

ISSUE 723

THE ELIZABETHAN 2004



Inside front cover
Sam Smith in Salamanca.
Photographed by Tim Lai.

Front cover
Abbey Roof.
Photographed by Chris Ziegler.

Back cover
Aerial view of Westminster School.
Photographed by Simon Nathan.

THE ELIZABETHAN 2004



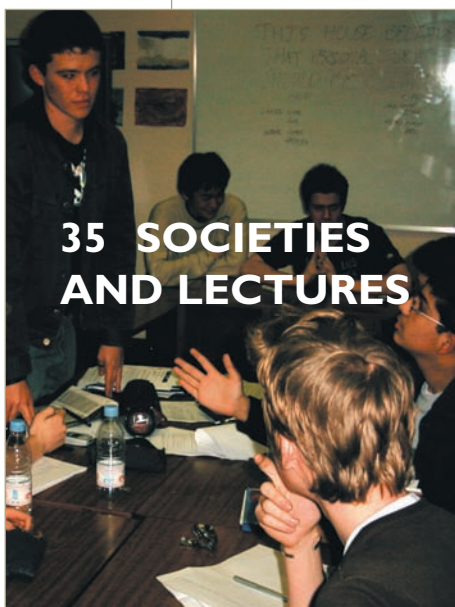
CONTENTS



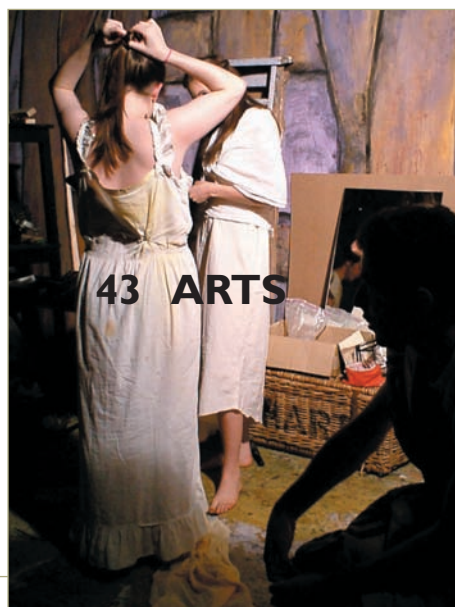
02 SCHOOL



21 TRAVEL



**35 SOCIETIES
AND LECTURES**



43 ARTS



61 STATION

THE ELIZABETHAN
No. 723. Annum 2004

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CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL

Now that the time has come, admits Dominic O'Mahony (CC), he does not want to leave.

It seems that the end of my time at Westminster has crept up on me as surreptitiously as the A-Levels I have been mentally putting off for five years. The Westminster experience has treated me well; I come to the end of my career here slightly worried that I will never bother to leave, and end up camping in Ashburnham Garden for the rest of my life. Maybe Matron will still do my laundry for me.

Being Captain of School has been a tremendous privilege. I am constantly being asked when I am going to grow a beard/herd my sheep across Westminster Bridge/ride a horse into Abbey, as is my right according to the School Statute (apparently). As it is, I have been far too busy to write to the Queen's Privy Council this year, and so I am unsure as to what exactly are the rules concerning such entitlements. At any rate, there is little room in my office for a sheep, let alone a horse – and the Abbey might object if I were to keep them in College Garden.

The position has been stressful at times. Trying to find a monitor willing to collect hymn books first thing on a Monday morning is one of the most difficult tasks I have had to face. Compared to this, my first John Locke Society intro-

duction was a breeze. Reading Latin Prayers in front of literally hundreds of girls and boys was fairly unnerving – I was particularly worried that I was going to fall off the stage mid "Oremus" as I walked to the front.

However, there are some considerable perks. Most of these involve eating. While some of the normal school lunches may leave something to be desired, I have managed to avoid many of these by attending John Locke Lunch every Wednesday (with the added bonus of conversing with some truly fascinating men and women) and Monitors' Lunch on Fridays (with the added bonus of conversing with some fairly fascinating members of staff). The job has also involved attending several formal (and delicious) dinners in the beautiful setting of College Hall.

In my position as Captain of School, I have met a wide range of pupils and staff – some of them more bizarre than others. There is something incredibly endearing about Westminsters: while their language is sometimes unintelligible (I still do not know what "low it" means), I will miss the spirit of genial camaraderie which pervades the school – involving both students and members of the common room.



Above: Dominic O'Mahony.

QUEEN ELIZABETH I QUATER- CENTENARY LECTURE

Loren Lam (BB) reports on a controversial view of our Foundress on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of the monarch's death.

The quater-centenary lecture was held Up School on 13th November in commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the death of our foundress, Queen Elizabeth I. The speaker, Professor Christopher Haigh of Cambridge University, began by acknowledging the general view of Queen Elizabeth I and her centrality to English monarchy. Building a case supported by convincing and innovative proof, he illustrated the stability and relative peace of the Queen's reign, attributing this to her 'firmness, decisiveness and astuteness'.

However, he also teased us with an alternative view. Was it possible that Queen Elizabeth I was not really the formidable autocrat depicted by the media,

but rather a "weak-willed, easily beguiled woman"?

He didn't let the question hang: he justified it. Drawing evidence from letters, confessions and events of the time, he subtly carved away at the Queen's purported qualities, dissolving the peacefulness and stability that had characterised her reign. He concluded, somewhat controversially, that the success of her reign was more a consequence of her failure as a female monarch, and the political unity to be found in the face of crisis, than any personal success story. This revisionist view has set argument going amongst the A level Historians and was a timely reminder that the past is not a fixed idea.

JOHN LOCKE SOCIETY

How often does one have the opportunity to say “as I was discussing with Douglas Hurd/Maurice Saatchi/Felicity Kendal over lunch the other day...” in normal conversation? asks Dominic O’Mahony (CC), who now knows the answer.

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the John Locke Society (or, as it is becoming known in certain circles, ‘J Lo’), the School invites a wide variety of speakers – from politicians and performers to philosophers and pundits – to come and talk to the Upper School on Wednesdays. After their talk, the speaker is invited to have lunch with some of the pupils. As Captain of the School, it has been a great honour to introduce these speakers, and I have thoroughly enjoyed the privilege of meeting such an interesting and diverse number of eminent and extraordinary people.

We have had a tremendous number of dramatists this year. Felicity Kendal was the first speaker of the year, and told us a little about ‘The Good Life’, as well as her upbringing and other television and stage performances. Edward Fox came to tell us about his career, and the former director of the Royal National Theatre, Richard Eyre, gave us some insights into his experiences on and off the stage, whilst giving some tips to the budding young actors and actresses in the audience.

John Locke this year has also been characterised by some heated political debate. The Conservative Party was extremely well represented: Douglas Hurd gave his view on the current national and international political situation, while Maurice Saatchi – currently Chairman of the Conservatives – proposed

some solutions to current social and political dilemmas. The Shadow Spokesman for Economic Affairs, Oliver Letwin, came to the school in order to illuminate some of his financial policies, giving the audience the chance to assess Conservative party policy at first hand. From the left of the political spectrum, Shirley Williams gave a biting indictment of New Labour’s implementation of the ‘Third Way’, exposing some of the considerable flaws in the Government’s manner of rule. Will Hutton gave a finely balanced overview of Britain in the new globalised economy, offering his views on what the future might hold.

Other speakers have included Esther Rantzen, TV presenter and founder of Childline, Sam Younger, the Chairman of the Electoral Commission, Brian Paddick, the out-and-proud gay policeman steering the force towards greater tolerance, and recent Old Westminster Matthew Scott, in the news this year for escaping terrorist captors in the Colombian Jungle.

The John Locke Society is, in my view, one of Westminster’s greatest institutions: there are few other times in one’s life that one has the chance to listen to and meet such an interesting group of people, and the mind-enhancing opportunities are tremendous. David Hargreaves, and Gavin Williams who stood in for him in the Play Term, both deserve great thanks for running the society so well.



Above: Statue of Queen Elizabeth I.

OPEN FORUM SCHOOL DEBATE

Do humans have a soul or are they merely naked apes? This was the question facing the speakers at this year's Open Forum on Science and Religion. Sam Pritchard (GG) was there to make sense of it for The Elizabethan.

Despite the slightly provocative nature of its title, this year's Open Forum on Science and Religion produced some of the finest quality debate that the event has seen. Both Canon John Polkinghorne, the eminent Cambridge physicist and theologian, and Professor Steven Rose, chemist and biologist at the Open University, responded to points made and engaged with the other speaker. The result was a debate that was interesting both in terms of the ideas it focused on and the questions it invited.

Canon Polkinghorne began by outlining the scientific idea that something fundamental comprised each human apart from the ever changing cells that we are made of. His discussion of character and memory developed into a picture of a perpetually developing soul that took into account our experiences. He then brought in ideas of a Platonic soul that existed in an afterlife. Professor Rose responded impressively to the points Canon Polkinghorne had made, dispensing with the idea of humans being 'naked apes' and focusing on evidence

for the idea of the soul already presented. He disputed the idea of basing any hypothetical soul upon the hypothetical existence of God and questioned our need for the soul as a comfort against our immortality. He also introduced a theme that persisted in the debate, asking when this soul actually developed in human evolution.

When the debate was opened out to the floor a wide range of topics were embarked upon. The idea of evolutionary development of a soul was further explored and comparisons between ape and man were discussed, as well as the similarities between the soul and the daemon of Philip Pullman's writings. The particular success of this year's forum was down to the clarity with which the two speakers approached the topic and their attempt to engender reasonable debate. Instead of a clash between two polar views the audience was treated to two moderates assessing on what ground they could agree.

PHAB

Westminster played host to PHAB again in July in 2003. Fred Gordon (CC) was overwhelmed.

PHAB was the single most important and enjoyable experience of my time at Westminster. I never doubted that it would be, but I certainly never expected it to overwhelm me quite as spectacularly as it did. It was a week of emerging friendships, broken down preconceptions and newly discovered truths. It was a week of wonderful purpose, and of amazing unity. By the time PHAB was finished, all previous barriers had been virtually destroyed – between guests and hosts, teachers and pupils, and amongst the hosts themselves. It was this sense of togetherness, of the strength of our combined will, that made PHAB so amazing.

During PHAB, I learned how to see the lighter side of life. Everyday things suddenly became extremely funny, and

the different perspectives offered by many of the guests provided a refreshing, and sometimes humbling, change from the norm.

I also learned the importance of simplicity. I discovered that it is sometimes possible to get more out of a brief conversation than an earnest debate, and that an earnest debate can sometimes be most successful when conducted in the simplest terms.

From the first morning, spent trying (and failing) to get to grips with wheelchairs and ramps, to AJ's indecent and unfortunate exposure on the last, PHAB was a week filled with amazing and hilarious memories. It was an experience that will stay with me, and everyone involved, for life. Thank you so much to Mr Johnson et al for providing it for us.

ROBERT HOOKE

ENGLAND'S LEONARDO

The Robert Hooke Tercentenary Commemoration 2003 was only one of the recent events that signified a revival in the reputation of Robert Hooke (OW).

Sam Pritchard (GG) reports on the restoration of the reputation of one of England's greatest scientists.

Robert Hooke has had to wait until recent years to receive some of the recognition that his contribution to science clearly deserves. For many years his only real importance was considered to be in his eponymous law of elasticity which many schoolboys may remember testing out by weighting springs. His reputation seems largely to have been obscured by that of his contemporary Newton, with whom he had a now famous dispute about the credit for the concept of gravity. In recent years, and especially at this the tercentenary of his death, Hooke has been recognised for the breadth and depth of his interests and discoveries.

Robert Hooke was an unlikely Westminster pupil. It is thought that connections in London allowed the young man, who had only his father's meagre legacy to live upon, to enter Richard Busby's prestigious school in 1648. It was through Busby that the link to Westminster remained strong after Hooke had left. Busby took to the young Hooke, who had obvious

talent, mastering the first six books of Euclid's Elements in a week. Busby said of the boy 'At schoole he was very mechanical, and invented thirty several ways of flying'.

Besides Hooke's better known work on mechanics and his role in helping Boyle develop the first vacuum pump, his interests ranged from astronomy to civil engineering and the very method and structure of modern science. Hooke was instrumental in developing the method of modern scientific experiment. He was one of the first scientists to use the experiment in the way that Francis Bacon had suggested to verify hypotheses. His role as curator of experiments at the Royal Society helped propagate such a method. His revolutionary use of the microscope went to produce his beautiful *Micrographia*, of which the school has an original copy of the restored version. Very few people know about his work as a surveyor after the Great Fire of 1666 when he helped map and re-build the city along the lines we know it today, or in the field of Astronomy where his instrument design in particular was influential in the subject's progress.

After the recent successful Royal Society conference on Hooke (at which the Under Master gave a paper on the scientist's time at the school), Lisa Jardine's biography of the scientist and a BBC documentary on the man, Christ Church College, Oxford, organised a similar event with seven speakers contributing to a picture of Hooke as a scientist, surveyor and colourful character. Dr Paul Kent, the organiser, had brought together (as far as possible) speakers who now occupy positions that Hooke himself occupied during his lifetime. The wide range of subjects covered reflected the vast breadth of Hooke's own scientific interest. These ranged from a delightfully clear and engaging elucidation of Hooke as a man and his role in the vibrant community of 17th Century London by Professor Allan Chapman, to a picture of Hooke's contribution to astronomy and its instruments by the Astronomer Royal, Sir Martin Rees.

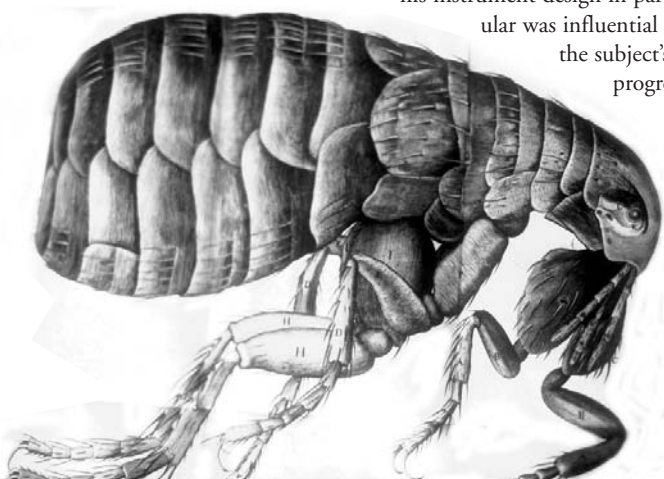
Professor John Enderby, who holds Hooke's former position as Secretary to the Royal Society, gave the audience a picture of Hooke as a player involved in the intrigues of the Royal Society. Closer studies of Hooke's science were provided by Professor Sir Roger Penrose, who demonstrated a link between Hooke's law and Schrodinger's cat, and Professor Sir Christopher Zeeman who explained Hooke's famous mathematical conflict with Newton. The final contribution came from Professor Michael Cooper who outlined Hooke's little known role in the map-



ping and re-building of London after the Great Fire of 1666.

The picture of the enigmatic and brilliant Old Westminster that emerged from the gathering was of a man whose contribution to many areas of science and the principles of experimental technique was overlooked, due largely to the work of his hostile contemporary Isaac Newton. It is only in the last few years that the Hooke, to whom Westminster has been paying homage with its science centre of the same name, has come to receive the recognition he certainly deserves. Westminster can be gratified that it has championed Hooke's memory.

It is astounding that a man whose scientific influence stretched so far and deep should not have a surviving portrait and only one small public memorial (and then only as Boyle's assistant). It is to be hoped that recent events have restored the man's name to the fame which it deserves. Professor Allan Chapman gave us a good expression of Hooke's importance when he gave the Tizard Lecture at Westminster in 1997, saying that Hooke: "was Europe's last Renaissance man, and England's Leonardo."



MODEL UNITED NATIONS

Nadira Lalji (RR) and Adam Alfandary (RR) were on hand to observe the Model UN and see fair play when the events, XIII and XIV, took place in October and February respectively.



Amidst the colour, flags and chaos of October's Model United Nations XIII were the foundations of robust debate and serious politics. At 2:00 PM on Saturday 4th October, delegates from 16 different schools representing 31 countries gathered up School for an opening ceremony kicked off by Alyson Thompson, Secretary-General of the thirteenth biannual Model United Nations hosted by Westminster.

Highlights of the MUN opening ceremony included the chair forgetting to invite Iraq to give their opening speech (one only wonders how large a role the US and Britain played in this supposed 'misapprehension'), Guinea exerting its power over the Coca-Cola market threatening to stop production, and Greece accentuating its avid ambition to 'bring Turkey down' in a fervent address. The General Assembly then divided itself into five main committees: human rights, peacekeeping, political, environmental and the Security Council. At this point

delegates presented their proposed resolutions and vigorous debate commenced.

With the exception of a few eccentric resolutions, the seriousness of the debating was characteristic of the weekend. The spectrum of resolutions put forward was extensive. Whilst some delegates engaged with issues involving disputes over Palestine, the need to fund AIDS programmes in Africa and the threat posed by depleted uranium in Iraq, others busied themselves with the importance of preserving the Polish delegate's shoes, and the USA characteristically but unsuccessfully attempted to buy out the entire Amazon.

Throughout the weekend, the busy press were working ardently in the background. Nonetheless, behind the professional backdrop of Westminster's MUN, The Diplomat was, in accordance with the spirit of the event, a hotbed of rumour, gossip and speculation. The secretariat were also occupied by excessive

note-sending and played a key role in the leaking of both professional and private issues concerning delegates. Such trivialities and merriments not only added to the character of the event, but moreover, they captured the essence of the prying eyes of the press in today's political world.

The willingness of each delegation to listen to each other was evident from the success of the conference with unanimous resolutions being passed in the final General Assembly on Sunday afternoon. Due to the sincerity of debate and the open-mindedness of the participating delegates, the USA did not need to slip into the role of authoritarian intimidation, but on the contrary opened the floor of the General Assembly to free and robust debate. Subsequently, despite fervent opposition from the Middle Eastern coalition, the USA were named the best delegation and once again managed to dominate (although perhaps not as manifestly as they do in the real UN).

Ultimately, at a time when the ability of the UN to create and maintain a 'democratic world community' is being questioned, it is admirable how well Westminster's simulated version captured the true spirit and global harmony the United Nations strives to attain.

The weekend of the spring meeting, MUN XIV, started off smoothly enough. After a brief sojourn at the local establishment, our politicians-to-be returned somewhat more confident. The two Westminster delegations of Canada and Armenia felt sufficiently merry to tackle the important issues that the United Nation has to face day after day, namely the endangerment of Canadian moose, fishing stocks in the Aegean Sea and the ongoing effort to ban nursery rhymes on the basis of racial discrimination. Of particular note were the introductory speeches by Khash Mohajerani and Ben Deanfield, whose eloquent, finely phrased discursion managed to win the corridor support of many a delegation before the meet had even started.

The weekend was a veritable tour de force for all those involved, not least the organisers of the event. Particular credit to Chris Zeigler and Martine Sobey, who not only organised the two days, but also meticulously oversaw every aspect of the summit, responsible for the seemingly effortless flow of the entire weekend.

With more participants than ever before, the roles of Edward Gore-Randall, Adam Newgas, Anton Baker and the rest of the organisers can also not be overplayed, working tirelessly behind the scenes to ensure that everything ran smoothly. Overall, it was a very successful and entertaining weekend for all those involved.

SALVETE

VALETE



GEOFF SIMPSON

Old Reptonian and graduate of one of Britain's top three universities (according to Blackadder anyway: Hull), Geoff Simpson joins the economics department having taught at Sutton Grammar School, Reigate Grammar School and Epsom College, the latter two appointments as head of department. He brings a wealth of experience but fails to reduce the department's

average age. He nevertheless hopes to raise the interest of economists at Westminster. He has been fully involved in school sport over the years, playing and coaching cricket and hockey in particular. Despite treatment, he is still a devotee of Leicester City and anything to do with Leicester.

SELMA THOMAS

Selma Thomas started her career in academic libraries in South Africa where she was born and brought up. She moved to the UK with her

husband and children 20 years ago. Her most recent post, before joining Westminster, was as School Librarian at Eton College for 10 years.

EDWARD BENTON

Edward Benton joins Westminster from University College School. He is delighted to have joined the magnificent library at Westminster School, and is also very much enjoying

being involved in Water for Station. As a former schoolboy International for New Zealand, he hopes that it wasn't too long ago for him to remember how to row...

HUGH EVELEIGH

LIBRARIAN 1999–2003

Hugh Eveleigh discussed his thoughts on the library and Westminster with Sam Pritchard (GG) before he left to take up early retirement.

Hugh Eveleigh took up the post of Librarian at Westminster in 1999 and turned what was a whimsical collection of books into a comprehensive resource with a catalogue of over 21,000 books, CDs, cassettes and DVDs. As the school's first full-time librarian, he saw the job as balancing the library's role in the school. In jargon its role may be to "provide resources" but to him the element of oasis was always at least as important: "A library must retain some element of weirdness about it. I should like it to be like a garden, where the visitor finds something new and unexpected when they visit. This library retains that in the idiosyncrasy of its rooms." As for any role that the library has in the school, Mr Eveleigh was pleased with the greater use it has encouraged, but for each individual student his aim is smaller: "If they leave the school and have felt comfortable and positive about the library, I might have achieved something. A librarian often imbues a library with an element of personality and to a small extent I hope to have done this, but in the end I can only be judged on what is",

he says. Mr Eveleigh has always sought gently to push the boundaries, with exhibitions on social issues and politically emotive exhibitions in the library's atrium. However it is the school's history that has always attracted him: "When I first came here I was slightly overwhelmed by how assured all the students were, but I have gradually become accustomed to that. I love the fact that I can hold a first edition of 'Volpone' in school and stand on or by the side of some of the great historical figures of the western world in the abbey." On leaving for early retirement, starting with a trip to far Tasmania, Mr Eveleigh set a tough challenge to Westminsters: "After I finished reading Proust I felt that that was more or less it. But I think that Mr Darcy would be more suitable for some Westminsters!". The best wishes of Westminsters, bibliophiles and all, go with him.

VALETE

JAN PANKHURST

SCHOOL SHOP 1980–2004

Jan Pankhurst, who has supplied generations of Westminsters with ties, chocolate, Fanta and other essentials left the school at the end of Play Term. Philip Aspin (AHH) reflects anxiously on the departure of someone who has contributed immeasurably to the happiness of the schoolboy.

The redoubtable Mrs. Pankhurst has presided over the School Store for fourteen years, but all that came to an end in December. At the end of the Play Term she left for the outer darkness, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth, probably on McEwen's toffee. The vital lifeline provided by her emporium is universally acknowledged by the pupils rushing for the door at a quarter past one every afternoon. "If it wasn't for the tuck shop", declared one fifth former to me solemnly, "I would have been dead long ago". Passing over whether that might actually be a good thing, who would dispute these sentiments, given the antediluvian standard of the stuff dished out at College Hall?

Observing the daily queues at the shop, is there perhaps a particular year group more gluttonous than the rest? Apparently not. Competition for the most extravagant spending seems to be evenly distributed over the five years (but what about the Common Room?). Regrettably, individuals cannot be named for reasons of confidentiality.

With such demand, has Mrs. Pankhurst ever suffered the debilitating effects of a shoplifting or smash-and-grab raid? "There's been the occasional

theft, but they've all been very quiet". Somehow I can't imagine a rotund Lower Shell, complete with firearm and balaclava, helping himself noisily to the crisps and sandwiches and hoping to get away with it.

Earlier this year the national press carried several features on the decision taken by Charterhouse, hitherto believed to be a generally sane and reliable establishment, to supplant its tuck shop with a new-fangled "Starbucks" outlet. I have never visited one but I am given to understand that they specialize in dispensing third-rate coffee at risible prices to the credulous and naïve. What does Mrs. Pankhurst think about this? "It's dangerous. Here we have freedom, and anyway, where would the profits go?" It's a worrying thought that the disease might spread north from Surrey, but we may console ourselves with the reflection that Charterhouse is really rather a new school and a long way away anyway.

And what about the future of the Store? Well Mrs Pankhurst hopes and believes that it will be bright and prosperous, as her colleague Pat Lancaster now takes over running the shop. Good luck, Mrs Pankhurst, and thank you for the joy you have brought every day to life in Yard.



School shop photographed by Christiane Reinstrom.



School outfits photographed by Christiane Reinstrom.



Keith Tompkins.

VALETE

KEITH TOMPKINS

HOUSEMASTER OF WREN'S 1999–2004

Keith Tompkins moved from Wren's to be House Master of Rigaud's at the beginning of Election Term. Tom Carter (WW) celebrates his time nesting in Wren's.

Posterity will almost certainly see Mr Tompkins's five year tenure in Wren's as merely the innocuous beginnings of an illustrious career as a Housemaster, but as a member of his first fifth form and last remove, I have come to the conclusion that managing five rooms and a stretch of corridor in the way that Mr Tompkins has done was far harder than he made it appear. His vitriolic sense of humour pervaded all his daily duties in Wren's, which, when combined with an

actual concern for our wellbeing, inspired crippling guilt in all those who fell short of his expectations.

He presided over a renaissance in Wren's house spirit, culminating in the barnstorming victory in the House singing competition, and will be sorely missed, not only for his tremendous contribution to Wren's (including repainting all the walls in "Mistress" peach), but also due to the fact we will have to brave Rigaud's to see him.

VALETE JOHN ARTHUR

HOUSEMASTER OF RIGAUD'S ELECTION 1994 – LENT 2004

Nick Clark (OW) remembers what JECA did for his generation.

It's something every school-child hears, and it's something we all scoffed at. That perennial adult remark: "Enjoy school while you can. They're the best days of your life..." And with so much repeated warning, why do you only realise this is true when you've suddenly become that adult who's being scoffed at despite the heartfelt sincerity of your advice?

I remember Rigaud's as a second home – my Westminster residence. You walked out of class, crossed Yard, went up the steps, and there were the familiar flagstones of the hallway, heavy and well-known; the swing door you knew how to nudge with your toe just so to get in and through before it swung back on you; the echoes of the walls and the sound of people constantly moving through House. Always doing things. There were always things happening.

Under John, Rigaud's boys and girls were constantly supported and encouraged, obviously through his educational and pastoral roles, but also because of his seemingly boundless enthusiasm for the extra-curricular: the Towpath, House Matches and even the rigours of the House Singing Competition. And of course there were the plays. For the House's Centenary we were thinking of putting on Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia* but couldn't get the rights. I flippantly said I may as well write the play myself, no problem. John took me up

on the offer. I was proud to be so closely involved in the House's birthday celebrations and more than a little chuffed that both John and Hilary agreed to be in the play themselves. They performed superbly as Mr and Mrs Reverend Rigaud and their passion and talent for the theatre was self-evident. John delivered the line "Your parents sent you here under the misapprehension that in school you might become educated and disciplined. In my experience, you are all delightfully meek and mild until you cross the threshold of my house, at which point you regress into a horde of barbaric uncouth simpletons..." with convincingly heartfelt passion.

For me and for very many other people – fourteen year-groups in all, not counting the people from outside House who tended to migrate in – John Arthur encouraged an atmosphere which was welcoming and open. Teaching is rarely a nine-to-five job but being a Housemaster is on another level. It is twenty-four hour emergency call-out, week in and week out. My days up Rigaud's were certainly some of the very best. I only hope John has found his extended school-days, the last ten years Up Rigaud's, to be some of his best as well. I have missed John, Hilary, Amy and Cecily and the wonderful atmosphere they established up House ever since I left. And now they are leaving, I know the House shall miss them too.

Andrew Sanderson,
current House Captain, adds...

During the first few weeks of the Lent term, Mr. Arthur was showing around the incoming Housemaster. The night was peaceful until he arrived upstairs where a deluge from the upstairs cistern had flooded the lavatories. It was around 10:30pm at this point, and he had been on duty since around 7:00am without respite. A swift call to the bursar achieved little and so Mr. Arthur rolled up his sleeves and started clearing up, following up swiftly with some amateur plumbing. In spite of the fact that the minutes were racing by, he kept up the work, clearing up the water faster than Noah's neighbours. As the water at last stopped dribbling out of the cistern, the other housemaster, evidently a few years Mr. Arthur's junior, turned to me, yawning, and said "It's eleven o'clock, I should be in bed." It is testimony to the sense in which Mr. Arthur is an umbilical part of Rigaud's that it is only when the last person is in bed that he retreats Up Flat. Likewise in the morning he is the first person anyone registers with. His energy is boundless, and is

hardly becoming of a man who should have long since realised that it was pipe and slippers time. Instead we have been blessed with a continuous stream of care and passion.

He has been as much part of Rigaud's as Rigaud's has been part of Mr. Arthur these last twenty years. While we said our goodbyes to JECA as his time Up Rigaud's ended, it was hard to come to terms with the impact that he has had. It seemed that everywhere one turned someone else had a eulogy to deliver, parents, old boys, day boys and boarders; everyone had their own memories and good wishes to send him. He is one of those people for whom, when he says "stay in touch" you will. We are sad to see him leave the house, having done such a fantastic job, but in the same breath everyone wishes him well and thanks him for the attention he has shown to everything that has gone on, even if it is, sometimes, to turn a blind eye. Au revoir, Mr. Arthur, we will miss you and we will be in touch.



HOUSE REPORTS

COLLEGE

The most striking new thing about College at the start of the Play term was undoubtedly its appearance. Unchanged for longer than anyone can remember, it dazzled us on our return from the summer holidays, resplendent in new shades of buttercup yellow and periwinkle blue throughout. As well as the repainted walls and fitted carpets, there has been a certain rearrangement of the rooms themselves: what once flourished under the illustrious title of 'the fifth form dormitory' is now a sitting room with sofas exquisitely appointed in black leather; the fifth formers (or at least their beds) have been relocated to what was the election room, where the activities of working and sleeping are conducted in perfect harmony. The rest of the house otherwise remains much as it was, except with prettier lights.

Concurrent with the new appearance of the house have been some new appearances in the house: Linda Rickards, taking over as matron after Ann Tucker's departure at the end of the summer, has proved an extremely kind and capable

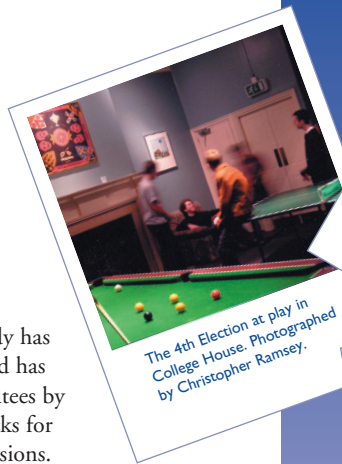
GRANT'S

Grant's as a House is accustomed to mediocrity. Therefore this year's spate of victories in House events has come as something of a surprise. Having tucked the House Debating win firmly under our belts we then proceeded to snatch triumph in the Bringsty Relay and the House Swimming. Not content with this impressive string of success, the House has used its hidden talents to be placed

successor; Tom Kennedy has joined us as a tutor, and has already won over his tutees by taking them to Starbucks for their report-reading sessions. There are of course the new fifth-formers and sixth-form girls, worthy replacements for the much-missed removes who left last year, and all seem to have taken to the house and its traditions as scholars to water (that is, with just the right amount of gusto).

In school events, College has as ever competed gamely, but the successes of last year have in some places been unforthcoming: we failed to place in the House Singing Competition, a first in my time here (I blame Justin Timberlake), and reached only the semi-finals of the House six-a-side football (which, although it may seem like a laudable result, was a disappointment to some after last year's outright victory). Nevertheless, these events have been enjoyed by all. College members have also been active in drama and music, with highlights being the College concert and the play 'Deathwatch'.

runners-up in the netball competition (with a largely male team) and achieved a similar feat in House Badminton. Hopefully next year we shall be able to return comfortably to our cosy home in sixth or seventh place. However, we shall do so without the House matron, Mrs Balding, who retires this year and who will be missed a great deal. Mr Griffiths says "House spirit is as electric as ever!"



The 4th Election at play in College House. Photographed by Christopher Ramsey.



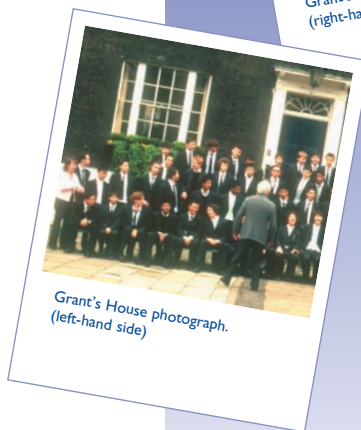
Millicent Fawcett Hall (interior).



Chemistry lesson.



Grant's House photograph. (right-hand side)



Grant's House photograph. (left-hand side)



Katy Lubin in 'Le Misanthrope'.

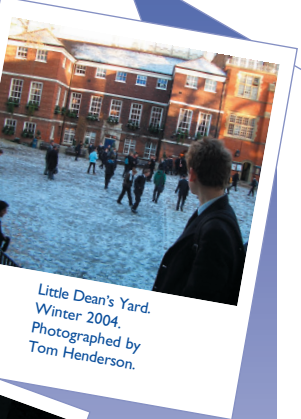
BUSBY'S

Under the watchful eyes of Jack Farthing (somewhere under that hair), Busby's has gone from strength to strength this year. The Busby's mantelpiece at last has some silverware to be proud of with Busby's name on the house football trophy after a hard-fought and truly epic clash with College in the final. There would have been more had Busby's not been narrowly, and unjustly, robbed of the House Singing trophy despite the whole house turning green and ginger for the evening, though arguably it was more effort for some than others! Even Busby's evening of music and magic seemed to surpass its own high standards, Tom Mackenzie and

Grace Chatto receiving their 'lifetime achievement' awards for contributions to Busby's music. Whilst on the football field there was perhaps too much drama – I had lost count by the time the fifth sudden death penalty sailed wide – Busbites have been once again treading the boards to great acclaim. The Busby's house play, a revival of Durang's *Baby with the Bathwater*, directed by Ed Cumming, was a resounding success. Busby's own in-house publication *The College Street Clarion* also enjoyed a revival this year, a slender but nonetheless compelling volume, available from ... well, Mr. Mylne if you ask him nicely.



Rigaud's House photograph: setting up the shot.



Little Dean's Yard. Winter 2004. Photographed by Tom Henderson.



Valentine Pinks. February 2004.



A young 'Wet'.

RIGAUD'S

It has been a difficult year for Rigaud's, with much of the house's furniture being removed and replaced. At the end of last year we said our goodbyes to our long suffering matron Marie Dominique-Cook. In addition to Matron, we also watched Mr. Thomas depart. His eccentricity turned Rigaud's on a Tuesday evening into an intellectual and political hotbed. He will certainly not be forgotten in a hurry. At the end of the Play Term, Ivy and Molly, two of the most recognisable people in Rigaud's, left us after many years of tireless hard work and passionate remonstrance. Their retirement to the warmer climes of Jamaica left behind a gap which will be hard to fill. The end of the Lent term also brought with it yet more departures; Frances Dorman-O'Gowan, who crackled with enthusiasm and affection throughout her two terms here as matron left us to marry Malcolm Gomme-Duncan. Malcolm and Frances will be sorely missed, even though they only spent two terms Up Rigaud's, their inescapable brand of humour and generosity left a lasting impression upon everyone they looked after. Contrasting with the brevity of Frances' tenure is the slice of Rigaud's history that was Mr. Arthur's decade as Housemaster. His departure at Easter has irrevocably changed the house. During his last weeks, the outpouring of unsolicited affection was obvious. We now wish a warm welcome and the best of luck to Mr. Tompkins in his endeavours up Rigaud's.

At the end of the Election term Rigaud's will signal the end of a year of upheavals and teary goodbyes when Dr. Walsh will leave us to take control of

Milne's. We hope he enjoys this impressive opportunity for charity work as much as we have enjoyed having him up Rigaud's for the last five years. In addition to all of these farewells, we have been lucky to welcome a new tutor to Rigaud's in the form of Lil' Jim Kershen. Although he does not wield his intellect with the same force as Mr. Thomas, his cheery face and conversational skills have meant that his presence in Rigaud's has been a pleasure throughout the year.

So what has Rigaud's actually been up to this year aside from farewell teas? We celebrated last summer with a string of sporting victories. The clean sweep of all of the senior track events at sports day was a highlight, as was the House cricket, masterminded by the passionate derangement of Jonny Hazell. House Fives remained a walk in the park, being won with little effort. This year, House Singing, a massive injustice. The music department demonstrated a collective fear of ambition, when, to their dismay we actually turned up at the audition with a band(!). In House football, we got further than Liddell's in spite of our lack of a 1st XI player. The development squad which exists at present is evidently the foundation for future sporting triumph.

It has been sometimes been quite hard to get a grip on this very transitional year, and as such our continued high spirits are a phenomenon to be reckoned with. Aside from Fight Club, Brighton, kidnapping, flower boxes, le Misanthrope (more throat, less head Tom.) the Arthur Youth and, obviously Peter's birthday, Rigaud's really hasn't got up to much this year.

LIDDELL'S

With the Six-a sides football, house chess, senior towpath and senior Bringsty under our belts this year and still holding the house tennis and cricket trophies, Liddell's have once again shown themselves to be the most athletically advanced house. Under the tight-shipped guidance of Daniel Bamford, who led the way in yellow, we trounced our way to victory knocking off other 'sporting' houses, such as Hakluyt's.

However, sport was not Liddell's only success this year. The annual academic awards ceremony was littered once again with Liddellites across all disciplines and year groups. The house benefited from a thriving atmosphere, chiefly inspired by our new-found culture secretary, Bill Day. Liddell's also contributed greatly to the wonderful recent production of 'Street Scene', the cast of which came predominantly from this house. Our only disappointment: a house football 11's performance that was a little wide of the mark...



Linocut by Stephen Howell.

MORE... HOUSE REPORTS

ASHBURNHAM'S

While some houses display a rather unseemly eagerness to amass prizes and notch up successes, Ashburnham operates in a more dignified fashion. This would account for the fact that to the best of my knowledge, we have won nothing. This year saw our first ever house play, *Purple*, produced by Luke Hearn, which received a great

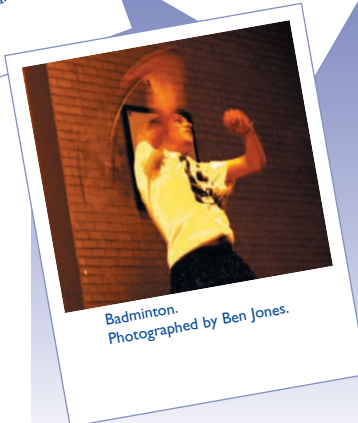
response. Ashburnham once again was placed respectably in the house singing and turned out a truly impressive array of talent in the house concert shared with Grants. As ever, it is the individuals in Ashburnham, rather than the house itself, who are unfailingly laudable.



Stairs in Ashburnham House.
Photographed by Nikolai Cedraeus.



Alex Edwards, Katy Lubin
and Polly Walker drawing
in Cloisters. Photographed
by Spencer Hayden.



Badminton.
Photographed by Ben Jones.

WREN'S

It has been an unusual year in Wren's given the knowledge that two terms into the school year, our leader would be off to another house. In response to this, I like to think that we put a huge effort into making Mr Tompkins' last few months in charge as special as possible. The cynical might say that we have failed. House football saw spectacular defeats in the XI's and 6's, in which we fell at the first hurdle on both occasions, which in its own way is an accomplishment. This spectacular feat can only be compounded by the fact that House netball saw us meeting the same fate. But we all live in the knowledge that we shall triumph in the upcoming house cricket, tennis and fives tournaments.

It would seem, therefore, that Wren's has somewhat under-achieved this year. However, we have had one moment of inspired brilliance, nay genius, to carry us through the torment of our sporting catastrophes... A cold night in September was made all the warmer by the collective might of thirty well-dressed/scantily clad Wrenites (we applaud you ladies for taking one for the team and ensuring Mr Tompkins leaves a proud man) belting out a Scouse classic and, against the odds, achieving a memorable and spectacular victory in this year's house singing competition. With that, we say goodbye to the old regime and usher in the Age of Feltham. Let's just hope Wren's doesn't take its lead in years to come from another youth institution associated with that name!



Dean's Yard, Autumn 2003.

DRYDEN'S

Nothing much has changed from recent years in the house. The games room is still packed with lower school members fighting to use the pool table, while students in the upper school who can no longer bear the harsh weather conditions sit in their day rooms. Dryden's still feels at its busiest in the morning right before registration, when everyone is frantically comparing each others' preps and competing for the limited seats in the small day rooms. It feels emptiest on Station afternoons when the smell becomes too much for most to bear. This is where Mr. Tocknell can usually be found, wearing his trademark cheeky smile and giving people detailed career advice.

The area in which we truly shone this year was the music department, with some amazing talent exhibited in the Dryden's/Wren's concert, as well as the multi-talented Mr. Tocknell playing the clarinet with surprising skill (where does he find spare time after all the Physics and rock-climbing?). The house singing didn't go unappreciated either, with the house at least qualifying for the

competition with our rendition of *Busted*, which is better than can be said for last year. As we always say, it's the taking part which counts. Our shock victory over Liddell's in the house XI-a-side also deserves a mention. Who would have thought?! Us (whose best players are only in the 3rd XI) beating Liddell's (consisting of more than half of the 1st XI) with only 10 men (the Lower Shell didn't turn up). It may not seem much to some, but bringing down the reigning champions was our greatest sporting victory in recent memory.

We are very sad to witness the departure of Mr. Feltham, who has moved up in the ranks to become a housemaster of Wren's only a few yards down the corridor. On a closing note, we hope Miss Newton recovers swiftly from her recent illness.

HAKLUYT'S

Another year gone, another Elizabethan column to rush out at the last possible moment. As ever, it's been a busy year in Hakluyt's, although perhaps not the most successful one in recent memory. The trophy cabinet currently looks a little bare, with Haklites in every field being defeated only at the last possible moment. A shocking defeat to College in the quarter finals of the eleven-a-side was the biggest surprise – although we fared better in the six-a-side, reaching the finals, only just losing out to College. From a slightly less athletic point-of-view, our all-star chess team also reached the finals, and surely would have won, if not for a deeply unfortunate twist of fate which robbed us of a key player. Even the house singing, traditionally a strong field for us, looked to be a lost cause when the Remove decided to rest on their laurels and not compete. Fortunately, Sam Smith and the rest of the sixth

PURCELL'S

The year for Purcell's started with an administrative oversight which left them out of the House Singing Final for the first time. However, we did not hold a grudge against obvious human error, and have put in a fine performance elsewhere in the school, contributing to plays, musical concerts and sporting events. Olivia Percival, Eleanor Howard, Emma Bowers and Harriet Dykes were in the Scratch play, Rigaud's House play, Six Characters... and Woyzeck respectively. Rose McLaren and Jenny Ellis Logan continue to be fantastic in the musical department, and Antonia Turrell has led a strong Purcell's faction on the rowing front.

Within the house there remains a friendly cohesion between

form came through, organising a storming version of the Clash's Rock the Casbah, which took a well-deserved third place. All's not lost yet though – at time of writing, the House Athletics is coming up. No pressure, guys...

The Fifth Form trip up north to Alston with Mr. Kemball seems to have been a particular highlight for all involved, as, I'm sure, the approaching House Concert will be. From a personal point of view, it's this writer's last year in Hakluyt's, along with many other key figures, who actually contribute to house life, like House Captain Chris Karageorgis, Timothy Woodward and Tom Borsay. Moving on into the big bad world without the guidance of Mr. Kemball or the house tutors is a terrifying thought, and one may have to resort to hanging around the house on Saturdays. Until one is ordered off the property, anyway.

Sixth Form and Remove, and this no doubt contributed to the enormous success of 'Rodney's Angels', who sold 700 carnations for the Charity Valentine event and raised £700 for the Friends of Whitefield School and the Loomba Trust, a charity which helps Indian widows. Despite various smoke alarms going off in the early hours and an unfortunate power cut which left the corridors plunged into darkness, the splendour of Purcell's is self-evident. Opulent improvements have meant we are now benefiting from the luxury of a whole pint of milk each per day as well as the extravagance of a door installed in the entrance to the TV room, confirming Purcell's undoubted position as the house of milk and honey(s).

MILNE'S

From a ms. found in an old locker...

'So the dying man was right: it did exist. The building rose before me out of the thick mist, walls lashed together by heavy vines and everywhere the cryptic red and white markings. Perhaps because I had spent the whole night navigating the channels of the murky river I could hear a terrible thumping from inside. I steadied myself and clutched my pocket for the missing flask. Fear permeated my body and although every nerve in my body was screaming, I stepped forwards. I had journeyed deep into the darkness to find the man and now I was not to be turned back from my urgent curiosity.

I made my way to what must have been once an entrance, now but a pile of bricks and the remains of a bicycle covered in vines. Inscribed into the wall was the number '1897'. Two figures appeared from the mist. Boys, I imagine, but so smeared in paint and mud that were barely recognisable as anything. One beckoned me forwards: "He awaits you."

I found myself in a great hall. There he was. Seated atop his throne, the man I had for so long wanted to meet, his long beard flowing down to his knees, his deep baritone laughter echoing around the room – Troy. Around him his followers, 'Trojans', whirled in frenzy, stamping their feet to a hellish rhythm and screaming what seemed to be the word "Charlton." Looking down I saw that across the floor ran a transparent liquid – 'House Spirit.' This hellish concoction it was that held the followers in his sway. They were drunk on it and still they lapped it up as it ran across the floor.

Suddenly, one of the followers began to recite from a ragged

document: 'Once again, Milne's has outdone all the other houses in house spirit with the Milne's year starting two months before everyone else's with the house bowling in June, which introduced the new sixth form girls, new fifth form boys...and John. The hardcore Trojans then braved the Staines Massive in an attempt to reach Walton-on-Thames before nightfall. The next item in our packed agenda was the house singing. Milne's once again chose a winner with 'Play that Funky Music, White Boy', which once again proved that en masse we, as a house, have no talent to speak of. However, we did prove that we have a pretty snappy dress sense. In December came the first of our two house quizzes, the prizes for which are still being eagerly awaited by the winners. Then we all trundled off to Somerset House for an hour of ice skating, in which about half of us fell over as a result of the other half.

At the beginning of the Lent term, Milne's had their house concert which combined Milne's Amateur Dramatic Society with Milne's Hall of Musical Talent. Thanks to Mr. Troy, we were able to go and see Charlton play Tottenham in the Valley, which saw Mr. Troy tearing his hair out after 90 minutes. House football was next... no comment. House netball followed... once again, no comment. About halfway through the Lent term, we discovered that Mr. Troy, after 6 years, was leaving us for Kings School, Canterbury, in search of more family time with his son Samuel. We will all miss him. So here draws to a close the first age of Milne's, to be succeeded by the time of Walsh...'

But I had seen Troy and that was enough.

HOUSE SINGING

While Sam Pritchard (GG) can scarcely hold back his contempt for the venerable House Singing Competition, Ben Chesler (MM) staunchly maintains a different opinion, aided and abetted by John Xue (MM).

The House Singing Competition is, without doubt, the highlight in any Westminster pupil's year. It is the only event where pupils and teachers alike are allowed, even encouraged, to let their hair down. It is without any hesitation that I leap to defend this new tradition, when it became clear that one of my contemporaries would be writing an article for this magazine with a view to disgracing it. Viva el cantata del Casa!*

If you are reading this in the hope of finding out about Westminster's musical brilliance, you have probably turned to the wrong page. Make no mistake; this event does not claim to be anything other than a light-hearted entertainment that takes place in the middle of the longest term of the year. That said, many houses put a lot of effort into preparing their numbers. Taking Milne's: on the first day of term, some six weeks before the big day, a loose 'committee' of sixth-formers were already created, whose task it was to pick a shortlist of possible songs and enthuse the unwitting fifth-formers, waxing lyrical about our previous rendition of S Club 7, and the time we came third.

The time has come. The Milne's contingent advances across yard, an army of hip-swinging disco studs and Lower Shell cross-dressers, ready to engage in battle. We join a throng of wig-wearing rockers, through which an infectious roar ripples periodically.

In we go, and first up is Dryden's with a suitably jumpy

Busted performance, which, in front of a bemused panel of judges, no doubt drowned out Choral Evensong in the Abbey. We're up next, and everyone is nervous that they will mess up their complicated routine of box steps and vines, but excited because this might be the only time they can legitimately realise their aspirations to boy-band-hood. Wearing a psychedelic orange and olive shirt, flares, and a purple velvet jacket, I sing my heart out about funky white boys, and leave the stage on a high. Some people may have danced out of step, some might have sung out of tune, but this just makes the night even better. Everyone can take part.

After an interval featuring the some of the unlikeliest of staff members in their element, Wren's were announced the winners, and they performed an encore to rapturous applause, complete with bowler hats.

Two days after the event, we still had fifth-formers coming into our dayroom, for no apparent reason. Perhaps they were suffering from withdrawal symptoms. Does this not speak for itself? In fifty years' time, will our memories of Westminster be of mildly soporific lectures and sporting failures, or the one night of the year in which we can throw our inhibitions out of the window? Viva il cantata del casa!

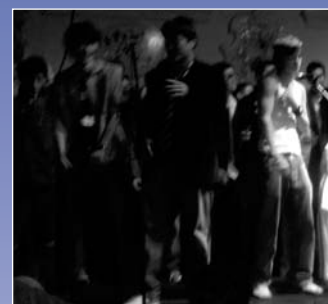
Sam demurs: The House Singing Competition has always been something of an enigma for me. Since those days of shy Fifth formerdom, my peers seem to have metamorphosed into the wild crea-

tures that lead the pack at this event. I have however maintained the mentality of the small boy who leaves the event, bereft of his innocence.

Feeling that it was about time that I reappraised the event, I attended this year's festivities. While it is clear that over-analysing the proceedings (or analysing them at all) is not in the spirit of House Singing, it is almost impossible not to consider it in the cold light of normal school behaviour. However, determined not to condemn from the outset, I have attempted to find some justification for the event. On paper, the event could perhaps be seen as the pure, undiluted expression of youthful spirit: creative and talented youngsters voicing their feelings about life through song. Even though this usually ends up as a feeble rendition of some tuneless popular song or the butchery of a modern classic, I was still prepared to reserve judgement.

Leaving aside the unsuitable, lascivious dress and thuggery akin to that of England fans abroad which I found at the door, I will confine myself to the 'singing' element of the tournament. The songs seemed to fall into two broad categories. The first consisted of the majority of a house clustering onto the small platform and jumping en masse (accompanied by bawling) to a tune that stumbled along underneath the cacophony, which was itself overwhelmed by the animalistic cries of the assembled crowd. Busby's entry would be a prime example of this method.

Other houses had attempted some form of planning. Sadly, the use of a 'dance routine' did not seem to produce results of a higher quality. Those houses attempting some complex visual sequence discovered within five minutes that the platform was too restrictive for forty or more students to perform the pre-arranged steps. The result was crushed fifth formers and bodily parts injured by 'John Travolta thrusts' attempted simultaneously. The second problem confronting those houses with such ambitions was the challenge of rhythm. Considering that most of those



House Singing competition.
Photographs: Joshua Cole and Ben Chesler.



GRANT'S AND ASHBURNHAM HOUSE CONCERT

Those sensible persons who turned up to this event were treated to an impressive array of talent. It would be invidious to single out individuals, but I shall do it nonetheless. Jesse Mears and Marianna Hay gave a hugely entertaining and very well-received performance with their innovative 'Cup Stacking'. This, as the title would suggest, involved the stacking of cups, at high speed and accompanied by drumming on tables and magisterial utterances. Perhaps more conventionally, the truly astonishing playing of Benedict Vanderspar on the violin which ended the evening also received a terrific audience response. One can only hope that next year's event will be attended by even more lovers of music and spectacle.

Philip Aspin AHH

MILNE'S HOUSE CONCERT

This year Milne's House provided an unusual treat – not so much a concert, as a cornucopia of wonderfully varied entertainment. The audience revelled in a mix of music both modern and classical, interspersed with sketches and recitations performed by a group introduced by Miss Turner as 'an elite task force that I have been training for the last week'.

The evening started with a stunning Beethoven piano sonata played by Phin Chooi and moved on to a melodious Gershwin jazz performance by saxophonist Stephanie Greenwald. Alex Patey, Michael Underhill and Alex Woodrow's rendition of Guns 'n Roses' Sweet Child O' Mine received an especially enthusiastic response. Kareem Ahmed's modest demeanour belied an amazing piano performance of Schumann's Fantasy Dance. Carina McLain indulged us with her dulcet voice in I Can't Get Started. A dazzling Bach movement rounded off the concert, with Phin Chooi at the piano, Yean Chooi on the violin, William Blake on the cello and Peter Cullen on the recorder.

Congratulations to all involved, and in particular to Miss Turner for spearheading the whole event, and playing the coveted role of dairymaid in A. A. Milne's The King's Breakfast.

Ben Chesler (MM)

who had any sense of time and rhythm had been conscripted into playing various instruments, a lack of coordination on the dance floor resulted. It was however Wren's (the major exponents of this method) who seized the trophy with the writhing mass of Busby's lurching into second place.

Sadly, I am not able to come to any conclusion (for those keen to begin planning next year's victory) about what the best strategy to adopt is, having noticed barely any difference in results between the two. I will also refrain from a discussion of

the staff band that managed to fill those tiresome interval hours, for fear of editorial censorship (sic). House Singing thus remains in my mind as a pointless exhibition of debauchery that sticks out from the otherwise studious nature of the school calendar. In this opinion however I surmise that I am left alone, like Shakespeare's Malvolio, shouting at my peers: "Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night?"

*More properly Viva el concurso de canciones, aka Westminstervisión.



Michael Underhill at the
Milne's House Concert.
Photographed by Ben Chesler.

LYKE WAKE WALK 2003

The first six hours were relatively easy, says Will Irwin (CC), before conceding that the hallucinatory experience exceeded the hype in this annual Westminster tradition.

I am quite confident that I have never slept better than I did, fully clothed, wrapped in a sleeping bag, on the floor of that church hall in the middle of the wind-swept Yorkshire moors after the Lyke Wake Walk. Dr. Boulton's pre-walk speeches telling of torture, fatigue and hallucination, which I dismissed as mere hyperbole, gave us in fact no idea of what we were to experience.

We set off in the evening, carefully prepared and heartily warmed by pie from the quiet town of Osmotherley, which looked as though it had never seen anything as loud as a group of Westminsterers, just as the town church chimed 10.30. The first six hours were relatively easy. It started to rain as we headed along an exposed ridge and our thoughts wandered for a minute to what other ways we could have been spending our Saturday night. Putting these thoughts to the back of our heads we headed on towards the first checkpoint.



The next stage was much harder. We arrived at the minibus for breakfast as the sun was rising. My feet were throbbing with

pain and my clothes were damp with dew. Hallucinatory, brightly coloured lights were streaking across the sky and my stomach hurt with extremes of hunger. My legs ached with every movement and my throat was parched by dehydration. Fried eggs and greasy sausages were served by Mr. Hinze, Dr. Bevan and Mr. Davies, while Dr. Boulton and Mrs. Jackman gave encouragement. Despite providing some sustenance, this stop did little to alleviate my spirits – on top of all the physical pain, I knew that we were only half way.

Thenceforth, lukewarm tea from thermos flasks, hearty songs, strong team ethic and an appropriately zombie-like determination kept us going. Despite hideous blisters of incredible size, hypothermia, and more other-worldly hallucinations (from fatigue), we finally reached the reassuring warmth of the mini-bus after nineteen and a half hours in the cold, forty miles of some of the most barren terrain in England, thirty six hours of wakefulness and about 80,000 steps.

But the Lyke Wake Walk did not just provide me with an insight into the world of masochism. I came away with a sense of pride at having completed a gruelling physical test, pushing myself for nearly twenty hours, with a deep respect for (and slight fear of) people who do it for fun, and also learnt something about myself and those with whom I walked. I would definitely recommend it to everyone. Or am I just saying things?



Above and below left:
Lake Wyke Walk
Photographed by Ben Shillito.

PEER SUPPORTERS

Annabel Clifford (BB) and Lara Nassif (AHH) explain the school's peer support scheme for those in need of a sympathetic ear.

Despite our efforts to be noticed (badges, scarves, ties and even capes have been suggested), peer supporters are still not getting the recognition that all these brilliant ideas deserve. Annabel and Lara came up with the ingenious idea of putting pictures up on the peer support web site, Wadders took his fifth form to McDonalds courtesy of house funds, Natasha and a few others made several attempts to work their way on to the lower year lunch tables, and yet we still hear people asking who the peer supporters are and what exactly it is that they do.

Well, contrary to popular opinion, peer supporters do much more than simply go up to the councillor's room and binge on packed lunches for 40 minutes a week. The peer support scheme was set up as an alternative body of support to that

of the assortment of housemasters, tutors and even friends, for the students to confide in if they had any problems. Most of the time, the people who come to peer supporters are those who simply want to talk and to be listened to in complete confidence. These people do not necessarily have serious problems; they just want to find an outlet of relief for their stress, something which having gone through the school we can sympathise with. At the end of the day, the stress of being an unwanted peer supporter has even caused some of us to seek counselling ourselves, so really, and we're being completely serious, if you do have anything, (and we mean anything) you want to talk about, please do not hesitate to contact us.

The site can be found on the school intranet at <http://homepages.westminster.org.uk/peer.supporters/>



CHARITIES

Throughout the year, pupils and staff organise and participate in fund-raising activities for a wide variety of charities, both local and international.

ake sales, fun runs, sponsored walks and collections of food and clothing form only a part of the whole effort, often organised by year, sometimes by house and in the case of the rejuvenated Amnesty International meetings this year, by concerned individuals. There is no overall co-ordination of the multitude of activities that take place and no single tally of all the funds raised. What is certain is that Westminster's participate keenly in a huge range of interests, including the long-running community service station which is reported in the Station section.

This year we have had two charitable collections, both of which were tremendously well-supported with results to match, writes Emma Brown.

Sixty large hampers were donated to the local elderly

of Westminster at Christmas by Community Task Force, and fifty-six boxes of clothes, shoes and games are currently being transported to Romania for children and teenagers, where they will be distributed by the charity Light Into Europe. Many thanks to everyone who got involved: parents, pupils and staff for donations, pupils and staff who carried and packed the goods, and long-suffering house-masters whose studies were temporarily invaded by tins of vegetables and games of Ludo. In addition special thanks are owed to Roger Gross for the donation of the baskets for the hampers and to the entire Goodsell family for collecting and sorting the clothes and games.



ENVISION

The Planeteers have landed, writes Becky Greig (BB), and they're after your paper...

The eagle-eyed among you may have noticed that the green objects appearing in classrooms are recycling bins. Why are they there? Who put them there? WE did – Westminster's Envision team. Envision, for the uninitiated, is a charity which encourages young people in schools and colleges to take responsibility for tackling environmental and social issues and gives them practical support. Westminster's team, nicknamed The Planeteers, has done its best to make small, yet significant changes to the school.

Recycling was the first item on our agenda as the school uses vast quantities of paper while recycling very little of it. The head master was very interested in implementing a new scheme and after a number of talks with him and the Works department, we made the move of ordering the bins from Westminster Council. There was a slight delay in trying to sort out which classrooms to put the bins in, and more importantly how they would be collected but now the bins are up and running and the

place since March, teachers and students alike have welcomed the initiative.

As Planeteers however, our efforts to save the world never end, and we sought to enrich the lives of elderly people from a local care centre by hosting a Christmas party on 2nd December. It took the combined efforts of students and catering staff as well as meticulous planning but the end result was entertaining for everyone involved. Having arrived at the school, the guests and their carers sat down to tea and sandwiches before being launched into intense competition with a fantastic Christmas quiz compiled by this writer. Following this came carol singing, after which our guests departed happily with Christmas presents that we had given to them. Many thanks must go to Mrs Brown who was invaluable in helping to organise the event.

For the moment, we Planeteers are preparing our next move, but don't worry, we'll be back, and next time you see an

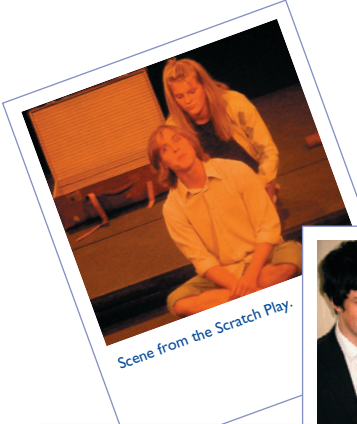
paper is collected by Planeteers in lunch breaks. Even though the scheme has only been in

improvement in the school's 'green' attributes, you'll know who's responsible.

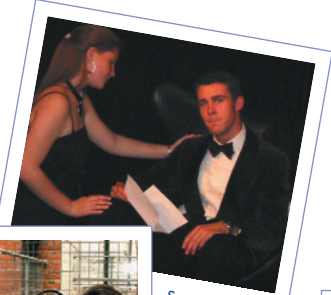
2003–2004 SCHOOL YEAR



Hampers donated to the local elderly of Westminster at Christmas.



Scene from the Scratch Play.



Scene from 'Le Misanthrope'.



Badminton players.



Richard Trainor and Alyson Thompson win trophies for debating.



Olivia Percival at 'Westminster Unplugged'.



War Monument. Battlefields Trip 2003.



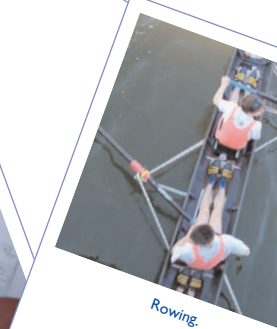
The Abbey, January 2004. Photographed by Tom Henderson.



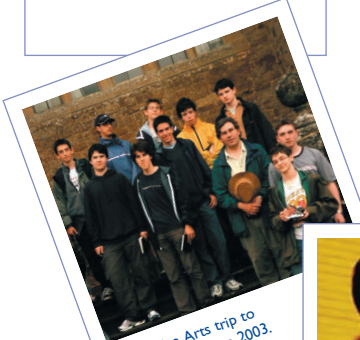
Chemistry lesson.



Drawing buildings. Creative Arts trip. June 2003.



Rowing.



Creative Arts trip to Chastleton, June 2003.



Linocuts on wood.



Badminton. Photographed by Ben Jones.



Scene from 'Woyzeck'.



First World War monument in France. Photographed by Gabrielle Ward Smith.



Giles Robertson on school trip to the Western Isles. June 2003.



Debating.



Karmen Watson on the Remove A-level biology trip to South Africa. Photographed by Oliver Kreitman.

UNE BALLADE EN FRANÇAIS, S'IL VOUS PLAÎT

Tongue-in-cheek musings by Maurice Lynn on last September's Junior School Expedition, swimming in the South of France, with fulsome thanks to Majid (Mostafavi), the hero of the ballad who survived all manner of accidental onslaught, and to Huey (Robson) who tried not to make a meal of it. And failed.

Voici l'histoire d'un gars nommé Majid
Un gars sympa, myope et très placide.

L'été dernier il partit pour l'Herault.
De cette ballade c'est lui vrai héros.

Pendant une pause-pipi dans le Hampshire,
On fit un bout de foot: attends le pire...

Le ballon disparut dans un ruisseau.
"Je vais le repêcher," dit notre héros.

"Mais non!" cria Monsieur Lynn, inquiet.
"T'es enrhumé, va pas te mouiller.

Tu veux pas choper une pneumonie.
T'es pas d'accord?" Majid répondit: "Si"

Dans notre Ford Transit Majid toussait.
Il était fort malade, et fatigué.

Enfin, on arriva sans trop d'obstacles.
Majid ne toussait plus : PREMIER MIRACLE!

La météo prévoit une belle journée.
Une sortie à la mer fut annoncée.

Huey finit son n-ième croissant,
Et on partit, Monsieur Lynn au volant.

« C'est ça, la mer ? » demanda notre Majid,
En s'avançant d'un pas plutôt timide.

Il hasarda un pas, deux pas dans l'eau,
Mais un instant plus tard il criait : "Ohhhh..."

Mes lunettes sont tombées, je vois plus rien...
Je les vois nulle part...Prenez ma main,

Monsieur Witney, aidez-moi, j'suis perdu.
Je vais me noyer...Vous les avez vues?"

'Calme-toi,' dit Monsieur Witney. "T'inquiète pas.
Ça va..." et patati et patata.

'On connaît un opticien à Agde:
Tu auras des lentilles de contact.'

Les lentilles pour Majid furent un mystère.
Hyper difficile de mettre ces verres.

Il lui fallut six heures pour en mettre une,
Et l'autre, il l'avait perdue dans les dunes.

Le jour suivant, de retour à la plage,
Majid, tout fier, repartit à la nage.

Mais une vive l'attendait, sous le sable,
Et lui piqua le pied, le sale diable.

La douleur fut intense et soutenue.
Majid se croyait mort...il vivrait plus !

Mais Monsieur Lynn sortit une cigarette,
Monsieur Witney une grosse boîte d'allumettes.

'Que faites-vous, messieurs ? Je comprends pas...'
Cria Majid, '...oh non...vous n'allez pas... ?'

'Mais si ! Ne t'en fais pas, pauvre Majid,
L'opération va être très rapide.

On va te guérir avec une brûlure.
Le venin partira, on en est sûrs.'

'Aïe, aïe, aïe, aïe !!!' éjacula Majid,
De frayeur et de douleur tout rigide.

Et puis – SECOND MIRACLE – Majid sourit:
'C'est drôle, mais la douleur, elle est partie!'

Le dernier jour, tout près du Pont du Diable,
Majid était étendu sur le sable.

Alex, Ollie et les autres nageaient,
Sauf Huey qui dévorait son goûter.

Majid mettait méticuleusement
Ses sacrés verres. 'C'est dur,' dit-il, 'c'est lent.

Je n'aurai pas le temps de me baigner.'
Puis Huey partit acheter d'autres beignets.

Le soleil, la chaleur étaient intenses.
Aux gorges, Majid s'était mouillé la panse.

Soudain il apparut un très gros chien:
Un gigantesque berger alsacien.

Au toutou terrifiant qui accourut,
A une vitesse rarement vue,

Majid tendit son chocolat fondu,
– Un liquide brun qu'Huey aurait voulu.

Majid, surpris, s'écroula sur le sol,
Ecrasant son chocolat, – manqué de bol.

Se révélant – ô superbe spectacle –
Hé oui, c'était le TROISIEME MIRACLE –

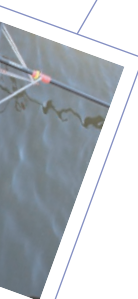
Majid s'y tenait, maculé de brun.
En véritable héros, s'il en est un.



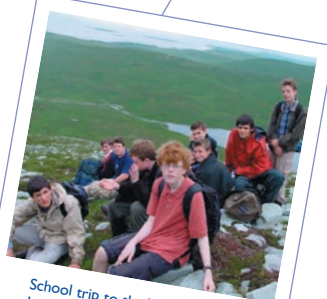
Helicopter rescue mission
seen on a during trip to
Ben Nevis, June 2003.
Photographed by Sam Wilkins.



Valentine Pinks.
February 2004.



Creative Arts Trip 2003.



School trip to the Western Isles.
June 2003.



CHARITY FUN RUN

Some walked, some ran, others even chose to skip, but there was always stiff competition between those who raced, write Jenna Barclay (GG) and Amelia Young-Abraham (RR).

The 2004 Sponsored Fun Run in March attracted an array of colourful costumes, ranging from the Captain of School's Napoleonic attire to Alex Morris's all-in-one bovine disguise. We could not have wished for a better day for the vernal equinox, as it arrived with a fresh breeze and light sun.

The course was set at seven miles, weaving through the Royal parks of St. James', Green Park and Hyde Park. Around seventy runners participated from across all the years.

Starting at Horse Guards, we followed the path along Constitution Hill to the northern corner of Kensington Park Gardens, then made our way back to Little Dean's Yard, where tea and sandwiches awaited. First place was secured by Henry Hepworth, with an impressive time of just over forty minutes, but hot on his heels were Ben Arnold and Max Silver.

In excess of five thousand pounds was raised. This sum will be divided equally between Community Task Force, for the care of the elderly in the

local area, and Theodora's Children's Trust, for sick children. Tremendous thanks are due to David Hargreaves, Jessie

Mears and Francesca Church for organising this highly entertaining event.



Fun Run. Photographed by James Hooper.



African Landscape.
Photographed by Oliver Kreitman.



TRAVEL

Alston	22
Rock Climbing in Skye	23
Walking in the Lake District	24
Salamanca	25
New York	26
Paris and Florence: Art History Trips	27
Iceland Expedition	28
Munich: German Exchange Visit	29
Rhodes: Remove Trip	29
Greece: Lower School Trip	30
Russia Trip	31
South Africa: Westminsterers on Safari	32
Marwood in Belarus	33
India: The Loomba Trust	34

ALSTON

A WARNING TO THE CURIOUS

'I know that most of you will have been to Alston and so most of you will know the horrors of which I am about to write', claims Sam Clarke (GG), a neophyte visitor to the school's house in Cumbria this year.

The trip, like so many others, started with a train journey. The train was supernaturally quick and we arrived early in Darlington. There we were all crammed into a minibus, the worst I have ever been in; it was cramped, it broke down while we were there and stalled continuously on steep hills. Some people had packed as if for a three-month expedition so the interior was piled high with bags and suitcases. This would all have been just bearable if it had not been for Mr Ullathorne's choice of local radio station, remixing bad songs from the '80s and managing to make them even worse.

We arrived at the hamlet of Leadgate after an agonizing journey of one and a half hours. I think everyone was surprised by the house. It was simple but comfortable. There were four rooms; one for the teachers (Mr Wurr and Mr Ullathorne) and three for the boys. During the evenings we relaxed, playing backgammon and jenga while some people even read books. It was during the day that all the action took place. As Mr Wurr said on the first morning, 'There is walking to be done'. This he should not have said. We knew what was in store and we were not looking forward to it.

On the first day we walked a total of four miles along Hadrian's Wall. The countryside around us was incredibly beautiful but this was all forgotten amidst the grunts and groans of the party. The day brightened up after we met our

guide, Lindsay, at the lead mine. He led us towards a hole in the ground. Someone at the back of the group, horrified, said 'What? Is that the entrance?' It took us a total of two hours to negotiate our way around the mine. There were some hilarious moments down there in the gloom. We even had to make a poem half-way down and then sit in absolute darkness for one minute. It was easily the best bit.

Following our excitement down the mine were two days of beautiful walking. The first was along a river path and finished under a waterfall while the second was along a valley, which proved to be a challenge. Some people were so tired the only thing that kept them going was the prospect of lunch and walking as fast as they could away from the person playing Michael Jackson. Lunch was the usual sandwiches and crisps but supper was a different matter entirely. On the first night we were cooked for by the housekeeper. On the second we went to the George and Dragon pub. On the third night it was the exciting and mysterious Bolognese à l'Ullathorne. On the fourth it was back to a different pub. And then a night walk back to the house.

All in all the trip was a great success and I think everyone enjoyed it. Mr Wurr and Mr Ullathorne were great and the weather was surprisingly good. The rest of the fifth form should look forward to going. But whatever you do, don't go on the hill walk if you're given the choice...



Alston trip. Photographed by Simon Wurr.

CLIMBING IN SKYE

Skye is notable for three things: Talisker whisky, the Boat Song and the Cuillin Ridge, and given that the distillery was shut and the boat has been replaced by a bridge, all that was left to experience when a small party of Westminsters visited in March was the Ridge, writes the intrepid Max Kaufman (AHH).



Climbing in Skye. Photographs by Martin Boulton.

As Dr Boulton told us at great length, the Cuillin Ridge and indeed Skye itself was formed by an enormous volcanic eruption, the evidence of which is dramatically visible all over Skye. This little concerned our hearty party of mountaineers, which consisted of a mix of Lower Shells and Sixth formers, namely Andrew Marshall, Trip Leavitt and Thomas Samuel, together with, Samuel Borin, Trevor Hines and myself. This party of sassenachs was led by a camera-wielding Dr Boulton and our sole real Scot, Mr Tocknell, with expert assistance on every imaginable aspect of climbing and mountaineering by our indomitable 'Sherpa', Andrey.

In the five days we had, we covered every type of mountain and indeed even the coast, in every conceivable weather condition except, strangely, the expected rain. It all seemed too easy, especially after an early 'Tocknell Special' of porridge and fried breakfast followed by our swift post-prandial ascent of Bruach na Frithe and the climb up the Basteir Tooth on the first day, and we were right to think so. On the second day, we tackled Sgurr nan Gillean, the second highest mountain in the range,

where heavy snow, high winds and fog thankfully masked the hideous drop beneath us. On the third day, most of the hardier members of the group climbed the sea cliffs on the west of the island in very different conditions. In equally favourable conditions, the group attempted to climb and abseil another set of sea cliffs which was followed by a long scramble along the coast to reach, with much seraphic smiling, our trusty Land Rover Defender.

On the final day, we climbed up to one of the highest of Coires, Coir'a'Ghrunnda and from there onto the peak of Sgurr Alasdair followed by two swift abseils, where yours truly won the expedition's style prize for getting jammed in a cleft in the rock. The final day was capped with a quick dive into an ice cold pool, apparently a Skye 'tradition' followed by a meal of haggis and neeps. This 'Sweetie' and Primula fuelled expedition was I am sure memorable for everyone and the sheer beauty of Skye, the backdrop to this expedition, is something which should be experienced, and I can only hope that many more Westminsters choose to take the opportunity next year.

WALKING AND EATING IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

It was a weary but enthusiastic group of teachers and sixth formers that set off, in the minibus, for the Lake District, two hours after the end of Play term, writes Lizzie K. Samuel (GG), who also enjoyed the food.

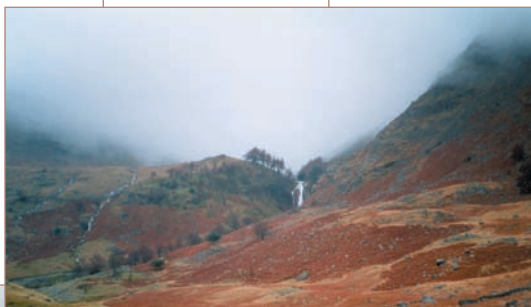
The combination of good company, good music, and the key element, good food, made the journey fly by. Food, being the centre of all expeditions, was vital and our first supper, although not typical of our subsequent meals, was first rate. As we drew into the café off the motorway, most of us blinked and rubbed our eyes. We were dwarfed by the maze of lorries surrounding us. The café was noisy and dirty but full of character. Mr Hooper justified his knowledge, not by a previous existence as a trucker but by the fact that it was the favoured stop of mountaineers and cavers on their way to the Lakes. The meal was superb, a three-course Christmas dinner for ten, all procured for £35, an impressive beginning for a low-budget trip. There were many other memorable meals on this trip which the editor has unaccountably removed from this article.

The next morning brought fresh enthusiasm to the group. Gazing at Derwentwater, I felt as if the calm lake was cleansing me of the grime of London. The hostel backed onto a waterfall, which, although it was not natural, was certainly impressive. The first day was cloudy, although apparently not wet, yet! Our mission appeared to be to climb the highest mountain in England, Scafell Pike, which I felt was a bit of a tall order for the first day. Needless to say it was a long walk, upwards. However the glory of romping through the lakes anaesthetised the group to the pain and was further heightened on our descent by the clouds parting to reveal some of the most glorious scenery imaginable. I watched the group of people, who only moments previously had found consolation only in tea and being the highest person in England, transfixed by the stag-

gering beauty of their surroundings. The image of England's 'green and pleasant land' prompted the group to burst into a tuneless, yet spirited rendition of 'Jerusalem' amply rewarding years of inert silence in Abbey. As we gazed at the encircling slopes I felt a desperate need to capture the warm, mellow light reflected off the heather-covered hills in paint. Mr Ullathorne felt moved enough to describe the scene through explaining Rayleigh scattering rather than any great work of art. There was a strange novelty in the homeward tramp in the descending dusky gloom.

In the evening there were vigorous pool and card competitions, and climbing lessons given by Mr Hooper. We also learnt many mountaineering tips and tricks but unfortunately (or fortunately,) had no opportunity to test them.

The next day we ventured on an epic walk that increased in length as we were not 'bimbling' as expected but were in fact 'pegging it' along the top of the Cat Bells. The day was glorious but freezing. We huddled together to try to prevent anyone blowing away and during the scrambles, clawed at the rocks to retain our grip. The ridge allowed us some magnificent views when the clouds parted before we ate in the welcome shelter of a slate cave. A visit to a stone circle, and a walk in which all Fell preparation (cagoule, boots etc.) was ignored, ensured that we all got thoroughly drenched before returning. The atmosphere on the trip was stupendous – warm, energetic and enthusiastic. I would like to thank the group and most particularly Mr Hooper and Mr Ullathorne for the most amazing school trip I have ever been on.



Lake District. Photographed by Morgan Tooth.



LEARNING SPANISH IN SALAMANCA

The Easter sixth form trip to Salamanca was a huge success, assert Clem Naylor (CC) and Edward Cumming (BB), who were only too happy to learn Spanish there and while soaking up the culture and having a nice time.

The site of one of Europe's oldest universities is a small but busy town, and remains dominated by the campus and the thousands of students, foreign and Spanish, who populate it and enjoy its manifold attractions. Eighteen Westminsterers swelled these numbers as part of their Spanish studies this Easter.

As with many of the school's language trips, accommodation was with local Spanish families brave (or foolish) enough to let two or three Ingleses into their homes for ten days in exchange for loads of cash. For all of the early bravura on the plane the initial meeting was a true leveller – it's very hard to retain any of one's London sophistication when confronted by a Spaniard with a foot long moustache yelling about Ronaldo and 'therockandroll'. Necessity, fortunately enough, bred invention, and quickly the group realised that to eat, have a hot shower or dodge their curfews required a rapid improvement in their governance of the Spanish language.

The days were divided between lessons with native teachers in the legendary Don Quixote language school and cultural excursions with the virile teachers who dared to venture with us. Despite Mr. Craft's repeated warnings about the weather, most of us assumed that Spain would be hot anyway and brought only skirts and strappy tops. Clem looked super.

We were led by our trusty tour guide, Marga, and by our jolly bus-driver, whose name we didn't know but can only assume was Jesus or maybe Paco, to myriad cathedrals and picturesque squares. The fact that we spent several hundred hours on our way to and from Toledo in a bus that the venerable Mr Mylne could only describe as a 'poor excuse for a rickshaw' and that when we arrived we were met by the cold, hard reality of rain – torrential rain – did not matter a jot.

On the whole evenings were spent sitting in the Plaza Mayor, drinking vino tinto (only by mistake, sir), an agua con gas or a café solo – or even all three – while watching the local lovelies parade in the distance. The juxtaposition of the truly British delights of our group with the multifaceted pleasures that Salamanca had to offer led to a joyous atmosphere. It was this, along with the desire of the group, teachers included, to get along with each other and enjoy the trip, which led to the excellence of our happy sojourn.



Top: Lewis Roberts.
 Above: Salamanca trip.
 Photographed by
 Sam Smith.

NEW YORK

THE BIG APPLE

A party of over 40 Westminsterers flew to New York in October for a five-day cultural visit to the American capital, writes Richard Stokes.

We stayed at the Wellington, a large hotel, neither too posh nor too seedy, conveniently placed next to Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Deli. Reaching Manhattan at midday, we took to the streets for a short orientation walk, reached Times Square and, after a Skyride helter-skelter tour of and over New York, were whisked to the top of the Empire State Building – a vertiginous but ideal way of getting your bearings.

On Monday we were collected from the hotel for a Bus Tour of TV and film locations, including Friends and Sex in the City – the unbelievably energetic guide thought most things were ‘awesome’, including our students’ extensive knowledge of soaps and films, and she generously presented candy and cookies to the best informed. There were several

stops, including one in front of the Friends’ apartment, and one by the Coyote Ugly bar in the Meat Packing quarter, where the owner denied us entry. The three-hour trip was also an excellent introduction to architectural New York. After lunch we left by subway for MOMA in its temporary Queens home – a reduced exhibition, with an inspiring retrospective of Ansel Adams. Two hours seemed too little for some of the students who spent much of the time sketching paintings, drawings and photos. Next morning we left early for the Financial District, on a guided tour that, thankfully, had little to do with Bull and Bear markets, but turned out to be a fascinating résumé of American history, and an introduction to many interesting New York characters, including the formidable Virginia Woodhull. After two



hours of history we ended up at Ground Zero, and some of us visited the tiny St. Paul's chapel, from where the rescue operation was carried out. How this beautiful church – the only building in New York that predates the Revolution (1766) – survived the conflagration, is beyond comprehension. The evening was spent at the Met, where we had managed to get tickets for a performance of La traviata, with Renée Fleming as Violetta in Zeffirelli's famous production.

Wednesday began with a walk through Central Park to the art galleries along Fifth Avenue. An impromptu ride on the Friedsam Memorial Carousel caused much mirth and considerable delay, as did a prolonged photo-call on the Alice in Wonderland Statue. But it was a beautifully clear morning, ideal for enjoying what is perhaps the city's finest achievement: we dawdled along New York's lung and covered some of the 30 miles of footpath, as cyclists, joggers, tramps, roller-skaters, skateboarders, picknickers, couples and baseball players made their

way past lakes, bridges, ponds, hillocks, reservoirs, meadows, fountains, statues (including those of Shakespeare, Burns and Scott), playgrounds and bandstands. Refreshed, we eventually arrived at the Guggenheim, took an elevator to the top of Frank Lloyd Wright's wonderful space, and made a leisurely spiral descent, looking at the James Rosenquist paintings on our way. Is he a Pop Artist? a Neodadaist? a Surrealist? a Cubist? even a Kitschnik? It didn't seem to matter what he was; most of the group enjoyed his work, especially the huge F111. Also on view was a choice selection of the Guggenheim's permanent paintings. A walk of ten minutes took us to the Metropolitan Art Museum, where the remarkable El Greco exhibition had just opened. Pleasantly arted out, we dispersed for a late lunch and prepared ourselves for the Dinner Cruise round Manhattan.

The tickets for this remarkable event warned us, rather threateningly, that a minimum dress code ‘applied’. Well, thank goodness for application,



Left: New York. Photographed by Joshua Cole and Martin Boulton.

Above: Paris. Photographed by Joshua Cole.

PARIS AND FLORENCE

THE ART HISTORY TRIPS

No sooner had their feet touched chic continental soil, than the art historians were confronted by all three phases of gothic architecture in the form of Notre Dame, St. Chapelle and St. Denis, writes Helen Hodges (PP).

because this fearsome directive had an galvanizing effect on our party: as we foregathered under the watchful eye of the huge Bouncer, a wonderful array of garments, many of them bought from Tuesday's shopping spree at Century 21, lit up the gloomy hotel lobby: a magnificent black and white dinner tuxedo, a raffish blazer, silk scarves, leather boots and a most beautiful selection of exiguous skirts – all of which could be later admired in greater detail under the glaring lights of the dance floor, where almost everyone had a go in a bewildering variety of styles, shuffling, capering, stomping, rocking, skipping, flailing, swinging and whirling their way through the evening.

The palm was awarded to Drs Boulton and Cockburn; only Messrs Rees and Stokes remained seated, mesmerised by the antics of the middle-aged DJ who self-consciously tried to lure the dancers onto the floor, while treating us to his own inimitable and inept dance routine. The highlight of the evening was the cheesy

rendering of 'New York, New York', as we rounded the Statue of Liberty.

The next day was our last, but there was still time for a visit to the Intrepid-Sea-Air-Space Museum, followed by a couple of hours in which some of us visited the Frick and the Whitney, while others did some final shopping. School outings can be tiring for teachers; this one was a delight. There was a feeling of mutual trust and a great sense of bonhomie and enjoyment.

Thanks to all concerned, especially to Jacqueline Cockburn whose idea it was, Lucienne Sumner-Fergusson, the Common Room Secretary (and owner of Archie, star of Street Scene), whose meticulous planning contributed greatly to the success of this pioneer trip which will, we all hope, be repeated next year.

At 9.30 in the morning of our first day in Paris in April, continues Pippa McCarthy (HH), twenty-four Westminster Art History students were standing outside Saint Chapelle, eager to get inside the cathedral and check out its string-courses.

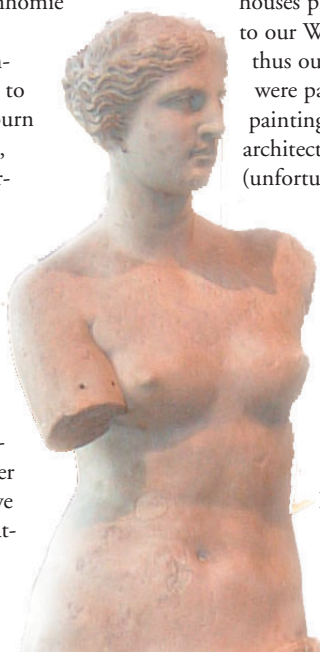
Unfortunately, Security refused to let us in. Despite our disappointment (and the thwarting of Mr. Stokes's covert operation to get us in the side entrance), the Paris trip turned out to be a huge success. Galleries such as the Musée D'Orsay, the Louvre, the Pompidou Centre, the Musée D'Art Moderne as well as Picasso's and Rodin's houses proved less impervious to our Westminster charm, and thus our four Parisian days were passed in a flurry of painting, sculpture, Gothic architecture, and mock exams (unfortunately).

For our last (sniff) night in Paris, we brought out the big guns and the high heels, celebrating in what we can call style, at the very Jazz club frequented by, among others, Matisse, in the Latin Quarter (did anyone see the Bacardi Cat by the way?

Answers on a postcard...) With Captain Cummings leading by example and General Josh overseeing proceedings, the Westminster Light Infantry Brigade swung and jived the night away, with shark bites thankfully few and far between.

Florence, in October, was equally edifying – and equally entertaining. Days spent studying paintings in the Uffizi or sculptures in the Bargello came to a close on the loggia of the fifteenth century Palazzo serving as our hotel, while day trips and night-time jaunts around the city introduced us to its beautiful architecture (thanks also to our brilliant Art History Abroad tutors). The controversial mass rejection of clubbing on the last night, while loudly lamented by Dr Cockburn, was mitigated by many other entertaining moments; whether encounters with irate Italians in front of Ghiberti's Doors of Paradise, or standing in the Laurentian library watching people trip down Michelangelo's erratically designed staircase.

Both trips have been massively useful to studying the subject as well as all round great fun. A big thank you to Dr Cockburn and Dr Jacobi.





ICELAND EXPEDITION



The Iceland Expedition was bravely accompanied by David Gabriele (MM) and William Blake (MM), who jointly account for the nice rusty colour of the craters they found.

The Iceland trip enabled us to spend a week in place that could have been the Moon. Its remote and desolate landscape and its laid back way of life seems alien to us as our lives revolve around getting work done for a deadline and making sure that they are done to such a standard that spending two hours on a maths prep becomes a way of life every Thursday night.

One of the first places we visited was the Westmann Islands. They are only 10,000 years old and were first inhabited by Irish, who were sent here from Ireland after they killed some Norse settlers. The name of the islands reflects the fact that these people were sent as far west as was believed to be possible.

We went to the delightful locality of Heimaey, which is the largest of the Westmann Islands. It also has the largest population of the islands, with 4500 people. It is the home to two volcanoes, Helgafell, which made the island, and Eldfell, which is a much later volcano and is a result of Helgafell. The island is so remote that to get there we had to take a small aeroplane from the South of mainland Iceland. The flight

took about ten minutes, but it was worth it, because, on the ferry, the journey would have taken about 2 hours as there are no ports on the south side of Iceland. While we were on Heimaey, our tour guide drove on roads that he couldn't see due to the quantity of snow. He drove us to the side of Helgafell from where we walked up to the crater. This was great, because it allowed us to see what craters actually look like. There was a really nice rusty colour everywhere.

The trip focused on Iceland's uniqueness... including the

hotels we stayed in. That aside, the places we visited and the fun we got from drenching ourselves every day was all part of the experience. The excitement of the trip could not be faulted and that's why the standard of our accommodation didn't matter because for the main part of the day we were out and about touring. The idea of travelling from place to place with all our stuff was very well thought-out as we would we could see so much more in the limited time that we had available. It was a unique experience that unless we visit the moon we will never forget.



Iceland. Photographed by William Blake.



We felt at home as soon as we arrived at Heathrow: no tube!

As transport arrangements at Munich airport are just as unreliable, we weren't too flustered. In actual fact, the disruption wasn't that bad at all, as we were able to hop on an airport bus and travel straight into town. After an awkward start to our holiday in London, we arrived at Westminster School and stumbled across a group of young people. They consisted of two groups of eight students, each facing the other with everybody trying to find out who their exchange partner was and hoping in secret that it was not THAT one. Well, it was THAT one, but as everybody turned out to be very nice, it didn't really matter.

Before we could enjoy our first lessons, we spent the weekend with our host families, who made us feel very welcome, and we tried to get familiar with English family life. On Sunday morning we had our first encounter with real English food. Bacon, sausages, eggs, cereal, toast, grilled tomatoes, marmite and mushrooms are far too much for a German stomach! However, it seems to be a small breakfast for English people.

Monday seemed to start like a normal school day, but gradually we realized that our culture shock had only just begun and that it was to last for the next four weeks.

Nine o'clock – (nice time to start school!) – Assembly in Westminster Abbey. It may sound strange to you, but we found the whole Abbey experience really

GYMNASIUM PUCHHEIM AT WESTMINSTER MUNICH

Amongst other things, Agnes Biechele, from Gymnasium Puchheim in Munich, was pleasantly surprised by English cooking on the annual Westminster German exchange visit.

exciting. Hundreds of students wearing their uniforms, sitting in a huge cathedral starting the day together – this is a scene that would never happen in Germany.

After spending two hours with our German teacher, we joined our partners for lessons and tried to sit there without attracting too much attention. Most of the teachers tried to involve us in their teaching (by the way, we did understand what you were saying, it was just a bit difficult to take part actively!), but apparently some weren't too pleased with us being there. However, three lessons is quite a long time and although we had eaten such a big breakfast we were terribly hungry by now. What a great invention to have lunch at school – in Germany, we get nothing! Even after a couple of days, we still had problems eating as fast as the English students. The food was not as bad as we had expected, though. In fact, it was really quite good.

Our afternoon trips included the most important sights of London and an awful lot of walking. The churches and museums were really interesting, but wandering around in London in the icy wind was not funny. On Wednesday we watched the musical "The Lion King" – the highlight of our stay. It was great, but we think the audience was pretty boring; they just cheered for a few minutes and afterwards went home as quickly as they could. But at least we had great fun.

Apart from our day trip to Oxford we spent half term with our families. While some went to

a holiday home in the south of England for a few days, most of us stayed at home and explored London. On Wednesday (it seems that all good things happen on a Wednesday), there was a wonderful fancy dress party with the theme "Pimps & Prostitutes", but only some of us were able to take part in the true spirit of the event!

The holidays passed far too quickly and when we were standing in Westminster Abbey again, we realised that half our stay in England was already over. But the second half passed by even faster, and before we knew it, it was time to head home.

All in all, we had a fantastic time and would like to thank our host families for allowing us to stay in their houses for such a long time, the Westminster teachers for letting us join their lessons, our

teachers who made this exchange possible and who gave up their well-deserved holidays, Queen Elizabeth I for having founded Westminster School and Tony Blair for keeping England alive and kicking! Cheers!



On arrival, we sampled the gastronomic delights of the local crêperie (and I can say on good authority to any future classicists who embark on this trip to ask for the crepe with nutella, banana and biscuits – absolutely delicious) and had a little amble around the harbour of Lindos where we were staying, taking a few wrong turnings in the process. In the morning we essayed broken translations of Cicero and Xenophon, and after these mental gymnastics, we would go down to the local taverna on the beach for lunch. In true Mediterranean style this generally lasted a good few hours.

At night, yet more vine leaves, more cheese balls and yet more giant beans were ordered to satisfy the group's increasing appetites. The division between teacher and pupil essentially disappeared and after dinner, we all gathered around in a little square (in yet another taverna – although this time not on the beach) discussing issues far into the night, ranging from the meaning of life and 'Finding Nemo' to whether Chris and Tom would beat Mr Low in an arm-wrestle. Mrs Sharp however missed out on our frivolity, since she insisted on going to bed early.

Lindos has certainly left its mark on all those who returned to England a little wiser, a little more tanned and let's face it, a little more portly. Our thanks to Mrs Sharp, Mr Ireland and Mr Low for teaching us during the trip.

Rhodes photographs by Andrew Freedman.

REMOVE TRIP RHODES

Andrew Freedman (WW) sends a cosy postcard home from the Remove trip to Lindos in Rhodes.

Perhaps it was something to do with Josh temporarily losing his boarding pass and setting off the alarm as he boarded the plane, or maybe it had something to do with translating Livy on the beach of a small island. Or maybe it was the colossal amount of food we consumed. Whatever it was, the Remove Study trip to Rhodes in October was memorable.

The purpose of this trip was to attempt to transform each Remove classicist into a lean, mean Westminster Classics machine. By the end of the trip, the amount of weight we had gained was equalled, if not surpassed by the amount of unseen translations we had completed.

THE LOWER SCHOOL GREEK TRIP

Alexandra Mangos, an undergraduate classicist, was a fellow passenger on the Lower School Greek Trip in the Easter Holidays. Here she records some impressions of her journey, followed by a sketch of the medieval city of Mystras by fifth former Robert Ellard (HH).

I admit that while we were shuttling along on the tour bus on a very bleary-eyed first day, I felt for the first time a little nervous about the week to come. Dreamy visions of waltzing gracefully across the Arcadian landscape like a bona fide classical nymph were quickly challenged by the reality of sturdy hiking boots, a rigorous schedule booklet and a friendly but imposing swathe of fifth formers and lower shells.

Our group bonded quickly. It was partly through a common love of ice cream breaks amidst hours of thoroughly ungraceful, sweaty hill scaling, and partly through a universal love of mischief (such as forging Classical boundary stones – see any agora in the Peloponnese for evidence) that I really began to enjoy my new teenage friends. All this without mentioning the endless care and enthusiasm and the little touches from the accompanying teachers that helped to make the trip a uniquely enjoyable way of seeing Greece.

Dr. Katz's Byron readings definitely enlivened Marathon and Sounion. As a Greek, I felt they were wonderful in helping me see these sights from an outsider's viewpoint. I never thought I'd be writing this, but it was partly also the sheer scale of what we saw that created the challenge of the trip, and also helped me to gain a unique perspective of the range of monuments and civilisations to explore in Greece. As a classicist-in-the-making, I am prone

sometimes to skim over what is not Athenian drama and the Parthenon. Seeing Olympia, and the stunning Bassae Temple of Apollo, unsuccessfully racking my brains to figure out what the round stone platforms around Phigaleia were, and of course re-tracing the endless footsteps of the Villehardouin family, put this straight!

All manner of competitions kept our restless souls reined in. We competed as archaeologists (Mr. Downey's trained eye secured him victory when he found a terracotta pot at ancient Messene). Cripples and athletes raced alike at Delphi, while at Epidaurus we flexed our performing muscles. Congratulations to all those participating; I think we outshone the Italians with their rendition of Hamlet!

I've come home a little wiser, with a fresh perspective on Classics, a little bit fatter (due to Manos' unwavering devotion to saganaki) and, most importantly, having had great fun.

It is strange, writes Robert Ellard - there is a common misconception that Greece is all about ancient ruins. When we arrived in Mystras, medieval Sparta, we were amazed to discover that, whilst down in the valley below Ancient Sparta

Above: Peribleptos – looking at a monastery church in the medieval city of.

Right: peribleptos – looking round from the Acropolis. Photographed by JBK

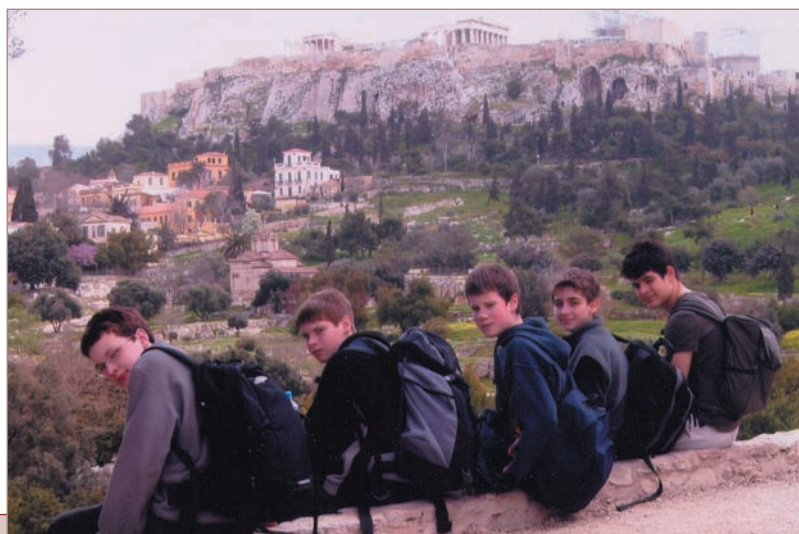


was nothing but hollowed out hills peppered with the odd rock, here we found a spectacular and well preserved town, which provided hours of fun in trying to find other members of the group in its spectacular labyrinthine alleyways and buildings.

At one point the party was split into three parts, with only a very small minority keeping pace with Dr. Katz and the vanguard, and forcing us eventually to rely on mobile communications to reunite the group. Although I can't speak for every year of the trip, the eccentric Westminster spirit showed through spectacularly at the convent atop the town, where Westminster pyromania was evident in the lighting of candles for loved ones, family and friends. The poor nuns were relieved of every last candle,

although it must have seemed like Christmas for the coffers.

Mystras is a slap in the face for confirmed Grecophiles like Lord Byron, who always seem to maintain that at every stage the ancient is more impressive than the modern. Mystras was a welcome lift from the somewhat disappointing Ancient Sparta, the highlight of which was a statue erected in the twentieth century outside the site. The sun shone on us in Mystras for the first time on the trip in more ways than one, being the first site we had come to which none of us had ever heard of, and also being a weather highlight, as a good break from the endless rain that we seemed to have brought with us from England. The good weather stayed with us thereafter.





RUSSIAN TRIP

Karan Kanal (AHH), ventured a trip to Russia amongst a party of Historians and Russianists, and discovered chocolate-covered cheese bars, collected free soap and saw people dressed as birds. And was, mysteriously, followed everywhere...

The Hotel 'Deson-Ladoga' was at first sight a featureless block with windows; on the inside however, it was a different matter. The hotel rooms came complete with a small television, sewing kit, a generally neglected clothes-brush and soaps aplenty for the taking; the sewing kit proved very handy when repairing shoddy items unwisely bought from street vendors. Morning and evening meals were taken in the hotels, and it was at breakfast that we first encountered a bizarre product that turned out to be a bar of cheese coated in a thin layer of chocolate. After a cautious nibble from the more courageous among us, it was deemed 'not bad'.

St. Petersburg contains a number of magnificent cathedrals, each with gilded domes and highly ornate interiors. It is also home to the Hermitage Museum, and one of the largest collections of art in Europe. It has been estimated that the col-

lection is so large, it would take almost a decade for a person to view every individual item in the complex; however, the human mind is simply not capable of holding such an enormous amount of information. What little we saw of the museum was fascinating, though. Apart from art, the Hermitage contains historical artefacts : one of particular interest was an ingenious sabre with a short-barrelled pistol on the blade and a trigger in the hilt. We also visited the 'Blockade of Leningrad' Museum. The story of the siege of the city by German forces during the Second World War is told using personal accounts and maps, objects and photographs, and was a very moving experience.

The 7-hour journey to Moscow was spent on an overnight train; each compartment, with its folding bunks, held four passengers. There was, however, barely enough room to fit two suitcases in the minute gap

between the lower bunks, so the situation quickly dissolved into complete chaos. It did not help that we were wakened at an ungodly hour to find that no one in our compartment was capable of opening the door. Our fatigue was punctuated by one of us dropping like a rock into the gap between the train and the platform. He emerged more than a little dazed and confused, but unhurt, and we staggered out of the station.

The Hotel 'Ukraina' in Moscow is an impressive Stalinist skyscraper, one of only a few in the city. Rising to 29 storeys, it offers some excellent views. After a brief rest, we were taken on a short coach tour of the city, including St. Basil's Cathedral with its many patterned domes; Lenin's Tomb was unfortunately closed, but we climbed to the top of the Cathedral of Our Saviour, from where almost the whole city could be seen. The Kremlin, the citadel of Moscow, is encircled by massive walls of solid stone, and is at some points more than 18 metres in height. Around its squares stand several government buildings and churches – a startling contrast to the noise and traffic of the rest of Moscow. Everywhere we went, we were followed by souvenir merchants, and the silence was broken by the furious sounds of haggling. Our stay in Moscow included a trip to Sergiev Posad, a beautiful monastery town situated outside the city. This was our first experience of the Russian countryside, and it seemed vast.

On our first evening in Moscow, we were treated to a visit to the circus. We were puzzled by the total lack of anything one might usually expect when confronted with the word 'circus'. In fact, what we did find were men and women attired in unconvincing giant bird costumes performing a musical; it was entertainment only in the very loosest sense of the word. There was a visit to a school, which involved short



performances from both us and the Russians, and gifts were exchanged. Our last night consisted of a tour of the Moscow Metro system, which is far more interesting than it sounds. The stations are underground palaces, each with its own style, and decorated with mosaics and marble. Trains run on time and with remarkable frequency. Before a train leaves the station, though, the doors do not simply close – they collide with such ferocity that anyone unlucky enough to get caught in them will suffer an extremely painful fate. It puts London to shame...

The Russian trip was is not only a valuable experience, but an easy way to accumulate hotel soaps and ostentatious fur hats.

SOUTH AFRICA

WESTMINSTERS TAKE A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

Some people found the Biology department's decision to fly its Remove A-level biologists out to South Africa, just as we were beginning to consider ourselves 'Old Wets', somewhat self-indulgent, concedes Karmen Watson (OW). Nevertheless, three brave biology teachers and thirteen exam-weary Remove biologists set out in July for sun, science, and safari.

Miraculously we were still friends when we arrived at Thaba Lodge in the heart of the South African Bushveld, despite having spent ten hours in each other's personal space at 35,000 feet. The trip started as it was to finish: with almost non-stop activity (and endless references to Disney's 'Lion King'). Despite stiff legs and lapfuls of crisp crumbs we climbed a nearby *copje* (rocky outcrop), to survey the game reserve: miles of dusty xerophytes, which seemed to roll endlessly towards a fast disappearing African sun. There was not an animal in sight.

And so it would remain for the next two days, animals finding it an unsurprisingly useful survival tactic to remain hidden from hunters and biologists alike: one herd of wildebeest successfully evaded a Westminster hunting team for an entire day. They were thoughtful enough, however, to leave proof of their movements in the dusty track. Yet it seemed our guide's compulsion to pick up and rub dry excrement between his fingers could not be sated even by the colossal mounds scattered as territorial markers by White Rhino. Information regarding the Rhino's diet gleaned from this



Safari photographs by Charlie Robinson and Oliver Kreitman.



exploit fell on deaf ears, however, as we were still basking in the satisfaction of having been allowed out of the 'Wildbus' to see this rare animal from scarcely 100m.

Nonetheless, the wealth of knowledge provided by the Ivy family, our hosts and guides, did not go to waste. I hope that we taxed their brains just as much as we taxed their larders, with our endless 'second' helpings at brunch, and braai (South African barbecue) addiction. This trip most certainly wasn't for the vegetarian as many of the animals we saw during the day seemed to reappear on our plates, including

the wildebeest which was finally tracked down by the Westminster hunting team and then dissected. A truly fascinating experience and a far cry from the stiff, yellowed rats we'd done back in the lab. I have to say the professionalism of the Ivy Game Reserve did much to dispel the feeble anti-hunting feelings nurtured by those who spend most of their time in the city.

This trip was a truly unique experience for all and there are too many amusing anecdotes and breathtaking experiences to recount. We tried everything from 4am safari trips in the fabulous Kruger Park, to



Below:
Joe Marwood.

'extreme caving' by candlelight, from sleeping in rondavels (round, native African huts constructed entirely of cow dung and thatch), to performing the hokey cokey round a campfire as an alternative to tribal dancing. All of us would like to extend a huge thank-you to all those who made it possible and especially Mrs. Lambert, Mr. Kemball, and Dr. Robinson. I don't think they could have thought of any better way to celebrate our two years of hard work and even harder laughs on the top floors of the Robert Hooke Centre.



MARWOOD IN BELARUS

Congratulations go to Joe Marwood (OW) who was one of only four British students picked to go to Minsk in Belarus for the 14th International Biology Olympiad. They finished amongst the top European nations, gaining one silver and three bronze medals. In true Westminster style he managed to create further excitement by breaking his arm whilst trying to climb a tree in a bog – in a race. To prove it wasn't all fun and games he gave the *Elizabethan* a brief account of some of the things they got up to.

The opening ceremony was a grand affair, with every country in their national dress (our uniform still sitting pretty in Vienna), a speech by the totalitarian president of Belarus, and umpteen performances by various 'world famous Minsk dancing groups'. I think the Irish team fell asleep. For the journey we received our first police escort-armed policemen equipped with giant James Bond hats. These police cars escorted us everywhere our coaches went for the rest of the week, stopping the entire motorway when we joined it, and driving down the wrong side of all other roads, forcing oncoming cars to get off the road and stop.

The practical exams were four one-hour stations including Animal taxonomy and physiology (including dissection of a crayfish), Plant taxonomy and physiology (the flowers were pickled lumps of grey mush), Genetics and Microbiology. After this, we were taken to a bizarre institute called something like the 'Institute for Enhancement of Teaching Science of the Youth of Belarus, of Science and Teaching (of Youth), and Youthful Teaching

of Belarus and its Science, and Youth again'. We were given a talk on how education of botany is handled. This started off extremely boringly as you might expect, but eventually the Belarusian desire to show off its young women came through, and we were duly given a fashion show by girls dressed only in flowers to show how teaching should be done.

It was an amazing week, a real once-in-a-lifetime experience, and what topped it off was the atmosphere among the teams. The Argentine girls and Mexican boys kept bursting into song and everyone exchanged gifts from their countries. I have Swiss frisbees, belarusian Dolls, Russian shoes, Aussie koalas and Taiwanese stamps to name a few. These all pale into significance beside the "I love Kuwait" badge. I don't know how many other times teams from the USA and Iran will eat together on the same table this year. The Irish were great fun, and I improved international relations with Australia. I have already received emails from people in Indonesia, India and Argentina, who say it was the best experience they have had.

THE LOOMBA TRUST

ADDRESSING THE PLIGHT OF WIDOWS IN INDIA

When the value of human life is degraded to the extent that it is worthless when compared to an animal, surely attitudes should be altered in order to maintain dignity and prevent barbarism? So asks Nadira Lalji (RR) who went to India in December to work with the Loomba Trust, a charity devoted to helping Indian widows.



Above: Nadira Lalji with children at the Loomba Trust, Sanskriti Kendra, India.

In India's ritualistic, predominantly male society, widowhood is a rarely observed dimension of the discrimination that women face, yet there are over 33 million destitute widows in India comprising 8% of the female population. Very few of these widows are fortunate enough to be taken back by their families; some are forced into suicide. Many line the streets, driven into prostitution and the very fortunate, without the burden of children, flee to pilgrimage sites like Vrindavan where they seek refuge and remain until their deaths. A widow is held responsible for her husband's death and it is therefore believed that by dying in a holy town or sacrificing her life, the gods will take pity on her thus securing her happiness in her next life.

Earlier this year, I returned from a trip to India, a trip that has had a tremendous impact on the way that I view the society that I live in. I have witnessed some of the most heartbreaking moments of my life; children with blank stares, without hope, living a dismal existence. I went with the purpose of running a two-week

arts camp for children of poor widows being aided by the Loomba Trust. Over the last four years, I have donated my paintings to produce greetings' cards to raise funds for the Trust. I decided that I wanted to dedicate my time and efforts to doing some practical, hands-on work in India. I therefore set about organising a camp for the children at the Sanskriti Kendra, one of India's most prestigious rural art and culture centres, located in the outskirts of Delhi. When I arrived at the gates of the Sanskriti I found twenty-seven children standing in a strict line. They looked up timidly to greet me and examined my every move. These children weren't simply shy, but truly fearful. I later realized the reason was that many have never ventured from the confines of their village or even sat on a bus before. From their perspective, the camp was unfounded and they were the brave ones who chose to come. The veneration they showed me and other adults astonished me. Nevertheless, as the week progressed their affectionate natures became increasingly apparent.

The programme consisted of a variety of art, drama and poetry workshops. I held daily art workshops in pottery, still life, oil painting and papier maché whilst experienced teachers in drama, poetry and creative writing came in to work with the children. By the end of the programme, the children had progressed significantly, not only academically and creatively, but also in self-confidence. For them, the two weeks was not simply an excursion, but an utterly different outlook on life.

From the outside it appears that India is modernizing its conventional traditions and overcoming barriers erected by the entrenched caste system. Women in India attend the most prestigious universities, sit in parliament and head multi-million pound corporations. India was even one of the first countries with a female Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi. Nonetheless, the Indian media's representation and these few

fortunate women could not be more different to reality.

For most of the women in India, their story is not a liberated one. As for the women who I spoke to and the children of widows whose homes I visited, the future for them shows little sign of change or hope. From what I witnessed in India, I know that these hopes are far distant, perhaps even generations down the line, but they are hopes that can become a reality if awareness is raised. I hope for them that their children, if not themselves, will witness change. I hope that the caste system in India will gradually wither, that they will live their lives with self-confidence, showing their faces with pride and living life free of persecution. Such change can only be brought about with the long-term, tireless work of charitable organisations and I will continue to support the Loomba Trust to further its altruistic aim.



The Grand Canal, Venice.
Photographed by Sandy Crole.



SOCIETIES LECTURES

Gumbleton Prize 2003	36
John House Art History Prize	37
Tizard Lecture	38
Brock Lecture	38
Art History Society	39
Ben Jonson Literary Society	40
Debating Society	40
World Debating 2003	41
General Knowledge Competition	42

THE GUMBLETON PRIZE 2003

DEATH AND THE MANN

The following is extracted from Max Kaufman's (AHH) prizewinning entry, which this year was on the theme of 'Send Ups'. Readers of a German persuasion will not find it difficult to spot the inspiration.

The story so far:

Internationally acclaimed but dying German novelist Von Aschenbach has arrived in Venice to rest his troubled soul and revive the inspiration of his youth.

...The gondola bobbed up and down, the murky green water lapping at its black sides, the last of the sun fading behind the cemetery Isle of San Michele. A mobile phone rang. Not with an annoying monotone, but a polyphonic ring, a terrible rendering of a piece of Mahler. Von Aschenbach looked at the image of himself in the lagoon and reflected. Death stalked him as certainly as a maiden. He knew, he knew. His mind was jarred again by the ringing of the gondolier's phone and the yell of 'pronto', even though silence had reigned over the water. He knew he must rest, although none of his Doctors had told him so. What did Doctors know of the soul of the true artist? What did Doctors know indeed of the human condition, of the pains in his feet? He must change his shoes when he got to the Hotel. They carried on, moving inexorably on, the artist being carried to his Fate. Von Aschenbach looked back at Venice, its roofs aflame with the last sunbursts, its bells starting to toll. He turned away and looked out, out at the sun merging with the sea. He feared for himself terribly, and beheld this sunset as if it was the last

he would ever see. In Berlin, this last year, people started to make the comparison between himself and Woody Allen. So nervous and fearful had he become that the merest mole had become a mountainous tumour! Indeed, many commented that it would be better if he were Woody Allen, for then he might actually sell some books. Karl von Aschenbach did not listen to their proletarian sniggers; he was an artist and a man who felt his destiny keenly. He felt it even now, destiny pushing him on. He turned around, expecting to see the muse of his idol; Schiller pointing onwards, but discovered that his suitcase had slipped and was now pushing against the small of his back. Does every man feel his destiny so? Does he feel it behind him, creeping up on him? Is it only given to a few men, clouded in a deliberate haze of mystery, to be a great artist? Was it true – like Schubert – that, the closer we get to death, the stronger our urge to create, to fathom the unfathomable, becomes? He might have found an answer to all these questions, but, while he was pondering about creeping Fate, the gondolier tapped him on the shoulder. Karl von Aschenbach was a man of a correct but very nervous disposition, and the hand upon his shoulder caused him to spring up with trepidation at what he felt to be this epochal moment. Violent movement is something not to be encouraged in a gondola, and water rushed into the bottom of the boat, again wetting his suitcase and now his shoes. The soul of the Artist, indeed...



The story continues:

after many long and heavily referential descriptions, influenced by a heady late-flowering classicism, Von Aschenbach then becomes besotted with a beautiful young girl named Jessica and is driven to distraction by her perfection. He begins to follow her around and as his health deteriorates it becomes clear that his obsession is gradually killing him. The story closes with a white panama floating and bobbing, like the Gondola, on the murky green water. How did it get there? Ask Max.



THE JOHN HOUSE
ART HISTORY PRIZE

ON REFLECTION: THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BRASSAÏ

This year's prize essay was by Pippa McCarthy (HH). It explores the use and effect of mirrors within the black and white photography of the Parisian photographer, Brassai. It covers composition, the enlargement of the pictorial space, and the depiction of the 'other' or alternative reality within reflection, and looked at the precedent of mirrors in painting and photography. The extract below introduces her main theme.

With one exception (a self reflection), the mirror shows us what we could just as easily see by looking around us. Yet I intend to show that in the context of a fixed moment within a photograph, this is not true. Literally, reflections allow us to see both forward and backward simultaneously, a luxury otherwise denied to the observer of the flat surface of a photograph or painting. Equally I feel that the claim that "there is nothing to be seen in a mirror apart from what it reflects" carries little weight, as the notion of mirrors as presenting an alternative personality or subverted reality is deeply rooted, imbuing reflections with the function not just of mimesis but of symbolic translation too.

After seeing the work of Brassai at the Hayward Gallery I developed an interest in his photo-

graphs, especially those set in Parisian cafés and bars. In looking at his scenes of prostitution, such as *Mirrored Wardrobe in a Brothel* (c1932), or the records of lovers, such as *Lovers, Place D'Italie* (c1932), I felt that the abundance and effect of mirrors within his work could not be entirely incidental, and therefore that it would be possible to investigate my above assertions with reference to Brassai's Parisian photography.

In accordance with these assertions, I intend to argue that Brassai uses mirrors in a variety of ways. Unsurprisingly, the plane of the mirror is employed compositionally to create vertical and horizontal accents and to provide surfaces of aesthetic interest. More intriguingly, the mirror is used to show what otherwise would not be seen, that is the area behind the view-

er which often contains the actual subject of the piece. Lastly, but arguably most interestingly, there are times when Brassai appears to use the mirror for symbolic representation of the 'other' or the 'double'. Despite Stoichita's argument that the mirror fundamentally depicts the 'same' while it is shadows that betray the 'other', "the mirror stage involves primarily the identification of 'I', whereas the shadow stage involves mainly the identification of the 'other'", the abundance of art in which reflection is tampered with to provide a distorted image negates this narrow view. Thus my essay will consist of three parts, covering the notions of composition, the "perception of pictorial space", and the 'other' separately. Within all this it is important to remember that photography is essentially a mimetic art and thus Brassai cannot, as painters can, depict something in a reflection that does not exist.

Yet the mirror image is inherently virtual or 'fake', and thus through careful execution Brassai can effectively manipulate the levels of 'fakeness' and 'reality' within his works.

... Ultimately it is important to remember that, in the mirror, "that which you behold is but the shadow of a reflected form and has no substance of its own. With you it comes, with you it stays..." A reflection, similarly to a photograph itself, is the "mediation between the mundane record and the creative image"; it is neither utterly 'real' nor utterly fictitious. Whether the mirror is used aesthetically or conceptually, there is no means by which this essentially mimetic surface can truly "direct our attention to the existence of something elsewhere". It is human imagination that grants reflections an autonomous reality, and artists such as Brassai merely exploit this readiness to perceive things as they are not.

THE TIZARD LECTURE

SPLENDOURS AND MISERIES OF THE BRAIN

In March the school was pleased to welcome Prof Semir Zeki of University College London, who gave a fascinating lecture on brain function and consciousness, and why great artists are miserable, writes Rod Beavon.

The problem of brain function and consciousness is one that fascinates us all; therefore this lecture was, unsurprisingly, a very popular one. Prof Zeki is a neuroscientist, expert in the relationship between the activity of various areas of the brain and the stimuli it is receiving as well as the derangements of perception that can occur when the brain is damaged. He has extended this work into a consideration of what he sees as a fundamental problem that all humans have, that is the generation of an ideal by the brain, a brain that is simultaneously unable for neurological reasons to put that ideal into effect. The illustrations of this point were made using the work of Dante, Michelangelo and Wagner.

The first half of the lecture was indeed solidly neurological; images of areas of brain activity in response to differing stimuli are interesting not only for their complexity but also for their astonishing rate of change. This is so fast that it is no wonder that thinking can be tiring. It is also the case that the derangements – the inability, for example, to see moving objects, only stationary ones – are virtually incomprehensible to those of us who do not suffer such neurological misfortunes. This was interesting stuff, and insofar as it explains mechanism at a fairly coarse-grained level, was not contentious.

At that point, Prof Zeki moved to the idea that the brain generates ideals, but cannot realise them because it is itself limited for neurological reasons, and

that this explains why many creative people are actually rather miserable with what they have done. I have to say that I was not convinced by this thesis, though it is an interesting one. I could not make the neurological link; neurology seems to be rather precise in some ways, as shown by the first half of the lecture, but what the structural ‘defect’ is that prevents the ideas being realised was not, to me, clear. Perhaps the three people that Prof Zeki chose were simply miserable with what they had done because their expectations were unreasonable rather than that their brains were limited in some way – maybe they just keep moving the goalposts. So Dante produced the ‘splendour’ of the Divine Comedy, but his misery lay in his unachievable goal, which was Beatrice. So Dante’s ‘misery’ was unrequited love, but I did not have a sense of how the brain might have generated this feeling in mechanistic terms.

Consciousness studies are at a very elementary level at the moment, so perhaps my hope that mechanism might be explained is unrealistic. The best Tizard lecturers are able to provide a great deal to think about afterwards, and do not necessarily have to answer everything on the spot. So although I didn’t quite get the link between the two parts of Prof Zeki’s lecture, it certainly did produce a great deal of material for discussion. And that, really, is the point, and I am very grateful to Prof Zeki for producing an entertaining and challenging lecture which was enjoyed by a considerable audience.



THE BROCK LECTURE

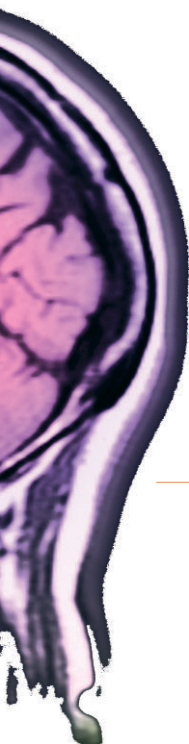
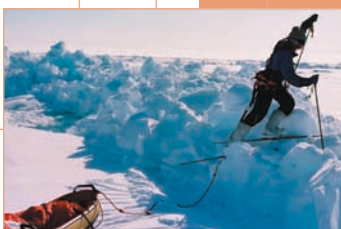
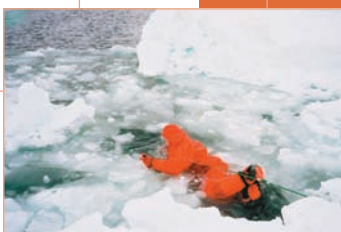
POLAR TRAVELLER

Westminster School was privileged to welcome Caroline Hamilton, polar traveller, as the guest speaker at this year’s Brock Lecture, writes Amelia Young-Abraham (RR).

Hamilton regaled us with tales of heroism and adventure, having taken part in the first all-woman team to ski to both the North and South Poles. At the same time as being an accomplished businesswoman, she has hauled sledges greater than her own bodyweight, trekking in excess of 1500 miles over the Arctic and Antarctic.

She has been involved in three successful polar expeditions in total – the first all-female relay to the North Pole in 1997, the first British all-female relay to the South Pole in 2000 and an expedition to the North Pole in 2002.

The most recent, she explained, proved to be the most demanding. Hamilton recalled how three major storms incorporating winds of up to ninety miles per hour had trapped them under a tarpaulin on the open ice. For days at a time, without food or heat, they were slowly buried alive under drifting snow. She had to endure grueling polar conditions, battling against giant ice boulders and temperatures as low as -45°C for 81 days. Conditions became so fierce that the team’s equipment froze solid and all members experienced frostbite. A third of the team suffered so badly that they needed to be airlifted out for treatment. Still,



the remaining team members managed to cover the last 330 miles in an impressive thirty days. She further conveyed how the improvement in weather was not necessarily the boost they were hoping for since the ice began to melt and breaking up around them, cutting off sections of their route, forcing them to swim with their sledges in tow through stretches of sub zero water. Finally, they reached the North Pole in June 2002.

Hamilton is not entirely unrelated to the school; she is the daughter of a former headmaster and assured her audience that she would have had the

privilege of calling herself an Old Westminster, if only the school had catered for girls during her time. The calling from adventure, she added, was instigated by her brother's childhood goadings of her being a sissy and a weakling. This is certainly not the case with today's breed of Westminster girls. We look forward to hearing their adventures too in forthcoming years.

ART HISTORY SOCIETY

The Art History Society has been very lucky again this year to have hosted four more exciting lectures, boasts Jack Farthing (BB) who has enjoyed all of them.

The talk this year began with Pilar Albajar, a contemporary Spanish surrealist photographer. Complete with slide show and with simultaneous English translation, she took us through a catalogue of her own recent work, explaining meanings and ideas, as well as sharing personal thoughts about her own battle with cancer, and its effect on her work. Those present were then invited to join her in the library to view a small exhibition, including many of the works she had discussed.

Next, in a collaboration of the History of Art and Classics department, Dr Gillian Shepherd spoke on 'Greek Sculpture and PR'. Her talk explored the propaganda that surrounded Classical Greek art, and gave a new interpretation of much of the sixth form syllabus.

Professor John House gave his annual appearance. Having awarded the Remove Art History Project prize, he went on to discuss the politics of Impressionism, the subject of his recent book.

More recently, and for me the most interesting, Mr Ken Wise spoke to the school's art historians and scientists on the history of anatomy in art. He explained how, through his own 'detective work', one could explore the story of anatomical art, and uncover just how wrong so many artists were.

To end the year we had the privilege of Gregory Martin speaking to us about Rubens and Charles I. As well as the beautiful works by Rubens which decorate the banqueting hall at Whitehall, this time we were also treated to an impressively detailed and thoroughly engaging historical background. The society has been privileged to hear such a range of interesting and expert ideas and the talks have been very well attended throughout.



Above centre and right: Alyson Thompson and Richard Trainor at the Oxford Union. Left: Debating in progress.



BEN JONSON LITERARY SOCIETY

RISE OF THE NOVEL

5TH MARCH 2004

In March, Professor Brean Hammond of Nottingham University came to talk to the upper school English students on the nature and identity of the novel. Controversy ensued, writes Philip Aspin (AHH).

Professor Hammond swiftly quashed the idea of a 'first novel', despite some eager nominations from the floor of such works as *Don Quixote* and *Gulliver's Travels*, and the disagreement of one member of the English Department who shall remain nameless. Instead, Prof Hammond opined, the novel arose from what he described as 'a primal soup' of various forms of literature around the end of the seventeenth century. He linked the rise of the novel with the contemporaneous rise of the middle classes during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as English trade opened up as a result of overseas expansion. One characteristic of early novels, he pointed out, was their interest in the

lower echelons of society, such as servants and prostitutes (he cited Fielding's *Moll Flanders* as a prime example), as opposed to classical literature's fascination with monarchs and the aristocracy. He also introduced the audience to early 18th century 'Bodice Rippers', in the shape of the popular, even erotic, romance *Pamela*, and showed how even at the time writers such as Fielding mocked such risible efforts at early popular fiction. Professor Hammond read aloud an extract of Fielding's parody of *Pamela* with great verve and enthusiasm, to which the audience responded with (almost) equal enthusiasm. All in all, this year's long-awaited Ben Jonson Literary Society meeting was a great success.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Debating at Westminster goes from strength to strength, writes Alyson Thompson (RR), this year's Captain of Debating, recently culminating in winning two major national competitions.

This year's debating opened with the house competition, in which teams from each house were invited to compete in a league style contest. Not only did this provide a chance for experienced debaters to warm up on home ground before major national competitions, but also gave new debaters a chance to show their talents, and afforded entertainment to spectators and would-be debaters. The final motion was "This house would adopt a common European approach to asylum policy" and was won by Sam Pritchard and Hugo Minchin of Grant's.

Sam Pritchard, Hugo Minchin, Bobby Talalay, Giles Roberston, Ed Randell, Jamie McFarlane, Richard Trainor and Max Kaufman competed in the first of the national competitions,

held at Bristol university. Max Kaufman and Richard Trainor reached the Grand final.

The Cambridge competition was run in a series of stages, and both Westminster teams reached the second stage. Westminster A, Bobby Talalay and Alyson Thompson went on to the finals day at the Cambridge Union itself, where both impromptu and prepared motions were debated in the chamber. Having closely missed a place in the Grand Final, there was no time for gloom as we prepared for Oxford the following weekend.

In a similar manner, the Westminster team, Alyson Thompson and Richard Trainor, won the first round, and went on with 71 other schools to the Oxford Union.



schools. After a great weekend, both teams found themselves on the train again, preparing jointly for the English Speaking Union Mace.

The Westminster Mace team, Alyson Thompson and Richard Trainor, progressed through local and regional rounds to the prestigious London area final, where six of the strongest teams in the capital met. Valiantly defending the NHS and being humorous at the same time, Westminster won and became London Champions, gaining a place in the England final which was hosted at Westminster school. A large audience Up School looked on as extensive preparation into "Independence for the Basques" paid off, and the judges unanimously awarded the England Mace to Westminster School.

In summary, three major wins in as many months heightened Westminster's status in the debating community. There is no doubt that the Westminster debaters will continue to be as successful next year, with a number of committed Upper Shells ready to maintain the challenge. The Lower School too is beginning to get in on the act, with Usman Ahmedani, James Shaw, David Ellard and Sam Littlejohns all taking part in the National Competition for Young Debaters at Oxford. Finally, thanks are due to Richard Allnatt and Sandy Crole for their determined guidance of debate at Westminster. The future continues to look bright.

During the day we debated five unprepared motions, and on the basis of that ranking got through to the semi finals in the magnificent Old Library at 6pm. Even later that evening we were thrilled to find that we had gone through to the final, which was held in the chamber itself later that evening. We had 15 minutes to prepare an opposition to "This house believes Western governments should support violent opposition groups in oppressive regimes." We were very happy to have debated in such a prestigious setting at such a high level, but were even happier at 10pm to hear the judges announce that Westminster had won both the competition and the best speaker award.

The following weekend, two Westminster teams embarked on the train journey to Durham University. At this competition participants are invited to stay in hall, and this provides a very social aspect! Each of the 97 teams debated at least five times over the weekend but there was also time to explore the town, visit the cathedral, and meet many debating friends from other

2003 WORLD DEBATING

In July, Jonathan Bailey and Alyson Thompson flew to Peru as part of the England team to compete in the World Schools Debating Championship. Jonathan (OW) writes about the experience.

Despite not winning the tournament and being ranked 4th in the world as a team (the same result as in Singapore last year) the tournament was an amazing experience. Although we spent a lot of time locked in our rooms preparing cases for the pre-released motions (half of the preliminary debates and the final) the competition was a great chance to meet students from around the world, many of whom I became very friendly with over the course of the tournament, so much so that we managed to attract a sizeable support base from the Eastern European and Asian teams in the knock out rounds. Equally, facing the best in the world (literally in the case of Australia) coupled with the months of intensive training, reading and researching that some of us put in before the tournament has massively improved the quality of our debating, something I hope to carry over to the Oxford Union

in October (2003). Whilst I will, of course, be too old to debate at the next World Championships in Stuttgart next February, I can go as an English adjudicator and I intend to try and persuade St Catz to allow me to go.

The tournament was a truly incredible experience and I hope that the revival of debating over the last couple of years at Westminster will be built upon so that we do not have a seven year gap before another Westminster pupil makes the team as happened when Spencer Steadman won the World Championships with England back in 1996.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

2002–2004

The best way to describe the Public Schools General Knowledge competition is University Challenge without either Jeremy Paxman or questions on the fine points of Cartesian Mathematics or Indonesian history, opines Max Kaufman (AHH), who should know because he is in the Westminster team again.

We have been blessed of late with a team whose combined knowledge encompasses everything from Grail Knights to the methodology of Yorkshire sheep counting. In the two years since the last report in this august journal the team has changed little, currently consisting of Andrew Sanderson, Max Kaufman, Giles Robertson and Alexander Cardona, although this year due to the complex exigencies of the rules Giles has been replaced with Alexander Gutenplan. Our campaign last year saw us facing Portsmouth Grammar, our arch enemies RGS Guildford, then a rather one-sided match against Lord Wandsworth School, followed by a nerve jangling match against City of London in which victory came down to a knowledge of Gilbert & Sullivan.

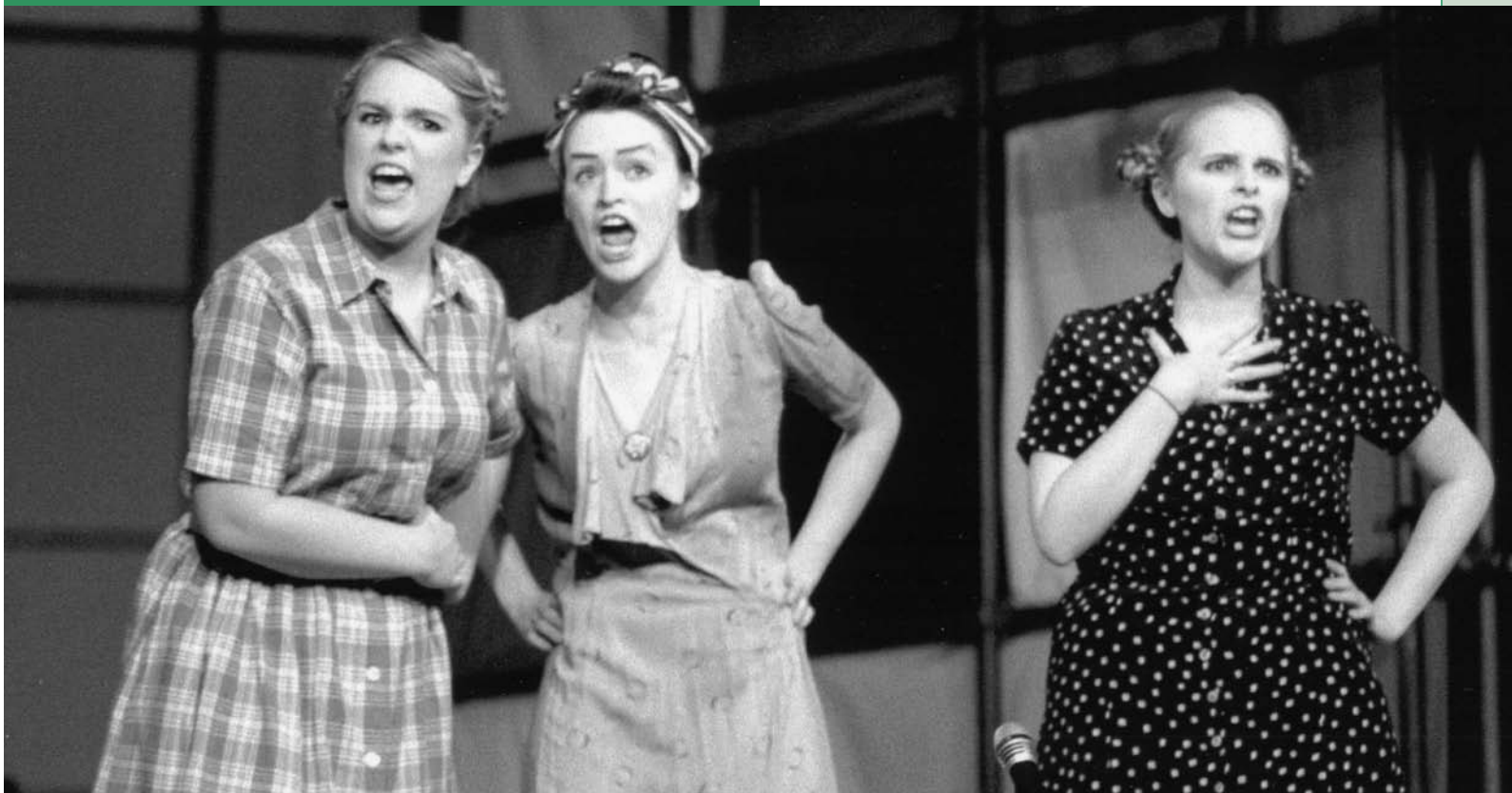
At this point we were Super Regional Champions of the South East and we progressed to the national finals, held at Uppingham. In our first round we faced Haberdashers, who we bested, but we were knocked out by the eventual winners in their

closest fought match, King Edward's School, Birmingham.

This year with our new team member we have so far won against Plymouth, RGS (again) and at the time of going to press we have just defeated Bedford School, thus ensuring our progression to the nationals to be held at Westminster. Our thanks must go to Dr Kalivas for organising and quizzing us on the train journeys. Victory might yet be ours if we can just find our copy of Schott's...



Above: Max Kaufman finally learns something new.



Scene from 'Street Scene'.
Photographed by Philip Freedman.



ARTS

Music

Leavers' Concerts	44
Choral and Orchestral Concert	45
Lieder Concert: Die Schöne Müllerin	46
Upper School Soloists' Concert	47
Rock Concert	47
Contemporary Music Concert	48
Westminster Unplugged	49

Drama

A Midsummer Night's Dream	50
Street Scene	50
The Madness of King George III	51
The Latin Play: Plautus' Rudens	52
Deathwatch	53
Woyzeck	54
The Scratch Play	55
Six Characters Searching for an Author	55
Le Misanthrope	56
Purple	56
Drinking Companion and Gosforth's Fête	57
Baby with the Bathwater	57

Visual Art

Westminster Photography	58
Westminster Art	59
Pilar Albajar	60

2003 LEAVERS' CONCERTS

Departing musicians are given two final chances to display their talents at Westminster School – those who don't enter for the exclusive suits and ball gowns of the Concerto Concert are free to perform in jeans and T-shirt at the Leavers' Concert. In July 2003, both events attracted some of the most impressive concert audiences of the year, and both, although of contrasting musical styles, produced music of the highest standard, writes Charlie Corn (OW)

The Concerto Concert is the musical zenith for many of Westminster's finest performers – Remove musicians must undergo grueling qualifying rounds for the privilege of playing one concerto movement (or equivalent) with the school orchestra. As a result, the event is regarded as one of the most important orchestral concerts of the year. This year, nine musicians performed a wide scope of music on a wide variety of instruments, from the baroque exactitude of Vivaldi's 'Four Seasons' (from which 'Summer' was played by Edwin Moore-Gillon) to the physics-defying virtuosity of 'the Blue Bells of Scotland', a piece first written as a result of the dearth of challenging trombone works in the nineteenth century, performed and arranged by Charlie Corn. The Concert opened with two movements of the Grieg piano concerto played by Tamiko Mackison and David Powell, who both played diversely while retaining a real sense of continuity between the movements. Both pianists played similarly challenging pieces from Rimsky-Korsakov and Chopin at the same soaring standard during the Leavers' Concert. Huw Walters, who also performed on the piano at the Leavers' Concert, followed

the Grieg Concerto with Saint-Saëns' cello Concerto no. 1, which he played with great sensitivity.

One of the most consistently outstanding musicians of the year was the flautist Anthony Cardona, who performed two typically contemporary works in the leavers' concerts, and was able to inject wonderful expression and motion into musical genres that persist in alienating both audiences and performers. It was during the Nielsen Flute Concerto that the school orchestra particularly shone, managing to play a notoriously difficult accompaniment part whilst delicately supporting Anthony's tone. Of special note, also, was Christian Mason's performance of Satie's famous 'Gymnopedie no.1' on the theremin, accompanied by Anthony, which managed to both confuse and amaze the audience, many of whom had had little acquaintance with such an electronic instrument (played by seemingly waving your arms ritualistically above a black box). Alexandra Cairns also provided two very strong performances on the flute, namely playing the second Mozart concerto and the Chaminade Concertino'.



The 2003 Remove was also a very strong year for violinists, as demonstrated in both concerts. In addition to orchestra leaders Rebecca Tan (who performed an entire concerto with the orchestra in November 2002) and Edwin Moore-Gillon, we were treated to a very impressive performance of the D minor Bach Double Concerto by Azusa Sato and Ahmet Feridun (who opened the leavers' concert with the wonderfully entertaining 'Czardas' by Monti) and a spirited performance of Saint-Saëns' Introduction and Rondo by Nathaniel Korda. Nathaniel then provided a beautiful contrast in the leavers' concert with Tchaikovsky's 'Meditation'.

During the leavers' concert, however, it was the turn of the vocalists to shine. Naomi Weir, Hal Brindley and Ben Williamson in particular made up the foundation of one of the school's strongest years for singing in recent times. The three (with Tom Kennedy) sang exquisitely the 'Quartet' from Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' and Naomi and Ben's duet 'Stabat Mater Dolorosa' (Pergolesi) was remarkable for its tone and musicianship. However, most stunning was Ben Williamson's sublime performance of Händel's 'Va tacito' (from Giulio Cesare). It is so rare to find quality counter-tenors, especially at such a young age, and Ben's performance supplied all the subtle nuances, wonderful musi-

cianship, and beautiful tone that is required for a work of such delicacy. Ben also closed the concert by showing his versatility with a rousing rendition of Ellington's C Jam Blues on piano, with Nat Korda on solo clarinet. Other singers included tenor David Brescia and Charlie Corn, whose popular, quirky performance of 'Die Moritat von Mackie Messer' demonstrated the fine balance of the musicianship and showmanship qualities that are essential for musicians.

The Class of 2003 contained, without doubt, one of the finest crop of musicians from Westminster School in recent years, notable not least for their versatility: instruments from all families were played to extraordinarily high standards (and many were capable of playing more than one) and in all styles, be it classical, contemporary, jazz, swing, ska or even MOR. There were many equally strong songwriters and composers (notable Christian Mason), and many of the musicians represented the school in national orchestras, choirs or competitions. They will be sorely missed, but there can be no doubt that they will continue playing, and many will yet make their mark in the music world. There can be no doubt, also, that more strong musicians will be found to take their place (if not their legacy) within the school, especially with the imminent opening of the new Music Department.



CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

The Abbey Choral and Orchestral Concert in February, along with the school concert in St. John's Smith Square are always the highlights in the school musical calendar and this year was no exception, reports **Phin Chooi, (GG), (Hon MM).**

By combining the three greatest musical forces at Westminster: the orchestra, Abbey Choir and parents choir, the school has a formidable musical force that is capable of working against the difficult acoustic settings of Westminster Abbey which make it such a unique venue to hold a school concert.

This year, Westminster musicians had the honour to be joined by the four soloists Rachel Nicholls (soprano),

Vanessa Williamson (mezzo soprano), Richard Edgar-Wilson (tenor) and Stephen Holloway (bass). All have had extensive solo careers so far in both concert and opera.

The standard of pieces performed at this concert in recent years has been improving both in their performance standard and complexity of the music from year to year and this year was no different with Haydn's Mass in Time of War and Poulenc's Gloria. Especially

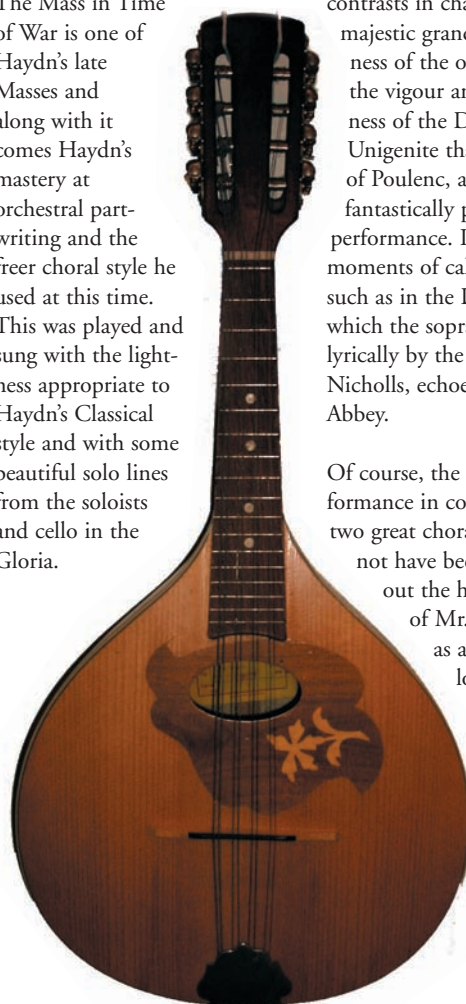
difficult for the choir was the Poulenc, with difficult melodic intervals in each part that would otherwise be not easy to bring together if it were not for Mr. Hopkins's commitment at rehearsals. However, the orchestra and choirs showed no sign of this and handled the pieces with ease giving an excellent performance.

First up was the Haydn Mass. The Mass in Time of War is one of Haydn's late Masses and along with it comes Haydn's mastery at orchestral part-writing and the freer choral style he used at this time. This was played and sung with the lightness appropriate to Haydn's Classical style and with some beautiful solo lines from the soloists and cello in the Gloria.

However, most notable was the rare timpani solo in the Angus Dei which rang out militaristically. Haydn had written this mass during the French Revolution and the title of the mass owes something to this solo.

After a 15 minute interval to clear the musical palette, came the Poulenc Gloria. This is a very varied piece that has many contrasts in character, from the majestic grandeur and seriousness of the opening Gloria to the vigour and light heartedness of the Domine Fili Unigenite that is so typical of Poulenc, all of which were fantastically portrayed by the performance. In between were moments of calm and serenity such as in the Domine Deus in which the soprano solo, sung lyrically by the soloist Rachel Nicholls, echoed around the Abbey.

Of course, the faultless performance in concert of these two great choral works could not have been possible without the helpful guidance of Mr. Hopkins who, as always put in a lot of effort for an excellent performance.





DIE SCHÖNE MÜLLERIN

LIEDER CONCERT

Wolfgang Holzmaier's 'Schöne Müllerin' recital before a packed audience Up School in February brought us into a very different realm from last year's shattering 'Winterreise' sung by Matthias Goerne, says Jonathan Katz, in his review of this year's Lieder concert.

The contrast was not only in the vocal and psycho-physical character of the two singers, nor in the musical and poetic material – here one could point to parallels as well as differences – but in what appeared to be different priorities and emphases in how a singer and pianist define a 'Lied', and in what makes a Lieder performance.

Without having recently heard Holzmaier's own 'Winterreise', I suspect it would be a quite different experience from Goerne's, and would plumb quite other depths. Still, the consummate little lyrical profiles that make up Schubert's earlier 'Müller/Miller songs' of the 'Schöne Müllerin' are particularly sturdy grist for the old debate: what comes first, the words or the music? Richard Stokes's programme note for the evening strongly commended the poet, Wilhelm Müller, who was too modest to court greatness but was clearly well regarded by Heine and has left us with a body of fine work that has been unjustly under-

rated. The received view is that these poems have been turned into art by Schubert; fairer to say that the greatness of Schubert's settings has partially eclipsed Müller's own achievements in verbal charm and suggestive power.

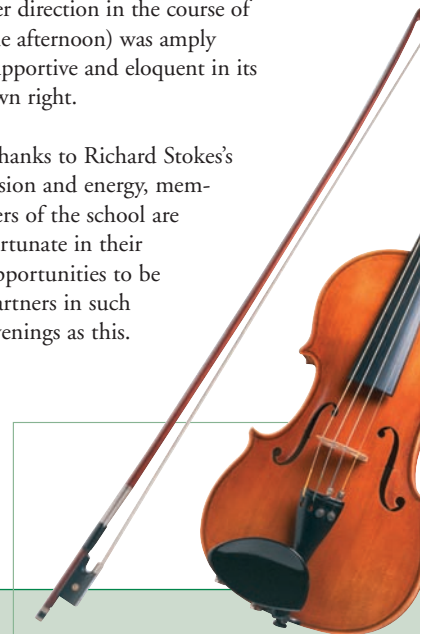
Because of this it remains true that the poems, qua poems, would more appropriately be judged as texts if we could read them without the music, and read them in the form and order in which the poet saw fit to present them rather than that of the song cycles. In blending words and music, i.e. in fairly and persuasively representing Schubert's 'heightening of the text', or 'nexus' of text and setting, for the gifted singer and pianist there need be no problem unless they choose to create one – but I was convinced by this performance that there is a problem, or a tension, worth creating, and that the resulting dramatic experience can be powerfully challenging.

Holzmaier, it was clear, started the evening tentatively; it is hard to say to what extent this may have been calculated, and perhaps we shouldn't care to know. I suspect that he needed time to conquer the peculiar acoustic and atmospheric properties of the hall; he was, possibly, in any case a little below par for the first few songs. Nevertheless he played the poems for all the considerable rhetorical opportunities they could give him, and the apparent occasional straining seemed if anything to arise from his sensitivity to the dramatic demands placed on him in their sheer range and intensity.

And then something extraordinary occurred and tangibly shook the audience. With the song 'Mein' Holzmaier suddenly seized power and found a consummate technical and vocal confidence that stayed with him for the rest of this remarkable concert. This poem, and Schubert's handling of it, are interesting. The poet's persona bids the brook cease its babbling, the mill-wheels their roaring, the birds 'great and small' their melodies: now throughout the wood, and way beyond it, it is his voice that shall ring out, and it shall sing: 'The beloved maid of the mill is mine – mine!' The lyric voice now takes a darker turn and faces the thought – that this one all-powerful word 'mine' is destined to remain unheard, or uncomprehended, in the whole wide universe of creation which

has no flowers plentiful enough, and no light bright enough to match it. The poet is ultimately alone, and with this thought his words come to rest. But Schubert's version makes precisely this the point of return to the cry itself; the whole of the opening statement is repeated as the third section of the song, and this becomes a tempered, illusory triumphalism. Holzmaier showed us the full rhetorical power of such subtleties in this and the subsequent songs of the cycle, and reached unusual levels of poetic intensity, focussing on the individual character of each song more than on a constructed dramatic 'continuity'. Musical technique was as if an extra, added, dimension rather than the 'other side of the coin'. The performance carried a remarkable conviction in the power of the text as conveyor of meaning. Imogen Cooper's playing (on the school Steinway, expertly tuned under her direction in the course of the afternoon) was amply supportive and eloquent in its own right.

Thanks to Richard Stokes's vision and energy, members of the school are fortunate in their opportunities to be partners in such evenings as this.





ROCK CONCERT

Aside from the House Singing competition, the rock concert is the finest chance of the year for the school's chauvinists and aspiring musicians to show off their musical dexterity, writes Adam Alfandary (RR), but he admits that some people can sing while others merely roar...

UPPER SCHOOL SOLOISTS' CONCERT

The first concert of the term in September opened with a performance on the horn by Corentin Roux dit Buisson, accompanied very professionally by Laurence Keegan-Fischer on the piano, writes Julia Gibson (CC).

The programme was an impressively diverse one, and the music beautiful; among the most outstanding performers was Marianna Hay, playing a dance and fanfare on the recorder, by Bob Margolis. At one point in the piece, she played two recorders at the same time, which, to us un-musical members of the

audience, was so impressive, not to mention entertaining. Jonathan Field took up his viola and gave a fine rendition of Schubert's 'Marchenbilder,' which was followed up by Lizzie Samuel's performance on the violin; 'Allemande' by Bach. After many other great performances, Emily Lim showed her musical side with a piano piece by Brahms; 'Rhapsody in G minor,' which stuck out as one of the best performances. The best, however, was the closing piece of the night, Grace Chatto's cello performance; two folk style pieces by Schumann. Her great talent was an excellent way to close a successful concert.

The evening is usually evenly split into two camps: those who know they can sing, and those who know they can't. Both performances tend to be equally entertaining, either for their delightfully euphonious quality, or for their novelty. This year, thankfully, the evening was weighted towards the former, as despite their entertainment value, five successive acts with the musical proficiency of a football crowd can begin to grate on even the most tone-deaf Metallica fans.

In a roster of wild and variably proficient performances, some acts stood out. The Young Slags smoothly worked their way through a repertoire of British heavy metal staples, followed by Edward Randell singing 'Lola', one of the highlights of the evening. 'Puff the Magic Dragon' was thankfully sung without trace of subtext, sparing the younger members of the audience from the song's suggestive subject matter.

Rose McLaren reworked conventional rock songs into gutsy soul songs, backed by the

always entertaining guitar of Johann Koehler. In a similar vein, Elle Graham-Dixon and Edward Cumming's version of No Doubt's 'Just a Girl' was an obvious crowd pleaser, as were sixth form band Smoking Jacket, whose popularity led them to attempt unsuccessfully to extend their set.

Audience favourite Fever Kill soon graced the stage. Following their success at the 'Emergenza' competition a few weeks previously, the Lower Shell band commanded the stage, summoning the spirit of real rock and roll. Despite the recent decline in the nü-metal trend, it is encouraging to see a band that is not afraid to go against the tide of current musical fashion. At this point, exhausted with the pulsating excitement of the event, your reviewer had to retire from the concert and rest his ears. By all accounts the second half was as exciting as the first but for my money, Fever Kill is the band to watch.

CONCERT CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

This year's concert was wonderfully crafted and exciting, writes Dale Inglis, in his account of the school's performance of contemporary music.

In the penultimate work of this engaging concert, *The Unanswered Question*, Charles Ives, that most extraordinary and original figure of twentieth-century music, provided a summary and encapsulation of many ideas that emerged in the course of the evening.

The solo trumpet, played by Ned Scott, asks the perennial question of existence seven times; the gaggle of woodwinds seek the answer, but fail to hear it in the underlying harmony of the spheres, voiced by the strings. Chance procedures are cued at will by the conductor, creating a marvellous tension between the conductor, Sinan Savaskan, and Marianna Hay, conductor of the woodwinds. In terms of modernism Charles Ives must have been one of the last composers to write program music, but it emerges here as a significant component of the student compositions.

The concert began with *Soft Walls* by Tristram Cary, who was a King's Scholar from 1938 to 1942 and a pioneer of computer music. With sound projection by Nikolai Cedraeus, the four speakers filled the school with a bewildering variety of electronic sounds over a deep rich pulse often as much felt as heard. In the absence of

musicians to watch, the coats of arms on the walls up school suddenly came to improbable life, the escutcheons writhing and drooping as if the source of the sounds.

Alexander Leese and Timothee de Faramond performed *Duets for Storab* by Harrison Birtwistle, a composer who can be challenging, but here offering an evocative, twittering dialogue which was refreshingly bright and charming. Luciano Berio, a pioneer of electronic music whose death last year must have catapulted his music into countless concerts, was represented by *Duetti per due violini* played by Neil Amin-Smith and Helena Bushman, one of the highlights of the evening. We the enjoyed intense, sensuous lyricism and reflective dialogue.

John White's *Newspaper Reading Machine*, from 1969, as much theatre as music, was performed by the Westminster Experimental Drama Group under the guidance of Chris Barton. A loose structure, more script than score, provided a framework for random procedures that offered a vocal and visual drama where unexpected rhythms emerged and dissolved, breathtaking performance which provided an arresting full-volume climax to the first half of the concert.



Bob Margolis's *Jig and Fanfare for Two Recorders*, played by the versatile Marianna Hay, employed mediaeval instruments to coax out improbably delightful and witty jazz/rock sounds. The student compositions alternated with the works of the more established composers. The first of these, *The Amalfi Variations* for string quartet by Grace Chatto, demonstrated a moving evocation of the ambience of place – hot and moody, reflective and fragile, then finally ebullient.

Gamal Khamis performed his own *Cyclic Journey* for piano, a convincingly hypnotic exercise in minimalism. A single but significant change of chord dramatically altered the mood in the final section. In Sarah Rogers' *Symmetry*, she led a large ensemble of strings, woodwinds and percussion in a cerebral and playful theme and variations. While the percussion provided emphasis and discipline, rather like a metronome, the thematic material was passed back and forth between instruments in a conversational style reminiscent of Ives.

In *Epilogue of Youth* for string sextet by Jonathan Field, a haunting first section gave way to intense, pulsing, moody music with startling crescendos. Discord was used to good emotional effect, along with lots of demanding work for the cellos, with soaring violins suddenly dropping away to bleak reedy harmonics.

Nikolai Cedraeus presided over a 'performance' of his own *Droplets*, showing that electronic music is alive and well 35 years after Tristan Cary's composition. Indeed, there were froggy groans and bleeps straight from the 1970s. Listeners were immersed, even overwhelmed, by this complex soundscape.

In *Joutes d'arabesques* by Corentin Roux dit Buisson, especially written for the school orchestra, the percussive influence of Bartok and Stravinsky was clear. It offered rich melodic writing for the whole orchestra, with bursts of melody interrupted by electrifying warlike explosions.



WESTMINSTER UNPLUGGED

Jenna Barclay (GG) and Amelia Young-Abraham (RR) were dazed but not confused by the talent on show at the inaugural acoustic concert of school talent this year.

One cold, wet Friday afternoon in mid-January, a throng of students gathered at the Millicent Fawcett Hall to sample a variety of musical genres and styles from Westminster's most talented singer/songwriters. This was the inaugural "Westminster Unplugged", a concert which offered something for all tastes.

The concert kicked off with Westminster's resident rock group in the making, Feverkill, a gang of dynamic Lower Shell boys. They performed a newly composed tune, as well some of their older numbers. Arjun Coomaraswamy and Marianna Hay also stood out, dueting on the classic 'Summertime', before enchanting us with their individual compositions. Marianna, singing her own 'Feel My Way' at the piano convinced us that she was the next Norah Jones, while Johann Koehler joined Arjun

for their cover of the modern favourite 'Aisha'.

Later, Jack Farthing performed two of his own pieces. In addition, he and Emily Lim sang a beautifully harmonised piece together. The concert ended on a high note, with Johnny Field's emotive contribution, leaving the audience slightly dazzled by the talent they had just witnessed.

Ed Cumming should be encouraged by the enthusiasm generated by his idea to organise a similar event next year.

Beautifully played, the Ives piece was not an easy act to follow. Nonetheless Elizabeth Samuel's intriguingly titled *Yet from every dark cloud it will appear* constituted an ambitious attempt to make full use of the orchestra's resources, with lush strings, brittle percussion, spiky winds and the brass section finally getting a chance to show what it can do. In the second half, music of a heroic quality rises to a triumphant conclusion.

The whole experience was enhanced musically and visually by the removal of the barriers that normally separate audience and orchestra. The three orchestral works constituted a memorable conclusion to a glorious evening, master-minded by Sinan Savaskan.



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

With a sixth-form cast of around thirty and less than four weeks' rehearsal time Andrew Naughtie (GG), reports that this year's Shakespeare production was almost miraculously good.

The 2003 Shakespeare production posed a huge challenge for the drama department. That it managed to be a success is something to be admired; that it was also one of the most distinguished of recent Westminster productions is something of a minor miracle.

A *Midsummer Night's Dream* deals with three entwined stories. One deals with the problems surrounding four young Athenian lovers, another with a group of workmen (the mechanicals) preparing to put on a play at the wedding of these lovers, and the third with a dispute between the king of the fairies, Oberon, and his queen, Titania. The three storylines overlap to great dramatic and comic effect, and the play refutes the idea that Shakespeare is not funny in a modern context.

Chris Barton and Lyndsey Turner decided to apply a modern interpretation to the play, relocating it to clubland. With the help of David Hemsley-Brown they created a set that gave the production a hyper-real atmosphere appropriate to the material, at the same time as being versatile enough to accommodate the myriad locations and worlds within the play. The look of the production – one of several performed in traverse this year – was completed with some of the most interesting and inventive lighting to have appeared at the Millicent Fawcett Hall, courtesy of Chris Namih. Chris Ziegler provided a range of background sounds, and the musical side of the production was taken care

of by Mr Barton, with Julian Grant DJ-ing in the wings.

However, the key element in any production is the cast, and this was a truly formidable one. Drawing only on the sixth form turned out to be a real strength in the end, bringing into the foreground those who had never played a prominent role before. One such example was Rebecca Grieg as Titania, who had true presence and countered James Buxton's stunning Oberon admirably. Other standout performances included Jack Farthing, as Puck, managing to embody both menace and charm; Fred Gordon as Bottom, pulling off Shaggy's Mr Bombastic with gusto; and Rose McLaren as Hermia, presenting a sympathetic character that could so easily have grated – and, in tandem with Marianna Hay's Helena, displaying a bitch-fighting technique that could have earned them both places in the cast of *Dynasty*. Meanwhile, the mechanicals performed their scenes with a fine comic touch, and their performance to the Athenian aristocracy at the play's conclusion was both amusing and touching.

The whole cast presented a truly watertight production; special mention ought to go to the fairies, cleverly choreographed and costumed by Lyndsey Turner, who seemed to have individual characters while not having any significant dialogue. All in all, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* marked the end of a magnificent year for Westminster drama, and other productions will – perhaps unfairly – be measured against it for some time yet.



STREET SCENE

Having recruited the school's finest performers, and offering a myriad of feel-good songs, the school's annual musical was bound to be a success from the start as this enthusiastic review by Jenna Barclay (GG) and Amelia Young-Abraham (RR) reveals.

'Street Scene', an American Opera, based on the play by Elmer Rice, was this year's choice. The action takes place on a sidewalk in New York City, 1947. It consisted of two acts, the first more of an introduction to the characters, of whom the audience became fond, because the actors were able to bring out the most appealing aspects of their roles.

It opened amidst the gossiping of a neighbourhood, absorbed by the shocking news of Mrs. Murrant's (Katy Watson) affair, on a blisteringly hot day. As the day wears on, the heat and tension embedded in the storyline intensifies, as Frank

Murrant's (Jonathan Richards) reaction is magnified by the surrounding speculation. Temperatures continue to rise, both in the plot and in the atmosphere, effectively enhanced by the stark, bright, and abstract sets.

In addition to the dominant story in the neighbourhood, the audience also followed several sub-plots that provided an opportunity to showcase the pupils' talent. In particular, Rose McLaren and Ed Franklin's jolly 'Moonfaced, starry eyed', accompanied by a jitterbug dance full of pizzazz was well received. Marianna Hay and Jack Farthing's effective on-stage relationship was



THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE III

One thing that cannot be denied about David Hargreaves' production of Alan Bennett's *The Madness of King George III*, says Edward Randell (BB), is the huge care and effort that went into it.

not only convincing but also engaging, as their take on 'What good would the moon be' and several other songs gave pleasurable light relief from the other tense storylines in the neighbourhood.

Everyone's favourite character was Lippo Fiorentino, played by William Blake, a talented Lower Shell, who brought a smile to the whole auditorium with his precise, yet comic, Italian accent. Andrea Cox, too, should be praised for her excellent performance.

All in all, Westminster's staging of such a challenging production as that of 'Street Scene' was professional and greatly relished. We are already looking forward to next year's musical.

From period detail (the director is a history teacher) to thoughtful staging and character development, it was a true labour of love. Bennett's play follows the King as he becomes more and more psychologically unstable. Sam Pritchard was superbly cast as the King, and managed to give us a performance to remember. When Nigel Hawthorne played George, it was said he was born for the part; many such comments were to be heard about Sam on the way out. From his first "what-what", to his struggle in a restraining chair, to his triumphant return, he gripped the audience with a sympathetic but thistly hero, with an intensity and emotional range rarely seen on the Westminster stage. Though Sam led the play, he did not carry it alone. Julia Gibson, as the gentle Queen, and Fred Gordon as the bull-headed doctor who cures him, were both very impressive in supporting roles. Of the sizeable cast, there were also memorable and colourful turns from the likes of Sam

Smith, Oliver Capel, Philip Aspin and, in a scene-stealing role with no dialogue, Laurence Barsi Gomes.

Bennett's fruity lines were delivered with class throughout, conveying his incisive satire of the scheming politicians and bumbling doctors. Some of their scenes without the King felt a little redundant, and the many scene changes were often distractingly long; however, moments as charged and exciting as the first act's closer – with red light and Handel's "Zadok the Priest" blaring – meant that interest rarely flagged. Mr Hargreaves ensured that the stage was always visually interesting in terms of blocking, and was aided and abetted by Max Kaufman's lavish costumes and wigs. A jolly good show, hey-hey.



THE LATIN PLAY PLAUTUS' *RUDENS* THE ROPE

Dare we hope that the Latin Play is on its way back? Peter Brown (QS 1958-1962), Fellow and Tutor in Classics, Trinity College, Oxford, does. And he's not the only one.

In March 1999 the Queen's Scholars gave us an excellent performance of Terence's *Adelphoe*, the first Latin Play for 19 years. Four and a half years later, on 11th and 12th November, the Classicists treated us to an equally successful performance of Plautus' *Rudens* (the first at Westminster since the 1930s). If the gap between productions continues to narrow at this rate, the next Play will take place in January 2005, and by early June there will be more than one a day. Perhaps even the tirelessly energetic Jonathan Katz will draw the line at such constant acceleration. But it will be wonderful if at least the post-war pattern of a production every two years can be restored; certainly no one who saw this production could doubt that a worthwhile experience it is for everyone involved, or how immensely enjoyable Latin Comedy is when it is so well spoken and so well acted as it was on this occasion.

As in 1999, the performances took place Up School, plot-summaries in English verse were recited at appropriate points for the benefit of those in the audience who could not follow the Latin (if there were any), and there was discreetly supportive music by Sinan Savaskan, played by four versatile instrumentalists. The set, designed by Dale Inglis and built by him and Paul Gumbrell, offered a splendid contrast between the ramshackle house of *Daemones* and the more solidly constructed temple of *Venus*. The text used was essentially that prepared by David Simpson for the 1934 production, judiciously reducing Plautus' play to about 60% of its original length, and substituting for Plautus' chorus of fishermen a drinking song originally composed for the 1798 production, when it was (we are told) 'accompanied on the fiddle, by Rich. Bligh, with a wooden

leg'; in our production Joshua Hardie, Will Oates and Oliver Eccles gave a spirited rendition, mainly to the tune of 'What shall we do with a drunken sailor?'

Right from Oliver Eccles' first words as *Arcturus*, it was clear that we were going to hear exceptionally well-spoken Latin. If some of the other actors occasionally (very occasionally) got words wrong in the excitement of the faster-moving portions of dialogue, they more than made up for this with the vigour of their acting: there was not a weak link in the entire cast. Stefan Sienkiewicz and Andrew Freedman oozed villainy most convincingly as the pimp *Labrax* and his ultimately disloyal friend *Charmides*.

Lucy Bishop gave a suitably aggressive performance as *Ptolemaeria*, the priestess with the aggressive name. Georgina Cox and Emily Lim were spirited as *Palaestra* and *Ampelisca*, the shipwrecked slave-girls who are freed at the end of the play; they looked if anything even more fetching than I did in a comparable role in *Adelphoe* in 1960.

The play ('The Rope') is named after the scene in which the two slaves *Gripus* and *Trachalio* argue over *Gripus'* right to possession of a treasure-chest that he has hauled up in his fishing net, after a tug-of-war in which each pulls on the rope attached to the net. Tom Mackenzie as *Gripus* and Fred Gordon as *Trachalio* really brought this scene to life, the former with



his expressions of outraged alarm as he sensed that his dreams of wealth might be shattered, the latter with the perfect comic timing of his lines. Clem Naylor as the elderly Daemones was a model of fair-mindedness when called in to arbitrate their dispute, and we felt that he fully deserved the reward which immediately resulted in being reunited with his long-lost daughter Palaestra – a moving moment in an otherwise fast-moving and boisterous play. John Reicher was admirably disgruntled as his slave Sceparnio, and Max Silver as Plesidippus surely deserved to win the hand of Palaestra after his energetic efforts on her behalf (telefonino and all) earlier in the play.

The directors were Chris Barton and Jonathan Katz: hats off to them both, and to everyone involved in the production.

Contrariwise, for those few not blessed with the gift of understanding classical literature in the original, how did the play work as drama? Sam Pritchard (GG) discovers for the layman, or even royalty.

It must first be declared that this reviewer cannot speak Latin, in common with most (sic) of the audience present for the performances of Plautus' Rudens Up School. The ques-

tion of how we were going to understand the proceedings was one that occupied me in the minutes before the start. Indeed generations may have asked themselves the same question. It was comforting to think that I was in the company of Queen Victoria, the present Queen and both her parents who have all attended Latin Plays at Westminster.

The production was an impressive and polished affair. The sheer feat of training a cast of eighteen to memorise and perform complex Latin verse, on Dale Inglis' astoundingly beautiful set, was amazing enough. Only able to comment on the sound, I found that lines came out with a remarkable fluency and it is to the whole cast's credit that they were able to shape them and do much to aid the audience's understanding. Music and lighting complemented the seaside theme. The familiar comic story was made accessible to the audience through handy synopses and the reassuringly English voice of Oliver Eccles' prologue updating us on the action from offstage.

Such a professional production and the obvious enjoyment of the cast more than justified the production of a Latin Play at Westminster. And while moments of incomprehension could not be avoided, these were more than made up for by the comic inclusions of mobile phones and modern day references. The consistent effort and enthusiasm put in by all the cast perhaps even makes the case for Westminster doing more drama in a foreign language.

DEATHWATCH

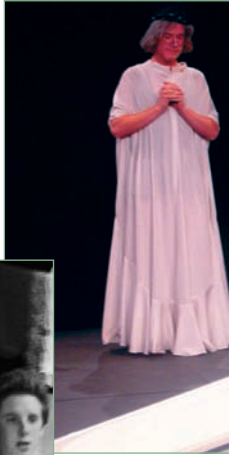
Philip Aspin (AHH) passes a critical eye over the third play in what has turned out to be a season of fascinating continental drama.

Chosen, directed, acted and staged entirely by seven members of the Upper School, with a little guidance and advice from Mr. Arthur, Jean Genet's powerful and harrowing depiction of the ceaseless infighting and brutality inside a strictly hierarchical prison, although at times a little self-indulgently emotional, was an admirable successor to Woyzeck and Six Characters.

Clem Naylor assumed the role of Green Eyes, dominant among the cell's three occupants, a convict who is revered by his companions because he is a murderer destined for the scaffold. Tom Gill, sporting an occasionally slightly exaggerated Cockney accent, essayed the role of Lefranc, constantly vying with John Reicher's convincing Maurice for Green Eyes' friendship. Green Eyes' girlfriend forms the subject of most of their conversations – both Maurice and Lefranc aspire to her favours, as Green Eyes is reconciled to his fate, and gives final proof of his loss

of interest in his girlfriend when he tells Jack Farthing's corrupt Guard that he has no wish to see her in the visitors' room. Both Lefranc and Maurice then offer to kill her for him, partly to please him and partly to prove themselves his equal. Green Eyes is contemptuous of their offers, and the two junior convicts start a fight in which Lefranc strangles Maurice.

Despite the slight rigidity of Clem's facial expression, the direction was faultless and the acting on the whole excellent. Not visually stunning, but an impressively thought-provoking production.



WOYZECK

Johnny Richards' splendidly expressionistic production in December is perhaps the first one in the Millicent Fawcett Hall in which the cast were unable to leave the stage, thinks Philip Aspin (AHH), thrilling to this extraordinary dramatic piece.

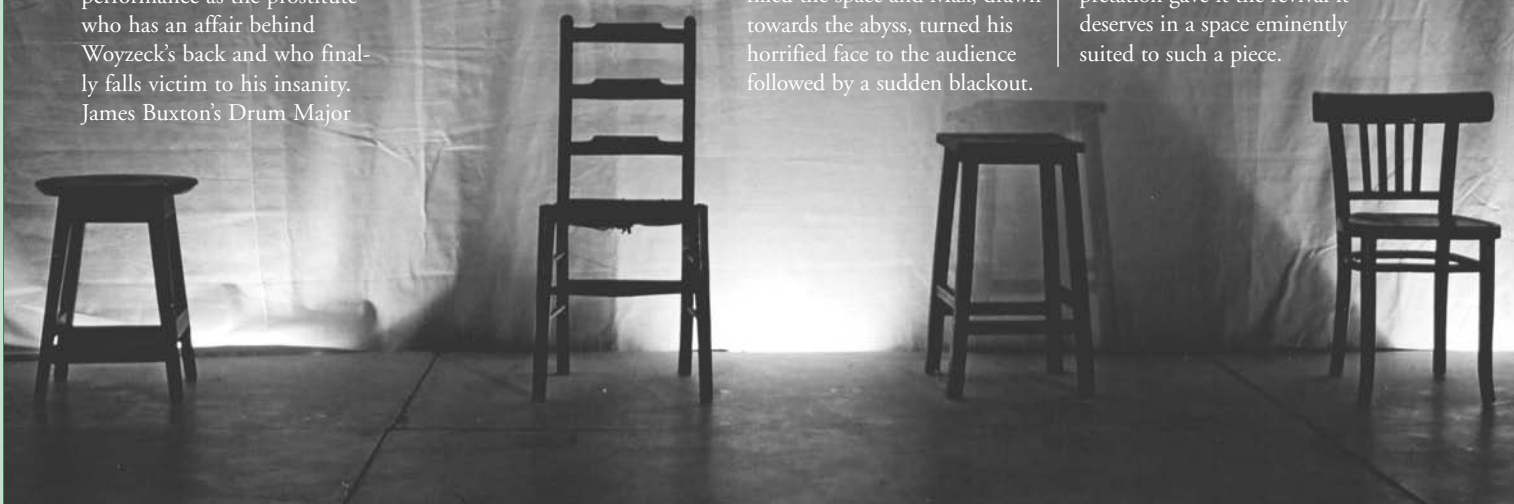
Ben Sheppard's three-sided, eerily white set contained both cast and action in appropriately claustrophobic style. And what a cast! Max Hoehn's Woyzeck was riveting, with staring eyes and a fine, oddly cold and controlled voice, his madness all the more convincing for his apparent calmness. Kate O'Connor, playing his mistress, turned in an impeccable performance as the prostitute who has an affair behind Woyzeck's back and who finally falls victim to his insanity. James Buxton's Drum Major

was wonderfully arrogant and self-satisfied, while Harry Weeks' voice in particular was impressive as the comically lugubrious Captain. Of particular note was Sam Pritchard, whose precise, disdainful, unsmiling Doctor, sweeping across the stage in a white lab coat, received a rapturous response from the audience. It would not be an exaggeration to say he stole the show.

Victoria Young was highly convincing as an embittered old grandmother, as was Joseph Passmore as Woyzeck's infant son, somewhat taller than his father. Throughout the play, the height difference between Woyzeck and his oppressors produced a marvellous effect.

But the finest moment came at the end, when the back of the set collapsed, a sea of smoke filled the space and Max, drawn towards the abyss, turned his horrified face to the audience followed by a sudden blackout.

On a civic note, certain members of the audience would have done better to conduct themselves with rather more decorum however, as they filed out after the performance with the cast still sitting in character on stage. The lingering dramatic effect was somewhat reduced as a consequence. Woyzeck is perhaps an obscure and neglected play, but Johnny Richards' innovative and original interpretation gave it the revival it deserves in a space eminently suited to such a piece.





SCRATCH PLAY

The Scratch play is a long-standing tradition at Westminster school, and never fails to please, with this year being no exception, writes Tara Collins (BB), who saw it for the first time in September.

In the first dramatic endeavour of the academic year, Westminster once again provided an opportunity for artistes both behind, and on stage, when it put together a collection of skits written, directed and performed by students, in the aptly named Scratch play "Write Here Write Now," which was enjoyed by all.

The evening opened with a charming duologue, the first of three remarkable pieces by Andrew Naughtie, which, although brief, got the night off to a great start. It was followed in quick succession by "Edgar's House," an amusing sketch that was delightfully acted, including an especially witty performance by Kate O'Connor which provoked a torrent of laughter throughout the theatre.

In the four pieces that followed there was a further display of theatrical talent covering a wide range of topics and themes. "Sister Ray" dealt hilariously with the sordid world of nuns on drugs, with Alice Edgerley giving a stunning performance as a young nun, desperate to

maintain her godly morals and remain separate from the world of drugs; whereas "The Solid Solution" by Ben Arnold dealt with the extremes of corporate corruption in a witty and amusing way. Julia Gibson and Gaby Bishop gave a superb representation of feminine rivalry in the workplace, while Philip Aspin was an inspiration with his utterly compelling performance of a corrupt and mercenary executive. A post-modern piece by Sam Pritchard, "Discourse between Death and None" added greatly to the enjoyment of the night as it was thought-provoking and left largely open to interpretation in a singular style. The final piece, "Five Fall Into Mortal Peril", a follow up to the adventures of the Famous Five, was possibly the best performance of the night. It was superbly written and acted, with Olivia Percival and Jack Farthing giving particularly convincing performances as Anne and Dick respectively, preying on issues of incest, homosexuality, murder and grief.

6 CHARACTERS LOOKING FOR AN AUTHOR

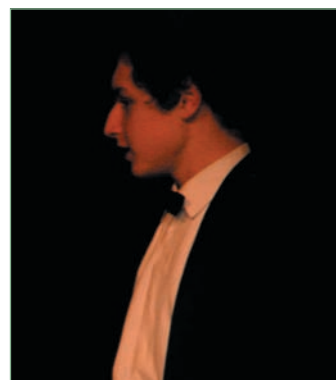
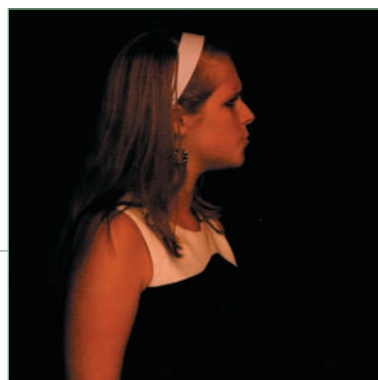
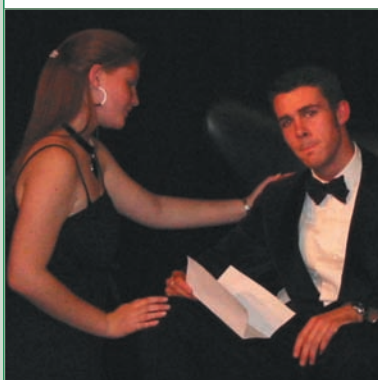
Jamie McFarlane (WW), watches his friends perform Pirandello's masterpiece and is convinced by their control over a challenging play.

Luigi Pirandello's 'Six Characters Looking for an Author' is the story of a theatre company receiving a visit from a fictional family that has been left uncompleted by their creator. The play sees these characters retell their lives in an effort to convince the actors to perform their story. In my opinion, the play itself is not particularly strong, in that the storyline is very stagnant, failing to maximise upon the potential intrigue of the premise. Having said this, the production was a massive success. The director and the cast were able to create a highly varied performance where some scenes carried real emotional weight, whilst others were very humorous.

The cast was lead by the magnetic combination of Ed Franklin and Ben Arnold. Franklin's convincing portrayal of a disturbed father demonstrated skill and tact throughout. Ben Arnold's commanding performance as the frustrated director was perfect in offering relief from the heavier drama. The rest of the cast was split into two groups, "the actors" and "the characters." The naturalistic aspect of the production meant that the two factions

were constantly interacting upstage. This meant that the audience never became bored when Pirandello's storyline spiralled out of control. Oliver Hamilton and Alfie Enoch were moving as the silent thumb-sucking brother and sister, whilst Emma Bowers and Daniel Brodie gave superbly dark performances as the angry son and stepdaughter. The thespians were led by Philip Aspin and Ed Randell's loveably pretentious actors, whilst containing a highly amusing cameo from a perplexed Richard Trainor.

One of the greatest strengths of the production was its daring. Lyndsey Turner's decision to use Oliver Hamilton as a young girl combined with the unrelenting relationship between the incestuous Ed Franklin and Emma Bowers made the play very interesting to watch. The originality of the production culminated with its ending, with a breath-taking stunt, where the young daughter reached out on to a pile of newspapers representing a lake, which then gave way leaving her to fall through the stage. This was a strong ending to a highly enjoyable production.



LE MISANTHROPE

Sam Pritchard (GG) reviews a 'flower power' take on the world of Molière in 'Le Misanthrope', the Rigaud's House Play.

The comic tone in this more serious of Molière's plays is undeniably bitter. While the story of a man obsessed by truth and his confrontation with love and society is handled heavily and distortedly in this translation by Tony Harrison, Rigaud's put together a tight production worthy of their director, Mr Arthur's swansong as Housemaster.

Molière's plot spins around the misanthrope Alceste, played strongly, if a little melodramatically, by Tom Gill, and his struggles with the society girl and object of his affections, Célimène, (Sarah Castor-Perry). Castor-Perry gave an acute performance, noticeably active in both reaction and action. Her voice was elastic, inventive and thoroughly convincing. Molière also provides a range of caricatures that were well represented within the cast. Adam Alfandary took on Célimène's arrogant politician suitor, Katy Lubin the overt hypocrite Arsinoé and Oliver Champion-Awwad the effeminate Acaste. Tom Hoare was responsible for the piece's highest moment of comedy when

he seized the stage as the forgetful valet, Dubois.

The set was of particular note and subtly impressive, many hands having gone into creating a minimalist 60s salon with carefully chosen period furniture and a delightfully absorbing piece of modern art. Sat at the back of the ensemble was a conspicuous harpsichord, Peter Kennedy's introductory playing of which moved seamlessly into a popular Beatles hit. Costumes, arranged by Katy Lubin complemented this theme of period accuracy. Outrageous shirts and velvet jackets sat well with black and white dresses worthy of Mary Quant.

The production was, however, defined by its decidedly melancholic ending. The reconciled Alceste and Célimène are brutally separated and she is left alone with her sulking mask gradually revealing her sense of loss, a moment the audience on that particular evening would have done better to appreciate.



PURPLE

Viewed from a purely artistic standpoint, this year's Ashburnham House play was not perhaps the most distinguished production I have seen; for entertainment value alone, however, it could hardly have been bettered, writes Philip Aspin (AHH) who wonders if he has seen the first post-Post-modern performance.

Although dogged by some technical problems, to which the director, Luke Hearn, reacted with admirable presence of mind, the cast overcame the disadvantages of a poor script, limited rehearsal time and an overworked but diligent crew, to provide a thoroughly enjoyable half-hour, largely thanks to their indefatigable enthusiasm and professional spirit. The audience easily forgave the odd slow cue, missed line and

understandable corpsing for the sheer amusement afforded them. It is the chief purpose of theatre at this level to give pleasure to an audience, and in this respect Purple was a resounding success, however small the audience. A special mention should go to Serge Isakov, who as stage manager not only handled the crises with commendable efficiency and nonchalance, but also had his moment of glory on stage.

DRINKING COMPANION AND GOSFORTH'S FÊTE

Sam Pritchard (GG) discovered what Milne's made of a selection of Ayckbourn farces.

Milne's has a stronger commitment than some houses to its regular house plays, thanks largely to the work of David Hemsley-Brown. This year he was joined in the director's chair by Alex Joseph, who took on Ayckbourn's 'Drinking Companion', while he himself tackled 'Gosforth's Fête'. Both are pieces from the writer's collection of sketches under the title 'Confusions'.

'Drinking Companion' told of a young salesman's vain attempt to seduce two young women in a hotel bar. Ben Arnold brought just the right sense of a likely lad to the character of the salesman both physically and vocally doing much to set his character up as the source of the majority of the salacious humour. Catherine Sykes and Laura Stojcevic worked nicely alongside Arnold as the two objects of his attraction. However, it was Arnold who seemed to set the pace and give so much of the energy to the piece. While the direction was aimed largely at recognisable caricatures, there were some nice moments of subtlety. Arnold tempered his voice to a touching tone when discussing his wife. Catherine Sykes gave a

wry smile as she was 'reminded' by the waiter, played sardonically by Ben Chesler, to hand in the salesman's room keys before leaving!

The interval brought with it a neat conversion on stage to a country fête where everything seemed to go wrong all at once. While Rupert Paines officiated as the forthright organiser, Gordon Gosforth, Kristina Clark gave us the Conservative councillor who was unperturbed by the explosion of an amplifier during her speech, until she began to be electrocuted! Annabel Rolls however gave the performance of the evening as the businesslike and quietly efficient Milly Carter. With beautiful phrasing and a good use of tone, she interacted well with both James Grover's country vicar of a nervous disposition and Johann Koehler's hysterical scoutmaster who had the audience in fits. The chaos that was the climax of this piece was superbly managed and thoroughly rehearsed by David Hemsley-Brown. These antics brought on a cascade of laughter as the evening ended.

BABY WITH THE BATHWATER

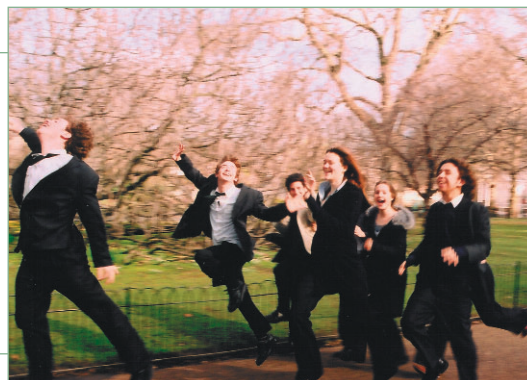
This year's house play from Busby's in March was Christopher Durang's play, 'Baby with the Bathwater', a clever satire on the institution of parenting, writes Gaby Mills O'Brien, (DD).

It follows the rise of 'Daisy' – brought up as an unwilling cross-dresser by his dysfunctional parents (Sarah Alexader and James Lloyd-Thomas), and 'Nanny' (Anthony Staples), in a conventionally chaotic English family's home. Whilst finding it inappropriate to gender-check the child's 'basement below', they have far fewer scruples in inter-generational bed-mite swapping, and an interminable university career in the shrink's chair does not sort Daisy out at all. By contrast, gender-changing did not in the slightest affect the performances of Westminster performers Anthony Staples, Hugo Flaux, and David Thomas.

The audience meets lots of eccentric characters on the way, such as Cynthia, Angela, Kate, Miss Pringle, and the Principal. Even the 'straight' characters

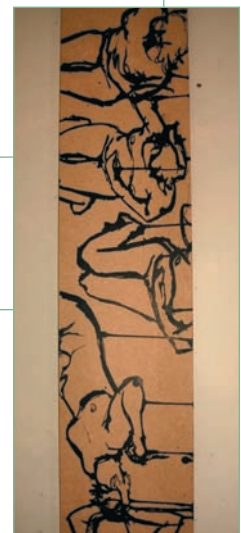
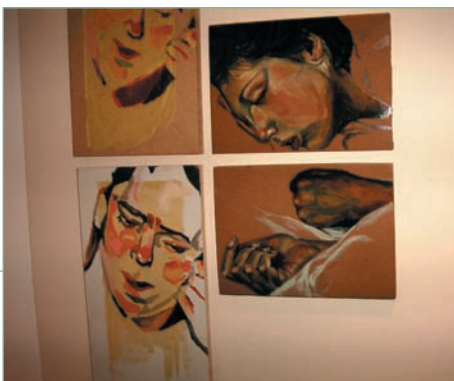
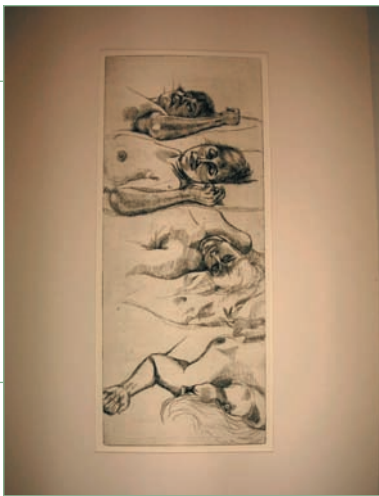
deliver lots of funny one-liners, and the comic timing of the cast as a whole was exceptional, helped out by the script with its wit and sexual innuendo. The levels of insanity were kept up by the farcical use of doors either side of the stage, characters careering through them, screaming hysterically at regular intervals, and the white-washed walls. By the end everything is nicely calmed down, Daisy is offered a kilt as a sort of 'compromise', and the audience is left with the hope of new, hopefully saner, relationships amongst the characters.

WESTMINSTER PHOTOGRAPHY



Top (l to r):
 'Lockers' by Nikolai Cedraeus; 'Icelandic Beach' by Chris Donovan,
 'New York night skyline' by Joshua Cole.
 Middle (l to r):
 'Iceland' by William Blake; 'Gargoyle' by Ben Shillito; 'Jack' by Will Irwin.
 Bottom (l to r):
 'Library Chess' by Spencer Hayden; 'In St James's Park' by Tim Lai.

WESTMINSTER ART



SURREALIST PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBITION

PILAR ALBAJAR

From 10th-17th September 2003, Westminster School hosted an exhibition of the work of Pilar Albajar, one of Spain's most fascinating contemporary artists, writes Spencer Hayden (BB), who found himself inspired.

A leading photographer, Albajar uses her work to express the workings of her subconscious through extraordinary imagery. The exhibition consisted of twenty-six pieces of work, separated into four series. This is most graphically demonstrated in her "Room with a View" series, which charted her experience with breast cancer. Diagnosed in April 1999, the artist has noted that "these pictures are not a gratuitous display of my pain. My intent is to use my pictures and my personal testimony to offer a solid sense of hope to the women who

undergo the breast cancer ordeal." Six of these images were of her "Room with a view" series and depicted the artist with her head shaven and, in some cases, unclothed.

The second series consists of her usage of the human hand to show different human characteristics. For example, two hands create the shell of a tortoise to symbolize protection. Others photographs in this series had titles such as; greed, patience, power and dexterity. There was another series of six images representing female sexuality: Caresses, Orgasm, Rape,

After Love, Frigidity and Boredom. The final collection of images explores common human fears: Failure, Madness, Darkness, Loneliness and Truth.

Pilar Albajar succeeds at making us redefine ideas we had previously felt confident about. She does this by combining extraordinary images with ordinary titles. For example, with her image 'Power' we see a combination of a clenched human fist and a coiled snake, causing us to link the sinister snake and the familiar theme of power in our minds. I was particularly struck by 'Fear of Loneliness', a photograph which portrays a rather forlorn figure whose face is covered with heavy make-up. It is unclear from the photograph whether the figure is male or female, but what comes across is a pathetic attempt to seek attention in order to escape loneliness.

Before the exhibition was opened, she gave a fascinating talk on her art in Spanish (with a simultaneous translation by Dr. Cockburn).

The artist works and lives in Spain and has exhibited widely in cities all over the world. Her work was last seen in London at the Caspar Gallery in 1995. In the past, she has collaborated extensively with fellow artist, Antonio Altarriba, who has recently been awarded the Basque Prize for literature.

The exhibition was officially part of the Art History society. However, a wide spectrum of pupils benefited from this fascinating collection. As an Art A-level student I have managed to use many of these themes concerning human emotions as inspiration for my own work. One sixth form art historian said, "The exhibition provided us with the opportunity to see surrealist art first hand. I think we've all benefited immensely from it."





Fencing at Westminster.
 Photographed by Tom Henderson.



STATION

Football: 1st XI	62
Football: 3rd XI	63
Football: Under 16 A	64
Football: Under 16B	64
Football: Under 15A	65
Football: Under 15B	65
Football: Under 14A	66
Football: Under 14B	66
Water	67
Cricket: 1st XII	68
Cricket: Under 15	69
Cricket: Under 14	69
Fencing	70
Cross Country	71
Athletics	71
Tennis	72
Eton Fives	73
Hockey	73
Martial Arts	74
Shooting	74
Netball	75
Community Service	
St Gabriel's School	75
Pullen Day Centre	76
St Mary's Hospital	76
Board Games	76



SEASON: 2003–2004 FOOTBALL 1ST XI

Played: 24 Won: 8 Drew: 7 Lost: 9

The season began with an enjoyable trip to a centre north of Paris kitted out with an array of wonderful facilities including its own football pitch. After some hard days of training we played 2 games against good local club sides and were pleased to win them both. We discussed what we expected from the coming season and felt that with the new side our target should be to win or draw more than half our matches. The end of season statistics are therefore very pleasing and the players should be congratulated on the spirit they showed throughout the long season. Reaching the semi-final of the plate competition at the ISFA sixes competition brightened the season still further and Jack Wolton's selection for the full ISFA 'B' side is an indication that we still have quality within our ranks.

After our traditional pre-season match against Hulme Grammar School, the fixture against Ardingly kick-started the round of genuine school matches. With the added incentive of a regional league, each result had additional significance. By half time we were 2–0 down on a baking September afternoon but in the second half some newly-found determination and 2 spectacular goals from Murat Gokmen and William Oates realised a draw. A very disappointing performance in the cup against an emerging Shrewsbury side and a loss to a fit and organised Eton side left us without a win. An excellent win against a much vaunted Forest side, with Daniel Bamford scoring a hat-trick, was just the tonic we needed before half term. The winner came with minutes to spare: a particularly well executed finish. With this

under our belts we travelled to Kimbolton who had not beaten us in 5 years. Tom Borsay had an outstanding game and Ned Younger, with his second goal did well to bring us level with 10 minutes to go. Unfortunately we managed to gift Kimbolton the winner with some poor defending; in fairness we deserved to come second.

Highlights in the second half of term included an impressive draw away to a typically strong Charterhouse side when illness and injury had hit us badly. Goal keeper Andrew Sanderson, a generous donation from the rowing eight, must be congratulated on his inspirational qualities. Dipon Sen Gupta was playing in his first game and was outstanding in breaking the play up in midfield. Our performance against the strongest Bradfield side for years was equally if not more impressive. We played our best football of the term and were very unlucky not to secure the draw.

The Lent term had its fair share of ups and downs too. Great wins against Hampton, Colfe's and King's Canterbury, where Robin Low was superb in goal, were mixed with the loss of the

influential Jack Wolton and Jake Levy through injury, exams and our worst loss to Harrow in years. The early loss of several goals meant that we had to do all the chasing and the chances we created were thin on the ground. Still, we should have defended more effectively.

So, not a vintage season by recent standards, but there was still plenty to be proud of. My thanks to the players who were a great bunch and contributed so much in making it such an enjoyable seven months. Thanks to John Haskey who, although only here for a term, made a huge impact on the fortunes of the 3rd XI with his expert coaching, and became a good friend to many. My heartfelt thanks also to PAH, JB, PDH, MHF, CU, AJ, NJH, JDK, JAI, MNR, RRS, ML, KAPW, GAPB for all their contributions both great and less great in running teams and practices, and particularly to IRM who, after a few wobbles, has agreed to stay and help Westminster football into the future.

JJK

SEASON: 2003–2004

FOOTBALL

3RD XI

Played: 14 Won: 3 Drew: 2 Lost: 9
Goals for: 26 Goals against: 34

THE PLAYERS

J. Wolton (W), D. Bamford (L), R. Low (L),
 T. Borsay (H), J. Levy (C), N. Younger (L),
 M. Gokmen (C), C. Karageorgis (H),
 A. Rashidian (M), H. Hepworth (L),
 D. Sen Gupta (B), A. Comminos (H),
 C. Cooke (L), J. Farthing (B),
 B. Goldsmith (L), W. Oates (L),
 O. Garthwaite (A), T. Lloyd (H).

RESULTS: 2003–2004

Aug.	France tour:		
	St. Denis	won	1–0
	St. Sanois Gratien	won	2–1
	Hulme Grammar School (h)	drew	1–1
Sep.	Doshisha Kori High school (h)	drew	3–3
	Ardingly (a)	drew	2–2
	ISFA Six-a-sides at Brentwood		
	Semi-final of Plate Competition		
	OW's (h)	lost	1–2
	Eton (h)	lost	0–2
	KES Witley (a)	won	3–2
	Shrewsbury (h) (ISFA Cup 1st rnd)	lost	0–3
Oct.	Forest	won	3–2
	Kimbolton (a)	lost	3–4
Nov.	Alleyns (h)	drew	1–1
	Latymer (h)	lost	1–4
	Aldenham	lost	1–2
	Charterhouse (a)	drew	0–0
	Bradfield (h)	lost	1–2
Dec.	Highgate (h)	drew	2–2
	Chigwell cancelled		
Jan.	King's Canterbury (a)	won	2–0
	Corinthian Casuals (h)	lost	4–0
Feb.	Hampton (a)	won	2–1
	Colfe's (h)	won	2–1
Mar.	Harrow (h)	lost	7–0
	St. Pauls (h)	drew	2–2
	Bishop Stortford High School (h)	won	3–2
	Dulwich cancelled		

Record

P: 24 W: 8 D: 7 L: 9

Scorers

Bamford (12); Younger (6); Rashidian (4); Oates (3); Levy (2);
 Gokmen (2); Wolton (1); Borsay (1); Garthwaite (1)

Jack Wolton represented the ISFA U19 South side
 and was selected for the Full ISFA 'B' side

House competitions

6-a-side competition Winners LL
 11-a-side competition Winners BB

As the statistics suggest, the 3rd XI had a less than successful season. The highlight was our stunning start, with a 6–0 drubbing of Ardingly. The quality of our opening match meant that many of our players were called up to the 2nd XI, leaving our side unsettled and lacking depth.

Following a hard-fought 1–0 defeat at the hands of Eton, we notched up another victory against Lancing; despite a poor team performance, goals from Azzam al Kadhi and another from Sam Smith led to a 2–1 win. The match versus the Common Room ended in a 3–0 loss, and was followed by another defeat to Alleyn's. And despite Ben Scrace scoring against Latymer, the game ended up a 5–1 loss. Despite this, Nick Grosse in goal was clearly man of the match, helping us avoid an even more embarrassing score line. However, our game against Aldenham offered a glimmer of hope – an 11–0 thrashing, with commendable performances from Jack Kember, who netted an astonishing 5 goals other scores coming from Sam Smith, Keren Mitchell and two from John Reicher.

This was followed by a 3–0 defeat at the hands of Charterhouse, then a 4–0 loss to a strong Bradfield side. The next game saw strong defensive against Highgate for a goalless draw. At King's College, Canterbury, after going 2–0 ahead through a Jack Kember double, we conceded two in the last minute to the disappointment of all the players. Then to a strong Colfe's side at home, where the team staged an impressive comeback, scoring through an impressive

strike by Rohan Chapman and a close range finish from Bertrand Nicoli. We had more chances, but failed to put them away and the game ended 3–2.

A common theme in the 3rd XI season was losing after going ahead. This was most clearly, and frustratingly, demonstrated at Harrow when we went 3–1 down. Despite a goal from Martin Briscoe-Wilson, the final score was an unflattering 4–2. Unfortunately, in what ended up being our last game of the season, we got hammered by St. Paul's despite a strong defensive performance – a thoroughly disappointing result against a noticeably average team.

Special mention must go to Nezam Bagherzade for captaining, and contrary to what the results may suggest, the team defended well throughout the season, always showing spirit even when the odds seemed to be in the opposition's favour; Max Zamkow, Ed Keljik, Andrew Byrne and Ben Deanfield all displayed more than competent defensive talents, and Ned Scott was a rock early on before being called up to the 2nd XI. Louis Jagger and Nick Grosse were reliable keepers all season and Sam Smith was consistent all season, creating and scoring from midfield; top scorer was Jack Kember with 7 goals. Midfield dynamo Christian Malagon was always willing to give it his all while dedicated Keren Mitchell supplied several teasing crosses and through balls; Rohan Chapman was also exquisite all season and may have finally learnt how to pass. Congratulations on a hard-fought season.

Azzam al Khadi

SEASON: 2003–2004

FOOTBALL

U16 A

Played: 10 Won: 1 Drew: 2 Lost: 7

I was pleasantly surprised by our first few training sessions with this year's under-sixteen squad. There was a positive atmosphere amongst the players and an encouraging finish to our shooting drills. Our first match against Ardingly ended in a 2–2 draw, Westminster coming from behind to level the score. Goal-keeper Allen made an excellent start to a fine season. The defence was solid with Casserley, Hall, Gordon and Baghdadi all playing well and a midfield of Comninos, Gooding, Asher, Maynard and Steuerman working hard against some tough opposition. Feridun proved to be a handful in attack and Ferguson came on at half-time to score the equaliser.

Eton were much tougher opposition. We struggled to contain their forwards and they were worthy winners with a 5–0 score. Lancing, too, had some very fast attackers who caused problems throughout the match. We played well in the second half and could rightly claim that the 4–1 loss did not reflect the closeness of the match.

We travelled to Allyn's for our next fixture with a change of formation. Comninos had rightly claimed a place in the School first XI and so Maynard and Gooding made up the front line with Feridun and Asher commanding the centre of midfield. Hannah also made his first appearance as a substitute. We were 5–0 winners: Maynard scoring a hat-trick and Steuerman netting his second of the season. Gooding was particularly effective creating good opportunities for those around him and using his individual skill to good effect for the team. Feridun had an

outstanding game in the centre. His work-rate was particularly impressive and we missed him badly when injury kept him out of the subsequent game against Aldenham which was lost 2–1. Asher scored our only goal with his second well-struck penalty.

Charterhouse and Bradfield proved too strong for us, winning 4–0 and 7–0 respectively. We competed well with all players working hard throughout. Brodie came into the side as a centre back and adapted well to the new position. The most entertaining game was to be the one against Highgate. We defended well in the first half to keep the game goalless but shortly after half-time Highgate scored and then, a few minutes later, were awarded a penalty. Allen pulled off an outstanding save that lifted the whole side. Late in the game Steuerman levelled the scores and Estorick, as a substitute, hit the post in the final moments of a thrilling game.

After a long break we were only to play two games in the second term losing to St Paul's 3–1 and Harrow 1–0. All in all, this has been a fantastic team to work with, diligent in training and listening carefully to the coaching points. There have been notable improvements to all aspects of their play. Particular thanks go to Valance who has shared the coaching and Feridun who captained the side so well.

MHF

SEASON: 2003–2004

FOOTBALL

U16 B

Played: 8 Won: 1 Drew: 2 Lost: 5

The season started off well, with a thoroughly deserved away win against Ardingly. This kicked off our run of one unbeaten game, as Eton proved too strong in the next match, even with our strong team spirit. A couple of disappointing losses on the road dented our hopes of a winning season, but showing great pluck and determination we fought on, with the best result of the season at home to Highgate. Trailing 7–4 due to some fairly average defending, the team turned up the pressure and played some gutsy, fluent football to come back to level the match 7–7.

Following a lengthy Christmas break, in which fitness waned (the coach no exception), the players fought a tough draw at home to local rivals St. Pauls. It was becoming 'Fortress Vincent Square' as the team's home form was excellent. Unfortunately we could not convert a 2–1 lead at Harrow into a win, as they managed to score two late goals to deny us a point, and left us feeling as sick as budgies. It's a game of two halves after all.

David Alty was the most improved player of the season, doing much of the hard work in midfield, so that the flash forwards could score their wonder goals. Mikey 'Buy a chicken, get a chicken' Stothard and Matt Woodhams were immense in defence, as were the solid forms of Nidal 'The Tank' Al-Juzi and Will l'Heveder. Jay Kirk, Jay Shadwick, Peter Thum-Bonanno, Matt Johnson, Dom Parsons and Rajiv Patel all chipped in with good performances, and Jake Rudman was find of the season at right back. Alex Brooman-White showed pace and skill on the left wing, whilst the midfield had players like Tommy 'wizard of dribble' Cattell, and Dan Brodie getting stuck in. Ed Miles showed great flair up front, feeding skilful strikers Alex Estorick and Jake Robson. Of course no team can perform without a keeper, and Alex Berend showed how to get us out of trouble more than once.

CJRU



SEASON: 2003–2004

FOOTBALL

U15 A

Played: 11 Won: 5 Drew: 1 Lost: 6

Football is, as CJRU has wisely noted, a game of two halves. This year the U15 team has had a season of two halves. Before Christmas our record was really very good by our own demanding Westminster standards.

We made results happen against teams of perhaps greater talent – the splendid 3–2 mugging of an excellent Brentwood side will go down in U15 folklore. The lads were fully committed, worked hard for each other (even in training) and believed in what they could achieve as a team. Fantastic. By the time Easter arrived, however, our record had lost its early season respectability...

Played 18, Won 5, Drew 1, Lost 12; goals for 24, goals against 49.

Where once there was passion, there was now frustration. What went wrong? Clearly the manager is under fire unless he can convince the Board of Directors that other dark forces were at work. Perhaps it was the quality of teams like Hampton – the only side all

season to play us truly off the park? Perhaps it was the Christmas pudding? We certainly lost our 'va va voom' after Christmas. Whatever the explanation I am sure that there is a good tea (sic) here that can be resurrected and built on next year.

For my part, I would like to thank all the players who have contributed to this season, from the primary goals scorers Ye Ming (11) and McPherson (7), through the flexible midfield of Taylor (2), Orme (1), Theodosiou, Ziemer (2), Brent, Logan-Ellis, Thomas, to the sturdy back line of Burnett, Hines-Green, Astaire (1), Stoker, Musciacco, to our brave keeper Crandall. There were also the cameo performers – Grovit, Porter, Roux de Buisson, Smith, Tafreshi and Tickell. Finally I must thank Nick Hinze and Paul Wittle for their support and advice.

As for me, I will await my fate like Mr Ranieri. Will the Board sack me or deliver me a dream team next season to manage to a string of glorious successes?
AJ

SEASON: 2003–2004

FOOTBALL

U15 B

Played: 15 Won: 4 Drew: 2 Lost: 9

Life is full of surprises. Our first match of the season was the long haul away trip to Ardingly College in Mid-Sussex. The variable weather was no surprise for the touchline regulars. My own mother, a Sussex local, turned up to watch and somehow ended up giving the Westminster 3rd XI team talk. Certainly no surprise there. The U15Bs played superbly and deservedly thumped the opposition 5–2. No surprise for those that witnessed the match. Yet afterwards the team owned up to the fact that it was their first victory together – that as U14Bs they had never won a match. After the accomplished performance I had just observed I was quite staggered.

The following week I began to think that this could be a very special season. In several respects I was right, although in the end we succumbed 3–1 after the loss of Eddie Knox. However, the next three games produced three fine victories, dominating KES Witley, Lancing and Alleyns. Our defence of Tom Jelly, Naveed Tafreshi, captain Eduardo 'Edu' Musciacco and Eddie Knox were almost impregnable for long periods of these games, and on the occasions they were breached, outstanding goalkeeping by Will Porter saved us more often than not. In attack, Rupert Eyles left opponents bemused and the goal power was provided by Chris Donovan and Tom Brutton (top scorer with 9 goals). Suddenly a team who had never tasted the spoils of victory were feasting wins.

Inevitably the bubble had to burst. The loss of the Edu to

the U15As made us vulnerable in defence. The latter half of the Play term saw us come up against some very tough opposition, yet we still only lost by the odd goal to Aldenham and Highgate and managed a fabulous 3–3 draw against Bradfield. We never really rediscovered our best form in the Lent term, our only point coming in a 1–1 draw in the return fixture against Highgate. We were defeated heavily by strong opposition from Hampton and St. Pauls. However there were some spectacular goals from Rupert Eyles, Naveed Tafreshi and Joe Smith to celebrate in the final games of the season.

Rarely in the last few years of U15 football have I had the pleasure of working with such a committed group of players who were prepared to work so hard for each other as a team through the good times, and the bad. In addition to those already mentioned, we had a talented and versatile group of midfield players such as Joe Scantlebury, Toby Thomas and Hugo Brent. Cameo appearances throughout the season included: the dynamic Felix Grovit, Misha Kaletsky, Simon Cahill, Alex Rakic, Adrien Roux-dit-Buisson, Max Ziemer and swashbuckling Freddie Tickell to name but a few. Well done to everybody in the squad. All that remains is for me to thank Paul Whittle for his excellent and patient coaching throughout the season and everybody who came along to support us from the touchline.
NJH

Full team and player statistics are on the NJH's homepage on the school website.

SEASON: 2003–2004

FOOTBALL U14 A

Played: 18 Won: 12 Drew: 3 Lost: 3
Goals for: 68 Goals against: 33

This season saw the most successful Under 14 team of the last five years, retaining the nucleus of last year's successful Under School 1st XI with several useful additions from other Prep schools.

The A team announced their intentions in the very first game through a thumping 8–1 victory away to Ardingly. Against King's Ely, the first of several hard-fought victories was ground out, and the team looked forward eagerly to the visit of Eton. In a keenly-contested match Westminster triumphed 3–2 through strikes from Rubenstein, Johnson and Lloyd. There followed another convincing home win as KES Witley were dispatched 8–2 with a brace from Shashou and FOUR (!) from Rubenstein. Despite Forest's outstanding goalkeeper, we managed to turn in a thrilling 4–2 victory. At Kimbolton we threw away a 4–1 lead only to grab victory at the last in a nine-goal thriller. Our record was maintained at Lancing, finishing comfortable 6–1 victors thanks to Lloyd's hat-trick. The team then struggled to a 1–1 draw away to a

good Alleyn's side – courtesy of their late own-goal.

We overcame Aldenham 3–2 at Vincent Square courtesy of a Wheeler strike from 18 yards. We took an early lead at Brentwood through Josh Benson but were pegged back, Johnny Langton and the Brentwood keeper performing heroics to keep the teams level. Westminster came closest to victory but a breathtaking game ended in another 1–1 draw. Despite going behind early to Charterhouse, Westminster turned in a brilliant display of skill to dispatch our oldest foe by five goals to one. The game was notable for brilliance by Lloyd, Clancy and Sasaki-Nasserri. At Bradfield we tasted defeat for the first time, but the term ended well in a clean 2–0 victory away to Highgate.

A wet start to the Lent term aided subsequent defeat to Hampton as we were given a football lesson by a team whose technical ability was superior. They comfortably outplayed us, sealing a deserved 3–1 win. In the next match we dominated Colfe's, an ill-disciplined team

who did themselves no favours by getting a man sent off. A hat-trick from Johnson and another four-goal haul from Rubenstein led to a score of 8–1. The next match saw one of our best performances of the season against a strong, Harrow side and a conclusive 4–1 victory. At St. Paul's we came from behind three times to secure an exciting 3–3 draw with two goals coming from Clancy. But away to Bishop's Stortford, poor finishing meant the season ended on a disappointing note with a 3–1 defeat.

There were excellent performances individually throughout the team. In the centre of defence, Ian Clancy was a tower of strength. Tom Lloyd showed that he could be one of the best players in his age group on the independent schools football circuit, making several appearances for the 1st XI and scoring 18 goals. Ezra Rubenstein was the leading scorer with 20 goals – a natural finisher who did all the simple things well. In goal, Johnny Langton's handling improved throughout the year and he was brave as a lion. Sam Sasaki-Nasserri will be an excellent defender. At the back, Tom Harrison tackled well while in midfield, Josh Benson was an excellent defensive foil to Lloyd.

Out wide, Ross Wheeler showed pace and a scorching shot, and Frederick Johnson showed composure, scoring 10 goals. Alex 'Utility Player' Shashou played in more positions than anyone else, excelling in defence when called upon. Olly Flynn was a regular in defence, showing composure and a big heart. Elsewhere, several others played a notable part in the A squad showing strong potential, most notably Peter Noorani, Frederick Herbert, Tom Dunning and Tom Godfrey-Faussett.

They showed an overwhelming will-to-win and played with lion-hearted defence and often breathtaking attack, producing the finest passing I have seen from a Westminster U14 side. My best wishes for the rest of their football at Westminster, and thanks also to those staff taking U14 football (particularly David Weinstein-Linder, captain of the superb 1998–99 U14 side whose record the current crop came close to matching) for their untiring efforts this year, as well as those loyal parents who gave the team devoted support throughout. **JDK.**

SEASON: 2003–2004

FOOTBALL U14 B

Westminster is clearly in the middle of a football renaissance. Not to be outdone by their friends in the illustrious 'A' team, the U14Bs enjoyed a season of unprecedented success. This was built on team-spirit and collective self-belief that on several occasions proved irresistible even in the face of

opponents who were technically superior. Several performances stand out in particular. An early-season 7–0 hiding of King's, Ely, a 3 goal victory at Brentwood and a 1–0 victory at Highgate which the boys worked extremely hard for in difficult conditions. Colours were awarded to Tom Dunning

and Tom Godfrey-Faussett for their skill, commitment and leadership. Others were very close and one would expect them to win theirs next year. Rameez Khan, who improved tremendously, the whole-hearted Ben Shashou, talented Steven Howell, decisive Peter Noorani and athletic Frederick Herbert were the bedrock of the defence. In midfield Dunning, Godfrey-Faussett, the tricky Matthew Bengier and 'he's here, he's there, he's everywhere' Francis Athill were excellent. Target man Edward Imrie finished the sea-

son as leading scorer while Ikenna Obiekwe, who also served as a fine captain, and the pacy Akay Behchet rotated as Imrie's partner. Others who played their part very capably throughout the season were Alasdair Wilkins, Adam Duchateau, Marcus Mepstead, Sobhan Vakilian, Harry Rose and Nick Day. Thanks also to the following staff for their help: Mr. Kersten, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Ullathorne. A special thank-you to our coach, David Weinstein-Linder (OW), who was terrific all year. **JAI**

WATER

It has been another strange year for Westminster School's Boat Club, a mix of varied triumphs and embarrassments and one personal tragedy which affected the whole Club.

Throughout my five years as a member of WSBC I have noticed that the popularity of Water has waxed and waned. There are only four rowers in the top squad coming from both lower and upper sixth, but this in no way reflects quality of all the crews' dedication. The current younger years are full of talent; they are winning their categories now, and the expectation is that they will be winning by as much, if not more, in the near future.

The representation of WSBC at Henley 2003 was unimpressive. The withdrawal in the summer term of one of our key oarsmen meant that the top boat had to be a four: Charlie Hayes, Andrew Sanderson, Matthew Neve and Matthew Greig Taylor. Tradition has it that Westminster sends an eight to Henley Royal Regatta – as every rower knows there are wall to wall lists in the clubroom naming the crews of every boat which has been sent to Henley, almost always an eight. Last year was the first time in some fifty years or so that only four names could be written up on the wall. It was decided that, instead of trying to enter a weak eight for the Princess

Elizabeth Cup at Henley, the four boys would enter the Visitors. This event is the open coxless fours, and is certainly not restricted to schoolboys. The four failed to qualify, although we did manage to beat a number of respected men's crews in the race-off.

For yet another year the girls rowing at WSBC has been one of the highpoints. The talent includes Kat Hall, Emily Smith, Antonia Turrell and Thea Goodsell. Last summer Kat and Emily were selected for the Great Britain under 16 team in the pair.

For the first time, WSBC was able to send a girl's eight to Women's Henley 2003. The crew consisted of Anna Rubin, Alex Cairns, Jessica Espey, Antonia Turrell, Thea Goodsell, Eleanor Marsh, Emily Smith, Kat Hall. The girl's cox, Suzie Richards, was struck down with a bad throat. The duty, ahem, was down to me – I coxed the girls' eight, weighing in roughly ten kilos more than a good cox. The girls could easily carry this extra weight, but the bad news was that we drew the impressive Wilmington School, USA. Quite honestly I was petrified to line our boats together at the start – 'scared' does not cover it by half. Thanks to a valiant effort over the Henley course the girls lost only a little over a length. Minus ten kilos, who knows what might have hap-

pened! A very brave and courageous effort by the girls.

The girls' successes were carried into the winter of 2003, particularly at the Armada Cup in Switzerland. Antonia, Thea, Kat and Emily all finished in the top ten singles in their category, the most impressive result coming from Emily's 2nd place.

The boys' winter training started well. With good placings at the spectacular Armada Cup from Matthew Neve, Philip Braunwalder, Charles Moran and Alex Murley.

Pangbourne Junior Sculls in November 2003 also suffered a Pink invasion. The most impressive, along with those mentioned above, were James McNaughton, Andrew Sanderson, Jamie Moran, Charles Royce and Tae Kim. The strength of our up-and-coming J15 rowers was shown by the consistency of results at Pangbourne. Alex Critchley, Tom Boles, Felix Tusa, Hugo Flaux, Jamie Thetford, Timothy De Faramond, Oscar Mitchell, Felix Mitchell and Charles Gardiner all performed well, the first five mentioned names all scoring top ten performances to win the team prize.

I have been extremely impressed by the attitudes of the younger ones to adapt to top squad life. Aided by the introduction of internationally renowned coach Bill Mason, I feel future domination only a few steps away. This can be shown by Cambridge Winter Head, where the first VIII won the Schools category, and the J15 boys and Sixth form girls won their respective 'college freshers' events.

As the season started to roll on, so did the victories. A first four

won at Burway Head in February, and at the Bruges International Head of the River Race the 1st VIII won Junior 18 eights, and the J15s won the under 16 category. At the Schools Head in March with a record entry of 436 crews, all Westminster's racing crews finished in the top six of their categories with a spectacular win for the J16 Four.

The top squad had a successful training camp in Seville during Easter, training mostly in fours in preparation for National Schools at Nottingham. The J15s, J14s and Girls were also kept busy, attending the annual Gent training camp and International Regatta in Belgium. The Girls eight securing an impressive Bronze medal in Women's open eights. The J15 eight took up an invitation to race at the Gainesville crew classic in Florida and took the spoils in Freshman eights and fours, after a short training camp amongst the alligators, water snakes and snapping turtles that frequent Gainesville's lake.

It was at this time that the boat club suffered a devastating loss. During the Florida visit Bob Michaels, who had long been ill, suffered a heart attack and died.

Bob has been a long-time influential part of the boat club. He was the chief architect of the Henley final crews of 1990 and 1992, whilst coaching at Westminster between 1988–1992. After a long spell coaching in his native Greece, he returned to coach at Westminster again in September 2002, with his sights set on one more Henley final which he called 'unfinished business'.

Bob will be sorely missed, both as a coach and a good friend to many.

Matthew Greig Taylor (RR)



SEASON: 2003–2004

CRICKET

1ST XI

Played: 14 Won: 4 Drew: 6 Lost: 4

This has been the most successful 1st XI of the last ten years. This was the first Westminster team for a long while with strength in depth in all departments (except perhaps for a quality spinner). If truth be told the bowling and fielding was always of a genuinely good standard but the batting never really fulfilled its great potential. Still, all the players put in some outstanding performances during the course of the season.

We began with our second successful training trip to Alfas in Spain. The first match saw an excellent all-round performance against a team of experienced ex-pats in the shape of the XL Club of Spain. The opposition were bowled out for 170 with Daniel Bamford (3–15) and George Gilmore (3–35) starting with the ball. In reply, substantial partnerships of 73 between Bamford (41) and Ollie Butler, and 94 between Butler and Will Stevenson (29) saw us to a convincing eight wicket victory. The star was undoubtedly Butler who batted with increasing class and authority but was left tantalisingly short of a maiden century on 97 not out at the close.

Next up was Sporting Alfas, the local club, where we amassed 222 for 6 declared. Butler (56) again showed his class with good help from captain Will Yell (38), but, the star was 15 year old Daniel Brodie who hit a sparkling 53 n.o. in his 1st XI batting debut. Unfortunately, we couldn't bowl the opposition out, despite the best efforts of Gopalan Radhakrishnan (2–29) and Yell (3–25), and the match ended in a draw.

Back home, the season began in earnest with a creditable draw against a strong Butterflies side. Yell (3–43) and Bamford (2–31) helped to restrict the opposition to 151–6 dec., and, at 93–1 with 14 overs remaining we looked well set for victory. But the middle order folded and we were left hanging on for the draw at 137–8 at the close. This was followed by another closely fought drawn game against the Lords and Commons where Richard Clark (39) top-scored in a creditable 183–7 dec. We had to withstand a late 'parliamentary' surge as the elder statesmen finished on 177–7 in reply with honours pretty even.

Then came the visit of the 'auld enemy', Charterhouse who were far and away the best side we played throughout the season. Having won an important toss and with helpful conditions the Carthusian bowlers excelled, with only Adam Hall (22 n.o.) withstanding the pressure. Skittled for 55, we managed to capture three wickets in reply (Charles Cooke 2–4) before it was all over just after lunch.

The traditionally strong Merchant Taylors, Northwood, were our next visitors and they received a shock as disciplined fielding and good bowling from Yell (3–31) and newly-recruited Indian exchange Vidit Khanna (3–17) bowled them out for only 151. Hopes were high of a first victory over Merchant Taylors in living memory, but these were in tatters as we stumbled to 31–7 at the start of the final 20 overs. What followed was the outstanding batting partnership of the sea-

son as Yell (44 n.o.) and Robin Low (36 n.o.) put on an unbroken 101 runs through a mixture of watchful defence and judicious hitting to guide us to safety at 132–7 at the close.

Buoyed by this rearguard action we travelled to The Kennington Oval for an Independent Schools 7-a-side tournament organised in memory of Ben Hollioake. Our practice sessions paid off as we rose to the occasion and played excellent all-round cricket to upset the odds and beat both Whitgift and King's Canterbury. A last-ball defeat to Dulwich didn't dampen our spirits as we won our group and proudly took our place in the semi-finals against Brighton College. Alas, the outstanding eventual winners (over Charterhouse!) were too strong for us, but we came away having surpassed our own expectations and thoroughly enjoyed a memorable occasion.

The opposition didn't get any easier in the next 11-a-side game as the M.C.C. arrived with Wasim Khan (recently of Warwickshire and Sussex) in tow. He, along with two other M.C.C. batsmen, hit half-centuries in an imposing total of

230–5 dec. In reply, Butler (49) showed his natural ability before giving his wicket away and prompting a collapse that left Yell (40 n.o.) standing defiantly alone. Alas, it was not enough and we were bowled out with only two overs remaining to lose by 63 runs. A disappointing batting performance meant we only totalled 142–9 in our allotted overs against Alleyn's, but, Gilmore (3–37) wrecked their top order to leave them struggling on 70–6. Yet we couldn't get another wicket and at the start of the last over Alleyn's needed just eight to win with 4 wickets still remaining. Enter Nick 'Metronome' Manners (3–33) whose accuracy secured us the draw as the opposition finished on 141–8 at the end of a breathtaking encounter. Our worst effort of the term followed in a dismal eight wicket defeat away to a good Chigwell side, with the half-century partnership between Brodie (28) and Tim Hunter-Jones (31) the only highlight.

The backlash came with a convincing 62 run win in a 35 over match against Eton XXXI-II. Mainly this was down to the ever-improving batting of Hall (66) and the ever-reliable

LEADING BOWLERS

W. Yell	20 wickets at 15.25
G. Gilmore	13 wickets at 24.31
R. Low	10 wickets at 15.2
N. Manners	10 wickets at 31.2

LEADING BATSMEN

O. Butler	264 runs at 24
D. Bamford	256 runs at 18.29
W. Stevenson	206 runs at 18.73
A. Hall	203 runs at 20.3



bowling of Gilmore (3–45) and Khanna (3–13). With the help of some staff assistance we were able to obtain a creditable draw against the might of the Westminster School, Adelaide, tourists.

At last, the batting clicked against Kingston Grammar as we totalled 208–6 in our 35 overs, built around an impressive half-century from Bamford (74). In response, there was only going to be one winner as all the bowlers – but particularly Low (3–25) and Manners (2–6 off 5 overs) – performed admirably to dismiss Kingston for 103. It was back-to-back victories after another polished performance against St. Dunstan's saw Yell (5–13) tear their batting apart and bowl them out for only 95. The result was never in doubt once Bamford (30) and Stevenson (43) put on 69 for the first wicket, and, despite a late wobble, we cruised to a five wicket victory with 11 overs to spare. In the last match we started brightly having been put in to bat by Reigate Grammar. Clark (33) and Stevenson (77)

put on 94 for the third wicket, but, the last 14 overs saw us score only 46 for the loss of eight wickets as we finished with a below par score of 168. Missing both Yell and Gilmore and faced with some excellent batsmen this was never going to be enough as our winning season evaporated with a crushing nine wicket defeat.

Thanks to all the staff and coaches connected with cricket Station for their efforts throughout the year, especially Jonathan Hall for his knowledge and cheeriness in co-running the 1st XI. I owe Tony Japhet an immeasurable debt for continuing to score for us, as I do to the groundsman Ian Monk and his able assistant David Wicks. Thank you also for their devoted support to parents who came to support. It was a memorable and hugely enjoyable season. I thank the talented, committed and very personable pupils for their hard work and enthusiasm and wish them all the very best with their cricket, whether it be in League cricket or for wandering clubs. **JDK**

CRICKET U15 AND U14

UNDER 15s

The team showed great character over the course of a season that featured two notable wins. Brodie shone with the bat, scoring a blistering 93 in the draw with St Paul's and a particularly fine 46 not out to secure the victory against KGS. He was ably supported in the batting by Robson, Patel, Asher and Casserley. A stunning century partnership between Patel (59*) and Robson (58*) helped us win a 185 run run-chase against Allyn's. Asher passed fifty on one occasion and looked solid throughout and Casserley showed determination and a fine eye in a consistent series of innings. The bowling was led by Patel with the fiery L'Heveder, wily Bhadresha, unconventional Casserley, bouncy Berend and steady Bhanji completing the attack. Berend was the only bowler to take five wickets, running through the KGS line-up in our opening game.

Well done to all who participated in an enjoyable season. **MHF**

UNDER 14s

The U14s can reflect on a good season during which they played some very good cricket at times. The team is clearly talented, capably led by captain Adam Hines-Green and particularly adept in the field. Quick bowlers Joe Smith and Alfred Enoch both have the potential to lead the attack in the years to come. When Smith found

the right length at St. Paul's he was unplayable and Enoch's infectious enthusiasm will pay dividends once he grows physically. Chris Donovan and Robert Taylor are steady but penetrative change bowlers. Donovan has shown that he can use the new ball effectively. Hines-Green's off-spin was consistently difficult to play and, as he learns more about the right line to bowl, will undoubtedly improve.

The batting was led by Hines-Green again (54 not out v. Allyn's), the dedicated George Burnett and the talented Taylor who rode his luck to destroy Highgate's attack with 89. A costly injury to Byron Orme deprived the team of a potentially excellent wicket-keeper-batsman. The following represented the School at the level of 'A' or 'B' team: Eddie Knox, Hugh Logan Ellis, William Blake, Tom Tyerman, Vikesh Kirpalani, Philip Crandall, Daniel Grant-Smith, James Zucker, Bernard Keegan-Fischer, Tom Moore, Benjamin Samuel, Tom Samuel, and Toby Thomas.

The U14B team did well in two games but could not quite manage a draw. All enjoyed their cricket and the promising off-spin of Alex Cardona, their able captain, deserves to be mentioned. Special thanks also to Mr. Ullathorne, Dr. Walsh and the excellent coach James Japhet (OW) for all their efforts throughout the season. **JAI**

FENCING

This has been a phenomenally successful year for fencing station at Westminster. For the third year running we won the Public Schools Fencing Championships but by the narrowest of margins. The school won both the Graham-Bartlett Cup for best performance overall in the Boys events and, by a single point, the Millfield Trophy for best performance overall in the boys and girls events. There were over a thousand entries to the competition with 110 schools taking part. This success came about as a result of the large number of successful fencers who have been cultivated over the last few years, one of the most talented fifth formers in years, and a large amount of hard work from both fencers and coaches. In addition, this year has seen some superb individual results for Westminster fencers at both domestic and overseas competitions, at Cadet (U17), Junior (U20) and senior levels.

The School's first foil team, Cornelius Trestler, Andrew Holgate and Dominic O'Mahony, is the strongest for several years. All three have represented Great Britain at U20 level this year, traveling all over Europe to Junior World Cup competitions. Once again, the team won the British Schools Team Foil Championships in Canterbury, shortly after their Public Schools success.

By far the greatest individual achievement this year came from Marcus Mepstead who is now ranked 1st in Great Britain at Under 17 level despite being still in the fifth form. He reached the final of the prestigious Koblenz International and represented Great Britain in the World Cadet Championships. It was no surprise when he also won the Mount Haes Foil at the

Public Schools Championships. Sophie Troiano has also had an excellent year, spectacularly winning the silver medal at the Essex Open. She achieved one of Britain's best results at the Cadet World Championships, finishing 18th despite a recent serious injury.

However many other fencers achieved impressive results during the season. Among the senior foilists, Cornelius Trestler finished 13th at the World FIE ranking Leon Paul International Foil Competition. The Captain of the School, Dominic O'Mahony, finished 28th at the British Senior Championships, and Andrew Holgate finished 3rd at the British Junior Championships. In the lower years, Sam Wilkin finished 11th at the British Cadet Championships. Rashid Ajami took several medals during the year, and won the Mount Haes Epee at the Public Schools together with the Master at Arms trophy for the best overall junior fencer at the competition.

These results demonstrate the considerable efforts put in by the fencers, but a great deal of credit must also go to the coaches. Tomek Walichi and Dave Taylor both continued to coach Westminster fencers at school and giving many extra coaching sessions at their club in south London, Salle Boston, where Westminster has continued to send many of its foilists for extra training. In addition, this year has seen a new coach arrive from Cuba, Leo Suarez, who has had a lot of success working with the younger fencers. Leo was Cuban Champion and a member of the Cuban Olympic squad. Mr. Dudley-Smith has taken up the mantle of sabre coach – it was good to see his first pupil, Steven Jeffery reaching the final of the Mount Haes sabre championships.



At epee, the year began with the arrival of two new coaches, Jo Maynard and Jamie Miller. Both have worked hard with the fencers to produce a number of excellent results. The best performance of the season was Oliver Campion-Awwad winning the England Under 18 Championships – a stunning performance that led him being appointed to the U18 England Captaincy for the 2004 Home International.

At the U16 London regional championships Tom Samuel took the gold, Basil MacDonald the silver and Edmund Wareham the bronze medal. These results bode well for the future, with many epeeists now established on the national rankings and training regularly

at London Thames Fencing Club in the evenings.

We would like to record a special thank you to the School Society for the exceptionally generous grants they have made to fencing station over recent years including a major grant for equipment for this year's Public Schools Championships. Station is at its largest ever, with 80 fencers across the three weapons. Our thanks goes to all our coaches, particularly to Mr. Dudley-Smith, who gives up hours every week to running the station and ferrying us to and from competitions on many weekends.

Cornelius Trestler (WW)
Nicholas Wareham (WW)

CROSS COUNTRY

Despite the school's urban setting, Westminster's best runners have shown this year that given the opportunity, they are more than a match for many of our competitors, whilst competition at house level has been as fierce as ever.

The Long Distance Races in September again saw some terrific races, and some new faces towards the front. Matthew Neve won the Seniors event with ease, whilst Tom Samuel and Laurie Brock were also impressive winners in their respective age groups, with Liddell's (Seniors), Grant's (Inters) and Hakluyt's (Juniors) winning the battle for House supremacy.

The strength of the School's team, captained this year by Max Silver, was evident when they comfortably dispatched the OWs in the annual Towpath Cup, only narrowly beaten by an all-star Common Room team. The high point however of the first term was the School's performance at the King's Trophy, a gruelling four mile race held on Wimbledon Common which features many of the South East's best schools. Those that had run the race before all improved by minutes, whilst it was encouraging to see some new faces added to the team, which finished 5th out of 20 schools, ably backed up by the 'B' team which came first in their category. Further experience was gained at the highly competitive RGS Guildford relays where the School finished 9th out of 25 teams.

The highlight of the year however was yet again the London Schools Championships in January, when on a windswept Hampstead Heath,

Westminster retained its status as the top school in London. Individuals who excelled included Laurie Brock (12th) in the Junior Boys race and Tom Samuel (4th) in the Inters, however it was the Senior Girls that led the way, with Natalia Marrin (3rd), Jesse Mears (4th) and Olivia Percival (5th). With superb support from Elizabeth Samuel and Georgina Corbet-Burcher, the Senior Girls retained their team title, whilst the Senior Boys (2nd) and Junior Boys (3rd) also took back team medals. As a result of their performances, six Westminster's were selected to compete for London in an inter-county match, of whom Tom Samuel and Natalia Marrin eventually earned selection for the prestigious English Schools Cross Country.

The Bringsty Relays yet again provided some superb races on a mud-soaked Wimbledon Common. The Liddell's Senior team stood out in winning their category by over ninety seconds whilst Tom Samuel recorded the day's fastest time of 5 minutes 26 seconds and in doing so helped Grant's win the Junior team event. A small but highly-motivated School team then competed in an inter-club match, beating the mighty Bank of England in what we hope will become a regular match. The year was neatly rounded off by the 7 mile Charity fun run which saw nearly 70 students run, walk or hobble round the Royal Parks, led home by Henry Hepworth (LL) in a touch under 45 minutes.
SDW

ATHLETICS

The Athletic Sports in 2003 were as keenly fought over as ever, with Hakluyt's yet again coming out as the top house. Dominic Parsons showed his sprinting prowess with impressive new school records of 11.4 over 100m and 23.2 in the 200m, whilst Peter Kennedy and Toby Salmon also notched up wins in the Senior sprints. Joe Marwood eased to victory in the both the Senior 800 and 1500, whilst in the younger age groups, Ye Ming Yuen won three individual events and Philip Crandall soared to an impressive 1.50m in the Junior high jump. The best race of the day however was probably the Senior Girls

100 metres, narrowly edged by Jesse Mears who equalled the School record with 13.2.

Dominic Parsons finished second in the Inter Boys 400m at the London Schools and as a result earned selection for the English Schools Championships – no little achievement given the fact he has another year in the age group. After a good winter's training, it has already been pleasing to see Dominic dip under 50 seconds for 400 metres indoors, and it is to be hoped that he can improve upon this for the 2004 summer season.

SDW



TENNIS

The really competitive aspect of Tennis in 2003 began with a fixture against UCS in late April. Andy Johnson begins his report on the day thus: 'The damage!' You will already have some idea, therefore, of who came first that day. Amidst the carnage, there were encouraging words for Sancha Bainton and Rashod Faizullaev who clearly battled hard, and took their second set to a tiebreak. Olly Gathwaite and Matt Webb also played extremely well together and won their match 3-6, 6-1, 7-5.

For our next fixture we made our annual excursion to Paddington Recreation Ground to play the American School. Having changed the pairings a little after the debacle at UCS, the team gelled much better, and we won the fixture overall 6-2. It is worth pointing out that our 1st pair that day, Vadim Varvarin and Marc Baghdadi, lost only one of their 24 games. It was also extremely refreshing to have two girls playing as our 3rd pair: Sancha Bainton and Annabel Clifford. Sancha is the second female Captain of Tennis that we have had in the last few years.

We then played Putney Tennis Club at Vincent Square. Varvarin and Baghdadi again played 1st pair and won their sets 6-0, 6-0, 6-0, 6-3, 6-1. Jamie Cochran and Ned Younger played well as the 2nd pair, beating Putney's 1st pair 7-5, and Ahmet Feridun and Rashod combined very well together as the 3rd pair that day. We edged a closely-fought battle 5-4 overall.

Harrow were our next rival - and the final scores were a fair representation of the relative strengths and weaknesses of the Westminster teams. The Seniors had a variable set of

matches against their opponents, but finally won 5 sets to 4 with Varvarin and Baghdadi playing well to win all their matches. Bainton and Clifford had a tough time against some physically stronger opponents but finally beat their equivalent opposition 6-0. Cochran and Younger narrowly lost their second two rounds having started strongly in the first. For the second team lost in two out of the three rounds overall. The juniors fared less well, not taking a single round and going down 9-0 as a result. This was despite some well-placed shots and intelligent work by Hakan Feridun, assisted by Tom Hannah.

Following this our 1st VI played the Old Westminster. Over the last couple of years, we have moved this fixture to the weekend, and this seems to have been a real success. Ned Younger and Annabel Clifford were very successful as the 2nd pair, and Garthwaite and Bainton played really well together, managing to take 3 sets off the OWW 1st pair. We won the match.

With St. John's Ambulance on standby as usual, we held the Common Room fixture. There was something of a monsoon in central London that afternoon, but miraculously we managed to complete the match, the C.R. winning 2-1 - well, at least that's the score I recorded in my report. There was also an U14 match against the Common Room. Manoukian and Hamilton played together, as did Amin-Smith and Stoker. Despite a valiant effort, they came off second best to the C.R., who won 3-1.

2003 also saw three exciting innovations. For the first time that I can remember, there

were house matches. Furthermore, for the first time in decades, we were able to put out a boys team for the Youll Cup; in addition, for the first time ever, we fielded a girls' team for the Loveband Trophy. In the house matches final, Liddell's beat Ashburnham by two straight sets (6-4, 6-3), which was quite an achievement, particularly considering they had been on the verge of going out in the 1st round to College, represented nobly by Tom Hannah and Theo Peterson. In the Plate, Busby's, in the shape of Webb and Clifford, got the better of Rigaud's (6-3, 6-4). Many thanks to Eddie Smith who arranged for the supply of silverware.

In the Youll Cup, we were represented by Varvarin and Baghdadi (1st pair), and Cochran and Younger (2nd pair). The real coup came when the boys beat Eton, particularly as the competition was being held at Eton, and the support was somewhat partisan. That win took us into the quarter-finals where, sadly, we lost to Radley, one of the strongest

schools. Nonetheless, it was a terrific achievement. Sancha Bainton and Annabel Clifford played well in the Loveband Trophy, and, after winning their first couple of rounds, also lost in the quarter-finals. Unfortunately I was only able to be there for the last couple of matches, and I am extremely indebted to Mrs Baghdadi who was kind enough to take the team to Eton every day.

In 2004, we will be using additional facilities at Battersea, and we have new fixtures with Winchester and Eton. We also have the same four who represented the School in the Youll Cup which we have entered again. Let's hope that when I write the report for the 2004 season, we have performed even better.

Finally, many thanks to: Andy Johnson, Richard Stokes, Sandy Crole, Jacqueline Cockburn, Paul Thomas, and our coach, Keiron Thompson from Queens Club.
SC



ETON FIVES

It has been an eventful year, with several additional features. A new captain as ever, and this year the team has been led by Peter Kennedy, with support from fellow first-pair stalwart Ben Kent as vice-captain. Although the three courts in Ashburnham garden remain the focus of Fives activity at the school, the fortunate construction of four new courts at the Westway sports centre has given us an alternative place to train on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The little ones can now be packed off in a coach to West London, leaving more time and space for the rest of us to play! A further addition has come for the first time in the form of the 6th Form and Remove girls who have decided to try their hand at the sport. Their rapid improvement has enabled Westminster to field a team of both boys and girls against certain schools, and they have been able to take part in tournaments as well. As well as this, the fact that some of the 5th form boys had already had a chance to try Fives at the Under School before their arrival has

led to a higher standard among the youngest players; we can look forward to some very strong pairs in future years.

Finally, Westminster has achieved some excellent results in tournaments during the year: Peter Kennedy and Ben Kent won the London Tournament Festival, while Peter Kennedy and Freddy Krespi did the same at the Northern Championship Festival. At the Schools' National Championships, Esmay Luck-Hille and Kristina Clark won the plate in the girls' tournament, while Peter Kennedy and Ben Kent, as well as Danny Amliwalla and Theo Peterson, both reached the last sixteen in the Open tournament. In the U14 Beginners', Ben Bourne and Alfred Jackson won the plate, while Edward Rich and Alex Shashou reached the last sixteen of the main tournament. Neil Amin-Smith and Alex Leese got through to the last sixteen of the U15. A good year all round!
Theo Peterson (CC)

HOCKEY

2004 was a great year for Westminster Hockey. With a little pressure from the student body, a senior team was rapidly set up and hockey became an all-year-round station – a marked improvement on the prior situation, where it was only available in the summer. However most impressive of all was the progress made by the team members, who, in the space of a month and a half, went from an assortment of casual players with no previous match experience to being capable of beating other schools' well-practiced teams. Not only did the skills of every member of the squad improve significantly, but the play became fluid, fast-paced and incisive. We certainly hope to have set a precedent for rapid improvement and fantastic team spirit for years to come.

Moving on now to the Under 14 team, who have also had a very encouraging season and, this summer, face the daunting responsibility of being the first Westminster representatives at the Hockey National Schools competition. Hopefully they will progress through to 6th Form and Remove with the benefit of experience which the seniors would have wanted when facing strong teams such as Dulwich, Alleyns or Bancrofts.
JM



MARTIAL ARTS

We have had yet another great year at Martial Arts and the station is positively flourishing. We now have 25 participants, representing the full spectrum of years at Westminster. This too is the first year girls have been able to take part in the station. The atmosphere is thriving with a solid team of regular Judo players making stop journey to the Dojo by London Bridge. Larry, our

coach has been teaching the Art of Judo in his usual eccentric, lively and effective manner.

Due to unexpected illnesses we were unfortunately not able to attend the Independent Schools Tournament this year, but that has not halted the regular friendly matches, both home and away against the likes of Harrow, Charterhouse and Eton. The real highlight of year however has been the gradings. The Fifth form and Lower Shell members of the station all graded up to their

yellow belts. A mention must also be made for Natalia Diaz who was the sole upper school member to go to a weekend senior grading, obtaining her 8th Kyu. Thank you also to Richard Allnatt for once again successfully heading the station and organising the friendly fixtures.

Marc Scrimshire (BB)



SHOOTING

I am pleased to report continued success on shooting station this year. Aply Captained by Andrew Couroussopoulos and Charlene Kong, Westminster's 1st VIII and the A & B V's have shot in four competitions with some success. Again, we have taken part in the British Schools' Smallbore Rifle competitions in the Autumn (Play) and Lent terms. The end point of these competitions: "A" came 4th in their division, 3 points off from 3rd and only 9 from the top spot. Andrew Couroussopoulos took top gun score with an average of 96.4, 4th highest in the division. More remarkably was his scoring a century in the second round. Full Pinks were well deserved. "B" came 3rd in their division on aggregate, but 2nd= on points, only 2 from top. Ed Jeffrey took top score with an average of 92.4, chased by Robin Burkill who averaged 92.2.

Our other competitions have been two shoulder-to-shoulder matches which are becoming a regular fixture. Firstly we hosted Harrow at home, and beat them quite soundly. Then we were away at Wellington, and another very satisfying victory was ours. The score with Wellington is now 2 matches to 1 in our favour, though this must be balanced by their superiority on the 600m full-bore ranges at Bisley, where they kindly hosted us in last Election term.

The new squad has done very well to chase Andrew's and Charlene's marksmanship and I am hoping that certain old faces will combine with the new blood to maintain our progress in competitions. We are slowly developing the range, taking delivery of 3 new

Walther rifles this year. The School Society has very generously given us some money to renew the now very crowded cabinets in the armoury – I am hoping to get a single, much deeper cabinet which will accommodate the guns' sights more commodiously than the present cabinets allow. Finally, new jackets are becoming necessary, and I hope to replace these on the basis of need.

Plans for next year? Win more! New kit. Get OW Shooting off the ground again. Heating and cooling for the range in winter and summer. Make the place more of a club for the squad and perhaps even gettint someone into the GB Schools Team.

Finally, my sincere and great thanks go to Mark Pearce for his continued excellent coaching, inspiration, and wisdom and to Gilly French and Lyndsey Turner for their time and effort in helping me run the station. My thanks also go to the captains and their teams. CKR

NETBALL

The season began well with the arrival of our beautiful new hoodies (and 6'4" Lubin). We were the official trendsetters! This was not just because of our new garments, but because of the success of our team. We played a number of matches against schools that have been out of Westminster's league in previous years, and crowned ourselves the best team Westminster has ever seen.

The team won most matches, only losing during the absence of key players. The "not coaches" 'not coached' well and over-

all we had lots of fun. Gold stars go to Katy Lubin, Georgie Hunt, Helen and Sarah Alexander, Pippa McCarthy, Elle Graham-Dixon, Lucie and Gaby Bishop, Kristina Clark, Tara Collins, Lily Malamatinas, Emily Lim and, ahem, Jesse Mears. It will be tough to maintain this sort of quality through to next year! We shall see...
Jesse Mears (GG)

COMMUNITY SERVICE ST GABRIEL'S SCHOOL

Before I started helping at St Gabriel's school I had a number of preconceptions and anxieties, but after two years there I am pleased to say these have been dispelled. Last year in Reception Class, my first impressions were of quite how large the class was and I was a little intimidated, but it took only minutes to settle in. The children themselves were extremely welcoming and refreshingly trusting.

The teacher had already mentioned that one of the best ways to learn was simply to listen to the children and I have not been disappointed. Despite the fact that they are only 4 or 5 years old, I found myself building up relationships with them, and learning about their cultures and lives, so different from my own. Although I found the sessions draining at times, particularly when I had work to do for my exams, I would always look forward to seeing them and helping out. The number of children meant the teacher was unlikely to be able to see each child individually every session even with an assistant, so I did feel that I was useful in this way. Generally my role would be to sit at a table or walk around the class and check that they knew what they were doing, helping to sound out words for those who needed it. Alternatively I would be asked to help set up equipment or run errands.

This year I have moved from class R to year 2 as my teacher moved up and I felt like a change. This class is also large and there is the added problem that many in the class do not have English as their first language. This makes communication a challenge but I have found with experience that this is a barrier that can be passed over. I have noticed how difficult it is for children without parents who speak English to learn, at least as fast as those who speak English fluently at home, and have come to appreciate the realities of how difficult it is to have just one teacher teaching over 30 children.

The best part about community service is the fact that I can get to know children who I would never have been able to meet otherwise, and gain an insight into their lives – if a limited one. My experiences there have made me further consider the prospect of a career in teaching, and I feel pleased that I have been able to actually give something back to the local community. It is a real pleasure to watch the children grow and progress over the year. I found this particularly last year as some children who were not able to write in September were writing and reading as well as the others by the end of the year. It's a real privilege to be part of this activity.
Natasha Forrester (DD)



COMMUNITY SERVICE

PULLEN DAY CENTRE

For Community Service, I chose to visit a day care centre for the elderly, and though this was not as popular as the option of visiting schools or hospitals, I have certainly had a fantastic experience doing this.

The Pullen centre is a relatively small place – there are only ever about ten elderly people there, and then four or five carers, but to some extent the fact that it is small has meant that it has been a much more enjoyable experience. The same people are there each week and so you can build up a relationship with all of them, rather than it changing every week. They like to talk to you – even if it is only to complain about “you young people these days” and how “everything’s changed, it wasn’t like this in our day” –

but quite often they like to tell you about their lives instead, in a flood of nostalgia, or just have a chat about what’s been happening on Neighbours. It’s this part of the service I have most enjoyed – meeting new people is always good experience and it certainly teaches one to deal with all sorts. It’s not always easy – often the visitors are in a bad mood or grumpy, and some are suffering from forms of dementia – but it is rewarding, as they enjoy having young people around, and I have been thanked by some just for being there. I have greatly enjoyed being part of this sort of initiative and will remember the experiences and the people I’ve met for the rest of my life.

Victoria Young (DD)

COMMUNITY SERVICE

ST MARY’S HOSPITAL

For the past year, along with several others, I have been working at St Mary’s Hospital, Paddington for one afternoon a week. I was asked to work on a gynaecology ward and my job specification was to befriend patients. This meant I would spend a lot of time chatting and listening to the patients on the ward, many of whom had been there for a long time and did not have many visitors. The patients were often very bored and lonely so having someone to talk to other than busy doctors and nurses who had little time for them was important.

Of course, hospitals are busy places and an extra pair of hands is always useful. I often found myself helping the nurses on the ward with some simple tasks such as getting the patients food and drinks or going to fetch them a book or newspaper. Helping at St Mary’s was a lot of fun and I met some very interesting people.

Helen Alexander (BB)

COMMUNITY SERVICE

BOARD GAMES

When I heard that the school would be offering a ‘Board Games Community Service’, for those select few who are attempting the Duke of Edinburgh reward, at first I did not even consider it. Thinking ‘Board Games’ would be more like ‘Bored Games’, I decided to try and look for a community service that interested me more: for example, the police, or something else with more ‘action’ implied.

However, after weeks of telling myself I’d investigate the more – as I thought – interesting community service, I surrendered and took the Board Games option, not without a great deal of apprehension as to how I would get through the whole six months required. After ‘enduring’ one half hour session, I found, to my great surprise, that I actually enjoyed revisiting a lost part of my youth. Games such as ‘Four in a row’, ‘Scrabble’, ‘Chess’, ‘Guess who?’ (whay!) and ‘Pop and Hop’ brought back surprisingly cherished memories of what has been replaced nowa-

days by the TV and computer games. What made the games even better was the fact that I did not have to pretend to lose – as I thought I might have had to. I was actually beaten hands down a lot of the time – very embarrassing indeed, as we older folk are not used to losing badly to people half our age.

Although much better than us at the games, the children were very friendly and the happy atmosphere made losing easier to handle. Board games made for a delightful community service, and I would advise anyone who is thinking of doing the Duke of Edinburgh Award to seriously consider this fun option.

Edward Lane (BB)



LEAVERS 2003

Christopher Abell	DD	Charles Greenbury	WW	Thomas Pickup	MM
Cyrus Alamouti	LL	Michael Greenwold	LL	David Powell	CC
John Alexander	MM	Georgina Haacke	BB	Emily Qin	CC
Henry Alty	GG	Alexander Halban	GG	Arpad Rajeczy von Burian	AHH
Joseph Anderson	MM	Adam Hall	LL	Zoltan Rajeczy von Burian	MM
Josephine ap Simon	HH	Francis Hamlyn	RR	Mohan Rao	CC
Cyrus Azima	RR	Charlie Hayes	GG	Theodore Raymond	HH
Hikmet Babayev	AHH	Harry Hazeel	AHH	Guillaume Redgwell	MM
Jonathan Bailey	RR	Jonathan Hazell	RR	Richard Reilly	WW
Sancha Bainton	LL	Serena Hines	PP	George Rhys Jones	WW
Oliver Barron	AHH	Jason Ho	GG	George Richards	BB
Aled Batey	MM	Jayant Hoon	MM	Susie Richards	PP
Charlotte Bevan	LL	Benjamin Irving	HH	Emily Robinson	RR
Raymond Bilderbeck	DD	Alexandra Jackson	PP	Anna Rubin	CC
Nicholas Boswell	GG	James Jolly	AHH	Rupert Russell	WW
Cordelia Bowdery	MM	Roland Jones	MM	Edward Saatchi	AHH
Sophie Bowen	BB	Naveed Karim	RR	Sherif Salem	AHH
Namir Brentegani	AHH	Jonathan Kay	GG	Toby Salmon	WW
David Brescia	HH	Frederic Kenny	LL	Edward, Sanders	GG
Hal Brindley	MM	Sophia Killingbeck	GG	Camilla Sanderson	WW
Nicholas Britton	DD	Dae Il Kim	GG	Edward Saperia	DD
Nicholas Brookes	DD	Daniel Koehler	MM	Azusa Sato	LL
Charles Bullock	WW	Erdem Konyar	GG	Robert Sawbridge	GG
Oliver Butler	LL	Nathaniel Korda	HH	Oliver Schneider	GG
Alexandra Cairns	RR	Oliver Kreitman	BB	Freya Scott	GG
Orlando Campbell	WW	Petra Kwan	MM	Jack Seaman	MM
Anthony Cardona	CC	Karim Ladha	CC	Suneet Shivaprasad	MM
Lucinda Cash-Gibson	HH	John Larkey	RR	Thomas Smith	LL
Zoe Chan	PP	Jamie Lee	AHH	Camilla Southall	PP
Louise Chappell	BB	James Lewis	RR	Henrietta Spiegelberg	DD
Richard Clark	BB	Jennifer Loh	PP	William Stevenson	LL
Alexander Coats	GG	Tamiko Mackison	PP	Oliver Stevenson	LL
Thomas Coats	BB	Lucy Maizels	HH	Daniel Stoker	MM
Charles Corn	BB	Rod Mamudi	LL	Jeremy Stump	LL
Justin Cook	HH	Nicholas Manners	HH	Tristan Summerscale	CC
Paul Cowie	HH	Sebastian Marlow	GG	William Swannell	GG
Edward Cripwell	WW	Jesse Marre	BB	Rebecca Tan	PP
David Crosse	AHH	Joe Marwood	RR	David Taylor	WW
Raphael D'Amico	AHH	Christian Mason	HH	Jacques Testard	LL
Joseph de Lacey	BB	Robert McKintyre	LL	Tess Thackara	WW
Anna De Paula Hanika	DD	Faris McKinnon	BB	Lydia Thorold	GG
Salima Dhalla	HH	Nicholas Milburn	BB	Rachel Tod	BB
Rebecca Dixon	PP	Eriko Miyazaki-Ross	WW	Kim Turrett	BB
Kate Drummond	RR	Timothy Modiano	HH	Alexander Van Wingerden-Cross	DD
Dorothee Duvaux	DD	Edwin Moore-Gillon	RR	Ryan Victor	BB
Amelia Earl	PP	Thomas Morrison-Bell	BB	Misha Volodchenko	AA
Jay Elliott-Purdy	AHH	Gregory Mostyn	LL	Huw Walters	DD
Jessica Espey	PP	William Muirhead	LL	Karmen Watson	PP
Rashod Faizullaev	GG	Ned Naylor	CC	Philippe Weber	BB
James Fassam-Wright	WW	Sophie Neuburg	AHH	David Weinstein-Linder	HH
Ahmet Feridun	BB	Hik Nissanke	CC	Naomi Weir	AHH
John Gethin	LL	Alexander Nurnberg	CC	Matthias Williams	DD
Harriet Gibson	CC	Tamsin Omond	BB	Benjamin Williamson	RR
Thomas Giddings	WW	Aarish Pandya	LL	Alexander Williamson	LL
Paul Gilbert	DD	Mira Patel	MM	Stephen Wong	LL
George Gilmore	GG	Vita Peacock	BB	George Woodrow	MM
Charlotte Gloerfelt-Tarp	BB	Tokini Peterside	PP	William Yell	RR
Athena Goulimis	AHH	Sushila Phillips	DD	Amieth Yogarajah	LL
Julian Grant	RR	Iain Phillips	WW		

