

ELIZABETHAN



Sanguineos oculos voluit, virgamque requirit.

THE LITTLE DEANS YARD MACARONI.

Pub by Marly Strand July 30th 1772 accor to Act

THE ELIZABETHAN

No.711



Editor: Richard Pyatt

Uncredited Illustrations from Nick Poole and Walter Besant's *Westminster* (Chatto & Windus 1897)

Special thanks to the Librarian and Archivist John Field, The Common Room and the pupils of the School

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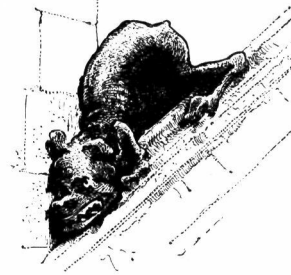
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THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB



THE ANNUAL REPORT THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB COMMITTEE

The Annual General Meeting was held on July 26th 1990. For the first time the AGM was held Up Fields during the Old Westminster Cricket Club's fortnight. The meeting was better attended than usual and was followed by a buffet supper.

The Club's Annual Dinner was held in College Hall on September 25th, 1990. The toast of *Floreat* was proposed by Rt Hon Nigel Lawson PC, MP, OW and was responded to by the Head Master.

Liaison between the School and the Club has continued to increase over the last year or so and the Liaison Committee between the Club and the School Common Room has met on several occasions.

During the year Old Westminsters attended two plays at the School, namely, *The Taming of the Shrew* in December and *Guys and Dolls* in February 1991, which had been sponsored by the Club. It is proposed that future funds will be made available for performances of *As You Like It* and another production in Election Term 1992. Seats will be reserved for Old Westminsters and details will be made available nearer the time.

The School, together with the Club, held a drinks party ("a gaudy") for young members of the Club who have recently left university Up School on January 25th. This occasion was attended by over 200 former pupils and continued well into the evening. It is hoped that a similar event will be repeated.

The Garden Party was held on June 11th in College Garden and was well attended by members of the Club and parents alike.

The Club has been actively involved in seeking the restoration of the Purcell Organ Up School.

ENW Brown
Hon Secretary
Elizabethan Club
July, 1991

OLD WESTMINSTERS' LODGE

On Thursday April 11th 1991 David Wilson (LL 1959-63) was installed as Worshipful Master, Graham Illingworth (GG 1949-54) and Baron Henry von Blumenthall (GG 1974-79) were appointed Senior and Junior Wardens. As usual Members of the Lodge, their personal guests and many members of other Public School Lodges took pre-prandial drinks in Jerusalem Chamber before dining in College Hall.

Howard Taylor (AHH 1963-68) was elected Treasurer and Peter Whipp (AHH 1936-38) was re-appointed Secretary. Fathers, who are Masons, of boys and girls in the School and who would like to attend the Lodge should contact the Secretary. The Lodge meets Up School in February, April, May and October.

Membership of the Lodge is open to all Old Westminsters and members of the teaching staff at the School. Enquiries are always welcome and should be addressed to the Secretary, Peter Whipp, at 85 Gloucester Road, Richmond, Surrey TW9 3BT.

52ND WESTMINSTER SCOUT TROOP REUNION

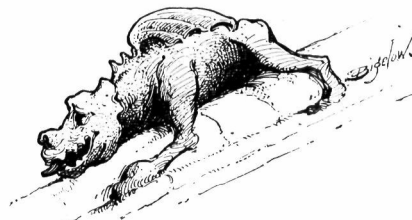
September 6th-9th 1991

For the eleventh time since 1965 some twenty former Westminster scouts, mainly from the thirties, forgathered over the first week-end of September at Dunchideock House, near Exeter, to enjoy each other's company and exchange news and views, old and new. Our Host and Master of Ceremonies Extraordinary was, as always, Archie Winckworth, and our Chef Extraordinary, again as always, John Hooper. Mix them together, add nineteen other ex-scouts aged between 60 and 75-ish, a lavish provision of drinks of every kind, unbroken sunshine, Devonshire lanes and the vast open space of Dartmoor, season with the charm of several wives, a daughter and a sister for Sunday lunch, and you have a very potent, better-than-Delia-Smith recipe for a memorable week-end.

Two of our number, Foster Cunliffe and Richard Batten, despite considerable handicaps, carried on regardless and magnificently, as if they were still in full vigour. Foster with the help of one of his five sons, Richard; several gave selfless service with the waiting and washing up; and everyone felt completely at home to do as they pleased, even to the point of defying some of their host's more barbed observations and instructions.

The ex-doctors present, Brian Greenish and Mac Knowles, educated us in the arcana of electrocution and other perils; John Ormiston told us what was wrong with the world and how he and others were putting it right; David Van Rest, our youngest and newest recruit, cheerfully survived everything the others could throw at him; the two ex-Headmasters, Henry Christie and Roger Young, talked too much, as is their wont, without having a monopoly, however, on the discussion of education; Ted Bindloss, uncharacteristically on the whole, Walter Steven and Robert Rich provided an ample and receptive audience for the more talkative members; Richard Hogg and Desmond Farley showed us amazing photos of ourselves as active and relatively unrecognisable young men or boys; Archie and others told how much better Westminster was in their day; Jack Tasker (whose brother could only be with us for the Sunday lunch, alas) led the way up to the stone-age circle and village of Grimm's Pound and the Tor above it; some, notably Charles Usher (a.k.a. Dumper) and Bill Budget came and went all too quickly, but left happy memories and laughter behind them; John Ridley entertained us with tales of riding his motor cycle through all weathers at home and abroad, and managed to get a real suit on for Sunday in place of his tough cycling gear of the other two days; and Peter Bosanquet charmed not only his fellow scouts but also our Dunchideock hosts for coffee after Church on Sunday.

A very special thank you to Archie and all the others who made it such a memorable week-end.



THE RECORD OF OLD WESTMINSTERS

The editors are hopeful that (subject to the vagaries of printers and binders) Volume IV will be ready for publication towards the end of 1992 or early in 1993. An invitation to subscribe to the new volume will be posted during 1992 to all OWW whose addresses are known. The price has yet to be fixed, but it is likely to be in the range of £25 to £30 for a volume of more than 400 pages of text with a substantial illustration section.

Volume IV will be printed and bound in the same format as its predecessors, continuing the sequence which began with the basic volumes I and II in 1928 – now collectors' pieces. It has taken a long time to prepare, of which the longest and most difficult stage was taken up with trying to contact some 6,000 people, for many of whom the school had no recent address, and who (especially in the younger generations) have been far from stationary either in their dwelling places or in their employment. To those who have responded by completing the form we have sent out over the past two years, we are most grateful. To those who may not have received their form because of an inevitably fluid record of addresses, we apologise. As for those who have chosen to ignore two or even three requests for information, we can only register regret.

Perhaps this is the cue for making a last effort to counter the misguided complaint that the wording in the form was in some way 'sexist', in that it asked for information about the male parent of a mother or wife rather than about the female side of the family. We repeat that this does not attach any greater 'importance' to males, their achievements or origins, beyond what is necessary to establish the identity of a mother or wife for the benefit of family historians or future genealogists. It should be obvious that since by present convention a woman discards her maiden surname at the time of her marriage, her own family connections and descent can be traced only if her father can be fully identified by name and occupation (and possibly also by a place of residence). Where the mother and wife themselves are concerned, we have broken new ground in this volume by detailing their occupations and distinctions wherever such information is available. To be fair all round we have even done the same for husbands of female Old Westminsters.

To the other facile cry that it is 'elitist' (whatever that means) to record the public achievements of Old Westminsters in such a volume, there are two good answers. On the one hand the school has every right to be proud that this volume will include entries for some of the best known names in public life over the last half century: the roll of politicians, judges, churchmen, diplomats, scholars, scientists, heads of commercial enterprises, writers, musicians and theatrical personalities is now at its most distinguished since the middle of the 19th century. At the same time room has been found for the doings of eccentrics (and a few rogues) without whom a Westminster roll-call would never be complete, and for the adventures and exploits of younger men and women in all parts of the world: sailing round the world, trekking through the Far East to Tibet, teaching in Africa, South America or Papua New Guinea, looking after the handicapped, setting up unlikely enterprises – or indeed just getting on with the job.

We hope that the condensed format of what must be primarily a work of reference will not obscure the human interest which can be read between the lines of so many careers which may have been first directed and motivated at Westminster.

*F.E. Pagan
H.E. Pagan*

OLD WESTMINSTER NEWS

The Hon George J.D. Bruce (1943-44, GG) has been elected President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters.

Peter Brook (1937-38, HH) has been the first recipient of the \$50,000 Wexner Prize, an American award which will be presented annually to an artist whose "innovative work has made a permanent impact on the arts".

Hugh Lloyd-Jones (1935-40, A/KS) was knighted in 1989 and received the 1991 Runciman Award from the Anglo-Hellenic League for his two volumes of collected academic papers (see *Ex Libris*).

Sir Crispin Tickell (1944-49, KSS) has been appointed a Trustee of the Natural History Museum.

Alan Campbell-Johnson (1926-32, AHH) has been awarded an honorary D. Litt. by the University of Southampton.

Nick Paterson (1966-71, RR) is now Head Master of Woodcote House, Windlesham, Surrey.

Dominic Lawson (1971-74, BB) is engaged to be married to the Hon Rosamond Monckton, only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Monckton of Brenchley.

Justin Byam Shaw (1973-elected Feb 78, LL) is engaged to be married to Miss Jane Scott.

The following have been elected to Honorary Fellowships of Westminster School:

The Rt Hon the Lord Carr of Hadley PC

Prof Sir Richard Doll OBE

Prof Sir William Hawthorne CBE

Sir Andrew Huxley OM FRS

Sir Angus Wilson CBE

A.C.N. Borg (BB, 1955-60) the director general of the Imperial War Museum and **S.J.C. Randall** (RR, 1957-) the chairman of the housing and social services committee have been awarded CBEs.

Stephen Jeremy Barrett CMG (AA, 1945-50) HM

Ambassador to Warsaw, has been awarded a KCMG.

Matthew Freud (RR, 1977-81) younger son of Sir Clement and Lady Freud married Miss Caroline Hutton on the 20th April 1991 at St Patrick's, Soho Square.

1991 ELIZABETHAN CLUB DINNER

"On The Rails"

The Elizabethan Club, Westminster School's old boys' Society, met for its annual bun fight in the School's dining hall on Thursday night toasting Cardinal Hume (who went to Ampleforth) as the guest. After a glowing tribute from the President, Sir Paul Wright, Hume recalled a recent rail journey from York to London.

Standing on the platform, he was greeted warmly by the train driver walking to his engine. The driver, delighted to have a celebrated passenger, offered him a spell on the footplate, which Hume accepted, fulfilling a schoolboy ambition. Entering the cab, the driver introduced the Cardinal to his co-driver, saying: "Ere he is – Dr Runcie".

The Times, September 1991

The Club were honoured to have Cardinal Hume, the Archbishop of Westminster, as their guest in College Hall on the 19th September. When introducing the Cardinal, the President of the Club, Sir Paul Wright, referred to the high regard the public had for Basil Hume as a spiritual leader.

The Cardinal spoke with great humour and charm and mentioned the links between Ampleforth and Westminster. He then talked movingly of the growing idealism among young people around the world and how vital it was that this should be supported.

The Head Master thanked the Cardinal and commented modestly that after such an outstanding speech the Head Master's report would be better placed in a newsletter to Old Westminsters.

MISCELLANEOUS

"I had never been in such a ridiculous place in my life." Such was the verdict of the young **Crispin Tickell** on Westminster as he first knew it in the later 1940s. Sir Crispin (1944-49, KSS), who these days attracts increasing acclaim as our foremost all-round global good guy, talked at length about his childhood in the *Times Saturday Review* of 8th June 1991. He claimed he had never been much good at Latin or maths "and just scraped a scholarship to Westminster, solely because I wrote a perceptive essay on war strategy." What he found on arrival was, in his words, "a lot of phoney traditions, everyone dragooned by rules, and a lot of silly dressing-up." Under these circumstances he found himself regarded as a maverick. "His maths master would tease him for asking questions and set the class to laugh at him." His only ally among the staff, it appears, was his history master **Winston Monk** (Staff 1940-42, 1944- 50; later killed in an air disaster), "a very charismatic, intellectually muscular character . . . He taught me to think." But Sir Crispin considers that it was not until he reached Oxford, where he presently took a First in Modern History, that he "really took off."

Precisely how far he subsequently flew is well demonstrated by the *Saturday Review's* summary. "Chef de cabinet to Roy Jenkins as president of the Commission of European Communities, he became Britain's ambassador to Mexico in 1981, and to the UN in 1987. An authority on global warming, he is said to be responsible for the greening of Margaret Thatcher. Since his retirement, Tickell has become Warden of Green College Oxford, a post-graduate college for science and medicine. He is President of the Royal Geographical Society, President of the Marine Biological Association and chairman of the Climate Institute of Washington. He has a foot in so many camps he considers himself a millipede." One of those camps, it may be worth adding, so gently does Time heal youthful injuries and frustrations, is the Elizabethan Club, of which Sir Crispin has lately become a Vice-President.

"Man at helm who learnt quickly" was the headline in the *Independent* on 26th June 1991 above a burst of praise for Lord Crickhowell in his role as chairman of the National Rivers Authority. Crickhowell, who as **Nicholas Edwards** was up Busby's between 1947 and 1952 and later served for eight years as Secretary of State for Wales, is said to have wellied into his new job more strenuously than anyone expected. He reputedly knew little about environmental science on arrival "but learnt a great deal very quickly and was alarmed by much of it." Discovering that many rivers are getting dirtier rather than cleaner, as "gross contamination by industry has declined but pollution from agriculture or sewage has often become much worse", he has proved to be "a driving force for legal action against serious and persistent polluters." One sign of his hands-on approach was the resignation in June of the NRA's chief executive. "Lord Crickhowell had apparently lost confidence in him."

Another OW who qualified for praise in the *Independent* was the rowing coach **Dan Topolski** (1959-63, WW). After four years away from the towpath he has been lured back by the challenge of reviving "Britain's dismal international sculling fortunes" and is busy trying to put together a quadruple scull for the 1992 Barcelona Olympics. "The hair may be a little thinner now," the reporter was ungallant enough to observe (beneath the title "Topolski aims to turn tide of failure" on 5th October 1991), "but the infectious enthusiasm that launched a dozen Oxford Boat Race crews to victory is still there." His Olympic hopefuls concurred: "Inspires confidence", "Makes you believe what he's telling you" and "Enormous charisma" were some of their comments on the man in charge.

Readers of the *Observer's* "A Room of my Own" feature on 18th August 1991 were confronted by conductor **Roger Norrington** (1947-52, BB) lolling on a sofa in his Elizabethan cottage with a score by his side and a

cross-bred pointer sleeping at his feet. This domestic idyll was the calm before the storm, the storm being the "1791 Weekend" which Norrington and his orchestra, the London Classical Players, were about to mount at the South Bank as centrepiece of the 'Mozart Now' retrospective. The aim was to explore the music which Mozart wrote in his last year, including dance tunes which are seldom performed and for which Norrington's choreographer wife Kay Lawrence was arranging some historically appropriate dancing. The interview had little to say about Norrington's room but much about his work in the field of (a word he loathes) "authentic" music. This has at times been iconoclastic – he insists, for instance, on conducting Beethoven's symphonies at the tempo suggested by the original metronome marks, even if this is startlingly fast. "I'm not interested in the posh side of music," he said. "I'm interested in lots and lots of people having a marvellous time and getting excited about it." One object in the photograph drew the eye – a bust of Norrington in the 1960s "when he was a professional tenor and directed his own Schutz choir." With its gleaming dome and quizzical expression, it showed how little he has changed in the past quarter of a century.

Back to the *Independent*, which on 1st December 1990 took up Edward Heath's proposal that the Grand Tour should be revived for the new Europe and asked composer **George Benjamin** (1973-77, RR) what route he would favour. Starting with Venice and Vienna he went on to recommend a string of contemporary music festivals plus Ligeti's lectures in Hamburg, Messiaen's Sunday-morning improvisations in Paris, all manifestations of Boulez and the "spectacular new resources for music in the French capital". However, he also asserted the need "to look beyond Western shores, to the folk musics of Eastern Europe, Africa and the Americas, and to the magnificent classical traditions of the East."

Meanwhile, in another part of the cultural forest, plans to revive the legendary children's television programme *The Magic Roundabout*, with **Nigel Planer** (1966-70, WW) as writer and narrator, were front-page news in the same paper on 15th November 1991. The Media Editor made the point that Planer, like Dylan, the programme's guitar-twanging rabbit, "shot to fame as a hippie: he played Neil in the 1980s comedy about student life *The Young Ones*." Which makes this as good a moment as any to mention that Channel 4's "youth and entertainment supremo" **Stephen Garrett** (1972-76, LL) popped up in the same pages on 22nd August, soliciting ideas for Youth Television. Send them c/o 60 Charlotte Street, London W1P 2AX.

Seldom have the deep waters of the *Times* letters page been more churned and muddied than they were this autumn by proposals to erect a statue – outside the RAF church in the Strand – of the wartime chief of Bomber Command Sir Arthur "Bomber" Harris. **Sir Frederic Bennett** (1932-36, RR) was one of those who expressed unease. In a letter published on 5th October, he wrote: "There were many serving in the forces during the last war, including humbly myself, who felt unhappy about saturation bombing of civilian populations, whichever contestants indulged in it. Let us ask ourselves what would be the reaction today of the average Briton if he or she were to read that the Germans proposed to erect a new memorial, now, in Berlin, honouring the senior Luftwaffe officer responsible for ordering the bombing of Coventry."

Other letters to the *Times* came from **Tim Gardam** (1969-73, GG), editor of *Newsnight*, who on 25th November refuted charges of "biased reporting and a breach of trust" arising from a *Newsnight* report on surgical standards, and **Peter Hughes** (Staff). The latter was the leader of 15 independent-school science teachers who on 28th May welcomed the introduction of vocationally-orientated courses alongside A levels but deplored the idea that the two should be amalgamated. "If, by changing the nature of existing courses, we put off . . . highly academic students, we will not be advancing the cause of science education in this country."



In August 1991 the *Daily Telegraph* put together a controversial "league table" of academically successful independent schools. Westminster featured in the First Division, which, alas, was not the highest rating – the top ten schools were classified as the Premier League. On 5th September came a follow-up article which analysed the responses provoked by the original feature. "One of the most challenging letters," it said, had been sent by **David Summerscale** (Head Master 86-). "I wonder," he asked, "if you realise what a disservice you do to so many schools by concocting a league table of this kind?" He went on to object to "the inclusion of results in general studies, an A-level subject which is compulsory in some schools but not offered by others (including Westminster). He said universities ignored general studies and that it was well known to be a subject in which it was relatively easy to gain a high grade.

"Similarly, he claimed some A-level examining boards were known to be easier than others. For that reason, many schools (but not Westminster) had abandoned the Oxford and Cambridge board, which dealt exclusively with independent schools and was therefore the hardest of all.

"He also pointed out that schools that were well endowed (as Westminster is not) were able to buy in the brightest pupils by offering them scholarships and bursaries.

"He concluded: 'Your title, The A-level Meritocracy, can only generate the wrong kind of competitiveness amongst schools, increase parental perturbation and uncertainty, and overlook the excellence which so many schools achieve both in and out of the classroom with less gifted candidates.'"

John Rae (Head Master 1970-86) was in the news again during September in his role as director of the Portman Group, a body funded by the drinks industry whose aim is to promote sensible drinking. "Many parents and teachers want to give young people advice about sensible drinking but they themselves have little idea of the alcoholic content of different drinks," he said, launching a nationwide campaign to dispel such ignorance by means of leaflets in off-licences and supermarkets, posters in pubs and lots of media coverage.

"**Helena Bonham-Carter** shakes off her corset" was the alarmingly-titled cover feature in the *Sunday Express Magazine* on 21st April 1991. "I hate this image of me as the prim Edwardian," declared the actress. "I want to shock everyone – to let them know I'm not a one-dimensional character from the turn of the century." Devotees of the

"English Rose" school of feminine beauty may well have been sufficiently shocked by her description of the way she prefers to look: "a bit ill and wasted . . . pale skin, lips pallid or bloodstained, the dark rings under the eyes kept in."

The author **Tim Jeal** (1958-63, GG) got an unlikely name-check on 24th November 1991 in the leading article of the *Independent on Sunday*. Commenting on the release of Terry Waite from his Lebanese imprisonment, the paper developed a comparison between Waite and the great Victorian public heroes. "Great British heroes of the last century took a long time to be debunked . . . The fullest portrayal of Livingstone had to wait until Tim Jeal's excellent biography in 1973."

In the *Sunday Times Magazine* on 14th April 1991 the Hon Christopher Monckton, political journalist and former advisor to Margaret Thatcher, was interviewed about his sister Rosa, managing director of the London branch of Tiffany. "She started out dressing rather atrociously, gradually got better at it, and is now a very snappy dresser. She went to speak recently to the boys (sic) at Westminster School on setting up your own business, and made a tremendous hit, not only with what she said, but also with her appearance." For further evidence of Miss Monckton's success with the boys of Westminster, please see Old Westminster Notes.

In 1963 a socially disparate group of seven year olds were interviewed for television about their lives and hopes, and the TV cameras have been paying them return visits at seven year intervals ever since. The most recent documentary about them – entitled *35 Up* – was screened last year and is said to have riveted the nation.

Westminster viewers may have been more riveted than most, as one of the 35 year olds taking part was himself an OW, a barrister (identified only as "**John**") in the Chancery Division of the High Court, specialising in company law. With a Bulgarian mother, and a former British Ambassador to Bulgaria as his father-in-law, John is much involved in the charity Friends of Bulgaria and was shown welcoming guests to its inaugural concert. He had this to say about the school which helped to form him: "If I had a son, I would like to send him to Westminster . . . Where, I suspect, the major public schools win over the state schools is in the quality of the staff that they attract . . . Certainly at my school the teachers were absolutely first rate but on the other hand we had very little in the way of facilities and computers and language labs that are taken for granted in many state schools. And I think when people talk about

more resources they often mean more money being spent on these things, which in a sense are inessentials, and less money being spent on what really matters which is the quality of the teachers."

"What are the nation's foremost scientific brains wrestling with?" the *Independent's* newly acquired Diary column inquired on 6th November 1991. "Disturbing changes in the molecular structure of Britain's only popular science magazine, *New Scientist* . . ." It went on to report the protests of **Pat Bateson** (1951-56, WB), the Provost of King's College Cambridge, at the magazine's proposed "restructuring" plan which would see two long-serving staff members demoted or sacked. Three days later the equivalent column in the *Daily Telegraph* had **Prof Freddie Beeston** (1923-29, A/KS), Dean of Degrees at St John's College Oxford, "taking a relaxed view" of calls to abolish the university's *subfusc* academic dress. "Examinations are still a young invention, having been introduced in 1803, and so they're not even a particularly old tradition in Oxford. Our psychology tutor assures me sure (sic) that ritual dress reduces stress."

The decision by Michael Thompson, chaplain at Westminster Abbey from 1985 to 1988, to renounce his brief conversion to Roman Catholicism warranted a news story in the *Daily Telegraph* of 6th September 1991: "Anglican 'defector' back in fold." A familiar figure at Westminster, not least because of the extra grandeur with which he helped to invest Foundation Day, Mr Thompson was reported to have left the Brompton Oratory and become priest-in-charge of "two Anglican village churches in Northamptonshire a few miles from the parish he left in January." The Bishop of Peterborough hailed his return: "Michael is a great priest. We're ever so pleased to have him back." Not long afterwards Mr Thompson was re-appointed as Rector of Lowick with Sudborough and Slipton and priest-in-charge of Islip.

On 21st September 1991 the *Telegraph's* "Peterborough" column – entirely unconnected with the Bishop of the same name – referred to Cardinal Hume's guest appearance at the "annual bunfight" of the Elizabethan Club and relayed his account of a recent rail journey from York to London. "Standing on the platform, he was greeted warmly by the train driver walking to his engine. The driver, delighted to have a celebrity passenger, offered him a spell on the footplate, which Hume accepted, fulfilling a schoolboy ambition. Entering the cab, the driver introduced the Cardinal to his co-driver, saying: 'Ere he is – Dr Runcie.'"

Tucked away in a corner of *Private Eye's* 30th anniversary special was a supposed extract from the personal column of *Cyprus Weekly* wherein one S. Paraskos, in adjacent announcements, junked his British fiancée and engaged another. Sure enough, the next issue of the *Eye* (25th October 1991) carried a letter from **Ski Paraskos** (Staff 1986-). "As any of my students will tell you, it would be astonishing if one person were foolish enough to agree to marry me, let alone two. You seem to be obsessed by the head of economics at Westminster School . . . My predecessor, Daniel Jefferies, filled out more column inches of your newspaper than income tax returns."

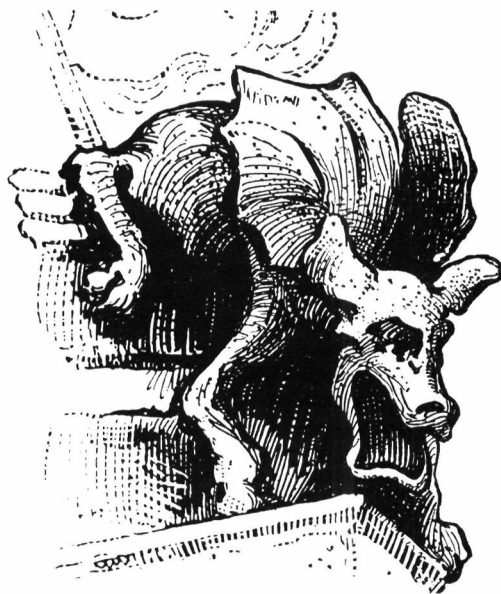
On the eve of Shakespeare's birthday, the *Independent*, 22nd April 1991, had a feature with the title "Best wishes, Bill" in which "some of those who work with him" were asked "what kind regards they would bestow". The director **Peter Brook** (1937-38, HH) said simply: "Shakespeare's greatest glory is that we know so little about him. This allows us to see his plays as reflections of life, not as a famous writer's masterclass. I would like him to go on hiding and if anyone claims to discover who he really is, to tell them it couldn't matter less."

But the Librarian, Archivist, "English teacher and director of Shakespeare productions at Westminster School" **John Field** (Staff 1964-) responded to the challenge at greater length.

"The things I'd like never to see again are Fascist gear; pelvic thrusts and other semi-explicit gestures which destroy the bawdy jokes; meaningless rocks vaguely resembling Stonehenge; smoke machines for battles; gratuitous scenes to suggest what Shakespeare really

meant; less running and jumping and more standing still. What I'd like to see more of is actors who can hear and speak iambic pentameters; actors who can sing properly; directors who have faith in the supernatural; directors who aren't afraid to let the plays unfold at a more leisured pace and who aren't primarily concerned to keep audiences entertained; more stillness, silence and economy; fewer productions; and a ban on productions of *King Lear* for three years."

These remarks were credited exclusively to John Field; but several learned authorities claim to detect traces of **Richard Pyatt** (Staff 1986-) and **Michael Mulligan** (Staff 1986-).



EX LIBRIS

"Of making many books there is no end," the author of *Ecclesiastes* lamented. How right he was – especially when Old Westminsters are doing the making.

Two recent publications by **Jack Simmons** (1928-33, G/KS) have until now escaped notice in these pages. *The Victorian Railway* (Thames and Hudson £28) is, he says, "not in any sense a history of the Victorian railways." Rather, with the aid of a wide-ranging text and evocative pictures (including photographs from as far back as 1845), it "sets out to present the mechanically-worked railway through the eyes and minds of those who watched it between 1830 and 1914" and "to consider some of the changes it produced in their habits of looking and thinking and feeling". Simmons has assembled an absorbing magpie's nest for Collins on much the same theme, *Railways: an Anthology* (£16), in which he looks back as far as 1615 (no, this is not a misprint) and forward to the 1980s. **Alastair Service** (1947-51, HB) has further extended his long list of architectural titles with *Victorian and Edwardian Hampstead* (Historical Publications £5.95). The Director General of the Imperial War Museum, **Alan Borg** (1955-60, BB), has produced a copiously-illustrated study of *War Memorials: from Antiquity to the Present* (Leo Cooper £24.95). "If this book makes more people aware of our rich heritage of memorials to war," he writes, "and thereby also brings a reminder of the cost of war itself, then it will have served its purpose." One of his plates shows the Crimean War memorial at Westminster.

Better late than never to mention an appropriately lavish and handsome volume, *Treasures of the British Library* (British Library, £25), the compiler of which is **Nicolas Barker** (1946-51, KSS), the Library's Deputy Keeper. Nor is he the only OW in evidence, as two of the notable antiquaries whose book collections the Library absorbed were educated at the school: **Cotton** and "the less celebrated Cracherode". **Cracherode**, who died in 1799,

was dubbed by an obituarist "the most amiable man that ever went from Westminster to Christ Church"; Barker adds that this was "the longest journey of Cracherode's life." Cotton, by contrast, travelled to the North of England in search of antiquities in 1599, accompanied by the venerable **William Camden**, second master at Westminster when Cotton was a boy there. Barker refers also to the fire that broke out in Ashburnham House on 23rd October 1731. The Royal Library and Cotton's collection were both in storage there at the time, and nearly a quarter of the latter was destroyed.

The abortive *coup d'état* in the Soviet Union did nothing but good for the sales of *Saviour's Gate* (Simon and Schuster hbk £13.99, Bantam pbk £3.99) by **Tim Sebastian** (1965-69, LL), a thriller in which a Gorbachev-style Soviet leader loses control to power-hungry conservatives but, with tacit Western support, manages to regain power. Advertisements for the paperback edition had the faces of Sebastian and Gorbachev captioned, respectively, "How much did this man know?" and "How much had this man read?" Fears that **Tom Holt** (1974-78, RR) might be stricken with writer's block after being re-named Tom Hold in the last *Elizabethan* proved groundless. His new novel *Flying Dutch* (Orbit £12.95) tells how Cornelius Vanderdecker, the Flying Dutchman, "falls into a series of events which even the composer of *The Ring of the Nibelungs* might consider overly coincidental and chaotic."

Stephen Poliakoff (1966-69, WW) has had the screenplay of his movie *Close My Eyes* published by Methuen at £5.99. *Ustinov at Large* (O'Mara Books, £13.99) is a compilation from the weekly column contributed to the *European* newspaper by **Sir Peter Ustinov** (1934-37, AHH). His fellow theatrical knight **Sir John Gielgud** (1917-21, G/KS) has written *Shakespeare: Hit or Miss?* (Sidgwick £17.50) with the aid of John Miller. Reviewing it in the *Independent*, Robert Cushman observed that "this most effortlessly modern of actors seems to have kept up with all the best things, from Peter Brook's *Dream* to Richard Briers' *Malvolio*, and he is discerningly enthusiastic about them. Even at his most apparently reactionary he talks sense . . ."

The academic papers of the renowned classical scholar **Sir Hugh Lloyd-Jones** (1935-40, AHH/KS), Emeritus Professor of Greek at Oxford, have been published by Oxford University Press in two volumes. *Greek Epic, Lyric and Tragedy* costs £55 whereas *Greek Comedy, Hellenistic Literature, Greek Religion and Miscellanea* can be had at the knock-down price of £48. Between them, the two collections won for their author the 1991 Runciman Award. In *Praise Above All: Discovering the Welsh Tradition* (University of Wales Press £12.95), **A.M. Allchin** (1943-48, KSS) contends that the Welsh poetic tradition, still alive today, can give us "access to areas of our shared Christian and pre-Christian inheritance which are not otherwise available." And since finishing his autobiography (see elsewhere) **Sir Brian Urquhart** (1932-37, KSS) has found time to write *Decolonisation and World Peace* (publisher and price unknown).

One expert on animal behaviour salutes another. **Patrick Bateson** (1951-56, WB) is the editor of *The Development and Integration of Behaviour* (Cambridge hbk £50, pbk £17.50), a collection of essays in honour of Professor Robert Hinde. Meanwhile the philosophers **David Pears** (1934-39, HB) and **Richard Wollheim** (1936-41, KSS) are among those represented in another *festschrift*, this time for the octogenarian Oxonian thinker, historian of ideas and universally acknowledged Good Thing, Sir Isaiah Berlin. *Isaiah Berlin: a Celebration* (Hogarth £25) is edited by Avishai Margalit and Edna Ullman-Margalit.

Adam Mars-Jones (1967-72, QSS), best known these days as a film critic, has contributed a pamphlet to the polemical 'Counterblasts' series. *Venus Envy* (Chatto, £3.99) places an elegant question mark against fashionable (male) doubts about "the authenticity of male experience" and fashionable (male) thinking about fatherhood, as exemplified in the later fiction of Martin Amis and Ian McEwan. A yet more slender volume is *Rules versus*

Discretion in the Conduct of Economic Policy (University of London £2), the text of the 1990 Stamp Memorial Lecture by **Nigel Lawson** (1942-50, WW) in which, among other things, he recounted his efforts to prevent the imposition of the Poll Tax. Another published lecture that deserves attention is *Ecological Hazards of Climate Change* (Royal Society of Medicine, price unknown), the 1991 Stevens Lecture for the Laity delivered by **Sir Crispin Tickell** (1944-49, KSS).

Stocking-filler department. **Tony Benn** (1938-42, BB) and **Peter Bottomley** (1957-62, GG) offer tales of embarrassment in *The NSPCC Book of Famous Faux Pas* edited by Fiona Snelson (Century \$4.99). **Sir Frederic Bennett** (1932-36, RR), **Lord Havers** (1936-40, RR) and **Sir William van Straubenzee** (1937-42, GG) join other leading Tories in the pages of *A Funny Thing Happened . . . Conservative Anecdotes collected by the Rt Hon Sir John Cope MP* (Colt Books/Conservative Central Office £10). And **Nigel Planer** (1966-70, WW), in the guise of his alter ego the pretentious actor Nicholas Craig, is among contributors to *Amassed Hysteria* (Penguin £4.99), an anthology culled from the three *Hysteria!* comedy shows staged in aid of the Terrence Higgins Trust.

To finish with, a trip down a literary by-way. Bryan Connon recently wrote a biography of the once-famous all-purpose author Beverley Nichols (Constable £20). Towards the end he speaks of an interview which Nichols gave in the late 1970s to Oxford University's *Isis* magazine, of which he had been editor sixty years before. *Inter alia* he denounced the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, who "should be drowned in the Thames in sacks along with the notorious pile of bricks exhibited there"; declared the invention of the electric guitar "potentially more lethal than the invention of the internal combustion engine"; regaled his young interviewer with an epigram: "All things in life are too long, including life itself"; and sent him off with a word of advice, "Always go to see the Pope when you are in Rome. Get a private audience . . ." All in all, Connon considers, "this interview . . . indicated that, at eighty, his mind was as lively as it had been when he had rejuvenated *Isis* after the First World War." The young interviewer, whom Connon neglects to identify, and who had served an arduous apprenticeship as editor of the *Elizabethan*, was **Jonathan Myerson** (1973- elected 1978, LL).



"STRING OF BEGINNINGS"

Old Westminster, not least those of wartime vintage who recall evacuation to Lancing and Bromyard, will find much to stir their memories in *String of Beginnings: Intermittent Memoirs 1924-1954* (Skoob Books £10.99) by the poet and translator **Michael Hamburger** (1937-41, BB). This is a revised and expanded version of his 1973 autobiography *A Mug's Game*, and many of its earlier pages are crammed with tales of his Westminster years. We glimpse the author (German-Jewish in origin) portraying Hitler in a school play written and produced by **J.D. Carleton**; bashing away without enthusiasm in the boxing ring; submitting his early poems to the future philosopher **Richard Wollheim** (1936-41, KS) for inclusion in 'a very avant-garde magazine' called *Bogueur*; and latterly, as a conscience-stricken, consciously hypocritical monitor, caning other boys including a future Cabinet Minister 'for offences, such as smoking, which I committed as a matter of course.'

The story is told in part through excerpts from the letters of an awe-inspiringly scandalous schoolfriend, who seems to have been expelled from every academy with which he has ever been connected, and who in *A Mug's Game* was concealed by the pseudonym Joris. Here the pseudonym is cast aside and Joris, 'the paradigm of everything a public school boy ought not to be', is revealed as **Freddy Hurdis-Jones** (1935-40, BB). 'At the age of fourteen he seemed formed and finished . . . Freddy had made an amalgam of his two masters and models, Disraeli and Oscar Wilde, and it was impossible to say to which of the two he owed the florid prose of his conversation, spiced with paradoxical aphorisms, his gold-topped cane, his signet ring and the green note-paper to which he applied it.' The master in charge of the Modern Languages VI, **G.C. Claridge**, 'whose pessimism and misanthropy pointed to experiences of which we knew nothing,' is said to have described Hurdis-Jones as 'a lavatorial effervescence'; and the latter's disgraceful and hilarious letters bring Westminster in the 40s very much to life.

Those who were obliged to take up temporary residence at Lancing will probably agree with Hamburger that the food they were given 'was abominable. I remember rabbit stews with bits of fur that stuck in one's gullet.' They may also recollect the then Head Master, **J.T. Christie**, 'trying to keep a straight and solemn face' as he read out at assembly an anonymous letter of protest about the food, written by Hamburger, Hurdis-Jones and **Douglas Harley** (1937-40, BB). 'Freddy compared it unfavourably with that in the Neapolitan jails visited by Mr Gladstone in 18-, whatever it was, a detail that would have sufficed to give away Freddy's part in the authorship.' The three protestors identified themselves and were duly beaten; in Hamburger's case this was the 'first and only' caning experienced at Westminster, whereas 'the three stokes given to Freddy brought his total up to forty-seven'.

Later in the book another long-ago rumpus rears its head. Hamburger, by now an undergraduate at Oxford, receives a parcel from Bromyard containing components extracted from J.T. Christie's radiogram by two boys who have broken into the Head's house for the purpose. Having previously shielded this duo during his days as a monitor from a row over an illicitly roasted duck, Hamburger is unable to do anything to help, except by getting one of them into Wadham College, Oxford, 'whose Warden, C. M. Bowra, told me that he would take anyone expelled by J.T. Christie from Westminster School.'

Christie emerges as an endearing figure. He stands up 'valiantly' for Hamburger against wrong-headed officials who want to take him away for internment. He arranges for him to start at Oxford one term sooner than intended – a big blessing for a young man at that date whose student days were likely to be cut short by war service. When the death of Hamburger's father leaves the family short of money, Hamburger is enabled to take up his exhibition at Christ Church thanks to 'special funds made available by the college at the Head Master's request.' Perhaps the sharpest vignette of Christie comes at the very end of the

book, when the author breaks the habit of a lifetime and attends a dinner at Westminster to mark John Carleton's retirement as Head. Christie is present, and they meet. 'Ah, Hamburger,' the old Head greets him. 'You've published a good many books, I gather, made quite a reputation for yourself as an intellectual. Well done. But we mustn't be priggish, must we?'



SWANN'S WAY

A Life in Song by Donald Swann (Heinemann, £16)

Donald Swann is frankly eccentric, and his claim to fame rests on an extraordinarily successful partnership with the late Michael Flanders which broke up over twenty five years ago. Their music and showmanship seem charming but generally very dated now. Moreover, autobiography (especially of the once-celebrated) is something which I, at least, tend to eschew.

But Swann, a Russian emigré, embarks upon autobiography with that same sense of earnest quest, that receptivity to new ideas, and – at heart – that compulsive creativity which has characterised his whole life. He is a highly articulate and erudite man, but employing what he calls the techniques of 'oral history', he has adopted an essentially conversational structure. It suits him, of course, and brings you nearer to the man.

He quite enjoyed Westminster, and takes some retrospective pleasure in his father's pride that he was awarded a place in College. Swann never felt himself a public school boy, but he liked much of the teaching and the music. He emerged a highly accomplished linguist and performer, who by his own admission gagged on Beethoven and yearned to perform his own compositions. That in part he ascribes to his mother's Russian folk music ancestry, but his own deep modesty plays a rôle here. Swann, to this day, cannot stop composing. If the world has paid less attention to his output since the end of the partnership with Michael Flanders, then he rides the disappointment manfully. The world (or quite large parts of it) paid him lots of attention at one time, and money too, and he feels in no way short changed.

It was he who instigated the dissolution of the partnership, feeling stifled by the routine of unsolicited stardom – the tours, the unwonted luxury and publicity, and yearning to write his own opera, *Perelandra*. His friendship with Michael Flanders survived until Flanders' death in 1975, but Swann does not underestimate that, for Flanders, a polio victim who had found his undoubted métier in *Drop of a Hat*, the blow was greater than for him.

Swann has always adopted causes. It is part of his charm and idiosyncrasy that he submerges himself into the cause, and his partisanship seems undiminished by age. Apartheid grieves him today as bitterly as thirty years ago. He is not so much hostile to the Establishment, as unimpressed by it, and is happier on the outside. I see in this pattern the roots of his pacifism, his love for foreign languages – not only his native Russian, but also his chronic Hellenophilia, both of which are admirably chronicled. Similarly, he is a man of profound religious sensibility, affected strongly by both Anglicanism and Quakerism. The dilemmas of faith of the former strike a resonance with him, while in the latter he has found repose in silence.

Swann's Way is, if nothing else, an admirable antidote for the worst of materialist Christmas. He emerges as a very clever and reflective man, of great gentleness, with the undoubted ability to entertain.

David Hargreaves

BRIAN URQUHART

Another OW autobiography, published in 1987 but regrettably overlooked by the *Elizabethan* at that time, is *A Life in Peace and War* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, current price unknown) by the long-serving United Nations official **Sir Brian Urquhart** (1932-37, KS) who retired as Under-Secretary-General in 1986. Jonathan Meades once wrote of Urquhart's "grand and unpompous ability to discern patterns on a global scale" and commented that he "talks more sense than the overwhelming majority of his juniors put together", and both traits are on display here.

The Westminster chapter is full of good stuff. Urquhart deals more gently than Hamburger with the memory of **G.C. Claridge**, who he says "terrified his pupils by making faces and by his ogreishness, but was in fact a shy and kindly man." He does however have fun at the expense of Christie's predecessor as Head Master, **Harold Costley-White**. "He was muddle-headed in the extreme, and specialised in contradictory statements. Thus when someone asked him about the *Book of Kings*, he replied, 'It is amazingly interesting, my friends, and perhaps what you might call extremely boring.'"

Urquhart's picture of the school in the 1930s, possibly something of a caricature, represents it as a "fairly haphazard" place academically – with "a motley crew of masters" under Costley-White's "benign but scatterbrained direction" – where if you were lucky "you got a sort of education". Sir Brian counts himself a member of the "very lucky" small minority who "received that intellectual stimulus, the essential shot-in-the-arm, that changes the way you think and look at life", and is fulsome in praise of the master responsible, **John Edward Bowle** (Staff 1930-40), "a schoolmaster of genius." Among other anecdotes, he tells us that the great man's downfall happened when Christie "swooped on Bowle's class . . . as the weekly essays were being handed in" and discovered that the subject was "Write a short, critical biography of one of the following: Jesus Christ; Hitler; the Headmaster."

One boy is mentioned by both Hamburger and Urquhart: **Rudolf von Ribbentrop** (1936-37, AHH), son of the German Ambassador. Hamburger – understandably, given his background – merely expresses relief that his own arrival at the school had been preceded by Ribbentrop's exit. But Sir Brian recalls Ribbentrop all too clearly – "he arrived each morning in one of two plum-coloured Mercedes-Benz limousines. On arrival in Dean's Yard, both chauffeurs would spring out, give the Nazi salute and shout *Heil Hitler!*" Westminster's pupils devised their own ritual in reply. Every morning they gathered in Dean's Yard, in steadily growing numbers, for the purpose of roaring with laughter at Ribbentrop's arrival. In the end this custom provoked a diplomatic protest and Urquhart, as ringleader, was hauled before Costley-White. By his account, he was able to avoid expulsion only by pointing out that plum colour was supposed be "reserved in England exclusively for vehicles of the Royal Family. The Headmaster was thunderstruck . . ." The German Embassy was told where to get off, Urquhart "was officially regarded as a saviour of the national honour, and von Ribbentrop took to arriving at school on foot just like everyone else."



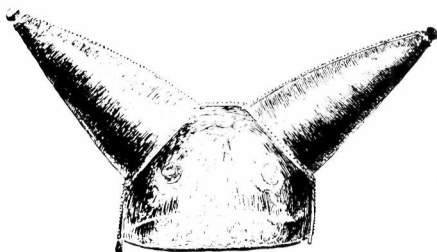
OLD WESTMINSTER FILMS

The world is full of odd people, as a few minutes in Yard will confirm. It is therefore just possible that somewhere in the world there is a filmgoer incapable of experiencing cinematic pleasure unless the film in question has a strong Westminster connection. If so, we can say with confidence that 1991 was rather a good year for him or her – or it.

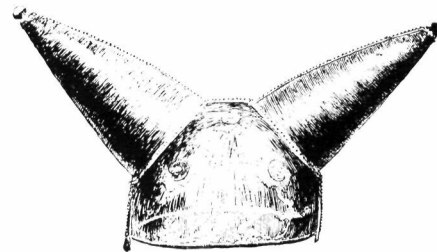
One of the year's outstanding British movies was *Close My Eyes*, the story of an incestuous brother and sister whose liaison in the long hot summer of 1990 serves as a focus for many forms of contemporary angst. **Stephen Poliakoff** (1966-69, WW) was both writer and director – and, indeed, the genesis of the film was his 1975 stage play *Hitting Town*, though the anxieties that dog his characters have been updated in the new work. AIDS, recession and urban blight (rather than terrorism) loom large. One of the film's strengths is the unfamiliar scenery it unearths without leaving London: the exotic, jungly reaches of the Thames and the just-built alien planet of Docklands. **Anthony Sampson** (1939-44, RR) was prompted to remark in his column in the *Independent Magazine*, "It's not surprising that Docklands has become a symbolic setting for contemporary stories, like Stephen Poliakoff's new film *Close My Eyes* . . . For the whole new townscape seems to belong more to a futuristic film than to the rest of London." Geoff Brown of the *Times* spoke for many when he wrote that the film "burns with an off-beat lustre and intensity rarely encountered in recent British cinema . . . British cinema may be half-strangled of funds; *Close My Eyes* shows it should never expire for lack of talent."

Elsewhere there were two notable adaptations of Shakespeare on view. *Prospero's Books* was a visually extravagant, masque-like reworking of *The Tempest* by Peter Greenaway. **Sir John Gielgud** (1917-21, G/KS) not only gave an awesomely authoritative performance as Prospero but, thanks to the miracles of modern technology, provided the voices for all the other characters as well – a worthy task for a man who, for more than half a century, has been recognised as the greatest living speaker of English verse. "It is intended," Greenaway explained, "that there should be much deliberate cross-identification between Prospero, Gielgud and Shakespeare. At times they are indivisibly one person . . ." And while not every critic shared the present writer's opinion that *Prospero's Books* is a work of genius there was little dissent about the contribution of Sir John. In the words of the *Guardian's* Derek Malcolm, "Gielgud himself . . . binds the whole thing together with the greatest skill . . . providing a persona so consistently watchable that whatever goes on about him cannot actually prevent the centre holding. It is as extraordinary an achievement as one might expect from the most notable Prospero of his day . . ."

A more naturalistic presentation of Shakespeare was to be seen in Franco Zeffirelli's star-studded version of *Hamlet*. Alongside Glenn Close as Gertrude and Mel Gibson in the title role stood **Helena Bonham-Carter** as Ophelia – "a disturbed, scary Ophelia," as she put it herself, "rather than a sad, pathetic one." Talking to the press about the film, she had plenty of praise for her co-stars but little for her uncomfortable damp costume of "threads and sacks" or the "very impractical" platform shoes which Zeffirelli required her to wear. Bonham-Carter is still possibly best known for her appearances in the film versions of E.M. Forster novels (*A Room with a View*, *Where Angels Fear to Tread*) and is set to add another to her tally when she stars as Helen Schlegel in the upcoming *Howard's End*. So perhaps that putative Westminster-obsessed weirdo will have something to enjoy in the cinema next year too.



OLD WESTMINSTER SPORT



SPORTING FIXTURES

SPRING AND SUMMER 1992

CRICKET

Cricketer Cup May 31st 11.30am Vincent Square
Cricket Week July 16-25th 11.30am Vincent Square

GOLF

Halford Hewitt April 9-12th Sandwich Golf Club,
KENT
Spring Meeting April 29th New Zealand Golf Club,
SURREY
O.W. Summer Meeting July 4-5th Seaford Golf Club,
SUSSEX

Autumn Meeting October 7th New Zealand Golf
Club, SURREY

ROWING

Marlow Regatta June 20th
Henley Royal Regatta July 1-5th
For more information regarding these sporting events,
please contact the section secretaries:
Cricket: Nick Brown 071-222 8044
Golf: Barry Peroni 0494 774444
Rowing: Tim Brocklebank-Fowler 071-895 5000

JOHN GOODBODY SWIMS THE CHANNEL

England and France have been separated for several thousand years by a stretch of water that has gradually widened and defied many human attempts to swim it. Measuring now just over 21 miles at its narrowest, the Channel was first conquered, records tell us, by Captain Matthew Webb in August 1875; the trip took him 21 hours and 45 minutes. Since then a mere four hundred men and women have achieved the feat. School contemporaries of John Goodbody (1951-61, LL) will not be altogether surprised to learn that on September 2nd 1991 he joined this very select group.

A Cambridge Athletics Blue and a Black Belt at Judo, John has masterminded the Old Westminsters' Athletics Club activities since its foundation in 1963. In recent years he has turned his attention to long distance swimming and several crossings of Lake Windermere (ten and a half miles) gave hint of his potential. His first cross-Channel attempt on August 19th ended in failure just three miles off the French coast, when the unrelenting chill of the sea ate through his defenses, but Old Westminsters don't give up that easily and he prepared himself for another try two weeks later.

Thus it was, my friends, that whilst you and I were safely tucked up in bed on the morning of September 2nd, John and his boat helpers entered the Dover water at 4am, a full two hours of remaining darkness lying ahead of him. He was better insulated on this second attempt and after 15 hours and 40 minutes, in water at 62 deg.F, John strode up the beach at Cap Gris Nez, the oldest man to swim the Channel for twelve years.

Old Westminsters have registered many outstanding sporting achievements over the centuries, but this feat ranks with the very best.

Jim Forrest

FIVES

OW Fives players past and present were much saddened to hear of the death of John Wilson last summer – see Jim Cogan's appreciation elsewhere in this issue. For many of us, 'Jumbo' Wilson *was* Westminster Fives. Most of the current First Team were introduced to the game whilst he was master-in-charge, and the fact that they still retain their places despite advancing years says much for the enthusiasm (and good basic skills) he inspired.

His method of taking the cut, for example, is one I still use with considerable success and pass on to others. His catchphrases were memorable – the urgent cry of "Volley-volley-volley!" whenever the ball rose above shoulder height, or the parade-ground bark of "Forward!" whenever a player appeared to dither on the top step. This last lives on with the present writer, who still bellows it at least three times a game, much to the general irritation. But it *works*.

As a schoolboy one was always aware of the looming (though benign) presence behind the court, pipe clenched between teeth, Soviet-style fur hat jammed on head. Woe betide anyone displaying dissent, petulance or other 'ungentlemanly conduct': his Corinthian attitude, well drummed in, persists. He used to worry us on the court too, as no longer a young man, he was inclined to 'head' hard-driven shots in a manner reminiscent of Brian Close facing bodyline bowling. My abiding 'Jumbo' memory, though, was the expression on his face when we reported back in triumph from an away match at Emanuel which he had clearly regarded as tantamount to a suicide mission. Rarely have I seen such a look of astonishment, which swiftly turned to delight.



LOVING CUP PRESENTED TO THE GUARDIANS OF ST. MARGARET'S,
WESTMINSTER, BY SAMUEL PIERSON IN 1764

OLD WESTMINSTERS' GOLFING SOCIETY

The most encouraging aspect of the 1991 season has been the increasing involvement of younger OWW in the activities of the Society. Without these younger active participants, the future, especially in competitions, would be bleak. The support we receive from the School is both appreciated and beginning to bear fruit. Those schoolboys who first met the OWGS some five years ago in the match against the School are now starting to play for us, having completed their further education. Any OWW interested in golf should contact the Hon Secretary who will be happy to make available all information about activities, matches and Society meetings.

Whereas we had a relatively successful season in our inter School matches, winning three, losing two, and drawing one, we had a poor season in the various competitions in which we participated. We failed to qualify for either of the finals for the Grafton Morrish and the Royal Wimbledon Putting Competition. We also failed to advance beyond the first round of the three knockout competitions entered, the Halford Hewitt, the Bernard Darwin and the Senior Bernard Darwin.

The Society meetings were again enjoyed by all who attended but numbers were down on 1990, except for the Summer Meeting where the host club gave us more accommodation and allowed 50% more to attend.

For 1992, it is hoped that with an improving economic climate more OWWs will be seen at our different events.

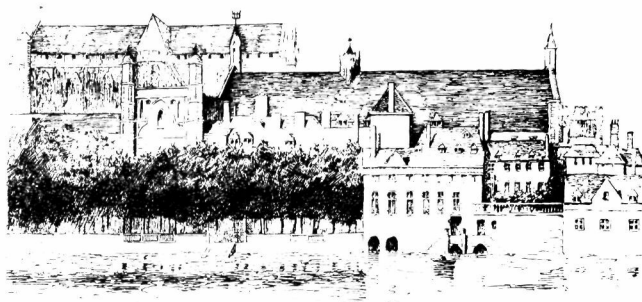
Barrie Peroni
Hon Secretary
Lancer House, East Street
Chesham, Bucks HP5 1DG
0494 774444



DINNER FOR PETER WHIPP

Given by the Elizabethan Club Sports Committee Following Peter Whipp's retirement as Chairman of the Sports Committee – after an astounding 41 years as member, Secretary and Chairman – the Club held a dinner in Peter's honour on 1st October 1991 in Ashburnham House to thank him for his magnificent service to OWW Sports. Many of Peter's contemporaries, both on and off the field, donated generously to a presentation, and an excellent evening, full of reminiscences, was enjoyed by all who attended.

Tom Rider
Hon Sports Secretary



SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE THIRTIES

When I read today's *Elizabethan* I see a picture of a mature, liberal regime, an age away from the school I attended over fifty years ago. If its pages are a true reflection I wonder what present pupils (perhaps 'students' is more fitting?) feel about Westminster in the thirties – if, that is, they know much about it. It may seem incredible now that in the lifetime of many OWs, boys were birched ('handed') in front of the whole school and visitors who penetrated Up School could see the instruments used on public display. Beatings were common, with a tariff varying according to the offence and whether a house or school rule had been broken. This also decided whether a boy was dealt with by a house monitor (each of whom had his own cane), a school monitor, housemaster or the headmaster. There were many possible offences because there were numerous rules and restrictions, controlling, for instance, putting hands in pockets and where one could walk and stand. (Is there still a rule about standing on Mon. Os.?) While there was a good deal of violence, judicial and otherwise, I cannot recall much bullying of younger boys, which was a feature of so many school stories before the war.

Like other pre-war schools, Westminster was a monastic society and as I remember we did not even talk much about girls. For some of us, especially those without sisters, our social education was sadly deficient. I think we missed out particularly by taking longer to learn how to relate to women as friends and colleagues. It was also natural that some would find an outlet for their pubescent urges in younger boys although I believe this usually went no further than a romantic admiration. The school authorities were vigilant in looking for signs of homosexual interest and talking to a much younger boy was enough to lead to questioning.

In contrast to the harsher features of school life there were a number of plus factors. I benefitted from some of the best teaching I ever experienced from John Bowle. The school had a Political and Literary Society and I recall Clement Attlee and W.H. Auden, among others, coming to speak to us. Music was encouraged, although I was not an enthusiastic member of Mad. Soc. because it meant staying on after school to practise. Even as a boy I appreciated morning prayers in the Abbey and strolling in the cloisters. There was also the proximity of royal events – a coronation and two weddings. These were only some of our privileges. I think we took them all for granted and rarely questioned the gulf between us and the less fortunate children we saw on the way to Vincent Square. We paid one small price for our favoured position: if conformity was drummed into us in the school, we were all too distinctive outside, with our top hats and matching uniform. As a day boy I wore this garb for four years travelling on the Bakerloo and it took some time to get used to the stares and comments.

By modern standards there were aspects of our life which were primitive, if not unhealthy. Did we as a result come away with serious hang-ups as well as advantages? If so today's students should be free of them. I cannot say I was actually happy at the school but then I never expected to be. I had come from a boarding prep school where the regime was even more oppressive and the disciplinary methods seemed as natural as the compulsory games. It was not until I reached the History VIth (as it was then called) that I began to enjoy my education.

While on one of my leaves during the war I paid an unofficial and probably illegal visit to the school not long after it had been bombed. There were books among the debris in the library I had used only a few years before when preparing my essays. I found my way Up School through a side door which had been a forbidden route in my time. It was a curious and evocative experience.

Francis Hanrott
Homeboarders 1934-8

OBITUARIES 1991

Adams – On January 5th 1991, Adrian Vivanti (1934-39, KS) aged 70.
Ball – On October 28th 1991, Ian George (1936-38, A/G) aged 69.
Banks – On August 11th 1991, Sir Maurice Alfred Lister (1914-18, H) aged 90.
Bassett – On December 16th 1990, Henry Gordon Tilney (1914-20, A) aged 88.
Baughan – On August 15th 1991, Francis Alexander (1926-30, R) aged 79.
Binney – On September 21st 1991, William Max (1913-17, KS) aged 91.
Black – On September 9th 1990, Archibald Adam Gordon (1921-26, KS) aged 82.
Carr – On November 9th 1991, Ralph William Dale (1922-27, G) aged 82.
Chapman – On March 23rd 1991, the Hon. Sir Stephen (1919-25, A/KS) aged 83.
Christie – On May 19th 1991, Erroll Blanchard (1932-37, A) aged 73.
Clare – On April 4th 1991, Harold (1916-20, H) aged 89.
Collision – On March 12th 1991, David Michael (1949-54, KS) aged 54.
Davis – On November 26th 1991, Godfrey Mark (1928-31, H) aged 77.
Dawson – On December 20th 1990, Dr John Duncan (1959-64, B) aged 44.
Denza – On July 10th 1991, Luigi Carlo (1900-08, A) aged 99.
Dickey – On August 23rd 1991, Daniel O'Rourke (1937-42, G) aged 67.
Dobree – On January 19th 1991, William Bonamy Dennis (1919-22, G) aged 84.
Dowding – On February 8th 1991, Michael Frederick, CBE (1932-37, KS) aged 72.
Feasey – On September 20th 1991, Arthur Clifford (1908-14, H) aged 96.
Fowler – On September 12th 1991, William Edward Anthony (1938-41, B) aged 66.
Gambles – On December 11th 1990, Robert Moylan (1923-28, A/KS) aged 80.
Gawthorne – On July 15th 1991, Peter Patrick (1932-38, H) aged 72.
Gray – On October 11th 1991, Dr Max Barre Western (1918-22, A) aged 86.
Hey – On July 10th 1991, Leslie Malcolm (1914-14, A) aged 90.
Holliday – On May 7th 1991, Graham (1931-35, H) aged 73.
Hookins – On December 7th 1990, Peter MacNeal (1950-54, R) aged 55.
Hubback – On March 17th 1991, David Francis, CB, CBE (1929-34, G/KS) aged 75.
Liddiard – On August 16th 1991, Alexander Rockley (1929-34, KS) aged 75.
Lloyd-Jones – On July 30th 1991, Reginald Hardinge (1922-27, KS) aged 81.
Longden – On December 24th 1989, Clifford John (1922-26, H) aged 81.
Lyne-Pirkis – On August 5th 1991, Dr Richard Hugh Godfrey (1930-35, B) aged 75.
Maurice – On February 23rd 1991, Spencer Gascoyne (1932-37, R) aged 71.
Monck-Mason – On September 27th 1991, Major Roger Lewis (1928-32, KS) aged 76.
Morrah – On February 10th 1991, Patrick Arthur Macgregor (1921-26, A) aged 83.
Munro – On March 11th 1991, Ian Keith (1927-32, G) aged 76.
Murray – On November 9th 1991, Kenneth Andrew Silver (1917-18, G) aged 87.
Reeves – On February 14th 1991, John Basil (1925-28, A) aged 79.
Rendle – On May 29th 1991, Edward John (1921-26, A) aged 83.
Taylor-Downes – On May 15th 1991, Michael (1945-48, R) aged 60.
Turner – On July 12th 1991, William Douglas Jamieson (1950-55, W) aged 54.
Wainwright – On July 1st 1991, Lewis Edgar William

Worthington (1925-27, B) aged 79.

Walker – On November 11th 1991, Lieut. Col. James Gerald Bromhead (1920-21, H) aged 84.

Walker-Brash – On March 12th 1991, John Douglas Grenville MBE (1933-37, A) aged 71.

Ward-Jackson – On August 23rd 1991, Adrian Alexander, CBE (1964-68, L) aged 41.

Whimster – On September 28th 1991, Donald Cameron (1919-24, H) aged 86.

Whiskard – On July 10th 1991, John Mason (1937-42, KS) aged 67.

Wilson – On May 31st 1991, Sir Angus Frank Johnstone, CBE (1927-32, H) aged 77.

Former Master

Wilson – On August 3rd 1991, John Morton (1946-75, Classics; 1948-63 Housemaster Grant's; 1964-75 Registrar) aged 75.

ADRIAN WARD-JACKSON

from an unidentified newspaper

There are people in our society marked out to serve those around them. They do so from many motives – a caring nature, dedication to a cause, social ambition, possession of financial resources, know-how, knowledge and principles from which to make decisions. Adrian Ward-Jackson, who died yesterday aged 41, helped painters, sculptors, dancers and AIDS sufferers for all these reasons.

Educated at Westminster School and in Vienna, where he was research assistant to Konrad Oberhuber at the Albertina Museum from 1969 to 1971, he included in this education his time at Christie's auction house from 1970. "One can always learn", he said. His expertise lay especially in the world of Old Master paintings and drawings, although his taste was much more catholic. It embraced abstraction, the experimental and way-out, guided by an informed and practised eye. Consequently he was an ardent supporter of student annual degree shows at leading art colleges like Goldsmiths' and the Royal College of Art.

Ward-Jackson seems to have been introduced to dance by Anya Sainsbury, whose discreet influence has been responsible for many other dance appointments. She proposed him as a member of the board of Ballet Rambert, where he served for two years before becoming acting chairman, then chairman from 1984 to 1990. At the same time he became chairman of the Mercury Theatre Trust, the holding company for Rambert.

At Rambert he found in Richard Alston, the company's director and principal choreographer, precisely the artistic outlook and policy, taste and daring to which he could contribute and which extended his own ideas. "He helped us enormously," said Alston, "through total commitment to policy and a knowledge which included contemporary music, painting and scene design. He pestered us all the time for more creativity, almost like Madame Rambert." I often wondered what powers lay behind the Rambert successes of recent years in choreography, music and design. Much of it was due, certainly, to Ward-Jackson's leadership, including personal generosity and the vast energy of his fund-raising. Apart from the Royal Ballet, Rambert has been by far the most successful in raising funds for new work. "He was a bloody good chap," said Alston.

Partly because of his obvious ability and taste Ward-Jackson was invited on to the Royal Opera House Board in 1985 and to its Trust in 1987, as well as assuming many other commitments. Among these were the Contemporary Arts Society, the Society of British Theatre Designers and the Music Committee of the Victoria and

Albert Museum. He was a member of the Steering Group on arts funding for the Office of Arts and Libraries and was deputy chairman also of Creative Dance Artists, the body which has organised since 1975 an international summer course of very high standard for choreographers and composers. "He was extremely generous to us," said Gale Law, administrator of the course. "He was supportive of so many things," said Peter Williams, chairman of Creative Dance Artists and of many other committees on which Ward-Jackson served.

This widespread involvement in affairs of the visual and performing arts brought a CBE in 1991. The same year he had to surrender many of his dance commitments on appointment to the Arts Council, assuming chairmanship of its Dance Advisory Panel. His predecessor, Colin Nears, well-known for dance films on BBC television, served with him for a while on the council. "He was firm and strong in terms of likes and dislikes," said Nears. "He had clear principles, was a fighter for dance at the Council, and for the standards, values and efficiency of each of the companies he supported." Service on the Arts Council did not prevent him from continuing support to dancers and others in need of personal help – the Dancers' Resettlement Fund from 1987, for example and the Dancers' Pension Fund from 1989. "He brought an immense amount of common sense to our work," said Peter Wilson, secretary of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund. "He talked compassionately, kept our feet on the ground and knew dancers and their problems."

The final service, though, lay in none of these fields. As deputy chairman of the AIDS Crisis Trust and a patron of the London Lighthouse Hospice for AIDS patients, he worked closely with the Princess of Wales in her work to dispel public prejudice and misunderstanding of the illness. Since he was himself a sufferer he showed courage as well as generosity in reaching out to the most unjustly despised of our society. It is the work, I suspect, for which he will be most remembered.

Peter Brinson

SPENCER MAURICE

Spencer Maurice, barrister and Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, who has died aged 71, was a leading specialist in charity law, and also in the arcane field of ecclesiastical law.

Maurice's most publicised case concerned a faculty for a controversial altar, sculpted by Henry Moore and commissioned by the then Mr Peter Palumbo, in the Wren church of St Stephen's Walbrook in the City of London.

Acting for the Archdeacon of London, Maurice argued before the Court of Ecclesiastical Causes Reserved in 1986 that the altar offended against Anglican doctrine and Church law as set out in the Holy Tables Measure which said that an altar must be like a table.

To say it was not necessary for an altar to look like a table was, in Maurice's submission, "to stand Anglican or Reformation theology on its head". The judgment, however, went against him and the Moore altar was installed.

Another *cause célèbre* in which Maurice was involved concerned the memorial to the thousands of Poles murdered by the Russians at Katyn in 1940.

Acting for the memorial committee and for Chelsea Borough Council in the London Diocesan Consistory Court in 1974, Maurice defended the right of the council to provide a memorial site in the garden of St Luke's Chelsea.

But the church succeeded in its much-criticised attempts to frustrate the plan and the memorial was eventually erected at Gunnersbury.

Spencer Gascoyen Maurice was born on Aug 6, 1919, the only son of H G Maurice, Assistant Secretary of Fisheries at the Ministry of Agriculture and a noted zoologist and oceanographer. Of Welsh origins, the Maurices had long been associated with the town of Marlborough, where they had practised medicine for six generations.

Young Spencer was educated at Westminster and spent a year at ICI before enlisting and joining the Royal Tank Regiment on the outbreak of the Second World War. By the end of hostilities he was on the Intelligence staff at 21 Army Group in Brussels, and in later life treasured the memory of a compliment from "Monty" on his map display.

After further service with the Control Commission in Germany and some work for the Judge Advocate-General, he was demobilised as a lieutenant-colonel. In 1948 he was called to the Bar by Lincoln's Inn.

Maurice became Standing Counsel to the Charity Commissioners, edited successive editions of *Tudor on Charities* and was official Principal to the Archdeacons of Bedford, St Albans and Northholt.

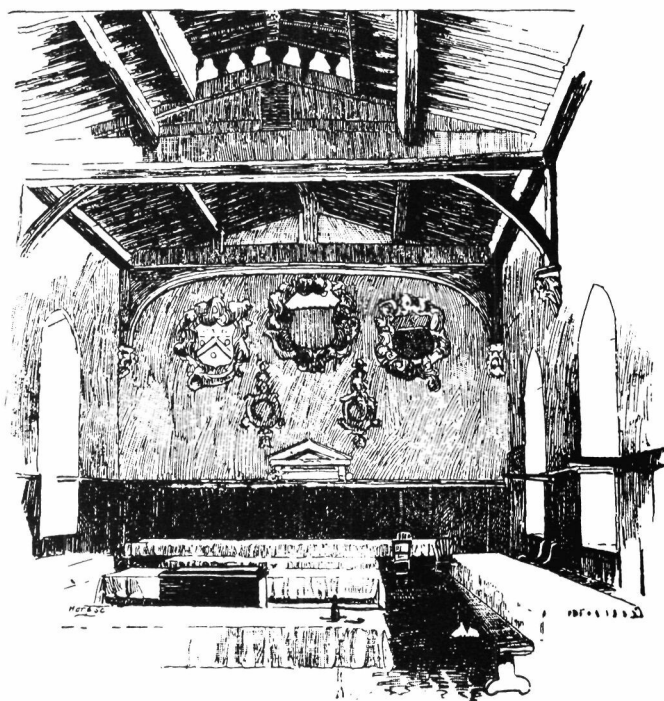
Besides his charity and ecclesiastical law practices, he did not neglect general Chancery work and served a term as president of the Institute of Conveyancers. He was author of a book on the Law of Family Provision and editor of the last two editions of *Gale on Easements*.

Away from Lincoln's Inn, of which he was elected a Bencher in 1980, Maurice was devoted to his Hertfordshire village of Flamstead, where he was chairman of the parish council for many years, a churchwarden and chairman of the Flamstead Society, which he helped to form.

Erudite and methodical in all he did, Spencer Maurice was immensely kind and listened patiently to those who asked his help, giving of his best with dignity and integrity.

He married, in 1948, Grizelda Wolferstan Thomas; they had two daughters.

Adapted from the Daily Telegraph, 2/4/91



SIR STEPHEN CHAPMAN

Sir Stephen Chapman, a judge of the High Court, Queen's Bench Division, from 1966 to 1981, died in London on March 23, 1991, aged 83. He was born on June 5, 1907.

The common law was fortunate to have Stephen Chapman practising as a barrister when in the years after 1945 its content was changing and the public's expectations of it were burgeoning. He was called to the bar by the Inner Temple in 1941 and by 1946, when the changes in the law began, he had had enough professional experience to be able to take a prominent part in the development of the new order which called for a different style of advocacy and a deeper knowledge of legal principles.

The Administration of Justice Act 1933 had sounded the death knell of trial by jury in personal injury cases. The abolition of the defence of contributory negligence in 1946 made most road accident cases not worth contesting. The repeal of the Workman's Compensation Acts and the introduction of industrial insurance left many barristers short of briefs. Some were unable to adapt themselves to more demanding kinds of work, particularly those concerned with the new concepts of negligence and breaches of statutory duty. Stephen Chapman was. He was particularly well equipped to do so.

He had started life with every advantage. His father, Sir Sydney Chapman, KCB, was a distinguished public servant, his mother a magistrate. He was academically gifted and was able to develop his talents, first at Westminster and later at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was a major scholar and obtained a first in both parts of the classical tripos. When he gave up classics for law he did just as well, gaining a certificate of honour in his bar finals in 1931. All his professional life he kept up his study of the law. He was even able to maintain an interest in the niceties of legal procedure. His intellectual ability rather than his skill as an advocate led to his acquiring a large practice in personal injury and insurance cases and to his being given preferment.

During the war years he served as an assistant legal advisor in the Ministry of Pensions. From 1947 to 1950 he was prosecuting counsel for the Post Office on the South Eastern circuit. In 1955 he was made a QC, in 1959 Recorder of Rochester, in 1961 Recorder of Cambridge and in 1963 Judge of the Crown Court and Recorder of Liverpool. This was a difficult post to fill. The previous occupant had provided the Court of Criminal Appeal with a lot of work and had been a controversial figure. Stephen Chapman was the opposite. He was competent and avoided attracting attention either to himself or to his court. His reward was to be appointed in 1966 to the High Court, Queen's Bench Division. There he behaved as he had done in Liverpool. He retired in 1981.

His career was one of competence. Those whose cases he tried will remember him for his courtesy and patience. Few had to take his judgments to the Court of Appeal. The present generation of barristers will know him only as a name in the law reports. There are no anecdotes in circulation about him because he had no eccentricities to which they could be attached. Perhaps he was a good a judge as anyone can be.

In 1963 he married a widow, Mrs Pauline Niewiarowski (née Allcard). She survives him.

From The Times, Thursday March 28th, 1991

PATRICK MORRAH

Patrick Morrah, the author and journalist who has died aged 83, was best known as an historian of the 17th century.

His first book, *1660: The Year of Restoration*, which appeared on the tercentenary of Charles II's return, was something of a *tour de force*, carrying an entry for each day of that prodigious year, and giving scope for a highly pleasing narrative gift.

Morrah's best work was a biography of Prince Rupert (1976); it was a tribute to the author's persistence, since he had to do most of it a second time after his portmanteau, stuffed with manuscripts, had been stolen.

It was followed in 1979 by his *Restoration England*, much praised by C V Wedgwood, and in 1983 by *A Royal Family*, an engaging multiple biography of Charles I and his children.

Like his elder brother Dermot Morrah, Arundel Herald Extraordinary and a leader writer for *The Times* and then *The Daily Telegraph*, Patrick Morrah was a Jacobite

through and through.

His at times almost total immersion in the 17th century gave him an admired insight into the period, even if much of his source material was secondary. "I don't claim to be a scholar," he would say, "but I like to think my work is scholarly." Reviewers agreed, at least on the second point.

But Morrah was by no means as reclusive as this makes him sound; he was clubbable and convivial, with a strong sense of the ridiculous – a quality that stood him in good stead in his role as correspondence editor of *The Daily Telegraph*.

He had joined the paper as a sub-editor in 1934 and retired in 1977, after nine years looking after the "Letters to the Editor".

Morrah had a trim military moustache and his well-groomed figure, supported by a stick in later years, lent an air of dignity to the corridors of the old Telegraph building – although he admitted that his brother Dermot cut more of a dash in his heraldic tabard, even if the latter was once mistaken in the cuttings library for a Chelsea pensioner.

Patrick Arthur Macgregor Morrah was born on July 31 1907, the second son of Herbert Morrah, novelist, journalist and poet, whose own grandfather had emigrated from Ireland in 1798.

He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. Well before he had finished his education, Patrick had reverted to the faith of his forefathers and, largely under the influence of his elder brother, Dermot, became a Catholic convert.

He began his journalistic career on the *Bristol Evening World* in 1929. Four years later he arrived in Fleet Street to work on the *Evening Standard*, before switching to the *Telegraph*.

Shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War Morrah enlisted in the Queen's Westminsters, a territorial unit whose hours of training were attractive to journalists, actors and suchlike night workers. He was later commissioned into the Lancashire Fusiliers, served in the first Arakan campaign in Burma and was subsequently posted to GHQ Delhi.

After the war he wrote leaders for the *Singapore Straits Times* and became assistant editor of the *Malay Mail*. Then, in the early 1950s, he was information officer to the Malayan Police; his history of the force was published by the Royal Asiatic Society.

In 1955 he came back to *The Daily Telegraph* and wrote some gloomily elegant articles on the demise of Empire in the Far East, which he had witnessed at first hand.

Besides the 17th century, Morrah, like so many *Telegraph* journalists, was a devotee of cricket. In 1963 he wrote a biography of the "kind and manly" Alfred Mynn, the Kent all-rounder who flourished in the 1830s – though was once obliged to miss the early part of the season as he was languishing in a debtors' prison.

In *The Golden Age of Cricket* (1967), a detailed evocation of the game as it was in the 20 years before the First World War, he showed a knack of reconstructing the performances of dead cricketers he had never seen – doing for Trumper and "Ranji" what, with equal zest, he did for Prince Rupert, Fairfax or Monck.

In his introduction to the book, Sir Neville Cardus said he envied Morrah's economical prose style with its tincture of wit and irony. Patrick Morrah was in fact a fastidious stylist, believing that prose, and indeed the conduct of life, should observe the best conventions.

His last work, published in 1987, was a life of the gourmet André Simon, founder of the Wine and Food Society – and described in the *Telegraph's* review of the book by Michael Hogg as "a genuine Edwardian gut-basher".

Morrah married, in 1975, Monica Fine, whom he had met on one of the Society's gastronomic forays to France.

From The Daily Telegraph, Thursday, February 14th, 1991

SIR ANGUS WILSON

Sir Angus Wilson, CBE, novelist, short story writer and professor of English literature at the University of East Anglia from 1966 to 1978, died on May 31 in a nursing home at Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk, aged 77. He was born on August 11, 1913.

Sir Angus Wilson was the nearest that Great Britain came in the post-war period to producing a major practitioner of fiction. That his work, and especially his earliest work – in which he tried to revive the “traditional” novel – will be looked at again with critical seriousness is not open to doubt. A number of his novels are due to be reissued in Penguin. Two of the best known of them, *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* and *The Middle Age of Mrs Eliot*, are to be made into films. Meanwhile, his critical books are still gratefully read and his brilliant lectures are still remembered.

Angus Frank Johnstone Wilson was born at Bexhill-on-Sea, East Sussex. His parents, a shiftless Scot and the daughter of a South African jeweller, were already middle-aged at the time of his birth and he had five much older brothers. There was a reasonable private income but Wilson senior liked to gamble, putting the family into a position of genteel poverty – as well as compelling it to move hurriedly from place to place.

Both parents were given to histrionics, a trait he inherited and put to good use. He was educated at a series of prep schools, and then at Westminster School, where he was known as “the mad boy” and “the boy with hair” because of his (often wilfully) eccentric behaviour and ostentatiously scruffy appearance. He drew freely and skilfully upon all these boyhood experiences in his fiction. By 1932, when he went up to Merton College, Oxford, to read history, his mother had died – and he had discovered, too, that he had been much more attached to her than he had realised.

He took a good degree, thought of but renounced the notion of taking up acting as a career, drifted from job to job (including one helping his elder brother run a restaurant) and finally landed up (1936) in the British Museum’s Department of Printed Books. He mixed quite easily and built up a reputation as a mimic and buffoon; but he felt uneasy because he found himself unable to come to terms with his homosexuality.

In 1942 Wilson went to the Foreign Office at which he was engaged on secret work until 1946, when he returned to the British Museum. Here he was given the immediate task of replacing some of the 300,000 books destroyed in the Blitz. He had been suffering from semi-crippling attacks of nervous anxiety for some years when, in November 1946, he took to writing short stories at the weekends – which he spent in the country – as a partial cure. His friend the painter Robin Ironside showed some of these to Cyril Connolly, editor of the prestigious *Horizon*, and Connolly started to print them. They were for the most part beautifully judged satires on pretentious people, but were never lacking in depth or compassion. Some critics have even felt that Wilson never bettered them and that the short form suited him best.

Wilson will be partly judged on this work, which was unique in its mixture of sharp, accurate social observation and presentation of character in depth. It is likely, too, that he will be found to have produced his finest work in the decade after the publication of his second collection of stories, *Such Darling Dodos* (1950). His superb critical book *Emile Zola* (1952), thoroughly revised in 1965, was followed by his two major novels, *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* (1956) and *The Middle Age of Mrs Eliot* (1958). He left the British Museum Reading Room, where he had been deputy superintendent since 1949, in 1955 in order to devote himself to full-time writing.

Hemlock and After (1952) had been his first novel. Moving and humane, it dealt with the predicament of a married homosexual novelist, Bernard Sands. This was certainly in the liberal tradition of E.M. Forster (Wilson tended to be irritatedly disingenuous when trying to shrug

off this powerful influence, which he nonetheless admitted had been crucial), and, even if its seams are a bit obtrusive, it remains in retrospect a mature and deeply felt work. But its two successors, novels of altogether larger canvas, are superior. They are important not least because they embody a deliberate intent to emulate the values and the techniques of the traditional novel as it had emerged from the hands of George Eliot. Whether such a revival was possible or not, or whether (as Gore Vidal continues to insist) the novel is dead, and was dead then, is clearly still a matter for debate; but *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* and *The Middle Age of Mrs Eliot* are undoubtedly a factor in that debate. At present not in fashion, they live on in the work of such novelists as A.S. Byatt and they are, at the least, impressive if not monumental. They may well represent the most valiant, intelligent and able effort yet made in English fiction in the second part of this century to revive the tradition.

Wilson’s novels from *The Old Men at the Zoo* (1961) onwards have not been judged as wholly successful although they were often welcomed by reviewers at the time of their issue. As he himself stated, he tried to become an experimental (the word he used) novelist, experimenting in particular with pastiche and animal – and plant – imagery. He felt that critics had missed out on the modernistic elements in such novels as *Late Call* (1964), “failing to see innumerable jokes, alienations, pastiches and other non-traditional techniques.”

Wilson’s chief energies increasingly went into his role as critic and lecturer. He was an immense success, his lectures being models of dramatic and enthusiastic lucidity, and he was as great a success on the many campuses he visited. His acting abilities, perhaps frustrated earlier in life, came to the fore in his shrewd and robust attacks on the theorists (F.R. Leavis was a *bête noir*) whom he reckoned to have tried to ruin literature with abstractions and ignorance of human nature. Besides the lecturing success of his professorship at East Anglia there was the MA in creative writing which he started with Malcolm Bradbury, a course which attracted students who are now well-known novelists in their own right, such as Ian McEwan and Kazuo Ishiguro.

As a playwright Wilson aimed, and just missed, with *The Mulberry Bush*, which had a production in London in 1956. In literary criticism he was much more assured, adding to the work of Zola books on Dickens (1970) and Kipling (1977). The latter, a sympathetic biography, was certainly the most sophisticated book on its subject, and it broke – although discreetly – the taboo on speculation about the ambiguous nature of Kipling’s sexuality. Some of his best criticism is usefully collected in *Diversity and Depth in Fiction* (1953).

Towards the start of his literary career Wilson met Tony Garrett, the man who was his companion until the end and who nursed him in his decline with such devotion. To Garrett it fell to look after his friend when he became stricken with the encephalitis which led progressively to the impairment of his mental faculties and the loss of his ability to speak. This tragedy, combined with the relative poverty in which Wilson found himself, clouded his latter years.

Wilson had himself been a member from 1966 of the committee of the Royal Literary Fund – that body which has saved so many writers from disaster and destitution. The fund helped him in those last years, when royalties from his work had dwindled. The University of East Anglia also raised several thousand pounds for its emeritus professor.

Angus Wilson was a man who thoroughly deserved the many honours he received (FRSL, 1958; CBE, 1968; CLit, 1972; a knighthood, 1980; and numerous honorary doctorates from universities here and abroad). His reputation cannot but increase from this point onwards; he is indisputably a part of the history of the development of the English literature he loved so much.

Adapted from The Times, Monday June 3rd 1991



COMMON ROOM NOTICEBOARD



COMMON ROOM NOTICEBOARD

The Common Room is adumbrating the new republics of the former Soviet Union, attempting to forge a constitution but falling short of issuing its own currency: Messrs Aplin and Jones have been dispatched to Moscow as cultural observers. New plans are afoot to give our infant enclave a facelift and improve its traffic problems: thus David Hargreaves is to be seen by turns in Liberty's bargain basement and at architects' dinner parties. Talking of whom, note the plug for his prospective bumper novel for Common Rooms in the *Daily Telegraph*. Tim Francis continues to expose us to claret and speakers when he's not dealing with back-benchers and paper work. Well done and thanks. More thanks to Sue, Isobel and Renee for last minute typing and expert handling of cups and saucers respectively. Dr Davies has (like Claude Evans before him) started to pine for his native Wales while Gerry Ashton has started to refer to us as 'The Great School'. Can that be a Latin Play on the horizon and will it pass the obscenity laws? – stay tuned! The Rev Ballard has been flushed out of his new accommodation by Father Thames while Michael Davies continues to run the known universe from his (that is, when he's not descending to knock Ski Paraskos at scurrilous school debates). Riches (C.D.) and Dr Davies (see above) are running that monstrous carbuncle Hakluyt's while David (Dave) Cook continues with his thesis on the good life. Jeremy Kemball has made his debut by shaping up Vincent Square while other members have turned 'New Age' and spend their drinking time in a new health spa! It's been a busy year: huge musical and dramatic endeavours fly the world (*Reconstruction* to India) and soar above the efforts of other schools but four prizes will be awarded: Peter Holmes for his *As You Like It* (see next edition); Peter Muir for taking Westminster jazz into Soho; Ian Huish for continuing to polish that jewel in the crown at the Upper School, the John Locke Society and finally Neil Mackay (O.W.) for his tireless patriotic work on behalf of the school at the Development Office from which he retires this June. The very best of luck to the *Elizabethan's* best friend.

Sniffa

TO REG FAILES

A sparks of genius! Thank you, friend.
A pity that our partnership should end.
Six lines is far too short to tell your story,
Which should be called 'The Power and the Glory'.
For all your work, and all that it entails,
We thank you, Reg – the light that never fails.

Oratore: James Harrison

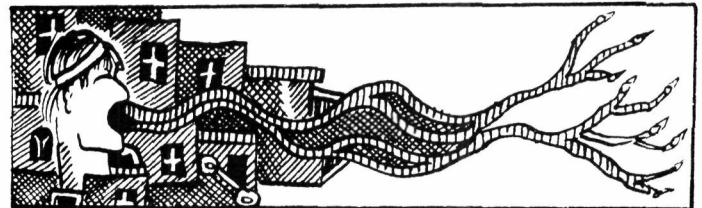
TO BILL DRUMMOND

Bill Drummond's leaving: and we'll miss him sore.
Few men have done so much, and no-one more.
So many projects has he put in motion,
And seen them through, with patience and devotion.

A fighter pilot once, one of the Few:
In peace our steward, diligent and true:
Devoted to us, of himself unsparing:
In purpose firm, but kindly and forbearing.

Thanks to his hard work and his sense of duty
The School's enriched in prestige, wealth and beauty.
So he can quit his desk proud and content:
The School he's loved will be his monument.

Oratore: Iannis Karras
Oratrice: Laura Williams



TO WILLIE BOOTH

Take College Hall, Your Majesty, though we would miss it hard:
Take away Ashburnham, then: or Rigaud's, Wren's or Yard.
Take all of these, Your Majesty: who cares what you remove?
Take the Election Dinner, Ma'am, but leave us Willie Booth!

A Chaplain without peer he's been, a pastor and a friend,
A teacher and a man of God on whom we all depend.
Cook, shinty-ace and music-buff, with all his wits about him
A Phabulous enthusiast: what will we do without him?

A helping hand, a ready ear, an ever present smile:
Our counsellor in times of stress, and cheerful all the while.
Your Majesty, to part with him puts strain upon our loyalty
Who other, though, than Willie Booth, as Chaplain to our royalty?

BILL DRUMMOND

Bill Drummond: Honorary Admiral of the Texas Navy, racehorse owner, fighter pilot flying Hurricanes, member of Coastal Command in Sunderland Flying Boats, Clerk of Works to Westminster School. Every aspect of Bill's existence has a quality both epic and improbable. Anything might have been true. When you went into his lair for a chat, first would come the brief, portentous glance, next the clicking of the tongue, raising of the chin, the looking away, all laden with the oppressive sense of the hopelessness and wickedness of the world, and then the throaty, conspiratorial chuckle as he launched, in language seldom short of fruitiness, into the latest anecdote. One of his favourite sayings was "They can't get rid of me, I know too much". That, too, might have been true, like the story of the aggrieved Texan lady who, on being offered a Liddell's room for her summer stay, descended at once to Bill's office, outraged: "It's no better than a garret; I'm going to call my husband to tell him I'm flying home tomorrow". Bill, with the solemn and sympathetic expression he saved for his best white lies, glanced at the print on his wall of Dickens' empty study the day after the novelist's death. "Let me tell you about the great men who have lived in that room, my dear . . ." She did call her husband, but it was to order him to join her at once. He never seemed to leave his office much, yet was often called on to do so when he arrived at 6 o'clock every morning of his working life, to remove a pink lavatory cemented to the middle of the Yard, or to cover with tarpaulins slogans painted on a school roof on the last night of a term. Though he didn't go out looking for work, he was all kindness and sympathy when people came to him with their problems. I remember warning him, at the end of one summer term, that the ceiling of the Scott Library was looking unsafe. "Don't you worry", he said, "I'll keep an eye on it for you." A week into the holidays he phoned me. "You know that ceiling you were telling me about?" "Yes." "Well, it's come down. I thought we could get away with it for a bit longer". Immortal words, and perfect for Westminster. He knew how to deal with Bursars – and he served three – as this overheard exchange reveals:



Reg Failes (left) & Bill Drummond (right) Up School June 1991

Bursar: "Oh, Mr Drummond, I'd like to have a list of all the school gas meters."

Mr. D: "But Bursar . . ."

Bursar: "I know it will cause you some trouble, but it's very important."

Mr. D: "Right you are, Bursar" (less polite mumbles). Two weeks later:

Bursar: "Mr Drummond, I'm very sorry to have to tell you that I've lost that list of gas meters you prepared for me."

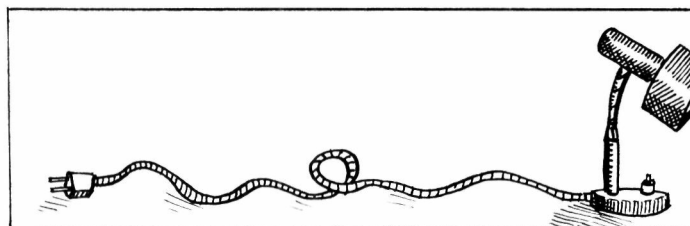
Mr. D: (seeing his chance) "You haven't Bursar?"

Bursar: "I'm afraid so."

Mr. D: (with black looks) "Oh Bursar."

Bursar: "Oh well then, don't worry about it now, Mr Drummond."

And so the list never had to be produced. But hard fact calls. Bill was born in 1912, trained as a carpenter, and spent his working life either side of the war in the building and decorating trades. The racehorse is another story. He replied to an advertisement placed by Bursar Lyons in the *Evening News* in June 1974, describing himself as "an active 60 year old." He was appointed Clerk of the Works in September 1974, and retired in August 1991. Despite the ill-health of his wife, to whom, with his daughter, he was deeply devoted, he found an equal depth of dedication to Westminster. Bulldog indeed he seemed, as he stood four square on the pavement outside Liddell's Arch, like a centurion on duty; bulldog he sounded, when his gruff "Can I help you?" to a stranger implied that "help" was a euphemism for "sink my teeth into your leg." Yet the threatening manner dissolved so quickly to reveal great sympathy and kindness of heart especially towards children. When he retired in August 1991 his departure was deeply regretted by all who had come to know and love him. We were so lucky to have had him among us. And there are still many tales untold!



REG FAILES

'Mr Failes the Electrician'. It sounds too much like Happy Families to be true. And yet it was true. Reg both responded and contributed to the idea of a happy family, always ready with a cheery greeting, a quip, a mock-lugubrious appraisal of the state of the world, but never an unkind or mean word about anyone. He was so familiar a figure in Yard for so many years, marked out for the eye by his bright blue jeans, his steady purposeful tread, his ladder over his right shoulder, and for the ear by a penetrating off-key whistle that could shatter a light bulb at thirty yards, that I see and hear him still in his retirement. Reg Failes began to work for Westminster in 1967, as an employee of R.F. Crouch Ltd., the school's electrical contractor. In December 1972 he succeeded the redoubtable Frank Wilby as Clerk of Works, but his conscientiousness amidst the familiar muddle of Westminster's domestic management found the job too great a strain, and his health suffered. He resigned in the summer of 1974, but happily – for him and for us – was prepared to return in December 1974 as School Electrician. He continued in this job, a first rate electrician in a jungle of antiquated installations, spirited, cheerful and witty, way beyond the usual retiring age, and it was only a fall or two from a ladder in the last months which prompted him, aged 71, to opt for retirement in July 1991. His love for and loyalty to Westminster exceeded those of most of the Common Room, pupils and governors. We do not celebrate that kind of dedication as often as we should.



WILLIE BOOTH LEAVES

Willie Booth came to Westminster in 1976 from Cranleigh where he had been Chaplain for nine years after university at Trinity College Dublin and a curacy in Belfast. From his home town in Ulster, Ballymena, Willie brought the generosity and hospitality of his native Ireland. In a way, he once said, he was sorry to leave but happy to have left behind the sectarianism and bitterness which underlay the present 'troubles'. His conscious reaction to that experience was expressed in the open-minded and good-natured tolerance allied to a firm faith which made him an approachable, successful and much loved Chaplain. From Cranleigh he brought his commitment to PHAB, transferring the course and links with the national organisation which he had built up there and making it so much a part of Westminster life that it is now difficult to imagine the School without it. It is a tribute to Willie that he has created the momentum both within and outside the community for it to continue, it is hoped, for many years. For a decade and a half PHAB has formed an important part of the School's work for charity and given generations of senior pupils the opportunity to share everyday life in the privileged context of Westminster with the physically handicapped from all over the British Isles and from the continent. For all those involved attitudes and perceptions of the nature of normality and handicap have been changed permanently and the belief that indirectly those of society at large will also change in the right direction was an important consideration for Willie though his main concern was always to give those who took part a memorable holiday.

Although PHAB was only a small part of his work as Chaplain, its success epitomises his approach to the job. The willingness of those who committed themselves to a daunting, demanding and often distressing week was a response to him personally and a mark of their confidence in him.



On any day in term time a constant stream of boys and girls could be seen ringing Willie's doorbell in Barton Street, calling for a chat and very often to be given tea or supper as well. For years he was heavily out of pocket without protest until the school belatedly recognised this in material terms. And if he was not at home then he might well be walking back from Victoria Street laden with provisions for his next guests after returning from Putney or Vincent Square via Sainsbury's. The other possibility was that he might be in Yard chatting to whoever was around and keeping in touch with what was going on.

In a school which by statute is an Anglican Foundation but which contains members of many other denominations and religions Willie was accessible to all and encouraged everyone willing to respond to pursue their own spiritual development either with his guidance or with outside help. He himself prepared for confirmation a steady flow of candidates but always fully respected those who decided not to go further for reasons they felt were good ones just as he would dissuade anyone who he felt had the wrong approach. Willie was the recipient of many confidences and everyone knew he would never break one. Always sensitive to the privacy and dependence of others he nonetheless had the intuitive gift of sensing when anyone young or old was troubled and offering support with a quiet word without strings.

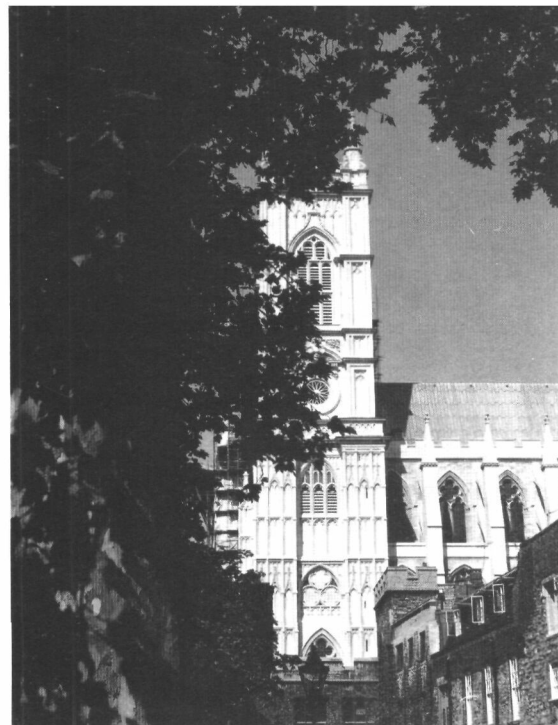


Photo: Olivia Selbie

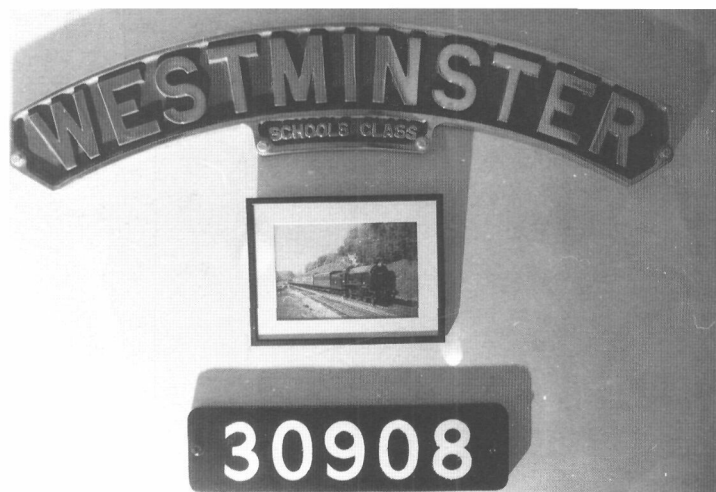
It is easy to forget too that a chaplain does not only minister to the current members of the school and lead school services in the Abbey and St Faith's. He has a wider parish of friends, former pupils and colleagues. So Willie has conducted marriage services for them, christened their children and supported them in darker hours and will undoubtedly continue to do so. Sadly too and inevitably it fell to him to care for the dying and the bereaved, and, the hardest thing of all, to help people to come to terms with the death of the young. Willie in his time here had more than his fair share of such sadness and all those who were involved with him, whatever their beliefs, parents, teachers and pupils came to appreciate Willie's special qualities and learned from him what care for the suffering really means.

Willie would relax from pastoral concerns with music and entertaining friends. He is a superb cook and rated by the many colleagues he has generously and frequently dined as among the best in a Common Room not short of talent in this area. As a hi-fi buff who often found it hard to resist the temptation to invest in the latest technical improvement he was widely consulted and gave excellent advice. He is very modest about his own musical prowess but he has developed his baritone (near-tenor) voice by taking singing lessons and surprised and delighted everyone with his performance as Arvide Abernathy in *Guys and Dolls* especially in the duet with Sarah.

The summer before last Willie was spotted in his very best suit and clerical collar and looking unusually tense on his way, as it proved later, to have lunch at the Palace with the Queen. When it was subsequently announced that he had been appointed Sub-Dean of Her Majesty the Queen's Chapels Royal and Domestic Chaplain to the Queen everything fell into place. A fact unknown to most, Willie had been a Priest in Ordinary to the Queen since 1976 as well as a Priest Vicar of Westminster Abbey and regularly took services on Sundays at St James's Palace. So sadly the school said goodbye to Willie at the end of Election Term at a 'Royal' Tea of strawberries and cream on Green at which Doniert Macfarlane the Captain of the School made a presentation. An epigram was also declaimed in his honour at the Election Dinner.

But as always that occasion was not the end of term for Willie. In the first week of the holidays he ran his last PHAB course which was by general consent one of the happiest and most successful ever and which ended with a celebration of his work for PHAB over the last 15 years by present and past participants.

TPF



RAILWAY DISPLAY PANELS

The above is part of the railway display panel currently being assembled on the ground floor of the Robert Hooke Science Centre. At the bottom is the recently acquired smoke-box door number plate from Southern Railway Class V 4-4-0 locomotive *Westminster*; in the middle hangs a cobweb photograph showing No. 908 leaving Wadhurst in 1957. At the top is one of the two name plates carried on each side of the engine.

Does anybody know of the whereabouts of the other?

UNDERGROUND PROPOSALS

Readers of the *Elizabethan* may be interested to hear of a brand new and exciting project (writes the man they can't gag – James Simpson).

Members of the school may have seen springing up all around them small red and white striped tents that can at the moment be seen in and around the streets of Westminster.

While most people have been under the impression that they are a part of the vital work of British Telecom, they have taken no notice of them!

However! These tents do not belong to British Telecom!

Having investigated the issue fully, I can reveal, exclusively to the readers of the *Elizabethan* that this is not true, and the tents are in fact the homes of all the workers who are at present working on the new underground system for the school.

When most of the readers thought that they were giving money to the school fund for the "Put Mr Pyatt in a place of safety" fund, I can in fact reveal that what they were paying for was the deposit for the new system.

The system will be part of the eventual multi-million pound deal that has been organized with the help of "Saddam Hussein deals incorporated", and it is hoped that the deal will be finished by Christmas!

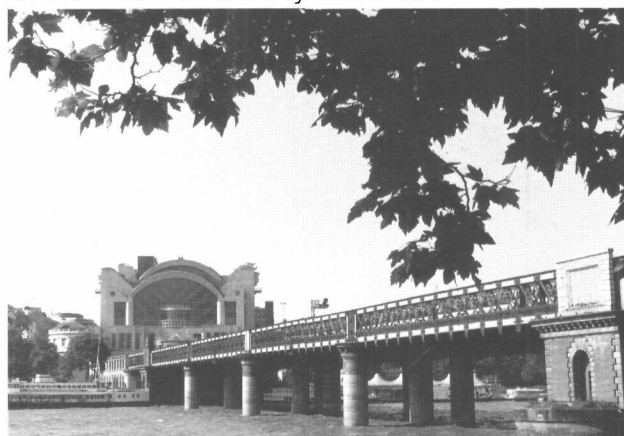


Photo: Emma Lewis

The system will be funded privately with a bar and disco in the end carriage – which can be accessed solely via a special smart-card that (so it is said) will be given out to pupils only.

The three new stations can be found in (1) Ashburnham House which connects to the District and Circle line at St James's Park, via its own special line called the "Grey Line" and it is expected to be opened by John Major; (2) the middle of Yard which will connect with the boat-house at Putney – and will therefore not surprisingly be called the "Vegetable Line" which is expected to be opened by A.N. Oarsman; and finally (3) in The Sanctuary that will connect with Victoria. This line is expected to be opened by the chairman of BR Sir Bob Reid – who is by now a seasoned visitor to the school (having spoken once at the John Locke society), and is expected to be called "The Black Line", for it is the only part of the system that is to be run by BR itself, and therefore none of the trains in this part of the system are expected to arrive on time. (You have been warned!).

James Simpson

BROCK LECTURE 1991

The eighth Brock Lecture was given Up School on 6th December 1991 by Stephen Venables, on a wide-ranging journey to 'Mountains of Five Continents'. Only just back from Nepal, he looked like a super-fit shadow, one who, having just had time to change his shirt, carried with him the fervour and vision of the mountaineer newly down to earth. His fluent and modest talk, illustrated continuously by his own photographs, took his armchair audience from a winter climb in the Bernese Oberland to an opaque ascent of Mount Stanley in the Mountains of the Moon in Africa, from the king penguins, elephant seals and romanesque snow holes of South Georgia to a Karakorm expedition with John Blashford-Snell the scale of which made it look like an offshoot of the Gulf War. But it was clear that his preferred *modus operandi* was the intimate, quixotic and slightly amateurish venture: unvisited and unmapped Himalayan valleys, and the modest American expedition which led to his solo, oxygen-free ascent of Everest in 1988, which formed the main subject of the talk.

An early picture of Shipton and Tilman outward bound by P & O between the wars was an appropriate image of the great British tradition of exploration and mountaineering of which he himself is the most notable lineal descendant. It is adventure without glamour. Whether holed up in South Georgia with only three fit climbing days in three months, or held up in Pakistan for fifteen days by intransigent porters, or heaving his lonely breathless way along the summit ridge of Everest, being caught out overnight there and losing three toes to frostbite, he reminded us over and over of the patience, the frustrations, the fascination of problem solving, and irradiating it all, the sense of simple delight and fun which banish the horrors and set the heart racing at the prospect of next time.

John Field

WALTER HAMILTON 1908-1988

A PORTRAIT



Anthony Lane Q.S. inspects a picture of Walter Hamilton in 1957

Evelyn Waugh, writing of J.F. Roxburghe, his sixth form master at Lancing who became the first headmaster of Stowe, said in his review of Noel Annan's biography *Roxburghe of Stowe*: "All schoolmasters, for good or ill, attain a certain immortality; the memories of their idiosyncrasies remain sharper than those of subsequent acquaintances."

While the first part of this statement is perhaps a shade exaggerated there is little doubt that one's memories of schoolmasters and headmasters and their idiosyncrasies are sharper than most and do linger longer. That is abundantly demonstrated by the wealth of anecdote and recollection in *Walter Hamilton 1908-1988: A Portrait*, an elegant compilation meticulously edited by Donald Wright, a former headmaster of Shrewsbury, published by James & James.

TRINITY

At Trinity he was something of a loner. But the collection of academic trophies (the Craven, the Porson Prize for Greek Verse and a double first) which he carried off are not won without dedication. Nevertheless he forged several close and lasting friendships as an undergraduate at Cambridge. Housman he knew and his poetry he particularly loved. Andrew Gow, Rugbeian son of a former headmaster of Westminster, and an intimate of Housman, was another friend and so was the future Regius Professor of Roman Law, Patrick Duff and James Duff his older brother. With the latter Walter carried on a long correspondence during World War II, a selection of which appears in a chapter of its own. Among the younger generation were Denys Wilkinson, David Graham-Campbell and Anthony Martineau (brother of Richard).

WALTER AND ENOCH

When he was appointed a Fellow Walter had as one of his star pupils Enoch Powell and taught him verse and prose composition in Latin and Greek. Powell, described by his contemporaries as a giant among classics, remembers him principally for "his self deprecatory but armoured modesty of speech and manner . . . It was an education in itself to watch him wielding this instrument with his characteristic and well practised drawl". Walter's brilliant but artificial appraisal of Powell for the Chair of Greek at Durham, too long to quote in this review, is in turn especially to be savoured.

ETON

A seminal influence in his life as a teacher was undoubtedly the time he spent at Eton, the longest consecutive period of years in any institution. Initially he

went as an examiner for the Newcastle scholarship, staying with the Provost M.R. James for a week and exchanging, delighted, quotations from P.G. Wodehouse. When an Alpine disaster took four beaks from the complement Walter was asked to join the staff. After two halves he returned to Cambridge to complete his time as a research fellow. But he was quickly asked to return. Walter became Master in College and established with Richard Martineau, a famous classics beak in Etonian annals, a remarkable diarchy of classics teachers. The chronicle of Walter's time at Eton is in many ways the most fascinating for a Westminster, not least by way of contrast as well as presage, and Robert Bourne's account of it, the longest chapter in the book, relies heavily on the recollections of many pupils.

Eton was a school which he had at first regarded, as he said himself, "with a mixture of envy and hostility not unnatural in the product of a South London grammar school". But he took to it rapidly and Eton to him. Eton brought him out socially and it is apparent that professionally his time there represented some of the happiest years of his life. His appointment as Master in College within a year or so of his return to Eton was greeted with enthusiasm. As housemaster of a hothouse of intellectually gifted boys he was stimulated as much as stimulating, as many pupils, Douglas Hurd among them, record. But wartime privations and his conscientious worry for the safety of his boys left him in 1946, after an unsuccessful application for the headmastership of Winchester, weary and inclined to return to Trinity. He left in his own words "a far better versifier than when I came," but more importantly with an understanding of boys and a worldliness which were to stand him in good stead for the rest of his career. He was later to become a Fellow of Eton. His translation to Cambridge was, however, but an interlude as Tom Faber's short but affectionate chapter of memories indicates.

WESTMINSTER

Walter arrived at Westminster in 1950 in succession to John Christie, himself a brilliant teacher, who had oscillated as had Walter between university and public school headships. It was not a smooth transition. He found the school in an economically delicate state. The Second World War with Westminster's series of traumatic evacuations (only 135 boys came back from Herefordshire) had sapped much of Westminster's financial vitality. The staff though numbering some outstanding men were not in every



Walter Hamilton is "capped" by a Second Election as he comes out of Latin Prayers

respect up to his expectations. On the one hand his selection of new staff, notably of Charles Keeley, Adolf Prag and Theo Zinn was inspired. All were teachers of the highest order. the first a master of carefully hedged but incisive historical judgment, the second a brilliant teacher of Mathematics, the last an ebullient and effervescent teacher of the classics who was in fact Walter's first appointment. Walter had also encouraged science with his appointment of Geoffrey Foxcroft who he later invited to join him at Rugby. All this ensured that in all departments Westminster came to shine. So it was that in 1954 Westminster had netted the highest number of Oxbridge awards proportionate to the number of its pupils of any school in the United Kingdom. Despite its casual assumption to the contrary Westminster should not therefore have been surprised that he might be persuaded to go elsewhere. On the other hand the unhappy attempts to import Etonian rituals and dress ("capping" masters, and putting monitors in "Pop" waistcoats) did not go down well with boys who had read Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise* and were conscious of Westminster's eighteenth century superiority over Eton.

At this point personal memories begin to obtrude, and the reviewer must lapse into the first person. My first recollections of Walter as a teacher begin in 1951. When I started Greek in my second year he encouraged me with the story of his (much more successful) late start. But it was only when I became a classics specialist that I was taught by him. Much of my Greek has been wiped off the slate and my clearest surviving recollections are not of his teaching me Plato or Homer or, in Latin, Virgil, but of prose and verse composition. He was of course a conspicuous master of Greek prose and verse. But what I particularly remember where his classes in Latin verse for which I had a penchant. He used the period not just for teaching the choice of the *mot juste* and the subtleties of metre, but also as a vehicle for introducing us to his favourite poems. His choice was eclectic. His favourite Samuel Johnson (*Midsummer*), Housman (of course), even W.S. Gilbert (*Faint heart ne'er won fair lady*), spring to mind. He enjoyed cullings from Hibernian and Caledonian poets. So through his lugubrious reading of Edith Somerville's *Ross*, which concerns the county not her cousin, I was led to Irish Memories. The most frequently presented model versions were from *Some Latin Verses* by J.F. Crace, a lifelong friend (and a predecessor as Master in College at Eton) whose smooth and clever elegiacs Walter especially (and rightly) admired. Walter positively gloated over Crace's version of Lady Nairne's *Laird O'Cockpen* which with its Highland theme also much appealed to him:

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things of the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' woo'in' was fashious to seek.

He rejoiced in the Laird's arrogant and insensitive approach to the Mistress of Clavers'-ha'-Lee "a penniless lass with a long pedigree". Cockpen rapped at the yett of her house with the imperious command to the minion answering the door:

Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben
For she's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen.

He revelled in Crace's neat repetition of the Laird's name in the Latin guise of Gallus:

I puer, i dominamque jube descendere: Gallus,
Gallus adest' inquit', colloquiumque rogat.

The greatest glee amounting to *schadenfreude* was reserved for her rejection of the gauche Laird and his subsequent journey home:

An' often he thocht as he gaed thro' the glen
She's daft to refuse the Laird o'Cockpen

On Crace's final couplet Walter was almost beside himself:

Saepe putat secum saltu dum fertur in imo
Rejicit an Gallum? rejicit ista?-furit.

"Does she reject Gallus? Does she (a woman like that) reject him? (Note contemptuous 'ista' all of you). Furit: she's mad. And at the end of the pentameter! Brilliant!" And then the staccato giggle which closed so many Walterisms. Such, indeed, were the joys.

In 1957 Walter left Westminster for Rugby. There was, it appears, a strong feeling of reproach among the staff, and among old boys according to my recollections. No headmaster of Westminster had ever emigrated to another school. But no slight was intended. The move was dictated by an offer which Walter felt he could not refuse, and his desire to house his growing family in more ample surroundings and to hand over the quartercentenary celebrations and appeal to John Carleton. Certainly the governing body's reactions were highly complimentary and without hint of reproach.

RUGBY AND MAGDALENE

The chapters which follow Westminster present a worthy but perhaps less incandescent image. James Hunt's chapter on Rugby sketches a man happier to have again a pastoral role as housemaster of School House but in uneasy relations with the Governors. By the time he had served on the Committee of the Head Masters' Conference for fourteen years, four of them as Chairman with all the politicking that that involved under the Wilson Government, he must have been glad to get to the calm of his Magdalene Mastership. His tenure of that office was mellow and largely untroubled, and he could enjoy his visits to Shrewsbury and Eton on both of whose governing bodies he sat. He was therefore able to play (as he did) an important role in the appointment of Dr Eric Anderson, Head Master of Shrewsbury, to the Head Mastership of Eton, a tale not told in this book. There is nevertheless much in the post-Westminster chapters to intrigue and divert and the passing reference to these years in this review is no implied criticism of their interest.

SUMMING UP

Clearly all through his varied career from his marriage onwards, his family life and his holidays in Mull gave him the greatest joy. The picture drawn both by his daughter and by others of his love of life in the Western Highlands leaves no doubt on that score.

But in the end this polygonal man is full of paradox. To boys at Westminster and Rugby in his time he would have been the embodiment of archididascaline qualities, in most cases revered for his scholarship and *gravitas* from a distance.

To those who he taught the most abiding memories are of the wit, precision and discipline of his mind at work. This also impressed those who saw him in committee and his collaborator in the translation of Ammianus. Worldly, humorous, and capable of great charm and understanding on the one hand: spiky, shy, melancholic, and at times oversensitive on the other. An idol at Eton, more critically regarded as he grew older. The most illuminating part of this admirable volume is, in this reviewer's opinion, to be found in the chronicle of Walter's earliest years and his years at Eton: they go some way to explaining the paradox and the man. Reading his three sermons printed in the Appendix and his pellucid explanation of the Christian ethic one warms to him again.

All of us who knew Walter are in some way in his debt. Donald Wright, whose own contributions are particularly perceptive and those who helped him in this memorial volume have provided a fitting tribute to one in whose shade I too was privileged to sport, on the Echoing Green of Westminster in the fifties.

Hubert Picarda
(BB 1949-1954)



Bookbinder

BOOKBINDING & CONSERVATION

In 1984 the Abbey's library conservator was asked to set up a bookbinding course in the School. This was started through the LSA system, with two or three masters participating whenever they could fit it in, and took place in the Star Chamber room at the north end of School (now room 37). This proved less than satisfactory as there was no water nearer than the Green Room, all the equipment had to remain *in situ*, and wet work could not be left drying under weights as the room was in constant use during the day. So there was a limit on what could be attempted and achieved. In addition the room contained an alternative entry/exit to the gymnasium and periodically athletically clad hordes would rise up through the floor like pantomime demons in the middle of a lesson.

Since the opening of the new Science Centre, bookbinding has had its own home in a former chemistry preparation room in the Old Science Block, and the work has really taken off. Advanced work can now be undertaken, and annual exhibitions in 1989, 1990 and 1991 have shown a wide variety of restorations of 17th and 18th century books, some in limp vellum bindings, as well as straightforward bindings and re-bindings in cloth and in leather, photograph albums, and bookcrafts – ie objects other than books but made with book materials, such as magazine covers and desk blotters. This year work has been started on bindings designed with inlays and onlays of different coloured leathers; and bindings in styles and methods of earlier centuries will be completed in time for the fourth exhibition. These opportunities for the School to see the work that has been done have helped to consolidate the course, as boys have joined it in the Lower Shell having seen the previous May exactly what it is they are undertaking.

One of CRRL's aims in bringing this work into the School was to provide a creative respite from the pressures of academic work. This certainly seems to have been achieved and members of CR have often said they find the work "therapeutic".

The room is now adequately equipped for bookbinding and book document conservation, and while the work can be enjoyed at any level, for those who get hooked on it the sky is the limit; and in the course of it an understanding of history of the making of books and the transmission of learning and literature, before and after the invention of printing, can be painlessly absorbed.

The group is recruited through the LSA arrangements in the 5th and Lower Shell, but it is hoped that it will not be regarded as an "activity" but as a serious course of instruction in a skilled and exacting craft.



Printer



Paper-maker



Parchment-maker



Type-founder



Engraver



The Tribe of Ben

THE BEN JONSON SOCIETY'S LITERARY SPECIAL

LONDON LITERARY SCENE

At five pounds, the London Library anniversary party, to be held in the garden of St James's Square on a summer evening, seemed a wonderful bargain. "Oh, there'll be three security men watching each distinguished member eat his sausage," scoffed my friend Robert. But how eager he was to accept an invitation to come as my guest.

When the day arrived, I donned my only suit, one of my 'Herbert Marcuse' clothes. Some years back my mother had worked as lady-companion to the famous philosopher's aged sister and her husband, and I had inherited some of the old man's wardrobe. The suit's splendid waistcoat fitted snugly, but the trousers were a problem. My recent weight-loss programme had been all too successful, I realised. I had to keep tucking my shirt in, and hoped the trousers wouldn't fall down.

I met Robert in time for a drink, and we walked through St James's Park, with the watery sun breaking through the day's rain. When we arrived, the marquee had already been erected in the garden, and the guests were queuing at the gates, watched by a hundred policemen and the press corps. In front of us, an elderly couple were sporting headdresses Davy Crockett might have worn. A photographer stepped up, asked the gentleman his name, and got a curt reply.

The thousand marvellous types of English literary life were sauntering about within. Robert and I walked round the garden and the various tents with our glasses, meeting several people he knew, among them the distinguished historian Asa Briggs. Security was certainly tight. At one point Lord Briggs put his briefcase down, and immediately, it seemed, someone was demanding an explanation. Inevitable in 1991, I suppose.

"Mrs Thatcher's over there," one of Robert's friends whispered. I rushed off to observe her. She was wearing a blue suit and talking to Norman Lamont. They both looked smaller than I expected, but how wonderful, I thought, that proximity to the great could be bought for five pounds. I passed as close as I dared, hoping I was not gawping too obviously, and then returned for a second look.

I was downing glass after glass of red wine, and felt the party was going swimmingly. After Lord Annan made his presentation to the Queen Mother, I was ready to experience a surge of patriotic pride when the great lady, separated from me by a pair of bobbing heads, walked by with an inclination of the head and a spring in her step.

"Isn't she marvellous?" I enthused to the young man behind me, who agreed. His pretty wife, wearing a straw hat, smiled at me. Although the great and famous were two a penny around us – Enoch Powell, Roy Jenkins, Denis Healey, Sir Steven Runciman, Anita Brookner – I felt pleasure in talking to this charming young couple, whose names I wanted to remember but have failed to.

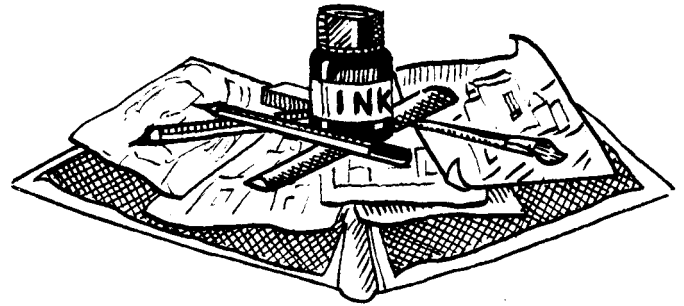
She was something in prints, I remember. They put me through the usual English catechism of who I was, what I wrote etc., but I didn't mind, because I liked them. I complimented the lady on her straw hat. As my glass was filled yet again, and the setting sun seemed to shine ever more bravely, I was lost in a dream of drunken happiness and well-being.

Finally, as night was falling, I left them and went in search of Robert. It was time to go. With some of his friends, we headed for a pub. I had to meet a Swedish friend, on holiday in London, at half-past-nine, but there was an hour to go.

Inside the pub, which was immensely crowded, I made the mistake of switching to Martinis. Two drinks later, I was making lascivious suggestions to one of our companions, but was brought to order by being reminded I had to meet my Swedish friend. Robert would accompany me.

Outside the pub, the Herbert Marcuse trousers suddenly gave out, and fell down to my ankles. "Thank heavens this didn't happen in front of Mrs Thatcher," said Robert, whipping out a spare belt he happened to be carrying (why? I was later to wonder). At the time, I didn't care. I smiled beatifically as he rearranged my trousers, and we set out through St James's, by way of the Haymarket cash dispenser, to explain the mysteries of an English garden party to a Swede.

Charles A.R. Hills



The Night-Piece: Julia Revisited

Their glow the street lamps lend thee,
The small cat's eyes attend thee;
And the A to Z
With my road marked in red,
Like the AA man, befriend thee.

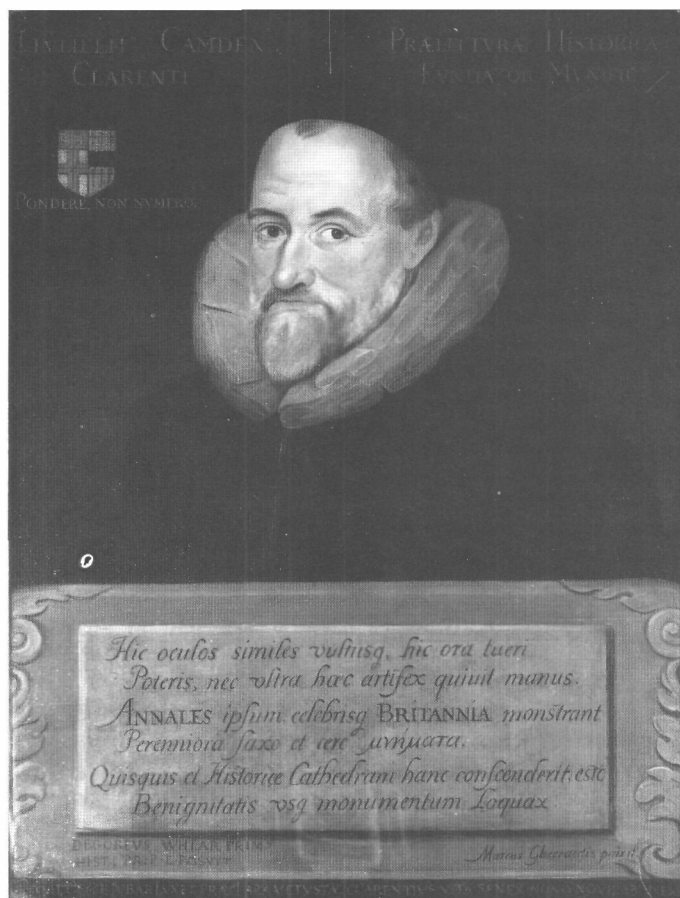
No faulty bulb mislight thee;
Nor escaped pit-bull bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since tramp there's none to affright thee.

Let not a night bus thee cumber,
What though thy driver does slumber?
The airplane's flights
Will lend thee their lights,
Like torches clear without number.

Then Julia let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall pat,
Thy Barbour-ed back,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

After Herrick
Ayesha Ahmed

WILLIAM CAMDEN – A HUMANIST DILEMMA



William Camden (1551-1623), born in London, educated Oxford, Undermaster Westminster School, 1575, headmaster, 1593-1598. Famous as teacher of Ben Jonson, for his topographical history of England *Britannia* (1586), and his *Annals of the Reign of Elizabeth I* (1615). In later life he was identified with a faction hostile to James I, and died in retirement at Chislehurst. He is buried in Westminster Abbey.

*Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe,
All that I am in arts, all that I know.*

Jonson, Epigrams, 14, 1-2.

Jonson's reverence of his old teacher, and his long friendship with the older man have ensured that Camden's memory has survived, albeit as an author more often quoted than read. The situation is now changing; modern literary criticism is increasingly interested in the relationship between literary and non-literary texts, and Jonsonian studies have already benefitted enormously from a re-reading of Camden's works. Camden is still to emerge wholly from his pupil's shadow, but gradually the situation is improving. For the 'New Historicist' criticism that has emerged from the *melée* of competing literary theories in recent years, the role of Camden as cultural arbiter and analyst in the Elizabethan period may well come to seem central.

Every impression we gather of the man is of a retired individual – in Jonson's reminiscences he appears as a fatherly figure. After the publication of *Britannia* in 1586, it appears that it was only reluctantly that he enacted the public role of humanist familiar in England from the days of Thomas More and Erasmus. He had written a text however that fitted to perfection the new concern with national identity registered in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and Shakespeare's history plays. *Britannia* became instrumental to a new, nationalistic conception of the British state, and Camden might have become the Livy to Elizabeth's Caesar Augustus.

But Elizabethan England was not the possessor of a stable culture, any more than was the Rome of Augustus. Just as Livy, Virgil and Horace invented the myths of the culture they eulogized, so Camden, Spenser, Jonson, Shakespeare and Drayton invented as much as described the culture they celebrated. It was an enterprise fraught with contradictions – even Shakespeare, perhaps the most conservative of the great Elizabethans questioned the institutions of nation and monarch so radically in *Richard II* that the play was banned by order of the Queen herself. The enduring interest of the Elizabethan period lies in its ambivalence and in its contradictions. Here I wish to examine just one of the contradictions that faced Camden as a humanist in late Renaissance England, the conflicting demands of historian and apologist for the status quo.

Westminster School, in its history and its physical surroundings represents graphically one of the major contradictions of the English Renaissance, a dilemma that surfaces in the work of Camden, its Elizabethan headmaster, and Jonson his pupil. English humanism had from the beginning a strongly antiquarian slant. Before the Reformation, Camden's source and predecessor, John Leland, Henry VIII's antiquary and librarian had catalogued exhaustively the resources and monuments of Henry's England in his *Itinerary* and *Collectanea*. Yet the Protestant-inspired reforms of his master led to the destruction of many of the same monuments and libraries and possibly were contributory to Leland's final loss of reason. Renaissance Humanism stretched human history backwards in time – but Elizabethan Protestantism, strongly influenced by Calvin, saw national history only as the history of those who were predestined for salvation, and their fight to uphold true religion. Both the institutions of learning and of religion in Camden's England were caught by these two opposing views of history, and the presence of Westminster School in the shadow of the great royal abbey church is as we shall see a potent symbol of an unresolved contradiction.

To give these contradictions their full weight we must look briefly outside Britain to the blossoming of

Renaissance humanism in late sixteenth century Florence. The Italian Renaissance of arts and letters had grown up from an overwhelming interest in the classical past. From the time of Petrarch (c.1370) there had been an urge to look beyond the static certainties of medieval catholicism towards the pagan but nevertheless familiar worlds of classical antiquity. Plato and Cicero were to be read for what they said about their own world, rather than merely as reinforcements for the morality of the Christian present. In the visual arts, Donatello and Brunelleschi could scour the ruins of the Forum looking for fragments of sculpture that they would copy directly into their own works; Mantegna in Mantua would create the fabulous and vast canvasses called *The Triumph of Caesar*, perhaps the most comprehensive and conscientious attempt ever to recreate the visual world of Ancient Rome. Once the classical world had been savoured in its own colours and difference, it was natural and indeed inevitable that the more recent past would be submitted to scrutiny. In Italian writing, for the first time the adjective *moderno* comes to the fore – the contemporary world is felt as different from the past. In the visual arts a fascinating sense of historicity begins to be felt. When, in the 1540s the artist and art historian Vasari mounted a drawing by the thirteenth century artist Cimabue, he took great care to draw a gothic surround for it. Each age was seen to have its own style and temper and the Renaissance collector of antiquities, whether he is Giorgio Vasari collecting drawings in Florence or William Camden collecting documents in London, is establishing and commenting on this newly found sense of historical difference – historicity.

Vasari's great Lives of famous painters portrayed the loss of skill in the visual arts with the fall of the Roman Empire, and its gradual rebirth (*Rinascimento*) during the Middle Ages, culminating triumphantly in the Florentine triumvirate of Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael. Camden's works also tell a story of loss and rebirth; the loss of a 'British' identity and its rebirth in his own time. As painstakingly as Vasari, Camden journeyed, noted, interviewed, setting down for posterity in his monumental *Britannia*, the topography and history of the British people, "their languages, names, surnames, allusions, anagrams, armories, monies, poesies, epitaphes."

Just as Vasari saw the Florentines as providentially blessed, so to Camden and his contemporaries was Britain. But there are crucial differences – for Vasari the emergence of the great man of genius is headed by Michelangelo whose divine *terribilita* allows him to re-interpret the past at the same time as he is the legitimate heir of that past tradition. The rock-hard certainty of Vasari's cultural analysis rests upon an unquestioned assumption of cultural continuity. There is of course a search for cultural continuity in the work of all the great Elizabethans, in Camden most notably of all, but the fact of the Protestant Reformation fell full square across English history, cutting the Protestant present irrevocably from the Catholic past.

Keith Thomas has shown in *Religion and the Decline of Magic* how the culture of post-Reformation England may be interpreted as a process of surrogacy, finding substitutes (notably the persecution of witchcraft) for the communal and cultural rites that were abruptly terminated with the Reformation. It is no accident that myths of nationhood and sovereignty begin to abound in the England of Elizabeth. For the Elizabethan historian such as Camden, Elizabeth herself comes to appear as the fruition of English nationhood. The initially unwelcome fact of a queen regnant was latterly exploited as a means of filling the vacancies left by the ending of Catholicism, vacancies that the institutionalized religion of the new English church was unable to fulfil. Elizabeth, as has often been remarked, was represented with many of the attributes of the Virgin Mary: in a masque of 1590, her Master of Revels, Sir Henry Lee, sings to the audience that they should "for Ave Maria sing Vivat Eliza". Moreover Elizabeth was credited with the role of the mystic virgin Astraea, whose return to the world would usher in a new age of justice and peace. This is how Camden celebrates the queen: "In the beginning of her late

Majesties Reign, one upon happy hope conceived, made an half of the Zodiack, with Virgo, rising, adding IAM REDIT ET VIRGO." The words are from Virgil's Fourth Eclogue, where he imagines the Virgin Astraea returning to earth, and ushering in the golden age of Saturn once more. Frances Yates has shown how Camden is utilizing a popular theme of the period, that Elizabeth/Astraea will once make Britain an empire. As empress, Elizabeth elevates the governorship of the Church of England, so rudely appropriated by her father, to an altogether more metaphysical level. An emperor derives his authority directly from God, without any human (Papal) mediation. The 'Britannia' of Camden's title is this lost empire restored, under the benevolent Virgin Empress Elizabeth. The lost organic unity of the pre-Reformation past is replaced not by an invention but by a rebirth and return (Iam redit et Virgo).

The idea of 'Britannia' as a lost self-governing empire can be traced back to the Middle Ages themselves – the twelfth century chronicler Giraldus Cambrensis first tells the story of how Britain was named after Brutus (Brut) one of the cousins of Aeneas who founded a state here after the fall of Troy. What did Camden the conscientious annalist make of the pseudo-history that grew up around the name of the island? Nevertheless, he is never openly critical of the Tudor re-writing of British history, and like the poet Edmund Spenser he seems to have found the person of Elizabeth, empress and virgin, a natural crowning device for the land and institutions he describes in *Britannia*, so much so that he courted political unpopularity in the reign of James by publishing a history of her reign. It could be argued that Camden is providing a balancing document to the most important Protestant apologetic of the period, Richard Foxe's *Booke of Martyrs*. Foxe's book of 1562 was displayed in every church in the land and was a graphic (and gory) account of how the English church had survived in hiding through the years of Papal oppression (the Middle Ages) to emerge as the church of an elect nation strengthened by the blood of its martyrs in the time of Elizabeth and her father. As Foxe shows the spiritual struggle of that nation, Camden could be seen to show the evolution of customs and resources as Britain gradually ascends to her role as empire. This would be a false analysis however. Camden's works have a double agenda, and the roles of humanist historian and Protestant apologist cannot finally be reconciled within them.

Britannia may well pay sincere compliment to the queen (she is present as both warrior princess Britannia and as Astraea on the title page), but she has been displaced in a crucial part of the text. Whereas other Elizabethan chroniclers (Stowe, Holinshed) had headed each section with the name of a king or queen, in Camden it is the name of a place that heads sections. It is the land which speaks for itself, not as the possession of a monarch. Camden dwells on 'names, surnames . . . armories . . . monies', gentry preoccupations, not Imperial ones. If Camden himself did not recognize this sub-text, later generations certainly did. *Britannia* went through a steady stream of reprints from the 1620s onward, a time when gentry families were asserting their independence from monarchy in governing their affairs and estates. What is more, Camden alone of Elizabethan historians asserts his independence of voice as author; in the same title page that seems to represent Elizabeth as Astraea, the central figure (taken by Elizabeth as queen in Foxe) is taken by a map of Britain in Camden. Camden describes "natural affection" for one's country as "by far the strongest affection that is"; in *Britannia* it is Camden's own affection for his native land that speaks in his own voice as author, not finally the voice of Elizabethan imperialism. Whereas Spenser was to use his powers of rhetoric in the most notorious Protestant colonialist work of the period (his *Present State Of Ireland*) Camden has no such extra-national ambition.

If the roles of antiquary and royal apologist were in a fundamental sense incompatible, Camden himself can hardly have thought so – his royalism is unimpeachable. There is an incident in his later life however that suggests that his royal master had different thoughts. Camden had

founded the Society of Antiquaries in 1586, as an avowedly non-partisan organization. Its members were all royalists, yet Elizabeth refused to give the society royal recognition in 1602, and James was finally to disband it. In a world where the monarch was the ultimate source of ideological control and hence of knowledge, a society that met to further knowledge and not to "meddle in affairs of religion or state", might, as Kevin Sharpe has suggested be guilty of "dangerous indifference". Indeed it might begin to foster independent patterns of thought that were not amenable to the royal censorship acting upon the universities, the law, the court and the stage. Let us re-examine our initial topographical confrontation of school and gothic abbey church in Dean's Yard. For an Elizabethan man of letters there were two possible interpretations of this conjunction. One is that taken by Elizabeth herself towards the monuments of the past. In 1561 Elizabeth issued "A Proclamation against breaking or defacing of Monuments, of Antiquitie, being set up in churches, or other publike places for Memory and not for Superstition". Selective glorification of the memory of the past, most notably in the setting out of ancestry and genealogy was in no way antipathetic to the Tudors; Elizabeth's father and grandfather in the magnificent Henry VII's chapel had physically converted the east end of Westminster Abbey into a mausoleum and advertisement for the Tudor dynasty and the legitimation of its coronation ceremonies. The School becomes the book where this interpretation of the Abbey can be read.

But the antiquary has another duty, to record the customs of the past not merely as "Monuments . . . for memory", the records of great men, but because there is a desire to speak with the past. The Society of Antiquaries met to study the customs and institutions of the past. If the Abbey church is read as a register of human customs and institutions, then it could become a most dangerous text, speaking of successful assassination of the sovereign (Richard II), Catholic Royalty, clerical independence of the crown – these were dangerous meanings, and perhaps it is significant that Elizabeth and James kept a 'keeper of the tombs' to limit access to the royal burial places. The absolutism of James sought to define every aspect of his subjects' lives – he called parliaments, monitored press and stage performances and through his master of revels controlled portrait images of himself and his family. History could encourage interpretations over which he had no control, and he must have been aware that the past presented a warning – 'ancient liberties' was one of the cries of the Commons against his son at the start of the Civil War. Viewed in this light, the School could be seen as a framing device which allows a perspective on the past not wholly dominated by the ideological concerns of the Stuart present – an analogy to the gothic arch Vasari drew around his thirteenth century drawing in acknowledgment of its difference.

Late in life Camden wrote to Sir Robert Cotton, one of his old pupils at Westminster:

"I know not who may justly say that I was ambitious, who contented myself in Westminster School when I writ my Britannia and eleven years afterward who refused a Mastership of Requests offered and then had the place of King of Arms cast upon me . . . I never made suit to any man, no, not to his Majesty, but for a matter of course incident to my place, neither (God be praised) I needed, having gathered a contented sufficiency by my long labours in the school".

Camden's 'contented sufficiency' with or without Royal patronage, labouring at his school is an enticing image – one is tempted towards a view of him as an Elizabethan Mr Chips. But it may be Camden's autonomy, his quizzical patriotic independence that left the greatest legacy to Jonson and his other pupils. There was to come a point in the next fifty years when the mythology of monarchy and the forces of history were to meet head on. Camden would have deplored the Civil War, yet buried deep within his own work are alternative myths of nationhood that would find expression in the period 1641-1688. As we latterday Elizabethans find ourselves

once more engaged in redefining our myths of state, the final word on Britannia and her identity has not yet been spoken.

Further Reading:

William Camden, *Britannia*, London 1586

William Camden, *Remaines*, London 1614

William Camden, *Annales*, London 1615

Anne Barton, *Ben Jonson, Dramatist*, London 1985

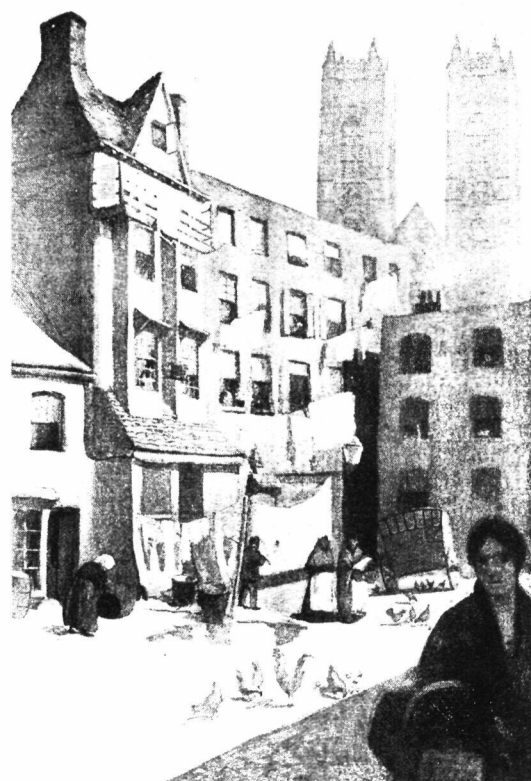
S. Greenblatt (ed.), *Representing the English Renaissance*, California 1988

Kevin Sharpe, *Sir Robert Cotton, 1586-31*, Oxford 1979

Roy Strong, *The Cult of Elizabeth*, London 1977

Frances Yates, *Astraea*, London 1975

Robert Beddow, MA PhD
Goldsmiths' College, University of London



ARDECHE, AUGUST 1991

Past the house, a shading ash,
handfuls of staining berries
we could turn into wine with know-how –
mountains – the bluish colls
whose wooded sides
harbour the drift, dark
of a cloud's mirror.

A single wasp,
forth and back with its burden
of wood-pulp (the small table,
my vase of beer in the shade).

I ask and you say the river.
Two syllables fall through the light,
return the question: How to stay this time –
harder to quantify
hours that do not pass – how to atone . . .

Any moment now,
Cicadas, a word from the leaves.

Adam Johnson, August 1991

HEROES & VILLAINS – OCTOBER 91

NASTY LITTLE GOD (Arthur Rimbaud)

Freddy Hurdis-Jones has just written to me from Malta referring to the poet Arthur Rimbaud – dead a hundred years ago this November 10th – as that nasty little god.

If the English are doing precious little about the Rimbaud centenary – Plymouth Arts Centre is unique in running a three day event beginning on November 14th – there is hardly a poet writing in English who does not regard the ‘nasty little god’ as a most powerful, fascinating and mysterious figure, an absolute hero of the art of poetry, and the only maker of important prose poems: *Les Illuminations* and *Une Saison en Enfer* dwarf anything in this form done before or since.

And if English poets, who cannot be expected to be very fluent in Rimbaud’s tongue, admire him so much from what seems to many of them such a distance, in France this year there are celebrations all over the place: new books, exhibitions, stage shows, the lot.

Feasts, triumphs and dramas for Rimbaud, who may have been the most brilliant scholar of his age, at his age, when he won his Latin poetry *Concours Académique* at 15, and published at 16 poems which are now as much a part of the French tradition as anything written in the 19th century. But in the same year, 1872, he was also appalling his Parisian acquaintances by his extreme youth, his savage opinions, his personal filthiness and his beloved clay pipe. Excessively proud, even for a young poet, he was not too proud to write ‘Merde à Dieu’ on a church door. He was sly too, but not so sly as to try to conceal his contempt for certain harmless older poets at literary gatherings attended by himself and Verlaine.

If it were true that there is no rest for the wicked, he might be judged by his escapades from school to Paris (to see the Commune) and to Douai: or by his travels in 1874-79 to England, Scotland, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, the Dutch East Indies, Cyprus, Austria, Sweden and Denmark. He wore out the soles of scores of pairs of shoes and was never satisfied, even after twelve years in Abyssinia, trading in ivory, arms, ammunition, hides, coffee and musk – possibly in slaves as well. For the really amazing fact about Rimbaud is that before he was 20 he had renounced literature altogether, and spent the last dozen years of his short life absolutely preoccupied with making money. He wanted to retire, to return from Africa ‘with limbs of iron, dark skin, a furious eye’ and with gold in his belt, to be looked after by women – perhaps by his mother and sister.

He did bring back some gold: about £1,500. Not very much after eleven years’ trading in Abyssinia. But he returned on a stretcher, with an advanced cancer in his right knee, and died after the amputation in the Hôpital de la Conception in Marseille. His sister Isabelle was with him. She said that he had died a beautiful death. The priest who gave him the last rites said he had never seen such faith. He was just 37.

My own experience of this villainous hero began in the mid 1950s when I was pretending to teach English at the Collège Clémenceau, Sartène, Corsica. We were an extraordinary staff, as I look back on it: a headmaster who had been in Colditz: a surrealist poet who made a film in which some of us featured, called (not *The Grapes of Wrath* but) *The Watermelons of Anguish*; a charming couple of French teachers, Andrée and Suzanne, whose brand new Lambretta I collected from Ajaccio, learning to ride it on the way back across the mountains; an English master from Orléans with a Scots accent; and a philosophy teacher who loved flying kites and was seriously terrified of real journeys by Air France.

Andrée and Suzanne had a photograph of ‘Rimbe’ in their flat at the Collège. They apparently adored him. Andrée still loves to put on a ferocious expression and growl ‘J’ai faim!’ to remind us of the young genius’s complaint to the anxious teacher in the *Concours Académique* exam room. (They rushed him hunks of bread and butter which he ate ‘snickering, his eye full of malice.’)

At the time I had no idea of reading Rimbaud more than was required by my poetical pretensions. I was far fonder of Apollinaire. The following summer I even sent some Apollinaire versions to J.M. Cohen at Penguins. He telephoned me soon after, and charmed me by sounding rather clipped and academic until he came to French names, and letting rip: ‘Mistah Bunnud, we ah like yar APOLLINAIRRE vashuns, but we are not plennning to do an APOLLINAIRRE for, ah, some time. Would you care to translate RRRIMBAUD for us?’

The ceiling of the mews flat dipped, the window began to look as much round as square, I thought of fame and luxury and sunshine; of my deep ignorance; of refusing the commission. But I didn’t dare refuse.

I wish I’d known J.M. Cohen. I wrote to him a year or two later, about the possibility of a Penguin Aragon or Eluard. He replied saying he had no power at Penguins any more: ‘There came a king who knew not Joseph’.

Translating Rimbaud was of course slavery, mitigated by Andrée’s learned explanations and by the discovery that you could still buy Gambier pipes in Rimbaud’s style at *bureaux de tabac*. You can’t now; and absinthe is illegal because it makes men sterile. It doesn’t of course.

Still, I can claim, now, to have read Rimbaud. If he were a country, I’d have to report that the climate is, to say the least, very severe.

Oliver Bernard
(H.B. 1939-41)



THE VIEW

Under the window
man in the evening
moving through branches
swollen with blossom –
dream Arcadia
briefly. Listen, a
lowing of engines
down to the river
counters your silence –
bent to a shadow
cast and foreshortened
by the same action –
knotting a shoelace
over the question –
whether to accede
to inchoate night
or turn back the hour –
walk in albedo,
each stone that measures
and weighs a footstep
rendered crystalline –
or to stay merely,
indefinitely,
at the minute’s edge.

Adam Johnson

Black Dog Alley, Westminster

FLIPSIDE THEATRE AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

Flipside Theatre was formed in 1987 to bridge the gap between the academic study of Shakespeare and the performance of his plays. Too often students are told to attend exclusively to the 'words on the page', while actors are frequently advised to forget thought in favour of feeling. Surely both practices miss the point that Shakespeare is both poetry and drama, that Shakespeare himself spent as much time in the rehearsal room as at his desk.

The company was invited to visit Westminster in April. We had already met some of the students and teachers at other seminars, and the idea of a special workshop on Shakespeare's *The Tempest* had been in the air for some time. With just a month or two before A Levels we couldn't hope for a better prepared group, nor a set more likely to put us through our paces.

Shakespeare's late play falls between a number of stools – Romance, Problem Play, Tragedy and Pastoral Comedy. All the options are there, and director, critic and actor have a lot of decisions to make.

In Flipside Theatre each option is aired and debated, then staged. Prospero as reluctant leader and benevolent patriarch, or Prospero as a man made mad by twelve years isolation on a desert island. Is the play a study in forgiveness? Or a brutal realisation of revenge gone wrong? The play itself gives us contradictory information. For Gonzalo the grass is "lush and lusty, how green!", while Ariel (who should know it better) talks of "this desolate isle". Prospero is the rightful ruler of Milan, but Caliban has more claims to the island which Prospero "takes't" from him.

The critics too are divided.

John P. Cutts tells us that the play's story is one of "discord into harmony", "worked out by the island's harmony, by the appeal to the harmony of right order, the music of the spheres in which man is united to the divine will for creation."

The critic and director Jan Kott is not so sure. For him the play is history and, "the history of mankind is madness, but in order to expose it one has to act it out on a desert island. It consists of a struggle for power, murder, revolt and violence."

The former interpretation gives us a stable stage picture, with the father tentative and careful, an old man who has learnt patience and wisdom. But Kott's analysis gives us a more active image, the robust ruler charging about the stage, manically keeping everything in its place, the master of 'Divide and Rule' tactics.

For us it is not a question of finding a happy compromise, a middle ground in which both interpretations are possible. Rather we must acknowledge that both are 'true'. Shakespeare has left his text supremely open, and every time we interpret we are perhaps saying as much about ourselves as the play. Our decisions give meaning, and there is no hiding behind the play!

In the seminar the main point of debate arose in the discussion of the relationship between Prospero and his servant Ariel. "Ariel is not human, but a spirit". True, but the actor playing the part is human. Do we put Ariel on a trapeze then, with lots of feathers and make-up? Or is Shakespeare exploring the relationship between an older man and a youth? As Jan Kott says, "situations in Shakespeare are always real, even when interpreted by ghosts and monsters".

The Westminster students were reluctant to see Prospero and Ariel touch. They flung out against any proposition of sexuality in the relationship between these two males. Yet, on stage, the scene did begin to take on a certain clarity and tenderness. Intellectually, for these students the play only made sense as a piece of pastoral poetry, they strongly opposed the idea of Shakespeare as a living director, who experimented and tried new ways of staging scenes.

The discussion led us from Ariel to Miranda and Caliban. It may be an imposition to talk about these characters in the light of modern thinking about 'feminism' and 'colonialism', but it is also impossible for us to free our minds from our own history. We must not expect Shakespeare to be a modern feminist, but in the figure of Miranda Shakespeare shows us a woman constrained by her male-dominated society.

The Tempest is all too often written off as a period piece that has lost any relevance to us in 1992. This workshop proved otherwise. After two hours we were discussing the colonisation of Antarctica, and the oil wells still burning in the Gulf. Shakespeare is dead, but the arguments he raised can still keep us on the edges of our seats.

Flipside Theatre's aim is to make the decisions that actors, directors and critics take. The next time these students visit the theatre they will know what to look for. Whether they agree or disagree, whether they choose to attend the RSC or an experimental production, their critical and dramatic sensitivities will be tuned in.

In these days of important and strenuous debate about the function of Shakespeare in schools and colleges, this single workshop on a single play left every participant in an active mood, ready to continue the discussion outside the classroom, and eager to read again the story we all thought we had known so well.

Dominic Gray

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THE COCKERELL CANVAS

In 1857, Sir Charles Cockerell RA, OW, painted in gouache two vast canvases for the Latin Play, one a panorama of Athens, the other a perspective view of a Roman theatre from the back of the amphitheatre. Each is about 30 feet by 20, a size determined, of course, by the dimensions of Burlington's dormitory.

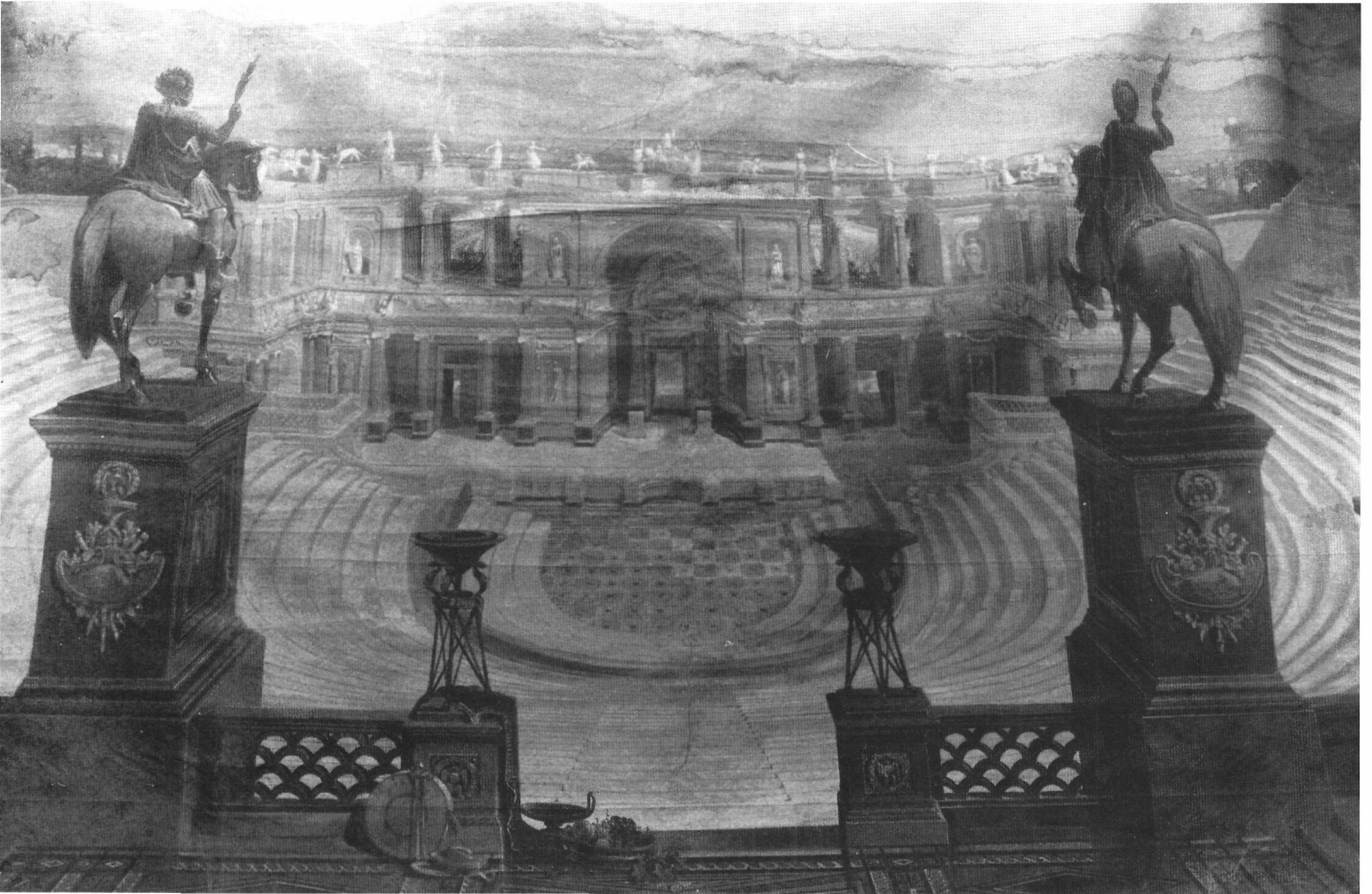
They were used until the war, when the destruction and rebuilding of the dormitory, and the post-war staging of the Latin Play out of doors made them redundant. They languished in the fly galleries of the stage for some years before being presented to the British Theatre Museum. There they languished for more years in a warehouse, slowly deteriorating. In 1989 the Theatre Museum confessed that they had become an embarrassment, and asked the school to take them back.

In 1991 we invited Sotheby's Conservation Department to look at them and quote for the restoration of at least one of the canvases with a view to its being permanently hung in the School. We are now faced with the challenge of raising about £15,000 to restore the view of Athens, and are determined to do so. We hope to make the canvas a centrepiece of a summer exhibition of pictures, books, silver, furniture and restored buildings, to which we will invite Old Westminsters, parents and friends from the art world. If you are interested in Westminster's heritage, please try to visit. Provisional dates are 15th to 25th June, from 6.00 to 9.00 on weekday evenings.

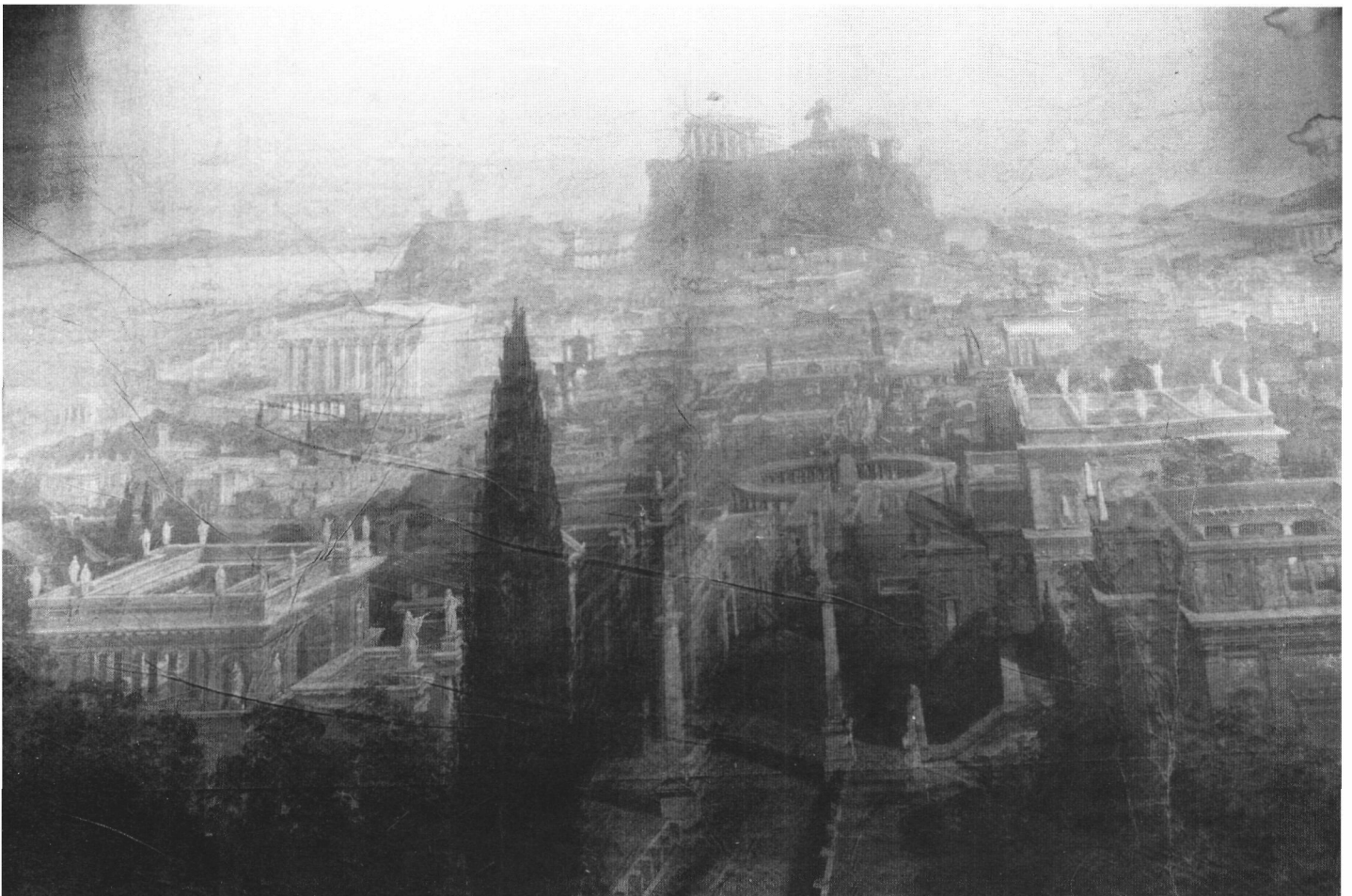
John Field

Inside front cover shows the canvas in a 1937 Latin Play. Also see back cover

TWO SCENES FROM THE COCKERELL CANVAS



Formal equine grace



The mysterious glory of Athens

STATION

WATER 1990–1991

Can Westminster ever hope to emulate the successes of 1990? Yes, after a year of intrigue and event at Putney, the boat club is in an excellent position to end the autonomous rule of Eton and fend off the challenge of other pretenders to the throne of the Kings of rowing.

The Play term 1990 was spent training in small boats and racing occasionally at heads. At Walton, the most prestigious event, Smith and Kite came 2nd and 3rd respectively in j15 sculls outlining their potential, whilst Ellender and Lea defeated the National Champions and National Schools Champions in j16 pairs.

Then came the TOUR, Australia and Hong Kong in sixteen magical days. The party consisted of twelve rowers, one cox and three coaches. The tremendous spirit developed amongst the party was greatly aided by Roger Meager whose wit, charm and ability as a plumber and philosopher improved the sanity of all. Everyone responded well to the warm weather and the break from winter training, so much so, we ruled invincible in the Southern Hemisphere, became State Champions in South Australia and defeated all-comers in Sydney. The only disappointment came on the penultimate day whilst staying with relations of Tom Forsyth in Wagga Wagga: our human pyramid collapsed before Alex Duncan could reach the top.

Back in England we found it hard to motivate ourselves through cold weather and less personal contact with the coach. An eight raced at Hampton without distinguishing itself, a second four consisting of Linton, Meier, Bar-kar and Harrison raced reasonably and the j16 gained racing experience. Morale hit an all time low when Lol Keegan, Head of Water, resigned soon after. The Schools' Head was in four weeks time; the momentum of Australia had been lost.

Ludovic Hood became Head of Water and things began to accelerate again. An eight was selected for the Schools' Head; we were neither fit nor confident. However the drive of 'Ludo' made us work for each other and after three weeks training the day of the Schools' Head dawned. We were out to kill. That day the 1st eight surpassed all expectations but their own, racing with passion and wildly driven on by Tim Kittoe at stroke to finish fifth. The second four turned into a quad, doing well to finish 5th in their division. The j16 eight came a creditable 7th and the j14 and j15 crews raced very well. A special mention must be made of the girls, who achieved the School's best ever result in junior women's rowing.

During an apathetic Easter holiday a ferry trip was undertaken to Belgium, the night in between spent on rubber sheets. The only victors of this campaign were a j16 single and four and anyone who got any sleep. Kittoe and Smith were invited to G.B. Squad Trials, Kittoe declined the invitation and gave up rowing altogether so he could play cricket. This left Graham partnerless!

Only one oarsman carried on training after Henley, his name, Graham Smith. He became the youngest World Rowing Champion ever. We are very proud of him and think he is the nicest world champion we've ever met.

With that the year ended, a year of difficulties and learning. Miss Freckleton managed admirably, running the boat house single-handedly in the absence of C.D., fortunately not without reward. In the Senior Worlds, she won a bronze medal in women's pairs. Britain's first ever. A great achievement against considerable odds and earned through sheer determination and hard work.

The new season has started well with a school regatta of exceptional quality won by Rigaud's. The new fifth form are taking strokes in a very encouraging manner. In the only event of note so far a four with C.D. on board rampaged down the Tideway to record the fourteenth fastest time by a rowing boat at the Fours Head.

*M. Lea
Secretary of Water*



THE WATER GATE, NEW PALACE YARD

The honour and glory of Henley now beckoned to all those who aspired to a seat in the 1st Eight. With Kittoe now chewing grass in Vincent Square, a new Eight had to be formed. This caused much animosity and unnecessary rivalry between crew members. After the bottomless low defeat at Hammersmith and the ecstasy of victory at Putney Amateur Regatta it was hoped results at National Schools would clear the minds of the coaches.

The 1st Eight with three new faces on board came last in their semi-final. Smith gave up his place in the final of Championship Sculls to race the eight, he made up for this by destroying the field in J16 sculls the day after. Acoxless four with the first eight reserves on board qualified fastest for the final of Championship Fours but the toll of earlier races put paid to their dreams of medals. A coxed four valiantly stroked by James Fulton 'ran out of steam' after only a third of the race, so failed to qualify.

Other age groups performed at National Schools. Baker couldn't quite hold onto the illustrious Smith in J16 sculls but made the final. A J15 four, the survivors of their eight, reached their final but inexplicably lost. Two weeks later they rubbished the National Schools Champions in a display of no-nonsense rowing.

The question still remained, "Who would be donning their pink lycra and Westminster crest come July?" So various combinations of an eight were tried to see which was the best. The most promising raced in a Gentleman's private match at Eton. The race was a street fight, racing two feet away from each other; the crews pushed themselves beyond the limits of imaginable pain. The water behind the two boats looked like 16 depth charges had gone off. Each stroke felt like a punch in the stomach. In the end the gods of Eton won by just 1.3 seconds.

Three days after Henley, after much debate and pontification an eight was selected. Everyone expected us to crash out in the first round to 'big' Cheltenham, finalists at National Schools. The crew was young, inexperienced and small, the stroke being the 1st Eight cox last year. The nerves of the crew were evident. The taste in Nick Linton's mouth bore witness. They rowed with great maturity; trailing off the start, they rowed through and broke the Cheltenham crew. A moment of true elation. Cheltenham cried. A hard fought victory against Radley in the second round was followed by a quarter final against the huge St. Josephs Prep USA. Despite a row of real courage we could not make up for the two stone a man disadvantage and our lack of winter training. Henley 1991 ended with Westminster's reputation greatly enhanced, not least in their role as creators of fashion.

NETBALL STATION

A Team

GS - Lucy Barker
GA - Zoe Montagu-Smith
WA - Magda Elliot
C - Georgia Webber
WD - Kathryn Bailey
GD - Natasha Ready
GK - Laura Williams
Captain - Magda Elliot
Secretary - Laura Williams

B Team

Claire Barnes, Amy Gelber
Anna Mills
Henrietta Mackinnan, Fatima Karim
Charlotte Pendred
Lucy Jeal
Olivia Lowrey
Janet Thompson, Claire Johnson

Netball has been a thriving station this year. Unbounded enthusiasm and unprecedented numbers have ensured a lively atmosphere and a spirit of dedication. This has been rewarded by several successful matches (8-3 against Queen's College and wins against boy's footballing and water teams) despite a run of bad luck resulting in a string of cancellations.

An innovation this year has been Inter-House Netball. Mixed teams, a creeping sense of chaos and a general non-adherence to rules did not detract from the success of the afternoon. Liddell's emerged victorious with Grant's in second position.

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you are
trained, the
higher
you will go.**

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**MARLBOROUGH
SECRETARIAL COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE**

Bateman Street, Cambridge CB2 1LU. Telephone: (0223) 67016.

**NORTH OF ENGLAND
HIGHER SECRETARIAL
COLLEGE**

Cavendish House, 92 Albion Street, Leeds LS1 6AG. Telephone: (0532) 453073.

Secretarial and Business Skills - Languages - Word Processing - Information Technology

FENCING

The expansion of fencing continues, with over 70 members of station and a junior squad of 30 at the Under School. All fencing is now electric, with 20 sets of recording apparatus in constant use and two electric pistes now installed Up School for school matches. Thanks to the generosity of OWWs we also now have 10 sets of electric sabre with which to impress visiting teams.

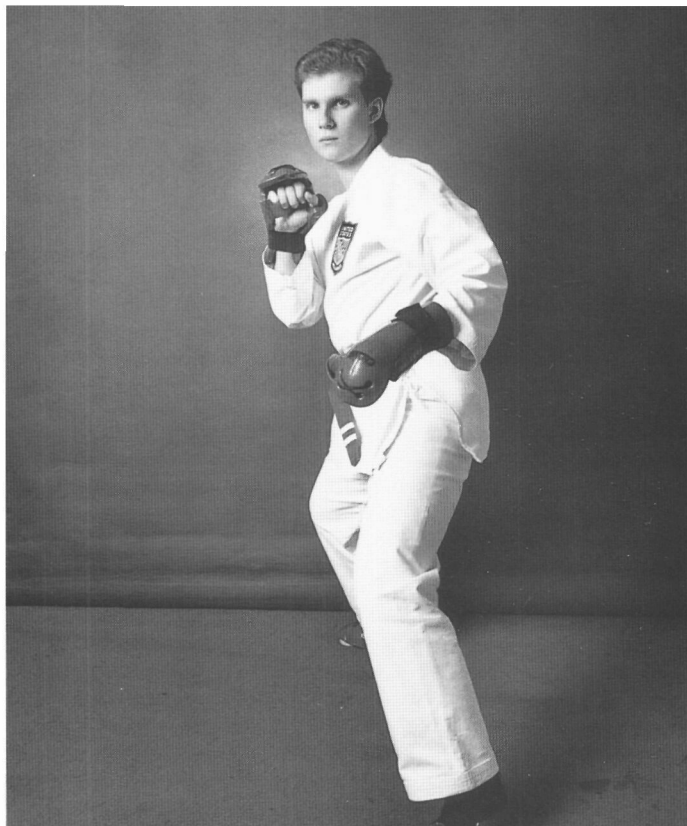
This has been one of the most successful seasons on record. We were undefeated in school matches throughout the academic year 1990-91 with easy victories over City of London (25-11), Eton (36-9), Wellington (32-13) and Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe (28-17). The team also defeated old rivals St Pauls (60-48), King's Canterbury (37-26) and King's Rochester (57-24). The most satisfactory performance was against Brentwood (Public Schools Champions for the last 15 years) whom we beat 38-31 in a close encounter.

The highlight of the year came in February when the first team of Doniert Macfarlane, James Simmons and Henry Morton won the British u/20 Mens Team Foil Championships, beating Ashton Fencing Club 5-4 in the final. With everything poised at 4 bouts all and 4 all in the last bout, Doniert pulled off a desperate counter-attack for Westminster to take the title.

There was success too in the British Individual Foil Championships with both Simmons and Morton making the final of the u/16s and Doniert Macfarlane winning the u/18s. Doniert is currently the top ranked British u/20 fencer, with Luke Mugliston (Captain last year) a close second.

The team has started making trips abroad on a regular basis. In June we flew to Lyon where Morton reached the L32 of a tough Cadet International and in October we drove to Germany where Simmons did spectacularly well to come 5th at Krefeld. In December the whole team was off to Moscow for a week's training at the Dynamo sports club. With this experience behind them, results should continue to improve.

*Giles Roshier
Captain*



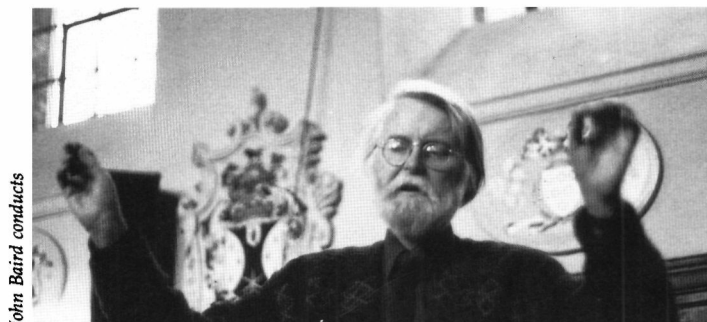
Ben Turner: Karate station

MUSIC AT WESTMINSTER

October 1990 was the occasion of the last Singing Festival. This contained some excellent entries beside the winning Ashburnham one of *Cover Girl* which was directed by Peter Muir, sung with gusto and danced with lively grace by the members of the house. Dryden's *California Dreamin'* contained sufficient mastery of part singing to earn it a better comment than the adjudicator gave. Likewise, College's *Blue Moon* was splendidly prepared, amusing and musically pleasing. But the adjudicator failed to appreciate many of the entries and everyone felt this to be an unfortunate element. There was no Singing Festival in 1991 but there has been now a decision to reinstate it on May 1st, 1992. It is, in general, a very happy event and its return is largely welcomed.

November 15th 1990 was Commemoration. Organising music for such an important ceremony as this, in Westminster Abbey, is a challenging musical task. The Service of Commemoration is a mighty pageant but the pitfalls in presenting any music in the Abbey are always to be faced. As the building, with its echoes and 'deaf spots' lends itself most successfully to plainsong, with small instrumental groups of antiphonal sound, a sort of custom-built *Te Deum* is now evolving. With brass players singly and grouped, stationed at various points in the Abbey, the choir in the organ loft, the Under School choir in the Henry VIIth Chantry and solo voices singing with the procession, the setting can be both dramatic and moving. The response to the 1990 music was very positive indeed.

The first big concert of 1991 was Mozart's *Requiem*, one of many performances being given throughout the country in this, the bi-centenary of the composer's death. The concert began with his Symphony no. 40 in G minor and the satisfying pattern of two performances – one in St James's, Piccadilly and the second in Westminster Abbey – was continued. The choir, for these choral concerts, now regularly includes the Medici Choir and also the Parents' Choir which has its practices on Saturday mornings in the weeks approaching the concert and which are much enjoyed by those involved. (Of course more men would be welcome).



John Baird conducts

JOHN BAIRD CONDUCTS

The second Choral and Orchestral Concert of 1991 was Haydn's *Creation*. Joining in the Hospice Movement's project – 'Voices For Hospices' that proposed a nationwide participation in a performance of the *Creation* on October 5th, Westminster School sang the work in St James's on that date and the following week in the Abbey. As a result of our performances, the Help the Hospices movement was able to benefit by £2,000.

A stream of really excellent performers has led to the concerts Up School being dominated by the concerto medium. The presence of the two excellent violinists Maiko Kawabata and Ilsa Godlovitch enables us to play, in the course of the 1990/91 year, Brahms's and Beethoven's violin concertos – complete. Then, at the beginning of the Election Term, the 'orchestral weekend' saw the preparation of one complete concerto as well as three concerto movements. First, Ilsa Godlovitch played the opening movement of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto;



Hadrian Bulmer-Thomas provided warm and lyrical contrast with the first movement of Elgar's Cello Concerto and Alexander Ainley rounded off this 'polyglot' work with the first movement of Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto. After the interval yet another talented pupil came forward – Leigh Melrose – who played Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez*. This concert was ended with a remarkably full throated performance of Wagner's Concert Prelude, *Tristan and Isolde*.

Simon Dearsley and David Hargreaves directed a production of *Guys and Dolls* in a snow-bound February, exuberant and bold with superb sets.

Every house has entertained us with its own talent, either single handed or in co-operation with another house. It is through these House Concerts that many outstandingly fine players can be heard and the standard of these events rises steadily over the years. Besides House Concerts, musical events like, for example, the recently established lunch recitals on Tuesdays and Thursdays in Ashburnham Library provide a continual stream of in-house entertainment.

Sinan Savaskan's Contemporary Music Society Concerts include many works written by our own students, to be heard alongside established twentieth century composers such as Schönberg, Bartok and Steve Reich.

The Jazz Band goes from strength to strength giving, as well as the termly concerts here, many public performances. One particularly successful 'gig' was their appearance in the Dean Street Pizza Express on February 1st 1992, when a goodly sum was raised for PHAB. The presence of saxophones and drums in Abbey when the band makes a morning appearance is evolving a new tradition. Like plainsong, saxophones are particularly suited to the Abbey's strange and often perplexing acoustical peculiarities!

Visits from outsiders during the last twelve months have included Australian boy singers, Japanese child drummers and a Russian Balalaika ensemble. The annual Adrian Boult Memorial Concert in 1991 was given by students of the Royal College when George Benjamin, (OW) conducted his own *At First Light*.



The 1991 Carol Service was Richard Ballard's first as School Chaplain. Many parents found this service especially moving with expressive and varied music.

The enormous pool of talent at Westminster continues in full flood with a great many events, intense rehearsal and a lively sense of social commitment.

LIST OF MAJOR WORKS PERFORMED IN LAST TWO YEARS:

Symphony no. 9 in D (Choral): Beethoven

Symphony no. 3 in F: Brahms

Symphony no. 40 in G minor: Mozart

Concerto for Violin in D: Beethoven

Concerto for Violin in D: Brahms

Requiem Mass: Mozart

The Creation: Haydn

THE POT OF GOLD

by Plautus

Up School/Ashburnham Garden, 24th–27th June 1991

Perhaps John Arthur had a touch of sun, I thought, when he dreamed up this one. God alone knew when, given that rain and drizzle seemed to have been our unenviable and invariable portion for the past three months. But his ambition verged on humiliating folly: a classical production, in the last week of the school year when most of its cultural energy was bent on awaiting the imminent release of *The Naked Gun Two and a Half*. And that to be performed by Lower Shell and Fifth pupils, while all the Sixth form juvenilia and nubilia, released from the bondage of examinations, lay catatonic inside their Walkmans. Above all, a garden production – and that in a week, the like of which had prompted the commissioning of the Thames Flood Barrier.

The battle against the elements was an uneven one and the decision was made at an early stage (last January, I should think) to shift the production Up School. Inexperience and a potentially arid script (no disrespect to Plautus, but his day is now very much of yore) proved no problem. The temper of the play was cleverly contrived to emphasise the contrasts of age and youth. Here, burlesque worked to best effect, in the juxtaposition of nimble footed, blooming youth, and the jollity of its play with the venerability, the lament or the downright crabbiness of man in his dotage.

The danger in all this lies in the imbalances of the plot. Plautus decreed that there should be two elderly men. Euclio, nasty and miserly (Gabriel Coxhead), obsessed with the fear that his wealthy neighbour, Megadorus (Paul Copeland) may stumble upon his fortune in the course of a complicated marriage arrangement. In the course of these sub-Wodehousian machinations, a cast of sisters, youthful slaves, cooks, sheep and slave girls make appearances.

The conclusion, in which Megadorus very decently contrives to allow his nephew Lyconides (Nick Roycroft) to marry the Gel he'd earmarked for himself, is only a little less banal than it might appear. Paul Copeland, hand wringing, high-pitched fluting voice, presented his case like a retired Bishop of Bath and Wells who decides to forego preferment because life in the Athenaeum suits the old boy better. Part of his skill showed in that we, the audience, when we came to think of it, realised at once how absurdly right he is. His nephew, having impregnated the girl in question, doesn't do so badly either – almost too well, I thought, given that Nick Roycroft, in addition to his extramural antics, didn't seem too sure of his lines either. Gabriel Coxhead stooped like a nonagenarian match seller during the worst days of the Depression (and arched his back six inches lower every time he thought of spending a groat). Even he, crapulous old Euclio, confronted his error. Executing the kind of U-turn which wrang Mrs Thatcher's withers, he surrendered his pot of gold to his disgraceful new son-in-law on the trite but touching pretext that he now knew it had never made him happy anyway.

Well, good old Euclio, I say. It takes a special kind of actor to make that sort of tosh seem sensible. But, with the aid of Paul Copeland as a splendid parry, he did it. Where Copeland wrung and stretched his fingers, Gabriel Coxhead made his knuckles crack and spat his lines in bitter fury. Here was splendid, uncompromising irascibility. Talentless ill-will is hard to depict but breathily and venomously he did so. His worst fault was (very occasionally) to lengthen a pause beyond the credible, so that continuity was blurred. But that, rather like Paul Copeland's adlib *economia*, was a detail.

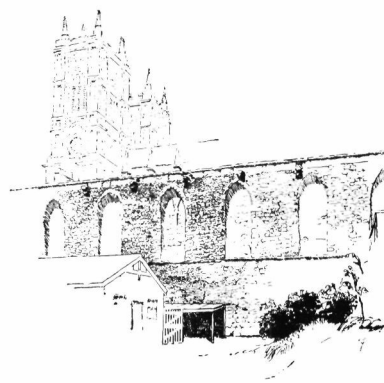
In addition to their undoubted God-given genius, and inspirational direction, (have I left anything out?), these two especially and the cast at large owe a great deal to the masks they sported and the colourful and zestful costumes of Hilary Arthur. Here, with the exception of Euclio and Megadorus, the emphasis was on youth. Servants, slaves tumbled on to the stage, juggling balls (gingerly, though), balancing on bouncers, and catching and throwing hoops. (That last was a little self-conscious surely? I seem to remember this as a rather prominent feature in the films of Dr Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry).

John Arthur always schools his casts to move well and this was no exception where the whole body emphasised the mischievous and frolicsome. The Cast subsequently complained noisily about wanting to blow their noses, or scratch pimples, but suffering in the course of Art is just what their parents send them to us for. Given that they knew how to move, this crafty old Director had managed to avoid, thanks to the masques, the perennial difficulty of making a youthful cast adopt a smile or frown – or any expression appropriate to the action of the play. In so doing he added, I imagine, another six months to his life expectancy, so grossly slow are adolescent casts at seeing the importance of this. Here, he had the play where superstition, plot and purpose all allowed expressions to be frozen for a scene at a time. The audience relaxed into a suspension of belief, and the play moved on.

School audiences are notoriously conservative in their playgoing tastes. They want either a guaranteed belly laugh or a Sixth Form girl of gobsmacking beauty, and then they will come in their droves. In an audience composed largely of the very young or the very dutiful, the play succeeded admirably. James McKenzie's flute playing sensitively helped to link the lightning scene changes and hone atmosphere and Jonathan Brough, as Lyconides' slave, was the original *ingenu* who slayed us all by open-eyed charm. Giles Newell as Strobilus, Megadorus' Steward, would have won ringing praise from me had he not had the effrontery in one slapstick moment of forgetfulness to throw a custard pie straight in this critic's face and smear the detritus in what remains of his hair. So he shall pass unmentioned, and Harry Lester (Anthrax) take the plaudits for moving like a virtuoso and making me laugh best of all.

I cannot, as suggested earlier, get worked up by the resolution of *The Pot of Gold*. Contrition is generally pleasing, of course, but here it is diminished by banality. Not that it matters, since comedy – cleverly contrived and buttressed with verve – was all about. Thus, we had a play with a happy ending. Given the talents and energies of this production, I felt it was handsomely deserved.

David Hargreaves



REDEVELOPMENT – RIGAUD'S HOUSE PLAY

"Is anything wrong?" asks the project director. "Not for the moment" replies the government agent as he scuttles across the stage. This combination of the ominous and the ordinary represents Vaclav Havel's play. He wrote it in 1987, when still a dissident under the Communist Czech régime. He takes two principal ideas; the first – that architecture mirrors society – provides the scene for the play. A group of architects take up residence in a medieval castle in order to plan the redevelopment of the medieval town that sits beneath its walls. Will they preserve its solid buildings or will they demolish them? His second theme is equally topical: that without the bureaucracy of a harsh régime anarchy can emerge.

This was a bold and interesting choice of play with events in Eastern Europe almost more bizarre than those on the stage. Havel, like Goethe and Paderewski, though in a league above Disraeli or indeed Ronald Reagan, has taken on those political responsibilities which this play addresses. *Redevelopment* is a difficult play to direct because it can appear static, with little action, as the more *buffo* version that I saw performed at Richmond a year ago perhaps tried too hard to disguise. A long dining room table blocks the centre of the stage. Yet Havel wrote for spasmodic movement and momentum, which Philip Needham's direction achieved marvellously by the swift, enigmatic entrances and exits and the skilful lighting,

especially in the drinking and dancing scene. The Escher-cum-Cubist set, though not very medieval, worked well. Throughout the production there was meticulous attention to detail. Champagne corks popped promptly and realistically (did the cast drink ALL those bottles?) and the food was actually eaten at the dinner.

There were some excellent performances. Simon Kane handled Bergman's role with the necessary mixture of certainty and insecurity that reminded the audience of Dubcek's part in the Prague Spring of 1968. "Once in a lifetime it's got to last". Like an old Edward Fox, Simon coped with the long speeches of moral platitude; "What's done can't be undone but every cloud has a silver lining". James Saunders, a first class dramatist in his own right, gave the translation enough freedom to stand in English. Kira Phillips proved a gifted comedienne, as she showed when she fetched Special Secretary a glass of water. Macourcova's attempt at unobtrusive tiptoeing was ostentatious enough to provide the audience with a fine moment of visual comedy. Alex Stevenson's excellent violin playing punctuated the play with suitable musical subtlety and Ronnie Potel gave the young romantic enough earthiness to explain why it was not he who threw himself off the castle tower.

There may have been those in the audience who would have said with one of the play's characters "I'm obviously one of those people who don't know what a play's about until they've seen it fifty times", but this production made amply clear what Havel was stating. *Redevelopment* can be fraught with dangers.

V. St I.



Ronnie Potel (centre) & Simon Kane (right) holding forth in "Redevelopment"

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

Busby's is definitely not known for its theatrical performances; with the efforts of previous years less than satisfactory I wondered whether it was wise to do a comedy which needed pace and a certain drive which usually 'the school play' lacks. I was a little shocked though to find my doubts completely unfounded. The production had most of the audience in hysterics and for all the right reasons. The cast were mostly newcomers to the stage, a fact which was not at all noticeable; they managed to make the lines their own and take off most of their clothes with a certain amount of ease while showing an absolute conviction in what they were doing.

Dr Prentice is a confused impulsive character and

Robert Wilne with the aid of large amounts of whisky managed to convince me of this. Robert established his character very early on. Although this set the play up quickly it did not leave the audience any surprises. Having said this, some forward direction was given to the play, by his becoming more and more helpless. The humour in the play consists of the absurdity of the plot and a large quantity of one-liners, (the latter in my opinion are too numerous). Robert coped with them well, although the ones aside could have been more subtle; he had a very good sense of when to allow the audience to laugh, on more than one occasion getting laughs out of some very bad scripting. Giles Newell also had this quality about his acting. He played his character with a lot more force than Robert, giving a good contrast to the overall production. When Giles first came on stage he was very strict about

keeping his hands behind his back – direction point I presume – however when he did use them to make gestures it added greatly to what he was saying along with his facial expressions and the very in-keeping mannerism of laying back his shoulders when he thought he had made an important discovery. At these moments he slowed down his speech, becoming very melodramatic, this became particularly apparent when relating a mysterious shoe to "... auto-erotic excitement ..." even managing to obtain a laugh by the way he said 'buggery'; he put on a very good performance.

Clare Lloyd played the ever-loving nymphomaniac wife who decides to have sex with everyone except her husband. She portrayed Mrs Prentice as a character very much on her own, very two-faced towards Dr Rance while being blatantly rude to her husband. There was a tone in her voice which added sarcasm to the part, managing to get her husband into trouble with Dr Rance while still very subtly making fun of him. The calmness which the part required most of the time made a good contrast to the moments where she became sex-crazed, and her almost constant flirting made her character one of the most interesting. Mrs Prentice's partner for the previous night was played by a particularly virile Alex d'Agapeyeff. The tongue-in-cheek approach he used was flawless and the

entire audience were in fits of laughter when he appeared on stage wearing a dress and a blond wig. Later he was to return again as Sergeant Match's brother: with the helmet covering most of his face he tried to convince Dr Rance of the improbable situation that had just occurred.

Karim Karmali – Sergeant Match – had an intuitive grasp of timing on his early entrances and exits – the gormless look he gave throughout his performance was just right. His speeches, though, lost a bit of thread as he put no emphasis on any of the words. Last but not least there was little Geraldine played by Lisette Aguilar, the sneaky innocent portrayal was brilliant, constantly having that worried appearance but keeping complete faith in her elders. She spent most of the play with little clothing dispensed with quite casually in the first scene. To keep that element of innocence without it once noticeably slipping must have taken considerable concentration! There was not one loose end in the performance, the confidence the cast conveyed to the audience kept the play moving through its more demanding moments and there was never a dull patch. The production with the actors, the technical crew and Mr Arthur's capable directing confirmed the notion that there is life in Busby's yet! More of the same next year please.

Ronnie Potel



'PROCESSION TO THE HUSTINGS AFTER A SUCCESSFUL CANVASS'
(AFTER A PRINT, A.D. 1784)

DEBATING

At a competition level, Westminster debating has once more begun to scale the heights last reached by Tom Weiselberg and Olly Blackburn when, in the last Lent term, the school team, composed of Nicholas Boys-Smith and Robert Wilne reached the semi-finals of the Observer Mace competition, where they were knocked out by Watford Grammar. This year the school won the London finals of the Cambridge Union competition, but were eliminated by Lancing and Watford Grammar in the south-east final. What this year's Observer Mace (with its motion debating the need for a Bill of Rights) will bring has yet to be seen, but undoubtedly Watford Grammar will fight hard to retain the trophy they won last year.

Back at school, on the uneven floor of the Camden Room, debating has been joined by two promising individuals: the fifth form has imported Jasper Ben Goldman and Umar Ebrahimsa, who have the distinction of not only being the first fifth-formers to speak in a senior school debate but also to speak at all in the first debate of term. While the 'old-hats' of debating sat there and shuffled their feet, these two stood up and made witty,

relevant, and interesting speeches, a feat most fail in with respect to all three categories; the other end of the school has produced the sarcastic, acerbic, yet witty Emily Bearn, whose literary speeches and vituperative put-downs delight the audience and antagonise the judges – if you don't know your Plato, she is not the girl to question!

The future of debating looks bright: more and more people are asking to do debates, some of whom have real talent; more and more challenging motions are being debated, ranging from "THIS HOUSE BELIEVES RELIGION HAS NO PLACE IN EDUCATION" to "THIS HOUSE BELIEVES FEMINISM IS AN ANACHRONISM" via "THIS HOUSE WOULD RATHER BE A HARE THAN A TORTOISE". More and more people are coming to debates, thereby increasing the number of floor contributions (a vital facet of debating) and making the whole event seem less like four people swapping rhetoric and more like live theatre.

Let there be a tie, a common-room v. pupil debate, and some debates with very silly motions (such as "THIS HOUSE WOULDN'T") and debating will stop seeming like something for UCCA or practice for interviews, and start getting the popularity it deserves.

R. Wilne

REDEVELOPMENT IN DELHI

Fifteen of us, eleven pupils and four teachers, met at 7.45am at the Thai Air desk, Heathrow; over-packed, over-dressed and over-excited. We said our fond farewells, took notice of our loved-ones' recommendations not to eat or drink anything once we had descended the stairs at Delhi Airport – did they want us back alive? 30 hours and an extra night at home later, fifteen bedraggled, ploughman's platter and diet coke over-dosed carcasses lay sprawled over various parts of Terminal 3. We were now past the stage of attempting to find a screen to inform us of the length of the most recent delay, and getting into the Indian mentality of 'letting it all flow'. Eventually Mr Harben had to do the task usually performed by the Fifth formers, and wake us up. It was at last time to go.

Eleven hours, fifteen novels, one film and 23 minutes sleep later, we touched down at Indira Gandhi International. Any anxieties we might have had disappeared when, walking out of passport control we were swarmed upon by our 'welcome party' – who had been journeying to and from the airport all night, suffering from the delay as much as we had, in anticipation of our arrival. They placed garlands of fresh flowers over our heads (this wasn't the Redevelopment tour to Hawaii, was it?), relieving us of our heavy luggage and replacing it with hand-made gifts and Indian souvenirs.

It was 6am Indian time, and about midnight in our heads. As we drove to my host family's house, my 'father' reassured me that it was "only about 25km away, so you'll be able to get a good 2 hours sleep before school." Scale, spatially and chronologically, represents something completely different in India. A day-trip would be to go to Agra, a decent four hour drive away; my 'mother' worked a six-day week from 6.30am and was often delayed into the early hours, yet never seemed to tire.

At the house, which turned out to be in a seemingly derelict university campus plastered with political stickers, I was offered the hot bath I had been hallucinating about for the last 20 hours. In the bathroom I locked the door and paused: where was the bath, the shower? Looking at the slanting floor, and focusing on a plug-hole, I realised that the whole room acted as a shower. This was the first of many unpredictable discoveries I was to make.

India, along with almost everywhere else, has been described as 'a land of contrasts', and as we performed our production of Havel's *Redevelopment*, we added to, and became part of that variety. Our play was performed jointly with the Delhi Public School dance drama (a very different production to ours). It was very difficult to judge the reactions to our play by our Indian audience as the whole attitude towards the theatre differs from ours.

This became most apparent when, during Act IV, as Bergman (Simon Kane) and Albert (Ronnie Potel) are having a heated argument, one of the most dramatic dialogues in the play, drinks were being served to the front few rows. I was impressed by how well we, the cast, dealt with this, appreciating how distracting this must have been for the characters on stage at the time. In the more complicated or tedious scenes, it was usual for the audience to have forty winks, or to chat with their neighbour. At least it was easy to detect when they were interested. These moments differed greatly from the humour appreciated by the London audiences. For the Indians, the most humorous scenes were the more grotesque or explicit ones, such as the drunken party in Act III. The alcohol and the scantily-clad figure of Ulch (Matt Guy) sent our audience into fits of laughter, possibly because this is such an unusual and 'taboo' sight in Indian culture.

On our fifth day, we left our hosts and ventured alone to see the tourist 'triangle' of Delhi, Agra and Jaipur. Sadly, what strikes one as a tourist to Jaipur is the creeping decay of this magical place. The elements, combined with economic blight are rotting away at the paint of the majestic Pink City. There exists a disparity between its structure – it

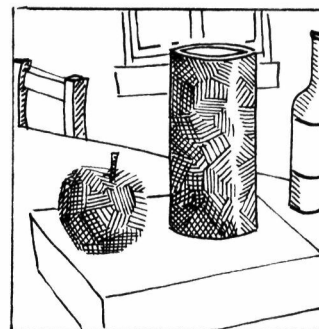
resembles a fairy-tale city made up of pink marzipan and icing with minarets and white-painted detail – and the more recent poverty. The shells of these buildings hide the internal sub-divisions into bed-sits and small-scale workshops. Outside, people sit on rugs on the pavement, offering for sale anything from the usual selection of cheap jewellery to iguana soup. It was like seeing my geography textbooks come alive!

For me, this was the real India. There is, I believe, a danger in visiting any foreign country that you don't suffer from a culture shock as you are never integrated into the society, and so do not see how people live and eat and sleep; you merely watch from the outside, like a television camera, taking the poverty and life on board as if watching a Channel 4 documentary. Yet the two days we spent there, dividing ourselves into smaller groups, able to do much as we pleased, shocked yet delighted me more than the 5 days previous. The Pink City is stunning, something of an assault course, avoiding the alleys steeped high in sewage, manoeuvring to avert collisions with rickshaws, mopeds, cows, or colourfully dressed women bearing pots on their heads and navigating the streets with little comprehension of road signs.

Early on our first day in Jaipur, we were plucked off the street by a young man named Raj ('the king'), who insisted upon our following him around the city, taking us to visit his numerous brothers and uncles who owned various speciality shops, ending in his own Aladdin's cave of textiles and jewellery, spending much of the afternoon drinking tea, having alterations made to our purchases, and outdoing one another in acquiring Indian clothing. We learnt more about Indian history and culture there than from the formal lectures we had at DPS. Raj told us his personal belief in the culture difference between the UK and India: "When you wake up in the morning, you think, will I be able to afford my new car? When an Indian man wakes up, he is hungry." Admittedly we realised (though it took a little while) that this was all part of his ploy to sell us as much as he could while we felt comfortable and that we owed him something, but he, in comparison to his English equivalents, was in a different world! Returning to the Dak Bungalow that evening, we exchanged stories with the rest of our group, only to hear that the 'Cedric Harben posse' had ended up at a tourist shop, had been given tea by a man called Raj . . . This once again brought us down to earth; it wasn't our English charm and exciting company we were wanted for, but our pockets full of rupees. "An Indian man wakes up hungry".

I don't believe that there was one of us on our final evening that could easily say whether they would rather stay or go; of course we were all ready for some English food and a little sleep, many of us had caught coughs and colds (though no cases of 'Delhi belly'!). But even now I miss my 'family', and at the time I was not easily prepared to leave them. For a while I stayed there, one evening, out late, having insisted on collecting me from the other side of town, they said: "If you were our daughter, we would have no doubts about collecting you at any hour; while you are with us, you are our daughter." Warmth and generosity like that are hard to find anywhere, and one would be hard pushed to see it if the roles were reversed! Now we have a very difficult task in returning as much hospitality as we received when our Indian friends visit us here in March.

Kira Phillips



THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

Income & Expenditure 1990

1989	£	£
5,508	INCOME: Subscriptions (80%)	72
3,937	Investment Income	8,131
(983)	Less Tax deducted and due	(2,033) 6,098
77	Gain on Investment Sale	3,287
	Less Tax due	(986) 2,301
8,539		8,471
EXPENDITURE		
<i>General</i>		
138	Administration	98
	School Computer (reversal of provision not needed)	(500)
300	Honorarium	-
1,000	The Elizabethan	4,000 3,598
<i>Social Events</i>		
113	Committee Dinner	355
-	Garden Party	124
183	Annual Dinner	376
-	A.G.M. Buffet (Presentations)	125 980
<i>Special Events</i>		
	Sponsorship: Taming of the Shrew	250
	Purchase of Oars for School (50%)	1,236 1,486
<i>Sports Committee</i>		
3,050	Annual Grant	3,530
1,200	Football Pitch Hire	235
	Bank Interest (net)	67
23	Net Interest Allowed	160 3,992
<i>Wilfrid Atwood Fund</i>		
62	Net Interest Allowed	100
(3,913)	Balance being Excess of Expenditure over Income	(1,685)
8,539		8,471

Note 1. During the year the Club received the balance of the J.T. Stirling Bequest amounting to £3,650, making a total of about £34,500, all of which have been added to the Capital Fund.

Note 2. The Market Value of the Club's Investments at December 31st 1990 was £111,858 (1989: £146,544). During the year, the Club sold investments for £17,566 and purchased other stock at a cost of £19,980. Capital Gains Tax in respect of the sales has been provided for.

Note 3. The Club and the School Society shared the cost of a new set of oars for the School Eight in 1989 and the cost appears in the 1990 Accounts. The Club also agreed to sponsor two plays in 1990/91 and contributed £250 towards the production of the Taming of the Shrew.

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

Sports Committee Funds at December 31st 1990

1989	£	£
<i>Inflow of Funds</i>		
3,050	Elizabethan Club Grant	3,530
89	Bank Interest Gross	£89
(22)	Less Provision for Tax	(£22)
23	Net Interest from Club	£160 227
3,140		3,757
<i>Expenditure</i>		
2,610	Grants allocated	3,500
12	Bank Charges	10
2,622		3,510
518	Revenue Surplus	247
3,140	Balance held at 31st December 1989	2,463
	Add Revenue Surplus	247 2,710
<i>Held by: Midland Bank</i>		
	Current	48
	Deposit	2,003
	Elizabethan Club	659 2,710

THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

Balance Sheet as at December 31st, 1990

1989	£	£
<i>Capital Fund</i>		
40,267	Balance at 1st January 1990	70,463
1,377	Add 20% Annual Subscriptions	18
28,819	Add J.I. Stirling Bequest	3,650
	Add Capital Gain on Investment Sale	1,081
	Less Tax due	(324)
70,463		74,888
<i>Income Fund</i>		
18,760	Balance at January 1st 1990	15,343
(3,417)	Less Excess of Expenditure over Income	(1,685)
15,343		13,658
<i>Sports Fund</i>		
1,945	Balance at January 1st 1990	2,463
518	Add Excess of Income over Expenditure	247
2,463		2,710
<i>W. Atwood Fund</i>		
1,250	Balance at January 1st 1990	1,522
210	New Donations	200
62	Add Net Interest Allowed	100
1,522		1,822
89,791		93,078
<i>Represented by:-</i>		
53,130	Fixed Assets at cost at Jan 1st 1990	71,640
(10,358)	Less Sales at cost in year	(13,198)
28,868	Add Purchases in year	19,981
71,640		78,423
<i>Current Assets</i>		
947	Balances held at Barclays Bank	Current 500
21,506		Premium 19,996
(4)	Midland Bank	Current 48
2,025		Deposit 2,003
24,474		22,547
<i>Sundry Debtors</i>		
(6,323)	Current Liabilities	726
89,791		(8,618)
		93,078

Note 4. The Club subscriptions previously collected in the Play Term are now collected in the Election Term. Exceptionally therefore the subscription income is negligible this year.

REPORT OF HONORARY AUDITOR TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB

I have examined the Accounts set out above which have been prepared under the historical cost convention. My audit has been carried in accordance with auditing standards. In my opinion, the Accounts give a true and fair view of the state of affairs of the Club at December 31st 1990 and of the Income and Expenditure for the year ended on that date.

B.C. BERKINSHAW-SMITH
Chartered Accountant

J. A. LAUDER
Honorary Treasurer

Note 1. The Elizabethan Boat Club has completed its repayments for the purchase of an Eight in 1987.

Note 2. The allocation of Grants for 1990 was:-

Cricket £875
Football £600
Golf £1,075 (incl. 1989 balance)
Water £800
Fives £150.

Note 3. The Elizabethan Club also pays for the hire of football pitches. In 1990, it paid out £2,710 (utilising a provision of £3,000 brought forward from previous years) and set up a provision for part of the 1990/91 season of £525.

