

ISSUE 721



# THE ELIZABETHAN 2002





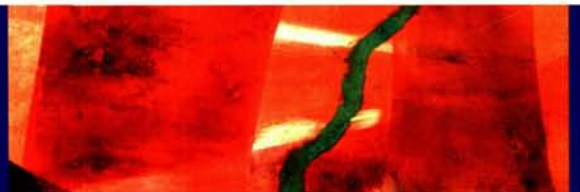
**te per lustra decem regnantem tempora et auri  
te schola reginam gaudet habere suam**

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# FROM THE DEAN

The Very Rev. Dr Wesley Carr, Dean of Westminster

To write in a brief article something coherent about the foundation at Westminster – Abbey and School – or about the work of the Dean, Chairman of Governors and Dean of the Abbey, is asking a lot. But the position of Dean of Westminster carries with it most days a permanent sense of challenge that unexpectedly manifests itself. One of my predecessors – Armitage Robinson – a gaunt and distinguished looking man, was Dean between 1902 and 1911. It is said that he found Westminster too demanding and his academic work suffered. He used to work at night with books spread all over the floor by the fire as he smoked fifty cigarettes. He was moved to Wells where he married and lived happily ever after. Today he would not have a chance of such peace at Wells and certainly not at the Abbey. Such scholarship as is achieved is mostly now done by the Lector Theologiae, one of the canons (currently the distinguished New Testament scholar, Dr Tom Wright).

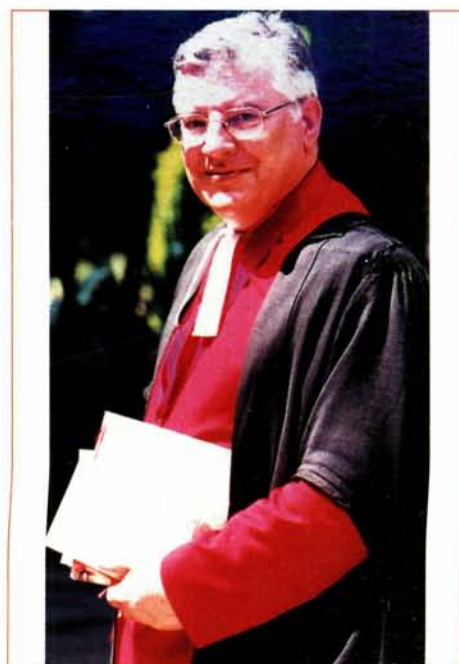
The Abbey's relations with Westminster School are both formal and informal. Formally there are public connections: 'Abbey' is now three times a week; the annual admission of scholars remains a moving occasion; Latin Prayers and compline continue, albeit in attenuated form; and Great and Little Commem still weave their magic. As Dean I am *ex officio* Chairman of Governors. It is a matter of choice: the statutes allow for someone else to be chairman if the Dean does not wish to hold that office. Personally I enjoy it. Relations with the Head Master are important and we keep closely in touch. And there is an

excellent Executive Committee, chaired by Michael Baughan, which handles much of the day to day detail. So long as he and I are in regular contact (and especially when necessary) things will run smoothly. We are, and they do. The Dean and Chapter as a body also appoints two governors. These currently are Canon Michael Middleton, the Treasurer, who is experienced in accounts and buildings, and Dr Tom Wright, our theologian.

The Governing body has had quite a turnover in recent years as members have retired and new ones have taken their place. Trinity College, Cambridge, Christ Church, Oxford, and The Royal Society still have the right to appoint. We are well served by Master and Dean respectively and by the nominations from those bodies. It would be invidious to go through the whole governing body. But the members are assiduous in their attendance and interest in the School and it is a pleasure to chair the meetings. Where else would you find a former Chancellor of the Exchequer discussing finance with the Nobel Prize winner for Economics? No prizes for their names, but do you know who they are?

The other major formal link is the site. School and Abbey share an area which in theory looks large. But when we add all the pupils and staff, as well as the Abbey staff and the residents, it becomes a large com-

munity in a compact area. An important study is in hand: The Review of the Royal Peculiars recommended that the Abbey's statutes and other documents of governance should be collated and examined. There is a history to governance at Westminster. Queen Elizabeth I never signed the first statutes, even though Dean Goodman (who was second dean and unbelievably held office for 40 years) persistently tried to secure the royal signature. Two previous efforts at collating the statutes, other documents and customs in the twentieth century proved abortive. But this time I think we will get the job completed. This will require careful discussions between the School and the Dean and Chapter. But relations are good and the project should go smoothly. Partly, but not solely, as a





Abbey at some weekday evening Eucharists. At the other there are the smokers who seem always to find new niches in the Abbey precincts until a canon or the Under Master finds them. The Dean and canons are occasionally invited to contribute to the intellectual life of the School. For two communities that live entwined, there are few complaints from either party and when there are niggles – usually about noise – they are resolved amicably.

ernors are looking hard at bursaries. We have our scholars in College, of course. But something more widely available is also needed to enable ‘poor scholars’ to come to the School. This will again keep the Abbey and School in step. I admit that I am prejudiced about this: my education was possible only because of such scholarships, beginning with a place at Dulwich College in 1952.

Others (John Field, for example) can recount the glorious and quirky history of the School. Sir Paul Wright and the Busby Trustees may keep their Westminster-trained eyes on affairs. But only the Dean has the daily encounter during term in Dean’s Court as hungry boys and girls assemble for meals in College Hall. They are big: Homer might have written of them [a classics’ moment]: Ουκ αυδρεσσιν εοικότεζ αλλα Γυγασιν (Od.10.120). But the encounter is a daily reminder during term of our basic aim – namely, that the pupils should receive the education that they deserve; namely the best there is. In this the Abbey and the School are at one. And as Dean and Chairman of Governors I am happy seeking to represent this unity in the lives of both these great institutions.

\* Lord Lawson of Blaby and Professor Amartya Sen.

result of this, the Governors have appointed a consultant architect to the School. Martin Ashley is already making his mark. He will also study the ancient buildings and institute a programme of repair and maintenance.

The informal links vary. At one end of these is the group of pupils who volunteer to carry cross and lights in the

The big issue which arises for both Abbey and School is how to maintain their standards of excellence without becoming elitist. In the Abbey we try to do this by conscientiously welcoming people. For example, our worship is Christian, but we make the point that people of all faiths or (and most importantly) of none, are welcome to participate as they can. In the School the gov-

# FROM THE HEAD MASTER

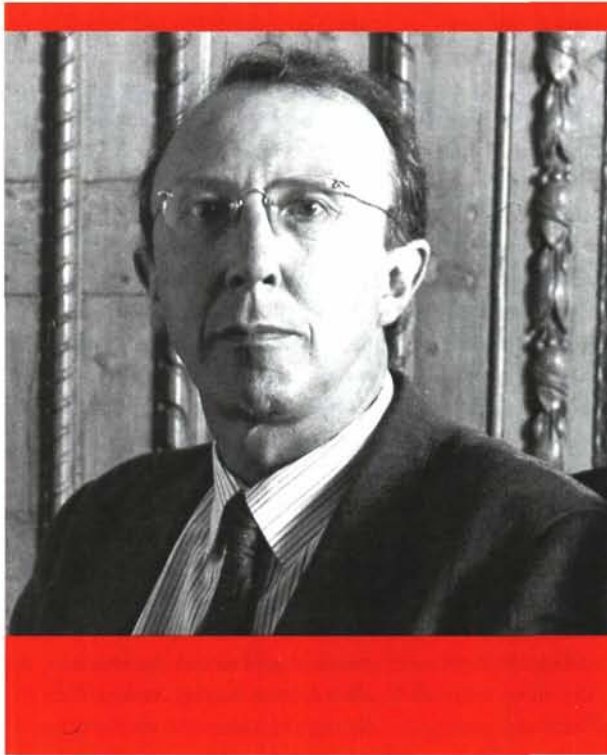
Tristram Jones-Parry

The College of St Peter incorporates both Westminster School and Westminster Abbey. For many years they were indistinguishable. In 1179 Pope Alexander III, with the object of encouraging education, made the maintenance of schools obligatory upon all cathedrals and monastic establishments. It may well be that the School in the

Almonry, from which Westminster can trace its pedigree in an unbroken line from the fourteenth century, finds its real origins in that decree. There are records in the accounts from 1363 onwards of payments for cloth for boys of The Almonry and payment to a “Magister Scholarum”. In 1461 a building was erected to house the School on the site of what is now Liddell’s. There

was a charter from Henry VIII in 1540 for the College and again in 1560 from Elizabeth I. It is from 1560 that we tend to date the official founding of Westminster School. From earliest times the Queen’s Scholars were lodged in what had been the old Granary in Dean’s Yard. In a dry spell from a high vantage point the lines of the original building can still be seen.

continued overleaf...



fighters took place in 1858 when there were forty or fifty rounds before it was declared a draw.

From the earliest days the King's or Queen's Scholars attended Sunday services. From 1884 a daily service for the whole School at the beginning of the day was instituted. This continued for six days a week up to about 1990. The School now attends Abbey two

or three times a week. Every third year a Latin Service in Commemoration of Benefactors is held in the Abbey, as well as Little Commemoration in the other years. By the Act of Uniformity of 1662 Westminster shares with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, Convocation and the Colleges of Eton and Winchester the right to hold services in Latin. For this reason prayers, which were at one time daily, were said in Latin in the area now known as Poets' Corner in the Abbey. They continue to be said once a week up School. Compline is said in St Faith's each Monday evening by the Scholars.

From an early date the School has been present at all the great functions in the Abbey. The scholars, at all Coronations

from that of James II, have had the right to be the first to acclaim the new Sovereign. At the burial of the Unknown Warrior after the Great War, the School OTC formed a guard of honour. On the death of a sovereign, the Head Master and the Scholars no longer "wear their mortar-boards adorned with diagonal bands of crape and a rosette in place of a tassel!"

The Public Schools Act of 1868 separated School and Abbey although the Dean of Westminster became Chairman of the Governing Body and the Chapter was strongly represented. The Abbey would not be the same place without the School. The young bring energy to any institution even if that energy is not always immediately welcome. The School would not be the same if it were located anywhere else. The School is the pupils and the staff, but the continuum is provided by the place and the buildings. It may not be until years afterwards that Westminsters really appreciate how wonderful it was to be educated in such beautiful surroundings. They nearly all do so eventually. They then marvel at how they were lucky enough to sit quietly in the Abbey for those fifteen minute morning services.

As a boarding community in the centre of London, Westminster School is both unique and very special. Whilst recognising that we must keep moving forward, there are some things that I would not wish to change.

**"On the death of a sovereign, the Head Master and the Scholars no longer "wear their mortar-boards adorned with diagonal bands of crape and a rosette in place of a tassel!"**"

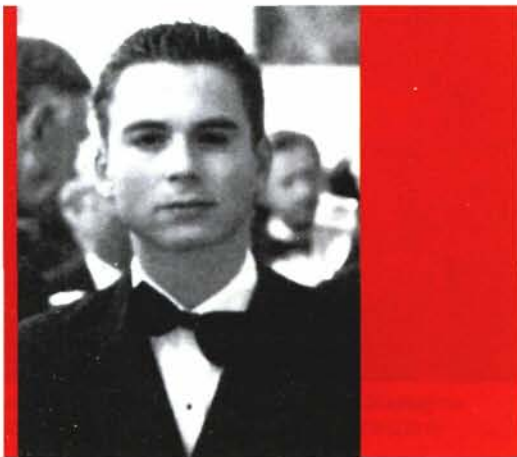
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In 1599 the Dean and Chapter made over to the School the old disused dormitory of the monks now known as School. For many years the whole School had lessons up School. The Shell form was situated at the far end of School underneath the shell.

The relationship between School and Abbey over the years reminds one of a family where squabbles break out and then the quarrel is made up. In 1640 the Chapter minutes recall: "Many idle boys are disorderly in the Cloisters, and a beadle has had to be appointed; they climb over a wall into College orchard so a wall has to be raised." For many years the Cloisters and The Abbey itself were the playground of Westminster pupils. Around 1740 four Scholars carved their name on the Coronation chair. The grassy area contained by the cloisters was known as the Fighting Green. One of the last of the great

# FROM THE CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL

Elias Mitropoulos



er, it was all about sporting that pink shirt, playing at Vincent Square, cheering at our goals, and of course, accepting those we conceded: these simple pleasures and setbacks became all the more memorable because they were shared among the team. The icing on the cake came with every victory, among which one certainly deserves a mention here:

Westminster 11: St.

Paul's 0. And successes have been recorded in all sports this year: on the river, on the fives court, in fencing and on the running track.

However, it has been the charity events this year, driven, as it were, only by the enthusiasm of the students, which testify to the natural bond among us. Few will forget the Cupid Courier Delivery Service offered by Purcell's on Valentine's Day, a unique idea that brought a smile to everyone, both in Yard and in the Common Room. Our student magazine, *Pink*, almost completely produced by the students, illustrates the teamwork needed to produce a magazine of a quality sufficient to catch the eye of the national press. However, it also provides an opportunity to express our own ideas, as did the author of the article "Love's Labours Cost." And so Westminster has a refined manner of displaying its individualism – it does, however, as a testa-

ment to its history, have a rather more barbaric outlet for these sentiments: I mean the Greaze. Here an individuality of another sort is expressed, notably in kicks and punches. It is a contest I am glad I partook in and witnessed.

These two elements of a Westminster's character ultimately are responsible for the school's cultural accomplishments. A combination of after-school participation and the flagrant individual touch kept all our audiences enthralled until the final curtain. Such plays as *The Eclipse*, *Be My Baby* and *Zoo Story*, such musical performances as the Carol Service, Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* and Bach's *St. John Passion* and, in a category of its own, the House Singing Competition. All have truly livened up this year. In my opinion, however, the school's talent set a new standard with the astonishing *Cabaret*, which quite literally had the audience demanding "More! More!"

As an end point I would like to leave the reader with a mention of Yard and the friends I found within it. How many times did we stand in a group in the middle of windy Yard, how many times did we relax on a bench in sun-kissed Yard, and how many times did we all huddle beneath the plane tree in rainy Yard? It has been the centre of the most significant years of our childhood, and witness to all our antics: yes, a crowded Yard will certainly be the thing I miss most about Westminster.

Two weeks into the Play Term the otherwise sunny start to the school year was overshadowed by the September 11 tragedy; now, as I write this report, the nation is again grieving, this time as a result of the death of the Queen Mother. And so our school year has seen sorrow, a sentiment universally felt as we respected the two minutes silence in memory of those who died in the Twin Towers.

That day of remembrance I shall never forget: Yard was silent, everyone stood still, everyone reflected. This image of our school highlighted one of its greatest qualities: whether it be exhibited on the football pitch, or on stage, or even on such a day of mourning, Westminster's sense of unity is unmistakable.

This year I played football for the Third Eleven, a team, which I regret to confess, despite a great season, has had its share of defeat. For me, howev-



# SALVETE

We asked staff who joined us this academic year to write a short introduction to themselves ...



**Martin Boulton**  
PHYSICS



**Sandy Crole**  
ENGLISH



**John Curtis**  
REGISTRAR



**Nicolette David**  
ITALIAN/FRENCH

### **Martin Boulton – Physics**

Dr. Martin Boulton's previous occupation as a tour manager for his cousin Michael Boulton was exchanged for a teaching post at Sherborne School before he came to Westminster.

A sometime engineer, he swapped coal for chalk; his engineering background is evidenced by the taste and topology of his neckwear. Famous for climbing over, under and "up" things; when not teaching he can be found clinging to walls for dear life. You may see him organising bicycle-rugby in Yard.

### **Sandy Crole – English**

Sandy Crole studied English at Cambridge and later took a second degree in Fine Art at St Martin's. He has worked for an art consultant, a paper company, in a publisher's design studio and as a tour guide. He is a keen painter and photographer but finally acknowledged his genetic disposition to teaching in 1993 and began in Taunton. Now

that he teaches at Westminster he realises he should never have left London in the first place.

### **John Curtis – Registrar**

John Curtis has succeeded Tim Francis as Registrar. John's first teaching job was in an Essex comprehensive school. In 1983 he was appointed Head of History at Westminster Under School. He became Deputy Master in 1990. When Gerry Ashton was taken ill in 1998 John became Acting Master of the Under School, a position he held until April 2000. John can be seen most days showing nervous prep school boys round the school.

### **Nicolette David – Italian/French**

Dr. Nicolette David is the new French and Italian teacher at Westminster. She also teaches at Birkbeck College, London. She is an Old Westminster, and during her time at Westminster she was up Ashburnham.

### **James Harrison – Classics**

James Harrison was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and Balliol College, Oxford. Aside from the Classics and his particular love of Cycladic Art, he is a keen sportsman (and is reconciling himself to playing Eton Fives rather than the finer game of Rugby Fives...). He lives in Wimbledon with his wife Polly, their baby son Joseph and their gold BMW 2002.

### **Paul Hartley – Biology**

Paul Hartley joins Westminster from Whitgift School. An alumnus of the now "Royal" University of St. Andrews, he completed a PhD on microtubule organisation in cells. Perhaps naturally, he followed this with a brief apprenticeship as a plumber. He was soon drawn to teaching however, having found plumbing somewhat leaden. Eerily talented on the pitch, he refused fame and fortune as a professional footballer, yet, as a Scot he thinks Up Fields is a small holding in the Highlands...





**James Harrison**  
**CLASSICS**

**Paul Hartley**  
**BIOLOGY**

**Joseph Ireland**  
**CLASSICS**

**Justin Moston**  
**MATHS**



**Charles Robinson**  
**BIOLOGY**

**Charles Ullathorne**  
**PHYSICS**

**Bethia Woolf**  
**GEOGRAPHY**

**Simon Wurr**  
**GEOGRAPHY**

#### **Joseph Ireland – Classics**

Joseph Ireland is a Classicist from Bury, in Lancashire. He arrives at Westminster after teaching at Whitgift School in Croydon for three years. Before that, he spent four years at Peterhouse, Cambridge after which he completed a PGCE. This summer he taught on the JACT Greek Summer School at Bryanston School. He enjoys all aspects of classical study, but is particularly interested in Epic poetry and Greek tragedy. He has a real passion for Cricket and plays with the MCC.

#### **Justin Moston – Maths**

Justin Moston joins us from Brentwood School, Essex, where he taught mathematics for three years and was a Year 7 form tutor. After completing his first degree at London University, he studied applied mathematics at Cambridge University for a number of years before deciding to join the teaching profession. He hopes he made the right decision!

#### **Charles Robinson – Biology**

Dr. Charles Robinson has earned his crust in farming, by research, and through teaching. His D.Phil is perhaps best related to the lay person as a study of 'the hormonal regulation of pregnancy in cabbages'. Interested in animals as well as plants, he's a keen shot, and holds he's vegetarian... so long as the cows eat the grass for him. He has spent much time on and near water and looks forward to 'inflicting' pain-for-gain up Putney.

#### **Charles Ullathorne – Physics**

Charles Ullathorne is a Brummie by origin and proud of it. He attended King Edward's School, before getting a place at Christ's College Cambridge, where he read Natural Sciences and played rugby (in not-so-equal-measures!) After this he decided that being a physics teacher would be the most fun job he could do and did a PGCE at King's London. His interests include playing and watching high quality sport, and West Bromwich Albion.

#### **Bethia Woolf – Geography**

Bethia Woolf joined the Geography Department part-time this year. She is already a familiar face down at Putney where she has been coaching rowing since January and is a successful club oarswoman and rows for Thames Rowing Club. She completed her PGCE at Oxford and was a winning Blue in the 2000 Women's Boat Race. She is now in charge of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme at Westminster.

#### **Simon Wurr – Geography**

Simon Wurr taught for two years at King Edward's School, Bath before joining Westminster's Geography Department. Having represented the Great Britain Under 20 athletics team at the 3000 metre steeplechase and been awarded two Full Blues at Cambridge University, he is keen to get Westminster students taking more exercise, and is hoping to become involved with the Expeditions Society and cross-country running.



PHILIP NEEDHAM

# VALETE

ry music, above all the operas of Britten, which he has explored in the Options programme. He is a musician, too, a flautist and the tenor in the Abbey Choir and chamber choirs alongside whom generations of boys have learned the art of choral singing.

added AS when that became available, and treated us to more fine productions; his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Amadeus* and *Don Giovanni* were perhaps the most memorable until the stunning *Curlew River* that opened the Millicent Fawcett Hall.

Philip has had a Protean career at Westminster, but only those who like to divide life into little compartments would be surprised at the range of what he has done, for Philip has always given equal enthusiasm to arts and sciences, and has a prodigious range of interests and skills. Not least of those skills is the ability to impart his enthusiasm and knowledge to others, both in and out of the classroom, for Philip has a Renaissance view of life in which connections have more relevance than boundaries.

Philip came to Westminster in 1980 to teach Maths and Physics. His willingness to help and encourage the weaker pupils as well as stimulate the high-fliers soon earned him respect and affection, as well as the reputation of being approachable on any subject. The genuine enquirer always has his full attention and is taken seriously.

His love for hill-walking and mountain-climbing made him an excellent expedition leader. He was always concerned that boys should use their eyes and minds on the hillsides: geology, ornithology, prehistory all fell easily within his ability to explain to the curious. I recollect many impromptu seminars in the Scottish hills that were probably more memorable than many a classroom lesson, and there were plenty of individual conversations, too, as we navigated the slopes. Those who probed further also found a lover of the modern novel (especially when they come in trilogies) and of much twentieth-centu-

Philip was soon given responsibility for the Rigaud's annexe in Barton Street, in charge of ten of the senior boys until the girl boarders, then part of Dryden's, took over. He was also proving invaluable on the technical side of the theatrical productions in the days when lighting up School meant crawling around in the roof space and in Ashburnham Garden setting off on top of the cloister wall with coils of cable around himself. His expertise in this field, as he gradually introduced more modern systems, made him an obvious choice to oversee the birth of the Technology department on the opening of the Robert Hooke Centre in 1986, when for a while he was Head of Technology. As Technical Director of the new Drama Department, he produced more and more sophisticated lighting and sound designs to meet new expectations and was training boys in what was possible on the technical side of theatre. At last, in 1990, Philip ventured into directing himself. His choice was a typically demanding piece, *Another Country*, which he put on for Rigaud's, the House to which he has remained loyally attached throughout his time at Westminster. It was a great success and was followed the next year by Havel's *Redevelopment*, which was toured to New Delhi after its Westminster performances.

The stage was set for Philip's final transformation, to become Director of Drama in 1994. Physics had long since gone from his timetable and now Maths went, too. He quickly mastered the requirements of GCSE Drama,

The new theatre in the Millicent Fawcett Hall is the result of Philip's vision and tenacity; the standards he set for the technical fit-up of the theatre have ensured that the School at last has a space worthy of the prodigious talent and appetite that we have for theatre at Westminster.

That we should go on enjoying the fruit of his work without him is sad for us who have valued Philip's friendship and hospitality over the years (he is an excellent cook, as few boys know except those who have done his Roman cookery course at School House). His love affair with Italy (yes, he has taught Italian, too) has drawn his teaching career to an early close, hastened, perhaps, by his impatience with the new trends in examinations and lowered expectations of individual responsibility for scholarship and curiosity in learning. For while he will be rightly remembered for his superb productions of the last twelve years, the deeper gift he has given to Westminster is the open and friendly support he has given to colleagues, tutees and pupils. There will be many who remain grateful to him for help in personal or academic problems, for encouragement to explore a new author, composer or field of knowledge or who will have been inspired by Philip's patient insistence on detail to become truly expert at something rather than being content with glancing familiarity.

We wish Philip and David luck as they step on to their chosen set in the Umbrian hills.

John Arthur

## ANDY REID

Andy Reid ('Reido') joined the Physics Department in 1998, eager to return to the city of his student days from the remoteness of Suffolk where he was teaching at the time. He added his considerable talents to Westminster life with remarkable rapidity and the school has benefited immensely from the energy and expertise he has shared with us. He keeps these talents very well hidden and this is typical of the man. Whilst preferring to keep in the background, he has nevertheless assumed some key roles which he has played with absolute loyalty, thoroughness and dependability – all watchwords applicable to every area of his life.

He has contributed so much to the Physics Department that one needs to be rather selective at a time like this, so I shall mention only two particular areas: astronomy and the departmental website. As a former professional astronomer, it was inevitable that this passion of his

would pop up in different guises and sure enough Andy organized trips, taught Astronomy as a separate GCSE subject, enriched the Physics curriculum in all year groups and even presented and discussed real science via the slightly dubious medium of the film *Star Wars*. Single-handedly he has developed the departmental website and has managed it efficiently and knowledgeably, receiving rightful acclaim from many quarters: it is, very much, another testament to his dedication and insight.

Outside of the department Andy was particularly active on the sporting scene, coaching goalkeeping and cricket

to the very high standards one would expect from such a competent exponent of these areas. As a Common Room, we are grateful for his solid captaincy of The Pink Elephants and, indeed, for all his contributions to the rich and varied life of the school.

I have often seen him frustrated because of the high standards he sets himself and those around him – at Vincent Square, on the golf course, in the Common Room and in the class room – and this stems from a yearning to do things properly and without fuss or seeking any great recognition. From here, he will become a snow-boarder in Canada and New Zealand, before returning to teaching, at Bolton School, later next year. The snow-boarding adventure will realise a dream, as, indeed, will the return to his beloved Manchester in a bold bid to regain that (almost) lost accent. In all these respects, we wish him every success.

Kevin Walsh

## HUW MORDECAI

Huw Mordecai was both Chaplain and schoolmaster at Westminster for just over three years: but, in that brief time, he made a disproportionate impression. Huw is fun, energetic, compassionate, thoughtful and engaging. In the Abbey, and in the classroom, he was never less than himself. He never lectured; he was never sententious – he always listened and was concerned to strive for impartiality and fairness.

No one can forget Huw's sermons. Starting, often, from some point of popular culture – sometimes 'Buffy', sometimes South Park – he would gently urge the congregation onto serious consideration of a range of religious and ethical issues. The thrust of Huw's beliefs projected towards 'understanding' in its widest sense: how we can only learn to understand others if we have some

understanding of ourselves. Yet Huw never pre-supposes that he holds all the cards. His own bafflement with the problems of the world and the problems of personality, self acknowledged, gave his speculations, for all their humorous rhetoric, an astringency of truth.

I never witnessed Huw teach divinity or religious studies. I did see him teach an English lesson to a recalcitrant bunch of Westminster sixth formers who had established an uneasy territory for themselves between philistinism and loudness. Amidst the usual noise and kerfuffle, Huw patiently expounded Blake's 'Tiger'. Blake's mixture of mysticism and outlandish commonsense appealed to him. Gradually, the class listened, and then began to compete with each other to offer insight and illumination. They had not realised it, but they were being drawn out, educated. It all looked so easy.

Most of all, though, Huw will be remembered for his chat. He loves to talk and to gossip because he is genuinely curious about others, whether they be fifth formers in search of a classroom, or senior members of staff in search of validation. When Huw stood

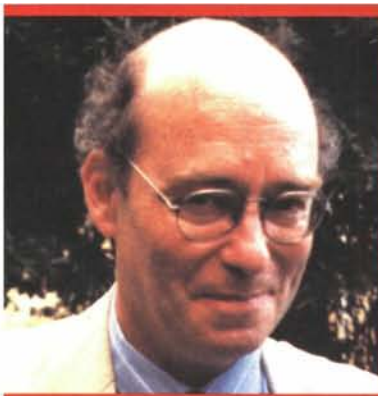
in Yard he attracted all members of the School. Indeed he gave the School a sense of community which is not something it can always be said to possess: his work with the Abbey and his visits to the Under School were part of his determination to unite us all, whether we wanted it or not.....

And then there was Huw's notorious staff boat party. Somehow he managed to manoeuvre almost the entire Common Room onto a launch in the middle of the Thames at the end of the Easter Term. There was eating, drinking, dancing and wholesale vulgarity. Marvellous stuff. It demonstrated that even teachers can be uninhibited, not to say unrepressed.

Huw's finest contribution to the School occurred, I suspect, in moments of confidence. If a student, or a teacher, had difficulties or a problem Huw could be relied upon to be sensitive and tactful. He does not judge and he certainly never condemns. His liberality of vision and generosity of heart will be sorely missed.

The pupils and staff of Geelong Grammar School, Australia, are in for a real treat. Farewell Huw, and good luck!

Gavin Griffiths



**JONATHAN KATZ,**  
Master of the Queen's Scholars for the last fifteen years, reflects as his time in office wanes. He remains at Westminster as Head of Classics.



one of my first reactions is to run and tell members of the house who will remember the particular pupil. But it certainly goes beyond the academic, and I've taken particular pleasure in the extension of the family, from pupils and their tutors, into the older generations of the College Society, whose first chairman, William Barnes, was Head of House in the year of King George VI's coronation, and whose successor is the old Liddellite and College parent Tom Sooke, who successfully divides his loyalties between the houses.

**M**y wife is a psychiatrist, and she has a sense of humour. Both in my last job and during my years in College I often realised the advantages of this marriage. For ten years before coming to Westminster I ran a large South Asian research library where some of the more flamboyant eccentrics from British and international Academe served time on curious projects, ranging from the Garden of Eden to Ritual Strangulation as well as more routine classical and modern Indological subjects. In the evenings I would exchange stories of human *folie* with Kalyani, whose own more officially clinical experiences usually outdid mine – this, I suppose, kept me sane, and of course no names were mentioned. Just before we moved to London, most uncharacteristically she was accused by a patient of not understanding – ‘You’ll never understand, Doctor, what it’s like to be married to a Classics teacher who plays the piano all the time’.

I think it was during my first real conversation with a Second Election (Lower Shell) boy on my first or second day in the school that I was introduced to a lively lad who, I was told, had been forgiven a spectacular misdemeanour at his own request ‘on grounds of insanity’ – and I have to confess that this helped to set my disciplinary policy for the next fifteen years, though I probably should have ‘forgiven’ more often. Life has not been dull.

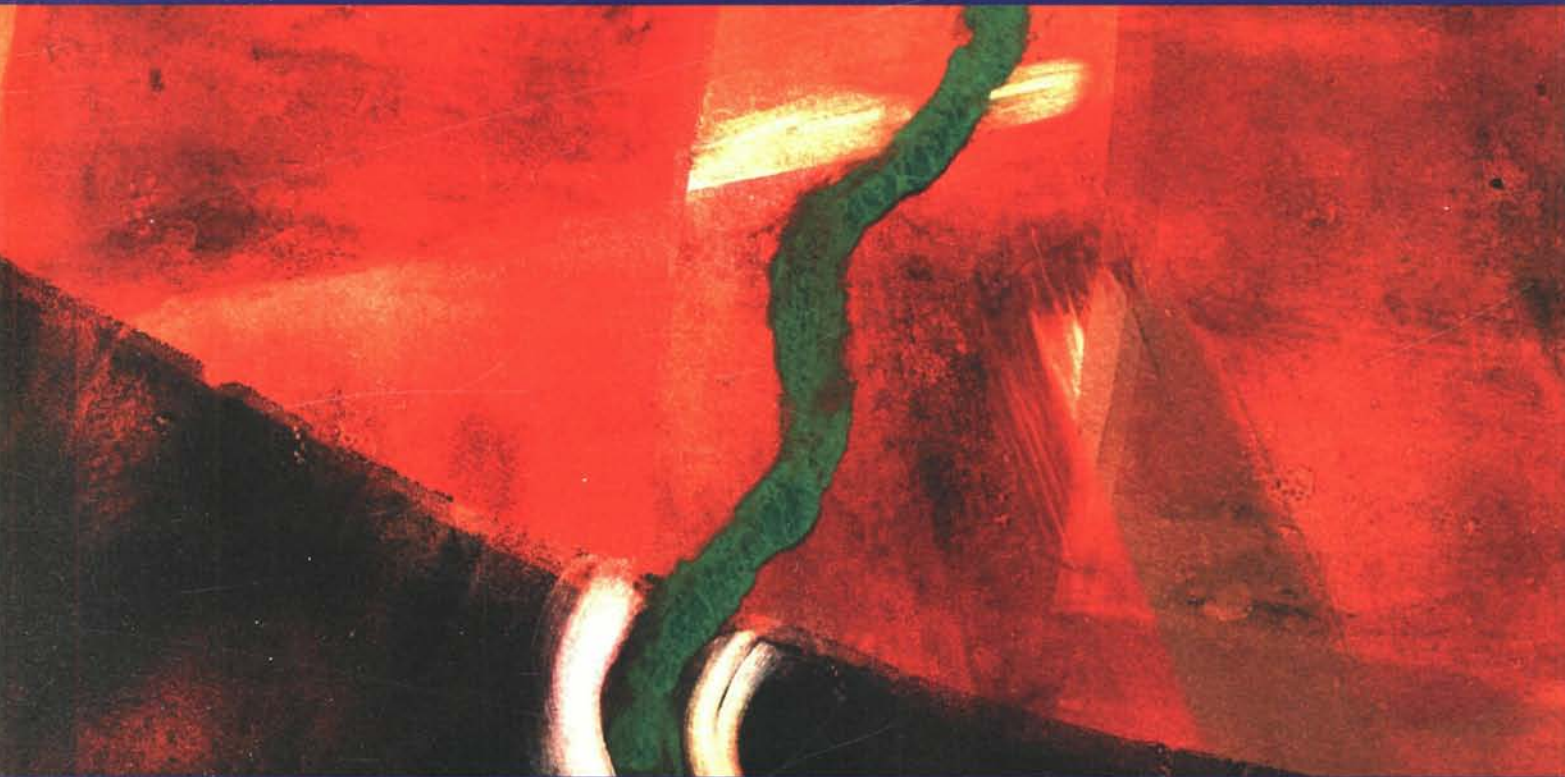
I believe part of my brief, urbanely understated by David Summerscale when he offered me the job, was to steer a path between integrating College in the rest of the school and fostering its stress on the unusual, or in Westminster-speak ‘individual’, as it were. Not much problem with the second part of this, I felt, as I gradually discovered the institutional oddities of the place, its rites of passage and so on – the mysterious

‘knights of the round table’ ethos of Little Commem, the morning ‘call over’, the weekly Compline in St Faith’s, the generally cordial links with the Abbey and its Collegiate foundation, the Induction of the Queen’s Scholars, even the strange but delightful ‘Election Run’, an obstacle race run by the junior boys under the supervision of myself, the Captain of the Scholars and the monitors. Most of these things I tried to tweak to some extent and I now regard them as part of mundane reality. The Election Run was however, after many years of happy existence in College Garden, moved out on the command of the Abbey at a time when they were understandably keen to avoid any suggestion of bullying, let alone damage to the garden lawn.

I like seeing and describing College as a big family – more realistically perhaps a weekly surrogate family, presided over by an unfailingly protective and devoted Matron with her miraculous Hispanic team who turn the old milk to *crème caramel*. There are, no doubt, necessarily occasional moments of danger (home-made bombs and the like), tension, dysfunctioning – what is a family without accidents and feuds? – but at best there is a good deal of interaction and positive mutual interest between the years. The academic dimension of this was brought home to me quite early on when, after the departure of an exceedingly gifted boy for Cambridge, the mathematical performance of the house as a whole plummeted for a month or two. I was amazed to discover, with very few exceptions which I remember for their rarity, how little unpleasant competitiveness there was. Often the most satisfying aspect of the Scholars’ achievements has been the pride they took in each other’s successes; it must be as a consequence that when I hear of prizes and distinctions of old boys and girls

Now on the point of going out to grass like an old donkey or, as one of my more poetically inclined old pupils puts it, a rusting Dalek into the scrap yard, I try to imagine what it is about the place that I shall miss most. Waking up after a normally rather short night – in this nocturnal house insomnia is almost a qualification for the housemaster’s job – I’ve always looked forward to the variety of styles of verbal sparring likely to come in the course of the morning: ‘Was it an important lesson you missed?’ ‘Well, Sir, it’s hard to say – I wasn’t there’ or ‘How do you explain the tights that were found in your room?’ ‘Oh, yes, well I was using them in my elasticity project in Physics, Sir’ etc. etc. Then there’s the curious blend of menagerie and workshop atmosphere in the dormitory before lights-out. Recently I’ve been sensing my encroaching second childhood when, entering the room during a tactically complex pillow fight, instead of meeting shame or embarrassment I am good-naturedly handed a pillow and told which side I’m on. Frances Ramsey has a calm and natural authority – one of the many qualities that make her a hard act for any man to precede – but we also have much in common, including an appreciation of that nightly forum for the aspiring raconteur, philosopher or clown, governed in different inimitable styles by the different College tutors.

I shall feel these losses, but the gains have been immense – above all, memories of individuals who contributed to each other and remained friends even after they left school. As a boy myself I think I was reluctant to acknowledge too readily that I was ‘formed’ by my school. At Westminster, pupils have repeatedly and happily told me that their collective life moulded them – and I have learnt from them that the process need not be confined to one’s teens. I don’t know if this is madness or sanity, but I am grateful for the lesson.



Artwork: Basil Jradeh (LL US)



# SCHOOL

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## SCHOOL COUNCIL CHANGING WESTMINSTER

This year began with a fantastic burst of apathy from the older students as two of the three Remove candidates for the Council were elected unopposed, and a slow start for the Council as the original chairman, Mr Mordecai, was unfortunately unable to coordinate elections and initial meetings and had to hand over to Mr Eveleigh. His departure was as unexpected as it was mourned and he will be missed by many in the school. Since then, however, we have recovered well and the Council, traditionally regarded by pupils as a token nod towards democracy in a fully autocratic system, has begun to achieve perhaps more than was expected.

Our first meeting began with the usual complaints: food, uniform and other day to day gripes. These could obviously not be addressed until the next meeting with the Head Master and large debates arose, so that little was covered. As a result of our suggestions for food, however, the old food

councils have been disbanded and the School Council has been given responsibility for dealing with College Hall directly. Now, hopefully, food can be improved directly and quickly by Council's response to complaints and comments from students.

Unfortunately, among large issues such as food problems, smaller issues (lack of pressure in water fountains in the science block or issues over school regulations, for instance) have been swamped, but we hope to address this next term by increasing the frequency of meetings. Mr Eveleigh has also been very helpful in encouraging pupils to take responsibility for researching and organising issues so that background information is gathered before meetings. In these cases when things come before us they can be dealt with and implemented more quickly. It also reduces ill-informed suggestions being presented to the Head Master. This has already helped greatly with the much disputed

recycling issue and there are more groups researching other issues for the Council at the time of writing.

The Council is trying very hard to raise its profile within the School and to really achieve something. To this end, a website, which should already be in full operation when this article goes to print, is being implemented, allowing pupils to send their grievances to councillors directly and conveniently and informing them of recent issues which have been addressed. We have made definite progress with the School Council this year and I hope that in the future it will become an important force for change within the school. It is certainly heading in the right direction. I would urge anyone thinking of standing for election next year to do so not for the popularity contest that these elections often descend into, but to institute very real and significant changes within the school. If you don't want to work for it, don't stand.

James Furlong (AHH Rem)

## HOUSE REPORTS

### COLLEGE

I have been honoured to write the report on College this year – being in the first election (Vth Form – each year is called an election in college). Two new tutors have arrived in College – Dr Robinson (Biology) and Mr Moston (Maths). I won't talk about the tutors who left – I don't know them. We were robbed of the House Singing title by Purcell's – even though we had to dress up in drag as a tradition. We did quite well in the house football championships.

Looking at College from the perspective of one new to it, College seems a slightly different house from the rest. It has a more laid back attitude, which I like, and there seems to be less formalisation than in other houses. For example, we do not have a formal registration. One final point – Dr Katz will continue to hold the fort during the Play Term 2002 while Dr Ramsey takes maternity leave. Giles Robertson

### GRANT'S

Grant's as usual sails upon a sea of success.

Charlie Hayes

## RIGAUD'S

This year in Rigaud's we figured that it was time to give the other houses a chance. The house's rendition of 'Beat It' by Michael Jackson proved not to be a great hit with the judges, and the Football was not such a success either, with the Rigaud's XI being knocked out in the first round by Busby's; score: 2-1, with Luke Gazzard scoring the only goal from his own corner. The Bringsty Relay was not as successful as last year, with Rigaud's only achieving 8th place. There was some success, however, in the Senior Towpath, with Will Sweet, Benjie Guy and Joe Marwood achieving 2nd, 3rd and 4th place, thus winning the cup for Rigaud's.

The highlight of the year has to have been the house play – 'The Crooks' Ball.' It was a very entertaining pro-

duction and proved to be a huge success, with the new Millicent Fawcett Hall packed out on all three nights.

In other news the house has worked together on planning what to do with the old dining room. The overall decision is to convert the dining room into a new boarders' kitchen and TV room, giving more space than the old kitchen.

Rigaud's also bids a fond farewell to Dr Philip Needham this year. He has now worked at Westminster for 22 years and has been a great asset to both the House and to the School for his drama expertise, and will be sorely missed as a Rigaud's tutor.  
Ben Godsall

## BUSBY'S

Busby's continued to be one of the most inventive, successful and exciting Houses in the school this year. Work and play have been equally balanced, with an ambitious production of the 'Crucible' and a first-rate House Concert contrasting with paintballing and cinema trips. Our sportsmen have done us proud in the

cross-country, cricket and football competitions, and there has been continuing work on modernising the façade of the House. All in all, therefore, it has been a successful year for Jamie Pantling, the 2001/2 Head of House.  
Charlie Corn

## LIDDELL'S

It has been another splendid year for Liddell's house. Gliding smoothly through its Golden Age Liddell's has performed spectacularly, reminding us all why this timeless Westminster institution is widely recognised as standing head and shoulders above its peers. Not content with dominating the football field, cricket pitch and fives' court Liddell's has also championed the school's musical progress. But never let it be said that Liddell's flaunts its success: the House Singing Competition demonstrated Liddell's extraordinary commitment to fostering talent in other houses when she took a back seat and contented herself with only a minor placing in order to give some of the less able houses an opportunity to share in her glory.

Perhaps most importantly we should remember Liddell's contribution to school spirit. Straddling Liddell's arch, the house is often thought to hold Yard in an architectural embrace, always ready to

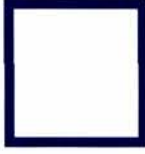
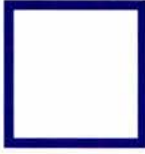
offer support. Many is the time when a Liddellite, seeing another member of the school looking a little under the weather, will offer some withering jibe or other to lift their spirits. Indeed, without Liddell's House stirring contribution to singing, hymns in Abbey would long ago have become farcical.

With such an unparalleled record of success many would be prepared to rest on their laurels, not so Liddell's House. The controversial reforms introduced by Dr Morris at the start of his house-mastership are just beginning to come into force and already pupils are reaping the benefits. This exciting programme of refurbishment has so far included the purchase of a new pool cue and sandwich roaster, added security gained through changing the locks and the steady replacement of curtains throughout the boarding rooms. Needless to say, house morale is at an all time high.  
William Muirhead

## ASHBURNHAM

At the time of composition, Ashburnham has won nothing this year, but we are looking forward to successes in the prestigious House Swimming and the ebullient Inter-House Netball. However, as every year, Ashburnham does not pride itself on success, but it is rather our ethos that "It is the taking part that counts." The black sheep of the House was of course James Furlong who broke with tradition and won – yes won – countless races. Actually on closer consider-

ation we have done quite well (for Ashburnham that is), lest we forget our triumph in the House six-a-side (coming second), nor our unique rendition, at the House Singing, of "Three Lions on a shirt," which had the crowd screaming for more. Throughout the year our housemaster, Mr. Jones, has led his loyal sheep to the pastures of moral victory, by instilling a sense of spiritual fulfilment in endless endeavour.  
Elias Mitropoulos and Oliver Wood



## WREN'S

Walking down Wren's corridor, one feels a sense of pride. A pride in the fact that we act as a team and always take part in any event. Winning is secondary to us. The first main event was House Singing and we were close to winning. However, we did win the award for the 'best theatrical performance'. As the year progressed Wren's became a social hotbed on cold, rainy days. The cosy, warm atmosphere of the dayrooms drew people in every day.

The Lent term arrived, as did the advent of the Towpath and the Bringsty Relay. Despite moans and groans such as, 'I have a broken toenail' or 'the hair

in my upper right nostril is bent, I can't possibly run', we came, we saw and we tried but didn't conquer. The house play was a grand success. Full house on both nights and the director focusing on his next box office hit! Football brought more success with the capture of the plate in the six-a-side and a valiant effort in the 11-a side. A special mention goes out to James Fassam-Wright, Greaze winner and Britain's future entry to the strongman event!

All in all, it has been a year of promise. A new tutor has arrived and Mr. Tompkins hasn't gone grey with frustration.....yet!  
Dean Chatterjee

## DRYDEN'S

Dryden's is no longer a refuge for the deeply dreary colour brown. After redecoration over the summer the day rooms are all now colour coded to non-brown colours which have met with general approval, although the "busy" (Mrs Newton – unfailingly polite) carpet of the Fifth Form and Lower Shell room left some hankering for brown's return. The Remove room remains a sanctuary from Yard and has been mainly characterised this year by mad scrambles to read *The Sun* and the only conversational topic seeming to be whether the window should be opened or closed. The games room continues to be the centre for the lower school Drydenites whilst the Sixth Form and Upper Shell spend most of their time away from the wonderful Dryden's world – or maybe they're just hiding from being roped into house events.

When I was appointed Head of House the reaction was generally one of condescending laughter, making me

wonder quite what I had agreed to. However, despite people's continued reluctance to participate in any type of sporting event for the house (come on! how can you have anything better to do than run a mile in rain and mud?) we have achieved a lot this year. Dryden's excelled in running, coming third in the Bringsty Relay and eighth and ninth in the tow path, whilst reaching the final stages of various other house sporting competitions. We produced a superb house song which thanks to Mica's inspired direction ensured that we were all 'too sexy', managing to choreograph over thirty of us at once whilst the costume choices of stockings and short skirts for the girls only increased the audience's attention! The house cake sale was a brilliant success. It sold out in under half an hour and the offers of help and the proliferation of cakes baked made all the organisation worth it, and definitely proved that Dryden's house spirit does exist!  
Lizzie Sharples

## HAKLUYT'S

I've said it before and I'll say it again, Britain would be a much better country if it used Hakluyt's as a model to aspire to. For one thing, Hakluyt's has made real progress as a house melting pot. Our excellent facilities have attracted handfuls of people from Ashburnham, Liddell's and Wren's to take residence here; and they assimilated so well that they even sang with Hakluyt's in the House Singing Competition. When I asked one of our 'regulars' what house he was really from, he immediately said Hakluyt's before remembering that his actual house was Ashburnham.

Other model aspects of Hakluyt's are its layout. The social hierarchy is reinforced by physical position: the

most important people (the Remove and VI Form obviously) are at the top with all the couches, toaster etc... but unlike the British class system, in this system everyone eventually gets a chance to be at the top.

The capital, Mr Kemball's office, is ideally situated in the centre of the house and, unlike Tony Blair, Mr Kemball is always around when you need him, and willing to listen to your problems.

(Not to mention, Hakluyt's is built in the style of a mediaeval keep, so if the school is ever engulfed in inter-house fighting we'll be the last place to fall.)  
David Brescia

## MILNE'S

Mr Troy famously organises house activities like no other, so we were glad to have an extra opportunity to meet our new housemates in the summer on the house go-karting trip. However, when we were brought with a literal 'crash' to the members of our

house we would spend the next two years with, it was somewhat daunting. We were pleasantly surprised by the comparatively subdued house walk from Richmond to Putney along the Thames. This was another great opportunity to get acquainted with the



people in our house early on a Sunday morning of the first week of term. We also managed to raise some money for our house charity, being sponsored for all ten miles. Almost immediately into the school year, Mira Patel became involved in the house play, 'Funeral Games', never having acted before. But everyone was friendly and helpful and the play turned out well despite forgetting to find the hand in the cake tin...don't ask!

House Singing immediately followed. Milne's must be forgiven. We always have the best intentions and efforts, but House Singing never seems to release Milne's true potential, although it does lift our spirit! House Singing would not have been half as much fun without those monkey outfits. Using far more refined singing talents of the fifth formers and some musicians, we played Christmas carols for Trinity Hospice, to give some festive spirit and cheer to our house charity. We were rather looking forward to the great Milne's tradition – the house quiz and outing – which we hoped would be less terrifying than the summer go-karting. Ice-skating at Somerset House was a true delight, and everyone was willing to give it a go, despite being beginners. We are particularly

grateful to Mr. Hemsley-Brown and Mr. Troy for providing the entertainment that evening! The quiz, on the other hand, involved cramming the whole house into one day room, as well as the food. In fact, we are not even sure which team won.

On the sports side, Milne's narrowly lost to the Common Room in the football match. Milne's appeared to be on a winning streak with House Fives. We even got through to the finals, but lost out in a tense final against Liddell's. But Milne's came back on form in the Bringsty relays this year, which we won, thanks to an outstanding team.

We have saved the best until last: the Milne's house concert. Milne's always has a trick or two up its sleeve, but we did not realise that it would be quite so literal. It must have had the widest range of entertainment there has ever been up School; from juggling, ball room dancing, classical solos, magic tricks and all the usual. We would like to round off using Mr. Troy's words, we are 'immensely proud' to be in such an enthusiastic and close-knit house, and we hope next year will be as enjoyable as this year.

Mira Patel and Petra Kwan

## PURCELL'S

Purcell's may be the only girls' house, but it is certainly not the weakest. We began the year by a victory in House Singing (the only inter-house competition we competed in this year,) with Lady Marmalade. We also organized the Valentine's Day charity event, where over 600 carnations were sold and delivered, each with a handwritten message, raising over £500 for the Crohn's Disease Society. The year was also a success for many of the individual girls, both on the

arts and sports fronts. Susie Richards was placed highly in a national pentathlon. Sarah Pett, Emily Levitt, Jess Espey, and Serena Hines all took part in *Cabaret*. Besides those and other such massive accomplishments, we have successfully lived through yet another 300 and some odd days as the only girls' boarding house in an otherwise very male school.

Not an easy feat.

Emily Levitt

## JUNIOR DEBATING

After eight debates, ten teams and many delays, on Wednesday 13th February we finally reached the final of the Lower School House Debating Competition. Our finalists, after fighting through a total of 5 rounds, were Ashburnham and College. To reach the final, the College team of Giles Robertson and Anthony Smith had to battle through two rounds, as had the Ashburnham team of Max Kauffman and Richard Trainor. The motion, chosen by Mr Allnatt was "This House would look to the future rather than the past," with College proposing and Ashburnham opposing.

The debate started with Richard giving reasons for why we should look to the past. He gave a powerful speech mentioning the events of September 11th and how we should look to these events to tighten airport security and increase awareness about future terrorist attacks.

Anthony then replied with his own speech in which he highlighted that the future is the time ahead of us and that the past is hazy, as we rely on historians' accounts and cannot be sure exactly what happened. Ashburnham came back again with a strong response from Max who

managed to include a lot of quotations from historical figures. As soon as Max had finished his speech it was Giles' chance to prove that the future is much better than the past. However, Giles, without realising, ruined his chances of victory when he managed to twist the motion around to the oppositions' favour by saying that we should look to the future for guidance.

After thirty minutes of tough debating it was down to the audience to ask their own questions. Issues including the stock market and the Gallipoli campaign in World War I were raised but these were handled with ease by both teams of debaters.

After the debaters had finished, the audience voted and Ashburnham won the floor vote with six votes to College's five. However, the decision rested with the judges, Mr Allnatt and Mr Crole, who chose to award the victory of the Lower School House Debating Competition to Max Kauffman and Richard Trainor of Ashburnham. The winners each received a £15 book token in recognition of their success.

A new generation of debaters arises. Nidal Al-Juzi (AHH Vth)

## SENIOR DEBATING

This academic year has seen a remarkable and almost unstoppable rejuvenation of debating at Westminster. This renaissance has been a result of the injection of plentiful talent from the Sixth Form, the dedicated coaching of Richard Allnatt and Sandy Crole and the eccentric skill of Francis Murphy, the sole Remove member of the competitive debating group. After playing a minor role in Westminster life over the last few years, competitive inter-school debating has included no less than ten individuals this year: Jonathan Bailey, David Brescia, Charlie Bullock, Amelia Earl, Serena Hines, Will Muirhead, Francis Murphy, David Powel, Karmen Watson and Ben Williamson.



Above:  
Jonathan Bailey (left)  
and Francis Murphy.

Four teams entered the Cambridge Union inter-school debating competition which, as a result of the competition's British Parliamentary style, pitted Westminster team against Westminster team. Whilst Westminster A (Jonathan Bailey and David Brescia) were consigned to runner up in the first round, Westminster B (Charlie Bullock and Karmen Watson) produced an impressive performance to go through to the second round.

The Oxford Union only allows one team to be entered per school so the Westminster team of Jonathan Bailey

and Francis Murphy, (accompanied by supporters, as ever), travelled to UCS Hampstead for a first round against 32 schools from throughout London. Charlie Bullock and Amelia Earl were both able to take part as a 'Swing Team' in what typified the inclusive nature of competitive debating this year where so many Westminsters gained competitive experience. After two debates the Westminster team was ushered through to Final's Day, along with seven other London teams. Final's Day, held in the Oxford Union, saw Westminster compete against the top 64 teams in the UK. Three debates, and the league system, put Westminster equal on points with the lowest of the eight semi-finalists but, disappointingly, not through to the semi-finals. Francis hopes he will be able to take up his offer to read Philosophy and Theology at Trinity and thus, finally, get a chance to debate in the Oxford Union.

Having scoured London in the pursuance of training afternoons and competitive rounds, the four-team trip to Bristol for the inaugural Bristol Union inter-school competition was a fresh change, and even fresher was Westminster A's (Serena Hines and Francis Murphy) victory. Three preliminary debates and a league system put the other Westminster teams (the 'C' team of David Powell and Karmen Watson as well as the 'D' team of David Brescia and Amelia Earl) without a place in the final,

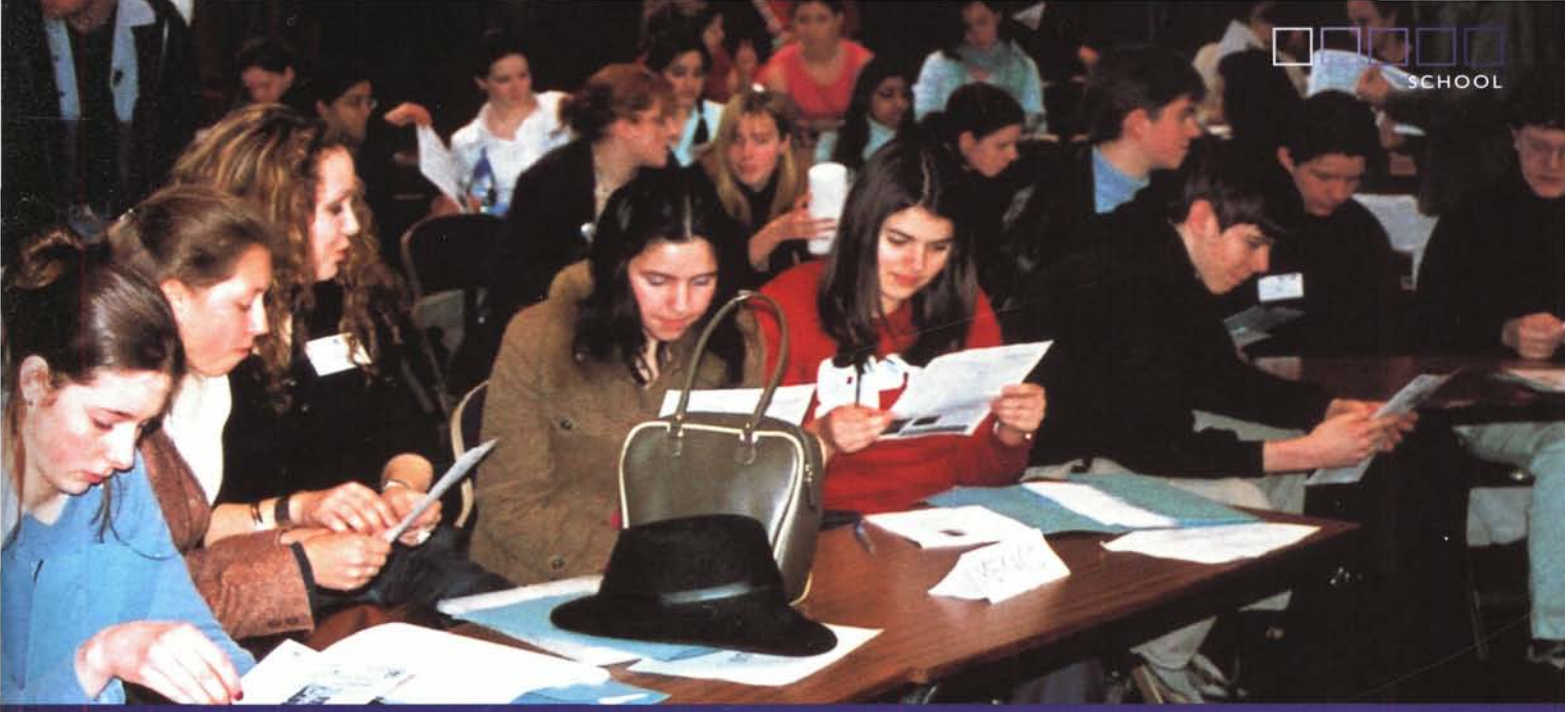
although Westminster B (Jonathan Bailey and Charlie Bullock) missed out by a single point. The final, despite its low-weight motion ('This house would ban beauty pageants'), was intensely fought with Westminster A and Haberdashers' Askes A (the Cambridge Union winners) leading the way. Typical moments of genius and brilliant rebuttal from Francis helped Westminster A take the competition from Haberdashers' Askes, who had been favourites after winning all three of their first round debates.

Throughout all the excitement of the University based competitions, Jonathan Bailey and Francis Murphy represented

Westminster in the ESU Mace. The competition's style of debate and the long preparation time (several weeks) helped Westminster ease its way through the first round, mainly on depth of knowledge, without being tested fully over the motion 'This house would introduce zero tolerance policing'. The regional final saw Westminster's main competition come from St Dunstan's on the motion 'This house would be more welcoming to immigrants' with Westminster, once again, given the task of defending the right-wing side of the debate. After, what one of the judge's described as, "inspired" points of information from Jonathan Bailey, Westminster was steered into the London Final. The almost four hour long sequence of debates at Latymer Upper School was probably the most tense of the entire debating season. The structure of the competition is such that each team debates once against one team only, despite the fact that each of the six teams is competing against all the other teams (including those in other debates) for the single place in the National Final. Westminster's place in the third, and final debate, gave them the opportunity to see each of the other teams before they themselves had to take their place on stage. The Latymer School Edmonton, whose team included an England World Schools debater, were very smooth in their debate on leaving the EU and looked as if they were unsailable in their leading position in the round. Yet, a strong proposition on the motion 'This house would free global trade' by Jonathan Bailey was built upon by Francis Murphy who the judges remarked "showed real courage and determination in tackling the hardest points from the opposition and the floor", and that it was this eagerness to tackle the real issues of the debate which put Westminster into the National Final which will be held in the Election Term.

Successful competitive debating this year has been matched by a group of seniors eager to get involved in informal debates and the Senior House Debating Competition, which has just begun to get underway as we go to press. Some strong Juniors, as should be evident from the Junior House Debating Competition, and the broad selection base in the current Sixth Form should mean that next year's competitive debating should be at least as successful as the heights of this year.

Jonathan Bailey (RR VIth)



## WESTMINSTER MODEL UNITED NATIONS

Karmen Watson (PPVIth) comments on the machinations of international politics at Westminster.

An impressive assortment of countries descended on Westminster for the Westminster School Model United Nations talks on Saturday 6th October. After a brief bonding session with the powers on the stage, Brazil kicked-off the introductory speeches in a light-hearted tone that was to run throughout the talks. Brazil, like Mauritius, took the holiday brochure approach, seeming

reflective of the mutual wishes for peace and co-operation although it was slightly more traditional in comparison to the rather hippy messages advocating 'peace', 'love', and dare I say, 'intoxicating substances', favoured by other nations.

Despite the underlying messages of amity, there were serious stabs made at the U.S.A. who took on the role of pantomime bully complete with open jeering

received from large capitalist powers. India, Iraq, and the Ukraine were quick to underline the suffering of their large and UN-neglected populations, but were criticised for their portrayal of America as 'a hostile egocentric power'; full of 'oil-guzzling, Hollywood-driven people'. In the same vein, the Welsh did not appreciate the references to 'sheep-shagging'. These thoughts were faithfully spirited to the United Kingdom's table by an efficient swarm of secretariats. France took military action into their own hands, as hidden behind their peaceful exterior was a deadly barrage of boiled sweet missiles destined for Iran.

Highly topical were the delicate issues of the September 11th incident and the bringing down of Russian aircraft by allegedly Ukrainian missiles – perhaps a stark reminder of the fundamental issue against terrorism that was debated throughout the event. Naturally, the hot-blooded Italians threw their support behind dramatic military action, a view also favoured by the USA and Russia. More surprising were the German claims of pacifism and the wish for 'worldwide peace and security' from Israel, that was later contradicted by its hostile interactions with Palestine. Unfortunately the ceremony was used as an opportunity to air old squabbles between nations – issues that will need ironing out in subsequent discussions. The rest of the MUN proceedings continued to raise both entertaining and insightful debate disproving Iraqi claims that the organisation does not actually exist.



keener to promote its beach-bound bikini-clad beauties than the overall wishes for peace expressed elsewhere on the floor. A wide range of delivery styles were present, notably Jamaica's song, Singapore's poem, and Bangladesh's promotion of 'houses on sticks', all of which added colour to an array of speeches in their various stages of preparation. France's speech was particularly

and hissing. However, this was somewhat unsurprising after some well-planned but over-passionate speeches. Most controversial, of course, were the anti-Muslim comments raised by David Brescia on behalf of Italy. Although more extremist than other countries, Italy was merely airing an underlying feeling of exclusion towards the minority of countries which complained about the repression they



## WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

Karmen Watson (PP VIth) reveals some of her thoughts as a 'new girl' to the school.

Going in through Liddell's Arch it is just possible to recall the hostile intimidation that those black blazer cliques stirred in our hearts during the first few weeks at school. Dressed in clothes that we hoped were almost regulation, it was painfully apparent just how visible we were as we tried to saunter seductively across Little Dean's Yard, whilst negotiating the cobbles in high heels. Even the floor coverings in this place seemed to be designed specifically for boys. We could see the Remove girls happily greeting old friends, laughing and joking in elite

huddles. The day before, they had delighted us with horror stories of the 'Fit List' that all the boys would be compiling on us on the way to Abbey, and it was hard to believe that we would ever integrate into this seemingly exclusive and well shaped community. It felt more like we'd been sent to fraternize with the enemy.

At first it looked as if we would have to make a concerted effort in order to break down the old primary school gender barriers. It was much easier for the boys to stick to their old friendship groups and

appear to be calm and in control of the social scene. There were the usual polite moments in the conversation when they half listened to what school we'd come from, how we found GCSEs, how our summer holidays had been, and what subjects we'd be taking, etc, before the paranoia set in and it was time to rack our brains for vaguely interesting information about ourselves, whilst trying to ignore the nagging feeling that we were under constant scrutiny. Perhaps worse were the lists of names we tried to memorize, until it felt like the whole introductory process became a twisted version

## HOUSE SINGING

Anna Stothard (LL Rem) writes candidly about one of Westminster's more outrageous occasions. Some might liken House Singing to The Greaze but perhaps this is a little unfair. The article is adapted from one written for *Pink*.

House Singing is a bit of a misnomer. Sure, it involves houses, but that's where the name stops making sense. It is only loosely based around the notion of singing and instead involves chanting a series of words taken from a popular chart-master and setting it to a backdrop of ill-coordinated and potentially dangerous jumping.

For one day a year the stench of adrenalin miraculously dislodges the silver spoons from everyone's backside. All year

we wear suits, fall asleep in Abbey, apologise politely for slight misconducts and follow the stiff etiquette of a traditional school, but for one evening a year School will stink of testosterone and lady-hormones, confusing the entire school into acting like farmyard animals on speed.

Jocks go into the toilets in trousers and come out in fishnet stockings and blow-up breasts, (when they think no one is looking you can usually find them staring coyly at their mirrored new physique), then the boys/girls dance like

nervous porn stars and think happily that they have become their own perfect woman. Girls, in a miraculous release from white blouses and tailored trousers, finally have an excuse to wear the black leather suspenders they've been hiding from their mother for years. College boys get to enact their childhood boy-band fantasies and fifth formers think forlornly that their mothers never told them about this kind of thing.

So why do we do it? Is it because the loosening of stiff upper lips can only be



of the Generation Game, except without the familiar cuddly toys. As a boarder, it was especially like being sucked into a new country. Westminster even had its own language, its own psyche, traditions, and of course we were yet to experience the national sport: 'chirpsing'.

Now for any readers who are not yet acquainted with this phenomenon, 'chirpsing,' is a Westminster derivative of the complex art of flirting. That's not to say that it was a one-sided process – I'd be lying if I didn't say that many girls who participated had just as much fun in this department as anyone else. In fact, in this area the school's unfortunate female deficit was rather empowering. I would like to add a thank you note at this point to whoever was responsible for publicising the Pink List on the internet, since it is perhaps one of the best forms of procrastination (if you have been afflicted by fit list fever, that is).

We didn't come here (contrary to popular belief) just to socialise with 'the boys'. We came here to work. The classroom opened up a whole different ball game from yard. Yet again the overwhelming feeling was one of intimidation, as we soon discovered that sitting quietly in the corner and allowing class discussion to wash over us was no



longer an option. Instead, having enjoyed the first five minutes of the lesson deciphering the timetable and then getting thoroughly lost, we scrambled, gasping out apologies, to our seats, only to be winded a second time by a tsunami of information. Not only were the boys much less out of breath than we were, they also made constructive use of this surplus oxygen, by asking questions and making points, that were quite frankly unintelligible.

Concentration in lessons was definitely not aided by the mantras of, 'How did

I get into this school?' and 'I am not worthy' that were playing in our heads.

At this point, one might question why, if everything was so daunting, the girls didn't all leave in the first week. This is a difficult question with a simple answer: the whole experience was rather enjoyable. Once we had broken through the Westminster façade, we recognised it for what it was: an act. The boys didn't understand everything in lessons, they were just more practised in the art of bullsh\*\*ting than we were. Gradually, with this understanding, the girl-boy divides in the classroom and Little Dean's Yard melted simultaneously, as each of us found our own niche in the Westminster ecosystem.

On asking what a typical Westminster girl was like, I was given the word, 'effervescent'. I'm afraid that the only word to sum up the boys would be, 'quirky,' but then isn't Westminster all about the individual? I'd like to think that the girls match this individuality, despite those extremely original chauvinistic comments, generally involving the word, 'kitchen', that one hears from time to time. So what is a girl like me doing in a place like this? Well, I hope I speak for all when I say, 'living those best years of my life'.



adequately achieved by jumping up and down repeatedly while simultaneously shaking one's striking little bottom? Is it because we think we're mocking the system by dressing up as dim gigolos and winking at the judges? Perhaps we all secretly want to dump our education to join travelling nude circuses, but because our parents don't like the idea, House Singing has to be sufficient.

The Greeks used to have festivals within their strict, meticulously organised society, where everyone would go to the hills and embark on orgiastic ritual games and

amusements. House Singing is a milder version of a Greek orgy. Nobody gets torn to pieces literally, the costumes aren't quite as elaborate and nobody ever takes off their clothes, (that's just because of adorable adolescent insecurity), but it's the same kind of idea.

Everybody needs to "let off steam" once in a while and, sure, we do it on the weekend, but there is added exhilaration in the anarchic quality of sweating and stripping within the strict confines of school. The stricter the rules, the more likely people are to want to break them.

The great thing about House Singing is that you get the elation, as if you were breaking rules, but a week later people will have miraculously forgotten that you tripped over your high heels and fell flat on your face with your mother's skirt only just hiding your girlfriend's floral underwear.

House Singing is the only time each year where you can enact your most obscure teenage fantasies, with the added element of everyone watching you shake, shimmy and mesmerise yourself with your own brilliance, so enjoy it.

# ROBERT HOOKE MEMORIAL LECTURE

David Crosse (AHH VIth) attended this lecture.

**T**he problem with having a building named after you is that most people associate the name with the building, rather than the building with the person. To most Westminsterers, the name Robert Hooke means an annoying five minute walk to the ever-so-distant science centre on the far side of Smith Square. However, even pre-GCSE physicists will be able to relate the name Hooke to Hooke's Law, or at least to those memorable lessons stretching (or perhaps flicking) springs or elastic bands.

The tercentenary of Hooke's death is on March 3rd 2003, and in the lead up to this a number of public lectures on his life and his contribution to science have been organised. Professor Michael Cooper, of the School of Engineering City University (an expert on Hooke who, at the time of the lecture, was

writing a new biography of him) gave a repeat of his Royal Society public lecture at Gresham College, but this time within the four walls of School where Hooke was educated under the rod of Busby. Robert Hooke is perhaps one of the greatest of Westminster's alumni, yet, as Professor Cooper pointed out, he has lived for the three hundred years since his death very much in the shadow of his great rival and bitter enemy, Isaac Newton.

Professor Cooper talked about Hooke's life (sadly with only a passing reference to Westminster), and in detail about his early investigations into gravity. Indeed, he discussed Hooke's firm belief in the inverse square law for gravitation: Hooke knew it intuitively, but could not prove it, even though his experiments were well-designed but the materials and techniques for making

his special instruments (versions of which are still used today) were inadequate. Newton later proved the inverse square law mathematically, and it has always been known as "Newton's" Law of Universal Gravitation.

Professor Cooper also talked about Hooke's surveying of the City of London after the Great Fire, where he worked extensively on the rebuilding, in particular with Sir Christopher Wren (OW). Hooke's work in the City goes mainly unrecognized beside Wren's, partly because Hooke failed to hand in his survey book to the City when asked to do so. However, from other sources, Hooke can be identified as doing much of the work, even though he is only officially credited with a few buildings.

In the lecture, Professor Cooper made passing reference to much of Hooke's



## THE BROCK LECTURE

**T**he Brock Lecture had a certain air this year; perhaps it was excitement, generated by the thrill of young ladies following in the path of Marco Polo, or perhaps it was the odour of the Afghan camels, which had saturated the clothing of the two girls. Sophia Cunningham and Victoria Westmacott, along with two other university-friends, decided to retrace the long-dead Silk Road, using natural transport only. Although now

used for the trafficking of opium from former-USSR republics, the girls found few serious, or dangerous, difficulties along the way. Beginning in Tashkent, the girls travelled by horse through several countries ending in -stan, before having to swap beasts to the reliable, yet grumpy, Bactrian camel. The slides of the girls showed a beautiful countryside in hilly Kazakhstan, but then the rigours of desert-storms in the Gobi. Illness struck the travellers while in the

wilderness and, forced to visit a local "hospital", they managed to recover before undergoing "treatment". A more unusual malady affected one of the horses; having travelled through the night, and camped on a hillside, a trusty steed was found the next morning to have fallen unconscious; in fact, the local crop was marijuana, and the animal had overdosed while grazing. China posed a few problems, as impetus and tempers began to waste away,

other works, including, curiously, experiments in blood transfusion and skin grafts (!). Most intriguingly of all was how Hooke was able to amass £10,000 in cash which was found under his bed in an iron trunk after his death. Hooke died intestate and he had no children so presumably the government benefited from Hooke's savings.

Professor Cooper was a very detailed speaker and he ended by looking at Hooke's reputation and how he is remembered – there is, in fact, no public memorial to him in London: the only memorial was a nineteenth century stained-glass window in St Helen's Church, Bishopsgate (a picture of which is on Dr Beavon's website), and this was destroyed in the 1992 IRA bombing of the Baltic Exchange; there is no memorial in the Abbey; there is no portrait of him; and his science barely serves as a memorial since any claim to Hooke's priority over Newton in scientific matters was suppressed after his death by Newton and his well-known hatred of Hooke.

but the arrival was well met, even by a Times journalist. The turnout to this year's lecture justified the quality of the speaking and the audacity of the expedition. However, further followers of Mr. Polo may be interested to discover that he imagined his entire Travels while sitting in a Tuscan castle; certainly a more relaxing way to get a sun-tan.

Thanks are due to our speakers, to James Hooper for organizing the evening, to the School Society for funding the Lecture and Dan Greenwald (DD Rem) for organising the technical side of the talk.

George Richards (BB VIth)

Details of next year's Brock Lecture which takes place towards the end of Play Term will appear on the school Website nearer the time.

If you are interested in attending and do not receive an invitation please e-mail James Hooper (hooperj@westminster.org.uk).

## THE HENRY TIZARD MEMORIAL LECTURE

Any talk which begins by linking the fluoridation of a water supply to the growth of Communism is likely to be worth listening to either for its information or its entertainment. Sir Colin Berry, professor of Morbid Anatomy and Histopathology at the Royal London Hospital, provided both of these in plenty with his 2002 Tizard Memorial Lecture entitled *Risk, Science and Society: The Dangers of a Cautious Approach*, delivered on March 11th up School. News breaking during the year reminded us of the 2000 and 2001 Tizard lectures: the re-opening of the Leaning Tower of Pisa to the public and the continuing national concerns about foot-and-mouth disease, which, it seems, refuses to go peacefully. Sir Colin's subject was to prove similarly topical, but in a much broader and indeed more profound sense, for his very convincing arguments were to suggest that action taken by the public in response to a perceived risk actually increases the level of danger.

The entanglement of "risk" and "danger" is certainly a key issue when discussing safety and Sir Colin introduced his audience to an excellent definition wherein safety is a measure of the degree to which health or injury can be controlled in a group of people. The 'group of people' aspect proves vital, for actions that might well be beneficial to some might be hazardous to others, such as air-bags in cars. Moreover, the very concern experienced by the public in response to developments in medicine, the environment, etc, leads to somewhat irrational behaviour which produces further, sometimes greater, problems. Sir Colin demonstrated this "unintentional harm" with a variety of

examples which included the BSE and MMR vaccine problems and the Hatfield train crash, which he famously linked to an increase in road deaths as a result of people turning away, fearfully, from rail travel. He also reminded us of the need to be wary of how the media presents scientific data and this is particularly pertinent at a time when debates rage about the inter-relationship of the media-politics-science trinity.

Above all, however, it was evident that the complexity of the whole topic is heavily dependent upon the complexity of the society to which it relates. Often, seemingly inescapable logic is fundamentally flawed, as demonstrated by the invented fluoridation-Communism link cited earlier and the worryingly genuine uncritical recommendation of soy protein in diet (seriously proposed in newspaper articles and advertisements and based on the 'fact' that Japanese women do not get hot flushes). In the light of this and many other examples, Sir Colin urged his audience to think collectively and responsibly and to do what we can to influence and inform politicians, think-tanks and the like.

So, a most entertaining and informative talk, continuing to uphold the high standards one has come to expect at this event. The already delighted, large audience felt all the more privileged as Sir Colin announced that this was his last public lecture. Whilst a life on the golf course beckons, one rather suspects that the words of Professor Sir Colin Berry will still be sought and heard within the wide-ranging fields of his expertise as well as in the public domain. That is certainly the hope.

Kevin Walsh

# JOHN LOCKE SOCIETY

It is one of those invariable rituals of school life that, every Latin Prayers on a Wednesday morning, the Head Master announces the week's speaker just before the school's dismissal. Lower School classes customarily complain that they aren't allowed to come, but it is noticeable that, once they reach the august heights of Sixth Form, their thirst for knowledge is offset by that for a coffee, or by the latest work crisis. Attendance at John Locke ebbs and flows. A poor week is sixty, and a good week one hundred – though it can be twice that, if the name is big enough. This year's attendance figures are neither much better nor worse than usual, but it has been generally a good programme.

Politics was well represented this year. Professor Peter Hennessy, academic and TV pundit, talked (very well) about the secret world of government – right down to the handwritten instructions penned by Tony Blair in the event of a nuclear attack on Britain. Altogether more open, Lord Falconer spoke with irrepressible good humour and cheerful realism about the Dome débâcle, and his own role in it. Another thorny issue, the debate on fox-hunting, was aired very vigorously and engagingly by Baroness Mallalieu, Leader of the Countryside Alliance, who is using her position in the Lords to try to oppose the wishes of many in her own party.

The Opposition got a look in too. Ex Minister Tim Yeo took us on a good-tempered romp on all that was wrong with the present government, and expressed his optimism that the Tories (and he) would soon be back in office. Less funny altogether was the fact that former Cabinet Minister Norman Tebbit had to postpone his talk at the last moment, because of the ongoing need to care for his wife, crippled at the time of the Brighton Bombing at the hands of the IRA nearly twenty years ago. His place was taken by another Tory MP (and OW) Michael Trend – another determined optimist.

The Law, once memorably described as an ass, provided two very distinguished visitors. One was the Recorder of the Old Bailey, Michael Hyam, who spoke modestly and with feeling on the subject of criminal justice generally, and ran through a potted history of past holders of his office. Another visitor from the Upper House was Lord

Goldsmith, the Attorney General himself, who spoke incisively and intriguingly about the arcane office he now occupies, and ruminated in particular upon his recent responsibilities in ensuring the continued anonymity of the killers of James Bulger, now released from prison, and the subject of unwanted attention from the media.

Ah, yes – the media. Long criticised for bringing in the entire population on the Guardian's payroll, I made a determined effort this year to steer a middle ground. It may have gone too far the other way. Charles Moore, Editor of *The Daily Telegraph*, was a clever and balanced speaker, who assured us that his paper was nothing at all like the horrible *Daily Mail*. We then had a visit from Simon Heffer, the ultimate right wing polemicist who assured us that (a) the *Daily Mail* was not, in fact, horrible and (b) that New Labour were. He was strange territory for most of our audience, but passionate and clever and his visit was a thoroughly enjoyable one.

The Arts received some fine coverage in this year's programme. Perhaps the most single brilliant speaker of the year was Gerald Scarfe. This hugely talented artist overcame all the usual hiccoughs associated when the John Locke Society needs to arrange technical backup, and his pictures were not merely a huge delight to see in themselves, but the commentary he provided alongside was self-deprecating, funny and trenchant. Altogether more sedate was a visit from the novelist Elizabeth Jane Howard, onetime wife of the late Kingsley Amis and a significant figure in letters for five decades. She spoke rather poignantly on the extent to which girls of her age and background had lacked formal education, and the extent to which writing represented for her a vehicle for thwarted ambition. Lacking any sense of being thwarted at anything at all (save by the absence of a slide projector) was sculptor Antony Gormley, whose talk was one of the most ambitious in recent years, and also highly successful. Speaking about the function of sculpture in general, and in more detail about some of his own past and present contributions to the genre, he commanded the complete concentration of his audience, and earned a lot of applause. This was matched at least by the reception given to flamenco guitarist Paco Pena: he

claimed not to be a good speaker, but spoke eloquently about the historical origins of flamenco, and – guitar in hand – accompanied his story with a wonderful series of his own virtuosity and genius. Somehow, the inevitable question about his most famous pupil – 'So how good is Tony Blair on the guitar?' – didn't seem to matter very much. Another virtuoso – and artist – was culinary genius Raymond Blanc, founder and owner of *Le Manoir aux Quat'Saisons*. He looked perplexed for about five seconds on arrival – presumably because your average John Locke audience is not exactly his usual constituency – but then launched into a frankly histrionic reminiscence of his early days in England (*Mon Dieu!* The food. *C'était execrable!*) and the slow road to stardom. Nobody could doubt his passion, or his sense of fun. Pleading a prior engagement in town, he neatly sidestepped my invitation to stay for lunch *chez Westminster*.

Governments are very keen that schools should teach 'spiritual values'. The idea of formalising and isolating such an abstruse notion still seems to me faintly ludicrous and embarrassing. On the other hand, it is a pleasure to invite people to speak who are trying to engage in real social and personal issues, and leading by example. For instance, Jane Asher's visit allowed us the chance to see not merely a famous actress and cake maestro but someone doing a lot of practical work. Her talk was on the world of autism in general, and the problem of Asperger's Syndrome in particular. The latter, while profoundly disabling, is also common enough for everyone to need to know and – from there – to attempt to understand the condition better. Miss Asher was highly polished and very accessible in style, and the questions came thick and fast afterwards. Unintentionally, it led the way for a packed, good-natured (and perhaps not over-organised) talk on Westminster School PHAB led by members of the Remove who had been on the week long course last July. Yet it had its own eloquence, too – not least because of the extent to which people disclaimed any kind of credit for having attended the course itself. They'd gone, they said, because it was fun: occasionally difficult and sometimes exhausting – but, overwhelmingly, fun. Virginia Ironside, the agony aunt of *The Independent*, had opened the year's programme – sensibly, but perhaps because of generational differences, it had felt a slightly subdued occasion. That missing sense of fun was precisely what perme-



ated the talk of radio and newspaper agony columnist Dr Pam Spurr. Her talk – Sex and the Media – was just one of the reasons which ensured a capacity audience at a late and normally somewhat apathetic point in the term. She skilfully mixed anecdote and good sense, and above all a warning: that people, overwhelmingly, tend to hear what they want to hear. It was sober advice, wrapped up very engagingly.

The single speaker of the year who fits into no easy category was Sir Tony O'Reilly. A former British Lions record try-scorer, ex-CEO of Heinz and vastly rich and genial entrepreneur, he is by any standards an exceptional man. I was excited when he agreed to come, because I had been working away on him for five years, but as the days to his visit sped past, it did occur to me that he might simply be too much from another generation and world to mean a lot. In an audience filled to overflowing, he fulfilled every hope I had, partly by being a supreme story teller, and also by having so much to say. It is one of his skills to intuit any audience very fast, and he moved quickly into questioning the casual anti-Americanism of many European liberals, as well as looking critically and affectionately at his own beloved Ireland. It was, I thought, a great day.

Next term promises more: among others, firebrand Labourite Gwyneth Dunwoody, Archer-busting journalist Michael Crick, Channel 4's Jon Ronson and – at last – Lord Tebbit. I hope these will all come to pass, and experience tells me it will be all right.

But you never know. Some of the most experienced chefs allegedly still break into sweat whenever they coddle an egg. I know how they feel: even after eight years of running the John Locke Society, I still feel my stomach churning ever so slightly on a Wednesday morning.

David Hargreaves

## CHARITIES

**I**wonder how much thought you give to Westminster's support for charities. Are you curious about the fundraising that takes place in the school? How do we raise money for charity and which charities do we support? How is it decided which charities to support? If you have never asked yourself (or anyone else) such questions, I hope that from now on you will.

You will probably have realised that money for charity is raised through school plays, concerts and 'shag' days, the not insignificant sum of several thousands of pounds in total. To give an example, a 'shag' day raises between one and one and a half thousand pounds. Much of the work on concerts and plays takes place in Houses, yielding smaller but nevertheless significant sums of money. Sometimes a House will raise money in a different way, through a cake sale or a Valentine's day event, all aspects of fundraising we have been able to enjoy in this academic year.

So where does the money go, and who decides? Often a House decides to support a particular charity because there is enthusiasm amongst some or all of its members for a particular cause. When I am counting this money, I am encouraged by the fact that pupils have been involved in choosing its final destination. Examples this year include Médecins sans Frontières, Trinity Hospice, Great Ormond Street Hospital and ORBIS, a charity working to correct

sight problems in poorer countries of the world. On other occasions a member of staff will have encountered an aspect of charitable work which they are keen to support, such as Mr Smith's suggestion that money from the first 'shag' day this year be sent to the Jacaranda Homestead in Swaziland, where children and young people who have suffered abuse and illness are cared for (more on that some other time...). Individual pupils have also written to the Head Master or contacted myself or Dr Katz (Chairman of Westminster School Charities) about a charity in which they have a particular interest. I am always happy to receive such requests and will do my best to accommodate them.

Most of all, however, I hope that reading this article will not only inform you but also cause you to question what else can be done in the school to raise money. Perhaps I will be lynched for saying this, but it does strike me that much of the money we raise (although not all, by any means), does not require us to give much of ourselves, 'shag' days being the most obvious example. I would like to hear your ideas about fundraising or other kinds of support, and to thank all of you for being generous with your money; parents, staff and pupils alike. A special 'thank you' is also due to those who have put in time and effort, often anonymously. I hope that there will be even greater involvement and fresh ideas in the next academic year.

Emma Brown

## THE TOR TO TOR WALK

**T**his year due to foot and mouth, the annual Lyke Wake Walk on the Yorkshire moors had to be recreated on Dartmoor. Rumours that this marked a move towards less rigour proved unfounded; torture, fatigue and masochism were successfully retained.

Thirty intrepid Westminsters disappeared into the darkness; only compasses and torches lay between epic victory and ignominious defeat. Clothed in his red cashmere coat, Mr Davies cooked the sausages. Mr Hinze, brandishing his five hours worth of preparation, convinced us of the virtues of Perspex files and Mrs Jackman raised morale whilst singing the previous night's House Songs.

Amid insomniac hallucinations we developed our affection for the Dartmoor bog, the frogs, and the dense fog which turned torches into light sabres. In the small hours of Sunday, our only means of navigation was by travelling on the same bearing for five hours, fluctuated by a degree or two by Mr Hooper to assure us of his competence. Apart from his beaming smile throughout the whole night, we would not have been kept so motivated were it not for the fact that we were walking through a shooting range which would become live at 7 o'clock the next day. We narrowly escaped, by half an hour, the horses sent round by the army to clear the range. Whilst Westminsters collapsed into the luxury of their sleeping bags, Mrs Jackman, Dr Ward-Smith and Mr Davies slumped it in the local hotel. Like all true leaders, Mr Hooper indulged in the comfort of his tent.

David Powell (CC VIth)



HE WHO CAN, DOES,  
HE WHO CANNOT, TEACHES

## CHEMISTRY RESEARCH

Peter Hughes has had a paper accepted by an international journal as a result of original research carried out at the school. He outlines the details below and Jason Ho (GG VIth) and Dorothee Duvaux (DD VIth) give students' views of the work involved.

### VIEWPOINT DOROTHÉE DUVAUX

Having been faced with chemical research, which I chose to do as part of my options, I can perhaps say that I now understand better what it must be like devoting your whole career to that particular field. Not having the slightest idea of what results you might get becomes totally normal or if being lucky enough that you feel that you might be able to suggest a hypothesis it is most likely that that will be proved wrong. Reaching a dead-end, having run out of thoughts, perseverance is crucial and stimulated by it all, you will find an incentive to carry on once started!

It is true that research has nothing to do with the comparatively simple class experiments but becomes quickly quite fascinating as you embark on an unexpected route. I have been helping Dr Hughes along with Jason Ho in his research on organic reactions for a term now and I can rightly say that I am finding this very useful for my Chemistry A-Level and practical skills as well as for broadening my knowledge and getting a feel for real science!

I have always been irked by George Bernard Shaw's condemnation of the teaching profession. Many people choose teaching rather than doing something else. If you teach full-time, it is not possible to find time to do research or do much original writing. Fortunately, for me, the situation changed when I retired from full-time teaching seven years ago.

One of the pleasures of teaching is to follow up questions raised by pupils in class. Usually the answer is clear-cut, sometimes it is diffuse and occasionally it is unknown. I often ask myself why school chemistry is accepted as being correct, even though much of it is based on research carried out more than a 100 years ago. The answer seems to be that once a statement has been incorporated into a text-book, it is accepted as gospel truth and as such is copied uncritically from one book to another. The result is that many quite obvious errors continue to be perpetuated.

These errors fall into several categories. Many are simple misunderstandings or wishful thinking by the author. Others ignore recent work. A few arise because

no-one has thought it worthwhile to investigate them further.

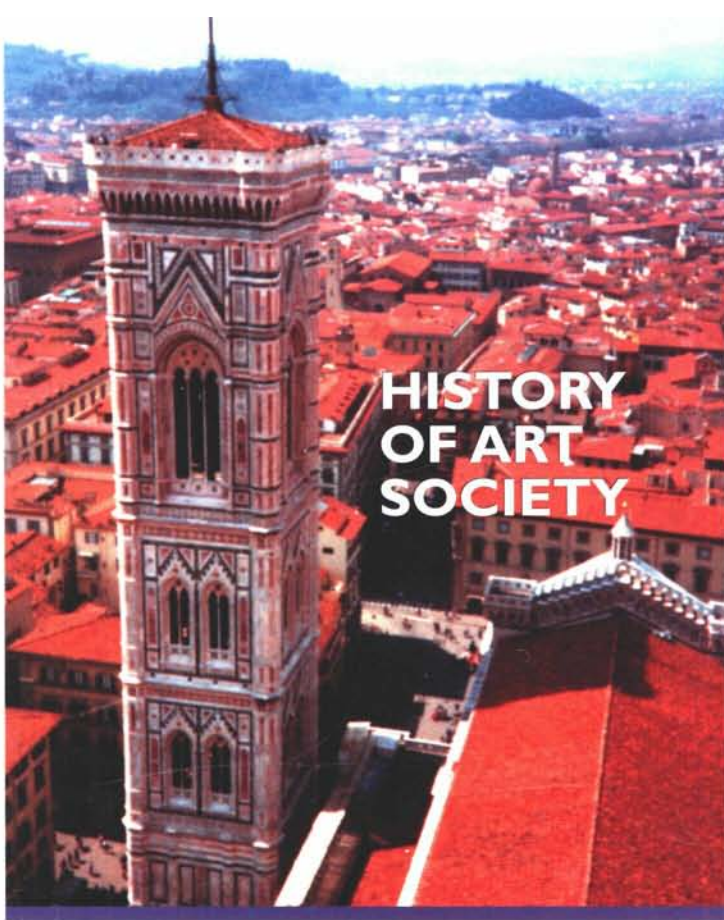
It is this last category that interests me most. I have identified half-a-dozen problems that can be investigated by A-level students with apparatus we have at school. The results of one of these investigations has recently been published in a journal of the Royal Society of Chemistry (*Perkin Transactions 2*). This is considered to be one of the most prestigious chemical journals in the country. I believe that this is the first time that a school has had a paper published in it, and certainly it is the first time that a paper has appeared which includes work done by pupils at school.

At present we are concentrating on two other projects. One is being studied by Robert Shaw (GG Rem) and David Crosse (AHH VIth) and the other by Dorothee Duvaux and Jason Ho. The main problem is to find long enough periods of time in which to carry out any useful work.

It would be nice to have another paper written during the coming year.

### VIEWPOINT JASON HO

Together with Dorothee Duvaux I have been performing quantitative tests on the oxidation reactions of several organic compounds using different Manganese oxidising agents such as Manganic fluoride ( $MnF_3$ ). The work has certainly proved to be a useful insight into the difficulties, intricacies and labours of any kind of research, since a good deal of patience is certainly required before an experiment yields a satisfying outcome. The Chemistry research project has also been a fine opportunity to put our practical skills to good use, and we have certainly found the task of overcoming experimental difficulties very challenging and intriguing.



# HISTORY OF ART SOCIETY

The year of the History of Art Society lectures commenced in September with a lecture from the Hon. Anna Somers Cocks. Feeling utterly daunted by the unique and 'Post-Modern masterpieces of oratorical fireworks' which were the introductions of my predecessor, Staten Roeg, I was given the task of introducing her to a combination of parents and pupils. This formidable and articulate woman was both the editor of *The Art Newspaper* and Executive Chairman of Venice in Peril. An eminent art historian, her love of Venice and Italy in general could be likened to E. M. Forster's character, Miss Lavish, in 'A Room with a View' and it was with this enthusiasm that only the English could have about a foreign city that she promoted her charity 'Venice in Peril'. Her talk included a number of different slides of Venice, which rekindled the love for it of those who had visited it and instilled in those who had not a strong desire to do so as soon as possible. She spoke largely with regret about the deterioration of the city due to the erosion, highlighting the enormous irony of Venice, namely that its quality as a city on water is both what makes it unique and so well loved and what is ultimately leading to its destruction. It was an excellent lecture with which to begin the year as it was accessible to both those studying history of art and those who were perhaps coming to the society for the first time, as a gentle introduction to the subject that

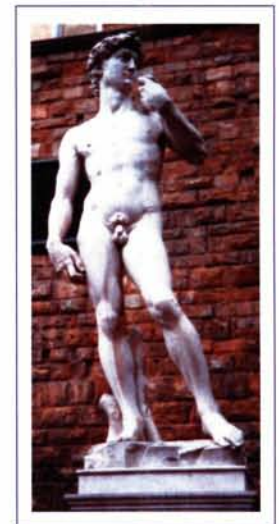
their son or daughter had recently begun. It was also refreshing to look at the subject from a more science or geography-based point of view, and indeed some geographers were there.

The second lecture in the following month was given by Ghislaine Kenyan, who is the Education Officer at the National Gallery. Her talk was entitled 'Don't Mention the War' and in it she explored the realms of German art, which at the stage had not been touched on in our A-Level course. It was a good taster of things to come and demonstrated the German fascination with the grotesque which surprisingly resulted in colourful beauty. Dr. Elizabeth Baquadano presented the third lecture, which was about Frieda Kahlo. Dr. Baquadano talked about the tragic life of the fellow Mexican and the way in which her exotic roots and accident shaped her identity which was what characterised her style. She also questioned the idea that Kahlo was a Surrealist, giving the argument that it was primarily her own life, and not the notions of the Surrealist movement, which shaped her unique style. The talk featured several slides, which proved her to be a fascinating person as well as an immensely creative and skilful artist.

The fourth History of Art Society meeting of the year was the annual John House lecture. With his usual Old Westminster loud good humour he gave

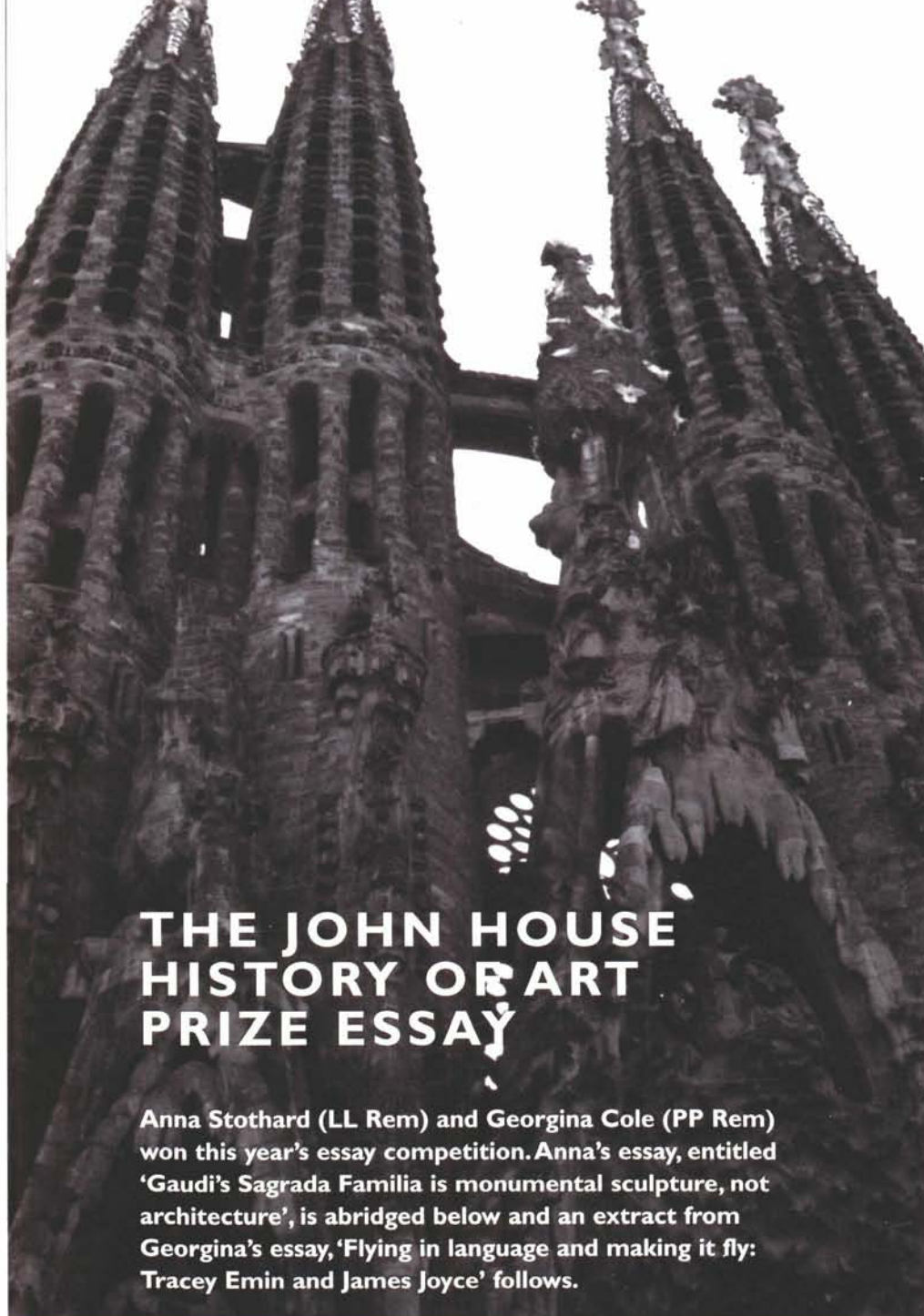
out the John House essay prizes to Georgina Cole and Anna Stothard (who received first prize for their essays on James Joyce and Tracey Emin, and Gaudí respectively) and Janezka Le Port and Natasha Hoare (who received second prize for their essays on Wolfgang Tillmans and Käthe Kollwitz). Professor House is Professor of History of Art at the Courtauld and an expert on Monet and it was therefore Monet whom he spoke about. His talk was largely centred around *The Bathers at La Grenouillère*, the area La Grenouillère in general and the society which frequented it. The last lecture was given by Tom Parsons, who took the Remove to Florence last year with Art History Abroad. He works for the company and also teaches part time at a school

in Ascot. The subject of his talk was clearly a passion of his, indeed it is also the subject of his PhD, and charted the relationship and rivalry between Matisse and Picasso, a task which Tate Modern aims to realise in its forthcoming exhibition this summer. His interactive, youthful and charmingly sparse English style meant that the talk was both a revision of old ideas and a development of new ones, linking the two great artists of the 20th Century.



Overall the year has been an opportunity to look back at subjects covered in class through the new and diverse eyes of eminent individuals from the fields of both art and science. As well as this it allowed us to take a step back from the syllabus, covering other aspects of art and allowing a better comprehension of the history of art, in much the same way that Professor House would urge a student to occasionally view a Seurat from the other side of the room so that, for once, all the dots blur into one.

Sophie Priestley (LL Rem)



## THE JOHN HOUSE HISTORY OF ART PRIZE ESSAY

**Anna Stothard (LL Rem) and Georgina Cole (PP Rem) won this year's essay competition. Anna's essay, entitled 'Gaudi's Sagrada Familia is monumental sculpture, not architecture', is abridged below and an extract from Georgina's essay, 'Flying in language and making it fly: Tracey Emin and James Joyce' follows.**

### GAUDI'S SAGRADA FAMILIA

Everyday that the original heart of the Sagrada Familia is added to, Gaudi's masterpiece is being transformed into a piece of architecture. However, until there is a choir singing in the forest of columns as Gaudi intended and until the people of Barcelona can worship there, it is not yet an example of architecture. Pending the day it is finished it remains a monumental work of sculpture. In order to understand this we have to isolate it from its past, its future and its city. We only think of the Sagrada Familia as architecture because we cannot extract the essence of the building from cultural presumptions.

There is always an overlap in different executions of art forms. Surrealist art in the twentieth century used concepts derived from surrealist poetry, Michelangelo's New Sacristy in the Medici Chapel, Florence, uses elements of sculpture to create atmosphere. Likewise there are architectural forms in the Sagrada Familia, even though the end product is actually sculpture. The staircase, for example, with its seething, smooth edges, is architectural but not practical. The stained glass windows are so overgrown by animals and leaves that they are almost invisible and the three columns on the façade are not large enough even to pretend that they

are holding up the huge weight of the cathedral. There are architectural Gothic-style arches in the Sagrada Familia, but they are highly distorted by the sculptural quality in the carving of the stone, which looks like it is kneaded by hand.

The four turrets on the Sagrada Familia are reminiscent of Gothic turrets, such as those on Cologne Cathedral, but Gaudi's turrets are about movement, not structure. They stand like stalagmites fighting gravity. The innovative sculpture, created by a wonderful use of carving and an understanding of gravity, overpowers the traditional architecture and makes it into a work of sculpture. Gaudi is original crucially because he oversteps the borderline between architecture and sculpture.

I asked Prof. Gueilburt, the director of the Gaudi study centre in Barcelona, whether he thought Gaudi was an architect or a sculptor. He said: 'You do not live in a sculpture, so it is just about the artist's vision. In architecture, however, people must live. It is the presence of bedrooms, bathrooms, practical things, which stop Gaudi from being

a sculptor.' But architecture is fundamentally a practical art form and the Sagrada Familia has none of the practical contingents of architecture which the professor describes.

Webster's Dictionary defines architecture as 'the design of any structure for living or working in'. There is no point in having a beautiful façade without a door, a house without a kitchen or for that matter a Cathedral which has no ceiling in a city where the sun does not always shine. Gaudi meant the Sagrada Familia to be a place where poor people could go and pray to the holy family, and plans exist which prove the artist's intention to create an architectural

architectural monument. There is a door, which is a start, but the essence of what Gaudi erected in his lifetime is less viable as architecture than it is as an awe-inspiring work of sculpture.

Pevsner, in *An outline of architecture*, describes the three ways in which a building can provoke a reaction in the senses. Firstly there is the two dimensional way, which he calls the painter's way, shown by how the proportions of a building are used. Secondly there is 'the treatment of the exterior of a building as a whole,' which Pevsner describes as the sculptor's way because it treats the building as volume. Thirdly Pevsner describes the importance of 'the effect on our senses of the treatment of the interior, the sequence of rooms, the widening out of a nave at the crossing, the stately movement of a Baroque staircase.' The Sagrada Familia is a colossal building that provokes an extreme reaction of the senses, but not by its treatment of the interior, because it has no interior. The Sagrada Familia's link with Pevsner's definition is in the treatment of its exterior as a volume and a plastic unit: the sculptor's way.

Gaudi was inspired by Gothic churches and in the School of Architecture where he studied he was taught from a strongly neo-Gothic point of view. The influence of the church and the existence of many great Catalan Gothic buildings all expressed Catalan power in its prime. Gothic architecture is organic and many of the free standing sculptures would be impressive out of context, but Gaudi took everything a step further by making the entire structure one huge organic sculpture.

Gaudi believed that everything structural or ornamental that an architect could imagine already existed in natural form. The snail shells leave glutinous trails which melt into the ribbing of the roof. The slippery organisms and animals are part of Gaudi's arches and none of the sculpture would flourish out of context. All of the shapes work together, balanced somehow in the chaos by the echo of nature. The shell of the snail from the façade is repeated in the spiral handrail of the dizzying staircase, the trees and birds grow up, yet are perfectly balanced by the dramatic downward thrust of the melting stone. Gothic architecture tames nature to fit a geometric, practical structure but Gaudi lets his inspiration run free by breaking the bonds of geometry.

Prof. Gueilburt believed that while sculptures in Gothic architecture are often impressive even when looked at out of context, the individual figures or forms from the Sagrada Familia are not, and the professor used this lack of small details as an argument for why the Sagrada Familia was not sculpture. I do not believe this argument is valid because much of the brilliance of the monument is found in the size and chaotic arrangement of all the elements together. Gaudi is not just depicting one figure, but almost the whole of biblical history. Each crease between Joseph's eyes and each scale of a lizard might not be dazzling when viewed in isolation, but seeing any part of the building in isolation from the rest would be like judging The Apollo Belvedere on the evidence derived from one lock of stone hair. The argument

es so he used inclining columns that transmitted the load straight to earth. He treats the piers like tree trunks and they lean inwards to counteract the thrust of the vaults. The Sagrada Familia's wall structure, as Walter Gropius said in 1932, does have a 'prophetic technical perfection,' and the design, even though the execution was cut short by Gaudi's death in 1926, is spectacularly intricate.

In the Sagrada Familia museum there are plaster cast models, some original, showing Gaudi's designs for his Cathedral. They are behind glass, just like plaster sculptures might be in a gallery. On this small scale Gaudi's work seems particularly sculptural. The reason that we do not see the Sagrada Familia as sculpture is that we are not used to sculpture of this enormous



can easily be turned on its head to help prove that the Sagrada Familia is sculpture, because it seems to be one huge image, not a lot of bits fitted together in an architectural way as the sculptural bits of Gothic buildings seem to be.

It is important to note that while I am claiming that the Sagrada Familia is a work of sculpture, I am not trying to claim that Gaudi necessarily meant it to be so. He thought of himself as an architect and studied the resistance of materials, stress analysis, perspective drawing, mechanics, topography and sketching. However, he did not think of himself as a good draughtsman and found it more fulfilling to improvise much of his work on site, in the same way that a sculptor might work more from inspiration than from a definitive plan.

From notes Gaudi made before he died, it is clear that he had an architectural fascination for optimum structural solutions that discarded all conventional devices. He thought that the buttresses used in Gothic cathedrals made the buildings look as if they were on crutch-

scale, nor are we used to it being interactive. Convention suggests that as we can sit on the turtles at the front of the Sagrada Familia and because they hold up columns, they are more architecture than sculpture. But even a cursory study of the carved faces of the tense little turtles, or the sardonic grin of the lizards, or the frown of the geese, or the flawless curves of the staircase, make it much more rewarding as sculpture than as eccentric architecture. If it is architecture then it is flawed by being incomplete; if it is sculpture then it is magnificent for the same reason.

If when we look at the Sagrada Familia we ignore what the space might look like in the future or what it was intended to be, then we see that until the last stone is mounted and a religious service is held, the Sagrada Familia will remain a piece of monumental sculpture. It is not architecture because it is emotional rather than practical, lively and dream-like rather than useful, spiritual and organic rather than human.

Anna Stothard

Georgina Cole's essay starts overleaf...



## THE JOHN HOUSE HISTORY OF ART PRIZE ESSAY

“FLYING IN LANGUAGE AND MAKING IT FLY”  
TRACEY EMIN AND JAMES JOYCE

Tracey Emin asserts, “Keeping secrets is one of the most dangerous things you can do. I’m interested in cracking them open and revealing things.” Emin is undoubtedly deciphering her own past, through confession, analysis and the reprisal of her deeply traumatic background. James Joyce in creating the persona of Stephen Dedalus, in his autobiographical novel *A Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man* (1916), is also addressing his past. Reading an interview, in which Tracey Emin referred to Joyce as “a true artist” and suggested that when she writes “it’s the stream of consciousness that I enjoy”, inspired me to compare particular themes across their different genres of art; including their use of symbolism, epiphany and the concealing of identity within self portraiture.

Both artists use symbolism in order to convey a sub textual idea, Emin in examining and revealing her past, and Joyce in an evolving progression as Dedalus grows. The symbolism of the sea encompasses both their works, as well as that of birds which motivated me to view their art in terms of Helene Cixous’s “flying high” image. Emin’s critical analysis of herself from conception up to 1995 in the Super-8 film, *CV Cunt Vernacular* (1997) encompasses the most tragic and sordid events in her past, and concurrently leads the viewer voyeuristically around her own flat, including shots of her dirty floor, squalid bathroom and accumulation of her most personal

belongings. The slow, probing movements of the invasive Super-8 camera and the simultaneous emotional narrative gives the viewer an uncomfortable sense of almost having stolen the self portrait. This sense of the reflection of life into art being too voyeuristic and probing also begs the question of the ways in which artists choose to protect themselves and how self portraiture can also be manipulated, as Emin herself says; “I don’t really want anyone to come in here- to see inside of me- to see inside my mind.”

The recurring symbolism of birds can be traced throughout *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and is also adopted in Emin’s work. Joyce’s symbolism increases gradually in the novel until Dedalus begins to analyse the imagery which has surrounded him from his youth. This is in contrast to the symbolism in Emin’s work, which, just as the “stream of consciousness” develops, unfolds consistently to the viewer. In Emin’s exhibition at the South London Gallery in 1997 a flock of plaster sea gulls fly past a wall which screams out the statement; “I NEED ART LIKE I NEED GOD.”

The title of the work is ‘In my family, when someone dies, their bodies are cremated and the ashes thrown across the sea’, (1997) suggests that the flock has become a family emblem in the way the sea became a metaphor for the succession of generations and a link to her home town, Margate. However, she

also uses the symbol to indicate her escape from Margate and her departure from conformism, following with her living out her independent life according to her own expectations. Emin herself describes her escape from teenage promiscuity in her video ‘Why I never became a Dancer’ (1995) saying; “By the time I was 15 I’d had them all And for me Margate was too small.”

This choice to depart from the “petty provincialism” of Margate can be compared to Joyce’s flight from Ireland and tethering of his ties with both the Catholic Church and his own family. Emin herself freely admits the symbolism of birds in her past and in her art. In her most recent exhibition, ‘You Forgot to Kiss My Soul’, (2001) a self portrait consisting of a “smaller than life” helter-skelter has a tiny sparrow flying from the top of it. This minuscule stuffed bird again is symbolic of Emin’s escape and she described it as “my beautiful serene idea about *myself* perched on top of a helter-skelter.”

The imagery of birds can be ambiguous, while often the symbol of poetic imagination and the flight of the soul, the specific bird of the seagull in many of Emin’s Super-8 films conjures up instead hostility, especially in the context of one Margate film, where immediately after discussing the abusive boys she knew there, sea gulls are seen pecking violently on the ground. What some viewers at the South London Gallery

Above and below:  
Details from Tracey  
Emin – ‘I could have  
really loved you.  
In my family when  
someone dies they  
are cremated and  
their ashes are  
thrown across  
the sea.’ 1997.  
Eleven plaster seagulls.  
Photo courtesy of  
Stephen White.



I NEED ART LIKE

fail to see is that inscribed onto Emin's flock flying above them, are words. Just as Emin's seagulls have imprinted words on their wings, they also become a symbol, subtly reading, "I could have really loved you." Cixous goes on to point out that taking flight is a rite of passage and that it is something necessary for every individual to do. She addresses the difficulty in achieving this by highlighting the juxtaposition originally suggested in the French word *voler* meaning both to fly and to steal away.

In the last chapter of the final section of the narrative of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Dedalus standing outside the library of his university is suddenly confronted with the symbol of the bird, which reminds him of the symbol of his own name. He then begins to compare himself to a classical writer and the colonnades of the library to an "ancient temple". He then links the symbol to Yeats' *The Countess Cathleen*. He recalls the line in which the dying countess compares herself to a swallow taking a last look at her nest before flying away to "wander the waters". Dedalus is therefore interpreting the bird as a symbol of departure, especially in the light of their migration, his impending flight from Ireland, and Joyce's decisive exodus from Ireland in 1902. Yet as Yeats is also known as the solitary artist, Dedalus is expressing a fear that such a decisive shedding of his family, religion and native country may result in isolation, "Symbol of departure or loneliness?" He is irrevocably driven by his desire to "forge...the uncreated conscience of my race", but the symbolism and Joyce's actual past suggests the difficulty of taking flight.

Joyce compares his yearning to communicate through art by saying "His throat ached with a desire to cry aloud, the cry of a hawk or eagle on high, to cry piercingly of his deliverance to the winds." However, rather than conjuring up

creativity, the "hawk" and the "eagle" suggest aggression. When Dedalus is questioning the morality of the girl he loves, Joyce again adopts the symbol, asking if "Her heart" can be as "simple and wilful" as "a bird's." Dedalus is confronted with a sense of not conforming, similar to that which Joyce felt all his life, whether as a growing artist in Dublin, or a recognised writer in Europe. Joyce was able to take flight but felt he never truly escaped. This sentiment ties in with the story of Icarus' fall and links back to Helene Cixous's point that *voler* also means steal away. His surname alone is already open to interpretation, although Dedalus often entreats his "artificer" to protect him, including the very last line of the novel;

"27 April: Old father, old artificer,  
stand me now and ever in good stead."

It is ambiguous whether he is asking Icarus for support (a precarious request, considering that he fell to his death), or taking the part of Icarus and beseeching Daedalus to take his part at the crucial moment, letting him become the father and "create his own labyrinth." Yet his first name reminds the reader of martyrdom and piety for the sake of the Catholic Church, an association Stephen, as Daedalus or Icarus is wishing to escape from. Both Emin and Joyce use the symbol of the bird to explore their exodus from Margate and Dublin, as they reflect on their pasts and create a sense of idiosyncrasy in their self portraiture.

Tracey Emin's dealer, Jay Jopling observes, "Tracey has become an Every-woman by laying her soul bare and allowing the public to feed off it. An artist's identity has never been as open as Tracey's."

However Emin herself admits that while her "art is about my life" she is not communicating every aspect of it into her art. Her video *The Interview* also raises the question of self portrai-

ture and the idea that there can be several ways of conveying the truth about oneself. Although Emin's 1999 Turner Prize entry, *My Bed* was in fact hers, where she spent five desolate days, she comments that;

"People thinks it's a deluge of the truth, but it isn't, because everything is edited...*My Bed* was completely contrived and considered... it's got to have a reason for existing and my own existence doesn't justify it."

Similarly, while it cannot be suggested that Dedalus is the young Joyce, many of his characteristics can be traced back to Joyce's flight, including his egoism.

As Emin illustrates, her work, as well as her life is about flight, "Whether or not my art is the truth, or whether or not it's honest, it's real and then it goes into the world and becomes something else." This is a view that Joyce seems to share, as in the epiphany in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, where Dedalus begins his movement towards being a "Young artist" as well as a "Young Man", the symbol of the bird is again adopted. Significantly, standing by the sea, "a faint click comes to his heart" and he becomes enraptured by the sight of a girl standing in the sea whom he compares to a bird. This is inspired by the way she has tucked her skirts around her waist, exposing her limbs with the pale white of her skin appearing to Dedalus as soft feathers. As Dedalus is entranced by this vision "touched with the wonder of mortal beauty", he rejects his fanatical devotion to religion and through Joyce's imagery his release can be seen as another form of flight. This central "flying in language", links once again to Emin's insistence on her own flight and the use of the bird in her art, as MacLeish writes;  
"A poet should be wordless  
As the flight of birds."

Georgina Cole



## HISTORY OF ART REMOVE TRIP TO PARIS

We felt ready to brave Paris and its countless masterpiece morgues. Paris however felt differently, as did its museums which decided to strike en masse. But arguably we left with an experience far more French than what the Musée d'Orsay would have imparted on us, the experience of the French grève or strike for the (fortunately) uninitiated.

Although much time was spent trying to forge our way into museums, and repeatedly failing, we did have the chance to discover a few lesser known



museums with much more charm than those trampled by the hoi polloi seeking a bite of culture. The lovely Musée Marmottan in particular springs to mind, as does the Musée Picasso. The Marmottan collection is perhaps strongest on its series of late Monet paintings, but the other rooms which provide a slightly more eclectic mixture of some lesser known Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works in a relaxed homely setting. The Musée Picasso was perhaps the most fascinating for us, mainly because of the extensive collection which bridges every style and medium the artist experimented in and also partly because of the setting where Picasso lived for many years and interestingly it had some of his own collec-

tion of paintings and African artifacts. Naturally we visited the Louvre, but I think that that daylong, exhausting visit is self explanatory – the Mona Lisa and countless Madonnas clutching their infants. We also visited the exuberant stained glass of the Sainte Chapelle and on the other end of the spectrum the Musée D'Art Moderne, an interesting, if rather clinical display.

Do not, however, believe that it was all museums and cultures for us...it was half-term after all. It all began with a slightly frenetic dinner which involved

moving around in complicated sequences at every course. We girls were most disappointed to leave behind our French wine to be guzzled by the loutish boys. Then came the discovery of a

Mexican themed bar where many an evening was spent dancing on the bar before returning to the comfortable hostel and chatting the night away, much to Mrs. Cockburn's and Dr Jacobi's exasperation. The last evening was spent in a cavernous jazz club, among locals, some even wearing berets and quite probably striking too.

All in all it was a fun trip and even the gaps between deciding which museum to go to were suitably filled by a crêpe shop behind the Musée D'Orsay. Thanks must be given to the History of Art Department, and of course to the essential sustenance of Nutella-filled crêpes, which we indulged in at every opportunity. Isabel Chick (DD Rem)

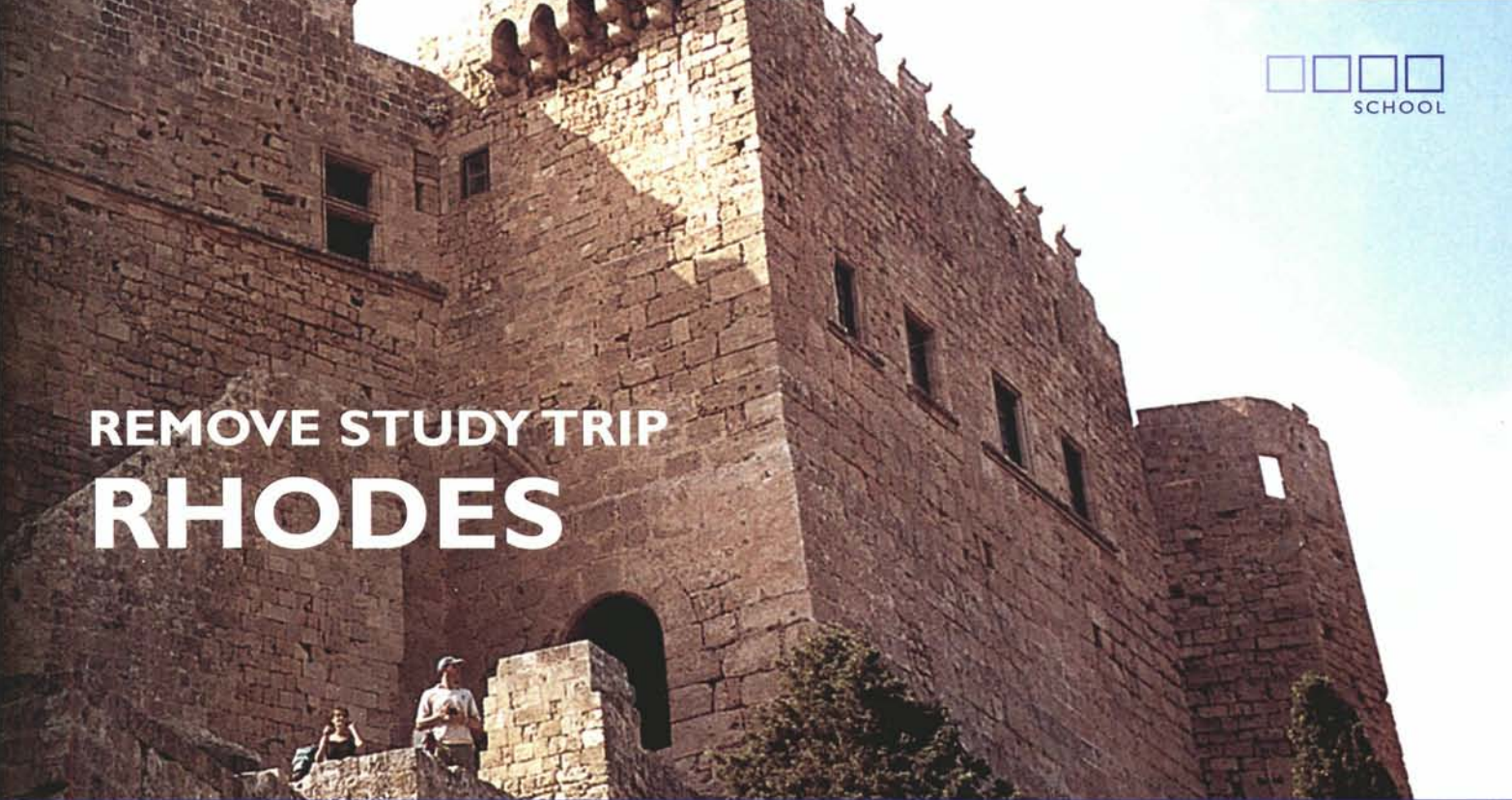


Once upon a time, at some ungodly hour in the morning, a group of the intellectual master-race (Oxbridge Classics candidates) peeled back their duvets and prepared themselves for a week of indescribable Bacchic debauchery on the sun-kissed isle of Rhodes. What followed was not too similar to what some might have imagined, but so it was that we set off: teachers, pupils, and high hopes.

It was very soon after arriving at Lindos, the small town that was to be our home for the week, that we understood the enormity of the problem facing a foreigner wishing to experience a little Greek culture: there was little Greek culture. Other than the taverna owners (for even the waiters and bar staff were barbaroi) there were no Greeks in the town. The chap at the kebab place looked blankly at me when I tried to order in what I had supposed to be his native tongue, replying in a thick Italian accent that they were out of 'gyros', and would I like a burger instead? NO I WOULD NOT! Despite being culturally unsat-

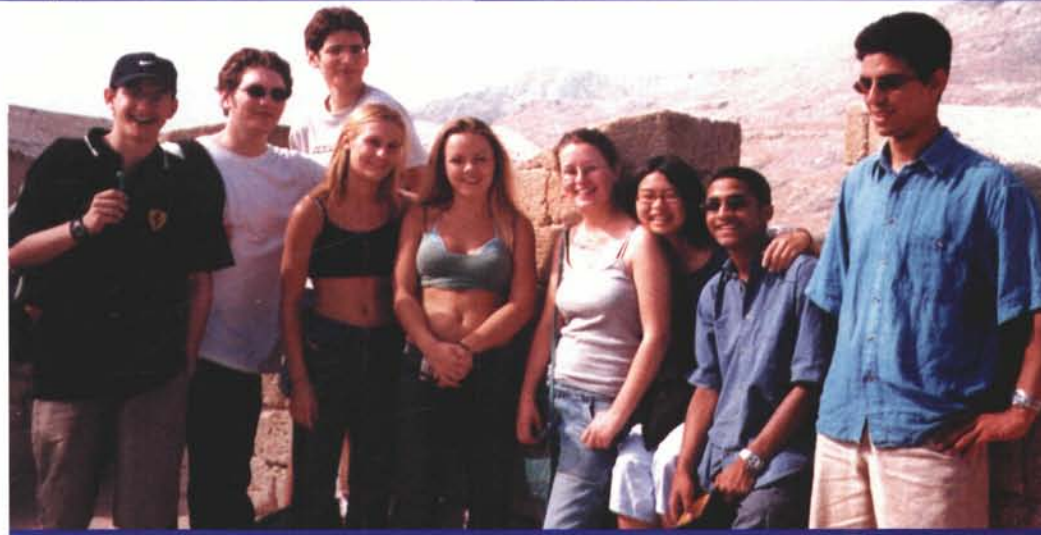


# REMOVE STUDY TRIP RHODES



ed, I must confess we had our “fill of old wine and rich venison” on the first night, and there were some who were not rudely awakened to Mr. Cross’s late arrival at two in the morning; I, unfortunately, was not among them. That is not to say that I missed my sleep: those few of you who have experienced a Lindian bed will understand that when you wake lying upon a ‘mattress’ of but an inch in thickness with a large concrete slab underneath, you hardly *miss* your sleep. It seemed, therefore, unsurprising that I and the young ladies who were with us (for they also had to suffer this indormitive nightmare) had no problems with waking up in time for lessons (and, more importantly, coffee), while the mama’s boys who slept above me in their plush four-posters never even once had the time to shower in the morning.

You will, perhaps, have noticed that I have let the purpose of our trip go unmentioned: yes, mummy and daddy, you got value for your money, we did some work. We were awake, for the most part, by whatever the agreed upon time was, and we then started our lessons. An hour later, in our short break, those of us unsatisfied by stale bread and cream cheese made our daily trek to one of the local crêpe merchants for a pancake and freshly-squeezed orange juice before returning



for more individual tutoring. I must, again, talk of the food because, as every gourmand knows, little is more gastronomically pleasing than spending the better part of an afternoon sitting in a taverna on a beach. Every day, after the morning’s lessons, we would walk down to the shore, settle down at our favourite taverna, and while away many an hour chatting, working, tackling the crossword, and, of course, eating.

There was also a little souvenir shopping done, and a trip to the citadel, by donkey. It was here that I grabbed onto Mr. Sicka’s coat-tails and translated some inscriptions and by so doing greatly impressed a lobster-faced Glaswegian who happened to be passing. But by far the most important

outing of the trip was our visit to the delightful little nightclub the ‘Arches’ where certain people discovered that a Blue Lagoon is rather more potent than its lapis lazuli hue might suggest. Other people cavorted seductively, but all had a good time.

This is also, I would wager, a fair assessment of the whole affair: we worked hard, played hard, and we all got in to our Oxbridge colleges (a feat that is, at the time of writing, unparalleled in the whole of Westminster), so it remains for me to thank Mr Low, Mrs Smart, and Mr Ireland for teaching us in Rhodes, and Mr Harrison, Dr Katz, and Mr Mylne for keeping us on our toes back home.

Alex Rubner (WW Rem)

# A BUMPY RIDE

In October 2001 Max Silver (GG US) went on an exchange programme for two weeks to the Shri Ram School in Delhi. Here he writes about his experiences.

I had made it. I reached out my hand from the back of my rickshaw and the hot air swept through my fingers. It was all surprisingly soothing: the splutter of the engine, the surrounding shouts and the occasional swerve; I was lulled into a contented slouch. There I was – I had left the post-September 11th ‘war-zone’ of the West and I had entered the Asian sub-continent. As packets of poisonous white powder were being circulated around Downing Street, a different set of spices filled my nostrils. I could not have felt more detached. Although I was considerably nearer the action, I could hardly have felt further away.

As the long colonial avenues of Old-Delhi rushed past me, we stopped suddenly. I looked ahead, expecting to see something resembling the familiar sight of a Parliament Square traffic jam, but instead there was a sea of heads. This swarm of dark, darting bodies did not remain an obstacle for very long – the driver soon shot off again. I felt secure in my little green bubble, cut off from all that was going on around me,



immune – an insignificant Westerner from Westminster School peering out at this entirely novel way of life. It all seemed almost too ‘Dorling Kindersley’ – the rich colours, the varied smells, the bustle and the confusion. I had an urge to leave my bubble and become absorbed into the crowd, to be carried away by the flow and experience things more directly.

The heat hit me. The sky was white, almost surreally white – the sun was nowhere to be seen but these were not

ordinary clouds – this was the haze of dense pollution. A haze that seemed to induce a state of total lethargy. This, combined with my malaria pills overdose, transported me to some kind of a high. Although the scenes were not too strange, the climate not too bizarre, the thought tapped out a kind of mantra in my brain: I am in India. I am in India.

Delhi is an extraordinary city and although there is a civic centre it nevertheless does not give an impression of unity. It is laid out in compounds and

is so sprawling that it is hard to develop a sense of what it is like and where you are. Although there were only two of us from Westminster, we travelled with a whole entourage from a girls' school and their teachers. Fortunately, they had a completely worked out schedule and we were able to tag along and see all the traditional sites. This included a not very conventional visit to the opulent Presidential palace where we were able to talk very informally with the President and his wife: he told us about his English education and we discussed the water crisis.

It was then time to get away from the mayhem of India's urban crush. In a troop of white jeeps, we rolled out past the cows and roadside shacks and were on our way to the Ganges, courtesy of one of the families in the school. My host sat in the front jeep with a rifle at his side. The sound outside was muffled behind two layers of security glass

Through no effort of my own, I was in a position of privilege and it was easy to get used to. Before long I had fallen in with the role and started to get used to the respect and awe.

We stopped occasionally for a coca-cola. The same fluid I regularly procure for 50p at Grant's vending machine now comforted me – it reminded me of my GCSE's and the Jubilee Line: normality.

The following morning I woke up and looked around me. We had been taken to an old redbrick building in the heart of a sugar plantation and I had fallen asleep on an old timber bed in the open courtyard. It could have been virtually any century – the 21st seemed suddenly very tacky. We ran down

Himalayas and could eventually carry me to Calcutta.

On the bank, in the distance, I saw a dozen or so figures. As I was carried closer I noticed a faint cloud of smoke rising up from amongst them; this peaceful gathering was, in fact, a cremation. Suddenly I felt embarrassed. Semi-naked, I was happily floating by past a funeral – swimming in the ashes of their friend or relative. As I drew nearer I put my head under the water and hoped no one would notice a London teenager taking a soak. I don't really think they minded. As I raised my head out the water it occurred to me that I had probably swallowed some of the ashes – did that make me a cannibal?



and behind the dust that spewed up from the wheels I watched the faces that turned to stare. I felt both important and stupid at the same time – I was ashamed at what they must be thinking of me, yet somehow flattered.

through a clearing in the undergrowth and jumped into the murky river. At what felt like 100 miles per hour I was carried down by the current; ecstatically I lay on my back and drifted in the water that had started its journey in the

In a blur I was back at the airport. The troop of jeeps left the snakes and monkeys behind in their natural habitat and I was returning to mine. I flew over the deserts below, watched Britney Spears and ate my mars-bar. It was all too familiar.



## THE BERLIN-WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE

By Marvin Massih (Arndt Gymnasium, Berlin)

**H**aving arrived at Berlin-Tegel airport, we realised that we had several hours left until departure. So we walked around the shops, bought some magazines and chatted amongst ourselves. Finally, after some time, we were allowed to board the plane. The flight itself was very pleasant, especially the food which was delicious!

Upon our arrival in London, we first had to collect our travel cards. Although we had already bought these in advance, we had to wait more than an hour whilst our teacher explained the situation to the station staff. We doubtless looked like a bunch of waifs and strays to passing passengers! Tired and fed up, we made our way to Westminster School.

When we met our exchanges for the first time, we were all feeling rather anxious, but after a few minutes we all felt at home. Well, almost: I was a little nervous about the London traffic. I felt that every driver wanted to kill me! Fortunately, my exchange partner was a great help and saved my life on several occasions: "Marvin, watch out! Here the cars drive on the left-hand side!"

We spent the first three days with our guest families, though we were able to meet up with other pupils. On Monday, school restarted after the half-term holiday. As my partner was a boarder, I was given my own bedroom in Busby's House. That meant I could get up at 8 am instead of 6 am like some of the other guys (ha! ha!).

Every morning we met up in Yard with our teacher and spent much of the day

sightseeing. I'm not sure if I can recall the activities in their chronological order, but I'm sure that's not a problem!

One day, we climbed to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. "So what?" you might be thinking. Well, try climbing to the top yourself with no lift! The view from the top, however, was magnificent and well worth the exertion.

Another day, we visited Madame Tussaud's. I had been there in May, so it wasn't anything new to me. However, just like every other tourist I fell victim to a very nasty trick. Seeing a visitor trying to take a picture of somebody else, I naturally stood back out of the way – except that they weren't people at all! They were wax figures! If you're planning a trip to Madame Tussaud's, keep an eye out for these two dummies! Just stand back and watch how everybody else makes a fool of themselves! It's got to be seen to be believed.

We also went on a bus tour of the city. My advice, however, for anyone considering such a tour: for the sake of your health, never ever sit on the upper deck unless it's summer or you want to know what frost-bite feels like!

On another day, we went to Greenwich to see that famous clock. I have to admit, I was somewhat distracted by some pretty girls. However, the clock must have been very nice, since everybody else liked it!

On the last day of our trip, we accompanied our partners to lessons. I was amazed at just how interesting school can be. Well, not every subject of

course, but our exchanges will probably be bored in our school (but then again... (read on)).

In an English lesson I was asked to explain our school system. The Westminster pupils seemed somewhat surprised! Here is a short summary of what I said:

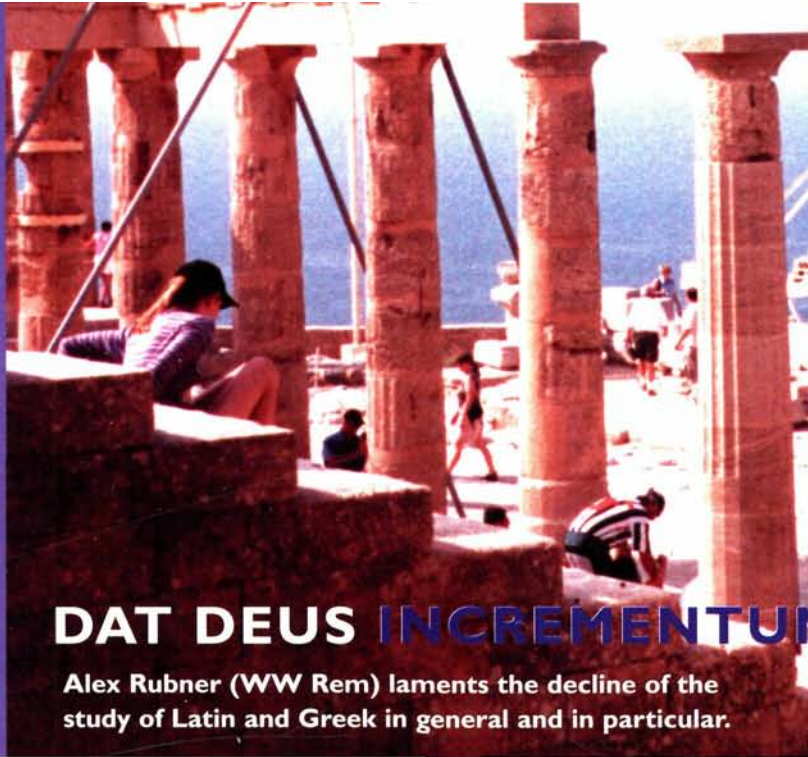
- There are only mixed schools in Germany.
- There is no Saturday school.
- We don't have to wear a school uniform.
- We get less homework than you.
- School finishes at 1.30 pm.

But before you try to start a revolution in your school, you should consider the findings of the PISA study of the educational level of pupils all over the world – British pupils scored very highly! Only then may you start a revolution (send me a letter, when you've done so!)

There isn't much left to tell, because the journey back home was rather boring and we were all feeling sad at having to leave so soon.

All in all the exchange trip was great. We got to know so many nice people and are looking forward to our exchange partners visiting us.

I strongly suggest that all pupils who have the opportunity to choose German as a foreign language do so – just so they can take part in this wonderful exchange programme!



## DAT DEUS INCREMENTUM?

Alex Rubner (WW Rem) laments the decline of the study of Latin and Greek in general and in particular.

The days of the affected, pipe-smoking, red wine-swilling Classicist have – much to my dismay – almost come to an end; well, the red wine part still stands, but, looking around the Oxford colleges, it seems that the inviting treachery of frothy ale has begun to take the place of claret. The discussion of Livy over lunch has become a vague memory, and I would like to see someone bring up Plato in the pub without being subject to the cruellest form of ridicule. I remember a time when one could walk into the Classics office at eight-thirty in the morning and be overcome by the heavenly fumes of four empty bottles of Chianti and the haze of Camel smoke; now the half-drunk glasses of wine are absent, and the smoke has thinned. As these bastions of bombast die out, a new breed rises to take its (rightful?) place behind the desks of Westminster School. These students of dead languages are increasingly distancing themselves from those mystifying old men who talk for hours about Stagecraft in Aeschylus (sorry Mr. Taplin), but they still want to study Classics. How can they have a passion for a subject of which they are ashamed? If they can't hold their heads high and proudly admit to being fascinated by Grassman's Law, how can they study the subject? But is this even accurate? Perhaps they aren't interested at all, and my suppositions are, as Dr. Johnson might have said, a 'triumph of hope over experience'. When I comment on virtual oratio obliqua (the most sexy of Classical constructions), the class groans una voce, and

our illustrious School Captain – he knows nothing of oratio obliqua – has often been known to hit the back of my head with a handy hardback volume of Aristotle, purely because of a short (granted often inaccurate) didactic on the Greek accent. In public, my peers are scornful of Williams' beautiful edition of the Aeneid, but behind closed doors, they can't wait to pour over West's translation, often hiding a torch under their covers so they might be able to get through another few pages after lights out.

In the days of yore, family mottoes were written in Latin so that all might understand them; now cries of 'Sir, what does the school motto mean?' can oft be heard by the uninitiated, and the ability to answer such questions is confined to a select group of fifty, in a student body of

seven hundred. This is a school where every student used to have to know Latin, where Oxford and Cambridge dons were entertained by linguistic puns composed on the spot *by the students!* Now the fifth form complains about having to learn the Greek alphabet. It is a cause of great distress to me that the most animated class discussion in my memory occurred shortly after the reading of an innocent Greek word 'εαλω' (pronounced *heallo*); pupils giggle at phallic imagery in Virgil, but they find no joy in the delightfully satirical volumes of Aristophanes. Ah! for the time when racy members of the Conservative party can again quote Virgil with impunity, for the time when those who can contract verbs are lauded as gods, and the time when all Wets understand the gift that God gives us.



# PRIZE GIVING 2001

It is not possible to name the subject prize winners for the current academic year as *The Elizabethan* goes to press before they are announced. Below is a list of last year's winners.

|                       |                             |  |                                 |                           |                                 |                               |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|--|---------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <b>GREEK</b>          |                             |  | <b>LS:</b> Benjamin S D Kent WW |                           | <b>PHYSICS</b>                  |                               |
| Remove:               | Jessica S Huth LL           |  | Johann A Koehler MM             |                           | Remove:                         | Frederick D W van der Wyck DD |
| V1:                   | Matthew E C Jackson AHH     |  |                                 |                           | V1:                             | Daniel F A Greenwald DD       |
| US:                   | Elias N G C Mitropoulos AHH |  | <b>RUSSIAN</b>                  |                           | US:                             | Thomas R M Pickup MM          |
| LS:                   | Gregory H Renwick MM        |  | Remove:                         | Sebastian R P Savage GG   | LS:                             | Stefan F A Sienkiewicz GG     |
| V:                    | Oliver Butler LL            |  | V1:                             | Martin X Malinowski CC    | V:                              | Samuel L Borin DD             |
|                       | Mohan R Rao CC              |  | US:                             | Alexander F Nurnberg CC   |                                 |                               |
|                       | Arjun T Coomaraswamy CC     |  | LS:                             | Oliver J Garthwaite AHH   | <b>MUSIC</b>                    |                               |
|                       | Pretheepan Radhakrishnan GG |  |                                 |                           | Remove:                         | Edward H C Corn CC            |
|                       | Clement W Naylor CC         |  | <b>SPANISH</b>                  |                           | US:                             | Anthony G D E Cardona CC      |
|                       | Theo J M Peterson CC        |  | Remove:                         | Chloë C Sanderson BB      |                                 |                               |
|                       |                             |  |                                 | Leo Shapland HH           | <b>DRAMA</b>                    |                               |
| <b>LATIN</b>          |                             |  | V1:                             | James M Cross BB          | US:                             | Aarish N Pandya LL            |
| Remove:               | George T B Hull AHH         |  |                                 | Lydia M Lewison RR        | LS:                             | Oliver A Lyttleton HH         |
| V1:                   | C Alex M Mackenzie CC       |  | US:                             | Nicholas L Boswell GG     |                                 | Jonathan N Richards GG        |
| US:                   | Zeno M Houston WW           |  | LS:                             | Oliver Butler LL          |                                 |                               |
| LS:                   | Skanda Surendra GG          |  |                                 | Azzam A Al Kadhi HH       | <b>ART</b>                      |                               |
| V:                    | Charles B Greenbury WW      |  |                                 | Theo S Hessing BB         | Remove:                         | So-Yon Chun PP                |
| LS:                   | David J Powell CC           |  | <b>MATHS</b>                    |                           | V1:                             | Charles A H Ogilvie MM        |
| V:                    | Frederick S Gordon CC       |  | Remove:                         | Catherine M E Low WW      | US:                             | Ben Hartman MM                |
|                       | Stefan F A Sienkiewicz GG   |  | V1:                             | Douglas R Renwick DD      |                                 | Y Hikaru Nissanke CC          |
|                       | Edward J Bataillard LL      |  | US:                             | Jack W Bakes CC           |                                 | George E G Richards BB        |
|                       | Nicholas C Wareham WW       |  |                                 | Paul A Gilbert DD         | <b>PE</b>                       |                               |
|                       |                             |  | LS:                             | Edmund B Naylor CC        | LS:                             | Thomas J Borsay HH            |
| <b>HISTORY</b>        |                             |  |                                 | Yong-Jip Park CC          | V:                              | James W A McNaughton LL       |
| Remove:               | Daisy A B Leitch LL         |  | V:                              | Timothy D Woodward HH     |                                 |                               |
| V1:                   | Jonathan W Stern DD         |  |                                 | Jack V Farchy CC          | <b>ELECTRONICS</b>              |                               |
| US:                   | Patrick F Agar DD           |  |                                 | Jamie R L Lee AHH         | Remove:                         | Yacoob A A Kurimbokus AHH     |
| LS:                   | Oliver R Cox HH             |  | <b>ECONOMICS</b>                |                           | V1:                             | Benjamin J S Adcock RR        |
| V:                    | Karim R Ladha CC            |  | Remove:                         | James A W David WW        | US:                             | Edmund B Naylor CC            |
|                       | Alexander F Nurnberg CC     |  |                                 | Senghin Kong AHH          | LS:                             | Robert W J Furber CC          |
|                       | Benjamin W M Martin WW      |  | V1:                             | Oliver E E Newton CC      | <b>TECHNOLOGY</b>               |                               |
|                       | Stefan F A Sienkiewicz GG   |  |                                 | Matthew E Scott MM        | Remove:                         | Jimmy H Kim BB                |
|                       | Edward A Cumming BB         |  | <b>GEOGRAPHY</b>                |                           | V1:                             | E John J Hope AHH             |
|                       | A Max L Kaufman AHH         |  | Remove:                         | Leo Shapland HH           | US:                             | John R H Larkey RR            |
| <b>HISTORY OF ART</b> |                             |  |                                 | Oliver E E Newton CC      |                                 | William A Swannell GG         |
| Remove:               | Annabel M V Legge PP        |  | V1:                             | Jonathan H Bailey RR      | <b>FIFTH FORM</b>               |                               |
| V1:                   | Isabel C Chick DD           |  | US:                             | Benedict M Sheppard GG    | <b>CREATIVE WRITING PRIZE</b>   |                               |
|                       |                             |  | V:                              | Edward M Eccles CC        | 1st                             | Sam T Pritchard GG            |
| <b>ENGLISH</b>        |                             |  |                                 | Samuel T Pritchard GG     | 2nd                             | Jack V Farchy CC              |
| Remove:               | Edward M J Reilly BB        |  | <b>BIOLOGY</b>                  |                           |                                 | Theo J M Peterson CC          |
| US:                   | George E G Richards BB      |  | Remove:                         | Patrick Mellor AHH        | 3rd                             | Edward A Cumming BB           |
| LS:                   | Daniel C R Bamford LL       |  | V1:                             | Yassir F Mansour AHH      |                                 | A Max L Kaufman AHH           |
|                       | Stefan F A Sienkiewicz GG   |  |                                 | Abigail M Stapleton WW    |                                 | Jamie R L Lee AHH             |
|                       |                             |  |                                 | Sam Scheuringer DD        | <b>FIFTH FORM READING PRIZE</b> |                               |
| <b>DIVINITY</b>       |                             |  | US:                             | Edmund B Naylor CC        |                                 | A Max L Kaufman AHH           |
| V1:                   | Francis L Murphy WW         |  | LS:                             | Stefan F A Sienkiewicz GG |                                 |                               |
| US:                   | William B J Stevenson LL    |  | V:                              | Daniel K Lee HH           |                                 |                               |
| LS:                   | Timothy D Woodward HH       |  | <b>CHEMISTRY</b>                |                           |                                 |                               |
|                       |                             |  | Remove:                         | A Kaveh Barkhordar WW     |                                 |                               |
| <b>FRENCH</b>         |                             |  |                                 | Imran A Coomaraswamy CC   |                                 |                               |
| Remove:               | Antonia L W Orr BB          |  | V1:                             | Nicholas D Krempel AHH    |                                 |                               |
| V1:                   | Isabel C Chick DD           |  |                                 | Sam Scheuringer DD        |                                 |                               |
| US:                   | Alexander J Halban GG       |  | US:                             | Joseph R G Marwood RR     |                                 |                               |
| LS:                   | Nabeel Bhanji GG            |  | LS:                             | K Phin Chooi MM           |                                 |                               |
| V:                    | Clement W Naylor CC         |  |                                 | Peter M A Kennedy RR      |                                 |                               |
|                       |                             |  | V:                              | Jamie R L Lee AHH         |                                 |                               |
| <b>GERMAN</b>         |                             |  |                                 | Nicholas C Wareham WW     |                                 |                               |
| Remove:               | Sabina Manea PP             |  |                                 |                           |                                 |                               |
| V1:                   | William H E Sweet RR        |  |                                 |                           |                                 |                               |
| US:                   | James J Jolly AHH           |  |                                 |                           |                                 |                               |
|                       | Alexander J M Williamson LL |  |                                 |                           |                                 |                               |



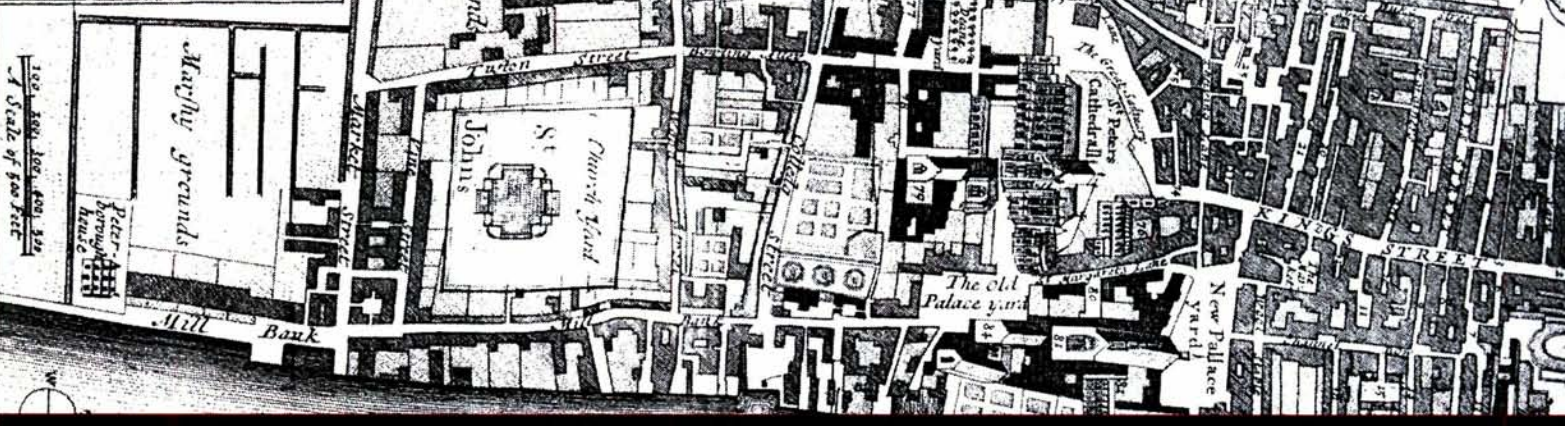
Artwork: James Jolly (AHH V1th)



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| Downing Street       | 41. Almes houses         |
| Busby's Alley        | 44. Redders yard         |
| Sea Alley            | 45. Coopers Court        |
| Bell Court           | 46. Ship yard            |
| Rye and Crown Court  | 47. Redders Alley        |
| Patersons Alley      | 48. Mithard Alley        |
| Brookers yard        | 49. Bowler boy Court     |
| Thorough house yard  | 50. Kings head Inn       |
| Stephens Alley       | 51. Red Lion Inn         |
| Lade Alley           | 52. Lab Phoebe Inn       |
| White Horse yard     | 53. New Prison           |
| Clunkers Court       | 54. Green Alley          |
| Bonys Court          | 55. Almes houses         |
| Barke Court          | 56. Moments Hall         |
| Darset Court         | 57. Maiden Court         |
| Manchegler Court     | 58. Almes houses         |
| Cheris Court         | 59. Bear Street          |
| Bomans Court         | 60. Perkins Rects        |
| Antelope Alley       | 61. New Pie Street       |
| Elton house head Inn | 62. Little Johns lane    |
| Georgs yard and Inn  | 63. Alving Alley         |
| Bell Alley           | 64. Tomkins yard         |
| Fontaine Court       | 65. Meers yard           |
| Star Alley           | 66. Horn Court           |
| Road Court           | 67. Legandres Alley      |
| Penes Court          | 68. Wigham Street        |
| Queen Street         | 69. New Little Street    |
| Angell Court         | 70. The new way          |
| Whites Alley         | 71. Queens Rects         |
| Roberts Alley        | 72. Little Almonry       |
| Calhous Alley        | 73. The Gate house       |
| Golden Lion Court    | 74. Little Sanctuary     |
| Swan Inn             | 75. Greens Alley         |
| Walkers yard         | 76. St. Marys Church     |
| Erving inn Alley     | 77. Stables yard         |
| Fleets yard          | 78. Little Johns yard    |
| Cock Inn & yard      | 79. Kings Schole         |
| The Cock pit         | 80. Fish yard            |
| Georg & Plowch yard  | 81. Westminster Hall     |
| White Hart yard      | 82. The Exchange         |
| Green Dragon Court   | 83. The house of Commons |
| Triford Court        | 84. The house of Lords   |



## WESTMINSTER SCHOOL A BRIEF LANDSCAPE HISTORY

Patrick James is director of The Landscape Agency and writes of his research into the school's architectural background and how this relates to his proposed landscape developments.

**R**obert Grosvenor, 1st Marquis of Westminster (1767 – 1845), was responsible for laying out much of Belgravia, one of the most celebrated feats of town planning in Europe. As a former pupil at Westminster it is conceivable that the school's irregular layout, its many different styles of building and lack of a planned landscape design were later to influence him in his choice of uniform architectural style and expansive gardens typified by Belgrave and Eaton Squares.

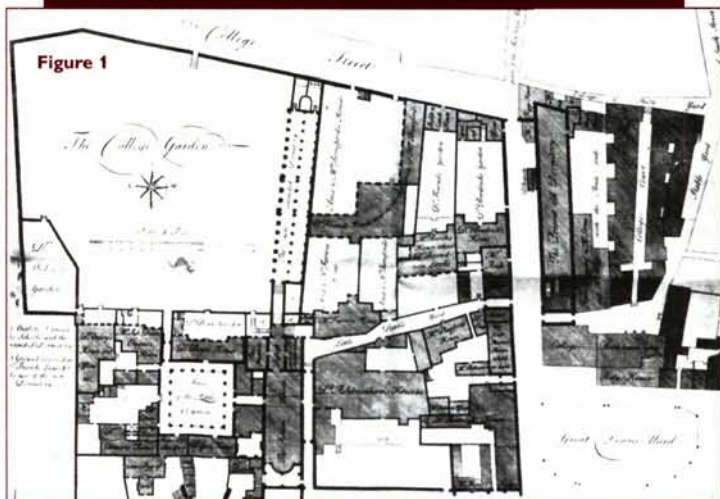
As a landscape design practice we have been commissioned to look at the setting of the school and consider how it could be enhanced and improved in the 21st century. Given the antiquity of the site we began by assessing how the layout of Westminster School has evolved. This was achieved by assembling a chronology of maps, plans, drawings and paintings of the school and its surroundings. Although there are some earlier known references, one of the first reliable cartographic sources is a plan of the precinct of Westminster Abbey dated 1711 (Fig. 1; opposite page top).

This plan reveals the extent to which Dean's Yard and Little Dean's Yard were built up. Both areas were far smaller than they are at present and a survey of the Parish of Westminster in 1755 confirms that Dean's Yard was a much smaller open space depicted with trees on all four sides and Little Dean's Yard was no more than a narrow lane. (Fig. 2; above).

A cluster of farm buildings (as depicted in a drawing of 1811), stood at the south end of Dean's Yard and these buildings gave way onto a number of alleys and yards. The range of buildings on the east side still retains much of its mediaeval appearance and the green has long been used by the school for games.

One of the alleys leading off Dean's Yard was a vaulted arch, Liddell's Arch, which leads onto what is now the heart of the school, Little Dean's Yard. Until c 1790, the high garden walls of the houses on either side flanked this lane as it led towards the School Gateway erected in 1732. It was not until some of the buildings were cleared away towards the





“Dean’s Yard was a much smaller open space depicted with trees on all four sides and Little Dean’s Yard was no more than a narrow lane.”

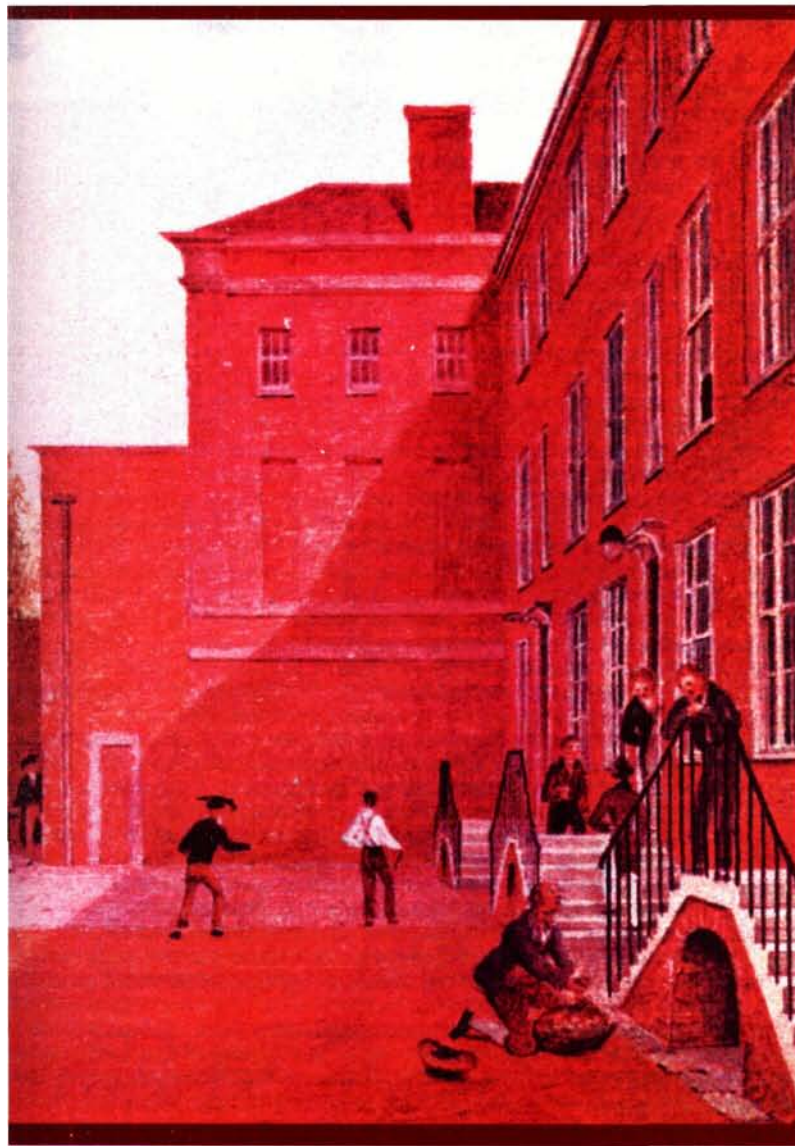
end of the 18th century that the present irregular shape of the Yard was formed. It explains, for example, why only one third of Lord Burlington’s College building may be seen and why it was treated far more plainly. This blank wall provided an excellent surface on which to play racquets although at first the ground in the yard was uneven and the wall was not perfectly smooth. In order to improve the

game, part of Little Dean’s Yard was paved in 1838 and this still remains. (See Fig. 3; below)

As for Burlington’s College Building it was not until 1935 that the plaster was stripped to reveal the red brick beneath. Also in 1935 a fives court (built in 1912) was removed and replaced by a fountain with seats in front, erected to designs by A L N Russell. An inscription records the occasion of the gift to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of King George V and a small gateway with wrought iron gates gives a glimpse of College Garden beyond.

Ashburnham House, built on the site of the Prior’s Lodging c1662, dominates the north side of Little Dean’s Yard, As Pevsner records ‘it is the best example of a progressive and stately mid 17th century house in London’. The original house, due partly no doubt to the re-use of the old walls, is not symmetrical, as, according to the contemporary rules of Inigo Jones and his followers it ought to be. It was not until 1930 that a new wing was added, designed by A L N Russell, completing what was

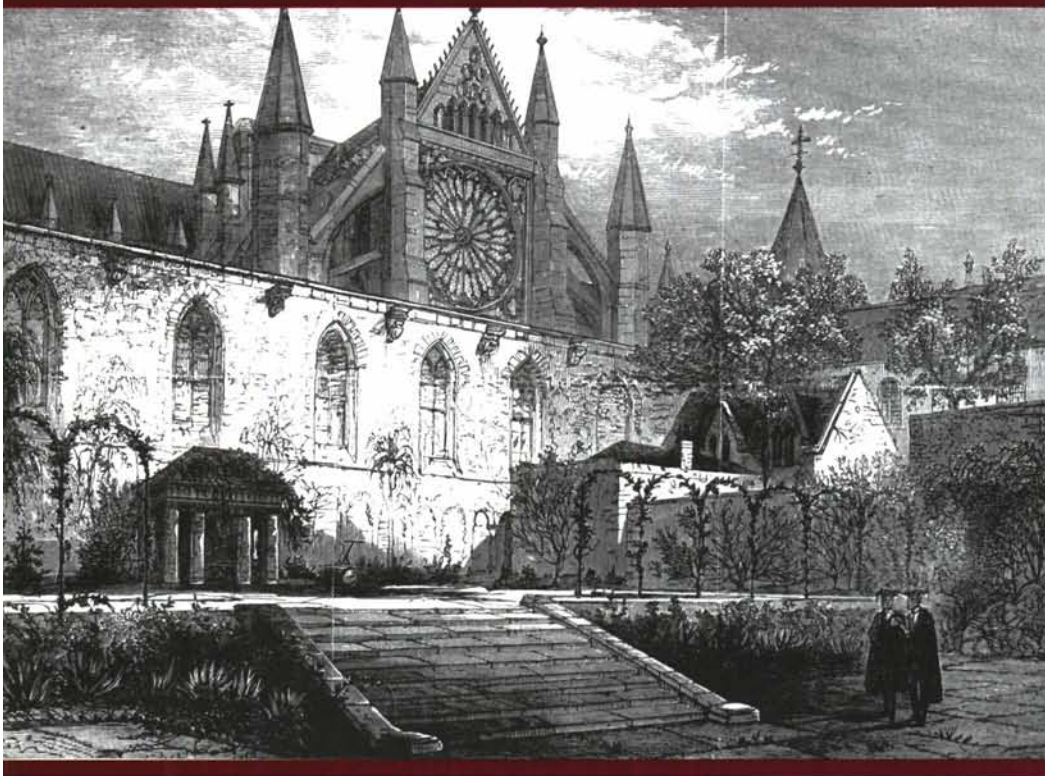
*continued overleaf...*



Top far left:  
Figure 2: Parish of Westminster in 1755.

Above:  
Figure 1: The precinct of Westminster Abbey dated 1711 – the plan shows the extent to which both Dean’s Yard and Little Dean’s Yard were built up.

Left:  
Figure 3: Little Dean’s Yard.



space, the want of natural light and the 'poisonous Quality in the city smoke'. In addition, they were vulnerable to the depredations of the people, pets, vehicles and occasional livestock that used the rights of way. Despite this, forecourts were a traditional feature of many town houses. Often they consisted of a deep paved court enclosed by an iron palisade beyond. The forecourt at Ashburnham house is an excellent, if incomplete, example. Large forecourts never

became fashionable on account of the expense of building land; they were almost exclusively confined to Pall Mall, Piccadilly and Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Sketches from the 19th century and a layout published in the Journal of The Royal Institute of British Architects provide excellent detail illustrating the layout of the garden to the north of Ashburnham House (See Fig. 6; above). It consisted of a formal garden set out on two levels with a small summer house standing against the South Cloister Wall. Much of this garden has now disappeared beneath five courts and it has lost one of its layers. However the garden still provides the best view of the former Abbey refectory that formed the south range of the cloister of Westminster Abbey. The lower part of the wall shows 11th century blank arcading with plain block capitals. The upper part has nine tall blocked early 14th century windows. Tim Tatton-Brown, the Westminster Abbey Archaeologist believes that it is the most important wall within the Abbey complex. When standing in Ashburnham Garden admiring this wall and considering the layout of the garden, consideration should be given as to what may lie beneath. It is possible that the foundations of the pre-1050 monastic church of Westminster lie there. This could be the church of either Offastine (late 8th century) or St Dunstan's (mid 9th century).

The South side of Little Dean's Yard consists of a variety of Georgian buildings. A number of 18th and 19th century illustrations of Little Dean's Yard reveal a series of paths within the Yard leading towards the entrances of the various buildings. The paths leading to the buildings on the south side have now disappeared beneath tarmac.

continued from page 39...

probably the original plan of the house. It was Russell who decided to remove the railings and stone piers which had been erected when the school acquired the house (See Fig. 4; right) The handsome iron gates which can be seen in the photograph, were removed to provide an entrance to Fields on Vincent Square.

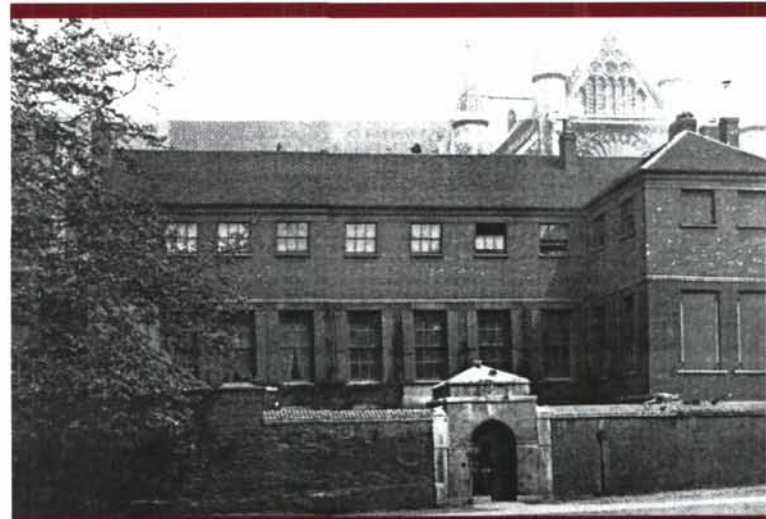
Fig 5. (opposite page top) shows the south front of Ashburnham House, in 1881 and Fig. 4 in 1903. In 1881 it has a gloomy and imposing feel, with a high wall and porch guarding its front. By 1903 a school photograph shows that the wall had been pulled down and replaced with six stone piers, much in keeping with its style as a mid-17th century house. The piers were removed in 1938 when the new wing was added to the house and the iron gates removed.

During the late 17th and early 18th centuries, gardens 'before the house' were often subject to severe limitations of

“The garden to the north of Ashburnham House... it consisted of a formal garden set out on two levels with a small summer house standing against the South Cloister Wall.”

Given the school's gradual evolution what improvements could be made? Any proposals for the successful future development of the school should relate to its evolution. We have proposed the restoration of the stone piers and iron railings in order to frame the front of Ashburnham house. We propose re-laying a path towards Rigaud's, removing the tarmac and relaying part of the yard with York stone in order to provide some uniformity to the space. Beneath the London Plane tree we propose creating a series of circular steps which then opens on to a new small fountain garden in an area that is currently neglected.

The setting of Westminster School should inspire imaginations via the union of architecture, history, and good town design. The landscape masterplan has used all three disciplines in preparing proposals to enhance the school. It is possible that it may help to inspire a Robert Grosvenor of the future.

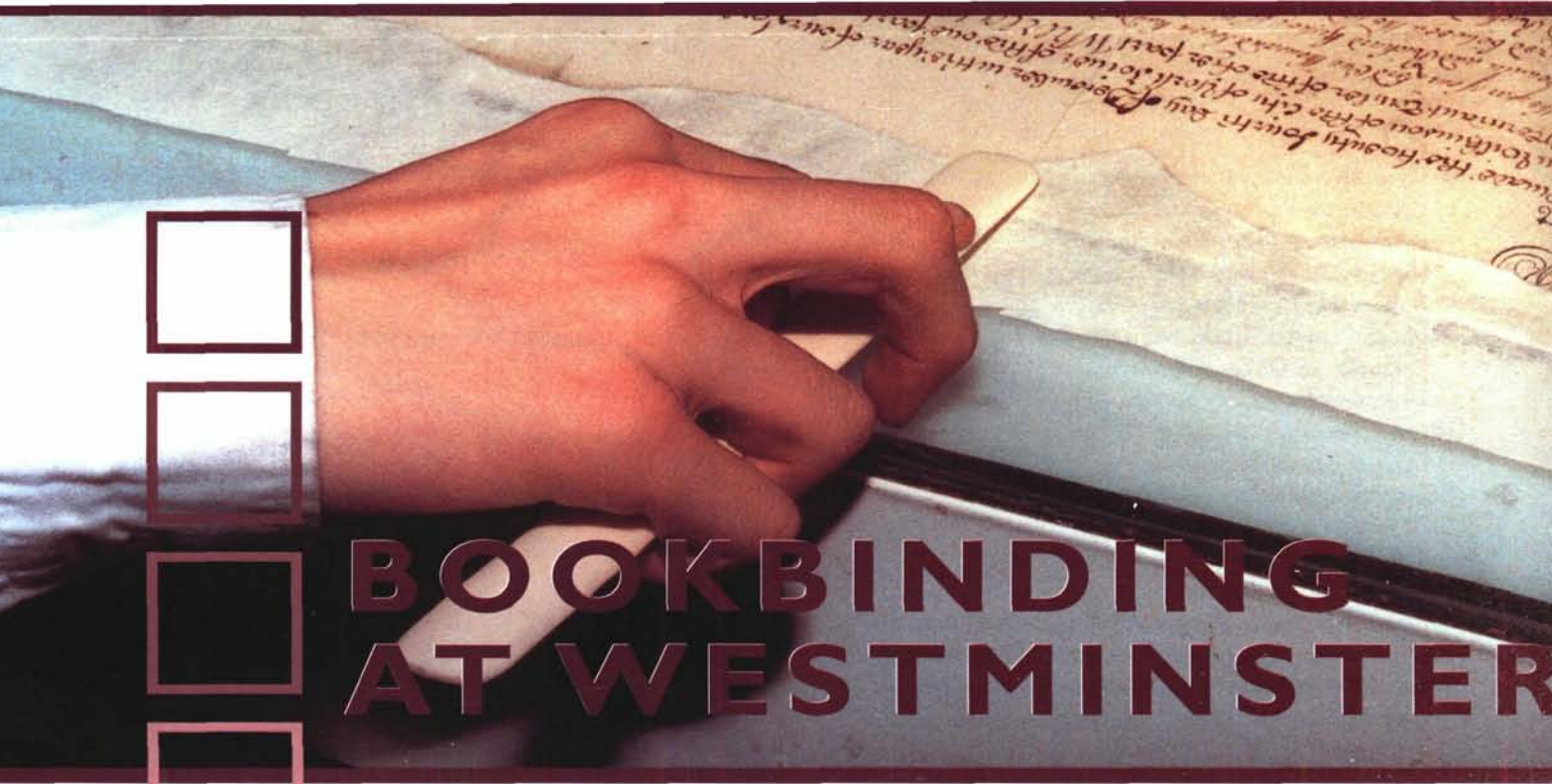


Top far left:  
Figure 6: The Garden of Ashburnham House, Westminster.

Above:  
Figure 5: Ashburnham House, 1881.

Below:  
Figure 4: Ashburnham House, 1903.





# BOOKBINDING AT WESTMINSTER

In 1983 Douglas East retired from lecturing in archival conservation and binding at Camberwell College and was immediately asked to undertake the conservation and rebinding of Westminster Abbey Library. He retained a one day a week lectureship in bookbinding at Hampstead Garden Suburb Institute for a further year, intending to finish his teaching career in July 1984 and concentrate on his own craftsmanship for the Abbey, Chichester Cathedral Library and occasionally other institutions. He arrived home after his last evening at the Institute under the impression that teaching at last was over. The following afternoon he received a telephone call from School asking him to teach bookbinding in the LSA programme. A brief retirement indeed! It is entirely due to Douglas that we are able to offer this unique opportunity to master the skills of this ancient craft.

**B**ookbinding LSA was started in Room 37 at the north end of School. This was far from satisfactory as equipment was permanently out on the ledges and nothing could be left out under weights to dry. In addition whenever the Dark Cloister door was locked for any reason, hordes of half-naked savages would rise up like the demon king in a pantomime through a large hole in the floor, or sink down again, on their way to and from the gym.

In 1986 the Old Science Block was vacated and re-christened Sutcliff's, and we were moved into our own room, a former chemistry prep-room. Here the equipment was safe, boys' work could be left out to dry and bookbinding really took off. By 1989 we were able to hold an exhibition of boys' work in leather and vellum as well as cloth.

In 1994 the Art Department was rationalised under one roof and we left what is now somewhat enigmatically called

the da Silva Studio and moved across into College basement. This quondam pottery was splendidly reorganised and refurbished for us by the works department and has since been a most satisfactory home for our work. It is very small but planned to take maximum advantage of the space.

Entry to the bookbinding course is through the LSA scheme, in the 5th and/or Lower Shell. Boys who do well and want to develop their skills can stay

Above:  
Trevor Hines  
carrying out wet  
repairs on a  
1735 document.



on in their later years. We also have some members from the Common Room and two from the Abbey Library. This year as part of the School's plan to share facilities we have been joined by eight Abbey choristers.

This work is intended as a creative respite from the academic grind. There are no examinations, no grades and no record cards. Every boy is encouraged to improve on his own previous achievements, not on someone else's. It is possible for a pupil who has the time to devote to it to enter the National Bookbinding Competition. There is a set book, provided in unsewn sheets,

“This work is intended as a creative respite from the academic grind. There are no examinations, no grades and no record cards.”

and design is as important as craftsmanship. So far only one boy, Adam Hunt (WW 90 – 95), has done this, for two consecutive years, and on both occasions his books were exhibited among the runners-up in the British Library. From September 94 to January 95 eight of Adam's bindings were exhibited in the Livery Hall of the Stationers' Company.

I never teach a lesson to a class. Everyone is at a different stage, not only in years but within one model. Each is taught on his own work in front of him. This involves me leaping around the room like a gazelle all the evening, and leaping mentally as well – from the first paper-folding by a beginner to an intricate piece of gold decoration by someone who has been coming for several years. But there is no other way.

After the first basic exercises, making simple books with plain paper, more advanced styles are undertaken, using printed books of the pupil's choice. We go quickly on to leather spines, spines and corners, and then full leather with gold titles and gold decoration. Early printed books are bound in limp vellum. Old documents can also be conserved and repaired. For the boy who finds this to be really his interest the sky is the limit.

We have mounted annual exhibitions of the year's work since 1989. This year's is our fourteenth consecutive show. These exhibitions first took place in the ante-room to the Carleton Gallery, then in the Gallery itself, and more recently down one side of the Drawing Room. We show a year's work by all the pupils, some demonstration material, display boards of studies showing how the different processes of the work are carried out, and its historical background – paper-making, papyrus preparation, calligraphy, quill-making, printing with lead type, the manufacture of leather and vellum, document conservation, sigillography, Japanese binding and so on.

From time to time the more advanced boys have bound presentation volumes for the Head Master and the Dean. The books are chosen as being of interest to the recipient, because we hope they will be read before taking their places on glass-fronted shelves. We discuss the design which must have some relevance to the book's contents. I may give a hand in the early stages, to save time, by sewing up some of the sections and repairing if necessary, but the forwarding, the attachment of boards and all the visible work – the sewn-in head and tail bands, the leather covering, titling and decoration are all done by the boy.

This enables him to carry out a more difficult job than he might otherwise undertake in his own work. Those who

*continued overleaf...*

continued from page 43...

view the exhibition are able to see what is being achieved and the Head Master and the Dean are able to retain examples of the boys' work which can be shown to visitors and enquirers. Nonetheless we hope they are regarded as personal and will eventually be taken into retirement. Since the boy does not have the book to take home he receives a set of photographs of the finished work and of him working on it at different stages. A photographic record is also kept in the school of all the books completed each year.



“The binding room is in action three days a week from late afternoon to late evening.”

The binding room is in action three days a week from late afternoon to late evening. Before that I work on the books in the Abbey Library. There are about fourteen thousand, almost all needing some attention, some a great deal. We have illuminated manuscripts, the earliest a bestiary written and painted in York in 1243.

There are several incunables,- books produced in the cradle of printing, 1450-1500, many more from the early years of the sixteenth century, a large collection up to the end of the seventeenth century and a few from the early years of the eighteenth. When the Library was re-started fifty years after the

Dissolution it was largely restocked with gifts and bequests from the personal libraries of deans and clergy. There are some from Lord Burghley, Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor, and a number from William Camden, first librarian, then Under Master, then Head Master and one of the greatest antiquaries of his time. So as well as theology, law, history, medicine and other subjects are well represented.

About a hundred books were completely lost when incendiaries came through the roof in 1941, at the same time that School and College were gutted: many were badly scorched and more were affected by the hosing. I have restored a number of these in the last eighteen years but there are other categories needing attention.



**FREDERICK VAN DER WYCK**

(DD 96-01), at present reading mathematics at Merton College Oxford writes about two of the bookbinding projects he carried out in his last two years at school.

Every year the bookbinding department offers a book to the Head Master and one to the Dean. A suitable publication is found and is either bought new, taken apart and rebound or obtained directly from the publisher in loose sections which can be sewn together and bound. The result, at any rate, is quite different from most books you might encounter in a shop. The cheapest (and therefore most favoured by the trade) method of making books is simply to assemble a stack of paper sheets, coat the back in hot-melt glue and stick on a cover. In a hand-bound book, by contrast, the folded sections of paper are sewn onto tapes or cords, which in turn are firmly attached to the cover, to make a much



Above: Frederick van der Wyck (left) and Trevor Hines (right) at work.

Opposite left top: Art and Architecture in Italy 1240–1400. The Head Master's presentation book 2001. Bound by Trevor Hines.

Opposite left bottom: Frederick van der Wyck preparing the Cambridge binding.

The first book I was asked to rebind was the second volume of the Litlyngton Missal, a superbly illuminated service book written and painted in 1383–4. This was certainly being thrown in at the deep end and everything else has seemed carefree by comparison. I took a liking to this particular work and have been studying it in many aspects other than as a binding job. In 1998 I completed an M.Phil. thesis on the illuminated initials of the Missal and the history of Abbot Litlyngton and the times in which the book was created. By macrophotography I was able to bring to light details

which had never been seen before. I am now working on a doctoral thesis on all the other aspects of this great work.

I rebind many of the smaller books in the collection in limp vellum. This was a style widely used till the end of the seventeenth century and rediscovered after the 1966 floods in Florence. The rescue teams found that these flexible

bindings had taken minimal damage compared with boarded books where the strains on the boards had torn the sewing straight out through the spines. It is now widely used for the conservation of early books.

The majority of books I have been working on are from 1500 – 1570. These nearly all have wooden boards – oak and beech from England and chestnut from Italy – pasteboard only having been invented mid-sixteenth century. Some of these had been badly worm-eaten in their previous homes and have had to be repaired with natural wood-filler before being re-used in the new binding.

There is great variety in the Abbey collections and a need for repair and rebinding that will last for many lifetimes of work. Douglas East

“In 1998 I completed an M.Phil. thesis on the illuminated initials of the Missal and the history of Abbot Litlyngton and the times in which the book was created.”

stronger construction. Hence, of course, the considerable time and effort involved!

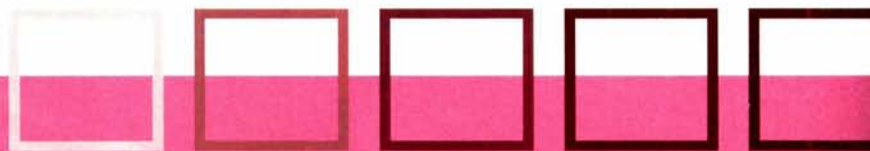
Fortunately, Westminster pupils benefit during the whole process from the invaluable supervision and assistance of Douglas East. As far as possible, he avoids disasters (or remedies them), as well as ensuring that a general atmosphere of tranquillity is maintained in the bookbinding room. The books for the Head Master and the Dean, too, are made by a pupil with some assistance in the early stages by Douglas.

This year's book for the Dean was given a special 'Cambridge' binding. It was bound in light calf and then decorated by spray-

ing it with a fine sprinkle of black leather stain, to produce a speckled effect. The part of the leather to be a coloured is left exposed, while card masks are used to protect the rest. One then uses an ingenious device consisting of two thin tubes, at right angles to each other. One is placed in the stain bottle, the other in the mouth. As the binder blows out through the latter, the pressure is lowered at the top of the tube in the stain. This is sucked up as a result, and sprayed out forwards. Fortunately this all went well first time. Even Douglas cannot remedy a book soaked in stain in the wrong places. Some areas are given a single mist of stain, others have two, so as to produce different shades of speckling. Finally, a heated roller

is slowly run along the edges of the design, leaving a thin indented line, and another heated tool is used to stamp patterns onto the corners of the book. Again, there are no second chances.

The results were visible, along with all the books bound in the preceding year, at the exhibition in the summer. Douglas puts a great deal of effort into ensuring that as many pupils' books as possible appear, that they all have descriptive captions and are clearly displayed in good light. As well as the books, there is information about the history of bookbinding and the techniques involved - all most certainly worth a visit if you have not yet been.



# THINK PINK

## CREATING PINK

Isabel Chick (DD Rem), Mica Penniman (DD Rem), Anna Stothard (LL Rem)

The Elizabethan is quite possibly the worst place to explain why *Pink* came to be, since it is precisely because of this consummately professional magazine that a group of consummately unprofessional students decided to start a new magazine. We created *Pink* to cater for the messier and more ridiculous elements of Westminster life: a magazine that people felt they could write for without being edited by the staff room.

While The Elizabethan is tidy and authoritative, our first issue of *Pink* had spelling mistakes, wonky staples, incorrect page numbers and even had a libel letter sent to us within the first week. Despite all this we sold out after every single print run. The 'Sex in the Sixth Form' column quickly became the most loved and most hated item, often seeming to find its way onto the walls of fifth form bedrooms. 'OI!', a space where students could anonymously voice their opinions, caused controversy for its cruel and somewhat arbitrary condemnation of rowers, rude boys, proto-hippies and conformists. *Pink* was always occupied with some sort of battle. There was one painful day for example, when our fluorescent pink, slightly sinister, 4'6" papier-mâché bunny was kidnapped and decapitated. When I close my eyes at

night I still see the mangled remains of our beloved mascot.

Over the course of the year, *Pink* magazine interviewed a real-life stripper, the cast of the National's production of 'Blue/Orange', Harriet Walter, Lee Marks (the man who owns 'Spymaster'), Helen Bonham-Carter's brother, and, wait for it, the legendary 'Daphne and Celeste'. From the very beginning there were a lot of people who put time and energy into *Pink*. Ellie, Natasha and Julia organized our lives in the 'sorted' page, Rory Scarfe analysed the latest films, Ed Saunt analysed sport and Mary Nighy desperately tried to teach us about culture. Greg Pallis managed to convert a fair number of people to pop in his renowned music pages, at one point famously claiming that 'Hit me Baby One More Time' was the best song *ever*.

Creating a new magazine in a traditional school was not plain sailing, especially since we wanted to build the foundations for something that would last as opposed to printing a one-off spoof. However we had a lot of fun creating *Pink* and it's nice to know that when our year exits Westminster School we will have left, for better or worse, something more than graphite behind us.

## PINK 2002

David Brescia (HH VIth) writes about *Pink* as he sees it today.

For those of you who do not know, *Pink* is the relatively new half-termly magazine produced by the pupils for the pupils. *Pink* has been subject to tremendous criticism since issue one. In the days when Isabel Chick, Mica Penniman, and Anna Stothard founded it and served as editors, pupils complained that it was dull and lacking that vital spark. After issue five, a group of frustrated pupils prepared to make a rival 'Not Pink' magazine out of protest. To prevent this, Tamsin Omond was made editor and the Not Pink team were incorporated into *Pink*. The sixth issue, therefore, was of a completely different style and – in my opinion – a much improved magazine. It still attracted scathing criticism, but this time from the teachers, one of whom described it as "boring, pretentious, introspective, filthy, and self-indulgent tripe". While I agree that it does perhaps give unfair representation to the editor's and assistant editors' own social circle (to such an extent that one might think

there are only about 20 people in the school), if you do not read the entire thing from cover to cover you are missing a gold mine (and throwing away 50p, I might add). It's clever, it's probably the most entertaining thing you will read at this school and the high standard of writing from all contributors should make the English Department proud. The movie and music reviews compare well with those in professional magazines and therefore all the editors – particularly Alex Nurnberg, Anthony Cardona and Karmen Watson – deserve congratulation. Recognition should also go to Edward Saperia for his fine proof-reading. Perhaps occasional references to sex does make *Pink* a bit low-brow now and then but the fact that the magazine continues could be seen as a sign of Westminster's incredible tolerance, and thus as a compliment. But whatever people think of *Pink*, the fact is that every issue has been sell-out since the very first. Two hundred Westminsters can't be wrong!





## IN THE PINK

Tamsin Omond (BB V1th), the current editor of *Pink*, comments ...

A representation of society (or is it just a particular class?), come to Westminster hoping to find life on a high intellectual plane and instead is greeted by... *Pink*. Their entrée to school life is a gossipy, pungent, satirical parody of a tabloid magazine. Filled and fuelled by controversy but ultimately viewed as “just a bit of fun”, *Pink* represents a concept often looked down on by the academics and intellectuals with whom we share this establishment.

When appointed as editor of *Pink*, I had to consider my aims: what to adjust, what to remove and what to continue, while ensuring that the “new-look” *Pink* was my own and not simply a regurgitation of old values and past ambitions. During this period I was forced to confront one of the difficulties that *Pink* had encountered in the previous year, namely falling demand with each new issue. As an immediate remedy I decided to completely re-invent the magazine to gain new readers and ensure that regular readers were reminded why they were paying money for a student magazine. As the number of issues that I edit increases, I will have to rethink this tactic and instead ensure that the articles and features in our magazine are concerned with contemporary issues both in and outside the confines of Yard.

By changing *Pink* from a relatively serious magazine into what has been described as “a big gossip column” I was taking a risk which could have resulted in my first issue being *Pink*'s last. I was aware that this new format, if done badly, could alienate many loyal customers, but if done well could introduce many new readers to the delights of *Pink* without losing our dedicated readership. Ensuring that all articles

were well written was the first step to this new goal but I could not ignore the fact that by sometimes dealing with gossip and the like I would isolate the more intellectual members of Westminster society and risk losing the Common Room's support. News, features and reviews are included in the magazine to stop this from happening and although some features may be spoofs, parodies or satires, I would not allow anything to pass into these sections unless it was both well written and topical. All views, provided that they are well-expressed, are catered for and whereas at times my artistic integrity is challenged by the inclusion of certain articles we hope the result is enjoyed by the students at Westminster. Perhaps every now and then we need an escape from the intellectuality of a school filled with the future's great minds!

It is important that the origins of *Pink* are not forgotten. As a purely student magazine *Pink* is not attempting to portray the school in the same way as the Elizabethan. It aims to represent the students and give them an outlet for their views on the school and on such topical issues as drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll. Controversy and scandal are not its sole intention but as freethinking liberal-minded people, some Westminster's views and interests may cause such stirs. Criticisms of *Pink* are welcome and at times valid but as a student magazine attempting to appeal to a society as diverse as that found at Westminster it is impossible not to antagonise different groups at different times. However, without the opportunity for students to voice their opinions, free from the fear of the constraints of tradition and convention, how can it be said that Westminster offers a complete and fulfilling education?

Above:  
A typically *Pink*  
advertising campaign.



# WESTMINSTER IN A NEW LIGHT

Ben Pearce-Higgins is a lighting consultant and is responsible for a number of lighting improvements around the school. He writes about light in a general sense and then specifically in a Westminster context. Most of us are probably not directly conscious of light and lighting but as Ben points out, light affects us all in some way or other.

**L**ike air, we take light for granted, noticing it only by its absence. The light and heat which we experience on the earth derives from the sun which controls the daily and yearly cycles of nature. Its spectrum affects us organically and emotionally, creating the visual world of imagination and shaping our modes of perception. We experience the sun as a psychological and physical reality. We are creatures of light and we strive to return to it.

Deprived in urban life of a living relationship with nature, we turn increasingly to artificial stimulation and gratification. With our power and ability to manipulate the body and mind, the centre of gravity of our culture has moved towards artificial intelligence and the exhaustive exploration of our physical environment. The thrust of world order remains based on the accepted concepts of economic and technological progress which will, through increasing investment of all our resources, in time solve the existential problems and overcome nature.

The research into the nature of light is a fascinating aspect of this process and, when confronted with quantum

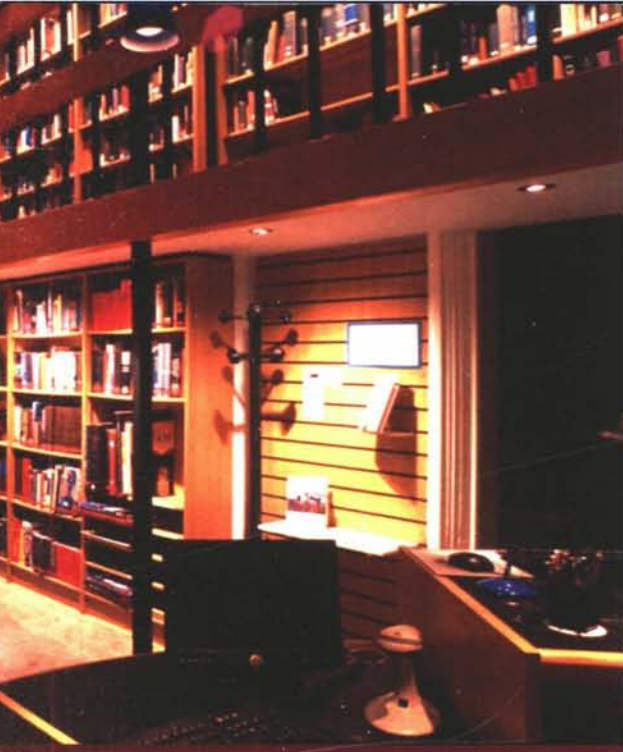
physics, takes our minds to the limit. However, we continue to use light like any other commodity without great consideration for its nature, cause or effect. Our era has seen a transformation in the way light is used both as a medium of communication with fibre optics and as a tool for projection in entertainment in commercial and domestic environments. With light, once available only from the sun or from fire, we now create artificial worlds within worlds completely contrary to the natural order. The element of control based on the assumption that we know what we are doing, enters increasingly into environmental engineering.

So it is with artificial lighting on every level. Whereas once we hung a chandelier and basked in its glory, now the chandelier is valued more for its beauty and elegance than for the light it gives. We can dispense with those fragile filaments which eat up electricity, were more effective as heaters than lights, and generally illuminated ceilings where the light was least useful. Now we have powerful, economic, miniature filaments which allow us to control and direct the light precisely, to dim it, colour it, make it move robotically, conceal it in small spaces, direct its heat backwards rather than forwards, and so on. With computers we can digitally control the most complex arrangement. The possibilities are limited only by our imagination.

This hands responsibility to a designer to understand what to do with these powerful tools. He may be presented with options which he did not ask for and has therefore to

“My spaces are dim because the low light opens the pupil and then feeling comes out of the eye as touch, a sensuous act. Sure, you surrender. You surrender when you go to a doctor. A doctor’s office is a body shop. We are talking about healing the soul.”

“James Turrell: Greeting the light”, interview by Richard Whittaker in Works + Conversations, May 1999.



emitting light barely discernible on a light meter at floor level and totally unsuitable for examinations, it became apparent that screwing in more tungsten halogen floodlights was not the answer.

To relight such a multi-functional space what would be the point of departure? First, look at the architecture and the interior design: what do they invite? School lost its hammer-beam ceiling through a firebomb. The post-war ceiling, though not beautiful, offered possibilities for use as a reflector for uplighting and as a platform for direct downlighting. This ideal formula, combined with redecoration, has brought new life to an undistinguished feature. It has also provided good light levels over the stage and floor area from inconspicuous sources boosted by ambient lighting from the indirect ceiling uplights in the cornice. The windows, which allude to the original monastic character of School,

“We generate light at night in cities to offset our fear of each other, but lighting the night sky cuts off access to the universe. And the territory that we inhabit is a visual territory ... if you cut off access to the universe you don't live in it. It's a psychological change to do that, to light the sky and cut off access to the stars.”

“James Turrell: Greeting the light”, interview by Richard Whittaker in Works + Conversations, May 1999.

be discerning in his choice of them. The challenge is not to be taken over by the technology but to remain true to a personal vision which has meaning.

Personal vision and integrity are vital in our culture. Environmental influences are controlled by relatively few people. They decide what and how we see, hear, and experience. Lighting falls into this category because what we light artificially is what we see. For there to be a critical approach to our environment a presence is needed which can stand back and appraise the situation without being unduly influenced by it. Impartial education must show how culture is manipulated otherwise the technology which could serve us will become our masters.

We can now move on and say that it's lighting up time at Westminster! Experts have been set to work. They are moving through the school taking up floors, chasing walls, opening up ceilings in their mission to subtly conceal state-of-the-art lighting equipment behind false panels and hidden traps. What is it all about? Confronted by School with its light boxes glowing feebly nine metres up in the ceiling,

offered drama and enhanced ambient light from intense illumination by uplights concealed behind new architectural upstands which echo the mouldings of the wood panelling below. The decorative organ case, the large shield over the stage, the two trompe l'oeil murals, and the two classically inspired canvases are all illuminated from spot lights concealed in the cornice. Finally, exterior spots project through the stained glass windows thus bringing them into the overall picture. In this way the architectural and decorative features of School have formed the basis for the new lighting.

The new system runs entirely on twelve volts through a patent “intelligent” dimming transformer which senses and stabilises the lamp voltage. There is now a consistency to the light as the irregularities of intensity and colour temperature often experienced previously, are removed. The twelve volt system has many advantages such as miniature fittings, brilliant light, small filaments for precise optical focussing, a lamp life five times longer and current consumption one third that of service lamps.

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And so to the Library! Here a combination of techniques still employ the principle of “painting with light” as it is directed either onto the books themselves from small swivel fittings recessed into the ceiling, or from uplights added to the chandeliers thus bouncing light off the ceilings, or from pendant decorative glass downlights on twelve volt track in the fiction room and over the issue desk. The result is a warmth and lightness not always experienced in a library, making it therefore an attractive place to be. Special features are the Orion’s Belt night sky in the library corridor (to a layout designed by Dr Needham) illuminated by twinkling fibre optic stars, and the Carleton Gallery where crude mains spot lights and fluorescents have given way to a twelve volt system which delivers a crisp professional look. In order to achieve a neat installation the ceiling was replastered to a flat surface for the recessed lights. Illumination of the room space had to be considered but most important was the lighting of the objects which need to be visible without glare or reflection. The gallery, already impressive, now has a definite effect on the visitor; it has focus, clarity, and calm arising from the well-ordered room supported by the lighting which corresponds to it.

For those who venture further to the Head Master’s stair hall at No. 17, the same influence can be felt. Here a cavernous space has become appropriately grand, orderly and welcoming through the addition of a large new brass lantern with indirect ceiling uplights to add sparkle and

“Yes there is truth in light. You only get light by burning material. The light that you get is representative of what is burned. So whether you take hydrogen or helium, as in the sun, or whether you decide to burn xenon in a bulb, or neon, or tungsten wire, something must be burned to get this light.”

“James Turrell: Greeting the light”,  
interview by Richard Whittaker in *Works + Conversations*, May 1999.

new downlighting for warmth in the lobby below. Now one can relate appropriately to the fine quality of the space.

Lighting clearly has a role to play. The fine buildings we inhabit today were conceived and constructed for a bygone era. To benefit from them we need to rediscover the qualities which they still embody. The crucial meeting of the old forms with our dynamic technological culture can bring new life and a truly positive and beneficial influence to the environment in which we live.

James Turrell is an American west coast lighting artist whose installations world-wide convey special emotional and religious experiences to his many followers of whom Mr Pearce-Higgins is one. Turrell was brought up as a Quaker to ‘go inside to greet the light’. He experiences light as a universal manifestation of God and explores in his projects, which include light projections, garden installations and an extinct volcanic crater in Nevada used as a sky observatory, the power of light to heal and challenge the self-centredness of man today. He is the creative force behind the Thames Light Project scheduled to be launched in autumn 2003, the centrepiece of which will be Waterloo Bridge and the major buildings on either side of the river at that point.

“Despite what people say, universities, especially good universities, are the best places to go if you want to work hard.”

# FRESHER THOUGHTS

Matthew Jackson (AHH 1999 – 2001) who is currently reading classics at Magdalen College Oxford, has written a few words of advice for those contemplating university, in particular for those first few weeks where everything is new and exciting and just a little overwhelming.

**T**owards the end of the summer holidays your university will begin to bombard you with so-called guides to student life. These are mostly written by students, and are generally too painstakingly entertaining and self-consciously tolerant to be of any use. The one useful thing they will probably tell you about is the necessity of four-way adaptors. Remember this.

You will find pages and pages of immaculately conceived and erudite facetiae awaiting you in the freshers' handbooks, but little else. The following short article, if you will forgive the fairly bald style, is something that I wish I had read before leaving school.

After two weeks at university, I have learned that there are only two things that concern a student: Money and Time. They don't take care of themselves, and you no longer have teachers and parents to take care of them for you, so it is important to know how they behave. The bottom line: if you make no conscious effort to keep track of them, they will disappear of their own accord.

All around you in the first week you will see archetypal groups of students engaged in archetypal student pursuits. They are smoking, drinking, paralytic with laughter. It is seldom appreciated that the reason for this is that they are absolutely terrified. They are not in groups because they particularly like one another, but because an inner primal fear makes them afraid of predators. They are smoking because they don't know what to do with their hands, drinking because they associate being fully conscious with feelings of inadequacy and despair, and laughing hysterically because they are hysterical. Whether you resort to any of these methods depends on your ability to cope with the universal sense of terror that pervades freshers' week, the niceties of which I need not develop. However you deal with it, there are certain things it is useful to know beforehand.

In conversations, for example, try to avoid talking unless it really is worth saying. Awkward silences are inevitable, but silence is your friend. It means you're not coming up with some comment you'll regret for the rest of your days. Try also to avoid talking about your old school for want of any other topic; someone else will probably do it.

Wash your hands every time you see a sink, and also drink lots of water. The first weeks are the worst for your immune system, as they are for your valuables. If you are in halls of residence, you should never leave your room without locking it; leave music on so that potential thieves think you're

in, and get insurance. Lots of insurance. If you are in the habit of mislaying important items, it might be an idea to pretend to lose your keys in the first week, so that you have a spare set handy in time of genuine crisis.

The first week is a time when people will be anxious to carve out reputations for themselves. There will be one or two who, having read the freshers' guide dutifully from cover to cover, achieve the status of 'legend' through exploits with fire extinguishers, 'For Sale' signs and air-ambulances. This provides a common topic of conversation, something that people will initially appreciate; but when the reputation they have earned proves too much to keep up, the infamous class of 'failed legend' awaits them.

At their zenith, rival 'legends' will strive for similar accolades, until some idiot puts his head through a window with visions of immortal glory, and then returns from hospital to find himself reviled by the entire floor who have now been forced collectively to pay for the damage. Ultimately, you will be dealing with intelligent people: there are better ways to earn respect.

The first week passes like a thousand years, and your perceptions of people will shift enormously and rapidly. You will very probably hate your best friend to start with, and vice versa, so try not to enter anything permanent, like marriage.

Do your best not to alienate yourself from anyone, especially the inevitable character across the hall who 'has a real problem with the public school system'. There is usually a period of time in your first term when the people with whom you are at close-quarter will suddenly become indescribably irritating in everything they do. This soon passes, but while it is happening, try to remember the person whose head you are aching to tear off is in all likelihood repressing similar urges towards you; a little patience can prevent a lot of grievous bodily harm.

If you have principles, keep them. Never do anything just because everyone else is doing it, or you might find yourself running off a cliff with a lot of pigs. Take advantage of university food if it's cheap, and use caffeine sparingly, to maximize its effectiveness when you really do need to work all night.

Despite what people say, universities, especially good universities, are the best places to go if you want to work hard. At any rate, there are certainly less elaborate ways of getting drunk and taking drugs; like drinking and buying drugs. Make sure you make the right choice between them.



## VENICE AND GLOBAL WARMING: CAN THE CITY BE SAVED?

The Hon. Anna Somers Cocks (editor of *The Art Newspaper* and Executive Chairman of the British Committee for the Preservation of Venice - generally known as Venice in Peril) gave a talk during the year to the History of Art Society on Venice and global warming and the article below is her shortened version of it.

Last winter, the passerelle – long, raised boardwalks – were permanently out in the lower-lying parts of Venice, such as St Mark's Square. The flood warning sirens kept sounding through the fog, and people would dial 041 520 7722 twice a day to get the recorded messages with the predicted heights of the tides. Between September 2000 and March 2001 the town was flooded forty times.

The facts that are just beginning to dawn on people are frightening. There has been a rise in relative sea level of about nine inches (23 cm) since 1900, partly due to subsidence, partly due to a rise in the water level of the lagoon. The observant visitor to Venice will see that many marble steps leading down to the canals, once all above water, are now submerged, except at low tide. Around 1900, St Mark's Square used to be flooded about nine times a year. By 1989, it was an average of forty times and in 1996 it was ninety-nine times.

Due to climate change, by the end of this century, sea levels the world over, (the Mediterranean included), are expected to rise by 15 to 24 inches (40–60 cm). This means that on a calm summer's day in 2100, Venice will be at least two feet more under water than it was in 1900. But on a windy day in the winter, with a south-easterly blowing up the Adriatic, the sea will bank up much higher and severe flooding will be inevitable. In other words, unless action is taken, Venice will no longer be habitable.

And if that is not alarming enough, imagine a recurrence of the storm surge of 1966, when the waters rose to 1.94 metres above mean sea level and the entire city was under water. Experts are agreed that the conditions which caused this flood will recur; the only question is when.

The city was unprotected then, and despite a lot of work to sea walls facing the Adriatic, it is still essentially unprotected. Yet huge amounts of research have been done on the problem and a working prototype for mobile barriers between the Adriatic and lagoon has been tested and declared workable. One of the criteria set was that any barrier should be invisible, so unlike the Thames barrier for example, it does not rise up out of the water, but lies flat on the sea bed when not in use. If a high tide is predicted, the water is forced out of the hinged flaps of the barrier by air

and they rise up to hold back the sea. When the water subsides, water is pumped in and they sink back to the sea bed. The provisional estimate of the cost of these barriers is \$4.5 billion, which is not too daunting for a government that spent \$2.76 billion in just three years on Rome and its infrastructure to get it ready for the 2000 Jubilee.

The sticking point has instead been a debate about the environmental issues involved, led by the heritage lobby group Italia Nostra and the Green Party, which point out, quite rightly, that the lagoon of Venice is a fragile ecosystem which has been dreadfully abused in the twentieth century. In the days of the Doges, the Venetians knew and understood the lagoon and it was the duty of anyone working its waters to report back the slightest changes in the eddies or mudbanks, or if anyone so much as sank an unauthorised pile.

Modern man thought he knew better, and cut a deep water channel through the lagoon to let in the big ships, including petrol tankers (finally banned a few months ago unless they have a double hull). Acres of marshlands around the edges of the lagoon have disappeared as the mainland has been industrialised. The petrochemical works at Marghera have polluted both the waters of the lagoon and the aquifers, as well as pumping out water from the subsoil, thus causing much of the subsidence mentioned earlier. They stopped extracting water when this was understood.

Throughout the 90s, the Greens maintained that the barriers were yet another example of expensive and brutal modern interventionism, and that the ecological issues should be resolved instead.

Now Silvio Berlusconi's government has a strong majority and one of its first pledges has been to build the barriers, but without any suggestion as to when this might be. After the definitive project, which will take three to four years, it will take about ten years to carry out the work. The opportunities for disagreement, debate and, perhaps, delaying tactics will be endless. [Since this was written the Italian government has agreed to the construction of the barriers. Ed.]

The solution must be for the issues to become widely known in the international scientific community so that a

*continued above...*

continued from page 52.

consensus can be reached about the risks and solutions. This will give comfort to the politicians in their decision making and will facilitate lobbying.

At present much of the research is in Italian, unpublished and uncirculated. Venice in Peril has therefore funded a research Fellowship at Churchill College, Cambridge, whose purpose is to collect together and collate all the existing data, working with all the relevant scientists at Cambridge and elsewhere. In 2003 there will be a major conference in Cambridge where the best minds will consider what has emerged and a book will be published, in English and Italian, which will make the conclusions available in a manner that everyone can understand.

That way no one should be able to say they did not know that the world's loveliest city was in mortal danger. As John Julius Norwich, Honorary Chairman of Venice in Peril, puts it, "We have restored churches and monuments and works of art in Venice; I do hope it won't turn out to be like putting on our bow ties as the Titanic goes down".

Venice in Peril can be contacted at Morley House, 314-322 Regent Street, London W1B 3BE Tel: (020) 7636 6138

## FOR FLUTE, CLARINET, VIOLIN AND PIANO

# STUDY

Anthony Cardona QS is a music scholar in the sixth form. The composition entitled 'Study' (part of which is printed below) won the BBC Guardian Young Composer of the Year Award. A performance of the work can be heard on the accompanying CD.

**M**y piece was conceived for GSCE work, and I spent much of the Christmas 2000 holidays working on it. The inspiration was largely abstract, and though it was initially called 'Afar', I felt that it was better suited to the more theoretical title – 'Study'. This reflects its nature; it is a study and exploration of harmony.

This piece is structurally very compact. It begins with a sequence of chords played by the piano, and it is this short statement which forms the basis for the entire work. The music explores the harmonic struggles and inner melodies of the chords, gradually progressing through each one.

The orchestration complements the mood of the piece – dark and bleak. The many violin glissandi and low flute notes, with the spacious clarinet melodies and the groaning bass of the piano, create what I hope is an exciting arrangement.

I have rewritten the piano part for orchestra, and it was this version which was played by the school orchestra on the Italian tour (summer 2001). I am currently extending the original version for possible performance at a youth music festival in Paris this summer.

**Study**

Anthony Cardona  
A tempo

♩ = 76

Flute *Senza vibrato* *ritenuto* *fp*

Clarinet *Senza vibrato* *fp*

Violin *pp* *ritenuto* *A tempo*

Piano *mf* *mp* *p* *mp* *ff* *ped.* *mp*

*Cantante, doloroso* *Half-pedal*



# SPIRITUALITY

An area of concern in the last HMC inspection report was the “less successful ... provision for developing pupils’ spiritual awareness and knowledge of self”. This issue has subsequently been addressed in various ways, including a challenge set by the Dean for members of the Common Room to write a paper on their interpretation of spirituality. Below are the winning entries written by Gavin Griffiths and Michael Davies. The views expressed are not necessarily those held by all the Common Room [I (Ed.) for one believe in actively confronting students with the idea of the spiritual and non-material as often as possible] but they do open the subject to a wider audience and to further discussion and this can only be viewed positively.

## GAVIN GRIFFITHS’ INTERPRETATION

Central to Plato’s philosophical approach is the dichotomy between the world of sense, ever subject to decay, and the unified unchanging world of Ideas, which is not available to our senses, but only to thought. The world of Ideas is fully knowable precisely because our senses can’t get in the way. It is apprehended only by the soul which obtained knowledge of the eternal Ideas before it entered the body at birth; so learning is merely a question of recollection.

These theories are psychologically, if not logically, compelling. The suggestion that there exists another ‘world’, cleaner, greener, purer than the one in which we drink, work and sleep, is attractive, especially if that brighter world is somehow outside Time and not subject to change.

Certainly Augustine of Hippo believed so. His battering of Platonism onto Christ’s teaching represents a seismic shift in

Western sensibility. The fallen world becomes a place of the senses and of desire. The life of the soul, of the spirit, is to contemplate the fixed, immutable world of Ideas which is now synonymous with the world of God and his angels. Spirituality is geared towards Thought and rejects the snare of the senses – and the senses are now synonymous with sensuality.

Augustine hijacks Plato’s notion of the spiritual life and squeezes it into a moral/ethical/religious system which implies, pretty heftily, that spirituality is the enemy of materialism and the friend of poverty. Suddenly the Platonic Idea has become conscious and judgemental: it can tick us off for pride, greed, lust, etc, etc.

At the turn of the nineteenth century, spirituality is redefined. For the English Romantics – or, at least, for the early Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats – God was not an option.



“...some individuals will feel their spiritual yearning fulfilled by gazing at a sunset in Cumbria whilst others will gain the same fulfilment – exactly the same - on a shopping trip along the King’s Road.”

Yet they believed that there was ‘another world’, transcendent, beyond Time, which could be apprehended, not by rational thought – now distrusted as a result of the encroachment of the Industrial Revolution – but through the senses. As a result, the Platonic equation is reversed: the only way to have a vision of Eternity was to look at a grain of sand, a daffodil, a Skylark or a wisp of cloud. Sitting about attempting to think, in a more or less rational, ethical, constipated way wasn’t going to be of much use.

Spirituality, the search for the ineffable truth, is now freed from its anti-sensual and anti-material bias but, alas, as a result, further complications arise. If, say, Proust can catch a glimpse of an eternal aesthetic paradise in the petals of a hawthorn flower, then why shouldn’t your average Joe find spiritual delight in an English batsman scoring a six or a pair of classy trainers in a shop window? Whether they desired it or not, the Romantic Movement – and whether we like it or not, we are still its children-shifted spirituality from an ethical to an aesthetic foundation. Therefore it becomes increasingly difficult to talk of spiritual ‘value’ – value, implying as it does, hierarchy.

Indeed, Karl Marx not only analysed the problem but formulated it in such a way that it becomes a critique of the whole idea of ‘spirituality’ itself. He believed one of the formative stages in the creation of a capitalist society was the development of what he termed ‘the fetishistic character of commodities’ – a process in which covetable objects of human manufacture and trade (such as trainers) become invested with a new range of ideas and associations most of them drawn, in Marx’s dry phrase, from the ‘nebulous world of religion.’ In other words, in a capitalist society, the distinction between spiritual and material collapses because the individual invests material commodities with spiritual worth.

As ever, Marx’s ideas here are partial but penetrating: and strikes to the core of the problem of spirituality at Westminster School. It is not that either the parents, the

pupils, or the teachers lack a spiritual dimension: it is rather that the spirit is pointing in a materialistic direction. Yet unless one works according to a specific Augustinian-cum-Christian agenda, then it is just as likely that some individuals will feel their spiritual yearning fulfilled by gazing at a sunset in Cumbria whilst others will gain the same fulfilment – exactly the same – on a shopping trip along the King’s Road. To approve or disapprove is beside the point: such pluralism is embedded in the affluent, capitalist, material, post-Romantic and quasi-Christian world in which we live.

This does not imply that the school’s inspectors’ criticisms are either lacking in intelligence or validity. Most individuals suspect there might be some kind of noumenal world that is somehow either ‘beyond’ or underpins the phenomenal world in which we toil and eventually die. However, whether there can ever be a correct path to lead us from Appearances to Reality is a moot point: as misguided as believing that any one path is certain to do so.

The only certainty is that spirituality is, at least, a private matter whether it be the hermit with his dish or Keats and his Grecian Urn. For any institution to interfere with that privacy is not only foolish but probably damaging to any incipient spiritual awakening. What Westminster can do is present its pupils with poems, mathematical equations, football matches, scientific theories, snatches of Mozart, computers, walks in the countryside, tours of art galleries, as well, of course, as sermons from the pulpit. It is for the pupils themselves to uncover or discover their own spiritual truths and for the teachers to provoke them with the widest range of stimuli. Plato’s attempt to institutionalise spirituality with his Academy was an interesting experiment: I suspect that there was a lot of geometry and not much in the way of revelation.

The search for spiritual fulfilment can never be a group activity. A truism, but not necessarily untrue, for all that. In any case, for most adolescents, their most profound spiritual experience is the act of falling in love. But that is another story.

## MICHAEL DAVIES’ INTERPRETATION

The National Curriculum suggests that schools should be promoting the “spiritual, moral, social and cultural development” of their pupils. The purpose of this essay is to suggest that the first of these is not appropriately thought of as one of four sub-categories of a single area.

Many of the ways in which we hope that our pupils develop at school are ones in which we could at least imagine them developing if they were learning, alone, in an ivory tower. They could certainly learn Chemistry or Mathematics; they

could read literature and study History – though clearly they might have some difficulty understanding these if they had always lived in the ivory tower with no social experience to draw on; they might find Economics possible if they had a telescope through which they could observe the behaviour of people outside the tower. In a sense, of course, this is exactly how we do teach our pupils these subjects, and we hope that the knowledge and intellectual equipment they develop will stand them in good stead when they emerge from their towers and engage with the world they have been studying.

*continued overleaf*

“... a school's greatest effects on its pupils' personal development come through the implicit messages which its structure and daily life convey to those who study there.”

## ...MICHAEL DAVIES' INTERPRETATION

*continued from page 55...*

We also hope, however, that our pupils will develop in ways which would not make sense in the ivory tower model: we hope that they will not just know about and have an academic understanding of our society, but grow into full members of it. The National Curriculum marks this by adding, for this area of the curriculum alone, to its mantra of “knowledge, skills and understanding”, which every subject area is supposed to develop, the words “qualities and attitudes”. We are thus accepting that the school's mission includes enculturation as well as education, and most of us would accept that it is not only important, for our pupils, that we provide for their development in this area, as they will not thrive, living in our society as they must, without these qualities and attitudes, but also that it is of benefit to those of us who are already full members of our society to maintain its structure by the appropriate induction of new members. The areas of moral, social and cultural development outlined in the National Curriculum describe different aspects of this induction process in a relatively uncontroversial way.

Spiritual development, on the other hand, is not about taking one's place in society. To have a spiritual life, or to exhibit spirituality, is to know and understand what I shall call a spiritual world, though I make no ontological commitment to incorporeal essences: it is sufficient for the use I want to make of the phrase only that there are aspects of the world that are not merely emergent properties of its material constitution. If one believes in a spiritual world, one would be likely to think that a proper aim of schooling was to bring children into contact with it and help them to experience it, but this is a process which involves individuals alone and is not a matter of their interactions with society: a hermit can have a full spiritual life, and indeed it has often been felt that spiritual growth is easier in, for instance, a monastic environment, away from the distractions of social life.

There seem to be two points of confusion which have led to the association of the spiritual and the social exhibited by the National Curriculum. First, the connection, strong in the past but now weaker, between religious belief and moral conventions: there is still the feeling that it is easier to instil the necessary social norms into children if they are prepared to accept religious justification for them. This may be true, but it is related to religious practice rather than religious experience and depends on the present significance of Churches as institutions. It is a mistake to associate these with spirituality: the truly spiritual, with a more important and richer life beyond that provided by human society, have frequently been those who did not accept the social conventions of their time; Jesus himself, for instance. Secondly, the need that many feel for absolutes in matters that are in fact socially determined. One way, for instance, to justify a claim that a sculpture actually is, as opposed to accepted as, beautiful or that a rainforest actually is, as opposed to found to be, awesome, is to suggest that we can come into contact with some qualities which these possess in common

with other beautiful or awesome things, and it is an easy mistake to reify these qualities into essences existing in some numinous world, analogous to the spiritual.

Spiritual development is properly an aspect of children's personal development. A person's spiritual life is part of their inner life, as are their emotions, motivations and self-image, for instance. Of course, one's personality, goals, sense of self and so on develop in relation to, and are shaped by, one's social world; if there is also a spiritual world, then one's personality, goals, sense of self and so on develop together with one's relationship to that world also. Schools are involved in children's personal development, and hence spiritual development, because of the responsibilities prescribed by the National Curriculum Personal, Social and Health Education program, because teachers are important adults in many pupils' lives, and because the school provides the context in which much of a pupil's personal development inevitably takes place.

It is not the case, however, that all aspects of children's personal development can be subsumed under the heading of spiritual development: it is tempting for schools to do so, because it enables them to label a category of experiences (Abbey, expeditions, visits to galleries, concerts) as spiritual and measure the richness of the school's contribution to pupils' personal development by the wealth of such opportunities and their quality. In fact, however, a school's greatest effects on its pupils' personal development come through the implicit messages which its structure and daily life convey to those who study there. These effects are very difficult to measure and understand, and it is correspondingly hard for schools to order themselves to ensure that they are, as far as possible, positive effects. Thus the institution tends to be organised to best achieve the school's other aims (improving exam results or gaining University places, for instance) which offer clearer targets, even though the resulting mode of organisation may create an environment which does not enhance, and may even damage, pupils' personal development.

I believe that every feature of the world supervenes on its material constitution. Therefore I do not think that schools should be teaching children that there is a numinous aspect to it. Neither, however, should we be teaching children that there is not, but should be offering opportunities for them to begin to make up their own minds about this: some will consequently develop a spiritual life; others will not. Schools have a responsibility for encouraging and guiding the enculturation of their pupils and for at least some aspects of their personal development. What we must avoid is identifying either of these two areas of children's education with spirituality.

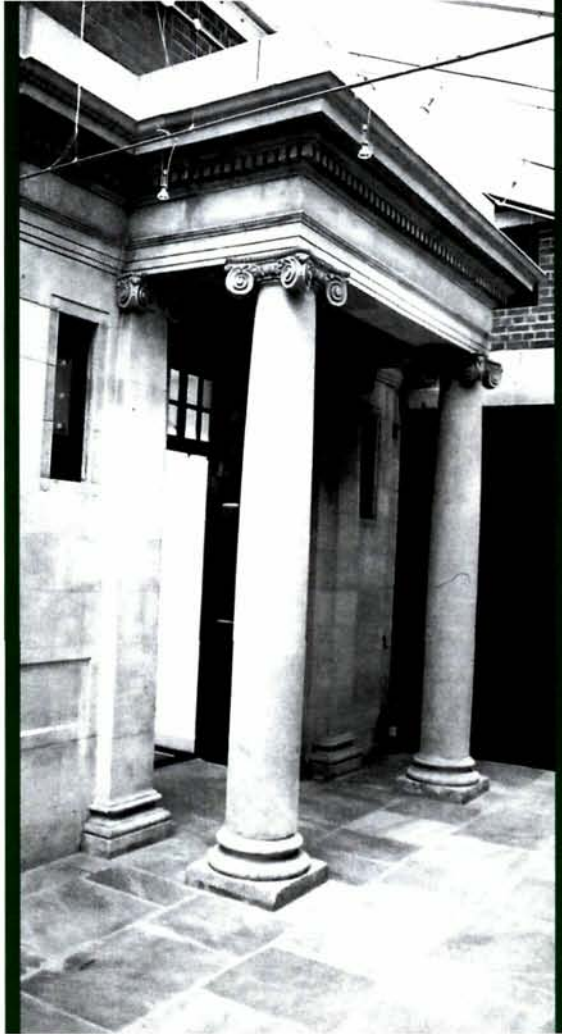


Artwork: David Crosse (AHH V1ch)



# ARTS

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## WESTMINSTER SCHOOL THEATRE AT MILLICENT FAWCETT HALL

Philip Needham writes about the development of the school theatre at Millicent Fawcett Hall.

Westminster has an unrivalled theatrical heritage; many thespians of international standing are numbered among OW's, Sir John Gielgud, Sir Peter Ustinov and Sir Peter Hall to name but three. It therefore comes as a surprise to note that the school, unlike most of its rivals and many state schools has never had a dedicated performance space or a theatre.

School itself has always been the main venue for performances and has proved successful both for conventional drama and opera. It is well equipped to enable performances to take place in several forms, even if its shape and acoustic properties are far from ideal. The main difficulty has always been the competition for use of this space. It acts as the school's meeting place for Latin Prayers, is used for orchestral rehearsals, sports training, concerts and exams. Getting adequate time to rehearse and prepare in situ was always a problem. We must not assume that School will no longer be in demand for theatre use, it seats 250, 100 more than Millicent Fawcett Hall and is therefore a valuable space for major school productions.

With the opening by the Queen of the Robert Hooke Science Centre in 1988 Drama gained its own room in the Old

Science Block, now Sutcliffe's. The junior Physics laboratory was turned into a drama studio. As a teaching room it served, but as a performance space it was never adequate, seating 70 at a push, equipped with only the most basic lighting and sound systems and having no support facilities to talk of.

Despite the lack of a theatre the reputation of drama at Westminster continued to grow and many excellent productions have taken place both up School and in the Drama Studio. However, it had long been recognised that the school needed a theatre to support the enthusiasm for drama and to maintain its reputation. The search has been long, with several false starts along the way.

Finding suitable premises in the heart of Westminster is obviously a major problem. Millicent Fawcett Hall was an excellent opportunity, close to the school, of reasonable size and with sufficient ancillary space to provide for teaching, changing rooms and foyer facilities.

The building was opened in 1929 by Dame Millicent Fawcett, widow of the blind parliamentarian Sir Henry Fawcett. Dame Millicent Fawcett, née Garret (her sister was Elizabeth Garret Anderson), was an active suffragist (not

a suffragette). It was built and named in recognition of her fundamental role in the campaign for women's suffrage and was to provide a meeting hall and library for the Women's Service (the crest of the service can be seen above the entrance in Tufon street). Many well known figures spoke from its stage including Virginia Woolf whose essay *Three Guineas* and the novel *The Years* arose from her speech about the need for women to have financial independence. She spoke alongside the composer Dame Ethel Smythe, who happened to be passionately in love with her at the time.

The hall's decline began in the sixties. Westminster council then used the theatre as the Abbey Community Centre. When the building came on the market the school expressed its interest, however Westminster City council decided to sell it as part of a large site, for redevelopment. The Thorney Island Society immediately began a campaign to get the hall listed, for its association rather than its architectural merit. This was to our benefit as it placed severe limits on its development and use and once again we registered our interest, this time with United House, the developers. After prolonged haggling the school acquired the hall and our restructuring could proceed.

Above:  
Entrance to the  
school theatre  
at Millicent  
Fawcett Hall.

Opposite top:  
Directors of school  
plays 2001/2002.  
Standing  
(from left to right):  
Mr John Arthur,  
Oliver Lyttelton,  
Nicholas Manners,  
Mary Nighy,  
Alex Rubner,  
Mr David Hemsley-  
Brown. Kneeling  
(from left to right):  
Sam Pritchard,  
Dr Philip Needham.  
Lying down:  
George Richards.

Opposite middle to  
bottom: Stage area,  
seating area and  
control room gallery.

“I wanted to create a theatre that was flexible, to enable end-on, traverse and in-the-round performances.”



Plans for the conversion had meanwhile been drawn up, based upon my specification and using the architects Braithwaites and the theatre consultants Theatre Futures (who have worked on many theatre conversions, particularly for schools). I wanted to create a theatre that was flexible, to enable end-on, traverse and in-the-round performances. This required some careful design work to ensure the contemporary design was not at odds with the original building. The original stage was totally inadequate, too shallow, no wings and with limited access. The decision was taken to turn the space around and incorporate the original stage into tiered seating, and to create a performance area at floor level. All architectural features were to be retained and the proscenium arch was moved back to frame the technical gallery. The gallery was built to increase seating and performance possibilities. Lighting gantries and the gallery were designed to bolt into the space and form a dramatic steel structure within the shell of the hall, as in the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, juxtaposing the new with the old. The colour scheme of metallic grey for the steel and dark red for the walls and ceiling was to support this concept, to highlight the architectural moulding and shape and to tone in with the original wood panelling. I felt the convention of theatre black would lose the drama we were creating of this space. A sophisticated array of controlled house-lights enables the features mentioned to be pointed out.

The other major development was the acquisition of the yard in front of the main entrance. The development of the flats and commercial premises had destroyed the visual impact of the porticoed entrance to the theatre. Access was now through a low dark passage way. We gained permission to glass roof this yard and bring it into the theatre. The creation of the York-flagged and brick-walled foyer is the result. It regains the sense of the grandeur that the portico represents but deliberately keeps something of the outdoors. The colour here is the school blue that offsets the stone

and brick. Again sophisticated lighting is used to heighten the drama of the space and to draw the eye to its charming details. English Heritage was consulted about the changes to the building and supported our plans.

The remaining space houses additional foyer space and a bar and toilets. On the lower floor the theatre contains a teaching/rehearsal room, two changing rooms, separate toilets for performers and maintenance rooms.

The teaching room is equipped with lighting and sound, more sophisticated than in the old Drama Studio, and can be used for informal performances. Everything is equipped to the highest standard; indeed the theatre is in every sense a professional space, from the complex lighting rig, extremely sophisticated sound system, to the video projection unit and stage lift.

The theatre has already had an impact on school life. The drama department, always thriving and a centre of excellence, is now seen to have been recognised; its kudos has a tangible demonstration. Attending a play feels like going out to the theatre, there is the excitement of the new but also the greater awareness of the professionalism always aimed for. It is always buzzing after school, with from one to four rehearsals taking place (the foyer and the bar acting as rehearsal venues), plus theatre and technical workshops. Enthusiasts can now elect to work in the theatre as a station, though this is not a soft option.

I am pleased and delighted to have seen this project to completion. During my years as Director of Drama the search for a theatre has been a major preoccupation and several close calls have left a sense of disappointment in their wake. Now I leave Westminster with a fantastic and enviable theatre. My successor will have the opportunity to take over a running concern. I know I leave Drama in very capable hands.

## HAKLUYT'S HOUSE PLAY

# ALARMS & EXCURSIONS

Reviewed by David Brescia (HHV1th).

Performed on January 15th – 17th the Hakluyt's house play was enjoyed immensely by all. *Alarms and Excursions*, by Michael Frayn, consisted of five sketches (totalling approximately 40 minutes) about the confusions and disorder caused by modern life and technology.

The first four plays all consisted of actors sitting or standing in the same spot while they either delivered their lines or reacted to announcements from offstage. Because of this, the humour relied very much on the acting skills of the cast. Fortunately, the acting was first rate. In particular Ben Irving, Daisy Collins, Theo Raymond and Lucy Maizels stole the show, with their superb performances.

The first sketch, 'Look away now' was set on an aeroplane about to take off, with a stewardess announcing safety procedure, while one of the passengers (Ben Irving) desperately tries to conform with the others but clearly stands out since he is the only one actually paying attention. Although he had no lines, Ben's hilarious expressions of various degrees of panic made this sketch one of the most enjoyable.

The best without a doubt was "Alarms". This, the grand finale of the evening, started with guests at a small dinner party trying to locate the source of a mysterious 'chink' sound, and built up into a hilarious action packed farce. Lucy Maizels was perfectly cast as Nancy, and played the tired and confused guest very believably.

A lion's share of the credit for *Alarms & Excursions* must go to Nick Manners and Oliver Lyttleton. Nick did a fine job in choosing the play, directing it, casting it, interpreting and editing the original scripts. Nick and Oliver organised and managed all the rehearsals themselves.

The only disappointment was that *Alarms & Excursions* could not have lasted longer. Sadly the sixth sketch was cancelled due to the lead actress being indisposed.

## BE MY BABY

Reviewed by Jonathan Bailey (RR V1th)  
with further research by Tamiko Mackison (PP V1th)

Amanda Whittington's *Be My Baby* is a challenging play because of the incredible level of emotional attachment that the actresses have to establish with the audience. To perform a play which deals with such serious feminine issues in the male-dominated surroundings of Westminster School, took enormous strength and determination. Even more impressive was the fact that the play was selected, directed and acted by girls independently of any staff support (although one must not forget the part played by Alex Nurnberg, the assistant director, who "provided a feminine touch to the otherwise predominantly masculine cast" according to the programme notes).



## RIGAUD'S AND PURCELL'S HOUSE PLAY

# THE CROOKS' BALL

Reviewed by George Richards (BB V1th) who also directed this year's Busby house play, *The Crucible*, a review of which appears next to this.

*Le Bal des Voleurs*, by Jean Anouilh, immediately took my interest because Mr Arthur's own translation was given the title, *The Crook's Ball*, which was surprisingly similar to that of my own directed play, *The Crucible*. Mr Arthur, house-master of Rigaud's, who also directed the play, successfully kept the sharp humour in many one-liners, and overall produced a funny and interesting piece. The storyline, set in 1920's France, follows, in four *tableaux*, the efforts of three thieves, Peterbono (Tom Gill), Hector (Joe Marwood) and Gustave (Nick Butterfield), as they try to infiltrate the circle of Lord Edgar (Jonathan Bailey) and his partner, Lady Cutglass (Becky Dixon), in order to steal Lady Cutglass' diamonds. From the opening steamy encounter between Joe

*Be My Baby* takes its name from The Ronettes' song and one must give credit to all the actresses for their singing prowess, which they demonstrated at several points through the play. The play is set in a Church-run Mother and Baby Home in 1964 in the north of England and follows Mary Adams (Olivia Newton), aged 19, unmarried and seven months pregnant. Her mother (Ellie Grace) forces her to stay there to keep up the family name and her blatant snobbery was conveyed effectively by Ellie's delivery of lines like "you'll find that Mary's quite different to the other girls here".

In the clamour and excitement of the opening of the Millicent Fawcett Hall it was refreshing to see a play being performed up School and the choice of location certainly added to the success of the production. The tight clustering of the props almost in a semi-circle, in complete contrast to the scale of School, helped to convey the sense of isolation

Marwood and Jess Espey (who plays one of Lord Edgar's nieces, Eve), the disguises of the thieves stole the show. The combination of Mrs Arthur in wardrobe, and Vadim Vavarin in props, produced a series of beards and moustaches which would have shocked even W.G. Grace.

The climax of the play lies in a Crook's Ball being held near Lady Cutglass' villa, to which the three thieves, under the guise of a Spanish noble and his entourage, are also invited, but, despite their skill in concealment, they cannot find a disguise. Gustave, who falls in love with another of the nieces, Juliette (Amelia Earl), tries to steal everything while the Ball is on, but the party returns early after discovering that it was, in fact, a Cook's Ball. In the ensuing chaos, as the police arrest the wrong people, and everyone admits to crimes and undying loves, Becky Dixon's expert rendition of an aristocrat's voice pierces the clamour. The staging of the play, under the supervision of Francis Hamlin, stage manager, remains intelligible and witty. In fact, even when the audience's laughter spread contagiously to the cast, the calm acting of Jonathan Bailey was of the highest quality. The attention of the audience was held during scene changes by the music of both the Rigaud's String Quartet, led by Edwin Moore-Gillon, and the on-stage flautist, Alexandra Cairns. All in all, the play was a brilliantly comic piece, well staged and well acted, which merited the packed house it received.



BUSBY'S HOUSE PLAY  
**THE CRUCIBLE**

Reviewed by Jonathan Bailey (RR VIth).

The Crucible is classic Miller, which, with its chilling social analysis and historical setting, (used to comment on the anti-Communist fervour of 1950s America,) follows events in Salem during the celebrated witch trials, where neighbour turned on neighbour in an egocentric and greed-fed descent into hysteria.

The play is challenging for any director, let alone a member of the Sixth Form, thus one must first congratulate George Richards for undertaking this role and fulfilling it so successfully. Of particular note is the well-defined split focus between Abigail (Tamsin Omond) and Tituba (Emily Levitt) on a busy stage when the accusations of witchcraft are first revealed in Act One. Tamsin's vocal talents were evident to everyone in the audience as her piercing screams announced Abigail's confession of witchcraft. Emily too was convincing, her glazed look and dazed mutterings as she pounded the ground captured Tituba's confusions and isolation impressively.

The crucial court scene of Act Three was also memorable for its direction with its clear hierarchies between Deputy-Governor Danforth (a fittingly powerful Tristan Summerscale), Judge Hathorne (subtly played with clever limitation of facial expression by Nicholas Budd) and the increasingly sidelined Reverend Hale (Jack Farthing, who gave, as ever, a strong performance – especially in conveying Hale's frustration through insistent tones and movements). Finally, one must mention John Proctor, the leading character, who was played by Charlie Corn. Charlie rose to the challenge admirably and, despite some unorthodox interpretations of the character, was able to command the stage and the attention of the audience very well.

Several strong individual performances helped make Busby's house play a commendable production.

felt by the five girls who seemed to have been cast out of society.

One of the most poignant themes of the play is the transition from happy naïvety to grim realisation of the realities of the world. Careful direction by Mary Nighy ensured Whittington's tension building scenes all ended with the stomach wrenching they were intended to. Revelations are made by every character at the end of scenes: for example the realisation that Queenie (played with hard edged attitude by Faye Dayan) has been through the whole trauma of birth and losing a child to adoption before. Each scene acts as another stage in a fast growing up process ranging from the girls finding a book describing the biology of birth to Mary's ultimate realisation that her fight against matron (Daisy Collins who is more sympathetic than the tyrannical spinster cliché that one might have expected) and society to allow her to keep her baby was one which was destined to end in failure.

This was one production where everyone deserved to be applauded but special mention should be made of Norma's (Hattie Garlick) breakdown as she is forced to accept that she will not be able to see her son once he is adopted, which was powerful in the extreme and Dolores' (Mei Lim) playful innocence which was perfectly contrasted with her stunning disclosure that she was raped.

This was one of the best plays I have seen in my time at Westminster. Feminism lives.

## THE REMOVE SCRATCH PLAY

# ECLIPSE

Reviewed by Jonathan Bailey (RR VIth).

Traditionally, a group of students in the Remove select, learn, direct, (in this case direction came from Stephe Seager), and act a play within the first two weeks of the school year. The speed at which the production must be carried out is in contrast to the carefully orchestrated 'major' events, such as the annual 'Shakespeare in the Garden', but the need for haste often results in a more personal production. The obvious time-demands on the actors and actresses, not only in line learning but also in understanding their characters and the play as a whole, makes the fact that their performances were excellent all the more impressive.

Simon Armitage is probably better known for his poetry than the few plays he has written but there are clear links between the two, (for example, the rhyming couplets and the deep symbolism). The play centres on a group of children brought to Cornwall by their parents to see the eclipse of 1999. The unity of the group was cleverly conveyed during scene changes through the use of projected images showing the children playing. The play can be interpreted in many ways but one of the strongest themes is that of ignorance being removed by the illumination of truth. This 'illumination' is accelerated by the introduction of the mysterious and enigmatic Lucy Lime, (a striking performance by Mei Lim who captured not only Lucy's manipulative nature and veneer of confidence but also her fragility). The action is interspersed by monologues which reveal the feelings of the individuals towards Lucy, as well as each other.

Midnight, (Francis Murphy), has, ironically, been blinded by looking at the sun through binoculars "for a dare" and Francis convincingly conveys Midnight's loss of sight through lack of eye contact and an unfocused, glazed look. The twins, (Shaana Levy and Abigail Stapleton), not only dress similarly but also finish each other's sentences. Lucy challenges them to cast off their makeup and jewellery and once this is off the reality of the differences between the two are disturbingly clear, ("we were something else before the daylight vanished"). Glueboy, (Nat Pimlott), is a small time drug user as is clear from his wild movements and saliva-covered speech. Tulip, (Arda Eghiayan), fancies Klondike, (Benjie Guy), the nominal leader of the group, and urges him not to be "Lucy Limed" as she recognises the way Lucy has changed the others by her presence.

Klondike becomes more and more insistent as the eclipse nears and as the daylight dims, his tone becomes almost fanatical as he arranges the characters in an occult-like 'V' shape. The play reaches its crescendo with the eclipse itself and the mystifying disappearance of Lucy Lime.

This was, yet another, successful Scratch Play and one can only hope that the current Sixth Form can manage such an impressive performance next year.

## MILNE'S HOUSE PLAY

# FUNERAL GAMES

Reviewed by Charlie Hayes (GG VIth).

Milne's, under the directorial eye of Mr Hemsley-Brown, performed one of the first plays in the new Millicent Fawcett Hall.

*Funeral Games*, while lacking the high profile of the Millers and Becketts that usually adorn the Westminster theatrical calendar, made the audience do something that most productions don't – laugh, (especially, and slightly worryingly, Mr Troy who, I'm told, laughed louder and longer than anyone else on all three nights and during the two dress rehearsals).

The plot – well, I think perhaps you had to be there to fully understand the twists and turns of this rollercoaster. A priest called Pringle (Rupert Paines) desperately lusting after ecclesiastical notoriety by hiring a private investigator (Johann Koehler) who then apparently kills Pringle's adulterous wife but actually finds out that dear old Tessa (Mira Patel) is nothing more than a home help for an elderly and retired priest called Macorquodale (Zoltan Rajeczy von Burian). The severed hand in a biscuit tin which Caulfield, the private dick, presents to Pringle belongs, entirely innocently, to Macorquodale's dead wife who currently is decomposing in his basement. Incredible, no? Throw in two police officers (Ben Jones and Ben Arnold) and a few surprises, like the excellent stage prop of a glass vase that invited loud gasps from the audience as it was really broken over Pringle's head, and you have a summary of the Milne's masterpiece.

The play had so much going for it. Not only was it an eccentric tale but it was also refreshing to watch a whole cast's worth of faces that aren't usually seen on, behind, or anywhere near the stage. Rupert, Zoltan, Mira and the more practised Johann deserve much extra credit for their handling of this bizarre script and for only cracking up, on average, once a night.

A triumph of the famous Milne's house spirit, once again!





## THE LOWER SCHOOL PLAY MACBETH

Reviewed by Andrew Freedman (WW US).

On a cold December evening, I set off to see the Lower School production of *Macbeth*. As I sat in my seat, waiting for the play to begin, smoke started wafting around the audience, creating an exceptionally eerie effect and a premonition of what was to come, in arguably one of Shakespeare's most ominous plays. The lights were then dimmed and the audience was confronted with a series of powerful and disturbing sound effects, bearing resemblance to monsters from a Greek myth and a plane taxiing off a runway. These sounds culminated with the name of Macbeth being called by each of the three "witches" off-stage: Daniel Bamford, Ben Martin and Sam Green.

About ten minutes into the play, Macbeth (played by Jonathan Richards) emerged onto the stage. Throughout the evening Richards' performance was quite exceptional. He managed to portray Macbeth's deliciously wicked and recklessly ruthless emotions; and yet at the same time, that he was a man with real qualms as to his heinous acts of treason and murder. He made very effective use of the stage, ensuring that even if he was almost whispering to one side of the audience, the other side could hear every word he uttered. Another effective characteristic of Richards, was the movement of his eyes, which frequently adopted a frenzied gleam thus portraying a man who was devious as well as disturbed by the consequences of his actions.

A controversial but necessary move, (considering the absence of girls from the Lower School), made by the Director Philip Needham, was the turning of Lady Macbeth into Macbeth's brother. This worked very well indeed and Clem Naylor, who played the role, rose to the challenge with outstanding intuition. He really came to the fore in the sleep-walking scene with the famous lines of "Out, damned spot! Out, I say!" As in Richards' case, he

made much use of his eyes and at all times played the role with real feeling.

Banquo, a general like Macbeth in Duncan's army, was acted with emotion and fire by Fred Gordon. He played Banquo effortlessly – loyal and patriotic and yet at the same time managing to work himself up to a jealous passion of Macbeth and Macbeth's future position, after Duncan's murder. Gordon's acting skills really came to the fore when Banquo was ambushed by two assassins, commissioned by Macbeth to kill him. His quizzical look at the two assassins rapidly changed as he flayed his arms around, shouting "Treachery" at the top of his voice and ended up engulfed in a pool of blood; all scarily life-like. Later on in the play, Banquo is seen again as an apparition. With the help of the lighting skills of Ben Jones, Banquo's blood-covered face was quite terrifying.

Johann Koehler played Macduff with feeling and drama. When Macduff, who is racked with grief by Macbeth's murder of his wife and children, catches sight of Macbeth



attempting to flee, spotlights on the stage were turned up to their full brightness and smoke billowed onto the stage, creating a very sinister effect. The fight between the two characters was excellently choreographed and was the pinnacle of the play.

Performing a Shakespeare play is a daunting challenge for anyone. The Lower School triumphed and produced a quality play which was, above all, enjoyable.

2001/2002

## MUSICAL FIXTURES

Events that are reviewed in this magazine are highlighted in bold. In some cases there are extracts on the accompanying CD.

|             |  |
|-------------|--|
| 27–29.09.01 | <b>School Opera</b><br><i>Dido and Aeneas</i> and <i>Curlw River</i> |
| 12.10.01    | <b>House Singing Competition</b>                                     |
| 19.11.01    | <b>School Concert, St. John's Smith Square.</b>                      |
| 30.11.01    | Grant's/Ashburnham House Concert                                     |
| 03.12.01    | Chamber Choir Concert  |
| 07.12.01    | <b>Jazz Concert</b>  |
| 10.12.01    | Carol Service  |
| 18.01.02    | Milne's House Concert  |
| 25.01.02    | <b>Contemporary Music Concert</b>                                    |
| 11–14.02.02 | <b>Cabaret</b>   |
| 15.02.02    | <b>First Soloists' Concert</b>                                       |
| 01.03.02    | Busby's House Concert  |
| 06.03.02    | <b>Second Soloists' Concert</b>                                      |
| 14.03.02    | <b>Charity Rock Concert</b>  |
| 15.03.02    | <b>Henry VII Singers</b>   |
| 19.03.02    | <b>School Concert, St. John Passion</b>                              |
| 26.04.02    | Concerto Concert   |
| 01.05.02    | Purcell's House Soirée   |
| 03.05.02    | Rigaud's House Concert   |
| 09.05.02    | Adrian Boult Concert<br>The Nash Ensemble                            |
| 10.05.02    | Liddell's/Hakluy's House Concert                                     |
| 17.05.02    | Wren's/Dryden's House Concert  |
| 14.06.02    | College Concert  |
| 02.07.02    | Leavers' Concert   |



## MUSIC SCHOLARS

For next academic year we welcome to the school the following students who have been awarded Music Awards for 2002/2003:

### SCHOLARSHIPS

**William Blake** (Westminster Abbey Choir School)  
**Timothée de Faramond** (Westminster Under School)  
**Alexander Leese** (The Mall School)  
**Cyrus Lyons** (Westminster Under School)  
**Bernard Keegan-Fischer** (St. John's College School, Cambridge)  
**Adrien Roux dit Buisson** (Sussex House)  
**Daniel Wong** (Westminster Under School)

### EXHIBITIONS

**Simon Cahill** (St. Paul's Cathedral School)  
**David Gabriele** (Dulwich College Preparatory School)  
**Hugh Logan Ellis** (Westminster Under School)  
**Shiv Shah** (Orley Farm)



Above:  
Orchestral Concert  
rehearsal at St John's  
Smith Square.

Left:  
The Chamber Choir prac-  
tising under the direc-  
tion of Simon McGregor.

18 NOVEMBER 2001 ST JOHN'S SMITH SQUARE

# ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

The new-look Westminster School orchestra finally made its long-awaited debut, under the co-leadership of VIth formers Nathaniel Korda and Rebecca Tan, on Monday the 19th November. The concert itself, was at the local St. John's, Smith Square, and just a glance at the schedule brochures at the entrance is enough to tell you how fortunate it is that it is local to us, and that there was a slot in which we could perform.

Previous concerts at St. John's have often featured outstanding school musicians as soloists, such as Nick Hagan and Ed Corn, but in 2001 we were joined by Grigori Zhislin, a professional violinist with a reputation as esteemed and precious as his 1752 violin by Guadagini. He was certainly not going to let us down – and indeed he stole the show, with his outstanding rendition of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto – so now the only worry was that the orchestra might let him down.

The final rehearsals awaiting Zhislin were, at best, tense. But come the final concert, the orchestra achieved the expectations demanded with such a renowned soloist. It can be argued that Mendelssohn's finely balanced orchestration plays itself beautifully, but the strings especially managed to put some unexpected feeling into the middle movement, and the technicalities, such as note accuracy, were very good, even

where intonation slacked. In the end, although Mr Zhislin was the star, the orchestra provided a more than competent supporting cast.

It was in the other two pieces chosen for the programme that the orchestra took its turn to shine. The programme was a challenge, essentially due to its unfamiliarity. In previous years, well-known pieces such as Beethoven's 5th and Rachmaninov piano concertos have been performed. This year, however, Mr Hopkins chose two masterpieces, often over-shadowed by more famous works; Jean Sibelius' interpretation of *Pélleas et Mélisande* is often forgotten after Fauré, Debussy, and Schoenberg's works, and Dvorák's 8th Symphony is ignored, due to the later more populist *Symphony from the New World*.

*Pélleas et Mélisande* is based on a great symbolist play by Maeterlinck, who believed that mood is more important than the plot, and a poem should suggest, not describe. Sibelius' suite thus continues these traits, and so did the orchestra, who used this piece to project their musical intelligence rather than technical mastery. Phoebe Wallace's extended cor anglais solo was worthy of special note. The five movements played were arguably the five most beautiful in the suite, (*The Death of Mélisande* especially) and where this would usually reveal the failings in the musicality of a school orchestra, the

selection enabled the vastly talented string section to show off their highly accomplished sustaining of tone, even when it involved the sacrifice of more basic musical skills.

The heavy brass joined the previously reduced orchestra for the second half – a massive and incredible Czech nationalist symphony, littered with folk tunes and rustic dances. For this, the orchestra delivered a spirited performance worthy of a late 19th century Czech peasant army, especially at the finale, where a slightly over-enthusiastic brass section finally got to shine after hours of waiting. In this symphony, Dvorák lets individuals take the lead as opposed to the unified sound in the previous pieces, and there were performances of special note from the flute and trumpet sections, led by Anthony Cardona and James Church respectively. The 75-strong orchestra – which could barely fit on stage let alone in the changing room – came together in the end with technical flair, musical vitesse, and above all, the spirit and élan required for such a demanding piece. The overall effect was outstanding. From the delicate touch of the Sibelius to the flash finale of the concert, the orchestra managed to pull off an impressive first concert together within the daunting aura imposed by such a prestigious hall.

Charlie Corn ((BB VIth)

25 JANUARY 2002

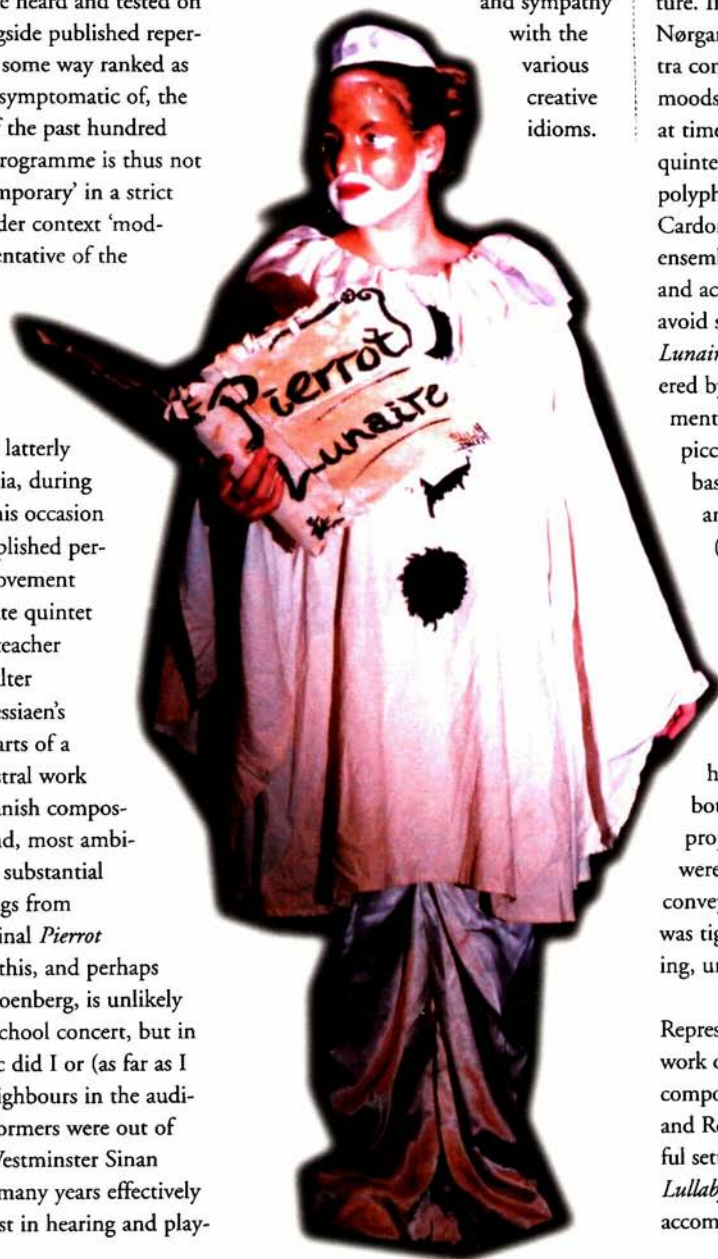
## CONTEMPORARY MUSIC CONCERT

The Contemporary Music Concert is one of the really remarkable events in the school's music calendar. Here is the major opportunity for pupils' own compositions to be heard and tested on an audience, alongside published repertoire which has in some way ranked as influential on, or symptomatic of, the musical history of the past hundred years or so. The programme is thus not necessarily 'contemporary' in a strict sense, but in a wider context 'modernist' and representative of the peculiarly diverse musical culture that has prevailed in Europe and America, and latterly also in parts of Asia, during this period. On this occasion there were accomplished performances of a movement from the 1942 flute quintet by the American teacher and composer Walter Piston, one of Messiaen's piano preludes, parts of a very recent orchestral work by the leading Danish composer Per Nørgard and, most ambitiously perhaps, a substantial extract of five songs from Schoenberg's seminal *Pierrot Lunaire*. Most of this, and perhaps especially the Schoenberg, is unlikely material for any school concert, but in none of the music did I or (as far as I could tell) my neighbours in the audience feel the performers were out of their depth. At Westminster Sinan Savaskan has for many years effectively fostered an interest in hearing and play-

ing music of modernity and complexity without making it seem exotic, bizarre, or foreign to our musical culture – and in these performances there was a clear sense of conviction and sympathy with the various creative idioms.

Timothy Woodward's excellent technical command, secure rhythm and warmth of tone in Messiaen's *Reflet dans le Vent* contributed to a completely convincing impressionistic tonal picture. In the four vignettes from Nørgard's *Aspects of Leaving* the orchestra conveyed a series of strongly defined moods through sounds of enormous, at times frightening, intensity. Piston's quintet is a tightly, even academically, polyphonic structure but Anthony Cardona (flute) and his well balanced ensemble, with its firm rhythmic pulse and accurate intonation, managed to avoid sounding sterile. The *Pierrot Lunaire* songs were impressively delivered by Tamara Cohen with the instrumental group of Cardona (flute and piccolo), Maudie Leach (clarinet and bass clarinet), Rebecca Tan (violin and viola), William Stevenson (cello) and Tamiko Mackison (piano). The singer here moves largely into the mode of *Sprechgesang*, between declamation and music; the weird, twilight atmosphere evoked by the lonely human-clown-puppet depends on both the musical and the semantic properties of the German text. There were problems here in diction and in conveying meaning, but the ensemble was tight, and the overall sound haunting, unsettling.

Representing some of the best of student work over the year were performances of compositions by six pupils in the Sixth and Remove. Alexander Millar's powerful setting of the first verse of Auden's *Lullaby*, which he sang to his own piano accompaniment, played on the poem's



Right: Tamara Cohen (GG Rem) *Sprechgesang* in Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*.

dark references to mortality and the ephemeral, however lovely, image of the sleeping child. The declamatory ghost of Britten was at times not far distant, and sonorous diatonic chords punctuated more chromatic vocal lines. Nathaniel Korda's *Mood Swings* featured above all some skilful handling of instrumental colour – exciting crescendos and interplay between sections of the orchestra – as well as almost gamelan-like ostinato figurations. The tonal effect was so much more telling than the composer's curious short programme note. In Anthony Cardona's *Rotations* the sequenced interaction was of several asymmetric fragments, which produced different combined effects in the course of the piece; the result seemed pleasingly natural, without obviously excessive 'crafting', and the whole structure was driven by an impulsive percussion line. Charles Corn intrigued the audience not only with his pleasant working of the spiritual *Deep River*, in a developed series of orchestra variations, but by his visual contribution in pensively reading a paperback in the back row of the band. *Threads of Gold* was the offering of Alexander Campkin, designed in computational sequencing, augmentation and diminution etc, but achieving a soundly musical and dramatic form. This extraordinary concert ended with an even more extraordinary piece by Christian Mason, his *Ether*, three episodes of contrasting mood plus coda. Mason's instrumentation was topped by the unearthly sound of his own solo *Theremin* – the earliest of the experimental electronic instruments, now making a come-back – a new and exotic experience to many of the audience. The overwhelming effect on the listeners is clear even in the CD which has been made as a permanent record of this excellent evening and in the extracts on the CD accompanying this magazine.

Jonathan Katz

FEBRUARY/MARCH 2002

## SOLOISTS' CONCERTS

It's all very well to spend the best part of a year boasting about your musical credentials, but can you hold your own in front of the school's finest musicians? The soloists' concerts, inaugurated last year and newly expanded, took place in February and March 2002. They give an opportunity for musicians to practise performing and to build a reputation within the school.

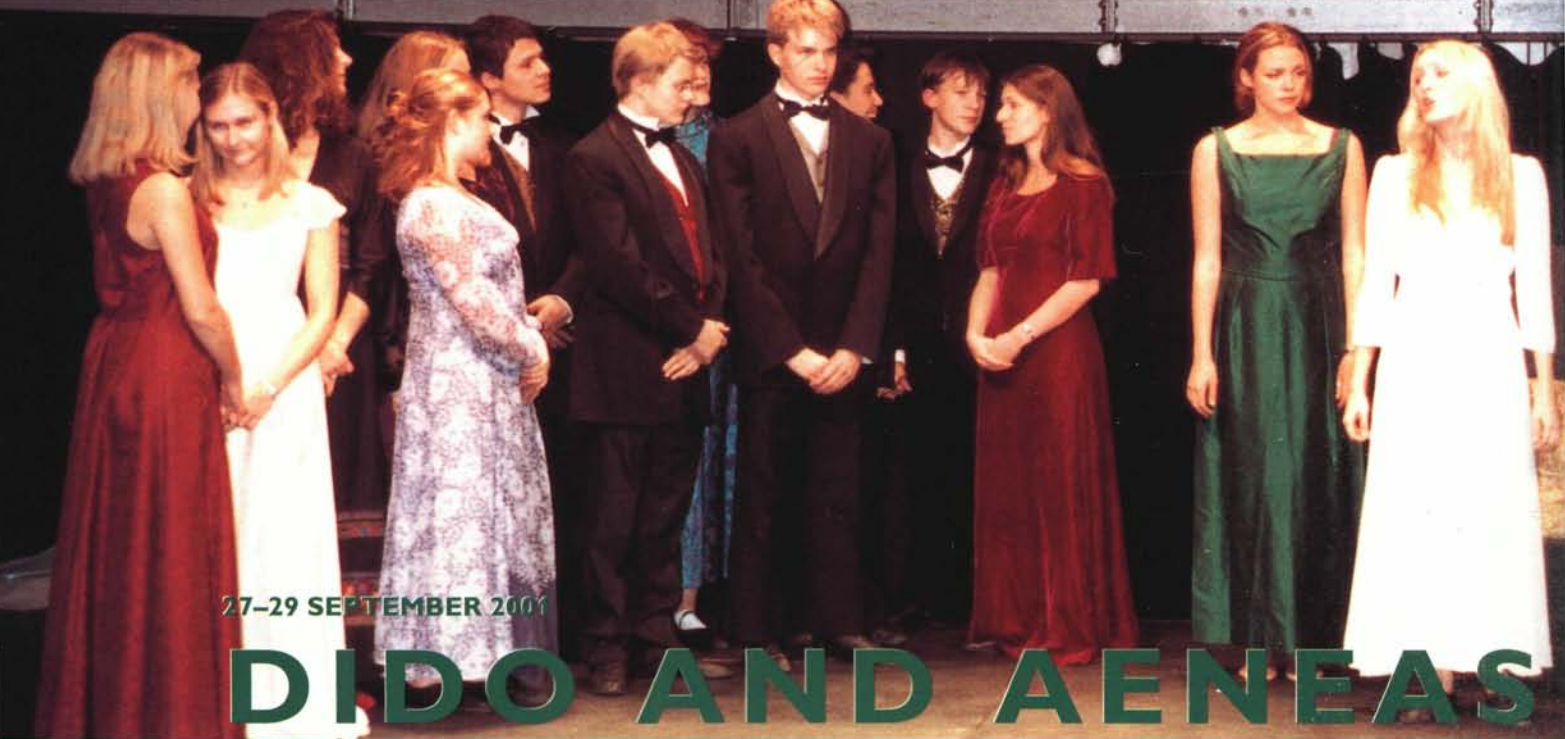
By allowing each performer a maximum of ten minutes, an interestingly diverse programme was achieved in each of the concerts. Several composers who wrote for specific repertoires are able to escape the confinement of their particular field and become more widely known and instruments that are otherwise neglected can be shown to full potential. Such is the case with Yocoh, whose 'Sakura Variations' were performed by Lucy McCarthy on guitar. Trombonists Sam Wilkin and Charlie Corn, for instance were also given the chance to display their instruments through the works of lesser known composers.

Although some of the senior members of the school have quite clearly more experience in the practice of solo performance, many of their younger colleagues showed the confidence and standard required for

a full burgeoning. Special note should go to Sam Young, who performed on both piano and violin to a uniformly high standard, and to the Chooi brothers, Phin and Yean. Although the piano remains perennially the most popular instrument, with stunning expositions from, amongst many, David Powell, Timothy Woodward and Tamiko Mackison, there was an heartening heterogeneity of instruments on display, including classical guitar (Lucy McCarthy) and French-Horn (Charles Hutchinson and Corentin Roux dit Buisson) and a variety of singers, most notably the strikingly mature voices of Mica Penniman, fresh from 'Cabaret', and Alex Millar.

It was the assortment of musical styles on display, however, which threatened to steal the show from the musicians. From Tom Wroe's jazz saxophone and a Bach Partita courtesy of Christian Mason, to the contemporary classical (notably from Anthony Cardona and Charlie Corn) and even 'Holy Minimalist' (Nathan Korda's rendering of Górecki's 'Variazioni opus. 4'), all numbers were delivered with outstanding virtuosity and apparent lack of stage fright. This sort of standard can only be promising for things to come.

Charlie Corn (BB VIth)



27-29 SEPTEMBER 2001

# DIDO AND AENEAS

To open the school's latest extension, the Music and Drama departments offered us two for the price of one – two operas, two composers, two charities ('Save the Children Fund' and the Central Middlesex Hospital) and twice the distance to walk. Before the productions began the main spectacle was the Millicent Fawcett Hall itself. Its bright red hue and general ambience, appearance and compact facilities, silenced even the most sceptical of tongues.

The two operas complemented and contrasted each other in style, subject matter and performance. By choosing a double bill format, the Music and

Drama departments were able to show off the wide range of skills at their disposal; of the 26 singers only four doubled as chorus members in both productions. That these singers had only a few weeks of rehearsals to learn their parts was additionally astounding.

The evening was advertised as an 'English Double Bill', but you wouldn't have known it, for these were some of the broadest definitions of 'English' known. *Dido and Aeneas* by Henry Purcell, based of course on every good schoolboy's favourite, *The Aeneid*, is distinctly French in style with its long, intricate dance sequences but was written in Stuart England and set in

Carthage. Dr Needham's interpretation of Britten's *Curlew River* took it back to the original inspiration, a mediaeval Japanese Noh-Play, bringing the audience out of a quaint Carthaginian court into a gritty oriental drama.

Lucetta Johnson in the title role as Dido was suitably "prest with torment". Her striking voice along with that of her maid Belinda (Naomi Curtis) and her lover Aeneas (Alex Bradford) contributed to a strong, enthusiastic vocal front line. Full use was made of the possibilities of the new hall, the design of which enabled the cast to show off well co-ordinated dance routines, and whose acoustics heightened the force of

## ABBEY

# ST JOHN PASSION

It's the first sign of the close of the Lent term, the retelling of Christ's immortal tale of arrest, trial, crucifixion and entombment. This year, under the careful direction of Maestro Hopkins, the Abbey Choir, Parents' Choir, School Orchestra, a continuo section and a select few professional soloists joined together in the splendour of the Abbey to recall the Passion, according to St. John, set to music by JS Bach in 1724.

The setting of the Abbey ensured an apt grandeur in which the epic scale of the work would certainly not go amiss.

And yet much of the reverberating power and volume, if not diction, was achieved by such an intimate seating arrangement in the West End of the Abbey. This was most noticeable in the opening chorus, whose distant, distinct boldness certainly called the audience, if not the firmament, into attention.

By the end of Part 1, the arrest of Christ, the audience had been able to hear much of the talent that was on show. In the orchestra, cellists Will Stevenson and Emily Rhodes shone alongside the continuo of Jonathan Katz and Simon McGregor, and each soloist (including cameos of an equivalent standard from several choir members) had had their individual chance to shine against some delicate wind and string solos. Especially notable was the Evangelist (Stephen Douse) whose excellent, lulled recitatives provided an outstanding contrast to the élan and ardent movement of the polyphonic chorus passages and



27–29 SEPTEMBER 2001

# CURLEW RIVER

the vocal acrobatics: disarming dynamics, gargling trills and cackling arias from the cast of witches and evening-wear-clad courtiers. They were accompanied by a fine small baroque orchestra with continuo under the direction of Guy Hopkins.

After the interval and the delights of the MFH's new bars and toilets, monks' chants heralded the start of Britten's *Curlew River*, an incredibly ambitious project for any school to undertake. The build-up was apparently beset with numerous difficulties, not least the laryngitis of Alex Millar (the Madwoman), but the production seemed so flawless that they must have

been unfounded rumours. *Curlew River* is moody, hard and less direct than *Dido and Aeneas* and the instrumentalists and singers transformed a professional-level score into a professional-level performance. The all-male cast (to contrast with the almost all-female *Dido*) was led by the outstanding trio of Alex Millar, Charlie Ogilvie and Mica Penniman, who were supported by Jack Holborn, Zachary Williamson and the ever-faithful chorus. The challenge of the virtuosic music was carried off with such ease, that the direction was allowed to shine through, and the traditional Japanese costumes and masks – eternally an effective theatrical device – and stark acting and motion (compared to the energetic

*Dido*) proved to the audience what a wide range of talents, interests and students we have here at Westminster.

The evening of the 27th September was a first in the recent theatrical history of the school – the first time two operas had been prepared in such a short space of time, the first time such a full and diverse company had been required, and, of course, the first time the new theatre had been used.

Charlie Corn (BB VIth)

The CD accompanying *The Elizabethan* has an example of some of the music referred to above.

the melancholy musical clockwork of the chorales. After the interval, in the much lengthier Part 2, the nerves of the musicians melted, providing impressively soulful and enthusiastic work from all involved.

The most controversial decision of the evening was that of performing the work in Neil Jenkin's English translation. Much is lost when translated from the very onomatopoeic German language, especially when stresses and scansion are to be taken into account. The decision was justified to some extent, however, given the limited knowledge of German in audience and choir – singing in English enabled the chorus to act successfully as large mobs, pedantic lawyers and bitter officers. Although much of the diction was lost in the large acoustic of the Abbey and in the escalating ornamentation and fever of the music as the plot moved on, the familiarity of the tale and the printed text reduced the confusion of those in the audience. After the crucifixion, the perform-

ance of the solemn final chorales introduced a poignancy of feeling quite divorced from the objective view of the Evangelist – one might almost have thought that the singers believed in the text they were singing.

Of Bach's four Passions, the most epic works of a prolific father and composer, only two survive intact. This is a great shame, as the Passions are both movingly sad and yet triumphant, gaining power from their ironic interweaving of past, present and future, and underlying much of the Christian belief of mortality. For even a non-Christian to hear masterpieces of such scale and emotion is truly gratifying, especially during the Holy Week.

Karmen Watson (PP VIth)  
and Charlie Corn (BB VIth)



11-14 FEBRUARY 2002 MILLICENT FAWCETT HALL

# CABARET THE MUSICAL

Lyndsey Turner's impressive production of Kander and Ebb's musical, *Cabaret*, reached audiences at Millicent Fawcett Hall after a near five month rehearsal period and endless amounts of hype. Not only did tickets for three available performances sell out within an hour, but an additional performance was added to cater for the high demand. This too sold out extremely quickly. Expectations were therefore high for this production, which gives musical theatre a welcome return to Westminster.

John Kander and Fred Ebb's musical, made famous by the 1972 film starring Liza Minnelli, follows the time spent by novelist Clifford Bradshaw in 1930s Berlin during the rise of the Nazi regime. Through his frequenting of the Kit Kat Klub, a sleazy night spot, he meets singer/performer Sally Bowles with whom he develops a relationship. However during the piece, the tensions of the increasingly powerful Nazi forces become apparent. Beyond its memorable tunes and witty lyrics and Broadway-esque glitz, *Cabaret* is a serious piece of theatre which Lyndsey Turner's production successfully man-

ages to highlight, as well as providing us with spectacularly good entertainment.

Throughout the evening it becomes apparent that Turner is clearly at ease with the big musical numbers, from the show-stopping *Willkommen* (which starts the show) to the wittily danced and choreographed *Don't Tell Mama*. The inventive, sassy choreography is well danced out by Kit Kat Girls, Boys and Hostesses, and their energy right through never fails. The playing space is limited, but the crowd and club scenes look very impressive too, and John Larkey and Daniel Greenwald's lighting effectively conjured up the dark sleaziness of the Kit Kat world. The big songs, which have emerged as classics in their own right, were delivered by the large cast with punch and clarity, even though the quality of the ensemble singing sometimes dithered.

One of the main problems with *Cabaret* as a stage musical is Joe Masteroff's clunky lyrics, full of duff lines and malapropisms which must be just as hard to act as they are hard to hear. Masteroff's book is also quite fragmented so that the audience and characters

are jumped around from club to bedroom incoherently and with little effect other than to disjoint the production. This is not helped by dramatic scenes which occasionally lose pace through underpowered delivery and feel under-polished. Otherwise however, the well cast principals perform well.

Tamsin Omond as night club gal Sally Bowles, brings tremendous presence to her scenes both as an entertainer but also as a very human, fragile character lost to herself in a world of singing, dancing and sex. Her belter voice is a strong driving force for her club numbers, whilst her rendition of the title song in which Sally breaks down is deeply moving. As her frustrated love interest, Jack Farthing is pleasantly voiced and convincing in his character, even if his relationship with Sally Bowles is never quite believable. The evening's events are overseen by Mica Penniman's kooky, eccentric Emcee. His lurking presence throughout is often amusing, but grows increasingly sinister as the evening comes to its climax. Strongly sung and wittily acted, Penniman's performance seemed to delight and intrigue audiences nightly.

Above:  
Some of the cast  
members of *Cabaret*.



Also impressive were Sarah Pett and Alex Bradford as an elderly couple whose sweet, growing relationship is inevitably torn apart. Their singing was especially good, and their affection believably sweet. Hal Brindley as Nazi supporter Ernst Ludwig also provided a suitably stern and menacing performance whilst also being very well sung.

“Come see the cabaret, old chum” sings Sally Bowles, and by the final performance, tickets were being forged so that some “old chums” could come see the Cabaret; not surprising for a musical which promises memorable songs, good dancing, entertainment and spectacle, and “minimalist” costumes. However, this production, despite being an

impressively executed song and dance, also tackled the issues which Masteroff only briefly skims, with a sinister, darker edge which was often unsettling and very powerful. This production helps, even if it does not fully convince us, to understand why Cabaret has gone down as one of the greatest musicals of the last century. Jonathan Richards (GG US)



**15 MARCH 2002**

## HENRY VII SINGERS

St Mary Magdelene Church at Willen, Milton Keynes, was the venue for a fundraising concert given by the Henry VII Singers on the evening of Friday 15th March. The Church was built by Westminster Head Master Dr Richard Busby some 300 years ago and its architect was former pupil Robert Hooke. The concert was the School’s initial contribution towards

the Church’s tercentenary appeal to raise funds for essential repairs.

The eleven Singers, comprising pupils and staff, conducted by Ms Gilly French and accompanied on the church organ by Dr Jonathan Katz, performed six choral pieces in English by Henry Purcell – also a former pupil here – and two works in Latin. The Under Master

introduced the Singers to the packed audience and launched the appeal.

The works were wide-ranging: ornate, triumphant, tragic, meditative and stark. They received rapturous applause from the many local people, who were extremely grateful for the professional and enjoyable performances by the Singers as well as for the financial contribution to their restoration fund.

Once again, the Henry VII Singers demonstrated their musical flexibility and a most enjoyable evening was had by both audience and performers.

Andrew Freedman (WW US)

Some extracts from the performance appear on the accompanying CD.

**14 MARCH 2002**

## ROCK CONCERT

The 12th annual charity rock concert took place on the 14th of March 2002, and was organised by John Blackwell, the Director of Rock. This year was the first time that another school was invited to participate. The evening kicked off with some indie/rock songs from a Remove band called ‘Jack Drank My Beer’. Jack Farthing and Stephanie Seager each wowed the audience with their solo performances, singing and playing the acoustic guitar. North Foreland Lodge, a girls’ school, didn’t show any sign of being

intimidated, despite the concert being a male-dominated one, and dazzled everyone with a mixture of well-known songs, such as the unforgettable ‘Don’t Speak’ by No Doubt, as well as songs of their own. One of the most eccentric bands featured during the evening was ‘Mubarak and The Buff Raiders’, another Remove band, which entertained the audience, particularly with their amusing lyrics. ‘Senseless’ soon followed, and despite technical hitches, they coped well, and entertainment was even provided in the form of the Marcarena,

which seemed to keep the audience happy! But it was the infamous ‘Flicker’ that stole the limelight, as the concert drew to a close. This Upper Shell band was talented and confident, and the lead vocalist had great stage presence that managed to generate a mini mosh-pit! All the proceeds of the concert went to the Nordoff-Robbins Music Therapy Centre. The rock concert was a huge success, with bands taking part from various years in the school. We are all looking forward to the concert next year..

Petra Kwan (MM VIth)



## MUSIC TRIP: SUMMER 2001

# THE ITALIAN JOB

James Church (LL Rem) and William Stevenson (LL VIth) write about the music trip to Italy last summer holidays.

In the summer of 2001, the capricious school orchestra ventured out of the sanctity of School and the lavish surroundings of Adrian Boulton, to perform three concerts in Northern Italy. For many, the highlight of the tour was the lengthy fifty hour round trip coach journey, punctuated by German road stations and a stalling driver named Bob.

The programme consisted of Haydn, Rossini, Elgar and ... Cardona. Never

heard of the latter? He is in fact a member of the school and a winner of the BBC Young Composer of the Year. Our first venue, a Northern Italian fortress, cunningly disguised as a dumpy farmyard, attracted a few locals and various long-suffering parents. Being an outdoor location, we were relying on Italian weather and back in London, such a thing wouldn't have been possible. Nor was it in Italy. Beforehand, we couldn't help but notice the impending thunder clouds, and despite the conduc-

tor's determination to ignore them, as we reached the culmination of the first piece, the heavens opened. With Mrs Jackman leading the way, the orchestra fled for cover. The rest of the concert was played out half an hour later in a tiny barn to rapturous applause.

Our second venue could only improve, and the address of St Mark's Basilica, Venice, filled one with expectation and amazement at just how Westminster had secured it. On arrival, the scaffold-clad building ruined expectations temporarily until we entered the beautiful church. The concert was once again a

## SCHOOL

# JAZZ CONCERT

Reviewed by Anthony Cardona (QSVIth).

The Jazz Concert grows in stature every year – more musicians, more styles, and better atmosphere – driven forward by the insuperable figure of Mr McAllister, who organises the whole event, leads two or three groups, and fills in on any instrument you can think of. For the two opening numbers he conducted an enlarged Big Band, mastering the different styles of the 'St. Louis Blues March' (featuring a splendid march-rhythm drum solo from Ben Irving) and of the rocky 'My Life'. On the latter the band was so loud that even Mica Penniman's huge singing voice was drowned out!

This jazz concert really showed the breadth of students' vocal abilities. The evening seemed inundated by singers – Emily Levitt, Rod Mamudi, Sarah Pett, Pierre Georget ... and Naomi Curtis and Mica Penniman in particular; all performed like true entertainers, nicely reworking some old standards.

However, the focus of the night was still the instrumental side of things. Ben Hartman's lively but meticulous piano playing on 'Pueblo Nuevo' was perfectly complemented by Fabian Baird's subtle Cuban percussion. Then Ben Williamson stunned the audience with his smooth but dextrous playing of 'This Masquerade is Over', his sweet



great success. The audience was far larger this time, many believing us to be the "London Symphony Orchestra" due to an ingenious ambiguity on the leaflets!

However, the third concert surpassed all others. We played on the shores of Lake Garda, in a church of striking beauty, the doors of which remained opened on to the piazza during the concert. The orchestra, inspired by these surroundings, rose to the occasion, and filled the capacity audience with something approaching awe. The trip, however, was by no means all music. The delights of *Hotel Centro*

*Grande Turistico* were additionally on offer; the facilities of which we shared with a verbally abusive brass band from the Isle of Man. There was an outing to 'Aqua-park,' from which Mr Kemball and Mr Hopkins were almost barred due to a degree of over-zealousness on the big dipper and where the age recommendation of 2-6 years was completely ignored by Westminster pupils and Reverend Mordecai when they entered the subsequently not so tranquil, 'lazy river.'

Other highlights included amusing incidents with lawnmowers, and some less amusing ones with sunstroke, whilst

one young Rigaudite managed, with the aid of a coat-hanger, to sample the cultural delights of Italian television.

Plaudits should go to soloists: Phoebe Wallace (DD), Maudie Leach (PP), Nathaniel Korda (HH), and Phin Chooi (MM) and to the Leader of the Orchestra Alla Doubrovina (PP). Our thanks go to Mr Hopkins, Dr Savaskan, Miss Hughes-Rees, Mrs Jackman, Reverend Mordecai, Mr Kemball and Johnny Sells for making the tour so much fun and so memorable.



All Sorts', the Fifth Form group, really showed that there will be much more jazz to look forward to at Westminster.

melodies and seamless improvisation glistening over the keyboard. He was consequently joined by his brother Zack for a flute and piano rendition of the timeless 'Stardust'; the musical rapport they achieved was visible to all.

The larger ensembles also had a lot of limelight. 'Liquorice

NW3 (Pierre Georget, Tom Wroe and Ben Hartman) demonstrated the full range of their singing, improvisation and song-writing talents with some catchy blues numbers. The Korda sextet, (Nat Korda, Anthony Cardona, Ben Williamson, Sherif Salem and Ben Irving) played two striking new arrangements of the old tunes 'Naima' and 'Someday My Prince Will Come'. The Senior Jazz Band (a similar group with Petra Kwan replacing Ben Williamson on the piano, adding Charlie Corn on trombone and Jack Bakes on guitar) provided the highlight of the evening playing four numbers with a variety of styles. Ben Irving on drums and Jack Bakes on guitar are to be particularly commended.

To finish the night off The Common Room Band got together for 'Softly as in a Morning Sunrise', just to prove that, whatever the pupils can do, the teachers can do better!



## PRINTING WORKSHOP

# ARTICHOKE

Ben Sheppard (GG US) writes about his visit to the Artichoke printing workshop in Brixton.



However the school timetable is arranged and re-arranged there never seems enough time to go into any real depth in art within the constraints of the GCSE syllabus. Therefore, as a way of easing this problem the school offers a five day expedition to the Artichoke printing workshop in Brixton. Here we were given an express one day course in four main forms of printing. These included etching, photo-etching, mono-printing and dry point. The workshop is professionally run by Megan, Colin and Mel, who helped us through each different process and took over when things went slightly awry (including me spilling nitric acid over my trousers and turning them pink). The atmosphere was friendly and motivating, as we shared the workshop with full time artists who rely on printing for their livelihood.

Keeping with art tradition, time appeared to haemorrhage, and five days were over in the blink of an eye. Everyone left with an impressive portfolio of prints that can be incorporated into coursework and a depth of knowledge about printing that could not be achieved at school. Early this year Megan and Colin came to the school to look at prints from two consecutive groups of boys who had gone to the workshop. Two prizes were given out: for technical merit to Murat Gokmen (QS US), and for originality to David Thomas (BB US). I'm sure this is an expedition that will continue for many more years to come.

Top: Murat Gokmen (QS US)

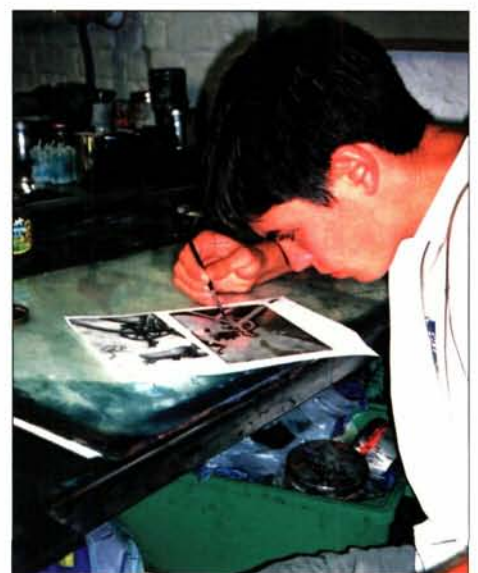
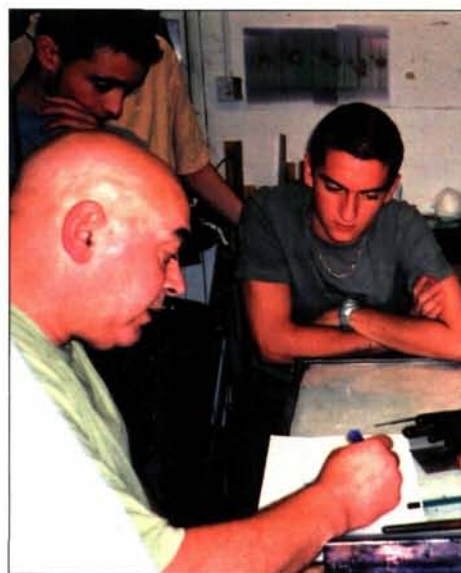
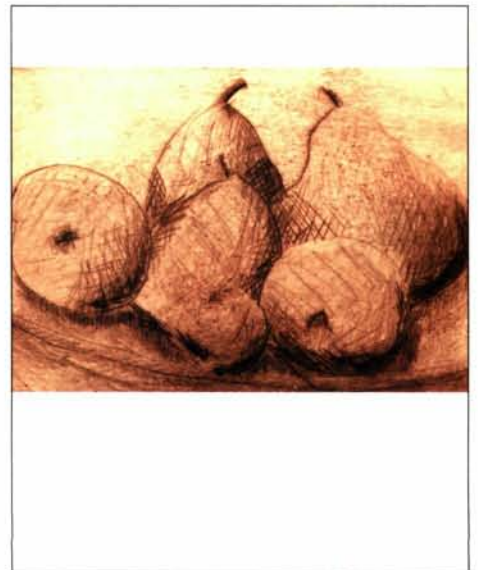
Left: Ben Sheppard (GG US)

Opposite top near right: David Thomas (BB US)

Opposite top far right: Ben Jones (MM US)

Opposite middle: Basil Jradeh (LL US)

Opposite bottom row (left to right): Students at the Artichoke printing workshop in Brixton.





**END OF YEAR 2001**

# ART EXHIBITION

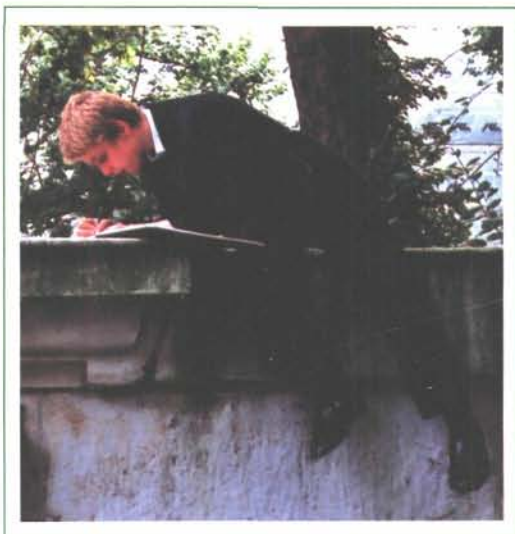
Dr Berry Chevasco is the mother of Alex Chevasco (BB Rem) and is on the Parents' Committee of the school. Her review of last summer's art exhibition is a welcome contribution from the parent body.

For anyone who may have forgotten what makes Westminster stand apart from other schools, a visit to the end of year art exhibition is a salutary experience. Even a cursory viewing reaffirms the unique qualities of the school and the advantage of an education here. This year the art department displayed work from the GCSE, AS and A-level examinations and the exhibition was open to all for a number of days. It is a pity that more parents, especially those of pupils not studying art, did not avail themselves of the opportunity to view the pieces on show.

To describe the standard of the work as impressive would be to state the obvious. One expects nothing less from Westminster pupils in any discipline. What was remarkable was the depth and maturity of the talent on display and the range of techniques taught. In a culture where almost anything can qualify as art, if it is so

deemed by fashion, it is reassuring to find that the foundation of the teaching of art here remains close observation from life and drawing. Regrettably this is rarely the case in other institutions where more fashionable, but surely less valuable approaches to teaching art now dominate.

This is not to say that pupils are confined to drawing or painting at Westminster. What appeared at first glance to be a particularly exquisite, detailed oil painting in the GCSE exam, for example, was revealed by closer inspection to be in fact a collage executed with such depth of imagination and painstaking care that it was difficult to believe that the artist was so young. One intriguing display for the A-level examination included the video film, played throughout the exhibition, of diverse views of the still life which then featured in a series of drawings and paintings surrounding it. The juxtaposition was thought provoking – no doubt this

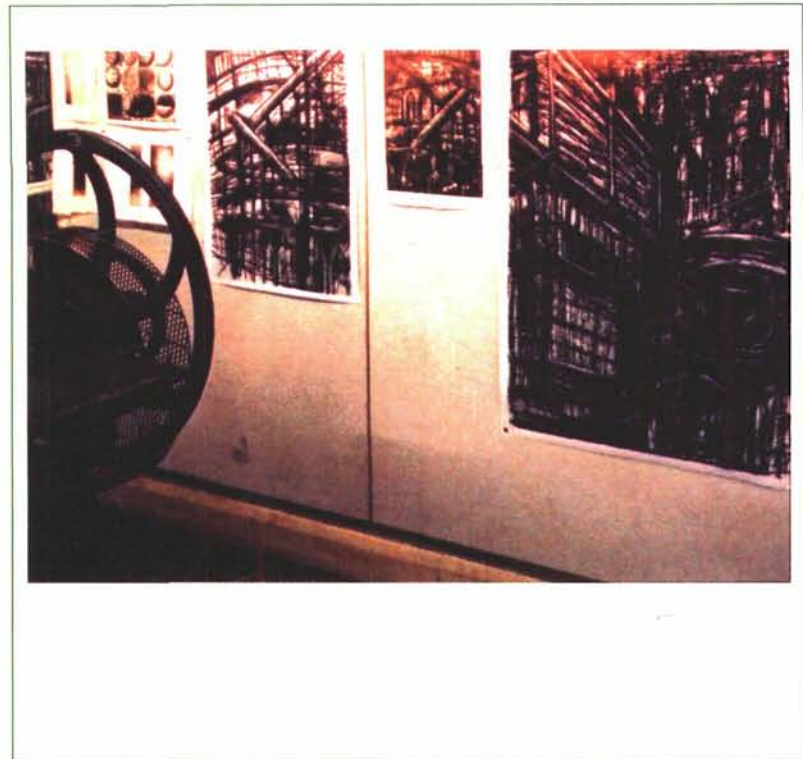


artist's intent – and provided a fresh perspective of the history of the stages which had led to the pictures themselves.

That history of the artists' development figured importantly in the display of the A-level exams in the form of portfolios of sketches, commentary and working drawings. Some of these were profoundly personal, revealing the struggle, the consistent effort, and the emotional turmoil behind the more finished pieces of the display. These portfolios are part of the exam itself and are clearly reviewed from a technical standpoint by the examiners. However, for the more casual visitor they serve, amongst other things, to expose the sheer hard work required to achieve an A-level in art. Any notion that the subject might be a soft option is very effectively banished. Tracing the development of a pupil's work throughout the year also inspires reflections on the requisite stages of the creation of any piece of art, thus deepening appreciation of art in general and broadening the education of the viewer, a valuable consequence of the exhibition perhaps not anticipated by the teaching staff or the examiners.

Viewing the work of these three levels of exams at once demonstrates the real progress made by pupils as these courses develop. The GCSE standard is already very high, but the maturation of talent and technique are vividly traced through the AS to A-level stages. By the time Westminster pupils submit work for the A-level exam in art, they have explored such a wide variety of technique and have developed their abilities to such an extent, that again, it is difficult to imagine that some of the pieces are the work of such young artists.

However, this is not the most extraordinary aspect of their work or of this year's exhibition. It would perhaps be unsurprising to find that talented pupils who



chose to focus on art could produce pieces of depth, beauty and remarkable range. No doubt this is the case at many schools with high standards of teaching. What is surprising and what makes Westminster art pupils stand out from their peers is that the large majority of those exhibiting for the A-level exam were not intending to focus on art. Indeed, a good number were specialists in more academic fields. Some of the most sensitive, beautiful and strikingly mature pieces were by pupils who were expected to read science at Oxbridge colleges. Others were destined to study History, Modern Languages or English, all extremely demanding academic subjects. Only a very few intended to go to art school. One series of particularly well-executed etchings caught my eye. They were fine enough to hang in a commercial gallery but were not part of the exam exhibition. Why not? Because the artist had already submitted his

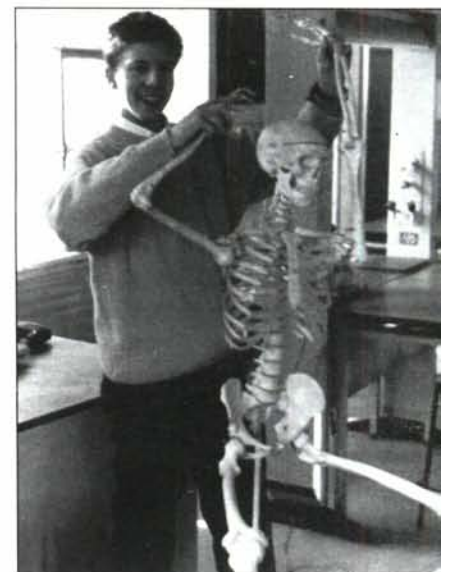
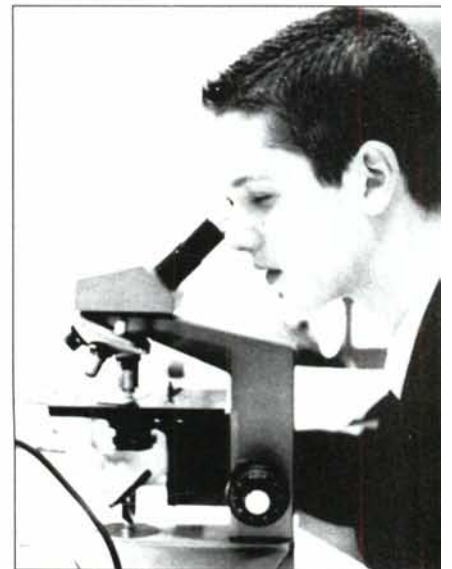
A-level exam work. These pieces were produced after the exam, purely for the enjoyment and challenge of exploring his talent. He had applied to read chemistry at Cambridge.

That the art teaching staff at Westminster can inspire such dedication and sacrifice in young people already striving to achieve so much is a true testament to their own dedication and talent. That the school can attract and encourage such pupils, allowing them to extend themselves beyond their own specialist fields to pursue such a demanding course with no other object but that of achieving all facets of their potential, is a great testament to the school as a whole. If I were required to market the school to outsiders, I would walk them through the annual exam art exhibition with no other comments but these.



## PHOTOGRAPHY

Cosmo Scurr (RR Rem)





# ECHO

Daniel Sicka (HH Rem)

Sir, it is clear to me that no small amount of self-indulgence is involved in the poem below. I would suggest, however, that the unusual nature of its form and what little wry humour it contains may lend the piece some appeal. My inspiration for it largely comes from Ronald Knox's "Visitor's Book, Hartley Quay" (as does the idea, but not the form of the final "echo"), but the origin of this sort of composition is (I think) the "Heaven" of George Herbert (OW). Thus, the development of such a Westminsterism (ugh!) is not wholly to be condemned.

Yours faithfully,  
 Daniel Sicka.

**Thyrsis:** Tell me Echo, by what rule  
 Live pupils and masters of Westminster School?  
**Echo:** Westminster's cool!  
**Thyrsis:** How shall I reach, for trains run late  
 And these I – my impatience growing – hate.  
**Echo:** Rowing eight.  
**Thyrsis:** How pleases it the eyes? For if it be not fair  
 At naught I set mere wits beyond compare.  
**Echo:** Beyond compare.  
**Thyrsis:** What fare is found, what nectar thick,  
 Or honeycomb of May bees – hic!  
**Echo:** May be sick!  
**Thyrsis:** But what of the cits? Of speech laconic,  
 Well-schooled to riposte with ad-lib ironic?  
**Echo:** Byronic.

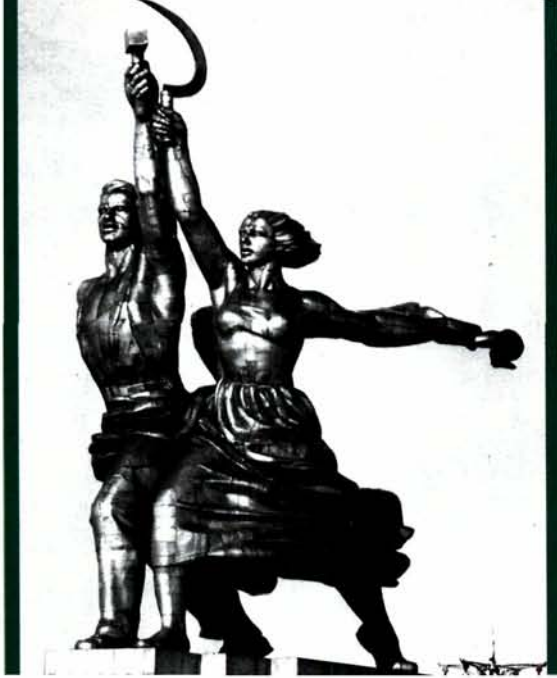
**Thyrsis:** To what Forum come these Yeomen of the Guard  
 Who would no less work, than party hard?  
**Echo:** Yard.  
**Thyrsis:** And what council quick to applaud or mock  
 Would door to jesters strange unlock?  
**Echo:** John Locke.  
**Thyrsis:** And in what ἄγων has their glory taken wing,  
 A peerless victory, as would Pindar often sing?  
**Echo:** Fencing.

**Thyrsis:** What Magi then, masters of their art,  
 In ancient tongues bellow, good and smart?  
**Echo:** Low, Hood, and Smart.  
**Thyrsis:** What others guard secrets of mystic East?  
 Search all: look at sand, isle, and mill not least.  
**Echo:** Katz and Ireland, Mylne not least.  
**Thyrsis:** Is there one who, of pupils meek  
 Can curb the urge to havoc-raising wreak?  
**Echo:** A crazy Greek.  
**Thyrsis:** What jovial Jove, no common acronym he,  
 From Olympus guides their morals, a lofty JP?  
**Echo:** TJP.  
**Thyrsis:** What is thy name? For Ἥχῶ rings from Attica,  
 But Chian Homer thee calls Ἥχη.  
**Echo:** Sicka

# TIME KILLING

Sasha Klimov (AHH US)

God was a-dreaming, high up in the heavens,  
 Not ignorant of that one thing,  
 That one day is with him  
 As a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.  
 Meanwhile...  
 Adam and Eve,  
 In Parliament Square holding up signs to ban GM apples,  
 Leonardo di Vinci,  
 Sitting alone on a stool in Leicester Square,  
 Charging a fiver a portrait, but four pound for you.  
 Plato,  
 Stuck on 8K in 'Who Wants to be a Millionaire?'  
 Cleopatra in tears,  
 After coming fifth in a beauty pageant;  
 Robin Hood,  
 Playing shoot-em-up games in the video arcade,  
 Chris Columbus,  
 On a mission to Mars, arguing that it just has to be square;  
 And Joan, (of Arc that is),  
 On her way to England for a sex change op, and to pop into Harrods,  
 Liz the First,  
 Heading for a Spanish beach, dyed hair, short skirt, and all-  
 Newton,  
 Getting applause at a circus fair, juggling apples and playing his part;  
 Huffing and puffing,  
 Over his train delay at Waterloo, Napoleon Bonaparte;  
 Mozart under a fence,  
 Ripping his silk stockings, to watch Korn in the dark;  
 Ghandi,  
 A solitary figure on a box in Speaker's Corner in Hyde Park;  
 Abraham Lincoln,  
 Twitching when popcorn is thrown at him at the movies;  
 Albert Einstein,  
 Ripping his hair out, bent over a book: 'The Internet for Dummies';  
 Martin Luther King,  
 Co-hosting The Ali-G Show on E4;  
 JFK,  
 Trying to snipe Bush to get the Presidency... (they didn't miss before);  
 And Finally Bob Marley,  
 Campaigning for the legalisation of cannabis together with Mo;  
 Meanwhile...  
 God was a-dreaming, high up in the heavens,  
 Not ignorant of that one thing,  
 That one day is with him  
 As a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.



## GUMBLETON PRIZE

# THE WAY WE LIVE NOW

The title for this year's entries was "The way we live now" and Alexander Halban (GG VIth) won the prize for a short story, the first part of which is printed below.

A grey, damp fog had crawled down the hill until the whole street was covered in a shroud of impenetrable mist. At the crossroads, from which all four roads rose steeply, the fog had rested languidly, knowing it was beaten but too at ease to clear. It would stay there until well after everyone had gone to work, unintentionally making the cold autumn morning even gloomier for the unlucky residents of those few houses in the very bottom of the trough. However, this was a common occurrence for them and yet was treated with the same futile irritation as a train delay or signal failure on the tube.

At the top-floor flat of one of these houses a dim light was switched on and, after a few seconds, flickered into life, trying in vain to dispel some of the fog. A sleepy hand reached out to hit the 'snooze' button of a shrill alarm clock. About a minute of silence, and

then another clock rang out from a desk in the corner. After the half-sleeping figure had thrown the pillow at it and missed, he hauled himself out of bed to switch it off. He did not have far to traipse – the room was fairly small, to say the least. This cramped feeling was intensified because one wall sloped steeply inwards, as the whole flat was in the roof. Along two straight walls were rickety wooden shelves crammed with books, largely old, worn-out paperbacks. They were mostly classics by every conceivable author, in no definite order; Tolstoy was interspersed with Mann, Camus with Dante, Homer with Dickens. It was noticeable that there were fewer written since the war than in the preceding centuries, as if modern times were unsuitable to be written or read about. The books would have all been leather-bound originals if money were not such a problem. Even in modern

covers, they equated age – and length – with quality. But instead of giving the room a genuinely literary, if somewhat bohemian feel, they made it seem imitated and even contrived. This air of artificiality was shared by the posters on the discoloured walls; they were all Socialist, Communist, Marxist, Leninist, Stalinist, Maoist, or any other 'ist' for different shades of the same ideology. However, the sheer number of them gave the impression that all literary people had to be communist, not out of belief but necessity. In keeping with this impression of fervent Socialism, the furniture was sparse and simple – an iron camp bed, a plain slightly threadbare rug, and a wooden desk piled high with papers and books (as befits the intellectual).

The reader will now become acquainted with the 'hero', before some litigious member of the general public sues for

## TWINKLE, TWINKLE WESTMIN-STAR

Zeno Houston (WW Rem)

As you'll have noticed, a chap can't walk down the street with a bunch of flowers in his grapple, without all and sundry assuming that it's destined for some loved one rather than – as is inevitably the truth – his mother.

Or even an aunt, such are the exigencies of needful flattery. But I digress. As I say, whenever you're perambulating flower-laden, heading about your own private business, people seem to think that the very presence of the aforementioned blossoms permits them a much more intimate intercourse with you than they would otherwise dare. In fact, it was on such an occasion that a rapacious member of the Common Room, whilst sticking his nose into the top of the foliage and inhaling as if his very life depended upon it, forcefully pressed me to concoct an article for *The Elizabethan*. Apparently, our

beloved glossy publication was afflicted by more cavernously vacant spaces than a car park outside Dorothy Perkins. Indeed, here are some of the things that have been said about *The Elizabethan*:

"It's no good, Bartholomew, this kindling wood is soaked through; pass me a copy of *The Elizabethan* and some paraffin."

"Damn, it's still wobbling. Jerome, we need something thicker. How about *The Elizabethan*, that polished periodical which habitually resides within or about waste-paper baskets?"

attempted libel because this character resembles him, or an arrogant, self-appointed literary critic – or even the hero himself – denounces this opening for contravening every rule of literature. The hero himself would probably not have given in to such pressure, as he frequently scorned the reading public for naivety and illiteracy. He would also have written this opening rather differently, starting from birth and recounting an entire fictitious life in a thousand pages, and possibly using carefully paraphrased, but nonetheless plagiarised, sections from some work of literature or another.

Nicholas Gateshead, or ‘Vladimir Ilich’ as he was known to certain friends, had been born in the ’70s in the suburban town of R— to middle class or ‘bourgeois’ parents. There is nothing worth writing about his childhood; it was as uneventful or otherwise as anyone else’s, but from his mid-teens onwards he had been fighting the suburban, middle class image of his parents. If only they had been slightly bohemian, just living in Hampstead would have been infinitely preferable to R—; as he saw it, all the best intellectuals and writers lived there (or at least somewhere near NW3). Ideally his parents should have been writers, academics, journalists for a left-wing newspaper, or even radical lawyers, they certainly should have been Labour supporters – Old Labour, that is. Instead his mother was a housewife, as you would expect from the ‘bourgeoisie’ and his father the managing director of some company – ‘Capitalist and Co.’ as Nicholas described it. They were also proud Tories living in a constituency

that would elect a Tory MP forever and ever, amen. (Nicholas had felt justifiably smug to see that at the election in June 2001 it had nearly become a marginal – the Tories only having a majority of a thousand more than the Lib Dems.)

In protest against his parents, Nicholas developed an interest in Communism, simply because it was the most opposite view to theirs. As interest became fascination, the most important question for him was displaying his belief with posters, badges, medals and various other memorabilia. He wanted to create a Russian-sounding name for himself, with a first name and a patronymic, but although both his name and his father’s, Alex, translated easily into Russian, the resulting combination – ‘Nikolai Alexandrovich’ – had to be avoided, as it was the name of the last Tsar. The nickname ‘Vladimir Ilich’ was later used by friends, as Nicholas particularly idolised Lenin. It had always seemed a tragedy to him that Lenin, whose first name actually meant ‘conqueror of the world’, had not been able to spread Communism around the globe. Being a Communist in the West at a time when the Soviet Union had been the enemy for decades had its difficulties, to say the least. Though Nicholas’s belief was dismissed as a passing phase by his parents, they nevertheless regarded him with suspicion and even a degree of hostility because, despite all his arguments to the contrary, they saw him as having betrayed his country and allied himself with the satanic enemy in its attempt to conquer the free Western world.

The only aspect of his pre-Communist life that he retained was his love of literature, as shown by the books in his flat. In spite of his Communist ideals, he could not completely abandon many novels with ‘bourgeois sympathies’, as such books were classified by the Soviets. He let himself decide what to read, pretending that reading such novels came under the principle of ‘know your enemy’. Though it is a small point, this was construed by some, especially his shocked and increasingly desperate parents, as a sign that he did not genuinely believe in Communism, and merely adopted it to be different from those around him, not realising his lack of originality. However, he believed in it enough to favour writers who had been seen as liberals or revolutionaries, some of whom had been banned by the authorities. This meant that he read increasingly large numbers of novels by Russian authors, mostly from the nineteenth century, both because of the amount of literature from that time, and because of the strict censorship of the Tsarist regime. However, his reading extended widely, over different countries and periods, and he jumped from one to another, sometimes rather surprisingly; from Chaucer to Chekov, or from Maupassant to Milton or even from Aristotle to Austen. The pattern of the same first letter was something he followed from time to time...

“Never mind, love. It often happens. You’re nervous I expect. Flick through this issue of *The Elizabethan* – that’ll get you going.”

“I’ll demonstrate what I mean. I draw a man on page 67 of, say, this copy of *The Elizabethan* and another on page 65, but this time his knee is a bit more bent. And so on. Then, when I flick through the pages with arrowy pace, he gives the impression of walking. Basic animation, but at a fraction of the cost.”

“Tee-hee! I’ll shove a waxen copy of *The Elizabethan* down my trousers.

Old Mammon may whack as savagely as he pleases, but I won’t feel a thing. Oh blissful triumph!”

Thus, under the aegis of a competent team of lawyers, my epic commences. I sing of arms and of the man, fated to lament over his blackboard, who long since left the land of Troy and came to Westminster to the shores of the River Thames. The first to inhabit this Eden were bushmen, a small nomadic community of teachers who, despite their peripatetic way of life, had a profound artistic instinct and were bent on recording all the beauty around them for posterity.

On the walls of their cave home (known now-a-days amongst us alphabetarians as the “Common Room”), they drew thousands of delicate murals, colouring them with dyes from berries, herbs and bark. Many of them remain, as vivid two thousand years later as any modern wildlife photograph, capturing the arabesque of a leaping “fifth-former” or perhaps the coquettish caprice of our quasi-celebrated “Head Boy”. Their ancestors, accompanied by this ageing tradition, remain to this day and yet their survival brought with it a plague of archaism as a result of their refusal to submit to the unending process of neoterism.

## INTO BATTLE

ἜΣ ΜΑΧΗΝ

Julian Grenfell (1888 – 1915) was something of a *rara avis* amongst First World War poets, in that he heartily enjoyed the grim trench warfare that he experienced at first hand. He composed the following poem a few days before being mortally wounded. It was published in *The Times* on the day of his death in France. Here Daniel Sicka (HH Rem) renders the poem into Greek iambic trimeter acatalectic.

The naked earth is warm with Spring,  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze;

And life is Colour and Warmth and Light,  
And a striving evermore for these;  
And he is dead who will not fight,  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run  
And with the trees to newer birth;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after death.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their bright comradeship, –  
The Dog-Star, and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's belt and sworded hip:

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend;  
They gently speak in the windy weather;  
They guide to valley and ridges end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him: "Brother, brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing,  
Sing well, for you may not sing another;  
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him noble powers;  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only joy of battle takes  
Him by the throat and makes him blind,  
Through joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and sings;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

ἐρημίας χθὼν οἶα τῆϊδε θάλπεται  
ἡρινᾶ, χλόη δένδροις τε νῦν γαυρουμένη  
ανθούσι, καὶ φρίσσουσα ταῖς πνόαις χέρα  
προτείνεται πρὸς ὄμμα παμφλέκτου θεοῦ.

ὁ γὰρ βίος τοι χρῶμα· θάλπος ἐστὶ καὶ  
φῶς, ὥστε τούτων εἴσαεὶ προθυμίαν  
ἔχειν· ὁ μὴ μαχόμενος οὐτὶ πλήν νεκροῦ,  
μάχη δ' ἀποθανῶν πᾶς τις αὐξήθησεται.

ἐκ δ' ἡλίου λάβοιτ' ἂν ἀσπιδηφόρος,  
βολαῖσι θερμαινόμενος, ἱερά καύματα  
ζώνη τε φαίδρας ἐκ χθονός, τάχος τ' ἴσος  
ἀνέμοισιν αἰσσειν ὠκύπουσι, καὶ μολεῖν  
γονῆς κατὰ ζήτησιν ἐν δένδροις νέας.  
εὐρήσεται δὲ τέρματος τυχῶν Ἄρεως  
παύλαν μεγίστην, ἐκ σπάνεως εὐδαιμόνων.

πάντες φαενοὶ θεοὶ γ' ἄγουσιν νιν φίλον,  
καὶ φαῖδρον αὐτὸν· καὶ κυῶν ὁ Σείριος,  
Πελεΐαδες τε γ' Ὀρίων τ' ἔχων παρὰ  
μηρῶν ξίφος ζωνῆν τε, πλάσματ' ἀστέρων.

βλαστημάτων γὰρ τῶν νάπαισιν ὀρθίων  
πᾶν τῶϊδε τάνδρι φιλότατῳ παρίσταται·  
δεινῶς δὲ φυσώντων μάλ' εἶσαν ἀτρέμα  
γλώτταν ἀνέμων, εἰς δ' ἡγάγοντ' εἰς τάσχατα  
υψηλοκρήμνων δειράδων τε καὶ νάπων.

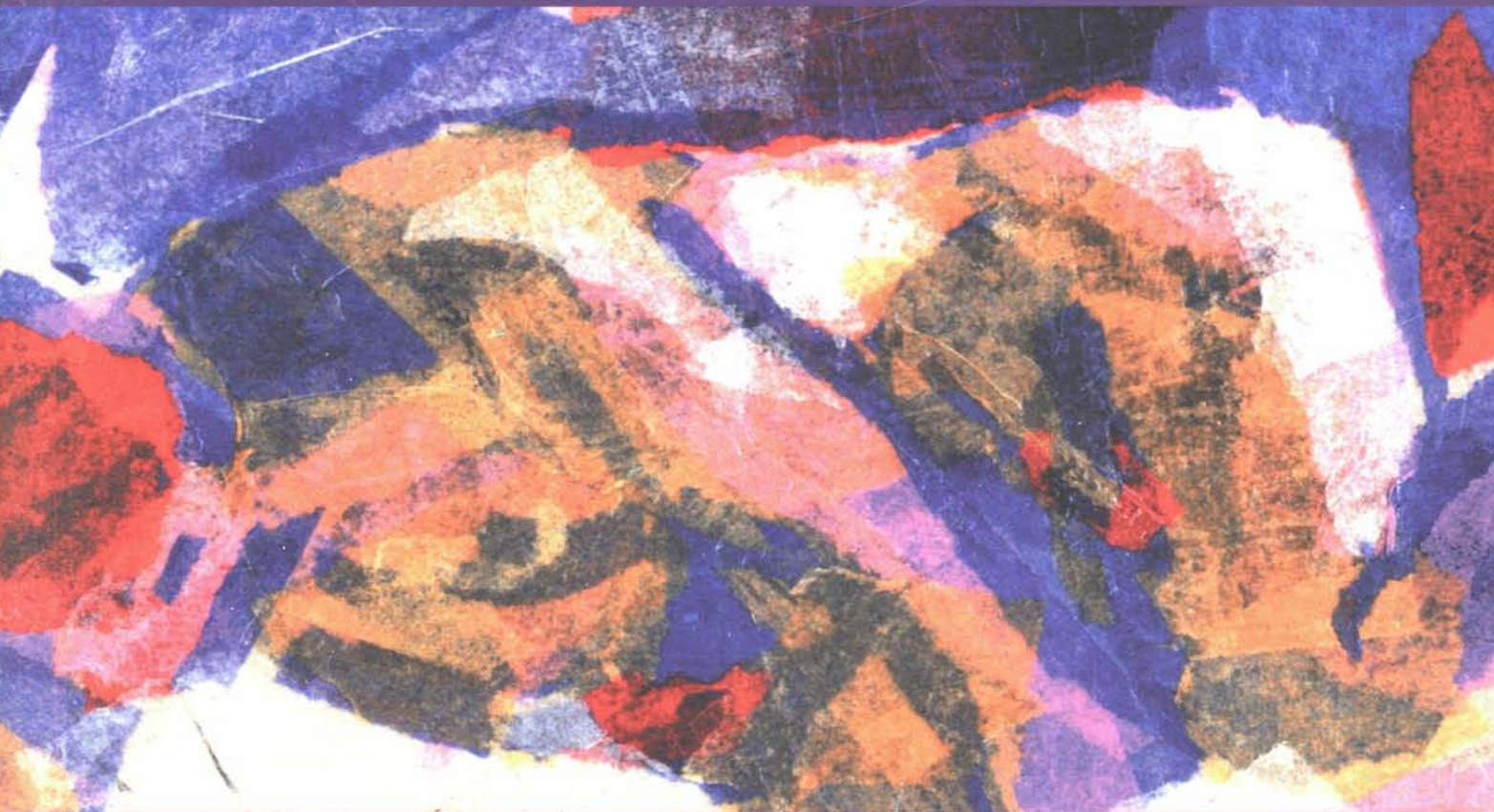
αἰθέρι δὲ κίρκος ἡμέρας ποτώμενος  
γλαυκῶπιδές τε κικκαβάζουσαι σκοτῶ  
δοιμῶν τυχεῖν ὄξυν τε σφῶν λέγουσιν ἐν  
τρόποις, ὄραν μὲν ὄξυ, δοιμὴν δὲ κλύειν.

μελωιδὸς αἶδει κόψικος γ' αὐτῶι μέλει:  
"Ὁδελφέ, σύγγον', εἴ γε νῦν πανύστατον  
ἡμεῖς, ὅπως μέλψεις τὰδ' εὐ γ'· αὐθις γὰρ οὐ  
μένοιτ' ἂν αἰδεῖν· πρὸς τὰδ' ὠδέλφ' αἶδε νῦν."

τριβῆι δὲ λατρεύοντι δὴν κάμηχάνως  
ἔχοντι, χαλκοβόας πρὶν μηνίη γ' Ἄρης,  
ἵππων δοκεῖ μιμήματ' εὐγενέστερα --  
τλητῶν προσώπων· ἀλκίμων ὦ Ζεῦ φρενῶν.

ἐρρήγημενης δ' ὡς πῦρ τι θουρίας ἀκμῆς,  
ἄλλων δὲ πάντων λῆστιν ἄνδρ' ἔχοντα νῦν  
ἄτης δοριμανοῦς ἐκτυφλωσάσης βίαι  
ἀνηρ τυφλωθεὶς ἠδόμενος ἐξείσεται,  
πόλλ' οὐ θέλων περ, ὅτι σιδηροκμῆς βέλει  
οὐ μὴ πεσεῖται, μὴ δεδογμένον θεοῖς.

ἔστηκεν αἶνη φύλοπίς γε τάξεσιν,  
πληροὶ στόνοις παιᾶσι τ' αἰθέρ' ἐν μέρει  
Αἰθῆς· ὅμως ἡμᾶρ μὲν αἰρήσει χεροῖν  
πυκναῖν, ἀβρώϊ δὲ πτέρυγι νυξ συμπτύξεται.



Artwork: Anna Stothard (LL Rem)



# STATION

|               |    |
|---------------|----|
| Cricket       | 84 |
| Cross Country | 84 |
| Fencing       | 84 |
| Fives         | 85 |
| Football      | 85 |
| Martial Arts  | 89 |
| Sailing       | 89 |
| Shooting      | 90 |
| Tennis        | 90 |
| Water         | 90 |

# CRICKET

There was much in the second half of last season to suggest that 2002 should be a successful year for Westminster cricket. Despite two losses, we finished with two comfortable wins where the more junior members of the side made significant contributions.

Japhet with twenty-two wickets last year has already proved himself to be a successful off-spin bowler. Yell and Cooke, whose devastating debut against Kingston included a wicket with his first ball, should provide testing pace bowling. Ell, Woodrow, Butler and Hall will complete the attack with tidy medium pace. We should be able to make runs hard to come by for our opponents and, if we can catch as well as last year, we should generate winning positions.

Stevenson's knock against the XL club was an innings of great maturity. With Butler, Pike, Clarke and Bamford to support him the batting is strong if not spectacularly so. Japhet, Yell and Cooke are all worthy of the all-rounder tag so there is plenty of depth in the order. To find a wicket-keeper to replace Stranger-Jones was never going to be easy but Salem shows signs of great promise.

Our target must be to beat Charterhouse. We are certainly capable of achieving this result but will need to perform to the best of our ability. The pre-season tour of Spain was a great success and we will surely not be under-prepared for the challenges ahead. Many thanks to Jim Kershen, for his tireless work with the first XI, and to all those who have helped with the station. Mark Feltham

## Post Exeat 2001

Westminster 158-9 (Butler 46)  
lost to Eton XXXIII 159-5

Westminster 67  
lost to St Peter's 68-1

Kingston G.S. 68 (Cooke 4-6)  
lost to Westminster 72-4

St Dunstan's 100 (Japhet 5-19)  
lost to Westminster 103-4

## 2002

XL club of Spain 167-7  
lost to Westminster 170-5  
(Stevenson 70)

# CROSS COUNTRY

Westminster has always had a history of competitive cross country, and this year has been no exception. Indeed, it is hoped that with continued application and regular training, the School can compete in a wider range of events. The results from this year already illustrate the potential that exists at Westminster and in addition it has been encouraging to see people of all abilities benefit from the Tuesday and Thursday afternoon station training sessions.

In the Long Distance Races held in September along the towpath from Barnes to Putney, Dominic Parsons (HH), Alex Joseph (MM) and James Furlong (AHH) all won their respective races, whilst Hakluyt's (Juniors), Milne's (Intermediates) and Rigaud's (Seniors) stole the team awards. Of particular note, Alex's time of 15.20 for the 3.5 mile circuit stood out in a competitive Intermediates race.

By the time the Bringsty relays came around, the muddy conditions brought about some tight, exciting races, and some different names came to the fore. Ashburnham won the Senior race whilst Milne's again found success in the Junior Race and comfortably won overall. James Furlong sped to the fastest time of 5.30 but was closely followed by Asadollah Rashidian (MM) in 5.43 who was giving away three years to many of his rivals.

In terms of Inter School competition, the King's Trophy perhaps arrived a little too early but to finish 15th out of 23 teams is no disgrace and the rowers who competed did themselves great credit. James Furlong again excelled himself at the Inter Old Boys race on Wimbledon Common in December and finished first schoolboy and contributed to the School's 4th place overall. However, perhaps the highlight of the year was at the London Schools Championships at Wormwood Scrubs where four runners were picked to represent the county (Furlong, Joseph, Mathilde Pauls (BB) and Zoe Chan (PP)) which is no mean achievement. Furlong and Chan then went on to compete for the County at the English Schools Championships.

Finally, I would like to thank all members of staff who have helped out or supported the events this year. It is encouraging too to see that the Common Room's runners are in such good health! Ian Watson won the handicap race at the Towpath Cup, when the CR triumphed over the OWs for only the third time in 35 years. A similar result is the target this year! Simon Wurr

# FENCING

This has been one of the most successful years in the history of fencing station. At the beginning of the year, fencing station expanded due to a generous grant of metal pistes and display lights by the School Society. This allowed Foil to move up School, which is now turned into a fencing salle every station afternoon. The extra space has allowed the expansion of sabre, happily coinciding with Peter Frohlich's return from Hungary. Peter, in addition to being the British Olympic Sabre Coach is also the coach to the last Hungarian to win the World Championships. By September there will be nearly 70 members of fencing station.

The expansion coincided with the arrival of one of the largest and most promising fifth forms in living memory, a number of whom are now dedicated sabreurs. The future looks bright for them after the recent appointment of Ian Williams – several times British Sabre Champion – to support Peter Frohlich's coaching.

The foilists have continued to dominate for the time being, a credit to the efforts of our coaches Tomek Walicki and Dave Taylor. This year a number of them began to earn national ranking points and earn themselves places on the British Cadet (U17), Junior (U20) squads. Dominic O'Mahony and Robert Shaw were selected to represent Great Britain in the Eden Cup – Britain's international junior A-grade competition. Andrew Holgate and Matthias Williams have also been selected to represent Great Britain abroad. Some memorable trips as far afield as Luxembourg and Germany took place during the year.

In school matches we were undefeated throughout the year. Eton succumbed to the increased strength in sabre with Pen Stuart and Johnny Lewin joining the captain for one of the most remarkable victories of the season. Harrow and St Paul's met a similar fate. One of the most enjoyable trips was to City of London, where twelve of the most promising fifth formers won 28–8.

In March Westminster won the U18 British Schools Team Foil Championships, repeating their achievement of the previous year by beating King's Canterbury in the final. The gold medals were a fitting tribute to the two pupils who have shared the captaincy this year, Paddy Agar and Robert Shaw.

However, the highlight of the year was winning the Public Schools Fencing Championships at the Crystal Palace National Sports Centre at the end of the Lent Term 2002. The previous year our very young team had come second, being beaten into second place by Whitgift by a single point. This year our older but still young team won all three major trophies: the Sir Winston Churchill cup for the best senior performance, the Paddy Power trophy for the best junior performance and the prestigious cup for overall Public School Champions. This was the first time since 1994 that Westminster had won the Public Schools Championships and the first time ever that we had won all three of the main categories. The competition was the biggest ever fencing event recorded in the UK, with over 1100 entries and 70 schools taking part.

There were some tremendous individual performances, not only by the junior international fencers many of whom made the finals of the individual events – including a remarkable performance by Andrew Holgate in the sabre – but also by some rising stars in the fifth form and lower shell. In fact, the fifth form is one of the strongest years ever for fencing at Westminster. Felix Baden-Powell, Lucian Trestler and Sam Wilkin's overall performance in the three weapons and Karan Kanal's marker for the future in the junior sabre particularly stood out.

The result was a tribute to the leadership of Robert Shaw and Paddy Agar who have produced a tremendous and enduring sense of enthusiasm during their respective captaincies. Russell Dudley-Smith

## FIVES

It has been a promising year for Eton Fives at Westminster. Ken Zetie left the station in a healthy state, with a strong squad of enthusiastic players. Particularly good results were obtained against Highgate, City of London and Old Westminsters this season. The School was represented at the Northern Championships at Shrewsbury School by James Japhet (MM), Ollie Butler (LL) and Murat Kerimol (College). In addition, Harry Gooding (DD) won the U14 Harrow individual trophy.

The climax to the year was the Schools' National Championships, again at Shrewsbury School, and we had representatives from all age groups. Paddy Ell, Ollie Butler, Henry Fraser (all LL) and Bruno Lacey (BB) put in good performances in the senior competition. At the U16 level,

Danny Amliwalla and James Cook (RR) won a plate in a tightly fought final against a mixed Westminster/Newstead Wood pair Anthony Ellis (AHH), Theo Peterson (College), Freddie Krespi (GG), Jacob Rudman and Matthew Chen (both LL) also represented the School well.

I would like to take the opportunity to thank John Troy, Richard Stokes and James Harrison for their help staffing the station this year, and Matthew Wiseman, who has been an inspiration for the boys, as coach. Next year's Captain will be Ollie Butler (LL), Vice-Captain Amieth Yogarajah (LL) and Secretary Peter Kennedy (RR). Michael Milner

## 1ST XI FOOTBALL

This proved to be one of the best seasons in recent years, and with many of the players returning next year, the prospects look bright for a repeat performance. The success of the team was largely due to a satisfactory blending of a good Remove group with a sixth form year group which has enjoyed unqualified success throughout their school career. In addition, some players had begun to mature after one or two seasons with the eleven, ensuring that the dramatic jump from U16 level to senior football was less pronounced. For any successful team, a solid defensive foundation and an ability to score goals are key factors to winning games. The team possessed both of these and for the Play Term it was perhaps in midfield that our weaknesses lay. A number of changes were made during the season to strengthen this area and it was only by the Lent Term that we had found a stable and workable combination of players.

**1st XI Results**  
**Played: 23**  
**Won: 15 Drawn: 2 Lost: 6**  
**F71 A33**

**September**  
 Alleyns (a) Won 2-1  
(match stopped before full time)  
 Bolton School (a) Won 2-1  
 Ardingly(a) Drew 3-3  
 ISFA sixes (Chigwell)  
 Eton(h) Won 2-1  
 Old Westminsters Lost 1-4  
 KES Witley(a) Won 6-1  
 Oswestry (h) Won 7-0  
(2nd Rnd ISFA Cup)

**October**  
 Forest (h) Won 1-0  
 Kimbolton (a) Won 8-1  
 Lancing Not played

**November**  
 Highgate(h) Won 5-0  
 Brentwood(a) Lost 1-5  
(3rd Rnd Isfa Cup)  
 Latymer(a) Lost 1-3  
 Chigwell(h) Won 3-0  
 Charterhouse(a) Lost 0-4  
 Aldenham(a) Won 4-0

**December**  
 Bradfield(a) Lost 1-4

**1st XI Results (continued...)**

**January**  
 King's Canterbury(a) Won 2-0  
 Corinthian Casuals(h) Drew 2-2

**February**  
 Dulwich(a) Won 1-0  
 Hampton(a) Won 2-1

**March**  
 Oratory(a) Won 5-0  
 Harrow(h) Lost 1-2  
 St. Paul's(a) Won 11-0  
 Bishop's Stortford Cancelled

**House Competitions**

**House Sixes**  
 Winners Liddell's

**House Matches**  
 Winners Liddell's

**Representative honours**

David Weinstein-Linder (HH) and Cyrus Alamouti (LL) selected for the ISFA U19 B side against Essex and Jack Wolton (WWW) selected for the ISFA U16 side which toured Belgium in April.



Above:  
Football 1st XI

(standing left to right)  
Mr I Monk, R Scarfe,  
J Wolton, R Sawbridge,  
N Naylor, D Taylor,  
W Yell, Mr R Butcher,  
Mr J Kemball;

(seated left to right)  
M Al Kadhi, D Freyhan,  
W Stevenson,  
R Ratcliffe,  
H Bacon (capt.),  
D Weinstein-Linder,  
S Stannard, S Salem,  
C Alamouti.

The season began with two friendlies against Bolton and Alleen's. We won both of these and looked sharp. Unfortunately, the match against Alleen's was marred by Maram Al Kadhi (HH) breaking his leg. This was a bitter blow for Maram and for the team, as arguably we missed his skill and passing ability during the earlier part of the season. The game against Ardingly, where we had ample opportunity to win in the final minutes, was followed by a very creditable performance in the ISFA sixes where we topped our group and qualified for the cup competition. We were eventually knocked out by a formidable Brentwood side. In the games up to half term there were notable wins against Eton and Forest. The Eton game was a tenacious and fast flowing affair and we were worthy of our win with Benjie Guy (RR) scoring the winner. Against Forest we scored an early goal with David Weinstein-Linder meeting a deep field cross with an excellent header. Forest then dominated the game in terms of possession, but we worked hard to protect our lead and managed to hold on. We handed out some impressive beatings too e.g. Witley, Oswestry, Kimbolton and Highgate, due largely to the re-invented David Weinstein-Linder up front, ably supported by Daniel Freyhan (HH), whose physical presence and coolness in front of goal proved too much for many average school defences.

Second in the ISFA southern league and playing well, we went to Brentwood (eventual winners) for the 3rd Round of the ISFA Cup with some optimism, despite their reputation as the best side on the circuit. Unfortunately we never imposed ourselves on the opposition and conceded three early goals from which we never recovered. This set in motion a run of poor results and a suspicion that we were not quite up to beating the best. There were good wins against Chigwell and Aldenham and at Charterhouse and Bradfield the score lines were in no way a reflection of our contribution to the games. There was not a lot between any of the sides, but some comical errors in defence resulted in several gifted goals. Up to the Highgate game, our defence of William Wolton (GG), Sam Stannard (LL), Ed Saunt (LL), Robert Sawbridge (GG) and Sherif Salem (AHH) had looked sound, but with confidence now suddenly at a low, and playing well only in patches, we were not mentally tough enough to recover from the mishaps.

In the Lent Term some changes were made and the team bounced back with some impressive results. There were excellent wins against Dulwich away, where, with a fine

performance from Rupert Ratcliffe (AHH), we totally dominated the game, and against a typically accomplished Hampton side, where we didn't. However we did score two fine goals and fought hard with Ned Naylor (CC) making some match winning saves. The team was looking well balanced throughout with William Stevenson (LL) and Cyrus Alamouti (LL) providing the creativity in midfield and the two Davids, Weinstein-Linder (HH) and Taylor (WW) finding the net. The outstanding player of the term was Sam Stannard who having been moved to left back was consistently demonstrating a high level of performance. A frustrating loss to Harrow, including an unlikely winner from all of thirty yards was followed by a resounding thrashing of St. Paul's where much of the term's hard work came to fruition.

The Players: Henry Bacon (captain), Sam Stannard, William Yell, Sherif Salem, Robert Sawbridge, Rory Scarf, Jack Wolton, Ed Saunt, William Wolton, David Lloyd, Ned Naylor, William Stevenson, Cyrus Alamouti, Benjie Guy, Rupert Ratcliffe, David Weinstein-Linder, David Taylor, Daniel Freyhan, Maram Al Kadhi.

I would like to thank all the players for their hard work over the year and to the staff, RB, JB, PDH, MHF, PAH, VS, NJH, AJ, PW, JDK, RRS, MNR for all their valuable help and support in giving up their afternoons and weekends to coach and manage our nine teams. A special thank you too to Gabrielle Ward-Smith who leaves us this year. Gabrielle has been a valued member of the 'team' and contributed greatly to Westminster football over the past four years, running the U14 B side, refereeing games and organising our tour to Canada. We shall certainly miss her. Finally, a special thanks must go to IRM for not only his superb management of an equally successful 2nd XI, but his enthusiastic and invaluable support throughout the long season. Jeremy Kemball

## 2ND XI FOOTBALL

The 2002 season started with a bang at Ardingly and apart from the odd blip along the way just got better. The results of the season were: Played 20, Won 15, Drawn 1, Lost 4 with one of the defeats being against the OWW.

Our cards were well and truly on the table by beginning with a 6-1 defeat by our old rivals at Ardingly and then on



to a 5–2 win at Eton. This set the pattern for an incredible first half of term with some exciting attacking football leading to plenty of goals and many more convincing victories as a result.

There were many valuable contributions from different players of which I would like to highlight a few. The leadership of Rory Scarfe in marshalling a tight defence combined with some excellent displays led to his deserved promotion to the 1st XI towards the end of the season. Next, the technical skills and tactical awareness shown by Tom Smith playing in the link role in centre midfield was at times a joy to watch. To become an excellent all-round team member Tom now needs to work on his strength and speed. The tireless running of Benjy Guy, the hard grafting Chris Abell, and silky skills of Jamie Lewis and Tom Wroe were often pleasing to the eye.

*My thanks go to all those players that worked hard, not only in matches but also in training and which made it such an enjoyable and extremely satisfying season. I would especially like to thank Rory Scarfe for his help, support and fantastic leadership during what can only be described as a great campaign.*

IRM

## 3RD XI FOOTBALL

The 3rd XI season was full of surprises this year. The atmosphere, of course had not changed in the slightest, our ethos being one of enjoying the game as opposed to winning it. However, our results seem to paint a different picture, winning over half our matches, showing our 3rd XI to be the strongest Westminster has ever fielded. Not only that, but of the losses many were extremely close fought despite what some score lines might suggest.

Throughout the season, the defence consisting of Turton, Georget, Marlow, Mitropolous and Naylor played spectacularly well, coping with gaps left by the Remove last year. They gelled well providing resistance to the most extreme onslaughts. However, the defence could not have succeeded without the superb support it gained from the midfield consisting of Stepien, Chatterjee, Pandya, Walton and Elliot-Purdy. Their “total football” style allowed them to change from defence to attack in an instant. The swift counter-attacking approach proved too much for many opposition defences. The midfield provided an almost continuous supply of balls to the immensely skilled Church and the pacey Attar.

Injuries in the season presented gaps in the team allowing Pike, Lynch-Bell, Gazzard, Manners, Salmon, Konyar, Testard, Boswell, Woodrow and Reilly to make significant contributions to the team.

Many thanks to Mr Barot for being a great coach, for his technical advice and his physical presence. Thanks as well to Mr Hargreaves for his moral support. All the best to the Sixth Form whom we hope will continue the trends of the 3rd XI next year.

James Church (LL Rem)  
and Otto Turton (GG Rem)

## U16 FOOTBALL

It is always a mixed blessing when injuries and promotions to the 1st XI necessitate a change in a team’s formation. This was certainly true of this year’s under 16 team. At the start of the season, serious injuries to Webb and Garthwaite together with Wolton’s promotion to the senior side posed a challenge to the whole squad. Two comfortable wins against Ardingly and K.E.S.Witley were punctuated by a heavy loss to Eton, where Garthwaite sustained the broken arm from which he did not fully recover until towards the end of the second term. A mixed start but we did show in the wins that we could play attractive football.

*We were fortunate in having a large and talented group to draw from. Karageorgis led the front-line throughout the season. For the early matches he was accompanied by Younger and at various points he was joined by his old partner from the previous two years, Wroe. The balance of the team, however, required Wroe to play left midfield and we ended up with a 4–5–1 formation. Levy and Borsay performed admirably in the centre and the midfield quintet was completed by two of Younger, Zafiriou and Ahmed. Our defence was our strength with a back-four marshalled by the ever-present Oates, ably supported by Gordon or Bagherzade in the centre and Farthing, Gokmen or Sen Gupta on the flanks. In goal, Low replaced Bussetil after the Highgate game. Both proved to be competent and enthusiastic keepers.*

All in all this was a most enjoyable season. Several of the team will be pressing for 1st XI places next season and in two years time I expect them to form the backbone of a strong senior side. Many thanks to Valance for his inspired coaching and to Dr Hartley who has led the B team through an extremely successful season. Mark Feltham

### U16 Results Played: 14 Won: 8 Lost: 5 Drawn: 1

|                |       |     |
|----------------|-------|-----|
| v Ardingly     | Won   | 6–0 |
| v Eton         | Lost  | 1–4 |
| v K.E.S.Witley | Won   | 6–0 |
| v Kimbolton    | Won   | 1–0 |
| v Lancing      | Won   | 1–0 |
| v Highgate     | Lost  | 0–3 |
| v Charterhouse | Lost  | 2–3 |
| v Chigwell     | Won   | 5–2 |
| v Aldenham     | Won   | 4–0 |
| v Bradfield    | Lost  | 0–4 |
| v Dulwich      | Lost  | 1–3 |
| v Oratory      | Won   | 3–2 |
| v Harrow       | Drawn | 1–1 |
| v St Paul’s    | Won   | 2–1 |

## U15A FOOTBALL

This has been a very enjoyable, yet ultimately frustrating season for the U15A team. Enjoyable because this has been one of the most enthusiastic and hard working U15 squads I have had the privilege to work with, but frustrating because our paltry tally of two victories did not reflect the effort put in by everyone over the season as a whole.

Over the course of the two terms a total of 24 players out of a 34 strong squad represented the School at U15A level, showing that we were blessed with a large pool of highly competent players this year. The fine success of the U15B team is partly a result of this strength in depth. However the lack of enough influential players who had the qualities necessary to dominate opposing teams and turn games perhaps meant that the U15A side did not

prevail more frequently. This is not to say that we did not have players of this ilk – Assadollah Rashidian and Henry Hepworth were our best examples, and many others in the team showed signs of developing into such players – it was just a rare occasion that all components of the side played at the level required to transform worthy toil into glorious triumph.

Our regular players all should get a mention by name: the acrobatic Louis Jagger kept goal for the early fixtures before Nick Grosse worked his way into the A-team and then held onto the green jersey with many brave performances. Dependable John Reicher, Oliver Capel, Sam Smith and James Lloyd-Thomas were our defensive mainstays. Joining Assadollah Rashidian and Henry Hepworth in midfield regularly were Martin Briscoe-Wilson, Ben Scrace, Max Zamkow and Alex Joseph, whose considerable pace when running down the wings frightened many defences. Charles Cooke (top scorer equal with Alex Joseph on 7 goals) had a variety of striking partners up front including Will Irwin and Alistair Wallace. The hard working duo of Yusuf Blunt and Hamza Khan played in most outfield positions between them over the course of the season! Several other players including Tim Hunter Jones, Tom Gill, Azam Rangoonwala and Rob Runge enjoyed short runs in the side at various times. Well done to all of you.

All that remains is for me to thank Paul Whittle for his excellent and patient coaching throughout the season, Andrew Johnson for all his support and fantastic success with the U15B team, Assadollah Rashidian for his dedicated captaincy and all those who came along to support the team from the touchline.

Nick Hinze

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

## U15B FOOTBALL

The team played 15, won 9, drew 1 and lost 5. They scored 53 goals and conceded 39. Before a summary of the season as a whole, a few individuals deserve praise.

The Hasselbaink (goal obsession) award goes to Jack Kember with 14 goals, including 4 against both Charterhouse and City (but not Spurs.) The Vieira (elastic legs and vision) award goes to Andy Byrne who scored 2, made others and dominated that awkward gap between strikers and defence with determination. Please don't go to Madrid. The Gallas (last ditch tackle) award goes to Ben Deanfield who played 13 games with total commitment and never shied away from bruising tackles as well as posing an attacking threat. The David James (brilliance with occasional calamity) award goes to Louis Jagger. Despite briefly swapping from football to fencing Louis made some stunning saves. No team wins 9 without an able keeper at the back. Now it is time to form the Reduced Soccer Company to condense the season into one ludicrous plot.

After weeks of sunshine we are allowed to play on the Square. Wallace (Rod Wallace?) rolls the ball to Kember who having dwelt slightly too long on the ball (again) knocks it to Remez (Kewel). JJ bemuses the opposition with a drag back before making crossing to Scrace (Gudjohnsen).



At Aldenham, Scrace nets a hat-trick to add to goals against Alleyn's, Lancing (2), Dulwich (2) and Harrow (2). From the restart, St. Paul's are thwarted in midfield by Byrne and Hunter Jones (Petit?), who scores to add to goals against Charterhouse, City, Harrow. Keljik (Dyer) pops up with a goal or two (Lancing, Oratory) and then releases Zamkow (Scholes) who fires the ball into the net at Harrow.

The opposition then find a wall of Gill (Terry), Runge (Keane - goals against Alleyns, Highgate, 2 at Aldenham) and Radhakrishnan (Desailly). The ball spills out to Naylor (Pearce, but harder) who out-muscles their winger. Irwin (Anderton) scores against Aldenham and then takes the throw to Deanfield who hits a cross-field ball to Rangoonwala (Solano) who splits the defence and sets up Wallace to score against Ardingly, Alleyn's, Lancing, Highgate, Aldenham and City. Remez bury the spot kick (just) and the referee's blushes are saved. Inspired, JJ adds goals against Highgate, Chigwell, Aldenham, City and Stortford. Alert to attacking possibilities, Jagger throws the ball out to Blunt (Sinclair) who sets up Briscoe-Wilson (Huckerby) at Alleyn's and Charterhouse. Pitying Aldenham (and their local off side rules) we make some subs: Marolda (Del Piero), Smith (Sol... poached by the 'A' team?!), Shaw (Poyet), Bacon (Owen – one-footed), Capel (Le Saux), Alexander (Hamann) and our other keepers, Grosse (Cudicini) and Illingworth (van der Sar). All in all a season we should be proud of. Thanks also to Nick Hinze (Ottman Hitzfeld) and Paul Wittle. Claudio Ranieri, will now take a break from management until next season.

Andrew Johnson

## U14 FOOTBALL

It would be fair to say that this was not a vintage season for the U14s. Unfortunately, they were often outgunned by considerably superior opposition on an Independent Schools circuit that was stronger than any which I had previously encountered. Many of the U14 teams we played against were very accomplished, several of them benefiting from the presence of 'Sports Scholars'.

There were a few high points though, such as the 5–3 victory over KES Witley and the 2–1 win away at The Oratory.

In addition, there were a couple of draws away from home at Allyn's (2–2) and Haileybury (1–1). Otherwise, it was more a story of a lot of effort for not a lot of gain.

Whilst success was not always forthcoming as a team, several individuals made great strides during the season. Chief amongst these was Sam Allen who was probably the most overworked U14 goalkeeper in living memory. Perhaps the next most consistent performer was Nat Gordon who grew and grew in confidence at the heart of the defence. He was matched by Marc Baghdadi who was ever-present on the left flank whether in defence or midfield. Alex Hall also made his one of the first names with his solid performances in a variety of defensive and midfield roles and Dominic Parsons consistently unsettled opposition defenders with his lightning pace. Anthony Comminos was another consistent performer throughout the season.

Hakan Feridun and Stefan Vukcevic showed that they have the ability to be influential midfield players. Similarly, Tommy Cattell showed himself to be the most talented and natural goal scorer in the squad. Ed Casserley and Thomaz Steuerman both started in the B team but joined the As during the course of the year. In addition, Alex Asher, Ed Miles, Matthew Woodhams, Thomas Hannah, Alex Estorick, Nidal al Juzi and Charles Maynard all showed signs of promise for the future.

The hope is that with hard work these boys will progressively develop as they go up the School. I would encourage them to stay positive and assure them that real effort at improving their technical and physical fitness will eventually pay dividends. I thank all concerned with U14 football, pupils and staff alike (but particularly GW-S, MNR and RRS), for their efforts this season. James Kershen

## MARTIAL ARTS

This last year has been an exciting and dramatic time in Westminster Judo following the departure of Rev. Mordecai – the founder of Martial Arts at Westminster – yet we have pressed on under the watchful eye of Mr Allnatt. We've finally taken off in competitions and the station has become more popular than ever. In our third year, we have some experienced members amongst us, and the Lower School young bloods are making good progress; there were plans for a grading, but it had to be cancelled as the majority of players did not have their licences ready.



In November we defeated St Paul's with 10 wins over their 5. The real deal however was the Independent Schools, where we performed much better than last year where we only won one Bronze medal. We managed wins in the juniors (under 16), with Marc Scrimshire getting through a strained neck in his first fight to win the bronze, and Vikram Iyer – towering over most of his opponents – lumbered to the finals winning a silver cup. Our resident hulk Charles Greenbury – who despite his size was dwarfed by his opponents – scored a Bronze in the 90+kg Seniors. The rest of our team fought very well, though I was the only one to manage even a single victory – a reflection on the quality of our opponents. Thanks go to our supporters, who travelled up to High Wycombe to see the competition and of course to Larry, our coach.

We've been going strong this year, and with more competitions, and a grading coming up, we will only get better!

Raphael D'Amico (AHH VIth)

## SAILING

We sail at Welsh Harp Reservoir in Bosun dinghies, under the instruction of John Porter on Tuesdays, and at Queen Mary Reservoir in Picos on Thursdays. Because both of these places are an hour's drive from school, sailing requires a big time commitment from the boys involved.

This has been a very good term for us. Due to a large influx of fifth formers, the station has doubled in size to 14, which is the maximum possible number we can carry in the mini-bus. Most of the sailors were beginners at the start of term, and they have brought great enthusiasm to the station, and progressed at an impressive rate, such that they are now competent in helming both single and double-handers. Another point of note has been how they have all learnt to work together in getting the boats rigged and launched, and then put away afterwards. It is quite a surprise to see them all just getting on with it! Many of them put the Cowes Sailing Expedition on their expedition choice forms, and I'm sure those that I am taking will get a lot out of it.

We have competed in several matches, starting with our first appearance at the British Schools Team Racing Championships. That was a very tough competition, and we didn't quite make the semis, but it was very good experience for our boys. Since then we have had matches against Reading Oratory, Merchant Taylors', and Highgate, and easily won all of these, with some superb sailing from David Reicher and Andy Fawcett, and useful backup from Chris Ziegler and Ben Shillito. The beginners took it in turn to crew. Sports colours were awarded to all boys who had taken part in a match.

Unfortunately, David has been tied up with exams this term, and so unable to attend station on a regular basis. I would, however, like to make special mention of Andy Fawcett's contribution to the smooth running of station. He has had infinite patience with the junior members of the group, organising them and helping to instruct them, and I probably would have gone mad without his help! In fact, the staff at Queen Mary Reservoir were so impressed

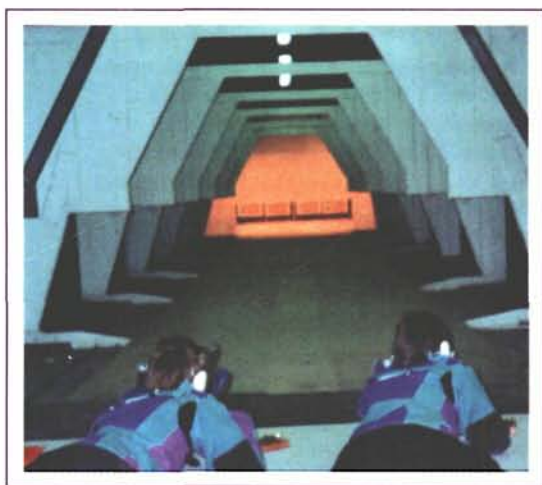
they said they would be happy to offer him work as a dinghy instructor as soon as he has qualified. He will be a great Head of Station next year.

Fiona Smart has also been invaluable in driving the mini-bus and keeping everything running smoothly with the station, and Jenny Lambert has stood in on the couple of occasions when Fiona was unable to make it. Both of them also had a go at sailing and seemed to enjoy it. I very much hope that one of the new members of staff will be qualified to take over the running of the station next year. However, it will still be necessary to use an extra instructor from the sailing centres, and this will inevitably put the budget up.

I expect most of this year's sailors will continue in Election Term 2002, and hope that the station will increase its profile in the coming years. I will miss it very much – there is, unfortunately no sailing in Bogota! Guin Hodges

## SHOOTING

This year, shooting station has made encouraging progress towards sporting respectability at Westminster. Many Westminsters, notably the rowers, have a poor appreciation of the actual skill involved to be good at shooting. It is a truth that shooting is easy (as one can always miss the target!) but getting consistently high scores requires much dedication and practice. For this reason, Alex Fry deserves particular praise for his excellent shooting on a weekly basis, a performance which has earned him the top average in the station this year. However, there have been numerous other impressive performances by Kenichi Akito and Andrew Couroussopoulos.



Furthermore, the new recruits, Tokini Peterside and Alex Gabrielle are showing great promise. They will be part of a very strong team next year! On the competitive front, Westminster has enjoyed mixed success with good performances in the NSRA Centenary National competition and in our

recent match against Wellington College. Although we lost the latter fixture, the small margin of just 23 points reflected good performances under the pressure of facing a team containing international shooters! Particular thanks also must be given to Mrs Jackman who is leaving the station this summer after many years of happiness (and times of great tolerance!). I would also like to thank Alan Lewis our coach whose dedication has catalysed great improvements in the shooting of all those who are members of the station!

Thomas Wrathmell (DD Rem)

## TENNIS

Tennis Station went well in 2001, although our fixtures were frequently decimated by rain and we did struggle somewhat in the competitions. We did, however, benefit greatly from having two coaches, Kieron and Carol, who are on the regular coaching staff at Queen's Club. Carol has been working with some of the players throughout the year and the improvement amongst them is highly encouraging.

Having fallen victim to the weather against Highgate the previous week, we were forced to begin the season on April 28th with a new fixture against Putney Common Tennis Club. After an odyssey journey, we finally arrived just as the heavens opened. However, after several interruptions, we did manage to complete the fixture which we lost 6-2. Cochran and Younger played particularly well and won both our sets. Sadly, our traditional fixture with the American School was completely washed out as was the match against UCS after half-term.

We were more fortunate with the OWWs with whom the channels of communication have greatly improved over the last few years; many thanks to Duncan Matthews in this regard. In 2001 we organised both a senior and a junior fixture, with honours halved. There were many fine performances including the combinations of Church and Lloyd, Cochran and Webb and Varvarin and Younger. We also had 2 fixtures against Harrow, both played away so that we could get more players to participate. On Thursday 10th May we took our 18 best players, but came second. Church and Lloyd again proved a successful pairing. We also lost the Junior fixture after half-term, but again there were encouraging contributions from Varvarin and Webb, Hessian and Ellis, and Shaw and Rashidian. Testard and Cole also put up a good fight.

Before Expeditions we also organised a Junior fixture against Putney. The result was 10-2 and suffice it to say we did not get the 10. Putney were flattered by the scoreline. Honest!

All in all, it was a very good season. We had thriving numbers, a good captain in Ted Roy, good coaching, and played much competitive tennis. Thanks to all concerned. Simon Craft

## WATER – BOYS

The last year at the Boat Club has been extremely successful, with medal success in all the major events, and some outstanding individual performances.

The National Schools Regatta produced a number of surprises in May. The 1st VIII – which had just begun to rediscover the form of the winter season after an unfortunate spate of injuries and illnesses – had a fantastic first day of competition, beating an impressive field in the semi-finals. The final was equally thrilling (the top five crews were separated by just 4 seconds) and the VIII, exhausted after 3 rounds, came fifth. The J15s performed astoundingly in crews only recently selected: the second four surprised everybody with a well-deserved fourth place, but most



notable was the performance of the silver-medal winning first four, in which rowed James McNaughton, a novice J14 who now rows regularly in the 1st VIII.

On the second day, the pair of James Summerfield and Jack Holborn struggled in the rough conditions and strong field, and were unfortunate to be knocked out in their semi-final. James Furlong, the 1st VIII reserve, was placed in a tough Championship Sculls heat, and missed out on qualification for the semi-finals by just a few seconds. The Championship Four – in which rowed retiring Head of the Water, James Woodrow – exceeded all expectations, defeating some powerful competition to reach the final, where after a tremendous weekend they finished fifth.

After exeat, the Club's full attention was turned towards selecting an VIII to compete at Henley Royal Regatta, the biggest event of the year. Preparation for the race went well: the crew even spent an enjoyable weekend camping in Henley to take advantage of the early morning calm. The VIII was disappointed to lose to an outstanding crew from Bedford Modern School in the first round of the regatta.

Over the summer break, there was an expedition to the annual night regatta in Genoa, where the Westminster VIII this year included a mixture of OWW and coaches. The sun and food contributed to a great weekend away, and the crew were satisfied with their bronze medal against some strong international opposition. Later on in the summer, a Westminster cutter rowed the PLA Challenge – a race from London Bridge to the OXO tower – and won a silver medal. Jack Holborn continued rowing through July in preparation for the Coupe de la Jeunesse, in which he had been selected to row for the Great Britain junior team. On both days Jack's coxed four won silver medals, losing out by inches.

With the end of the 2001 season, Mrs Freckleton decided the time had come to leave Westminster, where she had successfully taught and coached Westminsters for fifteen years.

The Play Term began with the strenuous 23-mile Great River Race. All Westminster crews performed well, the top crew carrying TV reporter and cameraman, who made a

documentary about the experience! The Boat Club's new transportation also attracted press coverage in 2001: the top squad now travels to Putney from Westminster Pier on a riverboat.

Our annual American tour this year took us to the Head of the Charles, in Boston, and the Head of the Schuylkill, in Philadelphia. The 1st VIII rowed efficiently in Boston, coming seventh in the biggest race of its kind in the world. After a fantastic few days spent

enjoying the local sites (not to mention the Jacuzzis and widescreen televisions), the boys drove down to Philadelphia, where they were the guests of St. Joseph's Prep and were joined by the girls VIII for the first time. The racing done, both crews flew back home just in time for the start of school.

Due to flooding and bad weather, most of the domestic winter races of the Play Term were cancelled, which was a great disappointment to all, not least the enthusiastic new fifth form. Fortunately, Maidstone Head offered a frosty opportunity towards the end of term to showcase the boat club's new crews: a J14 quad won their event. The Senior 4, rowed by Jack Holborn and Charlie Hayes together with OWW Ed Sainty and coach Ian Watson, produced the fastest time of the entire race.

Sam Scheuringer, Charlie Hayes and Will Sweet all did well in long distance trials for the Great Britain junior team in November and February, and the impressive performance of Head of Water, James Summerfield, resulted in his selection for the next round of trials.

The Schools Head of the River was perhaps the most successful of recent years for Westminster, with five of our six competing crews finishing in the top three. The fifth form results were particularly outstanding: the 1st octuple came second, and the 2nd octuple came third. Despite last-minute injuries and crew changes, the J15 and J16 coxed fours were pleased to win silver and bronze medals respectively. The 1st VIII were frustrated by their sixteenth place finish, but the following weekend they redeemed themselves somewhat by winning Kingston Head.

Generally, the Boat Club has had a very successful year, and with the acquisition of several new boats and coaches, all crews are hoping to do well in the summer races. You can keep up with results and news on [www.wsbc.org.uk](http://www.wsbc.org.uk), thanks to the hard work of webmasters James Summerfield, and Charlie Hayes.

William Sweet (RR Rem)

# WATER – GIRLS

"I didn't know Westminster had a girls squad" – a comment not uncommonly overheard from surprised spectators on the bank. This year's girls' squad had something to prove, and with only two years to do it in, the only thing faster was their 2k time.

## First VIII 2000-2001

Valerie Diedrichs  
Faye Dayan  
Daisy Collins  
Jessica Chichester  
Rosie Goldman  
Catherine Nassim  
Mathilde Pauls  
Rosamund Urwin  
Cox: Gigi Florentin-Lee

## Henley IV 2001

Daisy Collins  
Faye Dayan  
Mathilde Pauls  
Jessica Chichester  
Cox: Gigi Florentin-Lee

GB Trials Pair  
Mathilde Pauls  
Jessica Chichester

After our training camp in Ghent last year, a solid VIII emerged, led in the stroke seat by Valerie Dierichs. During the run up to the National Schools' Regatta, the squad enjoyed numerous successes in smaller regattas, in both IVs and the VIII. These included wins at Wallingford and Bedford Regatta. Clearly the girls had a knack for this racing business, and it was even rumoured that they enjoyed it too.

After our string of successes in both competition and training, they approached the National Schools' competition very positively, though we knew the task in hand was difficult. This was

to be the first time that we competed with the female powerhouses of school rowing, Lady Elenour Holles and Headington for example. Unlike our entire squad, which had started rowing in the 6th form, the girls we were up against had been rowing for 5 years, many of them in junior Great Britain squads.

This however, did not dampen the spirit and determination with which the crew approached the challenge. The race started very well, but the commentator, 100m from the finish announced "Westminster is significantly overrating all the other crews, it looks like they've pushed too early, they'll never be able to hold 6th place off at this rate!" Never say never to Westminster Girls. We made the finals, by just over a couple of inches, both of them won by grit and determination. Unfortunately, we were not so successful in the final, coming 6th. However, no Westminster girls' crew has ever reached the Women's Championship Viii's final, so we were all extremely proud, returning with 6th place and a little piece of history.

Taking this theme of defying expectations even further, a IV was selected to race at Women's Henley. Stroked by Daisy Collins, this crew not only battled a challenging training regime, but also the stresses of the new AS examination system. Even when we arrived, we were met with unfavourable odds – in the heats our opposition was a IV from Lady Elenour Holles, renowned for their speed, skill and bench-press. So sure that we would be knocked out was CD Riches, that he had made plans to return with us to Putney that afternoon to do some coaching. Again, in true Westminster Girls' Squad style, we defied expectations, not only by beating them, but by a whole four lengths! In the next round we faced Headington, who despite a very brave, fighting finish, beat us by a length and a half. Still, no girls boat had ever made the quarter-finals at Henley, so we returned disappointed not to have made it to the next day, but again very proud with our latest piece of history.

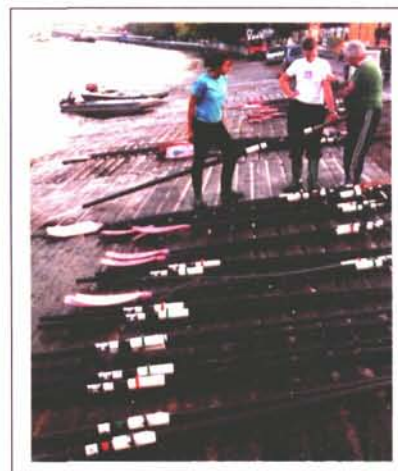
After a long summer break, we had quite a relaxing half term in preparation for our trip to Philadelphia. More for the experience of racing in America than medal seeking or hard training, this relatively unsuccessful but nevertheless enjoyable experience was composed of an VIII pulled together with the remaining girls from the top squad.

The sixth form competed at the Cambridge Winter Head, accompanied by a few old hands from the remove, Rosamund Urwin in the stroke seat and Catherine Nassim at 7. However, because of this, they were forced up a category and although they came last, their time was good enough that they would have won the novice event which they would have entered had they sufficient numbers.

The latter half of the PlayTerm was extremely gruelling in terms of training, possibly the hardest the girls' squad had ever faced. Faye Dayan unfortunately suffered a serious back injury, but almost 6 months later has now made a full recovery. Jessica Chichester and Mathilde Pauls went to Great Britain trials in January and rose to the challenge with ever increasing vigour. They are to be congratulated for their excellent result, coming 4th in their pair. Special congratulations must go to Mathilde Pauls for winning in her single on the second day! Unfortunately, since she is German, she cannot be selected. However, Jessica has been selected for the squad, and we wish her the best of luck on her GB training camp in Nottingham this Easter.

We also enjoyed our first training camp without the presence of the boys' squad at Lake Banyoles in Spain. The beautiful

flat water and brilliant sunshine provided excellent conditions for sculling and being coached by Olympians Guin Bettern and Gillian Lyndsay was an added bonus!



After the disappointment of the cancellation of last year's Schools' Head, many of the

Remove girls returned to join with the sixth form in a Women's sixth form VIII. Again, the boathouse leaves the women to return with the silverware, being the only crew to win their event! Not only that, but a win by over 20 seconds: a new event record.

The sixth form show increasing promise, particularly from Jessica Espey. We have also had some very promising new recruits since Christmas, with the addition of Zoe, an impressive and accomplished runner. Suzie Richards continues to both cox and row, having an ergo time better than many in the squad. She has also successfully competed in modern pentathlon. And who said coxes were lazy?!

Gigi Florentin-Lee (HH Rem)



**REMOVE BALL 2001**

**THE ELIZABETHAN 2002**  
**MUSIC CD**

