population's tendency to speak of Hitler as a great man—by linking his career in detailed parallels with the life of a Chicagoan gangster attracted a notable performance from Sebastian Peattie. His study of Ui was probably one of the year's drama high points. In *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* there were specific ideas to frame, none more so than the murder by Hitler of Roma, admirably portrayed by Bill Saunders, and his associates. This is parodied by a mass slaughter in Al Capone (headlight) style. Equally impressive was the scene where Ui received instructions from a Shakespearean actor, convincingly played by Bruno, on how to make political speeches. When the play worked it worked very well. Piece by piece, as at the stroke of a wand, the real Hitler story sprayed back into focus, though it is doubtful that Brecht's explicit anti-Nazi work of art succeeds as an analytical account of the rise of Hitler in Germany. Does Ui represent phenomena created by an environment of capitalist self-protection? From the start we see petty bourgeoisie and junkers but not the proletariat. Another possible flaw in the play lies in the fact that Ui had at his command the machinery of

intimidation all around him, unlike Hitler. Am I trying to be clever-clever or am I just being petty?

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui has to be produced on a large scale in order that the play can retain its political message with hark-backs to Elizabethan theatre. The presentation was at top speed and pure parody was sensibly avoided. The play was mainly in blank verse, but with chunks of prose. The play's dialogue made rigorous demands on the cast, especially on the inexperienced members, trying to squeeze emotion out of Brecht's flaccid language. Many speeches disappeared like tail-ends of dreams or fizzled away, in typical and inevitable fashion into the tomb of School—but it's easy to be negative. There were Shakespearean scene-endings, the scene in Richard III where Richard woos the widow of a man he has murdered, a slab of 'Faust', and the 'Friends, Romans and countrymen . . .' bit for good measure. Shakespearean verse and situation appear when Ui recalls the murder of Roma: 'Away, bloody shadows! Have mercy! Away!' What more can one ask for?

Let the spirit of enterprise and achievement go with you, Busby's! The reward will be heartfelt gratitude from the whole of the Westminster community. *Arturo Ui* was not a West End job which aspired to great things, but an above average Westminster House Play. As I left I tried to convince myself that I was satisfied but I felt a little awkward. Was this what kids or rather young gentlemen and women wanted to act in and see? Once in a while probably. As 1981 unfolded in to 1982 Westminster drama seemed to be breathing pretty healthily in its isolated pink or rather coffee and cream box . . . or maybe it's bobbing as easily as a lifebuoy. I think the signs are that the future will see the drama scene swimming up from the bottom of a black sleep.

No Exit and The Respectable Prostitute

Reviewed by Justin Albert

For R.S.C. actors these plays would probably be classified as tricky, and avoided because of, firstly, the length and secondly, the need (in *No Exit*) for three outstandingly competent actors. Westminster, in its pretentious theatrical manner, plunged in at the proverbial deep end and drowned. No-one can deny the bravery of the director in choosing these plays, and indeed the stamina of the players in acting to the best of their ability the allotted parts. But the apathetic response from the audience to their valour told the whole sad story.

No Exit was acted out totally seriously for two tedious hours; there were moments when animated acting was promised but this goal was never achieved. Melissa Jones as the naive and sensuous Estelle acted out her lines with a dire accuracy that displayed laboriously learned lines and a confusion about what to do and when to do it. On the

other hand Alasdair Coles appeared sub-consciously to compensate for Melissa's apparent misgivings by over-acting his part to the point of comedy, yet it was in his performance that the most potential for the future could be seen. Likewise the brace-toting Inez, played by Paula Van Langen, found herself hard pushed to maintain any degree of validity for the play's duration. In any other less demanding play all three of these actors would have performed well; there is certainly much potential talent in them. Unfortunately *No Exit* was too big a mountain to ask them to climb.

The Respectable Prostitute proved to be something of a comic relief for those who returned after the interval. Selina Kearon came over as a very realistic and sensual tart, with Daniel Owen, one of Westminster's better actors, making up for any failings on her part. All in all this play was much better received and seemed to work well as a comedy.

A Shakespeare Marathon

Reviewed by Piers Gibbon

On Sunday morning, February 7th, about twenty people (masters, pupils and Old Boys) wedged themselves into the few comfortable chairs in Ashburnham drawing-room and read the whole of one of Shakespeare's history cycles—*Richard II*, *Henry IV parts I and II* and *Henry V*—starting at 9 a.m. and finishing at 10 p.m. There were short breaks between the plays for drinks, soup and digging into the communal food pile. The motive was not fund-raising but purely the entertainment and enlightenment of the participants.

One unexpected result was the uncovering of previously hidden talent. Normally docile teachers were fired with unaccustomed enthusiasm and gave excellent renditions in the parts of ancient aristocrats, woolly clerics and evil villains. The plays that worked best were those with obviously comic characters and situations. Philosophical soliloquies and sombre death scenes cannot possibly convey much when merely read aloud without the dramatic emphasis provided by a stage and the physical presence of an actor. In this respect a 'read-in' has the same failings as television, whose dramatic productions, especially the Shakespearean ones, are often dull, unexciting and depressingly two-dimensional. This meant, inevitably, that many of the scenes, if not totally lost, did not make much impact by being read aloud.

The comic scenes were, however, extremely effective and very funny. I must mention here the excellent combination of Robert Maslen's bubbling, pompous Falstaff (which got progressively more bubbling and pompous as the sherry bottle at his side got lighter) and Richard Jacobs' dry, intelligent Prince Hal. Although I still have no idea of the plot of *Henry IV, Part II* I laughed much more than when I read it to myself.

At ten hours however the whole performance was too long, and although a pioneering spirit carried it through to the bitter end there were moments when the readings sagged, as did the interest. But I enjoyed it overall and would like to thank Mr. Stuart for organising the read-in and everyone who came. I hope there will be another one—perhaps the comedies?

Music

Façade

Reviewed by Alexander Bird

This year Britain's musicians celebrate Sir William Walton's eightieth birthday, but it was sixty years ago that he wrote his most popular work, *Façade*, and a further ten years earlier that *Façade's* predecessor, Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* was composed. The former is a pasticcio to poems by Edith Sitwell—the Sitwells, whom Walton met through Sacheverell, were his close friends and constant supporters.

Pierrot is a setting for recitalist and chamber ensemble (as is *Façade*) of thrice seven poems by Alfred Giraud, whereas Walton reversed this ordering of the twenty-one poems. This is where the similarities end and the parody, which pervades *Façade*, begins. Schoenberg's work is introspective, atonal and highly individual—Walton emphasizes the role of *Façade* as entertainment. Indeed *Façade*, a modern sort of masque, is entitled 'An Entertainment'.

This most important aspect of the piece was amply conveyed by the Christmas performance in Ashburnham drawing room. On occasion (not infrequently!) criticism of plays and music at Westminster is over-demanding, being a measure of the seriousness with which these undertakings should be considered. This being the case it would be easy for one to set oneself above the occasion and to pick out the various imperfections in the performance. To do so would not only be a facile undertaking but would be to miss totally the spirit of the piece and the production. Given this, it is infinitely preferable that the recitalists Ralph Wedgwood and Rory Stuart should have read with enthusiasm and expression at the expense of complete accuracy of rhythm, or that Peter Muir should have chosen to perform the complete set and not to exclude the more difficult numbers.

The ensemble coped admirably both with the technical difficulty of their parts and the problems inherent in playing in such a small group for a prolonged period. For *Façade* to have been performed at all is an achievement; for the audience to have enjoyed it so much indicates a greater success—due in large measure to the conductor, Peter Muir.

A word ought to be said in praise of Ralph Wedgwood and Rory Stuart, who had to recite several numbers at short notice, and Kate Bolton the flautist, who, extraordinarily, had to learn the saxophone practically from scratch in order to play this difficult part—while not forgetting the other performers, Matthew Broadbent, Miles King, Felix Cornish and Paul Cavacuti.

All in all the work was produced professionally in the manner which we have come to enjoy from Peter Muir, whose last Westminster engagement this was. With *Façade*, the music for *Romeo and Juliet*, his recital with Charles Sewart and the performance of his piano sonata behind him I am sorry to see Peter leave, for what, I hope and expect, will be a successful and productive career.

Choral and Orchestral Concert in St. Margaret's

Reviewed by Martin Ball

St. Margaret's makes an ideal concert hall, possessing good acoustics, reasonably comfortable seating and effective heating. If its disadvantages over its nearest rival (St. John's, Smith Square) amount to greater disturbance from traffic and the lack of refreshment facilities, St. Margaret's is of course, unlike St. John's, only used for concerts occasionally and by privileged users like ourselves. This programme could only have been given in St. Margaret's as the school has, for years, been bereft of a functioning organ.



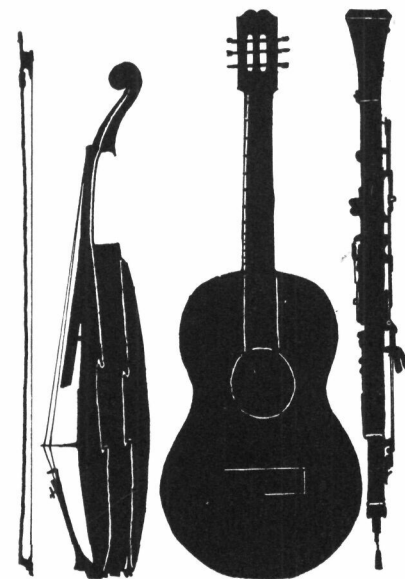
David Neviazsky

A few people have commented on the programmes of school concerts which frequently contain works by Purcell and Handel, ignoring perhaps the fact that the works of these composers are immensely varied and match the resources of the school choir and orchestra. The big school concerts can never be as eclectic as informal concerts (which are usually sparsely attended) and regular concert-goers at these large events may easily get a lop-sided idea of school music-making which includes chamber music, jazz and pop., regularly reported on in *The Elizabethan*.

Charles Brett has an intimate knowledge of Purcell's music, its difficulties and performing requirements. On Friday, March 26th, he conducted a small orchestra (a few extra players would have been welcome in the lower strings), a choir numbering about fifty, and soloists. There were five of the latter in Purcell's *Te Deum*, a ceremonial and somewhat impersonal work compared to the birthday odes, but whose vigour makes it a good opener for a concert. The speeds of the numerous short solos, duets and choruses were well chosen but Charles Brett's gestures, however persuasive, failed to arouse the choir, who sounded sluggish in comparison with the brilliant trumpet-playing of Matthew Broadbent and his teacher, Simon Smith. John Graham-Maw and Christopher Insall sang 'To Thee, Cherubim and Seraphim' with splendid projection and clarity. We are fortunate in having these outstanding trebles. The other male soloists were welcome visitors. Timothy Woolford's authoritative baritone, Alastair Thompson's attractive light tenor and Ashley Stafford's delightfully natural counter-tenor blended well together as well as making a strong effect in their midget solos. My only criticism is that the keyboard continuo was undertaken by the large 1896 Walker organ instead of the chamber organ, resulting occasionally in an obtrusive rumble from the pedals.

Haydn's Symphony No. 99 in E Flat was the first of the twelve Salomon symphonies to employ clarinets and as the school's flutes and oboes had intonation problems we can be thankful that Felix Cornish and his co-clarinettist as well as Toby Stevens and his co-bassoonist maintained pitch. The long pause between movements for timpani re-tuning might well have been used by the orchestra to check their pitch; I cannot understand this taboo about tuning. The violins sounded uneasy in E Flat but seemed much happier in the G major Adagio, where the phrases between strings and wind were played most felicitously. The quiet opening of the Minuet was momentarily marred by the sound of a vehicle's siren outside the church but equilibrium was soon restored and the orchestra gave a suitably peasant rendering. The last movement would have gained a needed lightness if it had been taken faster—the risk of raggedness would have been worth it. It was good to hear this unhackneyed symphony.

The girls of St. Paul's School in 1913 must have been grateful to their director of music, Gustav Holst, for giving them music which was interesting to play while not



David Neviazsky

being too difficult. *St. Paul's Suite* has remained popular with professionals and amateurs ever since and on this occasion it produced the best playing of the evening. The earlier scrawny sound became open and generous, the unanimous chording in the Ostinato was most impressive, there was a beautifully played solo in the Intermezzo by Charles Sewart and the Finale was rhythmical and vigorous.

Britten's Festival Cantata *Rejoice in the Lamb* was performed with the original organ accompaniment rather than Imogen Holst's orchestral transcription. It produced the best singing of the evening. The choir was now alert, watched the conductor, opened their mouths and made a good noise. The short solo 'For H is a spirit' was accorded appropriate weight by Timothy Woolford. Alastair Thompson's diction was impeccable in his solo 'For the flowers are great blessings' and his voice floated effortlessly to the top notes. Ashley Stafford captured the humour of the 'Mouse' solo and the treble considered his 'Cat Jeffrey' in a solo beautifully sung by John Graham-Maw. This was a well-spaced and musically satisfying account. It remains only to say that Ian Watson, the assistant organist of the church, contributed greatly to the success of the performance by his superb management of the difficult and vital organ part, and that this splendid account of a fascinating and touching work ended the concert in a most satisfactory way.

* * *

Abroad

Córdoba—Easter 1982

It is some time since we had a report on the Spanish course at Córdoba which occurs annually in the Easter holidays. David Brown, who organises the course, has edited the following extracts from students' diaries about this year's course.

Heathrow, last afternoon of term; leave the last night pranks to Duncan and the lads, they ought to be able to lift the minibus onto College roof without me. Sevilla, here we come! *Quién no ha visto Sevilla no ha visto maravilla!* We remember Dave Brown's seductive spiel about orange blossom, white wine, amazingly beautiful girls with red carnations nestling in black-haired temples, the murmur of late-night guitars growling through the 'reja' at the sleazy pensión after a massive energy-sapping paella. . . . Oh hell! There's a four and a half hour delay on Iberia Flight 412, which means getting to Sevilla at midnight and on to Córdoba at 3 a.m.—an awful start to the holiday.

The bus crunches to a halt finally at 6 a.m. in Córdoba and we are bought an undrinkably strong coffee to wake us up in a chilly Córdoba café, trying to stir ourselves into consciousness as we're about to be led off to our billets all over town. The words needed prising out of the memory as the far too perky taxi-driver swooped on the baggage and we were taken off to a modern flat, the home of Doña Raquel, an elderly widow in a new suburb of the city. No English spoken here and I stammer through the first exchanges grasping at my 'O' level Spanish phrases, explaining the delay, the need for a rest, the fact that I couldn't face the supper they had kindly kept for me the previous night. They spoke far too quickly for me, but I got the gist and after a rest and a wash (Spanish plumbing is not that bad but their concept of hot is rather tepid) I ask them directions to the centre. I must see the Mezquita, find the orange trees, see the Judería and generally explore.

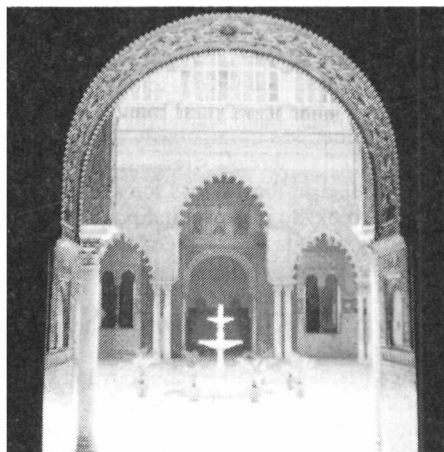
The streets of the centre and the old town that lead down to the Mosque really are heavy with orange blossoms. . . . ¡azahar! With the white houses, narrow lanes, flower-potted patios, hanging geraniums in the traffic-free old town, we begin to understand. The brilliant sunshine wipes out any fatigue and the visit to the Mezquita begins, the biggest Mosque anywhere, with the enormous Cathedral in the middle of it. The Mihrab, the most holy part, is a stunning display of gold, green and blue mosaic, quite unlike anything we've ever seen before. The endless avenues of columns continuing the lines of orange trees of the Patio de los Naranjos, blending nature with tenth-century, man-made building. The Mosque is so vast that we soon begin to realise a little of how important Córdoba



must have been in the eleventh and twelfth centuries when Jews, Moors and Christians lived together in a harmony that is not always evident seven hundred years later.

We next visited the Alcázar and its remarkable gardens. Terraced, with endless pools, ancient yellow walls, purple bougainvillea, the heavy perfume of flock, sweet william and jasmine and the unbelievable number of frogs on the lily pads. We saw the room in the castle where Columbus met the Reyes Católicos to raise money for his first voyage. . . . Yes, we all promise ourselves to do as Dave says and return to the Alcázar gardens with the Lorca or Marquez set book and read quietly in these stunningly beautiful surroundings where all the senses are invaded. (So that's why he was going on about synaesthesia so much. . . .) Time now for a prowling in the narrow streets in search of refreshments, 'naranjada', 'limonada', 'gaseosa'; this kind of vocabulary we know very well. . . .

The lessons every morning from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. are useful. Small groups, ten or so, with local teachers who were young, very helpful and understanding. No English here either. Use of the subjunctive, grammar, dictation, some literary texts, but above all listening and talking, lots of aural and oral comprehension. The lessons are not the main things about the Córdoba course, but they are another important source of new vocabulary, new phrases, more information about Spain, the current political situation, E.T.A., F 23 and so on. We ask about the Communist mayor of Córdoba, the post-Franco democracy, the street muggings, the Easter processions that are on each evening. Don Antonio and



Imaculada help us with our questions, correcting the grammar as we struggle along, giving particular help with the background to the processions.

These amazing processions are held every evening of Semana Santa (Holy Week), from Domingo de Ramos (Palm Sunday) to Easter Sunday (Domingo de Resurrección). The whole city, and indeed half the Province of Córdoba, is on the streets from 8 p.m. until about 1 or 2 a.m., thronging, drinking, goggling at the 'pasos' or floats as they go by. Many people take the processions very seriously and follow the religious statues and figures back to the Parish Churches. Thousands of others on the pavements, including myriads of impeccably dressed children allowed to stay up until way past midnight, see it all as one long fantastic fiesta, which it is. Seats are put out, bars are open all night; it's like a Coronation or Royal Wedding every evening! The martial bands and youthful, amateurish brass contrast with the hooded penitents and the beautifully adorned carved statues of Christ and the Virgin Mary, decorated with hundreds of lit candles, rich plush robes, enveloped in clouds of incense, surrounded by great clusters of red and white carnations. We have nothing like it in English culture, probably because of our climate.

The days go zipping by. Oh dear, I've not written home yet! Better ring up. This gives me further minor linguistic adventures at the 'Central Telefónica', but I get through eventually, explaining to mater that the Basques do not actually operate this far south. . . . Apart from our lessons, visiting the monuments, exploring the town, chatting in the families, being taken out to see the processions, there is a programme of cultural activities organised for us by the Director of the course, Don Eulogio Cremades. On three or four evenings there is a lecture on literature, history, art, architecture; there is a classical guitar concert by Miguel Barberá, a demonstration of flamenco, a reception to meet the Spanish students of the school we were based on and an all day excursion to Seville. There was also some spare time to do a little work or meet one's friends at the 'Siena' bar in the main square after the three o'clock lunch and before the exhausting evening activities that begin at about seven or eight, whether it be a lecture, procession-watching or the discoteca, or all three for Adam, Will, Alex, Tom and Chris! The shops and everything else being open from 4 until 8 p.m. or even later certainly spreads the day at a more leisurely pace; one can fit more in, somehow.

It takes a few days to adapt to the Spanish style rhythm of life, but once you are tuned in it makes very good sense. By the end of the course all of us, some twenty-seven students, want to come back to Spain soon, preferably Andalucía. Everyone has learned a great deal, spoken a lot of Spanish, and what is more, we've all had a superb holiday, too! If you are doing Spanish don't fail to go on the Córdoba Course. Señor Cremades and David Brown have blended together a very full and stimulating way to spend Easter in Spain.

Impressions of Russia

This Easter, in the latest in a series of such trips, a group of twenty-two—thirteen from Westminster and nine from St. Paul's led by Robin Aizlewood with Gavin Griffiths and Marie-Jose Budgen (from St. Paul's)—travelled to Russia for eleven days. The group visited Moscow, Leningrad, and Pskov, starting and finishing in Moscow and travelling by overnight sleeper between the three cities. Moscow, once the 'Third Rome', now offers the best, if at times rudest, introduction to modern Soviet life, but much still remains of its historic past; Leningrad is the elegant Imperial capital of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and the mediaeval, walled city of Pskov takes one into provincial and rural Russia. During the trip we visited, for example, the Kremlin and the Hermitage, the Exhibition of Economic Achievements of the USSR and the still working fortified monastery at Pechory, near Pskov, and a peasant market selling anything from pickled garlic to painted wooden Easter eggs; we also attended English classes in a school and saw Pioneers engaged in the equivalent of Lower School Activities. In the evenings members of the group went to see the Bolshoy Company Opera, the Moscow Circus (on ice), an ice hockey International, and the Kirov Ballet. Also encountered were a taxi driver who plays bass guitar in a pop group, Russian ice-cream (and Russian meat-balls), the all-weather swimmers in the Neva, known as walruses, and many other Russians and aspects of Russian life. The following account of Russia and the trip has been put together from pieces written by James Irvine, Kate Bolton, Adam Winter, and Tamsin Clegg.

My brief travels in Russia have left with me far deeper impressions than any previous excursions to more familiar parts of Europe. I suppose a visit to Russia remains a rarity in England, the exception rather than the rule, and hence it is that the average knowledge of the country is a curious and eclectic mixture.

In the Western world this has always been so; thus Frau Lenore in *Spring Torrents*—'hitherto her picture of Russia had been of a country where the snow lay permanently, and everyone went round in a fur coat and served in the army—but that the hospitality was quite extraordinary, and the peasants very obedient'. I am an excellent example of this attitude myself, and I was delighted to be able to clarify even partially some points about this great and fascinating country.

James Irvine

Moscow

'Efficiency' was about the first word that entered my head on stepping into the arrivals lounge at Moscow airport. The customs searched through everything—right down to the toothpaste in your sponge bag—and they certainly know how to make you feel uneasy at passport control, staring straight into your eyes and putting mirrors behind your head to check you're not wearing a wig!

The environs of Moscow were



The Kremlin

Vieri Timosci

depressingly bleak—those unending blocks of flats! It was rather like stepping back twenty years: the cars were decrepit and old fashioned, and most people were still in flares and platforms and large hats made, so our guide told us, from cat and dog fur, as keeping pets is too expensive. The city centre was more inspiring, though, more than any other city I know, the only beauty there is old.

Culture rates highly, so books and records are very inexpensive. We also found the power of foreign currency very strong and managed to get the best seats for the Bolshoi Company Opera for £3. Sadly, the reception for the opera was pathetic: it was a stunning production—the only problem being the revolving stage which caused difficulties for one late comer who had to do a fast sprint and flying leap before he missed his cue—yet half the audience walked out before the end and only a dozen or so applauded. I'm told the Russians go just for the opportunity to dress up and have an evening out.

Kate Bolton

On the way into Moscow the scenery was just blocks of flats and muddy greens, and in the middle of one of these was our hotel. The outside was blue and rather worn looking, but inside was great and we all formed a group and waited for our room passes. Without these we were not allowed past the tea/key ladies who were sitting guard on every floor. In the middle of this wait our guide, Tamara, gave us all our supper tickets, though the supper wasn't quite Cordon Bleu, to say the least. Then after supper we were allotted rooms, and came upon the tea/key ladies. They were all invariably fat, and over the days I was to

discover that all the older Russian ladies were fat. The one on our floor was very pleasant. You would smile at her and she would give you your key, trying to talk to you in Russian. After we had settled in some people stayed at the hotel, where there was a dainty little disco, but two St. Paul's boys and I decided to explore the Russian night life outside!

Adam Winter

Our trip to Russia introduces us to three entirely different aspects of the country; this in itself weakens generalisation. Moscow to begin with, a very busy and discomfiting city. Apart from the historic centre round the Kremlin, and some rather 'faded' nineteenth-century squares, it seemed to consist of serpentine and, as far as I could detect, identical Prospekts interlacing a perpetual building site. Here, amidst snow frozen on the ground, squares filled with a peculiarly lifeless type of black tree, and ancient Slavonic churches emblazoned with every imaginable colour on dome and archway, one discovered a timeless Russian state of mind—a pleasant, blank apathy all-pervading of the very type that moved, or rather, failed to move, Oblomov. The number of stationary people I observed in Russia exceeded all bounds. I remember, on one occasion, while visiting the Mayakovsky Museum, we filed past a very ancient lady, slumped in an armchair at the entrance, not asleep, or showing any signs of thought, but with an expression of marvellous blankness, a complete absence of anything. Some while later, we filed past her the other way. She was still sitting, in precisely the same condition. In accord with this, the most favoured social unit in Russia seemed to be the timeless queue, not connected, as far as I could see, with any particular shortage. No progress would be made, but this seemed

Street Vendor

David Jefferys





Moscow Church

Vieri Timosci

not to concern the participants in the slightest.

The thing is, in the West it is engrained within us that the individual is of paramount importance, and that upon him lies the onus of improving his own world. Not for us—and certainly not for the Westminster party—this vast capacity for resignation.

All this, of course, in contrast with the vaunted ethics of Communism: great red signs recommending the 'Glory of Labour'—in the circumstances I have described, not inapplicable—endless posters of Modesty Blaize type worker heroes, wielding their tools with a manic glint in the eye, looking totally un-Russian, and of course the extraordinary Park of Soviet Economic Achievement. Here amidst enormous and rather bombastic stone pavilions of the size and style of the Victor Emmanuel Monument, all of them, no doubt, erected in five minutes, we were treated, while beefy Georgian boat-songs blasted out from the concealed sources in the lamp-posts, to a permanent display of the incomparable effectiveness of Soviet cultural and industrial policies. Our experience so far of clockwork Russian efficiency had been sufficient for us not to take this entirely at face value. However, one can think more deeply in terms of this contrast. I think it is still possible to be moved by the ideas behind such things. After all, at least interest is shown in the efforts of the working people—the whole subject matter of the radio news—rather than concealing them from view. And of course it has the side, as another member of the party put it, of showing the Russian people what they haven't got.

James Irvine

Public Transport

One of my more striking memories of Russia will be travelling on the Moscow bus system. The lack of cars meant that the whole city made use of public transport. Hence a Russian bus offered an example of

compression of matter to an extent I believed impossible; an apparently endless stream of people tided in at every stop, fighting to pay their five copecks, and as a result I found myself pressed into such grotesque positions that each time I imagined I would emerge like some gnarled and involuted Laocoon.

James Irvine

In both Moscow and Leningrad, which was stunning and in parts, particularly round the River Neva, very like Venice, we had ample opportunity to travel on public transport. This was, to say the least, quite an experience. To call the buses packed would be a gross understatement, say then that if you managed to get one foot on the bus, never mind being crushed between the doors, you were lucky! Still, both the buses and the extremely impressive metro cost only three pence for any journey.

Kate Bolton

Leningrad

Moving on to Leningrad (St. Petersburg) we found a city completely different in appearance. Leningrad has the literary reputation of being the 'unnatural city'; it was built by Peter the Great, the most ruthless of Westernisers, in straight and ordered lines over rivers and marshes and land entirely unfit for habitation. The avenues and squares were elegant and beautiful in the rare spring sunshine, and looking along the great Nevsky Prospekt, an immovably Western side of me sighed with relief, 'really just like Kensington'. Certainly one felt infinitely more at home here, though the 'unnatural' element was never out of mind, not only the conquest over nature, but also the East 'thinking itself' European. Everywhere, for example, we saw the extraordinary extravagant and elaborate Russian Baroque, borrowed feverishly from the West—most of Petersburg was designed by Rastrelli—and exceeding the original models: thus

The Hermitage across the Neva

Vieri Timosci



Catherine's Cathedral, or the Winter Palace itself (in authentic torquoise).

Leningrad, as far as this goes, is very much the city of Peter the Great or Catherine, both of whom battled continually against Russian 'backwardness'; beards, wooden Slavonic palaces with a marked (and welcome) lack of gilded Cupids at every turn, in general what they conceived of as the 'inelegance' of the Russian character (the Bear). I suppose the main manifestation of their passion now is the Soviet love of advertising themselves, even down to digital boards on railway platforms recording the number of seconds since the last train departed; and of course there was the extraordinary interest shown in articles of Western wear.

James Irvine

Religion Old and New

I should like to say a word about the churches. The Orthodox faith, along with the things I have mentioned, remains very powerful in Russian life. The atmosphere of incense, iconostasis, and tuneful intoning from an apparently inexhaustible choir of elderly ladies is redolent of old Russia, and so far from being deserted, the immense and formless celebrations seemed to command great popularity. I remember watching a scene straight from Dostoevsky—an old and impressively bearded Russian at his devotions before his chosen icon, crouching almost prostrate for a quarter of an hour at a time, rising and saluting the Cross, and, eventually, departing, no doubt to return home filled to the eyebrows with vodka.

James Irvine

In 1917 Russia became the world's first communist state and religion accompanied the aristocrats as they fled the country, for communism makes no room for God. The Soviet people, however, in need of some kind of replacement, have created their own God: Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov 'Lenin'.

Lenin's preserved body in the Mausoleum on Red Square serves to reaffirm the Russians in their belief in communism and the man himself, like the Turin shroud for many Christians. Pictures of Lenin are to be seen in every classroom and every home, statues or busts are found on nearly every street, and most towns have a museum dedicated to him besides other monuments; in Pskov, for example, a building has been preserved because Lenin stayed there for twenty-eight days.

But as the restrictions on some forms of religion have lapsed over the past few years, so there are some Russians who openly practise the Russian Orthodox religion, perhaps more fervently than many other Christians. The Russian Orthodox services are certainly lengthier, but many people go each day and stand throughout, and having seen so many Russian women worshipping so intensely I think I can justifiably say that, although in the minority, there are Russians for whom the 'old' religion did not go with the introduction of communism.

What surprised us, and many people with whom I have talked, is the number of churches to be found: many are still practising, the remainder are preserved as museums. Churches were built by the Russian aristocracy to commemorate a memorable event and give thanks, thus accounting, in part, for the great number. In Pskov there are fifty-three small Russian Orthodox churches within an area of just four square miles. These churches may not be painted externally, like St. Basil's, but inside the walls are often covered with beautiful murals. And near Pskov, at Pechory, there is an old fortified monastery, still working and a place of pilgrimage. Perhaps one of the ironies of Russia is that within the walls of the Kremlin 'complex' there are five very ornate cathedrals built by the Czars!

For all the shortcomings of a supposedly atheist country there are, however, no religious 'hypocrites', to quote our guide, who failed to understand the point of having a religious service each morning, especially in Westminster Abbey, if so many pupils considered themselves atheist—we referred her to the arguments of Dr. John Rae!

Tamsin Clegg

Pskov

Finally, we moved on to the countryside, to the little town of Pskov and its surroundings, literally in the middle of nowhere. This was for me the most comforting part of the trip, quite apart from the thoughts the two great cities inspired. It was comforting simply in that the Russia I knew and loved from the nineteenth-century writers was here, briefly, invested with reality.

Pskov itself had the marvellously inert atmosphere of a sleepy Russian provincial town, straight from one of Chekhov's short stories. The enervated condition of his characters was, I must admit, amply accounted for. The streets were bare of traffic, except for an occasional bus, and the social focal point appeared to be the sunny



Peasants

David Jefferys

town square, peopled with residents at various stages of wakefulness, opposite the single amenity of the small town theatre, offering—not without irony—the Russian version of *Hamlet*. Would we had been longer in such surroundings! Travelling out into the surrounding Russian country we encountered at once the infinite Russian 'sense of space', famed in literature. Flat fenceless fields, dotted with wooden dachas and huts, stretched to the furthest horizon on all sides, interrupted occasionally by remnants of vast forests of pine and birch. All about us this strange grey ethos of the grass and the as yet leafless trees; yet it was the beginning of spring, and nest-making was evidently in progress (no doubt at an appropriately dilatory rate). We disembarked at a most beautiful little village, exiguous huts and gardens clustered around the ruins of a great fortress, a strange reminder in such circumstances of the endless mediaeval wars with the Teutons, Swedes, Poles, indeed every possible overweening Western power. I walked up to the rare prominence upon which the fortress was built, and gazed down on further miles of grey green fields, and a great lake. I stood awhile contemplating this, and I was inclined to imagine that among the string of lakes, forests and pasture stretching from here through Southern Russia and finally to the Baltic, sparsely connected by railways and provincial towns of the mark of Pskov, there lived many Arkadinas and Astrovs and Gaevs, slumped in garden chairs wondering at the immeasurable lack of life, and were there another Chekhov to depict them, philosophising at great, great length.

James Irvine

The Russians

I found the Russian people extremely pleasant and helpful, and Tamara, our guide, tried her best and was a great sport. It was her birthday when we were in Pskov and she was overcome with joy when Mr. Aizlewood, Mr. Griffiths, and Mrs. Budgen,

the teacher from St. Paul's, gave her a cake. We also drank some Russian champagne which was really quite good.

In all the Russian trip was a great success and if there is another one in the future I would recommend anyone to go on it (but take some Cordon Bleu food).

Adam Winter

The Russians I met were rather more impatient and serious but obviously after only eleven days there it is unfair to judge, especially as they have the reputation of being very friendly. It's no wonder even if they are impatient considering the number of times they have to queue in one day—everywhere we went people were queuing for something . . . how on earth have the English got the reputation for queuing as their national pastime? They are highly suspicious of anyone with a camera; a number of people were shouted at for photographing Russians, and David Jefferys was even chased out of a park by the father of a baby he'd just photographed!

It's an intriguing country and I think it's essential that we understand it. The trip enlightened us all to some extent and in that way it was a truly fascinating eleven days, but it was also a marvellous holiday and our thanks go to Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Aizlewood for all they did.

Kate Bolton

On a train

Vieri Timosci



The French Exchange—Westminster and Lycée Henri IV

by Patrick Lamb

This Easter saw the beginning of what I hope will be a long and fruitful relationship with the Lycée Henri IV in Paris. The prospects are certainly good—Henri IV is one of the most prestigious French Lycées and is situated right in the centre of the city (just behind the Panthéon and within walking distance of numerous cafés, cinemas, museums and art galleries, most notably the Louvre and Jeu de Paume). In all respects, then, a perfect match for Westminster, although I must confess that on the basis of this year's evidence the most important common denominator would seem to have been the cafés—*mais, passons!*

On Friday March 19th at approximately 4 p.m. I accompanied a straggling and heavily-laden band of nine members of the Sixth Form to St. James' Park Underground station—a tube, plane and coach-ride later we emerged in the Air France terminal at the Porte Maillot. The nervousness and apprehension of my nine charges had by now reached a high pitch but the months of meticulous, and more often than not acrimonious, planning with my French opposite number paid off—at least for me. Everyone promptly disappeared with their exchange partner and I was left to wait anxiously over the next three weeks for the telephone call that would signal some irrevocable, local breakdown in Anglo-French relations. Selecting the 'right' boy or girl for their French opposite number falls somewhere between computer-dating and playing God. The modest conclusion I drew from this year's experience is that God has a relatively easy time—I knew exactly what would happen, and it did—*pour le meilleur et pour le pire!*

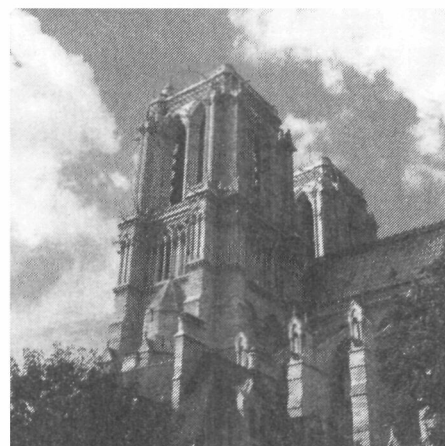
I must quickly add that the overall judgement of this first half of the exchange has been a distinctly positive one. We saw the Lycée at work, we saw Paris at a particularly beautiful time of year, and a number of Westminsters went on holiday with their French family, so gaining a glimpse of a very different, provincial

Pont Alexandre III—evening



France. Progress was made in the fluency of spoken French, although all families were impressed from the outset by the general level of ability and by the fact that we were already reading serious works of French literature—points which should be stressed to those who delight in the mediocre and self-congratulatory inanities of the 'Parlez-vous-franglais' school of thought.

There were, of course, no diplomatic incidents, firm friendships were made and we await the arrival of the pupils from Henri IV in early July to complete this first exchange. I sincerely hope that there will be many more and would like to thank the first nine 'guinea-pigs'—Rachel Dow, Barbara Wansbrough, Joanna Clyde, John Schofield, Robert Semple, Shannon Peckham, Dollan Cannell, Edward Roussel and Constantine Guppy—for having done so much to make our first visit an overall success. This is an official account for the purposes of this journal of record—I am sure the



Notre Dame

forementioned could supply many more interesting, unofficial versions, as indeed could I, *mais ça c'est une autre histoire!*

Two poems by Joanna Clyde

Paris

*Paris, Palaiseau, grey
like any other suburb.
Tablecloth blocks of flats
with the same coffee stains,
frayed edges.
Low and subdued beneath
a transparent sky.*

*People, pale, living like
any other nation.
But colours, lines, shapes and chic
demi-gods, blond and dark
in a perfumed breeze
Always rushing, urgent.
In no other street*

*grey, gloom, Paris at night,
a breeding hatch of parasites.
Vermin in minks or vermin
in the cold.
Dark faces, pale hair,
brushing hands.
Drizzle and lights, indicator
hovering by a rainy kerb.*

*Jeans and jokes and Gitanes
leather jackets, already aged,
bière, Picard, a forgotten file
kiss, kiss, bon jour, salut, ciao
a gentle gentlemany curiosity
and many a smile.*

Blois

*The crackle on the Chopin record
like the spit and pop of the fire,
Pine, mixed with rosewater,
old warm paper and sulking furniture,
diffuse into the heady air.*

*Throw back the shutters,
throw back you hair,
chickens strut and lunge,
the dog, forgotten, barks
the car is polished with a meticulous
hand and a mechanical whistling.*

*wooden parquet rutted with black,
wax and many a heel,
cold, cold floors, real coloured broken tiles
like the linoleum on a waiting room floor.
The smell of old lady; something sweet
stifing something bitter and decayed.
Mirrors that cry dead tears
in the shadows
creaking beams and restless drilling flies
Mother Mary everywhere,
Pink and lace, bric-a-brac
Fish on Fridays, an afternoon nap.*

* * *

The Library

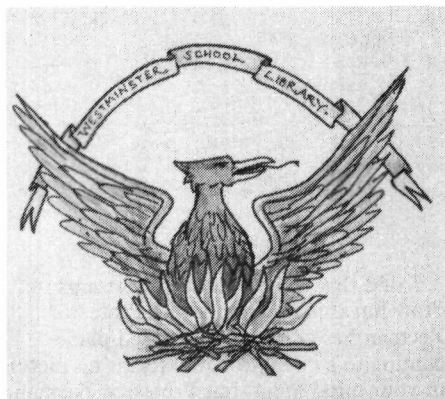
by John Field

There are any number of ways in which you can compare Westminster with other schools (what about a series, editors?) The chief way in which Westminster would come off unfavourably would surprise everyone except ourselves. As Dostoevsky says, 'man gets used to everything, the beast'. No, it's not food, but books, and their surrounding habitat. Surprising, because if we are anything, we are academic, or so the league tables, knowledgeable opinion and parental pockets tell us. But at Westminster there is no place where people can work without disturbance, no means of finding out what books we have or where they are—certainly not from the Librarian, who is as much in the dark as anyone—no belief that up-to-date books are to be found (new books either age instantly, like Dorian Gray, or disappear)—in short, no sense that either books or their users are cared for. All these are taken for granted at most schools in the land. Yet, to come back to Dostoevsky, arguments against change persist. 'We're doing perfectly well without a library, so why go to the trouble and expense of providing one?' No marks for spotting the logical fallacies in that position.

Previous librarians have, with slender means, adopted a variety of tactics to show willing. One classified all books by the date of birth of the author; another painted white stripes on the spines; another kept it quiet and was always alarmed to find a boy in the library at all. But at last, thanks to the Appeal, money has been found to provide, in the summer holidays of 1982, a real library. Well, what is that? First of all, a place. A unified set of rooms, reserved entirely for library activities, with working space that is immune against the range of diseases, from teaching to debating, to which the present rooms are exposed. There will be a major book stock room, with a gallery to provide maximum shelving. This room will house all borrowable books: all books that departments judge to be an intrinsic part of your academic education. Other books, reference and general interest, will be available in other rooms for browsing among, reading in the library, but not for borrowing. The main stock room will contain a variety of indexes to make the books, which are at present being catalogued on the Dewey system (the one that is standard in most public libraries) as accessible to you as possible. An extension to the main computer will provide stock control, search facilities and flexible indexing. Books, which are under the present non-system, fair game for anyone who can find them, rather like an Arthurian quest, will in future have a close season—i.e. there will be specific times of day at which books may be borrowed and returned with library staff to preside over the process, and a fixed allowance of time for their use. Most importantly of all for many—day pupils during the working day, boarders in search of concentration—the new library will have a variety of working

spaces for about seventy people at any one time which will be available from nine in the morning to ten at night.

But all this bounty does not guarantee a successful library. At Westminster, the library shares a problem with a sex shop: how to tempt people in without making them feel that they are about to lose their respectability. Some of you may have had the experience of timidly opening the Drawing Room door (when you have found out how to operate it, which takes some people most of their years at school) only to find two or three mindless youths loitering aggressively within, perfect antidotes to the pursuit of knowledge. At Westminster there is no tradition of library use, nothing to graft the new library on to, no corporate sense of responsibility for books, little knowledge of how to use them, no widespread habit of even being in the rooms. So the first weeks of the Play Term in 1982 must be spent introducing all members of the school, including the Common Room, to the



David Neviazsky

library, for it can only work if departments want it to and help it to, by instruction, encouragement and direction to boys and girls studying their subjects. Though there will be a transformation of academic life, we must not expect it to be immediate for we have all got to learn how to use a real library. That will take time and patience.

But once people have begun to enjoy it and to spend time there, it can provide one other important enrichment, and that is to make available to them the School's collection of rare and old books, prints and drawings, photographs and other archive material, things which connect us with a great and enviable tradition of history and learning of which most of us are largely ignorant. Our working library should also be a place where precious things are accessible. If they are not accessible, they are as good as dead. We have marvellous things: medieval manuscripts, the oldest dating from about 1280; several books from the earliest years of printing, including two from Caxton's own press at Westminster; first editions of important scientific, philosophical and literary works: Descartes, Pascal, Kepler, Galileo, Milton; a magnificent world atlas of 1638 by Mercator. Scores of riches, at present locked away, because there is hardly anyone to show them to.

An academic school without a working library is a school without a heart. In September 1982, that heart will be functioning, fittingly in the finest rooms in the place. My hopes, which I am almost confident enough to call predictions, are that the library will be popular, useful and responsible for an even greater transformation in the life of Westminster than the arrival of the girls. And that is putting a properly high value on it.

The John Locke Society

by Penny Gibbs

John Locke meetings in the Play Term seem in retrospect to have been dominated by the nuclear arms debate. For those to whom science is a scarcely-opened and little-used book the two speakers on this subject had a somewhat bewildering effect. By the very nature of the John Locke Society one can never hear two points of view simultaneously. For lack of knowledge one is forced to decide one's own attitude on an ethical issue according to the excellence and style of presentation, which often hide illogicalities or deceptions in argument. Dr. Nicholas Humphrey, an Old Westminster and passionate opposer of nuclear arms, argued vehemently and persuasively that our politicians are pursuing completely the wrong course. However many Westminsters failed to equate the image of a bear changing to that of a woman by an ingenious optical illusion with our own attitude to the U.S.S.R. and its intentions. Could it be that we were meant to directly correlate these purely visual pictures with the historical and political reality of the Soviets today? Such an extraordinary correlation scarcely seemed credible.

Sister Anna provided a welcome change from political and celebrity figures. As a campaigner for the All Children Together Trust based in Northern Ireland she is deeply involved in overcoming social problems caused by political antagonism. But because her life's work is to bridge the gap between the political party supporters in opposing camps through shared education for those of different religions she talked not of conflicting ideals but of shared experience through which she sincerely believed that peace might be attained. Willy Campbell also spoke as one whose life had been moulded by political problems. Brought up in England, he emigrated to the U.S.S.R. during the great Depression and became a professional clown there. He worked throughout Stalin's period and survived, though his theatrical colleagues, including his wife's former husband, disappeared during the Stalin purges. His account of life in the U.S.S.R. was humorous and down-to-earth. For once it was possible to imagine what life must be like in that country, so infected with taboo and myth in the West.

Dr. Robison also spoke of the U.S.S.R. A specialist in American-Soviet relations and former adviser to President Carter on foreign affairs, he explained from the wisdom of his wide experience how and why U.S. defence policy is based on the threat posed by that Communist state. He disappointed those who believed that all American foreign affairs advisers are dim, jingoistic lunatics, obsessed by fear of Reds under the Bed. A skilled and sophisticated diplomat, he responded to questions as if he had psychic power to read exactly what was in the questioner's mind and replying more often in disarming agreement than in dissent.

The final speaker of the term was the only

party politician. A Labour M.P. and former spokesman on education, Frank Field, not surprisingly aroused passionate controversy among the audience. Few could not have been moved by his analysis of the division that independent schools have created and are still creating in British society. He advocated the slow strangling of independent schools but deviated from official Labour Party policy. This advocates that Westminster, for one, should be forbidden to charge fees and should have its charitable status taken away. Instead of attacking the schools themselves he suggested that the middle class perks by which the middle classes can afford to give their dearly beloved a Better Education

should be abolished. However this dramatic reduction of income would almost certainly arouse a middle class revolution more swiftly and effectively than the destruction of private education. The middle classes regard the company car and the ability to set a mortgage against tax as inalienable privileges. Many intelligent questions were asked, to which there were no clear answers. Alex Bird pointed out that the destruction of private education could actually increase class division: the middle classes would buy houses in areas with good comprehensives thus exacerbating the inner city blight and fostering more rigid class divisions. The debate inevitably ended on a note of frustration.

The Tizard Lecture

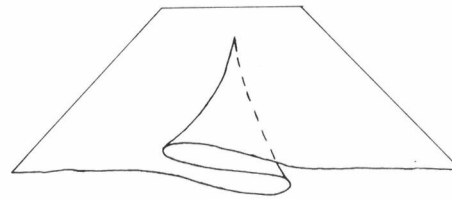
Applications of Catastrophe Theory by

*Professor Erik Zeeman,
F.R.S.*

Reviewed by Nick Twyman

Professor Zeeman delivered a lecture that interested both the stranger and initiate to the world of catastrophe theory. Those who had no ideas were led with great care, helped enormously by Professor Zeeman's obvious enthusiasm for his subject. Those who had read the books popularising the subject had it clarified and explained without any of the incumbent frills of such books, and so gained a sounder insight into it.

His introduction to catastrophes and catastrophe curves was excellent. There was a very fine balance drawn between the practical and mathematical sides of such things, giving both the theorems relating to the types of such curves available and also demonstrations of catastrophes. Professor Zeeman succeeded in telling us what we needed to know about the basic nature and shape of catastrophe curves without getting bogged down in trying to explain too much about graphs with more than three axes. However, when he began to talk about more complicated curves (with more than the simplest two controls), merely to point out that they existed, he began to lose clarity. One minute he was talking about and drawing the magnificently-named and equally tortuous-to-draw hyperbolic umbilical and elliptic umbilical curves, and the next showing us slides of the light in coffee cups and bathroom mirrors. I think this was to demonstrate that such curves exist and are not merely mathematical. (It's a pity really, as they were quite beautiful and it would be pleasant to think of a man suddenly creating one of them.) Despite their obvious appeal, I failed to grasp the relevance of the slides to the rest of the lecture.



I said that the curves were tortuous to draw but this was something Professor Zeeman has perfected. A folded plane coming to a cusp probably forms no picture in your mind at all, but Professor Zeeman produced drawings that more than made up for the fact that it wasn't quite possible to see his model of such a curve. It was a deft hand indeed that folded the plane on the screen before us.

Pride of place, however, must go to the 'catastrophe machine'; I have yet to see a more fascinating use for two rubber bands and some wood. It was gripping to watch his exploration and surprised expression as the disc suddenly jumped from one side to the other, and then to hear him adopt an inquisitive manner as he 'tried' to find out under what conditions such a catastrophe took place. This was followed by a simple but exact explanation of the way in which the two controls (the coordinates of the end of one band) led to a catastrophe curve and catastrophes (sudden jumps from one stable position to another more stable one).

Having established in our minds what he meant by a 'catastrophe', Professor Zeeman went on to discuss some of the applications of Catastrophe Theory as a modelling technique in medicine, science and literature.

I found the application to medicine the most interesting, for it struck me that here the model was being used to predict results to the extent that it was possible to determine dosages of a treatment. The application he talked about was to hormone imbalance and treatment in the thyroid. At the time I thought his explanation of the problem to be treated a little too detailed,

but as an embarrassing consequence can remember very little of it. Basically it consisted of the body not producing one hormone to stop the production of another, or the thyroid 'sulking' and refusing to notice the production of the hormone that said enough of the other was present. Anyway, it turns out that if you try to correct this taking one effect directly related to another it doesn't work, but when a catastrophe curve is used it does. What is really interesting is that the curve can be fitted so well to the experimental results from some patients, that it can be used to determine treatment which has proved successful, for others.

The treatment of Darwinian evolution, not as a process of continuous evolution but as a series of catastrophes, was, I thought, less satisfactory. Not because it doesn't work—it does, and provides an explanation for the otherwise strange layering of fossil remains. I was, however, left with the feeling that perhaps catastrophe curves were something of a proverbial sledge-hammer. I felt that the arguments used to show evolution to be modellable by such a curve stood up on their own and that the curve was somewhat superfluous. This may just have been my personal misunderstanding as most others seemed entirely satisfied.

The final, tongue-in-cheek, application to literature provided a suitable end to the lecture, as it reflected Professor Zeeman's obvious pleasure in his subject and also removed what was left of the feeling at such lectures of being in a classroom and being forced to listen. He provided us with an explanation why, at the end of Ibsen's 'Doll's House', Nora is unable to return to her husband and forgive him. This may not have been how Ibsen intended us to see it but Professor Zeeman was most convincing with his catastrophe curve.

This year's Tizard Lecture was indeed very interesting and exciting—talk amongst those from the school who attended was of little else afterwards—and, as importantly, was delivered with the enthusiasm one expects from someone as high in his field as Professor Zeeman, and with a clarity that is not always associated with great distinction. It was a most memorable occasion.

An Interview with Anthony Howard

by Ian Bostridge and Penelope Gibbs

Anthony Howard is Deputy Editor of The Observer. Born in 1934, he was educated at Westminster (Busby's) and at Christ Church, Oxford. He became Chairman of the Oxford University Labour Club in 1954 and President

of the Oxford Union in 1955. After doing National Service he became political correspondent of Reynold's News. He worked for The Manchester Guardian, The Sunday Times and The Observer before becoming

Editor of The New Statesman and then of The Listener. He was kind enough to give us a lengthy interview at The Observer offices in April.

You were at Westminster just after the war. Do you look back on your school days as 'the happiest days of your life'?

No, I couldn't say that. I think I was very lucky in that all those years ago most schools were extremely 'muscular' and games-obsessed. Westminster was, even between 1946 and 1952. But it was a comparatively civilised place. I think I was very fortunate to go to a school that was slightly outside the mainstream.

Did you think that post-war austerity had any clear effect on the school and on yourself at the time?

I don't know. I think it was certainly true that the great highlight of the week was to go down Tothill Street with our sweet rations. You got about four ounces of chocolate a week—this was when I was about thirteen or fourteen. The food was pretty awful, frankly, though it wasn't their fault.

One of the difficulties for schools during war-time is that you do have to have (and I hope I'm not being rude) an awful lot of old 'dug-outs' come in to teach you. Then gradually masters, some of whom had been there pre-war, started drifting back and certainly the standard of teaching began to increase in '46 and '47. The older men who had gone on obviously beyond retirement, because there was no-one to replace them, gradually receded and new people came in. The school then improved a great deal. I am bound to say one thing, and that is that when I first went there the Head Master was John Traill Christie, who went on to be Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and I think, strictly as a schoolmaster and teacher of Classics, he was really one of the best—a top class teacher.

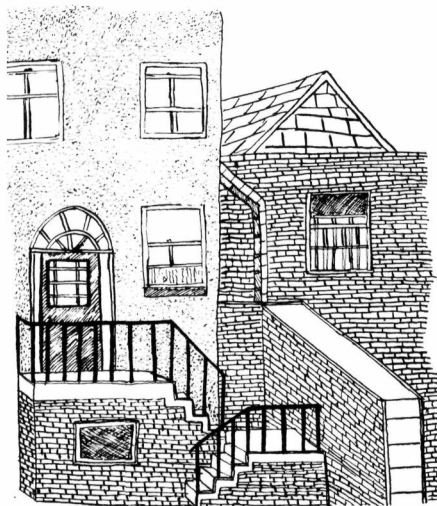
Were you or your contemporaries politically motivated while at school?

I think very few of us were. We were all almost solidly Tory, I suppose, except that I wasn't. There was a boy in my house whose father was a Minister in the Labour Government, and I think it was because he was so mocked and derided and really rather unfairly treated that I began to think, well, I won't join the conformist herd. I think people often have strange explanations for their political convictions. It was certainly at about the age of sixteen that I decided that my sympathies lay on the left-hand side of the street.

Do you think it's difficult to go to a public school and be a Socialist?

Well, it isn't easy, and some people do become socialist for the wrong reasons—because they're cantankerous and want to be different. The easy bit was

actually to say 'I'm not like the rest of you' and then become a sort of barrack-room lawyer and be called a Bolshie. No-one was unpleasant to me about it. If I can say so without immodesty, I could look after myself. But certainly the bulk of the staff were extremely right-wing and there was little doubt that their sympathies were with throwing the Labour Government out and getting Winston Churchill back where he belonged, in Downing Street.



T. Buhler

Do you believe in official Labour Party policy on public schools?

Do I? Yes, I think I do. I've had a discussion with your present Head Master about this. What John Rae says is quite good in terms of what I would call moderating reform: that the public schools should somehow be made to become complementary to the State system. He once proposed that Westminster could provide a sixth form college for State sector pupils, as well as being the school it now is. Of course I'm not against that but I think I'm in favour of the abolition of the public schools—I don't think it will happen in my lifetime—not because they're wicked institutions but because we'll always have a class-conscious society if we take out around five or six per cent of children and say 'You are going to be educated in a quite separate way from the other ninety-five or ninety-four per cent'. That doesn't seem to be a price worth paying in terms of the general cohesion of society. I was terribly struck when I went into the Army to see just how much two nations there were—that there were boys of eighteen who were

allowed to boss other boys of eighteen about and put them in the guard-room, just because their parents had had money. They weren't bright or intelligent, even though they were Second Lieutenants, and were in fact probably a good deal more stupid than some of the boys in their platoon. Yet, because they had wealthy or celebrated fathers, their right to leadership was immediately acceded to and conceded by Army.

But the British middle-class are very education-conscious. If the Labour Party abolishes the public schools, it might create class geographical separation. The middle classes might move to areas with good comprehensives.

I don't disagree with that. I don't think the public schools can be abolished by law because that's just not possible. You would create a black market, with quite a lot of people sending their children to the Republic of Ireland or to Switzerland as the case may be. One of my political heroes was Richard Crossman of *The Crossman Diaries* fame. He sent both his children to the local comprehensive, but he had the good luck to live just outside Banbury and it was known at that time, because the Banbury had a very good headmaster, as one of the best comprehensives in the country. Would Dick Crossman, really, have sent his children to any comprehensive. . .? What you must do, it seems to me—this will enrage your Head Master—is to remove the charitable status from public schools; you must have very severe tax-penalisation. You will never really improve the quality of State education in this country until those people of influence, of articulateness, of some concern for education are themselves involved in it. The kind of people who would make a fuss have all contracted out. The same goes for the National Health Service. It would improve, and people wouldn't wait in such long queues in hospitals, if the people capable of actually doing something and raising their voices were not all going to private doctors.

Were you involved at all in journalism while you were at school or university?

Oh yes. I was one of the editors of *The Elizabethan* and I did quite a lot there. But I suppose I really started writing when I went to Oxford. I never was editor of *Isis* as I was more interested in those days in speaking than writing, but I worked on *Isis* and *Cherwell* and managed—I think more through luck than good management—in my last year to get pieces published in papers like *The Spectator*, even *The Guardian* and *The Observer*. But the foundations of my

interest in writing were greatly encouraged by Charles Keeley, who was senior history master, and although I didn't agree with Charles' prose style he did have a great influence on me.

Did you do Law at Oxford?

I went up to Christ Church with a history exhibition and had to go and see Trevor-Roper, who was then the history don, to tell him that I wanted to do Law instead of History. He was extremely tough with me and said 'This is a decision you'll regret all your life'. . . Nevertheless I guess that by the summer of 1955 I probably knew that I wanted to be a journalist.

You have worked as a political reporter in both America and Britain. In what ways do you think the United States' political system is superior to ours?

Oh, I'm tempted to say 'in every way' because it is, or claims to be with some plausibility, an open political system. It's a quite different tradition and I was amazed when I got to Washington in 1966 to be Washington correspondent to *The Observer* that you could ring up people in the State Department and they would actually discuss Government policy with you. Here they would say, 'I'm very sorry, are you from the press? Would you please go to the Press Office'. Civil Servants are terrified if you ring them up, whereas in the United States you can talk to any desk officer about anything and he will help you as far as he can. The people can also choose who their ruler will be. You and I have no say as to who the Prime Minister will be. We have an indirect say in electing a House of Commons, but then it's up to the M.P.'s, or was until recently. Now it's up to the unions, in the case of the Labour Party, to choose the leader of the party. I do think that there is a great deal to be said, in principle, for a system like the French, German or American which allows the ordinary citizen to have a voice in who his leader will be.

You worked as editor of The New Statesman and The Listener. Did you have to change your editorial approach as you went from one to the other?

Well, fortunately *The Listener* didn't have an editorial policy. There is no leading article in *The Listener* and therefore I was able to write a column in it, which the B.B.C. were very forbearing about—simply a diary column. It wasn't, of course, overtly a political magazine. *The New Statesman* was, and a lot of time was spent in the six years that I was in Great Turnstile thrashing out with the staff what exactly we should be saying, and so there were endless hours of debate and argument—which I quite enjoyed actually. I was 38 when I became editor of *The New Statesman*; it was the right time to run that kind of paper. I had, perhaps, greater energy than I've got now and I was more convinced that I was right about everything. You can't really be editor of *The New Statesman* unless you really do regard people on the other side of the argument as fools or villains. I would find that more difficult now because I am tending to begin to think that there's a good deal to be said on both sides, and that it's not quite as easy as you think. What I believe now is that if you decide to shop on the left-hand side of the street, you will not actually have to put up with much wickedness or avarice or corruption—a little bit here and there in the north-east, perhaps. None of those things will be a bother to you, but, my goodness, you will get more and more impatient with the silliness you have to put up with, the amount of real woolly-mindedness, sentimentality and self-righteousness. These are the things that have got to me as I've grown older. I still don't apologise for my convictions, but I do now see more clearly that if I am broadly sympathetic to the left, that left can be soft-headed as well as soft-hearted.

Is the political line taken by The Observer much affected by what you say or do? For example is the editorial based on a consensus?

We have a conference on Wednesday each week and another on Thursday when various bids for space are made. We will argue about what the paper ought to be saying about the Falklands crisis, for instance. What comes out at the end tends to be a synthesis of what various people have

put forward. And at the end of the day, someone has to put their fingers on the typewriter or, in my case, as I am so old-fashioned that I write it out in longhand and then type it or get it typed, that person clearly has the most opportunity to dove-tail the argument of his own predilections. But it does go through a number of hands, usually, if it's an editorial. If it wasn't written by me originally it would come to me, it would go to the editor, it might go to the foreign editor. Now I'm actually very much against this. I think articles get broken-backed if they are the product of too many hands. It's amazing what you can do by putting a question mark here and taking out a sentence there, and perhaps writing a new first sentence and a last sentence. Where articles don't work is when they have been worked over by too many hands. Once the thing is down on paper, you shouldn't tamper with it too much, though it's amazing how much you can actually improve a thing. And as I get older I get great satisfaction out of actually working on other people's copy.

Do you think the objectivity of journalism in general is threatened by the control of national newspapers by politically biased proprietors?

Yes. I think it's a danger and I think anyone who believes that we've got what some people are pleased to call a free press really is deluded. The press belongs to rich men and rich men have megaphones and the rest of us are allowed to talk in whispers. On the other hand, how will you ensure a press that is independent of Government and independent of those great institutions like The Arts Council and the British Council, unless your guarantee is that they come from the licence of private wealth? The one thing that having wealthy men and right-wing opinions actually does ensure is that you will get an eccentric press, one that is in many ways irresponsible. But I think the press *has* to be irresponsible. I'm using the word carefully. The press should not be simply governed by the voice of the Great and the Good. It should not say things that are in the interest of the State or the Government, whatever party may be in. It should be there to cause trouble, to lay a minefield through which authority has to walk. My only regret is that at the moment the public sector of the economy gets a much worse deal from the press than the private sector does, because the private sector is actually what the press barons themselves belong to. It's always struck me as very odd that in broadcasting one can have, probably by luck more than anything else, a public sector—the B.B.C.—and a free enterprise sector—I.T.V.—and they can have half the audience each. That seems to me to be splendid and fine, but in the press we've just got a monolith, a monument built to private enterprise, and there is no variety of ownership at all. Many years ago there was an effort to start a co-operative paper in Scotland, called *The Scottish Daily News*. It foundered. There is no representation for the public sector in British newspapers and I think that is a mistake and rather sad. Yet how would you get the kind of eccentricity, the awkwardness, the sheer cussedness in

Tristan Lawrence



newspapers, if they were presided over by a board of the Great and Good? Supposing there was something like the Arts Council in newspapers you would get very dull and very boring and very conformist newspapers that would simply, in my view, echo the instincts and the safety-first, slightly priggish air of the British Civil Service, or the tribes of those who get Honours. So it's a finely balanced argument and my difficulty is that, although I know that the present set-up is wrong, when I get down to thinking what the alternatives would be, I tend to draw back and say that most of them are worse than what we have got.

You don't think a system like the B.B.C. for the press would work, if it were mixed with independent concerns?

Well, I think there is a great case for a mixed economy in the press and I think it is possible. This is one of Mr. Benn's suggestions and I think that there is something to be said for it: and that just as there are private printing presses there ought perhaps to be public printing presses to be put to hire for groups if they have sufficient money to run them.

The 'lobby' system of political reporting has been criticised for suppressing information which the British public should know in a democratic system. Do you agree?

Yes, I do. I've been a great opponent of the lobby for many years. I'm almost now so tired of knocking my head against these arguments that I can hardly bear to rehearse them again, but on the whole I do think that the lobby is an indefensible system. I think it's very nice for politicians. I think it's quite convenient for newspapers. And it's not in any way in the interest of the reader.

You described Richard Crossman's fellow-M.P.'s in the introduction to the diaries as more generally noted for conveying complacency than for betraying disquiet about a system which at least had the merit of recognising their own talents. Do you think that there are reasons other than vanity, perhaps historical, why British politicians suffer from complacency and a quite depressing lack of idealism in the large part?

Yes, I think this is bound to happen. Let's put it in another world. You're not going to get the present Archbishop of Canterbury or the diocesan Bishops saying that the Church's system of promotion is wrong. The same thing, I think, goes for those who are successful in politics. You're not going to get reform of institutions from those who have actually risen to the top through those very same institutions. The demand for reform has to come from outside. That's true of all walks of life. So I think the reason why Dick Crossman was so important was that he was irreverent and blurted out things that no other politician would be prepared to do.

If people who go through the Parliamentary system aren't willing to make the changes, there must be small opportunity for any change in British politics.

I think you're being pessimistic. It's odd that you make that point at the present time. The Parliamentary system was devised to meet the requirements of two separate great parties and that's why the House of

Commons is shaped as it is—it's not a semi-circle but, like a conventional school chapel, has the members facing each other. I suppose the emergence of the S.D.P. does represent a serious challenge to the way politics has conventionally been organised in this country. If they were to hold the balance of power and were able to demand proportional representation in return for agreeing to support a Government, we would be in an entirely new ball-game. I'm not saying that I think it's a good ball-game or a bad ball-game, but it would be an example of how change can come, even from within the system, though I suppose from a tangent to the system as it were—a new party having been created.

Have you ever thought of making a career in politics yourself?

Oh yes, frequently. When I was young I always thought that was what I wanted to do and I was, in fact, a prospective Labour candidate when I was twenty-one in a hopeless seat in Surrey. I had to give that up when I went to work for what was then called *The Manchester Guardian* in 1959 because the then editor, quite rightly, said that he could not employ a political reporter, which was what I wanted to be, if he had readers' letters saying 'Of course Mr. Howard would say this, wouldn't he, because he's a prospective Labour candidate'. He wasn't saying, necessarily, that what I wrote was going to be loaded; he said it was going to seem loaded to the readers and I saw that and I decided that I was going to put journalism first. Looking back, on the whole I'm glad I didn't go to the House of Commons. One thing journalism gives you is the priceless gift of independence.

Would you recommend a career as a journalist to someone who is quite committed, even though it's a very competitive job?

Yes, I think I would. I think the difficulty is this—and you don't always see it when you're young—that journalism is tremendous fun for the first ten years, provided you get a job (and it's very difficult these days). You actually have a ringside

seat at great events and you find it all very exciting and challenging, and all your friends have much duller jobs, whether they're in the Civil Service or are house surgeons in a hospital or schoolmasters or whatever it is. And when you get to the age of about thirty-five, *they* start having the interesting life. Your life is exactly the same, but your excitement in it and your sense of enthusiasm have rather tended to diminish. That's the disadvantage of journalism. It's a young man's or woman's trade. If you're lucky you may then be able to move over to be an executive; you become, perhaps not an editor, but a managing editor or features editor. You become more desk-bound and then you've solved it, you've cracked it. But if you go on trying to do in the forties the same thing you were doing in the twenties, you're probably doing it much less well. That's the danger of journalism. It's also true that you reach your peak very quickly in terms of financial reward, in terms of your by-line being known. It is possibly (to borrow one of Leonard Woolf's titles) at my kind of age, 'Downhill All the Way'. But I'd still recommend journalism because, if one is fortunate (perhaps I was) there does come a sort of gear-change halfway through. Frankly, in 1972 I had got a bit tired of being simply a political journalist and on becoming editor of *The New Statesman*, although I obviously went on writing political stories and articles, there was a whole new dimension that suddenly opened up to me and that I find very interesting. I used to call it the 'sweet shop'. I'm in the sweet-shop side of the business, looking at balance-sheets, worrying about advertising, worrying about annual costs, budgets, and all that kind of thing. One might have thought one would find this boring, but because it was something I hadn't done before, it suddenly almost became as interesting as and perhaps even at times more interesting to me than actual writing. It was the change—that was the main thing—and I suppose that if that hadn't happened, I'd be giving you a different answer today.

Tristan Lawrence



Common Room Notes

Patrick Lamb is leaving to become Head of French at Dulwich College and Evelyne Ender is returning to Geneva after her year with us. They will both be greatly missed.

David Gwyn has been taking Ronald French's classes this term. He is a graduate of King's College, Cambridge and has been working for a Ph.D. at Trinity College, Dublin. We have enjoyed his company.

* * *

Noreen Furlong

Noreen Furlong retires as matron of Rigaud's this term. A full tribute to her will appear in our next issue—written by Ronald French, who is at present abroad.

Meanwhile we all thank her and wish her a very happy retirement.

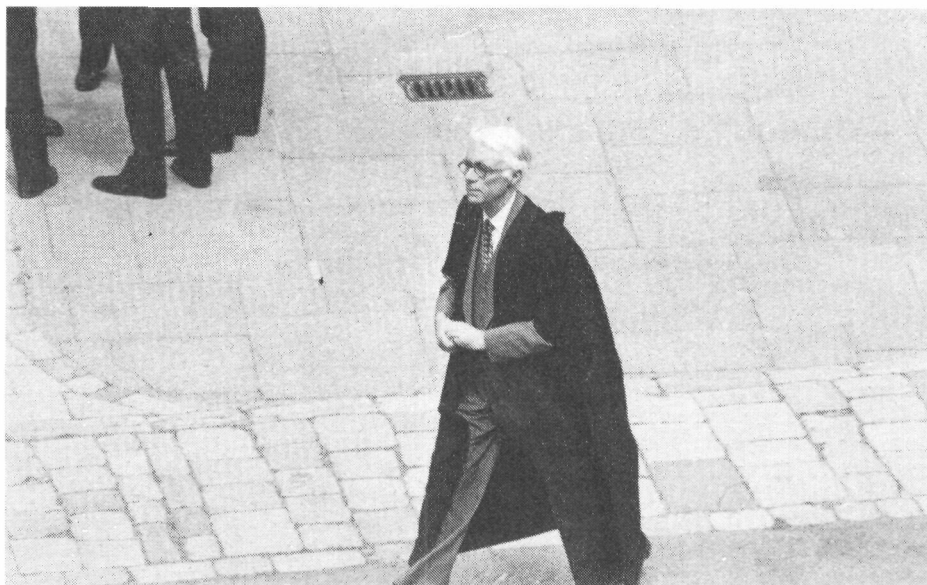
Patrick Lamb

Patrick Lamb leaves Westminster to become Head of French at Dulwich College. He has taught here for the past three years coming to Westminster in September 1979 after a distinguished academic career at the University of Lancaster, The Queen's College, Oxford and the Sorbonne. The art of the schoolmaster is no easy task but Patrick has made a most valuable contribution to the teaching of French. Always concerned for academic standards, he has been a passionate fighter for his views. Nobody loves literature more than Patrick and his Oxbridge teaching was particularly appreciated. One knew that he would always be well prepared and his pupils benefited from this care. My enduring memory of him will be with a Grant and Cutler's plastic bag filled with the latest literary text which he wished to introduce to his classes. But Patrick was not just an academic. He had played cricket at his own University and he has played a major role in Football Station at Westminster.

This year has seen the first exchange between pupils from Westminster and the Lycée Henry IV in Paris. Patrick was responsible for the organisation and I am grateful to him that it has been so successful.

Dulwich College is a very different kind of school to Westminster. More than twice the size and with pupils from the age of 10, Patrick's new post will require skill, tact and diplomacy. We wish him well. It will be good to know that he, his wife Catherine and his son Tim, will not be far away.

B.C.



Tristan Lawrence

Evelyne Ender

When Evelyne offered to help with the production of *Le Sauvage* in the Play Term I realised that this would contribute considerably to the quality of the spoken French; what I had failed to realise was that in a quiet unassuming way she would make countless suggestions, shifts of emphasis and stage movements that greatly enhanced the final result. It was not the first time that she had been involved with the theatre! The affection and respect which the cast displayed towards her were equally apparent in their attitude towards her as an assistante with the Sixth and Remove, where she gave invaluable help with essay-writing and oral French. Behind her quiet-spoken thoughtful manner there lurked a nice sense of humour: after the Head's recent ukase on punctuality she was heard to remark, when nearly but not quite late for a lesson: 'J'ai une longue tradition de montres suisses à suivre!'

In the lower school she tackled the somewhat daunting task of teaching German to English thirteen-year-olds with characteristic enthusiasm and sang-froid. In the common room Evelyne was always willing to help colleagues, volunteer for duties and stand in when members of the department were ill. Her presence on numerous cinema, theatre and ballet trips was as regular as it was welcome; and her help with supervising ice-skating was much appreciated. More recently she has been writing a review of D. M. Thomas' 'L'Hôtel Blanc' for a Geneva newspaper—reviewing is just one of many extra activities for her. We shall miss her, her teaching, her kindness, her intelligence and her friendliness and wish her every success in her academic career when she returns to Geneva.

I.H.

Extract from Evelyne's diary appear on p. 162

Tristan Lawrence



Kenneth Stevens

An address given by the Head Master at the Memorial Service for Air Commodore Kenneth Stevens, R.A.F., in Westminster Abbey on April 29th.

I first met Kenneth and Jean Stevens when Kenneth was Deputy Chief of Staff at the Headquarters of the Second Allied Tactical Air Force and I was a guest of his Commanding Officer, Sir John Stacey.

Although I subsequently came to know Kenneth well in his civilian role as Bursar of Westminster School, I recognise that it was to the Royal Air Force that he dedicated all but a few years of his adult life and professional career. And so it is to those years that I wish to devote the larger part of my address. I could not have done so without the generous help of Jean Stevens and of many of Kenneth's former colleagues in the Service, and I am most grateful to them all.

In 1943 when he was 19 and had just left Sutton Vengeance School, Kenneth volunteered for the R.A.F. For the next thirty-six years, apart from two years when he was completing his Natural Science degree at Selwyn College, Cambridge, the R.A.F. was his life.

In the many letters I have received about Kenneth, it is not just the successful Service career that emerges but the particular qualities he displayed that won the admiration and affection of his colleagues.

When he rejoined the R.A.F. after Cambridge with a permanent commission, Kenneth's career was divided between operational flying and staff appointments. Though he won high praise in both roles, I cannot help feeling that if he had to choose he would express a preference for the operational role with its added opportunity to command a flight or a squadron or a station. In Canberras or Vulcans he was an outstanding flyer, and it was no surprise to his friends when in 1964 he was awarded the Queen's Commendation for Valuable Service in the Air in the Birthday Honours List.

Perhaps the appointment that he enjoyed most in his career was that of officer commanding R.A.F. Laarbruch in Germany. It was a front line station, subject to those sudden on-site inspections known in N.A.T.O. as Tactical Evaluations—just the thing to bring the best out in Kenneth. Under his command Laarbruch obtained the highest result in these Evaluations of any R.A.F. unit at that time. A fellow station Commander said: 'I remember a phrase at that time—if you want to see something done well, go to Laarbruch to see how Ken Stevens does it.'

At Laarbruch Kenneth was in his element: leading by example, firm in command but never aggressive (he never had to raise his voice to get what he wanted done), proud of his unit's success yet modest in himself. How characteristic that alone among the station Commanders he should have volunteered for the Winter Survival

Course and should have seen it through to the end when younger men had given up.

Much as he enjoyed these operational commands, he tackled the other jobs with the same quiet determination to excel. He was marked as a particularly promising officer. He was selected by the Chief of the Air Staff as his Personal Staff Officer and a few years later for the Royal College of Defence Studies.

In the R.A.F., as in other spheres, success leads away from the operational to the staff or administrative appointment. For Kenneth this meant two tours of duty at the Ministry of Defence and two at the Headquarters of the Second Allied Tactical Air Force. It was in Germany, as an Air Commodore and Deputy Chief of Staff responsible for Logistics and Administration, that he ended his long and distinguished career in the Royal Air Force. He was 55 and could look back with satisfaction on an adult life devoted to his profession, to his country and to the Western Alliance. But much as he loved the prospect and showed considerable skill at it, he had no intention of cultivating his garden.

In January 1979 he took up his appointment as Bursar of Westminster. It was a position he held for all too short a time. The nature of an ancient institution, with its ways of doing things that do not always lend themselves to logical analysis, is that it takes a long time to comprehend. Kenneth would have been the first to say that he had not had the time to grasp all Westminster's complexities. But he lacked neither energy nor courage in coming to grips with his new task. There were aspects of the financial and catering administration that he believed needed rationalising and he set about these reforms without delay. It was a characteristic of his Service career and one that carried over into civilian life that if he believed something needed to be done it was his duty to do it. And it is a tribute to him that while some of the changes he made caused stress within the organisation, no one would not suggest that those changes were not necessary. But Kenneth's real achievement as Bursar was a much more significant one. He master-minded the financial plan which made it possible for the school to carry through one of the largest and most important projects in its long history: the moving of our preparatory department, the Westminster Under School, from its cramped premises in Eccleston Square to the more spacious Adrian House by our playing field in Vincent Square. Looking back, I do not think that those of us involved in the project realised just what a burden we had placed on Kenneth's shoulders. He arrived at the very moment when the long dreamed-of project became a practical possibility. He was thrown in at the deep end. Not only did he have to make the transition from Service life to the life of an academic institution and

pick up all the threads as Bursar and Secretary to the Governing Body, he was also required to steer the school through a major and tricky financial undertaking. I shall always admire his determination to see that there was a realistic financial plan for the whole operation.

In a sense he was lucky. There are few men who are given the chance in the space of three years to make a lasting contribution to the history of a great school. In the case of Adrian House, Kenneth had the chance and took it. In its new premises the Under School flourishes. If you should visit it, and see its excellent facilities and sense its high morale, then remember Kenneth Stevens with gratitude.

In conclusion I should like to say a few words about the two most important things in Kenneth's life: his faith and his family.

Kenneth was a life-long Christian. He did not talk about his faith, he just got on with it—in his home, in his parish and in his professional career. He was a frequent attender at the school's morning service here in the Abbey. In the R.A.F. he made a point of attending communion, Sunday by Sunday, sometimes as the only communicant.

I have no doubt that his faith sustained him in the many arduous moments that his responsibilities imposed. But it was to his family that he turned for the comfort and encouragement without which command is a solitary business. Jean, his wife, was and is a marvellously down to earth person—cheerful, resilient and realistic. She supported Kenneth in the numerous social demands of senior rank while her good sense and independence of spirit helped him to keep the pressures of the job in their true perspective. That same independence of spirit will now help Jean herself to follow, not a new life, but a new phase in life, without Kenneth but with the memory of a relationship that enriched them both.

Kenneth's view of life was uncomplicated: do your duty, live your faith, or in more familiar words, serve God and your country. He served as he served the school, both with loyalty and modesty.

For his life and for his work, we who have known him and worked alongside him give our heartfelt thanks.

John Rae

* * *

Diary of a French Assistante

by Evelyne Sender

Evelyne Sender, a graduate of the University of Geneva, has been spending the year at the School as an assistante. Her impressions of Westminster are vividly recorded in extracts from her diary.

September 15th 1981

The school could have provided me with a map. The thought of that maze of stairways, corridors and doors kept me awake for a good two hours yesterday night. Also, how shall I be able to remember all the names? Especially since the boys are all dressed the same (not the girls). Apparently the colours on their ties represent some kind of code; wonder whether it bears any relation to their names? Shall have to ask my colleagues (cannot remember their names either).

I fear I shall not have much time to write in my diary. This school seems a very busy place, everyone so efficient, so fast and quick. Hope I shall be able to keep up.

October 3rd 1981

My doctor in Geneva always tells me to eat slowly, it is apparently better for one's digestion. Anyway, we, in France, believe in making an occasion of every meal. But at Westminster, they get through a meal in thirteen minutes. Looked at my watch today, when I found I was alone in the hall, finishing the pudding. It was unpleasant. I felt so conspicuous. I do not like eating on my own. I shall have to learn to eat faster. Wonder how they do it. Sould I write to my doctor to send me some pills?

October 14th 1981

I think I am going through an identity crisis. Who am I? I wonder. Some call me Madame, others Sir (?), others 'mamoisell' or even 'mumisel' (a coinage on the familiar English word 'mummy' presumably, combined with the French 'mademoiselle' notoriously difficult to pronounce for English speakers; is it that we, female teachers at Westminster, represent somehow mother figures?). As for the spelling, just as bad: Elvelyn, Evlin or Miss Enda (several times). It is not my fault, is it? if I do not always succeed in placing my stresses correctly, and cannot pronounce my English 'r' yet. Maybe I should take some pronunciation classes, they tell me a certain Professor Higgins is good. Still, sometimes I wish I was French and called Dupont, or, even simpler, English and called let's say Roberts.

November 10th 1981

Marking essays since yesterday, yet another twenty-five. Just made my second pot of tea tonight. Some are so good that they arouse my suspicions. Wonder whether a French mother or a sister at University has given a helping hand. I discard the idea very soon, remembering that they were written in class. But I shall have to remind some of my pupils that examiners do not like postscripts,



Tristan Lawrence

especially when written in English at the bottom of a *French* essay paper: 'This isn't entirely true, but I could not explain it better' (I quote), 'In fact, TV is okay, but taken in moderation' The latter is not even very good English, I believe.

November 20th (Commemoration-day)

On 'Commem', little to say, but that it was a grand occasion (it is also quite late). Men in their best suits (Savile Row is the place I believe), ladies in their finery (lots of hats). The boys impeccable: dignified bearing, suits ironed, without creases or custard, ties with beautiful knots, heads up, clear gaze. Girls well-behaved and elegant. Even the Latin sounded better, at least for once I could understand it. Music was splendid, The Head Master spoke very well, as usual. It was all very moving. Shall have to tell my friends in Geneva. (B. and I did not get lost in the procession, luckily. We would have been so conspicuous.)

December 10th 1981

I wonder whether I have not caught a chill (must remember to take my mohair scarf next time). I was invigilating today, although I kept pacing up and down the long rows of desks (thirty down, five across, thirty up, five across) I could feel the cold coming up my spine. I believe gyms must be kept cool to make the pupils run and jump faster. Wonder whether their minds run faster too when kept in the cold? Had quite a shock when on coming up the fifth row in my first round, I saw a wide gap in the careful alignment of desks and heads. My mind was busy trying to find explanations. Had one run away while my back was turned, because he found the paper too difficult, or boring? An ancient Westminster tradition to which I had not been introduced yet? Some kind of ghost? I quickened my pace, trying not to attract attention (difficult on those wooden floors), when to my relief I saw a sign, it said 'Leak above'. A good thing it was not raining today, imagine having to empty the buckets, as well as keeping an eye on the pupils.

December 15th 1981

Shall have to find out more about the Westminster underground (and overground activities). I know they play rock in the dungeons, theatre in English, French, and Spanish—some years even Latin and German I believe—Up School, snooker under one of my teaching rooms, the piano and violin in the music centre, cricket in the yard. But what do they do on the roofs? I wonder.

December 18th 1981

I have always wanted to know what the divinity lessons consisted of. I think I now have the answer. Today, carol service at St. Margaret's (more intimate than the Abbey which sometimes fills me with awe), and I could feel that a definite change had taken place among our boys, more striking in the little ones. My 'liveliest' boy read from the Old Testament with much dignity. Piercing voices turned into sopranos, huskier ones into bass. All like angels. They were all in the most amenable mood, an image of concord, angelic, divine. I am sure this conversion is the work of the divinity teachers. I hope that parents are grateful.

February 2nd 1982

Got to school early this morning, was very surprised to see three boys in shorts and tee-shirts jogging around the yard under the supervision of P. Expressed my surprise that Westminster should adopt these American crazes so soon and with no regard to English weather conditions (damp and cold February morning), unless he was coaching them for some race? 'This has been going on for centuries', was his answer, 'it's called running around the yard'. Should I believe him? I have always thought that jogging is an American invention. Maybe it was introduced there by an Old Westminster. I wonder.

February 7th 1982

Always thought that the English spent their Sunday reading the papers, gardening or eating roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, but this is not the case at Westminster.

There they remain true to their reputation as a seat of learning. For instance today, we read Shakespeare from (Sunday) breakfast-time to supper (missed the nine o'clock news). Most enjoyable, all sitting in Ashburnham drawing room (XVIIIth century, my favourite room in the school), with the text on our knees, and a good provision of sandwiches (bread has to be soft, so that one can take a bite between two speeches without disturbing).

Wonder whether drama school training is a requirement to teach English and higher maths at Westminster. They read it so well. And the pupils too. They *understand* Shakespeare. This is not so surprising after all in such a school they are steeped in Shakespeare from an early age (I think that in certain classrooms they even have traps to practise the ghost scenes).

I said I would read Katherine in *Henry V*—I would have little time to practise on an English or Scottish accent. It also gave me enough time to catch the mood of the whole thing (my main speech is in the last play, last act, last scene). Exchanged a few words with G. afterwards: we agreed, with just a few lines to say in a play, one can really give the most of oneself, literally steal the scene. Still, J. who played Henry sustained the same intensity across the plays; must be the drama school.

I feel it is good to keep an eye on one's pupils all the time. Must say I was disappointed by R. today. I thought he could speak reasonable French, his accent is usually good, but in *Henry V*, it was worse than that of the lower school pupils, whom I do not teach. And when it came to speaking English, he had a terrible French accent. Poor boy must be very confused. Unless . . . was he trying to imitate my English accent. Would R. do that to me? I wonder.

February 22nd 1982

Tomorrow Shrove Tuesday. A notice on the board saying that the Greaze will take place Up School, and a list of pupils representing their forms. When I asked B, he said something about tossing pancakes, and that he was not going, had seen it once, it was enough, but that I should go and see it. I did not dare to ask him more, I ask him so many questions. But there is a mystery there. We, in France, toss pancakes (*faire sauter les crêpes*), and quite successfully, so what is all this fuss about it at Westminster?

February 23rd (*The Greaze*)

The Greaze has remained a somewhat puzzling event. It is no doubt a very ancient rite (it said in Tanner's *History of Westminster*, 'origin unknown') I believe it is no small privilege to be a school-monitor (they hold back the crowds). It is apparently an even greater privilege to fight for the pancake. I wonder why, it did not even seem edible. Anyway, the cook was very pale and looked frightened, and there were some

boys fighting whom I cannot remember having seen at the school, at least not in this guise: leather boots and jackets (thought they were forbidden), half-naked in a palm-tree skirt (thought Westminster insisted on proper clothes), but I recognized B. (always thought of him as quite a good boy) who fought like a tiger. I am not sure I am all in favour of this tradition. Shall try to get some opinions in the common room.

March 4th 1982

Today could have been a special day. When I looked at the menu on the board this morning it said: 'treacle tart'. Now, ever since my third year English at high school, I have wanted to try treacle tart. I first came across the word in a short story (cannot remember the author unfortunately; the title was I think, 'Treacle Tart'), and the thing was described in such a way that it made my mouth water (if I may say so): delicious, pastry melting on the tongue, syrup oozing in your palate. When I asked my English friends in Geneva, they said it is an absolute must if one claims to know anything about English cooking, especially traditional public-school dishes. But I must say, I found it somewhat disappointing, it did not live up to my expectations. However, F. told me this was not quite the real thing. Wonder whether the real thing is as sticky.



Tristan Lawrence

March 8th 1982

I like to mark Spring in my own way. I decided this year it would be a change in my hair-style. Never felt as conspicuous as when I crossed the yard this morning, they were all looking at me. I cannot see why masters and mistresses could not introduce some change as well. After all, boys are allowed to wear pink ties, and girls can shorten their dress and wear colourful tights. So why not my hair?

March 11th 1982

Shall have to be more careful in my choice of essay topics. 'TV is the opium of the people' (quite witty I thought) was my latest. When I got into the classroom this morning, there was a strong smell of incense. It was to keep me in the mood they said. Now if there is one smell I hate, it is incense. I took a firm voice and asked them to remove the burning sticks. They obeyed.

In fact they are quite nice boys. The other week they came with some advice on TV programmes which I should watch. They suggested *Dr. Who*; thought that *Grangehill* would be especially instructive and mentioned the Saturday morning programme (which unfortunately they

cannot watch during term) as being very good. So far I have only seen *Dr. Who*; I did not think it was very interesting.

March 15th 1982

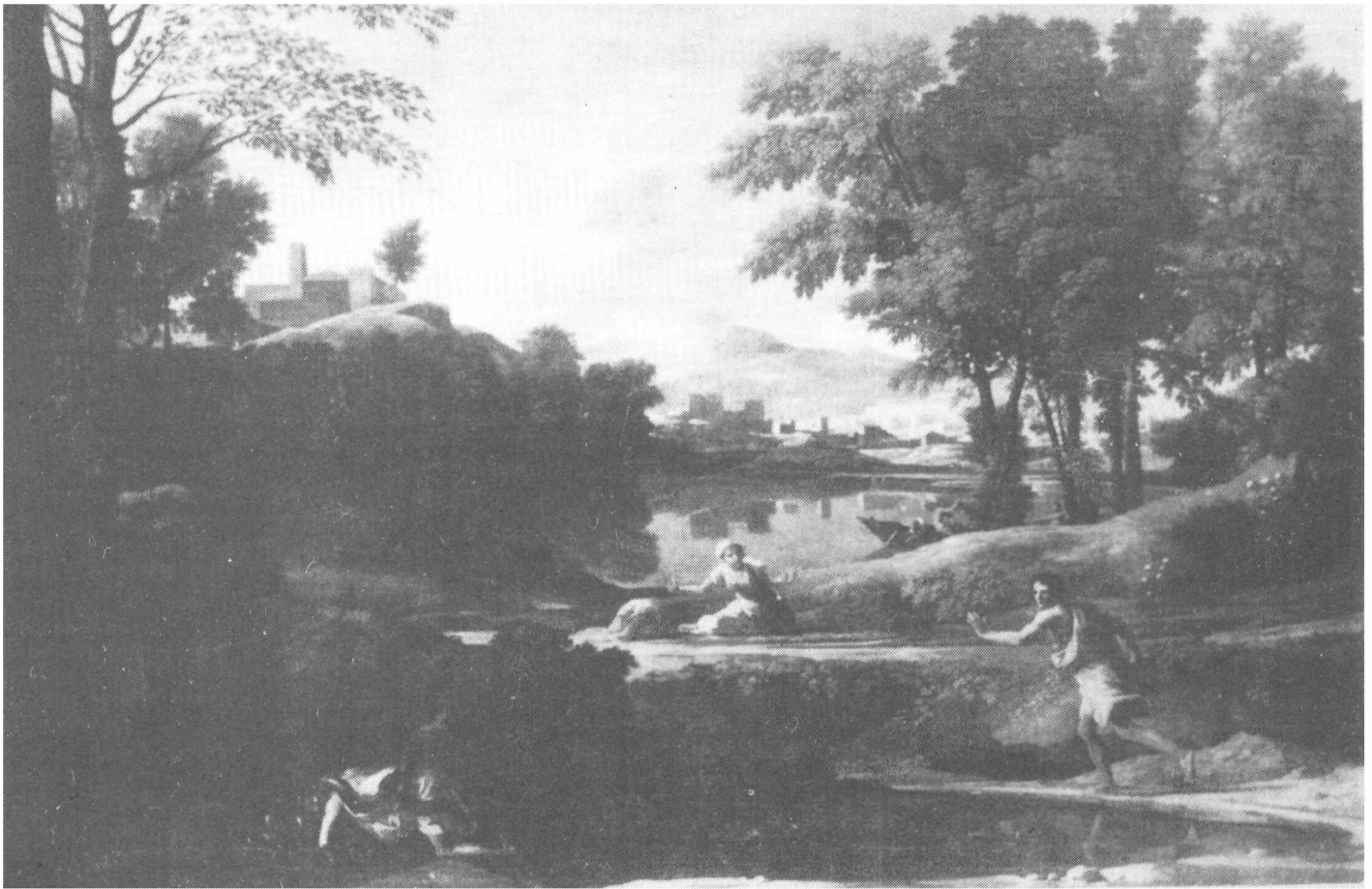
My friends in Geneva, those who know about the English way, had said to me: 'You will find that those public school-boys are not only well-read, but also well-mannered.' I did not know whether to take them seriously. Still it did not surprise me too much, to find that my pupils open the doors for me, most often make way for me on the stairs, sometimes clean the board (especially the little ones), stop their game of cricket when I happen to cross their field in the yard. But I must admit I was surprised to find today that Westminster boys are polite even when they write. Marking exams today, I found, neatly written in French (it shows that my teaching has some usefulness) on the top left hand corner 'Excusez-moi pour la qualité du papier, elle n'est pas la meilleure'. Should I give him an extra mark? Shall ask B. tomorrow.

March 19th 1982

Wonder whether singing is another requirement to teach at Westminster. In which case the Head Master must need some means to test the masters' achievements. How else could one explain that every master who entered the common-room this morning (I was catching up on the TLS and TES) could be heard singing, or in the worst case humming, some kind of tune. So not only must they know about acting, and rowing or football or squash, or volleyball or fencing or boxing, but they must also be good singers. No wonder Westminster Common Room has such a good reputation (my friends in Geneva had warned me). Or am I wrong? Is it spring in the air and the joys of teaching?

March 25th 1982

This afternoon I sat in what the wife of an old Westminster told me (at the school they never remember to tell me such things) must be the oldest garden in Britain. Helicopters and aeroplanes were flying high above, lorries driving outside, but within the high and thick walls of that garden, small birds were singing (not knowing much about English birds, I am afraid I cannot be more precise) and large black birds hopping across the lawns. A scent of hyacinths was floating in the air. One could hear the sound of polite conversations, and the occasional tap of table-tennis balls. Soot-coloured jackets were hanging negligently on the back of benches. Surrounded by a garland of boys and girls, a master was reciting what must have been German romantic poetry. I was perusing my diary. The editor has asked me to write for *The Elizabethan*. I accepted of course. It might be interesting for readers to get an inside view of what life is like at Westminster these days. Being a foreigner, I can probably provide them with some objective and I daresay enlightening pictures of the place. B. suggested, in fact insisted, that I should express my views in all sincerity. What could be more sincere than a diary, where one lays bare one's heart and innermost thoughts?



The Arts

'Landscape with a Man killed by a Snake' by Nicolas Poussin (1593-1665)

Paintings by Nicolas Poussin are to be found in many public and private collections in England. Michael Hugill writes about one of his 'ideal' landscapes in the National Gallery.

The first things to catch the eye are two human figures—the running man and the woman washing clothes. The body with the snake coiled round it is in a dark part of the foreground and might easily be overlooked at first were it not for the title. There is clearly a story being told here, and indeed most of Poussin's great landscapes were conceived as settings for some incident, usually from Roman history. As it happens the source of this incident is not known for certain. What seems clear, even at a casual glance, is that the artist has used it as a starting point for an elaborate landscape in which the dramatic human events in the foreground are given a natural counterpart in the grey threatening clouds in the upper part of the picture, the two being separated on the picture plane by the total tranquillity of the lake between them.

Looking at pictures in a gallery is difficult. It is only too easy to give them a desultory glance and then amble on. What is there in this painting that might lead the person who knew nothing about Poussin to pause and let his eye wander over it? There is undoubtedly a strangeness, a dream-like quality about it that is appealing. Beyond

the still lake in the middle ground there are buildings of no immediately recognisable period; above them the curiously solid-looking clouds in a very blue sky are as still as the waters of the lake, and the trees are almost sculptural. It is quite unlike a landscape by Constable which recalls an identifiable part of Suffolk, and it seems timeless compared with a riverside scene by Monet. If the onlooker were sufficiently patient to try to analyse what there is about Poussin's picture that makes it unusual he would probably notice that all the elements in it—people, trees, hills, clouds, buildings—are carefully and precisely placed, that the whole thing is a piece of invention, deliberately and painstakingly constructed. It was, in fact, admiration for pictures like this (and those of Claude Lorraine) that led eighteenth century English noblemen to remodel their country estates to make them look *picturesque* (literally like a picture.)

Now although the romantic early nineteenth-century myth that the most authentic art is the outcome of sudden inspiration seems to be ineradicable, and in spite of the appeal of some impressionist painting, with its apparent spontaneity and rapid execution, the fact is that enduring work in any art-form is more often than not the result of a carefully thought-out approach. Indeed two artists in the later Impressionist period exemplify this

strongly—Seurat, whose *Baignade à Asnières* was the outcome of an unprecedented amount of preliminary working out, and Cézanne, whose method of seeking a lasting equivalent on canvas for what he saw in nature was consciously inspired by Poussin's example. The difference is that while Cézanne's many landscapes are clearly tied to particular places, Poussin's are not. They are 'ideal' landscapes, even though they owe much to a close study of the real countryside of the Roman Campagna.

There are many signs in this picture of a deliberate use of geometry. A strong diagonal moves from bottom right to top left, through the running man's left leg, to his hand, to the upper edge of the buildings on the hill. The surface is divided into precisely estimated areas, both horizontally and vertically. The lake and the path on which the woman sits form shallow ellipses, the curve of the latter having as a counterpart the symmetrical arc going from bottom right to bottom left. Two balancing smaller arcs are to be found in the lower edge of the trees on the right and the rising of the hill on the left. In addition to this planned organisation of the picture *surface*, the *space* represented is clearly delineated so that the eye is led by a series of ample curves right back into the far distance.

But the paradox is that, in spite of this rational, unspontaneous approach, Poussin is a supremely poetic artist, and these ideal

landscapes, of which he painted many, contain, for all their premeditated structure as many passages of pure delight as does, say, the second act finale of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, which is similarly organised in a very formal structure. (This comparison is not as far-fetched as it may seem, for Poussin himself believed in a parallelism between painting and music, and both he and Mozart are classical artists with a capacity to give the subtle kind of pleasure that is beyond the scope of many a romantic artist.)

These pleasures can readily be savoured in front of the picture itself, even though the colours have darkened with age. There are marvellous colour contrasts—the deep blue of the sky against the two shades of grey in the clouds; the green of the leaves on the edge of the right-hand clump of trees, which has been subtly modified by the white of the cloud behind them; the transformation of colour by reflection in water. The sense of late evening stillness conveyed by sharp reflections in unruffled water is almost palpable, with the men at work round the lake seeming to be held in suspended animation, unaware of the human drama in the foreground, while the low sun sheds two different qualities of golden light on the town in the middle distance and on the buildings on the hill. (*Fig. (i)* gives only a hint of these things.)

Moving in close to the picture there is to be seen a small triangular area between the trees on the right. It is no more than about five square inches in area and it frames an intensely luminous vignette of one of the town's towers and part of the fields beyond. This is just one of the many passages for which the only possible word is 'poetry'. In addition Poussin uses colour accents to stimulate the eye and to help in the creation of a sense of space. The obvious examples are the lemon-colour of the pile of clothing beside the woman, the intense blue

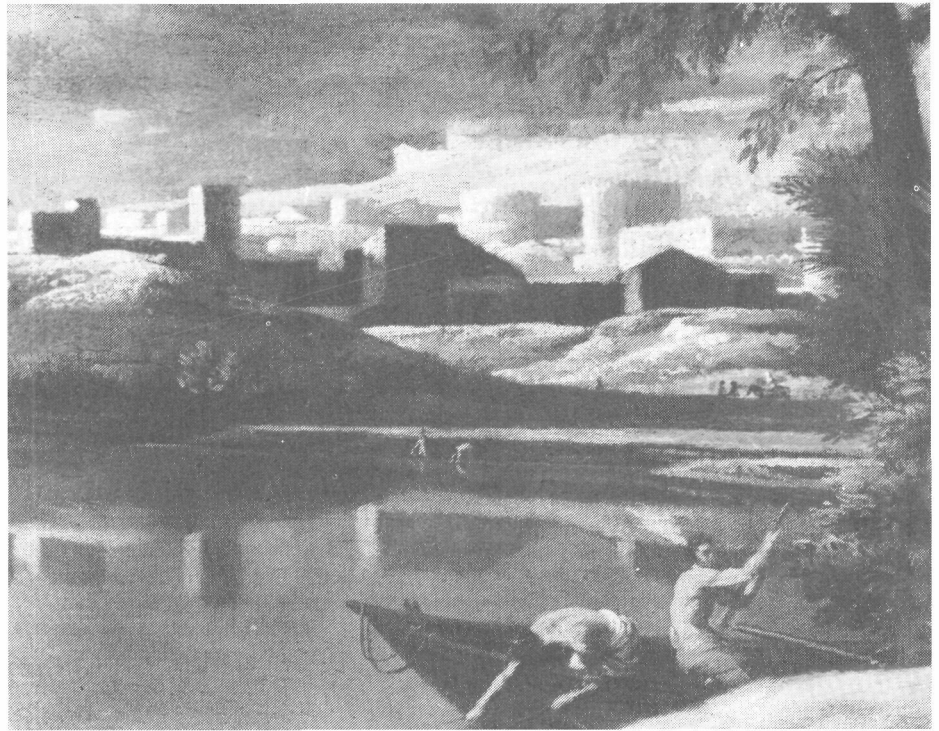


fig (i)

of her overall and the man's shift. And here, not so easily seen owing to the darkening of the paint, tiny figures spaced out round the lake and on the hill are picked out as points of bright, non-naturalistic vermilion red.

There remains one other feature of Poussin's artistic credo that can hardly be deduced from the paintings themselves and depends on a knowledge of the man himself. Poussin, a Frenchman who spent most of his life in Rome, lived a very private life, keeping away from the competitive art world that was encouraged by a triumphalist papal court in this century of the baroque. His friends and patrons were intellectuals,

preoccupied often by a search for an understanding of nature through the use of reason. Once we know this, once we understand that his aim was not to depict, like a Constable or a Monet, a particular piece of nature but its eternal order, then everything we may have obscurely sensed in front of the picture itself falls into place. Poussin's sense of the harmony in nature (over-riding and containing human tragedy) is something to which, in some moods, it is not difficult to respond, provided we are prepared to give his work the unhurried and detailed attention it deserves.

Michael Hugill

Poems

Arkadia

*The pleasure of Black next White
The pure line moves, cuts, stops.*

The ocean depth between;

*White cools the eye
Black distant to touch*

Oh those languid lidded eyes!

*Too fine to meet
Too perceptive to miss.*

Ben Rogers

Sandstone

*Turquoise flux of viridian and blue
Make the sea and sky*

*Urchins rest crimson
Between the rhythmic net of silver*

*Black, as shadow casts peculiar
Shape on sienna shoulders*

*Joy as splash and crystalline salt
Dissolve*

Toes too, soft prey to grinding sand

*Look and see the broken
Eggshell sails pull.*

Ben Rogers

*The kid crackled and kicked in
Its soft-centred box—
Pink ribboned and personal.
Mum ice pops into hazy candyfloss days—
Still 'Nappies, rattles and a deep freeze' glaze.
Pa points sponge fingers at a glossy manifesto,
To anoint kid with foamy pink power,
To annihilate and snap all known rivals.*

*Sheen Shine kid whirlagigs in a rainbow dream.
Hundreds and thousands of clowns and carasols
Rolled through his mellow marshmallow fantasy.
Delighted lollipop eyes registered surprise as
He snatched the candy coated star, stashed it away
In his Fort Knox tuck box—padlocked and suffocated.*

*Sheen Shine rebounded from dream to train to work
And back as dumb and numb as his own telephone
To dream—no evanescent confectionery excursion.
Nightmares at four featured Monsters and fangs,
Stale mates trying to enact the exact scene plus rows of
Exhausted smiles just like in cosy T.V. chat shows.*

*Still rusty tricycles and cricket stumps recede in daydream scream.
A fading transfer keeps him company as he combs invisible hair.
Scuffed Shine mimes a screech, and biting sheets of Milky bar
Tunes into ripped up tote slips, short straw horrors and
Burnt out fallen stars from drenched candyfloss days.*

*Time has passed so quickly,
Future has melted into past
And age sits alone in the crumpled shell.
Tortured with dreams,
Confined like Tantalus,
Unable to reach the tempting fruit
Or drink the water from parched mouth.*

*There will come a time,
When the thoughts of youth are forgotten.
Behind the veil of deception—Hope has tricked.
Like a painting that time will never touch,
Too late Age will realize
The seasons have changed
And there are no windows.*

*The people have gone—They have left.
There are footprints in the snow,
Masked figures that dance,
In the shadows on the walls,
Sounds that vanish into the night.*

Shannan Peckham

Paul Hollingworth

Meredith Frampton at the Tate

Meredith Frampton, who was at Westminster from 1908 to 1910, gave up painting for good in 1945, having achieved a wide reputation as a portrait painter. In February and March this year he was given a well-received retrospective exhibition at the Tate Gallery. In the following article Paula Van Langen discusses his work.

Son of the highly regarded sculptor Sir George Frampton (responsible for the Edith Cavell Monument and 'Peter Pan' in Kensington Gardens), Meredith Frampton achieved considerable repute for his portraiture, and came into an urban vogue in the '20s and '30s.

Frampton's figures are tensely poised, and the character explored on canvas projects a mature and closed individualism. From the smug self-satisfaction of the early portraits and the imposing visionary self-portrait of 1923, to the clarity and contemplation apparent in the intense expression of the later paintings, one can trace the artist's development leading him to paint subjects as figures of consideration and of self-assurance. For him the harshness of age is mellowed, not into a softening of features, but into a controlled and enduring powerful self-knowledge. The tradition of possessive symbolism in British portraiture is obscurely alluded to, and in a somewhat unsettling manner, the figures are placed among features of their own familiar life-style, which, although they are represented photographically, seem to be

the image of replica, a step removed from reality.

The artist is at all times logical, however, even when imposing a suspension of belief, as when he introduces an item of natural produce to the sparsely assembled interior.

The human figures themselves have the air of artefact in their sculpted porcelain stance and bisque complexion: elegance and human experience are expressed by a smooth, simplistic beauty. One is highly conscious of each portrait being a record of personal choice, and of the symbolic relationship of each element to the subject's life—they are in possession of what they best know, and have perfect control.

There is no hesitancy, either, in the artist's style. The handling of the statuesque, bleak backgrounds before which Frampton's subjects stand exposed, is meticulously exacting, and gives the pictures their extraordinary naturalism. The brittle elements of the surroundings are as severe as they are serene, and the structural lines of rigidity in the composition are never allowed to relax. Except in the case of the few frontal portraits, it is largely the taut line of the figure's back which is the predominant plane, and throws the body into relief. One's overall impression is of stilled life—animation tempered by compositional restraint, and the elusive mystery of surrealist juxtaposition.

This is the 88-year old Frampton's first one-man show, and is a fine representation of the portraits of an intense craftsman, produced at the rate of about one a year until his eyesight started to fail in the early 1940s, when he abandoned painting altogether.

Although subject to criticism as rational artefact, his art has the power to arouse diverse feeling and is both evocative of the mysteries of its age and memorable in itself.

Paula Van Langen

Portrait of a Young Woman, 1935



Shaksfacts

by Richard Jacobs

I wasn't allowed to be a mathematician by a man who played surprising tunes on his teeth and kept a dog to bite the matron. So I make up for it by boggling at Shakespearean facts. The most recent edition of *Hamlet* has about 590 pages. The play takes up about 125 of these. Someone somewhere in the world is always acting *Hamlet* on stage. *Shakespeare Quarterly* records between three and four thousand books and articles published in English—annually. The same journal not long ago refused to read all new submitted material until it could clear the backlog of work accepted but unpublished. A 1978 'selective' bibliography of modern critical and scholarly 'books and articles that cannot safely be ignored' by the Shakespearean student is a 234 page book listing 4,689 items. Safely? Cannot? But that's only a year or so's worth of what's available. Mr. Bevington is inclined to come clean: 'I should confess that I have not been able to read carefully all the items examined . . . I have, notwithstanding, attempted at least to examine every item included here as well as many not included.'

Of the many not included a grim and greedy proportion would have been much so-called 'work' on the Sonnets. It is their peculiar fate to have attracted more literary comment than anything else by Shakespeare apart from *Hamlet* and more of it is dispensable than not. Here is a list (incomplete) of candidates who have been conjured up by variously sane literary sleuths as 'Mr. W. H.' or the 'dear friend'. Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton; Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke; William Herbert (variously spelt), his cousin, not Earl of Pembroke; William Hervey, Southampton's step-father; William Hughes, Marlowe's shoemaker-father's apprentice-boy; William Hughes (variously spelt), ship's cook; William Hughes, boy-actor invented by Oscar Wilde; William Hughes (variously spelt), the Earl of Essex's virginal-player; William Hewes of Grays Inn; William Hughes, unknown; Hughes (first name unknown); Hugh (second name unknown); William (second name unknown); Rose (first name unknown); William Hall, printer; William Hall, unknown; William Hammond, patron of letters; Walter Aston, patron of letters; William Hunnis of the Chapel Royal; William Haughton, playwright; Henry Willobie, poet; Charles Best, poet; William Kemp, actor; Richard Burbage, actor; William Hatcliffe, once Lord of Misrule at an Inn of Court's end-of-term party; William Holgate, unknown; William Harte, Shakespeare's nephew; Hamnet, Shakespeare's son; Henry Walker, Shakespeare's godson; Edmund, Shakespeare's brother; William Hathaway, Shakespeare's brother-in-law; William Himself (i.e. Shakespeare); Father Southwell, priest; an unborn baby boy; an unknown male; more than one unknown male or female; Prince Hal, later Henry V;



David Jefferys

Cupid; Adonis; the poet's muse; God; Time the Reaper; the poet's subconscious mind; the poet's soul; fate; fame; Queen Elizabeth 1; red wine.

That Shakespeare had an emotionally turbulent and sexually dubious relationship with red wine is not on the face of it that improbable: no more so anyway than the once seriously advanced argument that the dear friend's 'sweet breath' couldn't possibly have been Pembroke's because he regularly smoked tobacco. He should have stuck to claret. From such imaginative reaches it's a natural step to denying that Shakespeare wrote the Sonnets at all; this 'born in a hole' peasant (so described by Ignatius Donnelly, once Senator of Minnesota) produced nothing and instead Francis Bacon wrote the Works—and, while he was at it, most other Elizabethan plays as well. An over-zealous sleuth called Mrs. Gallup demonstrated that Bacon must have made use of Pope's translation of Homer. Other candidates for 'Shakespeare' include the Earl of Oxford: his champion is called Looney and Freud believed him. The Droeshout engraving has been scrutinized with dark intent. A neurologist called Lord Brain has said that the two eyes are both left eyes. (Red wine?). But the most articulate spokesperson for the heresies is a fierce Baconian called Delia Bacon (these names are all genuine). She sleuthed to Stratford graveyard one night to dig up the imposter but her nerve failed. So she wrote sentences like this instead:

'The proposition to be demonstrated in the ensuing pages is this: That the new philosophy which strikes out from the Court—from the Court of that despotism that names and gives form to the Modern Learning,—which comes to us from the Court of the last of the Tudors and the first of the Stuarts,—that new philosophy which we have received, and accepted, and adopted as a practical philosophy, not merely in that grave department of learning in which it comes to us professionally as philosophy, but in that not less important department of learning in which it comes to us in the disguise of amusement,—in the form of fable and allegory and parable,—the proposition is, that this Elizabethan philosophy is, in these two forms of it,—not two philosophies,—not two Elizabethan philosophies, not two new and wondrous philosophies of nature and practice, not two new Inductive philosophies, but one,—one and the same: that it is philosophy in both these forms, with its veil of allegory and parable, and without it; that it is philosophy applied to much more important subjects in the disguise of the parable, than it is in the open statement; that it is philosophy in both these cases, and not philosophy in one of them, and a brutish, low-lived, illiterate, unconscious spontaneity in the other.'

Joyce said that Shakespeare is the happy hunting ground of those who have lost their minds. Stephen Dedalus is said to be able to prove 'by algebra that Hamlet's grandson is Shakespeare's grandfather and that he himself is the ghost of his own father'. Shakespeare did have a son called Hamnet

who died a few years before *Hamlet* was written. A curiously linked fact is that some years earlier young Katherine Hamlett, a 'spinster', was drowned in the Avon at Stratford.

Mr. Marvin Spevack's computer might one day be taught to cope with that kind of fact. Meanwhile it muses loftily over key facts like these: in the Works there are 884,647 words, of which 680,755 occur in verse, 203,892 in prose; there are 118,406 lines (91,464 verse, 26,942 prose); the plays contain 31,959 speeches. Shakespeare had a predilection for 'and' (26,285 uses) while 'the', ahead at 27,467 uses (no less than 3.1037% of the total), must have exercised an uncanny fascination. The linguist Otto Jespersen used to amuse himself by making up sentences of words avoided by Shakespeare, though available to him. Like

this amusing sentence: 'energy and enthusiasm are not in existence and we see no elegant expressions nor any gleams of genius'. Odd that 'elegant' isn't used; odder still that 'genius' is actually used seven times. Also odd, if not downright inconsiderate of Shakespeare, that the Canon is a mere four or five plays shy of a million words. Of these near-million 29,000 or so are different. (Each word used on average thirty times—which doesn't sound quite right.) Ignoring inflected forms of words the editor Craik arrived at a 'rough calculation' of 21,000 words. The vocabulary of the contemporary, and apparently as copious, Authorized Version of the Bible has been computed at 6,568 (9,884 if counting inflected forms). 'Bible' appears nowhere in Shakespeare. Nor do 'Holy Ghost' or 'Trinity'; 'Saviour' appears only once,

'Creator' twice.

A teasing fact comes from a critic called Spurgeon. The play with the most prolific imagery is the now fashionable *Troilus and Cressida* and an unparalleled proportion of the images are about food. The play is about war and sex. Shakespeare saw the usefulness of sleeping soundly and left his wife his second-best bed. Critics say it's because they slept in it, the best bed being reserved for guests. All that certainly survives in Shakespeare's handwriting is six signatures and two words. (Part of a bizarre play in manuscript about Thomas More is less certainly autograph.) The first three are on a deposition, a conveyance and a mortgage. The three on the will are 'William Shakspere', 'Willm Shakspere' and 'William Shakspeare'. Before the last are the words: 'by me'.

Sports Reports

Football

After the relative disappointment of the first half of the 1981-82 season the Westminster 1st XI encountered a far greater degree of success in the Lent Term. Although the team had changed little from the previous season there was an entirely new atmosphere of spirit and enthusiasm throughout the team. Younger players such as Gary Baddeley, Gavin Rossdale and David Poole had developed considerably in skill, pace and determination and the more experienced players such as Tim Lowe, Basty Peattie, Paul Wood and Simon Craft gave the team a firm backbone of strength and guidance.

The outstanding performances of the Lent Term were all away from home—Hailebury, St. John's, Leatherhead, and of course Charterhouse. Gavin Rossdale scored a hat-trick in the match against Hailebury and scored again at Leatherhead,

and individual performances such as this were matched by a considerable team effort on each occasion. The highlight of the season was undoubtedly the victory against Charterhouse. Any victory against these old rivals is regarded as something special, especially as the match was won away from home. The team was captained by William Saunders in the absence of Simon Craft and the team assumed dominance throughout the match, emerging victors 2-0. The goals were scored by Tom Beard and Paul Wood, who maintained a degree of outstanding individual contribution throughout the season.

The Westminster 1st XI improved greatly during the Lent Term and indeed had the potential to win every match. As it was the season was marred only by the unfortunate injury to Chris Springate, who had his leg broken within five minutes of his first appearance, but who undoubtedly will be

one of the key figures of Westminster football in the next couple of years.

Life in a 2nd XI is never very easy because of the constant changes of personnel, but the present 2nd XI has had a very successful season. Although when visiting other schools the team had a tendency to concede silly goals, it played very well at home. Much of the eleven's success is attributable to the leadership of highly motivated and talented captains: D. Martin, B. Harrod and A. Mackay.

Probably the most encouraging aspects of the season were the emergence of new talent in the shape of M. Sherwood, R. Congreve, J. Gravatt, L. Earle, Y. Yawand-Wossen, E. Hornsby and J. Oerton, and the presence of such robust and dependable characters as M. Burt, M. Saunders, P. Skarbeck, A. Michaelis and N. Williams. Finally mention must be made of the goalkeeper, E. Cartwright, whose novel handling techniques made life interesting—and harrowing—for all around him.

The Colts XI, like its predecessors over the last few years, had a very fine season, winning a large number of matches against strong opposition. It was a well-balanced side, with a useful blend of skill and strength, and excellent teamwork, particularly in the playing of simple one-tuos. Much of this was due to the striking defensive and attacking qualities of C. Hearne and O. Pennant Jones.

For the Junior Colts all turned out well in the end. After an indifferent Play Term of problems caused by players' negative attitudes, the eleven developed a commendable team spirit during the Lent Term and gave a good account of themselves.

The Under 14s had to cope with strong opposition from long-established opponents, but despite being under-sized and achieving little success, they played with great spirit and not a little skill which gives grounds for more optimism about the future.

Simon Craft and Stuart Murray

Yared Yawand-Wossen



Water

The outstanding success of the past two terms was the win by the J15 eight of their division of the School's Head. This is a very exciting crew with enough potential to entice Cedric Harben to continue coaching despite his commitments as housemaster of Rigaud's. Their performance in the Tideway Head two weeks later was even better, showing their remarkable staying power over the four-and-a-quarter mile course.

The senior squad combined with the few talented J16 oarsmen to produce crews for the Vesta Winter regatta in the Play term, and for the Heads in the Lent term. Our senior C eight won at Vesta, but the Head season was disappointing considering the talent available. Bird, Stern, Beltrao and Guest won their places in the 1st VIII after a spirited row in the Schools Head to win the restricted fours division. This crew also contained J. Goldman, whose brother Anthony was in the winning J15 crew.

O.W.'s will be sad to hear that Mrs. Veale has now retired from making teas after more than thirty years at Putney. She will be greatly missed for she has contributed so much to the 'club' feeling of Water station.

Giles Richards

Fencing

With several of our senior members leaving in the Play term and a large intake of juniors, we were left with a comparatively young and inexperienced team to cope with five matches and three competitions, and although we were largely unsuccessful experience has been gained and this will stand us in good stead for future fixtures.

Of our matches we won only our last, against King's, Rochester, losing by varying degrees to Cambridge, Brentwood, King's, Canterbury and Harrow. Nevertheless the matches have been enjoyable and we have

Darren Shaw



had opportunities to look round the towns and schools that we visit. In the competitions we reached the quarter-finals of the Dulwich foil competition, with some good fencing from M. ffytche and A. Albion, and in the Public Schools Fencing Competition which took place at Crystal Palace over Easter there were some notable performances from N. Ustianowski and G. Todes in the sabre, and from Pretor-Pinney in the foil.

Once again we owe our thanks to our coaches Bill Harmour-Brown and Bela Imregi for their encouragement and long long service to Westminster fencing.

Philip Reid

Cross-Country

The Play Term saw a booming cross-country station, the number of regular runners increasing from four to a massive fourteen. In the first match, the London Schools Championship, Kellie-Smith, Gray and Elverston managed 13th place in the various age-groups.

Wren's won the senior house race and were captained by the individual winner, Paul de Keyser. Ali Coles won the intermediate race, though he was closely followed by the entire Ashburnham team.

The Lent Term began with the annual defeat by Winchester, the Westminster team being once again unprepared for the four-and-a-half miles of uphill running, with the odd twenty-foot wide stream thrown in just for good measure. Three members of the Westminster team, Baars, Gray and Elverston ran for the district team in the London Inter-District Championship. Westminster came third and Baars did well enough to qualify for the London team.

The all-conquering Ashburnham team also won the Bringsty Relay, both the aggregate and junior team times being the fastest on record. Kellie-Smith was first past the post in the junior race by over a minute, though he could only lead College into second place behind Liddell's.

The season ended with the annual U.C.S. match. Westminster, though hampered by injury managed to lose by only a very narrow margin, with Baars and O'Hara coming first and second.

Once again the station owes its very existence to the dedication of Mr. Kennedy, who manages to keep Cross-Country alive in the age of jogging.

N. E. T. Elverston

Squash

The validity of team squash has often been doubted by the average ball-kicking, oar-hugging Westminster. But now the doors have been opened and the true glory of this station has been shown to the rest of the school. At last we have started to earn our court fees by winning matches. The fact that our 1st V consists almost entirely of five-foot fourteen year olds proves to fool only our enemies of our true potential. First City of London and then U.C.S. fell to the skills of Asad Malik, Christopher Torchia et



Darren Shaw

al. Our able chairman Julian Mann faced the problem of winning his matches with his characteristic style and flare which led not only to victories but also to on-court entertainment. The rest of our fluctuating squad, consisting of Julian Pears, Simon Murphy, Ed Roussel and Jeremy Horne all performed admirably.

Lastly but by no means least I must mention our coach Dr. Southern, who, with his rallying cries of 'Hit them where it hurts', gave us well-needed coaching and support. All in all it was an enjoyable and victorious season.

Justin Albert

Fives

The Lent Term's Fives matches always have a special flavour of 'fin de siècle'. The summer stretches ahead with its inevitable departures and silent fives courts, but the term's matches are often stimulating, and 1982's range was no exception. The away matches were especially enjoyable—particularly Harrow, although we were unsuccessful, and Wellington, where Arif Ali's play sparkled. Other venues included St. Olave's, Mill Hill, Lancing, Stowe and Cambridge, where we played the Penguins. At home the Old Lancings, Highgate, Marlborough and the Old Wets gave us many pleasurable moments and some really hard games. The most improved player was undoubtedly Adam Frankland, and no true account could exclude reference to George Weston's style and dependability. Special thanks are due to our coaches and mentors, T.J.P. and R.H.S. for unfailing support and much driving!

Team listings have included Scott Donohue, Benedict St. Johnston, C. J. Morrell, Jake Lyall, David Lomnitz, Nick Clegg, Bruce King and Jonathan Baxter. *Fortuna virtutem secuta est!*

Christopher Cooper



Yared Yawand-Wossen

Shooting

The most important event that has graced us shooters can be easily described with the immortal words 'I have decided that colours up to half pinks may be awarded for shooting'. The joy of official recognition is second only to the thrill and excitement of winning a silver spoon in the Civil Service Postal Competition, and many shooters must be congratulated, warmly if possible, for having done so this term. Well done to Philip Reid, who won a rather nice silver cup by obtaining the top score of the guest shooters at Hendon Range in April, and to the other members of the 'A' and 'B' teams who shot so well both at Bedford and Hendon this term, and also in the Postal Competition.

Thanks again to everybody who shoots for providing such sociable entertainment every Monday and Wednesday, and particularly to our own, very special coach, Mick Russell, to whom we are indebted.

Matthew Sullivan

* * *

Netball

In September Mr. Aizlewood took charge of a motley crew of fifteen girls and a netball court some distance down Victoria Street. With our combined knowledge we managed to teach our master-in-charge, who knew nothing about the game, the basic rules of lost possession over a third, no rugby tackles, and so on.

The two matches we have played since September were both bravely engaged and displayed a type of desperation and determination, perhaps brought on by the horrific thought of returning to school with defeat written all over our paralysed bodies and suffering the consequential chauvinistic

scorn and disparagement from those members of the school who consider their sport vastly superior to our so-called 'pathetic efforts'.

Some superbly accurate shooting by Aurea and Sabine did more than a little to earn us our last minute victory over Francis Holland. In our next match against South Hampstead, despite putting on our strongest resources and a promise of third pinks, we were simply not practised enough to defeat a strong first team, who no doubt gained an advantage from their co-ordinating blue knickers and neat white socks, a stark contrast to our assortment of football shorts, track-suit trousers, borrowed pink shirts etc.

* * *

Skiing at Hochsolden

by Justin Albert

Westminster's annual confrontation with the population of Sölden, peculiar fibre-glass planks and Gluwein took place again this winter. It must have seemed to Messrs. Cogan, Field *et al.* that the gods had finally deserted them when they saw, sprawled across Victoria Station, the least likely of potential skiers. The 'Doors' were being blasted out of some unwieldy Sony stereo and this could only add to the general confusion arising from grief-stricken well-wishers and the parents of the younger boys debating what would be the best time to ask for their money back from Mr. Cogan. Yet the masters smiled and found themselves constantly telling their anxious families that this was really going to be a holiday for them and not just a two-week extension of the Lent term.

Skiing itself has always scared me, and the thought of ten days of bombing down semi-vertical slopes seemed pretty futile,

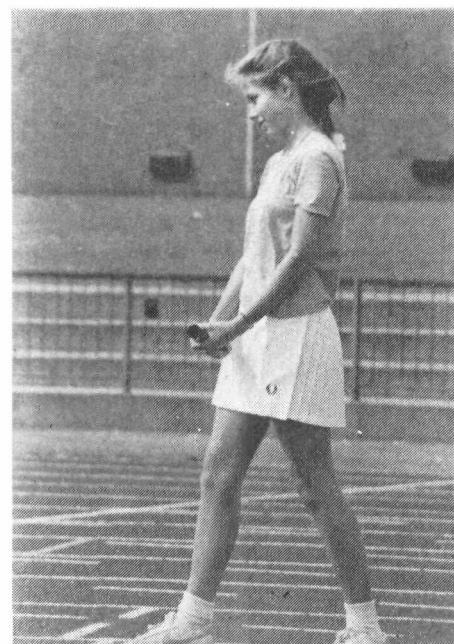
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Expeditions

* * *

but looking around me that first morning at my fellow dare-devils I realised that at least I wouldn't be the first one to go headlong into some unyielding tree. There was, of course, the usual contingent of 'pros' hefting their own skis and talking of 'evil wipe-outs' and the pros and cons of wax. The fact that one of them later found that he had brought his golf clubs instead of skis did little to affect the aura that surrounded these experts as we amateurs looked upon them. The trip took twenty-four hours and the fact that eighty people slept in ten compartments (or couchettes) says all that is needed about that part of the expedition.

Hochsölden is what the Austrian Tourist Board would probably call 'a quaint, old-fashioned skiing village high in the Austrian Tyrol, with six hotels, one shop and three bars!' Indeed for many budding Hans Klammers among us this was a far fling from the heated swimming pools and English-speaking bar-tenders of St. Moritz and Val d'Isère, but at the same time I was sure that all this was indeed going to make



Yared Yawand-Wossen

The games we play, although at times reduced to rough tactics and often quite distant from the netball of the rule-book, are always enjoyable and I think it is a slot in the week savoured by many as a time where the battle is single-sex, free from any of the complications that are obviously imposed everyday by our being part of a minority of girls in a predominantly male institution.

Although Mr. Aizlewood was unfortunately not considered eligible to play in our moment of need he has gamely taken part in many of our weekly games, and we would like to thank him for his unfaltering patience throughout.

Melanie Levy

me more of a True Englishman than ever before.

Next day we 'hit' the ski slopes for our assessment by ten Austrian ski instructors, looking more like fluorescent bluebottles than our guardians on the slopes for the next week. To my great disappointment I did well in the test and was put in a group of people much better than I was. So-called Intermediates gained some false confidence from seeing the beginners stagger off down the nursery slope, but secretly I wished that I was one of them and was not forced to prove to the others in my group that I had a right to be with them. Skiing that day seemed to consist entirely of painful crashes and periods of gut fear that did nothing for my dwindling confidence. The boots were too big, my feet hurt and when the lesson ended I staggered back to my room to dream of Nice, Miami and any other hot, sunny place I could think of.

'Après-ski' life circulated around two bars in which Westminsters sat at tables mixing two ice-creams with iced schnapps. Between

six and eight o'clock we talked of all the forbidden things we would do that evening, but when we moved into the 'Sports Club' for our second bout we always seemed to find excellent reasons for not doing them. In this bar we met our first German disc-jockey called Gert. He seemed to love, and consequently play, all the music deemed 'un-cool' by us trendy Westminsterers. But this did not deter the John Travoltas and Olivia Newton-Johns among us from

bouncing off walls and tables in an embarrassing display of jerky limb-movements that we laughingly called dancing. Bed and sleep seemed like Eden rediscovered, but it was all too short, for at eight o'clock on the dot every morning Mr. Francis' smiling face would pop round the door and remind us to 'rise and shine' or else all hell would be let loose.

Ten tiring days followed in the same manner. I grant that I did find that I was

closing my eyes less on the ski slopes, yet the number of bruises on my body mounted and Gert continued to play German folk-songs.

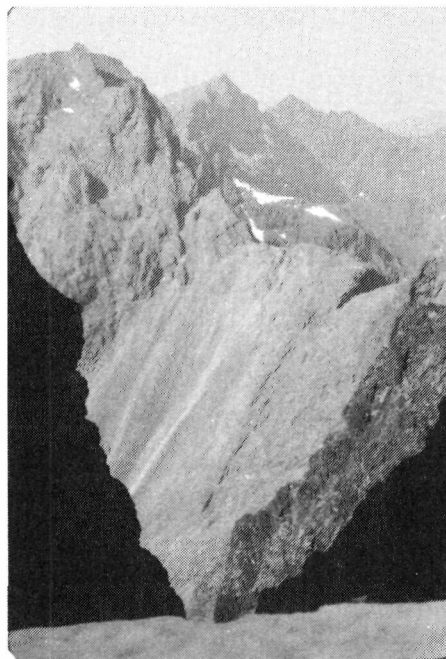
All in all I would deem the trip an unqualified success, with excellent ski instructors and distant yet good supervision from the masters. Indeed if nothing else had been gained the trip proved to me that Westminster masters really are human.

Skye—1982

by Mark Scott

Crossing the passive southern limits, the temperate climate of the Southern flatlands condense into rain, and Scotland greets you with a sodden blast of wind. The jaded and untempered cringe a little as the snug, camp-fire expectations fade; a timid rustling of waterproofs. Snow-capped mountains are the only uprights in a land of horizontals, with an enigma and luring of their own; the addict and fanatic gazes, pensive, it seems contemplating the ascent, technique, tools required; the novice writes home while the rain is still outside. Stark mountains, steel-grey sea, fog, all culminate to produce a scene dramatic yet elegantly subtle in its diversity of component colour and form. To admire is insufficient; casual observation could never suffice for the vigours of an ascent.

As always, Glen Brittle was the nucleus of activities. Tents erected, food residues guessed, the delicate balance between physical exertion and carbohydrate consumption established itself. If one lacked, inevitably, the latter, the other quite naturally slackened off; remonstrations were quietly curbed. The first day could be considered as limbering up, the second a display of virility, physique and general aptitude for the prolonged balancing act; beyond that enfeebled thighs and arthritic knee-joints limit the pace of pursuits. Day One brought the first invigorating taste of air 3,000 feet up; an abortive attempt on snow-caked Alasdair, vaulting somewhat prematurely in Katz's dismissal as climber with laceration; and various parties clambering around in the Scumain vicinity where Lock Ghrunnda jewels the mountains. By Day Two revived ambition got the better part of stiffness and three parties traversed the Horseshoe Ridge. A long, prolonged trudge uphill at pack-horse pace tempted sensitivity into slumber and, when the ridge was finally surmounted, perilous elevation passed mostly unnoticed—an injustice perhaps, but voids looming unerringly close promptly jerked a sober spirit back into the occasion. The real eye-opener of the route is the Inaccessible Pinnacle; the aptly named ominous, Bastille-like rock dwarfs the ridge like a National Trust Sunday ramble. The view is prolific with a ragged coastline that circumnavigates the pin-cushion mountain range; a misty, purple-printed sea sweeps out, mirror-flat, to the somnambulant Cocktail Islands. Sadly the scree-heap of



View of Sgurr Dearg and Sgurr Banachdich
Cedric Harben

Banachdich claimed Dr. Needham's left arm, aided by an anonymous boulder-hurler—so our number lessened as camp proceeded.

But excitement was not confined to the mountains. The hard lads of Cheltenham C.C.F. pitched camp in Glen Brittle, a disappointment for some since Cheltenham Ladies' College was the expected visitant. The habitual evening melancholy was promptly shattered by a series of football matches—vigorous would be an understatement—and the fouling skills of our crew were not for one moment doubted.

The weather held out and routes were planned. One party, headed by the indefatigable Roger Jakeman, clambered up Gillean, another ascended Bruach na Frithe by the NW ridge, and the remainder headed for the dreaded Banachdich. As tradition demands, all were preceded by a bog trot. Bruach na Frithe is a less demanding peak yet it facilitates a panoramic view of the entire range which straddles off to Alasdair on the left, interjected by a stark pallisade of peaks en route and fades into rural lowlands on the horizon. Within the crux of the Guillin buttresses is set Loch Coruish, like an amethyst, with Druimnan Ramh projecting into the sea. Gillean shears up opposite, a flat table-topped pedestal of rock, puckered by one sharp 'V', across which was scuttling the indomitable Rodge with lagging company. It is only with four

black notes for a scale that you can appreciate the mammoth proportions of this fragmented stone pile.

To get off the main ridge we skirted beneath the Ambhasteir Tooth—as forboding as its counterparts, bound in by the Pinnacle Ridge. A precipitous snow-chute funnels down direct, and very approximately to, Sligachan—with pub in situ. Having carted pickaxes (inappropriately called ice-axes) around all week, here at last was a chance to use them—the Cresta Run re-lived! Some chose to flop, slip and waddle down in a variety of indefinite manners. The more majestic, such as J. Cogan, strolled measuredly, whilst Palfy devised a method which was totally original and perilous as far as the more sensitive of his extremities were concerned—a frontal, headlong, snow-plough technique. The 'Slig' was naturally the congregation, where masters' purses are made all the lighter for a loyal party.

There was persistent rain for the next two days with little to do but eat and, it seemed, little to eat. Stuart Needham made a cultural excursion to nearby ancient remains, not over-accompanied! A group circumambulated the Old Man of Stour to the North; another trudged from Glen Brittle to Sligachan and the last group did it in the opposite direction, with the obvious disadvantage of missing opening hours. The Cogans departed with the fine weather, and haggis à la mashed spud added a final touch of spice to the occasion.

A befittingly terrifying ascent was devised by Roger Jakeman to mark the end of the camp—Fiddler to Bruach na Frithe—and Mr. Harben attempted the untested Ghreadaidh. The really disturbing thing about clambering along a ridge is that the hardened climber insists on following the 'true aesthetic line', little more than getting as close to the edge as possible in an attempt, it seems, to terrify his party. Rodge, a true mountaineering pedantic, adhered to this principle and the southern flatland will forever seem more pleasant for the Fiddler Experience.

Skye is not to be missed for sheer dramatic beauty, and however the physique may suffer, summits provide the ultimate viewpoint. For peaks, haggis, rain and callouses Skye's the place—but Holland sounds attractive.

Ashburnham Centenary

A History of Ashburnham

by Todd Hamilton

In 1881 Westminster School bought Ashburnham House, the seventeenth-century building on the north side of Little Dean's Yard. Home of Lord Ashburnham until 1739, it was only part of a larger residence that had stretched as far as a School. Now it underwent a facelift.

The most obvious of the changes was the destruction of the seventeenth-century gatehouse and wall in the front while, inside, the first floor became the Scott Library, and the upper floor, class rooms. In 1883 railings and a gateway were erected in place of the old gatehouse, where they stayed until 1930, when the west wing was added. The stone staircase was installed in 1884. The ground floor, however, was used to house a few homeboarders, these boys being, of course, the nucleus of 'Ashburnham'.

The very first boys to arrive are reported in the 1883 School Records as being under the guidance of Rev. R. A. Edgell. For the next ten years he remained Housemaster. These were among the most important for the house, for it first became fully independent in October 1891. Originally made up of boys from Homeboarders, it had no school monitor until the official recognition of S. C. Woodhouse in 1888. The two houses were apparently quite distinct, combining only for games. But games (to judge from subsequent house ledgers) formed a large part of House Identity.

That October *The Elizabethan* announced, 'This term all the new boys who would under ordinary circumstances have gone "Up" Homeboarders have been drafted into Ashburnham, which now numbers thirty-eight fellows. Next term it will probably reach fifty.' In fact the numbers climbed beyond, to touch sixty in Election 1894 and in Election 1922 E. H. Horton (the Head Boy) gasped, with a hundred boys to manage. 'We are really full up now.'

Apart from three years of glory in athletics (1891-94), the new Ashburnham was no sporting wonder—except, that is, in the year 1907-08. W. B. Harris, Head of House, was Princeps Oppidanorum, captain of the football XI, and vice-president of the debating society. He ends his entry with satisfied approval of the 'good fellowship. . . which has pervaded the House and which has made our phenomenal successes possible'.

These successes were winning the Junior Football Cup for the first time, the Football Shield for the second (with many team members ill), the 'Sports' with a record score, and the Junior Cricket Cup. The only house match lost was a senior cricket one—every report glows with commendations.

The appeal to the reader of the House Ledger of W. B. Harris's entry is its brevity. The early ledgers provide minute-by-minute commentaries on inter-house matches, with notes on the skill of team players and analyses of the scoring. Masters, monitors and members all take a minor place.

However, the emphasis seemed to shift. Later Heads were obsessed with their own positions and status in the House. Each left to his successor lectures on House Captaincy and thorough assessments of the boys' characters.

For instance, K. N. Colville (Head until 1903) signed off with no more than a line about his own election to Christ Church, having just written about 500 words on the Ashburnham v. Homeboarders Shield Match, whereas in 1937 E. B. Christie in one term alone wrote 700 on 'Sport and

Work' and 8,500 on 'The Head Master', House Government, Public School Life and his 'Vale'. And he was Head for a year.

Christie obviously had a view of his importance which most people today would say was inflated. Then, it was different. The role of the Housemaster, when discussed, resembles closely that of a constitutional monarch: one to appoint ministers with executive power and to provide a royal pardon in cases of injustice, but who was quickly disliked if seen to intervene without being asked.

The Rev. Edgell left in 1893 with three cheers and an oak writing-cabinet; the Rev. W. Failes (1893-94) and Rev. G. H. Nall (1894) left without comment; Mr. E. L. Fox (1893-1907) was 'extremely keen on the welfare of the House. . . . Unfortunately he took likes and dislikes. . . . However, as he nearly always had excellent

Joanna Clyde



reasons for his likes and dislikes he may be excused the unreasonable aversions he took to certain excellent fellows'.

Mr. J. Sargeaunt (1907-19) was equally liked but the reasons do not become apparent in the ledger until his successor appears. Mr. I. F. Smedley even after two terms was receiving the disapproval of H. Chisholm: 'He has not yet learnt, as he will learn in time, that there are some things which are much better controlled by the monitors than by the Housemaster. . . . The result has been an officiousness and an apparent lack of complete confidence in the monitors that have at times been very trying.'

He did not learn. Soon after, K. McGregor summed it up—Mr. Sargeaunt was 'simply there to exercise general supervision,' Mr. Smedley 'appoints monitors to do most of the donkey work.' So the Heads of Ashburnham were humped with Mr. Smedley until 1932. 'Unfortunate incidents' multiplied—fracas between monitors and master over 'minor' issues. All in all, Mr. Smedley was unpopular.

His successor, Mr. T. E. Bonhote, was in K. Hinge's view 'understanding. I have never met a man so suited to listen to the sufferings of schoolboys as he was. . . . He agreed that 'beating was not beneficial and rarely successful'—which implies that leniency was considered less a fault in him than it had been in Mr. Smedley.

Then came World War II. Sixty-five old Ashburnhamites had been killed in the 1914-18 War, four of whom had gained the Military Cross. One of those, E. J. Tyson, also had a D.S.O. The next war, as well as killing thirty-six of Ashburnham's old boys, impinged very directly on the House itself.

It meant first that Ashburnham was unable to move into its new home at 18 Dean's Yard. Ashburnham House had become 'ridiculously inadequate' for sixty-five boys. The Westminster School Society was to open the building to the whole school, but the whole school in the next term (Play 1939) was evacuated. The day boys of Ashburnham went to Hurstpierpoint and, at the end of the Summer Term, to Exeter. In Play 1941 'No. 18 was ready for us and we were ready for No. 18' wrote K. A. Hinge—but no, it was evacuation to Bromyard. There it was to stay until 1945.

The same term, however, Ashburnham and Homeboarders were amalgamated for the second time in their histories—resulting in Homeburnham. Under this system Homeburnhamites shared dormitories and day rooms but, for one year at least, not monitors. The complete weld took place under Mr. J. R. Peebles in Play 1942, but he was replaced the following term by Mr. M. F. Young, when he joined up.

As numbers quickly sank in Bromyard, from thirty Ashburnhamites on arrival to twenty-three Homeboarderites on amalgamation, Westminster began joining them under a similar system with Busby's. By now accustomed to each other's presence, neither house was greatly opposed to it. By contrast, C. Barnes (1943-44) wrote in sharp terms of Grant's, with whom an



Hugh Cameron

amalgamation had been proposed. As it happened, Grantites and Homeburnhamites never mixed much and the plan fell through.

Mr. C. H. Fisher (Play 43-Election 44) succeeded Mr. Young, 'a very efficient Housemaster who was respected and liked by the whole House', who left to go to the new Under School. Mr. Fisher saw Homeburnham to the end of its exile in Bromyard, returning to Busby's a sound housemaster in the view of D. R. Morris. Mr. J. D. Carleton stood in next for a term till Mr. Peebles was demobbed.

Homeburnham was now perilously close to extinction, thanks largely to an idea of the Head Master whereby Homeburnham would die altogether before being restarted. Without L. G. Hunt's persistence the Head Master would probably not have changed his mind: instead, six new boys were promised for Play '44, and Homeburnham's future was assured.

Play 1944 brought Homeburnham back to London, day boys once more. For eleven terms after, Mr. Peebles (1945-46) and Mr. F. R. Rawes (from 1946) were Housemasters of the rejuvenated Homeburnham. When Homeboarders was separated once more, under the name Wren's, the House was again the biggest in the school. 'Pinky' Rawes stayed on until Lent 1953—this 'very kind-hearted little man' goes down in Ashburnham history for 'memorizing the family, school and life history of each Ashburnhamite' and his foundation of the Old Ashburnhamite Society.

Ashburnham could have felt in 1953 that it was old enough to begin reaping its own harvest: the next housemaster, Mr. D. S. Brock, was an Old Ashburnhamite. Soon after his arrival Ashburnham vacated No. 18 Dean's Yard (for Liddell's): ever since Play 1956, Up Ashburnham has meant No. 6 Dean's Yard. Since 'Denny' Brock's departure to Grant's in Election 1963, Major E. R. D. French was housemaster for three years and Mr. E. Craven for seven. Since he left, Ashburnham's housemaster has been

Mr. A. W. Livingstone-Smith.

Discipline has always been a bone of contention. In the ledgers of the 1890s the record amounted to no more than a list of names—those tanned in the term by the House monitors. In the 1920s and 1930s came the first 'disquisitions on House Government'. During World War II, when the day boys had to board, and when numbers were such that the House was more a family, the first opposition to beating appears in the ledgers. Disciplinarians still occur. 'Upper Cases', though less frequent, persistently crop up—usually concluded with impositions, but tannings are not unknown. But 'petty rules', fagging responsibilities, harsh recrimination for 'lip', all diminish in the post-war years.

The social chasm between senior and junior also proved impossible to preserve in the war. In the first flush of coming back to their own homes, boys' loyalty to the House suffered. Perhaps these are some of the reasons that the 'House Spirit' E. B. Christie would have felt has died. On the other hand, some would say that phenomena such as *The Ash Tree*, the House paper founded in 1923 by A. Herbert, and the Debating Society started by D. Turner-Samuels in 1933, are reflections of the individuality of Ashburnham House.

In case a reader of this a hundred years from now should be confused and misled, I must here record that I am not the Head of the House, but all the same feel that the only proper way to end these notes is to echo the pious hopes for the future with which the writers of the ledgers always signed off—

FLOREAT ASHBURNHAM
DOMUS ALMA FLOREAT

* * *

Old Ashburnhamites will like to know that the Ashburnham Society Dinner will be held in College Hall on Monday, December 13th, 1982. For details, see p. 176 in the Elizabethan Club section.

Eat Your Heart Out, Cecil B.

by Julia Crammer

If anyone had turned up at Westminster on the Friday of last Play Term exeat (and I can assure you there were some such strange mad people) they would have been surprised to find Little Dean's Yard swarming with small grimy children, dressed in rags. Had there been a Labour 'coup' overnight? Was Westminster now a home for distressed orphans? Those persons who had dared to inquire would have discovered the truth. The Children's Film Unit was busy shooting its latest motion picture, *Captain Stirrick*.

Stirrick, a tragic musical about an orphan—Ned Stirrick—and his adventures, is set in London, sometime during the first half of the last century. The exact date varied wildly, due to certain unforeseen obstacles. Originally written as a stage play for the Children's Music Theatre, they had been able to choose any date they pleased. We however, faced with unavoidable iron girders on the ceiling of the hall in which we did most of the shooting, had to be content with painting them black, changing the date, and hoping they'd pass as a railway bridge. This could also possibly account for the sound of any of the trains on the line just a stone's throw from our hall, though not, unfortunately, for the 'planes. Did you know that, at a certain time, 'planes and trains go over through Lavender Hill alternately every two minutes?

Part of the action in *Stirrick* takes place in and around Bartholemew Fair, Smithfield, and it was for this purpose that Little Dean's Yard had been requisitioned for our one day of location shooting—the rest was done on our professionally built highly ingenious and versatile but rather expensive set housed in a school in Clapham. But as the setting for Bartholemew Fair Westminster did admirably, with Mr. Cogan's house doubling as Lord Kensington's front door. Makeshift booths, with a rather alarming tendency to collapse on top of people, covered with awnings, had brightly painted

Miscellany

signs on top proclaiming their contents. You were invited to 'dance with the famous dancing bear' or to see 'acrobats and posture men who practise what they preach'. Going among the crowd of shivering extras—the weather was preparing itself for the winter—were small boys with trays of 'succulent saveloys' and 'penny oysters which are yours for tuppence each', though regrettably inedible. But to crown it all we had a *real* fire eater and a *real* clown on stilts. Well, to be honest they were really the same man, but since he went away and did a quick change half way through it seemed like two, which is what truly matters.

And then, of course, being England, it just had to rain. Fortunately we'd got through most of the day's schedule, but suddenly everybody found themselves piling into Ashburnham Dining Room, tripping over the two large speakers which had been placed in the doorway so that the music could be heard outside without any danger of the equipment being damaged by the impending 'little drops of water'. The paint on the signs began to run and conditions under cover were rather cramped, but in the end we did manage to finish, shooting in a drizzle, before it became too dark.

Unfortunately we lost four hundred feet of what was shot that day—some little *****! somewhere along the line opened the tin containing the unprocessed film and as a result it became fogged and unusable. It was impossible to go back and reshoot, so ways of covering the lost footage had to be found. Having seen the finished product, however, I don't think it matters in the least.

The connection with Westminster first began when, about three years ago, the Unit made a highly successful film of John Rae's book *The Custard Boys*. It was then the film unit of Forest Hill School, a boy's comprehensive in south east London, where one of the staff, Colin Finbow, was engrossed in making films in which children

not only acted but also carried out the technical jobs. On *Captain Stirrick* there was one professional technician, everyone else—cameraman, lighting, sound crew—was seventeen or under. With the success of *The Custard Boys* it was felt that the Unit should become more available to other young people, and so when *Stirrick* began children from other schools, including Westminster, who considered themselves talented were invited to join. Which was where I came in, as a sound assistant.

As one of the first new recruits I was rather thrown in at the deep end. The shooting on the first day took place for some reason in the most cramped section of the set, with barely room for the camera and director, and so little possibility of being an idle spectator. Suddenly in the middle of the afternoon I was handed a boom, an unbelievably heavy object, and informed it was 'my turn'. Stuck up on a piece of scaffolding: 'Point the microphone at whoever's speaking, or the sound won't be picked up. And be as close as you can, but don't get into shot. Amos, Who? Where? 'will tell you how low you can go.' Then the director: 'Quiet on set. Going for a take. Tape.' 'Rolling.' 'Camera.' 'Rolling.' 'Action!' HELP! I will say though, on behalf of myself and my fellow boom operator, that, to the best of my knowledge, the boom only appears once in the finished film, and even that isn't very obvious. When the playback operator was away there was usually a fight between us as to who would inherit his glorious position, and opportunities for on-screen stardom were provided, once as the hand inside a 'Judy' puppet, and later as a disturbed householder—though both have been cut—c'est la vie! Still, in the twelve days of shooting it was possible to learn an immense amount about every aspect of film making in a most enjoyable, but very exhausting and filthy way.

With more publicity the membership of the Unit has grown and workshops are now being held at week-ends. The next feature film, to be made in Rochester at the end of July, about choir-boys who keep bees, is cast almost entirely from Westminster Under School, except for the professional adult actors.

If you wish to see Westminster 'on film'—yet again—*Stirrick* will be showing at the ICA in The Mall for a month from June 5th—then later, Jeremy Isaacs, Head of Channel Four willing, on Channel Four Television! Channel Four paid for *Stirrick* to be made so presumably they would like to show it, though nobody connected with the CFU is allowed to be present while the provider of bounty views it, in case they influence his judgement. On the sordid subject of money (the CFU is a registered charity) while this is neither the time nor the place for begging, if anyone has even a few pounds which they just *don't* know what to do with (£3 buys one second's worth of completed film) . . . enough said!

For further details on joining or contributing, please write with sae to: CFU, 8 Ashridge House, 24 Carlton Road, Sidcup, Kent DA14 6AJ.



A Game

by Charlotte Harland

This is a game. Imagine you've got green fingernails. You're proud of them. It's not a funny game though—you've got a lot of problems. People seem to think that you are different because you've got green fingernails. Not really less clever, but less suited to anything that uses your intelligence. People think you should shut up and be ornamental, because of your green fingernails. People have quite definite ideas of what you should do with yourself, all based on the fact you've got green fingernails—nothing to do with yourself as a person. The basis on which you are judged is not only totally directed towards the quality of your green fingernails, but the standards governing green fingernails are set by people with normal fingernails. It's a very unfair game.

Now I'm going to invent some practical difficulties associated with your green fingernails. There are lots of them. There's no reason for them—it's just you've got green fingernails and the laws are made by people with normal finger nails. There are lots of these problems, so here are just a few of them. If you are physically attacked and manage to persuade the authorities that you are not just hysterical, then you are likely to get about a tenth of the compensation that a normal person would in a similar case. Your attacker could get away with about a fifth of the sentence, because he chooses to attack someone with green fingernails. Unfair? The people with normal fingernails don't seem to think so. You are allowed—and positively encouraged—to be financially dependant on someone with normal fingernails. For that person to be similarly dependant on you is not only socially frowned on, but is legally a non-existent concept. Also very odd, considering you are a normal person. Now imagine that you had been born abroad. Your parents are British—maybe you were born on holiday. If you now choose to marry a non-British citizen, you have no right to live in this country with your spouse. Your normal fingernailed siblings can marry who they want and retain the right to live here. This is obviously unfair—why make different laws for people, simply by virtue of the colour of their fingernails?

Now the worst bit of the game. You are considered very odd indeed to mind about the fact that your society is prejudiced against people with green fingernails. In fact, most people with normal fingernails can't see that you have anything to complain about. They even think that in asking for equality for people with green fingernails, you are trying to renounce the colour of your fingernails. They can't comprehend the fact that you want to be a normal person who happens to have green fingernails. They won't listen to you argue about it either—you've got green fingernails, so you must be wrong.

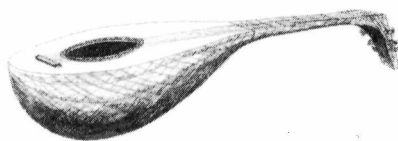
Now let's stop the game. It's not really funny. It's even less funny in real life. Substitute 'women' for 'green fingernails'. It's not funny and it's not a joke. So next

time you laugh at the picture you have drawn yourself of a sexless, belligerent war-horse, which you call a feminist, look at the colour of your fingernails, and if, like most people who read this, they are normal colour, then be glad.

Music at Westminster

by Kate Bolton

Why is it that music, as academically taxing as, and far more time-consuming than, any other subject, is so neglected at Westminster? And I don't mean by the staff, as we all realise how much time the music/physics/maths teachers put into the subject, but by the school as a whole. Obviously the time-factor is quite a problem: the school lacks a lunch-break so that choir and orchestra have to meet both before and after school—bound to dampen enthusiasm—and having music 'A'-level lessons after school twice a week leaves only one afternoon free for people involved in all these, as all relatively keen musicians should be. However, I still think there are enough keen musicians in the school prepared to give up time to put in work for a concert, so why are there so few informal musical gatherings?



David Neviansky

The main reason must be sheer lack of an appreciative audience. The music competition was a prime example—the heats were never attended by more than five people, on top of those performing, and the final was mainly populated by ever-faithful parents—yet there was always an extremely high standard of musicianship. The informal concerts have startlingly absent audiences, yet they are short, varied and fun, and the school concerts, which never fail to produce supreme performances from our top musicians, have a mere smattering of pupils. One of the saddest occasions due to lack of an audience was one musical John Locke meeting. Considering that the entire upper school are free at this time and that the choir, as well as having come all the way from Georgia, was one of the most enthusiastic and professional I've ever heard, the fact that there were few more than a dozen people attending was pretty demoralizing.

Another disappointing area must be the concert-going arranged outside the school. In such an ideal situation for concerts it is ridiculous that there's so much trouble to sell 'Youth and Music' tickets—they're absurdly cheap and concerts are carefully chosen to suit all tastes. Girls seem

particularly lacking here—are they really all working away at home?

Finally there is the problem of organisation. Peter Muir had a terrible time trying to get everyone in *Façade* together in the Play Term—there was always some clashing activity and, of course, as a pupil he had little authority. Perhaps staff could be a little more lenient; after all, if we were all going off to a maths seminar, who would object? Admittedly music is a minority subject which not everyone would enjoy, but it's amazing how many people 'know' they're going to hate a concert and then come out having had a marvellous evening. I'm sure that if more people made more effort and respected the subject a little, life would be made easier for musicians and a lot more fun for listeners.

Winter evening at the Workhouse

by A. A. Saer

A few sparsely placed lights cast a meagre glow over the large hall, forming shadows which fell away from the long, wooden tables on to the hard floor. On each long, wooden bench sat twenty-five destitute, starving or down-and-out youths. Each one, like a mechanical toy, stood up and joined the end of the queue as it passed by them. For this queue led them to the three large pots which stood at the end of the hall, containing what they were all desperate for. Steam rose from these pots, but quickly disappeared into the freezing air of that frigid hall.

The gruel slopped into their wooden bowls; one by one they moved up, received the thin, un-nourishing liquid, and walked slowly off, their faces heated for one brief moment by that lovely rising steam. Three fat, sour-faced cooks ladled this mixture out. It was the same for them three times a day; they left their warm, comfortable homes for an hour, came here to deal out portions of gruel, then went home again, to their hot, nourishing meals. The youths dreamt all the time of being able to enjoy proper food.

They sat down again at the tables and, at the command, picked up their spoons and drained their bowls. There was never any need to wash the bowls: they were licked clean at every meal-time, since no-one was anxious to waste a single drop of their meagre nourishment, revolting though it was.

They were forced to labour all day, every day, with never a break except three times a day when they flocked to the hall in droves to enjoy a few moments of oblivion.

When every drop had disappeared and the bowls had been collected up for the next disgusting meal, the cooks left. Every one of the boys stood around the door, watching the well-fed cooks crunching across the snow in the courtyard, away to their delicious meal in their warm homes. They passed under the old, wooden door, above which a sign said, in old gilt letters: COLLEGE HALL . . .

The Elizabethan Club

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

Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Elizabethan Club will be held at Westminster School, London S.W.1., on Thursday, October 7th 1982, at 7.00 p.m.

C. J. Cheadle
Hon. Secretary

AGENDA

1. To approve the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held on December 9th 1981.
2. To receive the General Committee's Report.
3. To receive the audited Accounts for the year ended December 31st 1981.
4. Election of Officers.
5. Election of General Committee.
6. Appointment of Hon. Auditor.
7. Any other business.

The names of candidates for any of the Club Offices, or for the General Committee, must be proposed and seconded in writing and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, c/o 5a Dean's Yard, London S.W.1., so as to reach him not later than September 30th 1982.

Old Westminsters' Lodge No. 2233

Bro George Denny (1949-54, R) was installed as Worshipful Master on April 15th 1982, Worshipful Bro Hugo Ball (1926-29, HB) as Senior Warden, and Worshipful Bro Robert Woodward (1951-56, A) as Junior Warden. The Lodge met Up School and dined in College Hall; members and guests numbered fifty-seven.

The lodge is open to Old Westminsters and Masters at the School. Particulars may be obtained from the Secretary: Worshipful Bro Richard Walters, Selwood, Cradle End, Little Hadham, Ware, Herts, SG11 2EN.

The Elizabethan Club Annual Dinner

The Dinner will take place in Ashburnham House on Thursday, October 7th at 7.30 for 8. Details appear on the leaflet enclosed with this issue.

Enquiries to P. G. Whipp, 85 Gloucester Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey TW9 3BT, tel no. 01-940 6582.

Ashburnham Society

The Ashburnham Society Centenary Dinner will be held in College Hall on Monday, December 13th 1982.

All Old Ashburnhamites not regularly on our mailing list should contact the Hon. Chairman or Hon. Secretary of the Society to ensure that an invitation is sent.

Hon. Chairman
Paul Ashley
23 Oxford Road
Teddington
Middlesex
01-943 1357

Hon Secretary
Matthew Cocks
13 Langford Green
Champion Hill
London SE5 8BX
01-274 5448

Old Westminster Lawyers

The annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner for Old Westminsters Lawyers was held on February 23rd 1982 at the Athenaeum Club. Sir Godfrey Morley was in the chair and thirty-six OWW were present.

The Head Master was the guest and spoke after dinner.

* * *

The Editors would be very grateful for news of Old Westminsters to go in the Old Westminster Notes or News of Old Westminsters.

Old Westminster Notes

Sir William Hawthorne (1926-31, HB) Master of Churchill College, Cambridge had the honorary degree of Doctor of Science conferred on him by Oxford University at a recent encaenia.

Sir Adrian Boulton (1901-08, G), synonymous with British conducting for more than half a century and a household name for his association with the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, has formally announced his retirement from conducting at the age of 92. Although he has not appeared in public since 1977 he has undertaken several recording sessions since then.

Sir John Gielgud (1917-21, G/KS) was awarded an Oscar, in March, for his performance in the film 'Arthur'.

H. B. Magnus, QC (1922-27, HB) has been elected Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn for 1982, and **His Honour Judge Argyle** (1929-33, G) is to be Keeper of the Black Book.

A. P. Graham-Dixon, QC (1943-48, KS) has been elected Master of the Bench of the Inner Temple.

George Benjamin (1973-77, R) has had a number of premieres of new works: a Duo for 'cello and piano in Carnegie Hall, New York, *A Mind In Winter* for soprano and orchestra at the Aldeburgh festival. He was also commissioned to write a piece for the B.B.C. in commemoration of the 250th anniversary of Haydn's birth.

Meredith Frampton (1908-10, G) had a highly successful retrospective exhibition of his paintings at the Tate Gallery earlier this year. A review appears on p.166.

Simon Gray (1949-52, W) had a success with his most recent play, *Quartermaine's Terms*.

Letters

The Editors
The Elizabethan

Gentleman, and Ladies,

I read, with delight in your last issue, the report of an interview with my very distinguished contemporary Norman Parkinson, or R. W. P. Smith as he was when I knew him, and for whose work I have, for many years past had the greatest admiration.

I think, with respect however that his memory may not perhaps be as clear as his eye or as sharp as his lens.

I remember the summons to which he refers and the ensuing anxiety after which, at an interview with the Head Master in his house, he was offered an apprenticeship with that well known photographer of the day in Bond Street (whose name, surely, was not 'Spates', but 'Speight'), because I also was offered the same opportunity at that time as was, I think, the third member of a friendly triumvirate, Gerry Scott, the then cox of the 1st VIII.

We all three, apparently, had shown some aptitude for art, and I too had painted a mural in the art room under the supervision and inspiration of that gentle and gifted man M. S. Williamson.

Conrad Cherry (even then a classically perfect mover in an eight oared boat and who did so much to revive Oxford rowing in the 30s) I also knew well, but he was not, so far as I remember interested in painting or any of the arts and was not present, I think, on that, for Norman Parkinson, most memorable and important an occasion.

Yours sincerely

Robert Cullingford (1928-33, R)

1 Fettes Road
Cranleigh
Surrey GU6 7EU

Dear Sirs,

The Uffpuff 1936

I welcome your publication in the February 1982 issue of Michael Cherniavsky's reminiscences of the United Front of Progressive Forces at School in 1936. It brings back happy memories of my less serious activities.

I was, I admit, one of the non-dedicated attenders at its meetings, which nevertheless I found very interesting and often stimulating. I claim to have been one of the irreverent band who coined the name Uffpuff, a name which Michael can scarcely at that time have approved. I commend him for mentioning it now.

I met Michael by chance in Brussels in the spring of 1945, shortly before my migration to Malaya, and subsequently to New Zealand where I became a schoolmaster. I am glad to have his present address.

Yours sincerely

John Geare
(HB 1932, KS 1933-37)

9 Till Street
Oamaru
New Zealand

Dear Sirs,

I was interested to read in your February 1982 edition, under OW Notes on p. 137, that Adrian Phillips has been appointed director of the Countryside Commission. However I do not believe that his years at Westminster were 1954-58 as you have published.

Adrian and I were contemporaries at the Hall School, Hampstead, both being in Purple House there as our names began with P, and the headmaster loved alliteration.

I left the Hall School at the end of the summer term in 1952, and started at Westminster in the autumn term 1952; I am sure that Adrian went to Westminster at the same time, he to Wren's and I to Ashburnham, under 'Pinky' Rawes at first and subsequently under that fine teacher and wonderfully understanding man Denis Brock.

Another friend from those days was R. Martin Bennett who left the Hall for Westminster, firstly Rigaud's and later as a founder member of Liddell's. He is at present the Chief Forestry Officer for the New Hebrides, and I believe has an ambition to own a house in every Continent.

Yours faithfully
R. P. Paul (1952-55, A)

30 Cooper Road
Windlesham
Surrey GU20 6EA

With reference to a letter in your last issue, I am grateful to Iain Matheson for remembering me at all, albeit in the wrong place. I remember quite clearly being up AHH, under housemaster 'Snogger', (his real name escapes me) also under Watson Dyson, then a monitor, who supplied the interesting contribution.

I wonder if there are any other survivors of a somewhat light-hearted OWW football tour to Chatellerault, over an Easter weekend around 1929. I seem to remember that an Old Malvernian, who had settled in that district in France, had started up and coached a local team and invited us to test them out. Whilst we won the opening game comfortably 7-1 our hosts prevented any further success by driving us round many local Chateaux for considerable wine-tasting parties.

Yours faithfully
F. M. Radermacher (1920-24)

11 Croft Avenue
Dorking

The housemaster of Ashburnham referred to in this letter was I. F. Smedley, a brilliant classics teacher. (Eds.)

J. O. Sahler (1924-28, AHH) writes to point out that Mr. Radermacher's date of birth, given as 4.11.1904 in the article on p. 100 of *The Elizabethan*, should have read 4.11.1906.

Dear Sirs,

The death of Brigadier Thomas Ifan Lloyd, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., mentioned in your issue of February 1982 ought not to pass unnoticed.

When he and I were elected to College in the Play term of 1916, Mr. Lloyd George (then Minister of Munitions and very soon to become Prime Minister) was a dominant figure in the country. In the 1916 election list my name (George) appeared immediately above Lloyd's and it became a standing reproach to me that I had not lost a few marks in the Challenge and allowed Lloyd to precede me, thus celebrating in the election lists the name of the greatest man of the day!

Lloyd had a distinguished career in the Royal Engineers. At an early period in the last war he commanded with great efficiency the Army Gas School at Glenridding in the Lake District. It so happened that, in the depth of winter, when a new intake arrived (of which I was a member) the whole school was plunged into darkness by a prolonged power cut. I well remember the Rembrandtesque picture of Lieut. Col. Lloyd (as he then was) delivering his inaugural lecture at a lectern by the light of two candles—the sole illumination in the dark hall—with the light falling on his handsome, dark and rather Saturnine features, with dramatic effect.

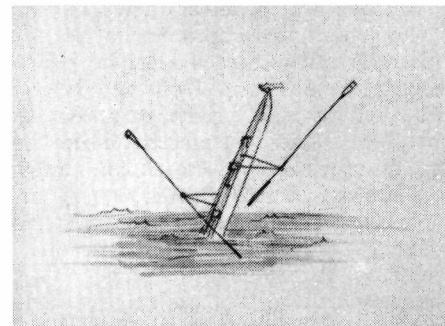
After his retirement from being deputy Engineer in Chief at the War Office he became an enthusiastic advocate for his pet scheme of turning all the railways in the country into roads. He argued his case with determination and ingenuity by pamphlet and in the press. On some disused railway lines his idea has indeed been carried out, but the main thesis which he cherished has not been adopted.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant
G. Owen George (1916-21, KS)

P.S. How immeasurably superior *The Elizabethan* now is to the boring publication of my own school days, consisting chiefly as it did of accounts of football and cricket matches reported (under duress) by College juniors!

Glanyrafon
Ponterwyd
Aberystwyth SY23 3JS

David Neviaszky



News of Old Westminsters

A production of *A Winter's Tale* by **Sebastian Secker-Walker** (1975-79, QS) at Cambridge was transferred to the Collegiate Theatre in London for some performances.

J. C. Morton (1931-34, G) recalls Grant's as it was in his time in an autobiography, *With the Tide* (New Horizon: £5.75), recently published.

A correspondent writes: H. S. Williamson, whom **R. W. P. Smith** (Norman Parkinson) admirably appreciates as Art Master (the murals he mentions show up well in an illustration of Lawrence Tanner's *Westminster School—Country Life*, 1937), was also a skilled bassoonist. He contributed energetically to the production *Up School* of a ballet, the first ever in such a place. **Angus Wilson** took part—intriguing, possibly, to those who enjoyed *Setting the World on Fire*.

Sam Coles (1977-80, L) reached the final in the woodwind section of the 'Young Musician of the Year, 1982' contest shown on B.B.C. TV.

Anthony D'Angour (1971-75, W) had an exhibition of portraits and landscapes in oils at the Alpine Gallery during April.

R. E. Blaksley (1974-79, G) was commissioned in 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards on April 8th.

* * *

An extract from the reminiscences of S. H. W. Levey (1920-26, HB)

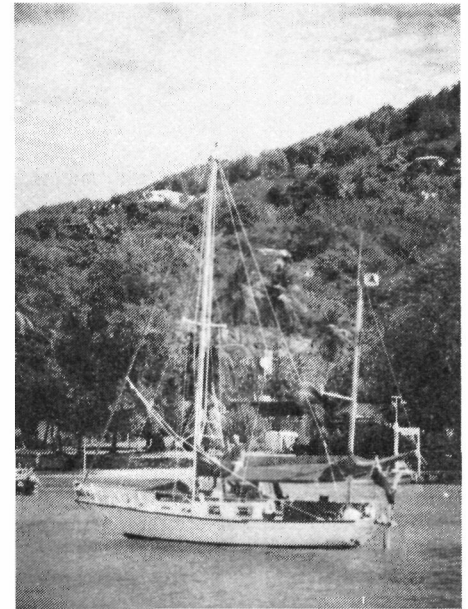
In 1920 we moved to London. My brother Maurice went to Dane Court as a boarder, but I was left in limbo. My father had tried Westminster and St. Paul's, both of which turned him down. He went to see a Mr. Bulkeley-Evans who was the secretary of the Headmasters' Conference, in order to get some advice about his problem. Bulkeley-Evans happened to mention that Dr. Costley-White was the new Head Master of Westminster and my father pricked up his ears.

The Rev. Harold Costley-White, who was then a schoolmaster at Rugby, had come to the School of Instruction at Chelsea in 1907 to take a course in connection with the Officers Training Corps of which he was Chaplain. He was not really fitted to be a soldier and was quite hopeless on the parade ground. My father remembered an occasion when his squad of men were marching away from him and Costley-White stood helplessly, not remembering what command to give. My father roared at him, 'Say something, Mr. Costley-White; for God's sake say something. You can't expect even His Majesty's Guards to march through a

Raymond Potheary (1961-65, W), until a year ago a fingerprint officer at Scotland Yard, set off in August 1981 with his wife Pauline to sail round the world in a boat, 'Annie's Song', built by himself in his own front garden.

This bold venture came as a climax to his increasing interest in sailing over the years, starting with inflatables, then with a fixed-hull speedboat. After a season or two he acquired a secondhand 27 ft. 'Tankard' which he converted to provide comfortable accommodation for two, and in which he did a considerable amount of cruising, mostly in coastal waters but occasionally across the Channel, before deciding to be more ambitious. The 'Tankard' was sold and he purchased a 32 ft. 'Buchanan' fibre-glass hull which was delivered to his home, where he set about fitting it out according to his own ideas. After two years' work, in which he was helped by colleagues and friends, the boat was launched in the Spring of 1979 and he and his wife took their first serious cruise out to the Azores. As a result of this trip they were awarded a cup by the Chichester Yacht Club for the best cruising log of the year (a cup which had previously been won by Clare Francis for her log of the single-handed Atlantic race). This was the preliminary to his intention to circumnavigate the world, which he made up his mind to attempt in the summer of 1981.

They left Falmouth on August 16th 1981, taking eleven days to cover the 1,200 miles to Madeira, their first port of call. From there, a comparatively short sail took them to Santa Cruz de la Palma, in the Canaries. The crossing of the rest of the Atlantic took



At anchor in Admiralty Bay, Bequia

twenty-seven days for the voyage of 2,832 nautical miles to Grenada in the West Indies, averaging some 120 miles per day.

They have sailed leisurely northwards since then, and at the time of going to press were expecting to start on the next long leg of the voyage across the West Atlantic up to New York.

He would be glad to hear from any of his old Westminster friends. Messages or letters may be passed on c/o his father, T. E. Potheary, 'Meerhay', Woodfield Close, Beulah Hill, London S.E.19 (telephone: 653-2129).

Westminster in the Twenties

* * *

barrack wall!' And all Costley-White could do was to croak out in a piping voice—'Stop!' . . . Nevertheless, thanks to some intensive coaching he did pass the course and went back to Rugby a happy man. He and my father parted with expressions of mutual goodwill.

Now some thirteen years later they met again and the new Head Master of Westminster School expressed great delight at being able to do my father a good turn. He accepted me on the spot provided I wrote a formal examination.

I blush even now to think of that examination. One of the questions was—'What is your favourite book? Give your reasons in 200 words.' I was obviously expected to describe *David Copperfield*, *Oliver Twist*, or any of Dickens' works. Even *Captains Courageous* or an historical Henty novel would have been acceptable, in fact even desirable because Henty himself was an Old Westminster.

I had recently read a novel by Alec Waugh called *The Loom of Youth* which described life at a thinly disguised Sherborne School. There was lots of cricket and football in it, a denunciation of the Public School system in general, and some sexual undertones that I didn't really understand at the time. I have

always had a pretty good photographic memory and I quoted practically verbatim, some of the choice passages, particularly those which condemned the whole concept of Public Schools. I even added a few ideas of my own which I felt sure would right ancient wrongs! My efforts were the subject of some comment. . . .

So, on September 23rd 1920 I presented myself at the school as a Day Boy. I was placed in Homeboarders, whose housemaster was the Rev. G. H. Hall, known colloquially as 'Holy'. . . .

Westminster was an uncomfortable school in the 1920s: there were still cold showers although hot water was installed up Homeboarders during my time. Earlier in the century, A. A. Milne had written: 'There are no baths in College. . . . College was built by Christopher Wren. One cannot have everything. Probably there are no baths in St. Paul's Cathedral.' (Milne was, in fact, wrong in ascribing College to Wren.)

Costley-White in his eighteen years of headmastership instituted many reforms, physical and otherwise. He was a kindly man with a sense of humour and a fine scholar. His position required him to be an administrator, an exemplary Christian, a diplomat, a teacher and a psychologist. He

learned to innovate without breaching tradition: this in itself was almost a tight-rope balancing act.

My first form master was J. E. Michell—Mike—as he was always termed. He had been at Westminster since 1891 and had no illusions about the best methods of teaching very small boys. His chief weapon—and he used it as such—was an outsize pencil, almost a log of wood. . . . To me he looked like Bismarck and frequently behaved like him, but he did instil into me the rudiments of Latin and French grammar and an inkling of English prose and poetry.

Mike didn't teach mathematics and my form, the Modern Fourth, was taken for this subject by D. J. Knight, who came to Westminster about the same time as I did. He was a tremendous cricketer. Malvern, Oxford, Surrey and in 1921, England was his dossier, and although his first-class cricket career was interrupted by the Great War, he was still among the most successful and attractive batsmen in England. He used to go in first for Surrey with Jack Hobbs when time allowed him to play. He didn't teach me much in the way of mathematics but he did cause the flame of love for cricket to burn more brightly, not only as I day-dreamed in his classroom, but also at the nets in Vincent Square.

Donald Knight was the unwitting cause of a memorable incident in my life. In 1921, the greatest disaster to hit England since 1066 landed on its shores. It was the Australian Team captained by that mountain of a man, Warwick Armstrong. Distance always lends enchantment to the cricketers of one's youth; they seem to cast longer and wider shadows. But it is generally acknowledged that the Australians of 1921 were one of the two greatest teams of all time. They had won all five of the series played in Australia during the winter of 1920-21 and won by large margins too.

England, without Hobbs who was injured, was routed at Nottingham but Donald Knight had done well enough to make sure of his place in the Second Test at Lords and, come hell or high water, I was determined to see this. My mathematics teacher was going to have my support in person. The problem was that the Lord's Test was due to be played in mid-June. To get into Lord's at all meant queueing literally from dawn. It would be the first Test in England for nine years and was bound to be a sell-out with the gates closed early in the day. I gave the matter all the thought that my fourteen-year-old brain could contrive. The solution was simple. I would go sick. Assiduously I practised the forgery of my father's handwriting and after some days produced a very tolerable facsimile in the form of a note stating that I was stricken with influenza and could not attend school.

The queue in St. John's Wood Road was a long one, but at last the blessed turnstile clicked and I was in. I found a seat in the Mound Stand, a little behind a pillar and waited over an hour for the great match to begin. It was the first Test match I had ever seen.

The English selectors, in my opinion at the time, and I have had no cause to change

it in subsequent years, were quite insane in their choices for the game. . . . Jack Hobbs was still not fit to play but the choice of some improbable characters who were never to play for England again, seemed to be the work of lunatics. But Donald Knight was retained and so, thank God, was Frank Woolley.

For the first time in my life I experienced that now familiar quickening of the pulses, the holding of breath, the sense of expectancy, even apprehension which accompanies the hush, the stillness, all round the ground as the first over of a Test Match is bowled. I have seen literally dozens of Tests since that first one in 1921; I have written about them and broadcast them, but the old familiar feeling has never left me.

So Gregory and MacDonald hurled their thunderbolts at the square angular form of Alf Dipper and my mathematics master; runs were painfully squeezed out and the score reached 20. The leaping Gregory was replaced by the gigantic Armstrong and it was off one of his leg breaks that Knight got the snick which Gregory caught, oh so easily in the slips, and there was Knight walking towards the pavilion, removing his batting gloves. He had made 7; even now I can scarcely believe it. At the time it was the worst thing that had happened since General Gordon at Khartoum. . . .

The rest is history. Australia scored 342 by lunch-time on the second day. Knight and Dipper opened again for England's second innings, with a deficit of 155. Three runs later, Knight, trying to hook a short ball from Gregory, got a top edge. Carter did the rest and there he was, walking away from the wicket again, this time for one. He had bowled out forever for England. I wished I had stayed in my form-room with Mike.

There then followed two of the greatest rearguard actions in the long history of cricket—by Frank Woolley and Lionel Tennyson, the former being caught on the boundary after a marvellous innings of 93.

I got to Lords early the next day. The match was as good as over. England were 243 for 8 with Tennyson not out 44. He might get 50, I thought. I walked round behind the pavilion hoping to get a close-up view of some of the players, perhaps even an autograph. Instead I walked straight into the dignified person of Rev. Harold Costley-White, Doctor of Divinity and Head Master of the College of St. Peter's, Westminster. Our eyes met: there was no escape. I raised my hat, training getting the better of sheer panic. He raised his hat to me and then he was gone, like one ship passing another in the vast fastnesses of the ocean. I was too scared even to look back.

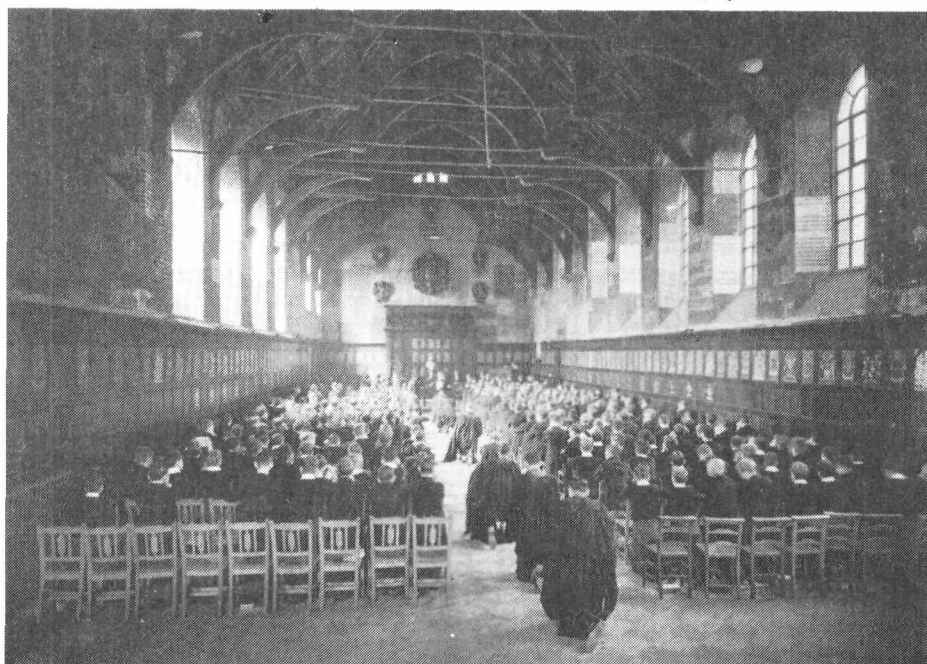
Slowly I made my way back to my seat in the Mound Stand. The game started but my thoughts were elsewhere. Tennyson ran to his 50, made 74 not out, but there was no savour in it for me. I left before the end.

I must have tossed and turned in my bed for hours before I finally decided to go through with my original plan. There was just the chance that he had not identified me—a very slim one—because recognition, that elusive but nonetheless identifiable emotion had been plainly visible.

I duly presented my note to Mike who grunted and said nothing. I spent a miserable day waiting for the axe to fall; the next day was nearly as bad. Then hope began to dawn and as a week went by I felt certain that I had got away with it. Mathematics with Donald Knight went on much as before; I could hardly realise that this confident teacher was the same man I had seen so humiliated at Lords. It was hard to talk to him about the Test Match without giving myself away. . . .

It was only when I left Westminster five years later that the sequel to this Test Match can be told. By this time I was 19 and had made, in a moderate way, my mark at Westminster. I went to say goodbye to Costley-White. We talked about my future and my progress at the School. Then he said: 'Levey, I want you to know that I saw

Latin prayers in the late Twenties



you that day at Lords.' At this point in time I had forgotten the incident and was puzzled.

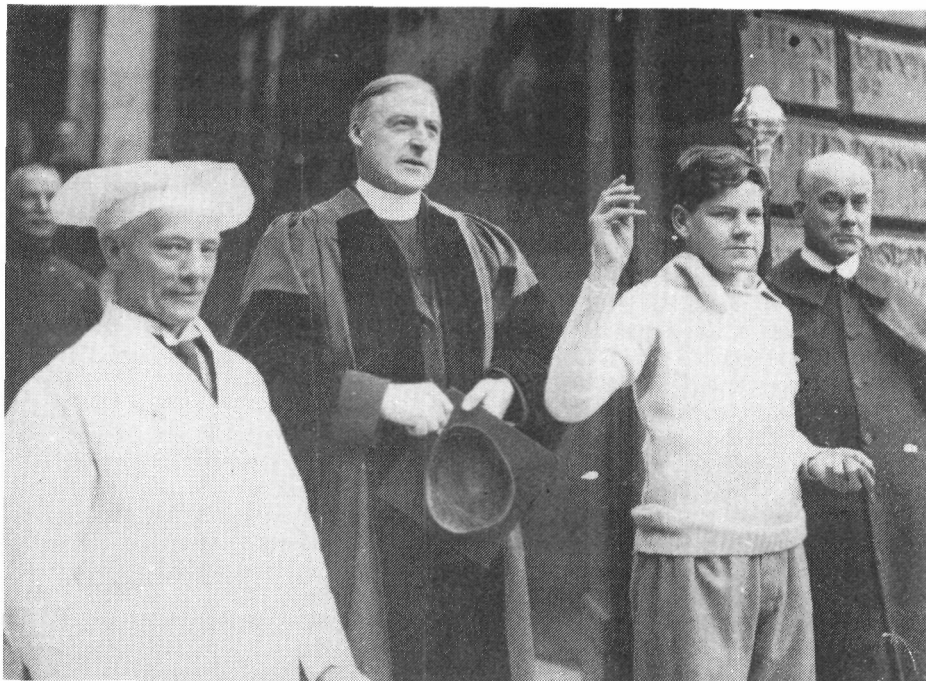
'What do you mean, Sir?' I asked.

'The 1921 Test Match,' he went on. 'I saw your note later on too and pondered what to do. There wasn't much I could do, because, you see, I was playing truant also!'

We talked about Woolley's two innings with enthusiasm—he had only seen the second—and then he shook hands with me and I left his study at 19 Dean's Yard for the last time as a schoolboy.

Later he became Dean of Gloucester but to me he will always be a great gentleman with a penetrating insight into the mind of a cricket-mad small boy.

S. H. W. Levey sends this photograph, taken on Shrove Tuesday after the Greaze in the early twenties. The Head Master, Harold Costley-White, 'John' Angel and Sergeant Bowler are easily identifiable, and the official with the mace must be one of the Dean's entourage. Can anyone identify the boy holding a piece of pancake and a golden guinea?



Annual Report

The General Committee has pleasure in presenting its One Hundred and Eighteenth Annual Report, covering the year to December 31st 1981.

At the Annual General Meeting held on December 9th 1981 the Rt. Rev. and Rt. Hon. Gerald Ellison was elected President of the Club in succession to Dr. David Carey who retired at the end of his three year term of office. His Honour Judge Michael Argyle, Q.C., Mr. D. F. Cunliffe, Sir Peter Masefield and Sir Paul Wright were elected Vice-Presidents. Mr. Michael Tenison was re-elected Chairman of the Club, and Mr. M. C. Baughan and Mr. C. J. Cheadle were re-elected Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. Mr. C. J. Broadhurst was elected to succeed Mr. D. A. Roy who retired after six years as Hon. Sports Secretary. Miss A. Gould, Miss C. S. A. Foster and Mr. D. A. Roy were elected new members of the General Committee, and Mr. C. M. O'Brien was re-elected to the Committee for a further year to fill the vacancy arising from the resignation of Mr. P. A. A. Duncan.

The deaths occurred during the year of four Vice-Presidents of the Club: Sir Henry Chisholm, Sir Anthony Grover, Col. Stuart Horner and Lord Rea. All gave considerable support to the Club over many years, and they will be much missed. The Committee also regrets to record the deaths of the following members:

Rev. C. H. Arnold, D. E. Barker, A. M. Bennett, C. F. Bull, Lieut. Col. P. G. R. Burford, Major G. R. G. Byham, Dr. R. S. Cahn, J. A. G. Dauber, P. W. Forman, W. B. Frampton, P. B. Frere, C. H. Gibbs-Smith, Dr. W. E. Glover, D. R. Greig, A. Herbert, A. G. Hunt, C. W. P. Ibotson, L. R. Last, Sir Thomas Lund, J. L. C. Martin-Doyle, W. J. McCallum, L. R. Moore, G. L. Mottram, S. C. Neat, F. J. Norris, M. Overstall, J. G. Pattison,

H. L. Pewtress, D. A. Radermacher, R. F. Sammell, G. G. Simpson, Dr. A. C. Sommerville, F. P. Spicer, A. F. G. Stanham, Major C. B. Startin, G. P. Stevens, F. J. Tabor, S. L. Wagstaff, B. I. Weizmann, and N. G. Young.

One hundred and thirty new members were elected to Life Membership.

The Club's Annual Dinner was held in College Hall on December 9th. The toast of 'Floreat' was proposed by Dr. Eric Heaton, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford and was responded to by the Head Master. At the conclusion of the dinner Mr. C. M. O'Brien expressed the Club's thanks and appreciation to the retiring President, Dr. David Carey, for his considerable contribution to the Club's affairs.

Arrangements for a Westminster Ball to be held at the School last September had to be cancelled when it became apparent that the occasion was unlikely to attract a sufficient level of support; on the other hand ticket applications for the Garden Party due to be held in June 1982 have been heavy and the Committee is confident that this innovation will prove to be extremely successful. There is of course a constant search for new ways of furthering the Club's role in providing a forum for social contact between Old Westminsters and ideas from members are always very welcome. A number of such ideas are under consideration for 1983.

The activities and the results of the various sports sections have as usual been the subject of separate detailed reports in *The Elizabethan*. The Committee would like to record its appreciation of the enthusiasm and hard work of the Hon. Secretaries of the sports sections in organising these activities.

Work is progressing on the transfer of the Club's membership records on to the School's computer, and any member who has not yet replied to the Committee's request for additional information (or has forgotten whether they actually posted their

completed questionnaire!) is urged to do so. This information will enable the Committee to assess the likely needs and interests of members more accurately, and to promote a wider range of activities. Further copies of the questionnaire may be obtained by writing to the Secretary at 5a Dean's Yard, London S.W.1.

On behalf of the Committee,

C. J. Cheadle
Hon. Secretary

Election of Members

The following have been elected to Life Membership under Rule 7(B):—

College

Jory, Oliver Peter John Dunstan, 91 Rue Jouffroy, 75017 Paris, France.

Levy, Edward George, 24 Rosslyn Hill, London NW3.

Nanson, Peter Philip Lonsdale, 71 Kingswood Road, London SW19.

Patterson, John Louis Tyrrell, 2 Hillary Road, Farnham, Surrey.

Siemens, Herman Werner, 12 Wilton Street, London SW1.

Spufford, Francis Peter, Walnut Tree House, 36 High Street, Haddenham, Cambs.

Torchia, Andrew, The Associated Press, Union Centre West, 7th Floor, 52 Simmonds Street, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Vatistas, Paul George, 2 College Gardens, London SE21.

Grant's

Bernstein, Matthew, 22 Kingston House North, Princes Gate, London SW7.

Loose, Julian Howard, 31 Cadogan Place, London SW1.

Morell, Jason David Greenwood, 27
Staidburn Street, London SW10.
Odgers, Timothy Julian Beame, 25
Kennington Gate, London W8.

Rigaud's

Brookman, Nicholas John, Rectory Farm
House, Howe Street, Nr. Great Waltham,
Essex.
Gardner, Humphrey Athelstan Roy,
Highfield House, 31 High Street, Fen
Dilton, Cambridge.
Hoare, Dominick James Rolls, 55
Blackheath Park, London SE3.
Menneer, Simon John, Fee Farm Cottage,
Fee Farm Road, Claygate, Esher, Surrey.
Savege, Charles Andrew Russell, 14
Stratheden Road, Blackheath, London
SE3.
Thornton, Simon, Whitacre, Port Hill,
Bengeo., Hertford.

Busby's

Jones, Jonathan Edward, Potters End,
Cricket Hill Lane, Yately, Nr.
Camberley, Surrey.
Nazerali, Sanjay Amir Abdul, 6 Alders
Lodge, Riverside, Fulham Palace Road,
London SW6.
Pigott, Edward Sefton, 14 Dynevor Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

Qattan, Omar, P.O. Box 3062, Safat,
Kuwait.
Rose, Adam, 5 Wadham Gardens, London
NW3.
Richenberg, Jonathan Leonard, 12
Templewood Avenue, Hampstead,
London NW3.
Waterstone, Richard Stuart, Little Fowle
Hall Farmhouse, Queen Street, Nr.
Paddock Wood, Kent.

Liddell's

Cellan-Jones, Simon Joseph Gwyn, 19
Cumberland Road, Kew, Surrey.
Crabtree, Jonathan Charles, 75 Home Park
Road, London SW19.
Dean, John Henry, 23 Bolmore Road,
Haywards Heath, W. Sussex.
Deterding, Simon Richard Henry, 14 New
House Park, St. Albans, Hertfordshire.
Hesling, Simon Christopher, c/o Beca
Carter Hollings, 132 Vincent Street,
Auckland I, New Zealand.
Norman, Matthew James, 6 Sheldon
Avenue, London N6.

Ashburnham

Goodwin, Jason Charles, Grace's Wharf,
119 Rotherhithe Street, London SE16.
Le Quesne, John Nicholas, 28 Ferncroft
Avenue, London NW3.

Richards, Edwin David Charles, 13
Woodsford Square, London W14.
Sofer, Roy Shaul, 40 Lowndes Street,
London SW1.
Wolpert, Daniel Mark, 32 Steeles Road,
London NW3.

Wren's

Barclay, Charles Edward, 88 Redcliffe
Gardens, London SW10.
De Keyser, Paul David, 40 Tenterden
Gardens, Hendon, London NW4.
Paz Pena de Vire, Bernardo de Abbeville,
Flat 31, Cromwell Tower, Barbican,
London EC2.
Salisbury Jones, David Newton, 168 East
Dulwich Grove, London SE22.

Dryden's

Aeron-Thomas, David, Flat J, 19 Warwick
Square, London SW1.
Clement-Davies, David Edward Dominic,
3 Hanover House, St. John's Wood High
Street, London NW8.
Custance, Thomas Neville Leigh, 6 Dean's
Yard, London SW1.
Muir, Peter Charles, 110 Old Park Ridings,
London N21.

Obituaries

* * *

Bennett—On December 21st 1981, Alfred
Meredyth (1911-16, R), aged 84.
Byham—On December 11th 1981, Major
George Richard Garth, M.C. (1910-14,
A), aged 86.
Boissard—On January 17 1982, Peter
Francis (1964-69, B), aged 30.
De Jongh—On December 26 1981, Cyril
Windsor (1916-17, H), aged 79.
Frere—On December 6th 1981, Philip
Beaumont, M.C. (1913-14, R), aged 84.
Gardiner-Hill—On March 25th 1982, Dr.
Harold, M.B.E. (1904-09, H), aged 91.
Gibbs-Smith—On December 3rd 1918,
Charles Harvard (1923-25, H), aged 72.
Glover—On November 13th 1981, Dr.
William Edward (1902-06, A. & R.), aged
93.
Goddard—On January 8th 1982, Dr. Philip
Wilton Duncan (1925-27, B. & R.), aged
70.
Greig—On December 29th 1981, David
Robertson (1922-27, A), aged 73.
Huntley—On December 10th 1981, Peter
Richard (2963-63, L), aged 33.
Little—On December 12th 1981, Thomas
Arthur (1916-20, R), aged 79.
McCallum—On November 26th 1981,
William John (1946-51, A), aged 49.
Millar—On February 22nd 1982, Dr.
Andrew Patrick, D.S.O., D.F.C.
(1932-35, A), aged 62.
Moore—On November 21st 1981,
Llewellyn Raymond (1922-25, R), aged
73.

Nunns—On January 23rd 1982, Ernest
Frederick Bennett (1923-26, A. & B.),
aged 72.
Rewtress—On December 11th 1981,
Herbert Leslie (1933-38, R), aged 61.
Radcliffe—On January 18th 1982, Guy
Lushington Yonge, M.B.E. (1931-36, G),
aged 63.
Simpson—On December 4th 1981, George
Gregory (1923-28, KS), aged 71.
Southborough—On February 4th 1982,
Francis John Hopwood, Kt., 3rd Baron
Southborough (1910-14, G), aged 84.
Wilmoth—On February 24th 1982, Victor
James (1921-25, A), aged 74.

E. S. Blenkinsop

*We are glad to print this memoir of Edward
Stanley Blenkinsop, a master at the school from
1926-31, whose death was reported in the last
issue.*

The 1931 school photograph does him
almost as much justice as, given the
opportunity, Pieter Breughel might have
done in oils: his was that sort of countenance
and complexion, with a profile not unlike
those Cruickshank gave the more loveable
and ill-used of Dickens' adult male
characters. The man was remarkable. Born in
India in 1896, a scholar at Clifton (where his
games record too, was prodigious) and a
Demy of Magdalen, he gave generously of

all he had to offer, when he came as a
modern linguist and boxing instructor to
Westminster in 1926, having made a better
recovery than could have seemed possible
from a shocking head-wound received on
active service in France. All the same, it was
obvious from certain involuntary
mannerisms and catch-phrases, that he still
suffered—hardly helped by having to teach
in a classroom so gloomy that it might even
then have been considered intolerable
anywhere but in a great public school. True,
a preference in choice of texts for bloodshed,
massacre, and general calamity did brighten
things up—not to mention the percolations
through the masonry, of honkings from
Claridge's big-horned gramophone.
'Blenk.', ever modest and retiring, may have
taken the hint: by 1930 a fastidious accent
had ceased to be an affectation. There
followed a return to Oxford, a course at
Bordeaux, a further degree, two books, and
a blissfully happy marriage. From a
resumption of teaching Ellesmere was to
benefit, as was—for close on twenty years up
to his retirement—Sherborne, where,
having no family of his own, he defrayed the
fees of several who may have known nothing
about it. These cannot regret his dying on
July 19th 1981 more than do many
Westminsters who cherish his memory over
half a century, never having had the luck
either to see him again, or to hear his rare
laughter which rang with a joy whose echo,
still clear, is heavenly. Ocreatus

Lord Rea

Lord Rea, P.C., O.B.E., for many years a prominent figure in Liberal politics, died on April 22nd 1981 at the age of 81. He was a former president of the Liberal Party, and was Liberal Leader in the Lords from 1955 to 1967. He was also Deputy Lord Speaker from 1950 to 1977, and had been Chief Liberal Whip.

He had inherited through three generations a faculty for finance and commerce, as well as sturdy Radical principles which took him to the most important positions in the Liberal Party.

The Rt. Hon. Philip Russell Rea, second Baron Rea, was born in London on February 7th 1900, the eldest son of Walter Russell Rea and the grandson of the Rt. Hon. Russell Rea, M.P., chairman of R. & J. H. Rea, ship owners and coaling contractors in Liverpool, who became President of the Free Trade Union and was one of the leaders of the movement which resulted in the establishment of an eight-hour working day for miners.

Philip Rea was educated at Westminster School and, as a Westminster history Exhibitioner, at Christ Church, Oxford, where he started the University Liberal Club, and thereafter at the University of Grenoble. He was, in fact a Francophile, so far as a man of his liberal and universalist interests could attach himself to any one country other than his own, and it was probably this fact which led to his being associated so closely during the Second World War with the European Resistance Movement.

At the end of the First World War he was commissioned into the Grenadier Guards but the Armistice came too early for him to see service with a regiment and he went up to Oxford in January 1919. After Oxford he worked in Liverpool for Cory Bros, to whom the family business had been sold in 1916, and followed the family tradition by entering Liberal politics.

It was Philip Rea's misfortune that he emerged into public life at a time when the party had begun its decline, and was moving towards its fall. But, both in London and in the country he, like his father, persistently served and campaigned, and was himself a prospective liberal candidate during the thirties.

Soon after the outbreak of war in 1939 he joined, at the age of nearly 40, the King's Royal Rifle Corps with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant that he had held briefly in 1918. It was the beginning of an outstanding five years' service. Soon finding his way into the Special Forces, he received rapid promotion through all the intervening ranks to Lieutenant-Colonel.

Throughout these five years Rea organised and fostered resistance movements in the enemy occupied countries, especially France and Belgium and the Netherlands, and often directed them. His bravery and his resource and encouragement became a tradition. He was mentioned in dispatches, created an Officer of the Crown of Belgium, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and given the Croix de Guerre with Palm, as well as being made,



in 1946, an O.B.E.

Returning to civil life he took up the threads of his financial, commercial and public activities, but in less than two years his father died and he succeeded to the peerage. This opened up for him the way to service for his party at Westminster, and at once he became a significant figure in the Liberal Party in the House of Lords.

He was Chief Whip from the beginning of November 1950, until June 1955, and was Deputy Speaker, and Deputy Lord Chairman of Committees for some years.

In April 1954, Lord Rea became President-Elect of the Liberal Party, and at the Llandudno Assembly, a year later, he assumed office. A few months later, however, he reluctantly decided to relinquish the presidency in order to concentrate upon his Parliamentary responsibilities as Leader of the Liberal Party in the Upper House, in which position he had succeeded Lord Samuel in 1955.

His other interests were legion. Like his father before him he had a great affection for Cumberland in general and Eskdale in particular. He was for some years a magistrate, and a Deputy Lieutenant. He was sworn of the Privy Council in 1962.

He sat on the B.B.C. Advisory Council 1957-62, and from 1962-77 on the Political Honours Scrutiny Committee; in 1977 he added his voice to that of Lady Summerskill in calling for a reform of the scrutiny system after the publication of Sir Harold Wilson's controversial Resignation Honours List.

He married, in 1922, Lorna, daughter of the late Lewis O. Smith. She was a well-known writer and died in 1978. The son of the marriage died in childhood and they also had one much-loved daughter. The heir to the family honours is a nephew, John Nicolas Rea, M.D., son of Philip Rea's brother, James Rea, who died in 1954.

adapted from *The Times*

A correspondent writes:

No obituary of Philip Rea is complete without mention of his music. He was a composer—largely of Elizabethan lyrics—and a superb pianist, playing by ear and able to improvise for hours on end, much to the delight of his younger brothers and of anyone else who could creep into earshot unnoticed, for Philip's modesty prevented his talents becoming widely known. At Westminster, while playing the harmonium for Latin Prayers, he was able to introduce into the accompaniment the theme music from *Chu Chin Chow*, then running as a successful musical at the Haymarket Theatre, much to the delight of those in the know. In 1918, under Philip, Grant's won the house quartets, and it was believed to be the first time the music cup had ever left College. Certainly it returned there in 1919 and remained until Philip's youngest brother Findlay snatched it back for Grant's in 1925 and 1926.

*

An address given at the Memorial Service for Lord Rea, in Westminster Abbey, by Lord Byers.

I was privileged to know and to work with Philip Rea over a period of forty-seven years. Despite failing health in recent years he attended the House whenever he was needed, and his last appearance was only a week before he died.

The hallmark of his life, which was full and varied, was service—service to his country, to Parliament, to the Liberal Party, and numerous causes and institutions.

Philip was born in the year of the century. He entered Westminster School in 1913, and after a brief period in the Grenadier Guards at the end of the first World War went up to Christ Church, Oxford, as an exhibitioner. While at Christ Church he helped to found the Oxford University Liberal Club. From Oxford he moved on to Grenoble University. It was, I think, his love of France and his fluency in the language that led him into the Special Operations Executive at the beginning of the Second World War, where he became Personal Assistant to the G.O.C.

His services to Westminster School were numerous. For many years he sat on the Governing Body. He was particularly interested in fostering strong links between the School and the Palace of Westminster. Indeed every year he assisted the School rowing eight to maintain their traditional right to land at Black Rod's steps at the terrace of the House of Lords. Philip took great delight every July in entertaining the exhausted crew to tea on the terrace of the House of Lords.

His services to the Liberal Party were distinguished and important. His loyalty to the Party was unwavering. He played a prominent role in Liberal campaigns in the nineteen twenties and thirties. He provided significant support for his father's efforts in Bradford and Dewsbury. In 1938 he became the prospective Liberal candidate for Darwen, a seat he might well have won had

the war not intervened. After the war he continued to serve the Liberal Party in many capacities and in 1948 his succession to the peerage opened up for him new avenues of endeavour to the great benefit of the Party. By 1950 Philip had been appointed Chief Whip in the Lords. In April 1954 he was elected President Elect of the Party and a year later he took up his post as President only to relinquish it after two months when he succeeded Lord Samuel as Liberal Leader in the Lords.

It says much of Philip's character and capacity that he was able almost effortlessly to follow Lord Samuel, the statesman, philosopher, Cabinet Minister, with a wealth of experience in the Commons, where he had led the Party in very difficult times. Philip brought to the Leadership in the Lords his special talents and gifts and in the twelve years in which he held this office he commanded the respect and affection not only of his own Peers but of those in all parts of the House who worked with him. He in turn took a great pride in the House of Lords. He rendered loyal service to the House as a Deputy Speaker and a deputy Lord Chairman of Committees. It was a matter of great satisfaction for all Liberals when in 1962 he became a Privy Counsellor. For most of his Leadership, indeed up to the end of 1964, he was without the reinforcement of the Liberal Life Peers and he had to cover many more topics than now falls to the Leader of a Party which can count on a strong team of colleagues to contribute to the discharge of business in the House.

The service he rendered to his country and to our Allies as a Colonel in S.O.E. in the Second World War was of a high order and is evidenced by the well-deserved awards and decorations he received.

Philip had a great love of music and composed a number of pieces including the child's grace which is part of this service and a very lovely anthem which he devised for his daughter's wedding. Music meant a very great deal to him.

He was devoted to his wife, Lorna, and she to him. They were both quietly proud of the achievements of the other—she a novelist, he a Parliamentarian. In her latter years Lorna became more and more dependent on Philip as the cruel rheumatoid arthritis took its toll and eroded her active life. Their life together was deeply saddened by the loss of their only son. In this their love for one another was able to sustain them.

I shall always remember Philip as many others will—as a person of infinite charm, with a sense of humour, a nice turn of wit, impeccable manners and a graciousness which won him many friends in and outside Britain and British politics.

We give sincere thanks for the life of Philip Rea.

* * *

Lord Southborough

Lord Southborough, managing director of Shell Transport and Trading from 1951 to 1970, died on February 4th at the age of 84.

The son of the first Baron Southborough by his first wife, he was educated at Westminster School and saw service in the First World War in the R.N.V.R. and at the Admiralty and the Foreign Office.

He joined the Royal Dutch Shell Group of companies in 1919. He succeeded to the title on the death of his half-brother in 1960.

from *The Times*

Aubrey Herbert

Mr. Aubrey Herbert, O.B.E., journalist and broadcaster, died on November 20th after a lifetime devoted to the Liberal cause.

He was born on October 16th 1905, the third son of Sir Jesse Herbert, sometime Chief Organiser of the Liberal Party and Political Secretary to nine Chief Whips.

He was educated at Westminster School and University College Oxford, of which he was a History Scholar, becoming President of the Union in 1928.

In 1929, immediately after his marriage to his first wife, Phyllis he contested Chester for the Liberals in the general election of that year, failing to capture what had been regarded hitherto as a safe Tory seat by 167 votes after four recounts.

He was an education officer for the B.B.C. for ten years before being appointed in 1941 Director of Programmes for the Malayan Broadcasting Corporation.

After a lucky escape with his family to Ceylon from Singapore in February 1942 just before its capture by the Japanese he remained in Colombo for the remainder of the war as head of Radio South East Asia Command.

He returned to England in 1945 to work in the Liberal Party Central Office becoming Chief Agent of the Party, a post once held by his father.

He went back to the East for three years as a foreign correspondent in New Delhi before settling down in Suffolk with his second wife Ruth.

He was to represent Sudbury on the West Suffolk County Council later becoming an Alderman and was Chairman of the Education Committee and also of the old Suffolk Fire Authority, his wife Ruth being also chairman of the Health Committee on the same council. He continued to represent Sudbury on the new Suffolk County Council until 1977. He was also appointed chairman of the Suffolk Mental Hospital Management Committee for six years.

He was appointed O.B.E. for his service to Suffolk in the New Year's Honours List in 1978.

After his first contest in Chester he was to stand for parliament on seven further occasions albeit unsuccessfully. He served on the Liberal Party National Executive and was first chairman and then president of the Eastern Counties Federation of the Liberal Party.

He devoted himself to a number of charitable causes and gave service to the arts

particularly in East Anglia and was a governor of Framlingham and Culford Schools. He set up the Gainsborough House Society in Sudbury and was founder chairman of the Eastern Arts Association.

from *The Times*

Dr. H. Gardiner-Hill

Dr. H. Gardiner-Hill, M.B.E., F.R.C.P., who died aged 91 on March 3rd 1982, as well as being a leading Physician was a golfer of distinction. In 1956 he was Captain of the Royal and Ancient. He was an author of works in both these fields.

G. D. Everington

Mr. Geoffrey Devas Everington, Q.C., the senior member of the Patent Bar, has died at the age of 66.

The second son of a doctor, he was educated at Westminster and was admitted as a student of Gray's Inn in 1934, being called to the Bar in 1939.

He joined the chambers of the late Sir Lionel Heald, as a pupil to Sir Patrick Graham, but soon found himself among those whose career was disrupted by the Second World War. Because of asthma, which afflicted him throughout his life, he contributed to the war effort by working on the technical side of the aircraft industry.

With his great facility in quickly grasping the details of technical issues and his capacity for hard work, he soon established himself as one of the busy Patent Juniors when he returned to the Bar. This he achieved in spite of his asthma.

He represented the Bar on the Banks Committee which made what must be the most thorough study of patent law by such a committee. Its report in 1970 was part of the material on which the 1977 Patents Act was based.

He took Silk in 1968 and continued to be busy as a leader up to his death. The Reports of Patents Cases show his name figuring in many of the important cases of those years.

He always took an active part in the life of Gray's Inn, and for many years was a member of the Chapel choir. In 1976 he was made a Bencher.

Everington possessed those qualities which make for excellence in his profession: he was a formidable foe whom it was impossible to catch out; above trickery; unfailingly courteous to all; blessed with a lively, even impish, sense of humour; always ready to help anyone with a problem; and a warm-hearted friend.

In 1951 he married Laila Nissen Hovind, and they had four sons and three daughters.

from *The Times*

* * *



J. E. T. Jones

Sports Reports

In 1982 the Old Westminster's Games Committee is trying to take a more positive stance in asking all Old Westminsters who enjoy sport to actively support us by taking part in the sport of their choice with other Old Westminsters. Old Boys who are interested in any of the sports listed below please contact the appropriate Honorary Secretary.

C. J. Broadhurst
Hon. Sec. to the Games Committee.

Hon. Section Secretaries

- Cricket**—E. N. W. Brown, 27 Emu Road, London SW8. (627 1961)
- Football**—M. Samuel, 15 Cambridge Road, New Malden, KT3 3QE. (942 9845 (H); 488 0808 (O))
- Golf**—B. Peroni, c/o Norman A. Peroni Ltd., Stancrest House, 16 Hill Avenue, Amersham, Bucks. (024 03 4254)
- Real Tennis**—M. Tenison, Shortmead, Village Way, Little Chalfont, Amersham, Buckinghamshire. (Little Chalfont 2107)
- Shooting**—C. Pascall, 6 Pembroke Square, London W8. (937 7446 (H); 828 9811 (O))
- Athletics**—J. Forrest, Ashburnham, High Road, Chipstead, Surrey. (Downland 55258)
- Fencing**—É. Gray, 85A Stockwell Park Road, London SW9 (274 5670) or Old Croftan, Cantref, Brecon, Powys. (087 486 279)
- Lawn Tennis**—N. R. Walton, 20 Canonbury Park South, London N1. (600 6141 (O))
- Fives**—A. J. Aitken, 14 Kylestrome House, Ebury Street, SW1. (730 0982 (H))

Fencing Club

If any Old Westminster is interested in fencing matches against the school, will they please contact the Hon. Secretary.

The Fives Club

1981 was a successful year for the Club, we entered the newly re-constituted league division III and finished as champions, winning all but one of the matches, and gaining promotion. This success was due to our ability to field a settled side due to an increase in active membership.

This season in order to ensure that everyone had regular match play, we increased the fixture list to 45 matches and ran both an 'A' and 'B' team.

Next season we anticipate fielding a second league team and if possible expanding the fixture list still further. If any one would like to join the Club, will they please contact the Hon. Secretary.

Athletics Club

The Club is now in its twentieth year and it has seen a number of triumphs in the past both in team and individual events. Recently three members completed the New York Marathon and no less than five members entered for the London Marathon this May. The Club has however had to rely on its more aged members over the past three years and new blood is urgently needed. Fixtures planned for this Summer are as follows:

1. A towpath race in the early Summer.
2. A road running match against the International Journalists Club.
3. Two track matches.

However, we need new members to make up our numbers and we ask any old Westminsters with unfulfilled talent to contact the Hon. Secretary.

Lawn Tennis Club

In 1982 the Lawn Tennis Club is making strenuous effort to increase its membership and it is therefore of interest to all Old Westminsters keen on this sport, that the tennis courts at Vincent Square are available every Wednesday evening, between the months of April and September from 6 p.m. onwards. All players of whatever standard will be made very welcome. If you require further information, please contact the Hon. Secretary.

Golf

The results of the five matches played during the year were most encouraging with fixtures against Uppingham, Canford, Radley and Repton. In the Halford Hewitt and Bernard Darwin we failed to get through the first round. In total 1981 can be considered a successful and most enjoyable season.

It is now many years since we have had any new golfers joining the Club, however we are now running some fixtures against the school and anybody wishing to play in any of the matches for the coming season should apply to the Hon. Secretary.

Rifle Club

This year the Club has only marginally increased its activities. The problem has been getting everybody present at the same time for matches, rather than members devoting most of their time to their personal achievement in this most individual sport.

The main feature of the year was the Triangular Match for the Lamb Trophy and surprisingly good scores were achieved. The Elizabethan Rifle Club came second as usual.

The Club also managed to field a team this year in the Public Schools Old Boys Match in which we came seventh with an average of 96.75 which was an extremely good result. Apart from this, the Club continues to be represented at County, National and International levels with considerable success. Those people, who enjoy the sport, and who are not members, but wish to be considered for the teams, should contact the Hon. Secretary.

S. Franklin



The Elizabethan Club

Balance Sheet December 31st 1981

1980 £		1981 £	£
	GENERAL FUND		
	Balance at December 31st 1980	17,408.24	
	Termly Instalments (Proportion)	910.50	
17,409			18,318.74
	443 SPORTS COMMITTEE FUND (<i>see below</i>)		511.47
	INCOME ACCOUNT		
	Balance at December 31st 1980	6,739.39	
	Excess of Expenditure over Income	455.01	
6,739			6,284.38
24,591			25,114.59
	INVESTMENTS at cost		
23,321	Market value at December 31st 1981 was £25,800		23,321.29
	CURRENT ASSETS		
	Balances at Bank	2,144.64	
	Less: Sundry Creditors	351.34	
1,270			1,793.30
24,591			25,114.59

M. C. BAUGHAN
Honorary Treasurer

REPORT OF HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have audited the above Balance Sheet and annexed Income and Expenditure Account which are in accordance with the books and records produced to me. In my opinion, the Balance Sheet and Income and Expenditure Account give a true and fair view respectively of the state of affairs of the Club at December 31st 1981 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

33-34 Chancery Lane

B. C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH
Honorary Auditor

Tristan Lawrence

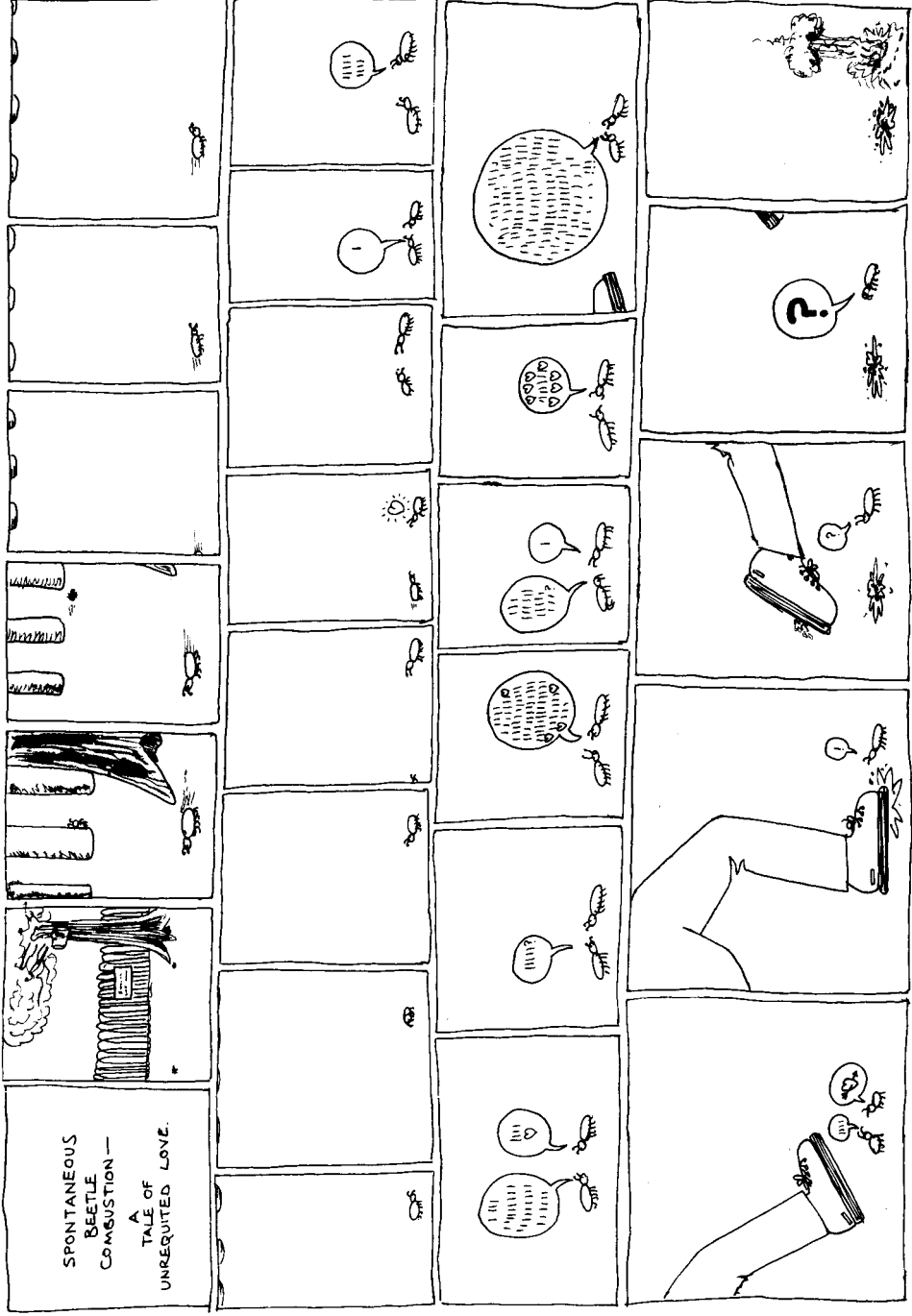


Income and Expenditure for the Year Ended December 31st 1981

1980		1981
£		£
88	Administration	215.56
—	Computer	108.10
175	Honorarium	200.00
1,363	Taxation	1,332.27
71	Westminster House Boys Club—Covenant	71.42
1,860	Sports Committee	1,900.00
929	<i>The Elizabethan</i>	1,838.51
	Charges on cancelled Ball	2,039.00
150	Football Club Dinner	
4,636		7,704.86
£		£
1	Annual Subscriptions	5.00
20	Donation	10.00
3,328	Termly Instalments (Proportion)	3,642.00
3,597	Income from investments (gross)	3,485.31
—	Refund from Football Club Dinner	50.00
(13)	Profit on Dinner	57.54
(2,297)	Excess of expenditure over income	455.01
4,636		7,704.86

Sports Committee Funds

1980		1981		£
£		£		£
323.40	Balance at January 1st 1981			443.24
INFLOW OF FUNDS				
1,860.00	Elizabeth Club Grant		1,900.00	
39.84	Net Interest Receivable		37.23	
1,899.84			1,937.23	
EXPENDITURE				
Grants allocated as follows:				
270.00	Football Ground Hire	304.00		
	General	510.00		
455.00	Cricket	460.00		
300.00	Golf	350.00		
100.00	Lawn Tennis	40.00		
80.00	Fives	80.00		
40.00	Real Tennis	40.00		
25.00	Shooting	60.00		
35.00	Athletics	—		
—	Fencing	25.00		
1,780.00			1,869.00	
119.84	Net increase in Funds			68.23
443.24	Balance held on December 31st 1981			511.47
	Held by Midland Bank	33.68		
	Held by Elizabethan Club	477.79		
		511.47		



David Neitzsky



**Porsche Cars Great Britain Limited Examination Board
CERTIFICATE IN PORSCHE APPRECIATION**

**Examination in
ADVANCED LEVEL PORSCHE
MARCH 1982**

Time allowed: TEN MINUTES

Candidates MUST ANSWER at least six questions in Section A, three questions in Section B and one question in Section C.

SECTION 'A'

PORSCHE HISTORY

Question One

What direct connection exists between the 1900 Lohner-Porsche and the Moon Buggy?

Question Two

What did the Mercedes Benz SSK, the Auto Union Grand Prix car and the Volkswagen Beetle have in common?

Question Three

When did the Porsche Company begin? As what?

Question Four

In what year was the first car to carry the Porsche name built by the Porsche Factory? What was its model number?

Question Five

At the end of that model's run, some 78,000 hand-built cars had been built. What was their most optimistic forecast for world-wide sales at the pre-production planning stage?

Question Six

During World War II, the Porsche designed Tiger tank was a respected adversary. What's the name of the current Porsche designed NATO tank?

SECTION 'B'

PORSCHE SPORT

Question Seven

How many British drivers can you list who are, or were, members of the official Porsche Works Racing or Rally teams?

Question Eight

The Porsche 917/30 had an acceleration of 0-100 mph in 3.2 seconds, and 0-200 mph in 13 seconds. Which race series did it totally dominate, and who were the drivers?

Question Nine

Porsche at Le Mans. Although competing since 1951, an outright win was the last major sports car championship event to fall to Porsche. When was this; how many times since then have Porsche been the outright victors? What British public school tie design was borne on the crash hat of the first Porsche winner?

SECTION 'C'

PORSCHE CARS

Question Ten

(a) Which price belongs to which model?

924 Lux.	911SC.	928S.	944.
(16,000)	(13,000)	(9,500)	(25,000)

(b) Which engine powers go with each model?

(300 bhp)	(125 bhp)	(163 bhp)	(204 bhp)
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All completed papers should be sent to Porsche at the address below. Alternatively, a post card with details of your name, address and school will bring you an official answer sheet (some answers may be debatable) and a copy of the special 'Motor' magazine supplement on Porsche and its history.

Porsche Cars Great Britain Limited, Richfield Avenue, Reading RG1 8PH.
