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Editorial

Moving, chewing through some notes before the exam, you suddenly remember what you should always be thinking—does any of this really matter? Anyway, there's still going to be an exam, so you might as well start revising. In looking up to avoid falling down the newly reinforced, but even more slippery carpeted stairs, the cold blueness hits the eyes deep in their dulled cores, and reality again takes its place amongst the clutter. This is the new reality, the blue mood that is trying to impose itself on Grants, in all its different hues and shades, trying to convey an idea: the term isn't over yet, and so while you're here, you might as well make the best of it, and enjoy it as much as you can—as long as you stay within the rules, which daily creep ever inwards, as new rumours of atrocities whisper down the frozen corridors. In spite of this, it's summer, the end of an eventful year for Grants, and the thought of your contributions to the Grantite Review can help to ease your consciences during the long nights. Most of all, there's the long holiday to look forward to—and the exam results.

Zen Thompson

Newcomers to Grants

GRANTS was delighted to welcome as new tutors this year Daniel Gill and Valerie St Johnston, both of whom have already contributed much by their concern and commitment.

Housemaster's Reflections

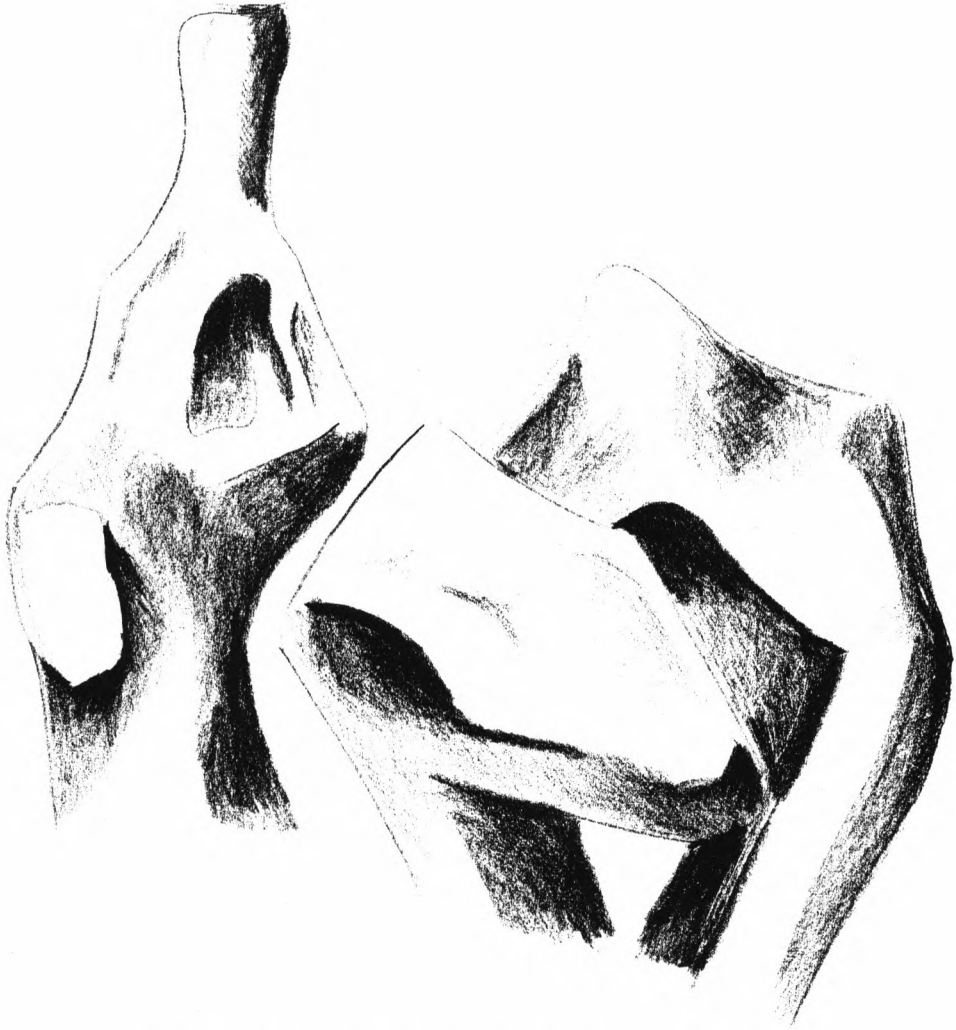
This year has been punctuated by sad events which I feel must be recorded in this issue of the Review. Death is a hard thing to write about, but the two people I want to remember were very special, not only to me, but also to many members of Grant's.

On October 15th 1987 Dr. Catherine Griffiths died. She was a devoted wife and mother; a person who spent her life helping other people in her capacity as a caring doctor. Her son James was my second Head of House and left Grant's last July. Catherine was, from my point of view, a perfect parent. She gave support when it was needed, but she also knew when to take a back seat. During the time I knew her she was fighting an illness which in the end killed her. This fighting spirit was an inspiration to all of us. Her talk in the Abbey about her plight, from a deeply religious point of view, was moving and powerful. It started the support the school gave for the Westminster Hospital Melanoma Research Fund; a charity she initiated, and which raised under her leadership, in a matter of months £150,000. We were very pleased to make our small contribution to this fund as a tribute to her.

Oliver Cresswell joined Grant's from the Under School, last September. He had Cystic Fibrosis, a disease which he had learnt to come to terms with as far as school life was concerned, long before he came to Grant's. It did not prevent him from taking a very active part in the life of the house; from the start he was a very popular new boy, and a very busy one. He worked hard achieving a high academic standard. He played squash, painted sensitive watercolours and began to shoot. But there was much more to Ol' than "schoolboy ability". His bravery, his dry humour, his enthusiasm for life, and his interest in people, made their mark on many members of this community. We were proud to have him in Grant's and we miss him very much.

There is another person we shall miss greatly when the new term begins in September. Our matron, Daphne McLaren, retires to Derbyshire in July after eight years of devoted service. Many boys and girls will have appreciated her kindness and care over those years, and she has given me all the help she could during the past seven terms. We are all very grateful to her.

Reflecting over the past year there have been times of sadness, but somehow the routine of life carries people forward and the next scene in the drama soon begins.



Study from a Henry Moore Sculpture, Laura Dubinskey

Old Grantite Club News

The Annual General Meeting of the Old Grantite Club was held in Ashburnham Dining-Room on Tuesday, 1st March, 1988, the President, Mr. F. D. Hornsby in the Chair. The following attended:—

A. Boyd	T. Harris	D. Ray
J. Bradley	P. Holford	P. Ray
J. Carey	C. Lawton	M. Rugman
R. Carr	N. Mackay	N. Skeffington
G. Chichester	D. Mendes Da Costa	G. Somerset
J. Croft	M. Mills	A. Stranger-Jones
D. Cunliffe	Mr. Montmorency	Dr. M. Stratford
J. Durnford	J. Morland	R. Stubbs
J. Eccles	S. Mundy	V. Tenison
Ms. D. Farha	J. Oyler	A. Winckworth
C. Foster	G. Pope	J. Woodford
K. Gilbertson	C. Quayle	T. Woods
D. Grieve		

The Housemaster
House Tutors
Head of House
Editor, Grantite Review
Business Manager, Grantite Review

During the past year the Club had renovated the cover of the House billiard table.

The Honorary Treasurer had entertained the Housemaster and Club Committee to a most enjoyable dinner at his home.

A questionnaire circulated to members regarding the Grantite Review had elicited about 150 replies, and recipients had expressed a strong wish for more news of the House and of Old Grantites.

At the AGM it was agreed that a Grantite Review Sub-Committee be set up, and three members with experience of magazine design and production offered their help.

It was also agreed that there might be useful collaboration between the Club and parents and it was suggested that this might be initiated at a dinner or cocktail party in College Hall in the Autumn of 1988.

Note of distinction: John Winckworth (1930–1934) was awarded the OBE in the New Year Honours.

ENCOUNTERS WITH OLD GRANTITES

Interview with Mr. Peter Bottomley

Q = Question

PB = Mr. Peter Bottomley

Q How did you enjoy Westminster and being in Grants'?

PB I think I made virtually every mistake you can make at school but I enjoyed it. I had some good chances and not very much hard work, a very competent house master Mr. John Wilson and I basically enjoyed myself.

Q How would you say Westminster helped form your political ideas?

PB I haven't really got any political views and I didn't get any at Westminster. I did enjoy going in to watch the House of Commons. In those days if you were a scholar and you went in your gown, you could jump the queue. I was no scholar but I occasionally found I was wearing a gown. I remember going to Downing Street, to watch what is now called the Night of the Long Knives, when Harold MacMillan sacked about a third of his cabinet in one day.

Q Did you know you wanted to become involved in politics?

PB No. I didn't actually join a political party until I was twenty-seven and then found myself in parliament by the time I was thirty, with a collection of unexpected decisions, a good deal of chance and a bit of hard work.

Q Many of Mrs. Thatcher's ministers have criticised what they call her authoritarian manner. What do you think of her style of Government?

PB I think you have to be in the Cabinet to appreciate her fully. I like her and I think I have a duty to her. I think I was one of the more unlikely people to be made into a mini-minister. In fact I collected a pile of mail from friends saying 'if she's made you a minister, she can make us one too!'

Q You were not one of the 38 to rebel against the Poll tax and so do you therefore believe it is right to introduce a flat rate charge on all citizens rather than relating community charge to the ability to pay?

PB I see absolutely no point relating both community charge and income tax to ability to pay. It's far better to use income tax for the ability to pay and to go for the flat rate community charge. If you take the money that the local Government gets, some from taxation through the central Government (you can probably leave aside the business rate contribution), you'll find that the top 10% of the population are paying 15 times as much per head as the bottom 10%.

Q Having worked in the Department of Employment, would you say that the Conservatives are coming up with the solution to the problem of unemployment?

PB It's worth remembering that the unemployment numbers have fallen by half a million in the last two years. In fact the unemployment figures have fallen for every one of the last 20 months. One of the interesting things is that when unemployment was 3 million, it was known that one million of the 3 million who

were getting benefit from being out of work, were not looking for work. It was also known that one million other people not getting benefit were looking for work. Britain can be both competitive and commercial, and it is much better to create the kinds of conditions where you can get unemployment falling by say 75,000 a month which is what has been happening recently.

Q It sometimes seems that rather than reducing numbers of unemployment the Tory Party seems more likely to reduce numbers of those claiming benefit.

PB It's both. Is there an argument for allowing a 16 year old or a 17 year old to receive money and do nothing worthwhile. The answer is clearly "no". Britain slipped into it by mistake. If you're aged 16 or 17 and you can't stay on in further education or you can't find a job, you don't just need money—you need help. You don't prepare people for the next 40 years of employment or even family responsibilities by letting them get used to the idea of receiving money while doing nothing.

Q So you think YTS is the kind of help people need?

PB Not just YTS. Don't just look at the label—let's look at the principle. Look at the other choices. Suppose you stay on at school and your family receive child benefit of £7 + a week why should you receive £15, £18 for not going to school? It's a wrong market signal, and it helps to waste people's lives or at least part of them. That's caring—that's how I'm caring.

Q Your father was Ambassador to South Africa between 1973 and 1976—has this affected your views on the present situation and Mrs. Thatcher's refusal to impose sanctions?

PB I think imposing sanctions is one of the worst things you can do if you really care about South Africa. I'm not a member of the Afrikaaner Tendency of the Tory Party, never have been, and my father's job there didn't affect me particularly. If you're someone in the open employment market in South Africa, and you're black, you're supporting about 30 other people. It takes a degree of heartlessness which I don't share, to say those people should lose their jobs to save our consciences. The sooner they get to one person—one vote in South Africa the better. The Afrikaans regime, (they keep the vote to one person in four because of their colour or background) should decide to share power properly: They've got to do things which satisfy the people in South Africa but you don't achieve that by cutting away the employment opportunities. Half the economic demand in South Africa is now in the hands of Africans—in the next year or two it'll move up to 60%, then to 70%—that gives people real power. Change is going to come in South Africa. It doesn't come when people like me, say I want to see people lose their jobs.

Q Do you ever visit Westminster or go back?

PB The school? I'd say visit isn't quite right, there are various people I know, mainly in the Common Room. I think people who spend all their time re-treading their school-days probably enjoy it but I don't think either the school or I would want to spend all our time together.

Laura Dubinsky and Lucy Greggains



My stepfather reading the newspaper—Tilly Franklin

Interview with Thomas Dolby (previously Robertson)

Q = Question

TD = Thomas Dolby

K = Kathleen

Q How did you like Westminster?

TD Well, I didn't like it because I was a boarder and most of my friends were day boys. I was really jealous of them—I thought they led a pretty good life. I was always getting into trouble because my friends who were day boys would go out to a Concert or go out for a drink or something and I would stay out with them and not be back in time. We used to go to concerts a lot. I remember there was one at Earls Court. I got into a lot of trouble one night because I went back to my friend's house after the concert when I promised to be back in school, the then-housemaster got very, very worried and he called the Earls Court Police and stuff. I did actually leave Westminster when I was still 15.

Q Why did you leave?

TD Well, because I didn't like boarding and because my parents lived in Oxford at the time. Also I was a good Socialist in those days—in a strange sort of way I felt guilty about going to a public school and I still do.

Q Did you find the attitudes fairly Conservative?

TD Yes, I think they were definitely Conservative. I think there was a pervading atmosphere of "You boys and girls will be the elite that are destined to run this country one day". Although it was never actually stated in that way I think that was definitely the impression you were given.

Q Have you kept in touch with your friends from Westminster?

TD One that I see from time to time is Shane McGowan of the Pogues and we were in the same English class together. We used to sit at the back being thoroughly subversive. He's actually a very brilliant guy and he completely hated it and you wouldn't believe how the teachers hated him. Anyway Shane and I would always sit at the back of the class and generally talk to each other and ignore what was going on and one day we were reading Jane Eyre or something and I can remember Alan Howarth saying "Please tell me what figure of speech this word is, Robertson" (which is my real name) and I said "Me Sir?" and Shane said to me "It's an onanism" and I said "Is it an onanism Sir?". He said, "No Robertson, this is not an onanism. Robertson, please come up to the front of the class, open this dictionary and tell us the definition of the word onanism!". I looked it up and well you should look it up in the dictionary. It's not a figure of speech—I'll tell you that much.

Q Did girls come in while you were there?

TD Yeah. I think my year was about the fourth where there were girls. In those days no boy and girl at the school were ever seen to be a couple. There was absolutely no contact from that point of view and I should think that a fair amount

of coupling that went on but certainly not in public. There certainly was, although no-one would own up to it, an incredible amount of competing to impress the one girl in your class. I think for a lot of people in the school it was their first contact with members of the opposite sex since discovering the possible implications that could lead to. You now not only had to be academically brilliant but you also had to be suave and good-looking over and above everything else. So in other words, you've got to be Clarke Gable and Albert Einstein at the same time.

Q What do you think of the traditional aspect of Westminster, like Saturday school?

TD I think that compared to most of the public schools, Westminster was always ahead of the bunch as far as Liberalism went and I was quite amazed when I got there aged 13, that come 4 o'clock I was allowed to go out and get on a bus and drive round London and things. I don't know if this will ever wear off, I still feel, aged 28 now, every time I walk out in the street and walk round the block, somewhere in the back of my mind there is a thought of "But I have to be back by so and so. .". There was very much an atmosphere in those days among the teachers of turning a blind eye to things but it was certainly quite a rebellious time and they didn't want any more truancy, any more delinquency on their hands than they had already so they didn't want to put people's backs up. They didn't want to insist that you went and did a station unless you really wanted to.

Q Did you get into music while you were at the school?

TD Yeah. There were a couple of bands in the two years above me, one which was actually originated from Grant's. They were called Cokam and a guy called Dave Bernstein ran that and Roger Cohen who is now a Reuter correspondent and there was another run by two brothers called Tim and Joe Carr. I became their roadie and I would twiddle the knobs for them when they rehearsed and help carry their gear around and we did a total of about half a dozen concerts over the years. I was a lot younger than any of them so I was really in awe of it but I would pick things up from them. The big thing was not just playing a set tune, the big thing was writing your own composition, and that was the real status symbol among us.

Q Did the music teachers recognise that you had some talent or did they just want you to concentrate on classical stuff?

TD To be fair, I don't think I ever played the stuff that I was writing to my music teacher, but I assumed that she wouldn't be interested in it.

Q Did you follow fashion, like wearing flared trousers?

TD Flared trousers were well in then. That was the main thing, it was at the height of flared trousers. I mean we'd talk about how wide your flares were and how high your heels were! The ultimate in those days was 20 inch flares and 2 and a half inch heels.

Q Did you get up to any wild escapades while you were there?

TD I remember right at the top of Grant's there were two little dormitories and you could get out of the windows onto the parapet and up onto the roof. We used

to go up there and smoke. Apart from that most of the fun that I had was outside the school. I'd just go and hang out with my friends who were the day boys and we'd go to Piccadilly and play the amusement arcades. I had two brothers that were at Grant's before me, Dominic—he was a complete tear-away, he was much worse than me. He was head of the house and he hated it and one day he piled up all his furniture into the middle of his study and he went to Spain with a guitar. He was held up at knife-point in the back streets of Barcelona and he had his guitar, his suitcase and all his money taken off him and he ended up going to the British Consulate and they brought him back to England.

Q It's quite cosmopolitan now—what was it like when you were there?

TD It was totally taboo to be gay and I don't know if that's changed at all. There was probably a fair amount of experimentation that went on—but that was probably the absence of girls as much as anything else and that will probably be very shocking to people to hear somebody say that now. I'm trying to think if there's anything I can say that I enjoyed because I've been quite negative about it. I didn't dread it from day to day—I wasn't simply despising every moment. I ended up going to a local school which taught me absolutely nothing. I took A-levels when I was 16. Even though I was 2 years younger than the others, I'd been taught so much better than them. Academically Westminster is streets ahead of State Education.

Q What made you decide to go and live in America? Was it in any way a reaction from having such an English up-bringing?

TD I certainly feel now that I'm a lot more comfortable working, if not living in America. Certainly working, I get real stick from the press here. I think actually they don't like the fact that I'm clever and white and middle-class. I think that they think that's their domain and that nobody else is allowed to be clever and that's a big problem. Whereas in the States I think that my Englishness works in my favour and they see me as a complete oddball and they're very happy to go along with that.

Q Would you send a child of yours to Westminster?

TD No, because I didn't enjoy it and also because personally I feel that in an age when there's a general drain on education and its resources, in this country and America (where we now live) it's really terrible that the cream of the educational resources should be concentrated on a tiny percentage of people who have the money to afford it. At the same time I wouldn't go back and burn down the school or anything like that.

Lucy Greggains and Laura Dubinsky

Interview with John Bradley

LD=Laura Dubinsky

JB=John Bradley

LM=Laila Manji

LD Did you enjoy WM?

JB Enormously.

LD And how was Grant's when you got there?

JB Well I didn't go to the actual house until my last two terms. My first experience of the school was in Worcestershire, when the house was evacuated to a house called Furney Bank. It was a big country house with several acres of grounds, really a very nice place though lit by acetylene and unheated. Grant's was out at F.B. two other houses (Busby's and Rigaud's) were at Buchan Hill in Herefordshire. College and Ashburnham were at Whitmore. This created a triangle. We were widely dispersed, and used to travel to and from places by bicycle.

LD Was it a happy time?

JB Oh, it was a wonderful time, a marvellous time.

We worked quite hard, we learnt a lot about the countryside and we did a lot of exercise.

LD Were you a good pupil?

JB No, not particularly. I didn't do anything at all to distinguish myself academically. I was pretty active in sport, I was wicket-keeper for the first XI, I used to do long-distance running. There was also a teacher called Mr. Monk who had been released as a P.O.W. by the Japanese, and when he came back to teach he got some gymnastics going, and I enjoyed that too.

LM Westminster has the reputation now as being slightly non-conformist as a Public School, especially when grouped with others such as Eton or Rugby. Did you find the teaching progressive then?

JB Oh, yes I think it was. However at that time they were stuck with their staff. I'm not saying anything against the staff, because I think they were all very good, but a lot of people were away in the war and most of the staff comprised of those who were too unfit, or too old to fight. That didn't leave much opportunity for any radical change.

LD Was it a very disciplined school?

JB No, I don't think it was overdone. We were well disciplined and the war helped in that respect. There was an active Corps which took part in vigorous training once a week and we had a Home Guard which linked up with the local town H.G.

LD What do you think about WM's fairly recent decision to accept girls?

JB Oh, I think it's a great thing. I don't know whether I would have liked to have seen it in my day, it just wasn't thought about then. It would have been a very radical and strange change then.

LM Did you find that WM teaching was more geared to developing your intellect than to just achieving high grades?

JB Yes I think it was like that, and that's terribly important all the way through life; what you are as a person comes before any qualifications you may have. But you can't get away from the fact that if you are going to have a fair society then people must be judged fairly, and in a modern society you can only do this by qualifications. I personally think this is a great pity.

LM Is there anything specific in your own character than you attribute to going to WM?

JB I suppose that we had to be very self-sufficient during the war and WM encouraged us to have our own opinions.

LD Did you know that you wanted to go into medicine when you were at school?

JB I've always wanted to do medicine, I've never thought of doing anything else. My father was a doctor. I'm a general surgeon but I have a vascular interest; that is I'm interested in the blood vessels, arteries and veins. I was born at the right time having left WM immediately after the war, as they were crying out for people to become doctors. It was a piece of cake, as long as they could do a few sums and knew a bit of biology. It is quite different now, of course. It was relatively easy for me, I got sufficient school certificates to get into Oxford, and then I was drawn into a whole new group of people. I was taught to fly in the University Air Squadron when I was at Oxford and once I qualified I decided to do a short stint in the Air Force. One of the things I did was to go to Christmas Island in the Pacific where I was then Senior Medical Officer for Operation Grapple, when we tested the hydrogen bomb and several other weapons.

LM Did you actually see the explosion?

JB I saw the first of the drops from a distance of about 60 miles and in an aeroplane. I took out the first party of troops to go on to the island and was responsible for their health while the bases there were built up. The aim of the operation was for the engineers to build a large enough airship to carry the Bombers. When this was done and the bombers began to practise their manoeuvres then Phase One of "Operation Grapple" was complete and I was released. That gave me 15 months in the Pacific which was very interesting.

So I've had quite an interesting life really. I've been very lucky; I thoroughly enjoyed school, I enjoyed my service career, I came out of the service and eventually got my fellowship and now I'm a consultant surgeon at Hillingdon District General Hospital in North London. I've had a very rewarding life.

LM Did the actual situation of the school and it's surrounding buildings play a big part in your enjoyment of the school?

JB I thought it was absolutely lovely and have done ever since. Even now when I go there it sends a little shiver through me because it is absolutely beautiful. When you go through Liddell's arch and you see the Victoria Tower, particularly at night when it's floodlit. . . It's a glorious place.



Yard by Laura Dubinsky

A 41 Dollar Bill and a Dollar Dime Tip

by KIERON CONNOLLY

The social scene had never really been my scene, but that night, like most nights, I wasn't doing anything. Parties usually bored me: always people plugging their latest ventures. Mine were never anything to plug, being an accountant for a legit real estate agent who went by the name of "Old Edward". . . "EDWARD WOULD, WOULDN'T YOU?" ran the tacky commercial. I never liked the idea of playing with names: probably because of my own—Frank Leyton. Sometimes Frank T. Leyton when I was feeling important—which wasn't that night. I decided to visit this party, I don't know why, maybe because there'd be no story to read if I didn't.

I flung on one of my ill-fitting suits, pulled my blinds and, living in some escapist fantasy, took the back stairs to the street. Having arrived late, I sat down to an array of disrespect. "Old Edward" was there, looking like a barrel in a tuxedo, his stomach sagging like some forgotten balloon tied underneath with string. His lower jaw protruded like that of that fat British Prime Minister—the one who always came out with witty remarks.

I looked around at all the pancaked faces beginning to crack under the Summer evening heat. They all looked like grotesque gargoyles in the candle light which cast shadows above their chins and noses, forming a Satanic black line between their eyes. It was during this scrutiny that I noticed her—blonde hair and spidery elegant fingers, like some painting by Gauguin that I'd seen in some gallery somewhere. She was arguing with "Old Edward": but then who didn't, and who wouldn't?

"Look lady, I've been in this business for over thirty years. I used to fall for every trick in the book. Now I make the tricks."

"I never knew real estate was so complex, Mr. Hammett," she replied coolly. She fought well—a fighter I'm sure, although "Old Edward" always had a way of coming out on top, even if he had been at the bottom of the bundle.

From then on I couldn't take my eyes off her. She had small, delicate ears and dark eyes that hid her identity. I would watch the way her hair bounced about on her shoulders like a theatrical spider on elastic. After the meal she stood up—her hips were about as wide as the Bosphorus. I reasoned and concluded that this would be better for childbirth. I introduced myself but decided to avoid telling her I worked for "Old Edward". I switched on my charm, but when no light reflected off the dark walls I threw in the stone hoping to make some ripples. She became interested in "Old Edward" and his squashed face which was held in his pelican's bill.

"I don't mean to pry but don't you feel he's just a hyena that's always left laughing, a skittle that's somehow always left standing?" She waited then turned away gracefully, staring with a look of blank elegance. I attempted to continue, but improvisation had never been my best subject.

"And you'd like to be the one who knocks that skittle over?" I said.

"Yes," she said, slow and low. "I'd like to topple him over, watch him roll helplessly downhill as I make the hill even steeper". She livened up then, delighted with her idea I suppose. I laughed for the first time since Al Capone was done for tax evasion.

We parted formally and I drove home alone. I bought a paper off an adolescent. I swear I could have drawn an Isoscohedron around the blemishes on his face. I took the back stairs again and once I was inside my apartment I loosened my tie, took off my jacket and tilted my hat back. I turned off the light, engulfing myself in a shroud of darkness, only broken by a flash and the buzz of the neon light outside. I picked up a bottle of Scotch from its usual place and fumbled for a clean glass. There were none so I emptied one on to a cactus plant that I thought was in limbo because it grew so little. Then, taking my cigarettes, I lit up, reflecting the flame off my hand and then I shook it out. I lay back on the couch and drank and smoked about twenty. All the time my mind was on the dame with the inset eyes. The neon sign shone through the Venetian blinds in a traditional shade of grey. It painted light grey lines on the walls, shafts of smoke swirled upwards and twisted away to some forgotten corner only the maid knew.

I stood up, paced around the room a few hundred times, thinking about her and her Gaugin fingers and smoking another twenty. I finally lay down again and slept. My dreams flickered like a silent movie; sudden images of her, "Old Edward" and a male Flamenco dancer from Zaragoza.

I woke up and sat on the edge of the couch, I didn't know whether to get up or not. I'd been sitting there a while when the doorbell rang. I opened the door casually. She was standing there, poised perfectly.

"You wanna game of skittles?" she asked. I didn't know why she hated him, but I hated him for her. I invited her in anyway. She sat down. I closed the door, turned and said:

"I never saw anyone asphixiated by a cactus before."



Quiff by Rajah



By Tom Irvine

Grant's House Play:

'Death' by Woody Allen

At first sight, turning a bundle of scripts, the dungeons, and twenty or so reluctant actors into a respectable play in a month seemed to me to be just about as possible as squeezing blood out of a stone. On the 18th and 19th of February, however, the play went on before a packed house, and even managed to get a few laughs! None of this could have happened without the help of Peter Holmes, who organized us, supervised us and (most importantly of all) got us a week's extension on the performance date!

Rehearsing the play was hard work—but all the members of the cast were very committed, especially Jason Tann, whose feats of line-learning two hours before the performance were almost miraculous! During the week before the play, the

dungeons were transformed into a 1950's American gangland, and the performances went smoothly, getting almost as many laughs as we had hoped for, although not all of them were in the right places. At the cast party afterwards everyone agreed that Mr. Clarke's dancing was just as entertaining as 'Death' had been!

It would be impossible to mention everyone who took part by name, as almost all of Grant's was involved in the play in some way. This in itself, however, made the production cheerful and fun—and brought all the members of Grant's together. I would like to thank everyone for making 'Death' the success (I hope) that it was!

by Tilly Franklin



By Jake Williams

'Death'

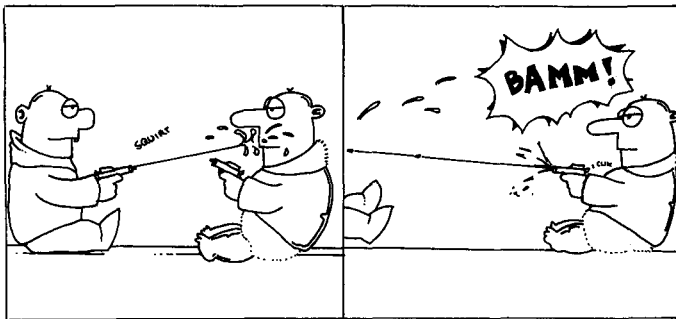
The first rehearsal of 'Death' managed to induce the whole cast into a state of psychotic frenzy. By the second rehearsal this mood had spread throughout Grant's. By the third rehearsal the entire school had begun to turn on Tilly and myself for being responsible for the potentially single worst disaster ever to have graced a Westminster stage. Well-meaning and concerned observers told us it was a dumb choice of a play and that we had best give it up now, before we embarrassed ourselves totally. A drop out rate of three a day, numerous cast mutinies (thanks, guys), and a temperamental Kleinman (couldn't we do 'Apocalypse Now' instead?) . . . the horror of directing people bigger than us had begun to dawn. BUT, then in stepped Mr. Holmes, (stage left), bringing order to anarchy, rule to chaos—and the rest is history.

I think we realised how worthwhile and successful it had all been on the last night. Initially the audience was unable to restrain itself at the sight of the costumes on display—savage and violent collars, armed and dangerous kipper ties, flares of breathtakingly awesome proportions (much thanks to Tom Martin and his extensive wardrobe). The unique atmosphere evoked by Mr. Holmes' exacting and detailed direction allowed the actors room to indulge in occasional lapses of their own professionalism without harming the overall impact of the play. The pace, sense of timing, and co-ordination drummed into us by Mr. Holmes, mixed with the personalities of the cast, managed to create what has got to be the definitive 'Horse Play'.

Among the historic moments were Tom Martin's "I'm not stupid," Jason Tann's, "I'm not a maniac," Dan Themen's blank smile as entire pages were forgotten, Zahid Bilgrami's crazed sniffing, and Gaby Jamieson. Tim Buchanan nearly slicked the entire cast and the front row of the audience with his bryllcream during the fight sequence, brought only to a halt by Andrew Hamilton, as the policeman, who nosed in to break it all up, as Andy knows how.

Thanks and praise to Nicoletta Simborowski, also Al. McCleish and Shabs Mustapha on lights. Special thanks to Fraser Ingham for his smooth stage management and above all to Peter Holmes' direction. And we had a really good party afterwards too.

Laura Dubinsky



By Jake Williams

Death

Well, it was a bit of a rush, but we made it in the end, thanks to general promptitude at rehearsal and some individual heroics.

Illness struck, as it conventionally does when there is a play toward—that is why the traditional recipe for success as an actor is five per cent talent, forty-five per cent good luck and fifty per cent good health. Jim Pemberton came to school with parts of the set he had constructed and then went to hospital for an operation. Gabrielle Jamieson stayed out of the sick-bay she should have been occupying during the times of performance with a temperature of over a hundred to give an alluring and sexy-voiced Gina, and Joel Levy struggled off his bed of pain to enable the final two performances to take place.

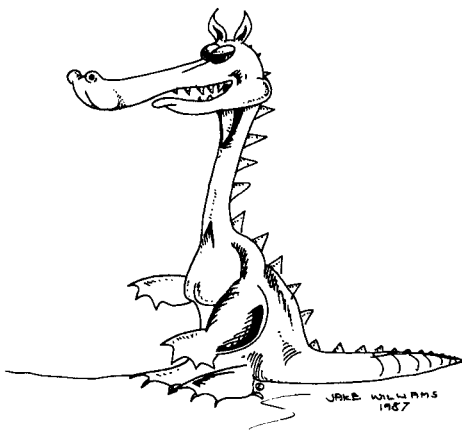
Three Grantites distinguished themselves by unselfish devotion to the cause during the three-and-a-half weeks: Tilly Franklin, in charge of lighting and invaluable as the directorial assistant; Lucy Greggains, in charge of front-of-house and playing the pert and pretty Anna on stage; and Fraser Ingham, who was the production's Figaro, Johannes Factotum and Man for All Seasons combined.

There's no play without Punch and there's definitely no 'Death' without Kleinman. Jason Tann had to know the whole piece off by heart in order to be able to rattle off the lines, in Woody Allen fashion, like a human Uzi. It was a tour de force, a personal success well-deserved for the time he gave at weekends as well as weekdays to line-learning and rehearsal.

And at the end of all, we had a party. I'll never forget the sight of sixty-odd Westminsterers bopping away like good'uns to the sound of Little Richard.

I'll not forget either my astonishment and confusion at being the recipient of so elegant, apt and useful a gift. Thank you, all who contributed to it: the chain keeps my watch in contact with me, and me in contact with Grant's, at all times.

Peter Holmes

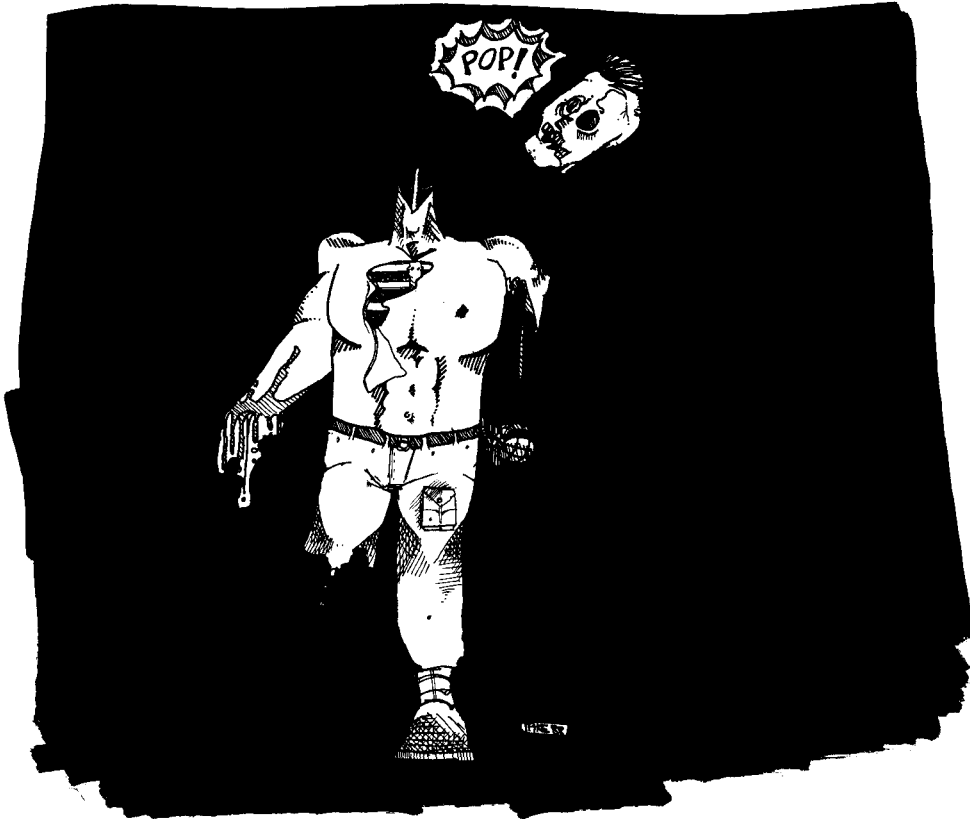


By Jake Williams

Yard

Looking out, past the flaking white paint on the window sill I often sit, contemplating school life and watching the minutes tick by. In the cobbled yard, a lone cyclist aimlessly meanders around, occasionally ringing his bell or swerving as if at great speed around pupils who talk or play football. Three wooden benches are opposite me and frequently our window attracts attention and people look up, trying to see into the darkened room. Behind these spectators are the bustling crowds that try to enter the School Store. The crowds represent the whole spectrum of school life, from small and scruffy fifth years to senior boys who are secretly doing their 'A' levels. Shutting the window isolates me from the outside world, by dimming the noise, so that I see Yard as a television picture, bright and lifelike and yet strangely distant. I can see boys working in Ashburnham Library, hidden by reflections cast by the windows. Later, when I go there, I can see the two dormitories and the disarranged television room, and the small circular window above the house, and boarders playing in the square.

Johnny Dudding



By Jake Williams—Frazer after The Greaze

A “New” Girl’s View of Westminster

Having had two cousins and a brother at Westminster, I felt fairly confident that I knew what to expect when I came to the school, and as they were all in Grant’s I felt I knew most of what I needed to know. However, as I walked through Liddell’s Arch on my first day I realised that I couldn’t have been more wrong.

Perhaps the hardest thing to accept about Westminster is the constant effort you have to make. Some girls come to the school believing that all the boys are sex-starved, or that they’re all gay and need saving, and some even believe that all the boys are academic geni! None of these is completely true.

The most important thing to remember is that you’re the new girl, entering a school where the boys have known each other for at least three years. Acceptance, if it does come, takes time and a sense of humour.

I left my old school because I needed a change, there wasn’t really much more to it. A lot of people assume that if somebody leaves an all girls school to go to a mixed one, then the person must be doing so because they are in drastic need of a social life. I think this is probably untrue, in most cases. I, and most of the girls here, still see old friends regularly and though it takes some persuasion, most see that we value them as much as we do our friends here.

People often find it surprising that many girls who try for Westminster encounter bitterness and even hostility from teachers at their own schools. This is mainly because schools like Westminster tend to cream off prospective Oxbridge candidates and deprive the original school of useful figures to put on their prospectuses. Obviously my old school didn’t value me too highly as a statistic, I didn’t have any problems in trying to leave!

Before coming to Westminster I had never experienced a school run by the house system, the reason being that it encouraged competitiveness and rivalry between students. I don’t think this is true, at least not in Grant’s. Certainly, there is a healthy disrespect for other houses, in particular (and understandably) Rigaud’s, and firm allegiance to your house is almost immediate. However the size of the house also makes school, especially for new pupils, less intimidating while still being big enough for privacy when you need it.

While the attitude of most Grantites is a cynical one, this is accompanied by good humour, warmth and friendliness.

Going from a girls school to Westminster is not an easy transition, and there are occasions when you wonder if it is worth all the bother. On the whole, I think it is.

Laila Manji

Oliver Cresswell

In Henry VII Chapel on the 24th May there was a service of thanksgiving for the life of Oliver Cresswell.

I first met Ollie six years ago when we were both 'new boys' at prep school. None of the boys knew that he had cystic fibrosis, then; one could not tell by being with him. He just had a few pills and a packed lunch every day. He never said why he had to have his packed lunches when people told him how lucky he was not to have the school lunch. It was because of his jolliness and never complaining about his endless treatment that nobody ever really got to know how much he had to tolerate.

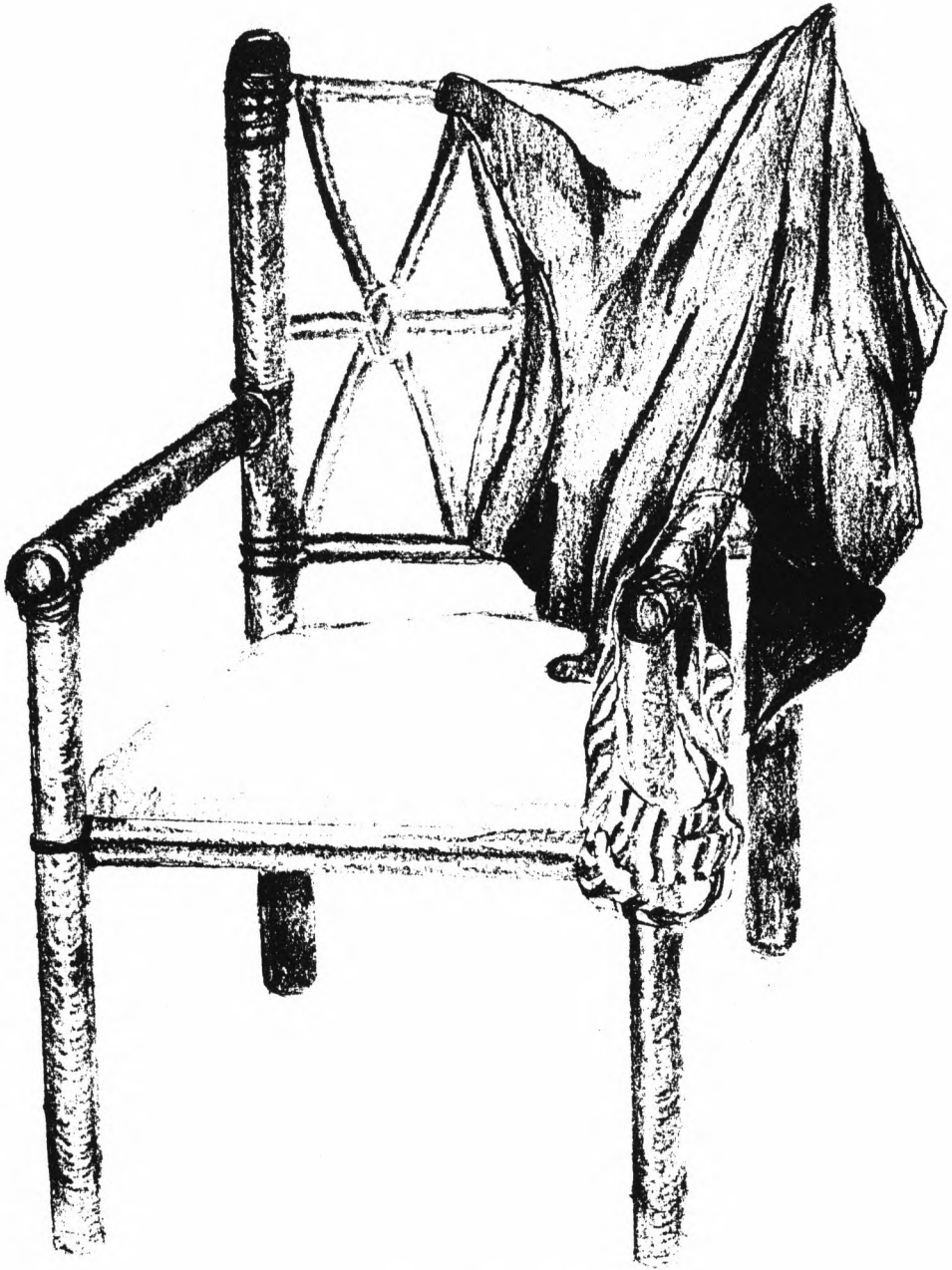
It was only when Ol missed a term of school three years later that the boys began to realise that there was a lot more to Ol's illness than he made apparent. He had great difficulty in playing games, especially in the winter and therefore did not like it. But this did not mean that he just went home to watch television, but to make his flies for fishing. Ol was an exceptional fisherman and very keen. And, with a certain amount of luck and a great deal of skill and practice he caught many fish. He did much of his fishing in the Test Valley, where his family own a portion of the river. I went down there with him. As we walked along to the 'learner' pond, where there were about thirteen trout, we put on our sunglasses (to protect the eyes) and as we arrived, Ol whipped the fly above his head and cast. And, amazingly, a fish took the fly. Without thinking twice, he handed the rod over to me, even though his only hook was at stake! Then he watched me wind the line in until the trout started thrashing in the water. Then he jumped up and down in excitement beside me, shouting 'Let it go! Let it go! At last the fish was netted and returned, tired, to the water.

'Well done,' he said, 'I was really lucky that time. I can promise you that does not normally happen.'

It was this countryside by the Test and the scenery and wildlife in the Hebrides which so inspired his artwork. He did this in his spare time and was excellent at this also: he had an exhibition at the Under School.

Ol was kind, thoughtful and very talented and in spite of his illness was full of life.

Nick Linton

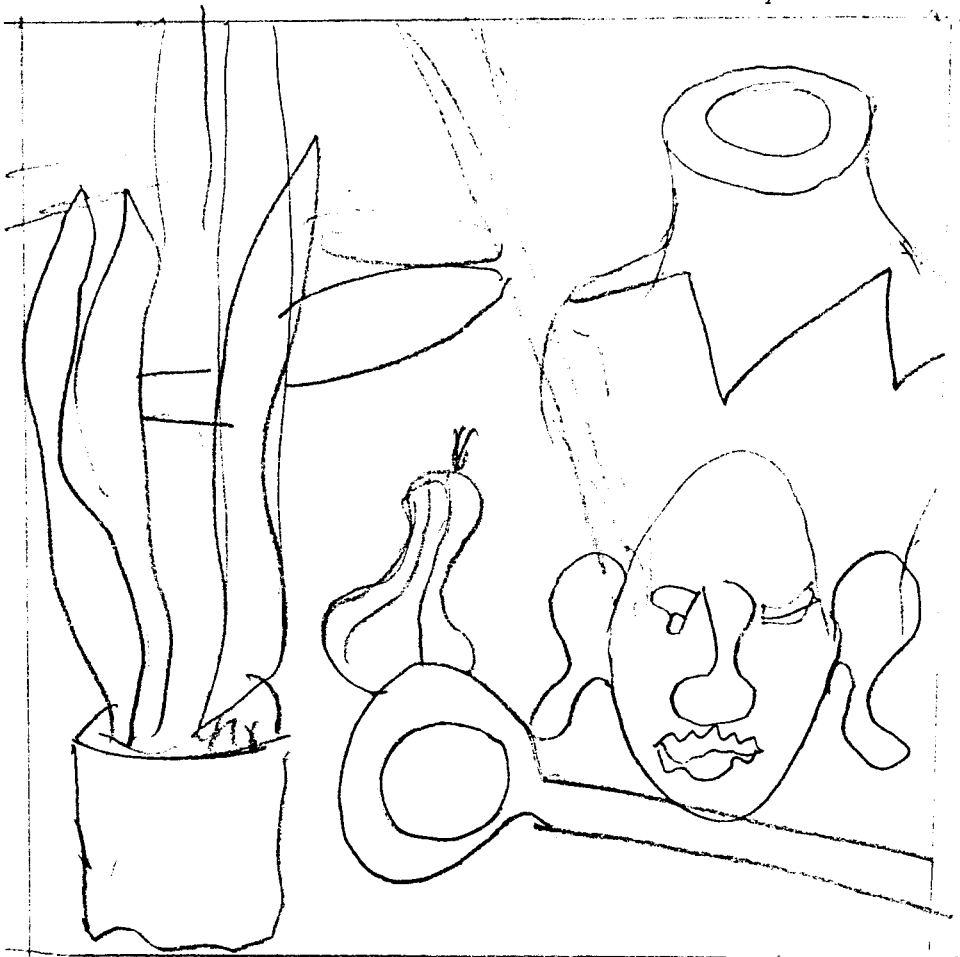


By Lucy Greggains

A Glimpse of Insanity

Broad white memory, the bed in which he sleeps
Safe from frenetic flinchings of electric light;
The sheets billow like dreams in a wind of semi-conscious thought.
Mites of happening past in the mattress itch him,
When forgotten, they turn to dust, his eyes prickle
Meanwhile moths, bright specks of present feeling, swarm,
They dance, mocking the night-light candle flame of his inner self,
When singed, one falls, frantically fluttering; a tear
Rolls sluggishly from between dark lashes that guard his closed eyes
His room is bare; boards creak, subtle screams, they are about to break.
And the psychiatrist opens the door, slowly, in despair

Tilly Franklin



By Jocelyn Horwood



By Matthew Boyd

Images after a Car Crash

Smooth moving of the chewing crowds mulling around,
Homing in on the symbol of death within, a fact of life without,
A screaming, a shout, a crunch, a loud nautical gushing of fluid,
Life-giving to man and car, first far apart, now so close together,
Enmeshed for ever. The question arises—will they be sent to
The scrap yard or mortuary—but the man is not yet dead, but
Struggling, now shrugging off a weight, expiring, sighing, and dies.
Someone should cry.

Disconnected sensations collect in a smouldering nation of
Blood/bone and things, soon to have wings—but
Was he there, was he not just watching—but he is watched,
Untouched, admired for his wealth,—rightfully punished, they
Whisper in stealth. He truly understands the extent of his clarity,
The lack of his charity, wanting to warn them, seeing forlorn looks—
Will they never know how equally close to death they are as he dies—
Someone should cry.

Zen Thompson



By Christian Brent

Grants Sports Review 1987-88— A Thundering Success

Grant's, a house where the individual strives to achieve nothing on the sports field. Alas, we can boast—and boast proudly—only one champion, and undoubtedly he is a champion of champions, Matthew Likierman. A man who jumped so high he shattered the school high-jump record. A supreme athlete.

Elsewhere, Grants competed:

Dominic Earle captained a most successful cricket team to defeat in the first round of the Inter-House Cup. Well done, Dominic.

Our football heroes reached the VI-a-side final where Justin Gover (later awarded man of the match) scored a goal at both ends, for both teams. However, defeat was not so sour when we looked back across the tournament—a collection of juniors who might well win something for the House later in their careers, a world-class goal from Dominic Earle (an experienced all-rounder). Surprisingly, very surprisingly, there was narrow defeat for Tom Manderson in the Long-Distance race, a close 40th place.

These are but a few of the sporting talents in Grants, which include:

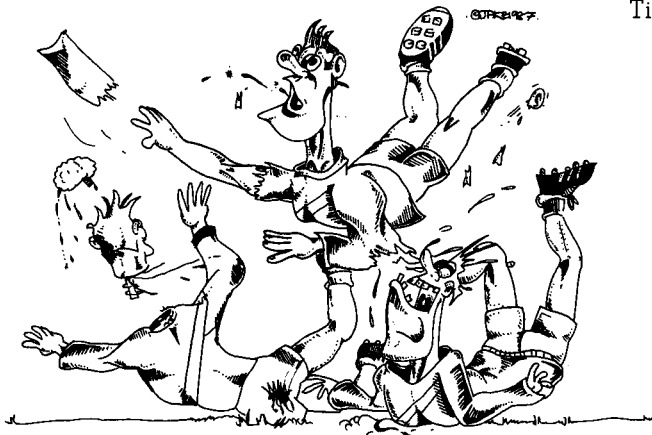
Jason Tann, a great badminton player.

Andrew Hamilton, a superb squash player (despite a recent nose-dive in form).

Everyone deserves mention for their individual achievements throughout the year. Unfortunately some always miss out, like our formidable thugs, the Grants rugby team, notably William Hamlyn, Tom Martin and Dan Themen, whose annual event was sadly cancelled—through fear of excessive violence and subsequent injury. Grants had been favourites to win.

However, another year will soon commence and yet again Grants will be able to stamp their sporting superiority over the rest of the school.

Tim Buchanan



House Football Trials—Jake Williams

Spending Time with Friends at Battersea Fair

My friends and I go to the fair
To fill ourselves with candy air
The balloon man quietly mourns
Selling Superman and unicorns
On plastic silver spheres.

"See the wooden shooting stall!"
I see my dream drop and fall
I point my foresight at the box
Peppermint or chocolate drops
Empires fall with every cork.

We set off to the local zoo...
Baboon is I, he is you.
We hold balloons beside the cage
Inducing now a monkey rage
Darwin's theory is observed.

I watch the zookeeper arrive...
"Don't tease it, the baboon's alive!"
We leave the zoo, we're bored at last
Enjoyment seems to go so fast.
I go home, caught in the car.

Merlin Sinclair



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Raining, standing outside the door with
Trees that groan and hail whose sullen whispers
Bite against his face, his hands and ears.
Jerked into a vacuum of warmth, of perfume
Cold hands against warm dragging him upstairs
Past doorways framing vases without flowers
Past half full bookcases and empty, dry, tiled showers.
On narrow creaking stairs they pause for breath,
Dizzy, smiling, lowering heads, walk into her room:
Cold, wind and flecks of rain upon the carpet,
One window leaning inwards, comprised of four glass slabs
The centre two open, horizontal, jutting inwards
Grey clouded light and spikes of distant churches
Kneeling before a vast glass ashtray
Wrapped in blankets like Navajo Indians
Gulping sweet, flat syrupy coke.
Listless in pale light, glistening wet faces.
A room, smelling faintly of clothes and fresh plastic,
Gently beginning to swirl.

Jason Tann



By Laura Dubinsky

Julian Thould

Julian Thould made his contribution up Grants by being a house tutor in the period Lent 1985—Autumn 1987, when he moved schools to take up the position of head of history at Cranleigh. Both the history department and the Fencing Station benefited from Julian's presence, as did Grantites from his advice. Everyone will recall the happy, excitable figure sitting at the end of lunch tables, always slightly bobbing up and down, creating an awe-inspiring blur of tweed jacket and bow tie, out of which came invariably interesting comments which displayed his wide reading. For these, and many other reasons, his disappearance has been noticed.

A Farewell to Matron

Daphne Maclaren leaves Grants as matron in July after 8 years. She will certainly be missed by the population of Grants. But will she miss them? To an outside observer, the sometimes overenthusiastic way in which Grantites have pursued their extra-curricular activities might seem disturbing. It is a measure of her tolerance, her sense of humour and her ability to enter into the Grantite spirit that she has kept going for so long. Every member of the house has come to rely on matron when needing a vital L.O., an aspirin to help them get through the day, or even an afternoon off to get away from the heavy work schedule. Also responsible for the general cleanliness of the House, matron has led her team of good-humoured cleaning ladies in a battle against the lapses in civilized behaviour that occasionally occur. She will no longer have to deal with the aftermaths of fruit fights or rioting in the top study corridor that no one wants to clear up. Leaving the more boisterous side of Grants aside, matron has taken a caring interest in the welfare of her charges. We all feel grateful for the years of self-sacrifice she has undergone and hope that she takes with her good memories of Grants on her truly deserved retirement to Derbyshire.

Toby Hewitt

The Grant's House Concert

The House Rock Band started the concert with 'Stricknene', which was played with a seriousness which reflected the amount of time they had put into it's adaptation, and we were rewarded with some very good solos. This was followed by a faithful rendition of New Order's 'Blue Monday', with Jake Williams busy trying to program, play and keep control of the volume of his keyboards, while Andrew Horne slumped over his mike after wandering onto the stage half way through the performance. The School Jazz Band, with the addition (permanent?) of Will Beverley on drums, played 'Satin Doll', with an interesting change of rhythm after an impressive break by the non-Grantite Mike Seed. Somehow, Antonia Grey was able to sustain the enjoyment with a modern oboe sonata, whilst having organised the whole concert. Giuseppe 'Joe' Lipari then played 2 entertaining preludes from memory, which was followed by a restful rendition by Zen Thompson of a piece by his trumpet teacher. Nick Linton's Sonatina, and Jonathan Dudding's Gavotte continued the display of young talent in the House, who were followed by a beautiful recital of some Roussel by Tilly Franklin on her flute. Antonia then played another piece by Poulenc, this time with an otherwise non-Grantite Sextet, after they had played her 'Happy Birthday'—yes, it was also her Birthday! The House Choir then rounded off the evening, and it was only left for Mr. Clark to present Antonia with some flowers, and then everyone was able to repair to Ashburnham Garden for some strawberries and cream.

Fraser Ingham and Zen Thompson

Cricket For 'Start'

On Tuesday March 19th a charity cricket match was held at Vincent Square, between the Westminster First XI and a combined team from the House of Lords and House of Commons.

The teams were sponsored in order to raise money for 'Start', a charity which is trying to generate new research into various skin diseases, including skin cancer.

The Lords and Commons made 91 all out, and the First XI made 251 all out. Danny Cogan (Wren's) scored a century and was retired at 104, which Jem Hyam (Rigaud's) retired at 50 (not out). Dominic Earle (Grant's) took 4 wickets.

It was a successful and worthwhile event. The sponsors had no trouble finding support and although we have not collected in all the money, we hope that with a score of 251 runs, we will have made a fair contribution to 'Start'.

Laila Manji



By Christian Brent

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