

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

IVJ

Support person present: No

1. My name is IVJ. My date of birth is 1962. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before attending private school

2. I was registered at school as IVJ but I removed the last part by deed poll some years ago for professional reasons. The school registered my surname as IVJ and recorded my details under the letter .
3. I was adopted from the Episcopal Church adoption home in Dundee. My father's name was . He died when I was twenty-four. My mother's name is . I have a sister who is younger than me by eighteen months and a brother who is three-and-a-half years younger than me. They were both adopted from the same church adoption home, although they each have different birth parents.
4. We lived as a family in Morningside, Edinburgh. We lived in a big property and my father was only ever really happy in his large garden. My father's family was wealthy on both sides but all my family money was tied up in trusts. My father had a very good establishment job and my mother came, not from money, but from an establishment church family. It was an upper middle class family of its time and it came with the expectations and prejudices that implies.

5. My father had a highly volatile temperament and my mother's own temper had an altogether colder face. My sister and brother and I had to negotiate the territory quite carefully. I am aware of there being a history of mental illness in my father's family, one aunt was in long term psychiatric care and my other aunt was bi-polar.
6. In terms of school plans I followed convention. My father had been to the Edinburgh Academy for all of his school days and he had boarded with them during the war. His father who died in 1941 when my father was eleven had been there for three years. My father's cousins had been to the Edinburgh Academy too and one of them had been Dux. It seemed I was destined to go there.
7. Similarly, my sister followed convention by going to St George's, the sister school. My sister later moved to St Hilary's. My brother attended the Edinburgh Academy, but for one reason or another left there and he went to Glenalmond College to board. All of my own school days were at the Edinburgh Academy and I was predominantly a day pupil, but I was a boarder for a very brief period.

The Edinburgh Academy, Junior School, Denham Green, Edinburgh

8. Before I started at the school, I went to the headmistress' office and I was asked some questions. I was quite an engaging and bright kid so I don't think there was any question about my enrolment in the school.
9. I started at the Academy when I was four, in 1961. I started in the beginning of the academic year in the kindergarten. The first part of the school I went to was called Denham Green. That was the junior school. The first impression I had of the buildings was it was quite benevolent.
10. The teachers were schoolmistresses and they were nice. One of them was a woman called [REDACTED] who was my form mistress. She recognised my artistic abilities. The age range in the junior school was four to seven at the most. I was there as a day

pupil throughout my time at Denham Green. I don't believe any children boarded in the junior school. I think boarding started at the age of eight or nine.

11. My memories of my time there are less precise than later, probably because I had a nicer time. I seem to have held on to the more challenging times from prep school onwards.
12. There were no negative aspects to my time at Denham Green and no issues of abuse with my peers or by staff. I was never questioned by my parents about the behaviour of any member of staff. My time at Denham Green was quite enjoyable. In my memory I regard it as a benign place. We studied reading, writing and arithmetic and art and a little geography and some music.

Routine at Junior School

Mornings

13. I got to and from school by bus. There was no problem with that. The bus conductors were quite aware of the responsibility because they took a load of kids. Also there was two adults on the bus then, the driver and conductor.

Uniform/clothing

14. In junior school we wore grey short trousers, blue blazer, grey shirt and blue and white striped tie. A white shirt in summer and a cap. That remained the case in prep school. The wearing of caps was mandatory but it wasn't always done as people didn't care much for them. The uniform could be purchased from a shop in Edinburgh called Aitken & Niven.

Food/mealtimes

15. I stayed in school for lunch as a day pupil. I thought the food was alright at Denham Green, but later on in the school particularly in upper school the food was poor quality and poor value. Denham Green was a completely different premises from the rest of the school and we ate in our own dining hall.

School day

16. I started school at 9am, then there was morning assembly. The schedule stayed the same throughout my time at the school. Through the day there would be prayers, classes, lunch, more classes and then home. The format of my school day remained more or less the same throughout my time at the Academy.
17. The quality of the education was fine. We didn't have many sporting activities at Denham Green.

Religious instruction

18. The school assembly had a religious dimension to it. It was predominantly protestant based. There was a Jewish boy in my form who was my best friend and he didn't have to come to prayers and that was it in terms of accommodating other faiths.
19. There were religious education classes. They happened weekly.

Healthcare

20. I have an idea there was a staff member who did have medical knowledge at Denham Green. I think there was a dedicated nurse or a mistress who had that facility. I'm not certain which it was. I didn't have to ask for medical treatment myself.

Leaving Junior School

21. When I was seven I left Denham Green to go to the prep school. I'd spent three years at the junior school.

The Edinburgh Academy, Prep School, Arboretum Road, Edinburgh

22. The prep school was on Arboretum Road in the Inverleith area of the city. I was there for four school years from September 197█ to July 197█. I had no entrance exam, but there was a process of adjudication without our knowing it at Denham Green. That meant we were streamed and I was in the A-set going into prep school. I think we had some of the better teachers and we were pushed slightly more and that made it a more engaging experience.
23. I can give names of my form mistresses and form masters in prep school. There was a Miss Urquhart, a Miss ^{KAG}█, who was different from the one I had in the junior school, Anthony Dyer and John Brownlee. For the first two years we were still taught by women and then when we were nine everything changed and we were taught by men. There was a sea-change half-way through prep school.

Routine at Prep School

24. The daily routine initially followed the same pattern as before.

Schooling

25. Although the daily school routine was the same. We started to play sports properly. We played rugby in winter and cricket in summer.
26. In terms of subjects it was more formalised. We had English, maths, history, geography as key subjects in the first two years. When I was nine I started French, and when I was ten, I started Latin and science. Religion was still a part of the school curriculum. The shape and form of our day remained the same.

27. In my first year at prep school Miss Urquhart taught me everything. In the second year Miss KAG taught me everything. When I was aged nine I was taught by Anthony Dyer. He taught me everything other than history. Then when I was ten I was taught by John Brownlee. He was my form master. He didn't teach history or science, but taught us everything else. We started to hive off to other masters at the end of prep school. The predominant master was the one whose form you were in.
28. There was more than one form master for pupils for each school year you were in. There were A, B and C forms depending on your streaming.
29. We were in a modern building and we were at the front of it in Form which was my first year in prep school. I didn't have any negative feelings about the school while I was taught by women. I didn't think every schoolmaster was an ogre, it just so happened in my case, in the first two years of prep were, from my perspective, happy years. I had no real issues in those first two years.
30. I was still a day pupil at prep school. Towards the end of my second year in prep school, in Form with Miss KAG, I started to realise that I was different. The following year in Anthony Dyer's class we sat IQ tests and I was registered with a very high score. That was one thing I liked about myself, but otherwise I was always rather different by the second year in prep school, which was year . I was busy working out where I fitted. I was of English parentage, adopted, left-handed and I saw things in a slightly different way. I was always interested in all things artistic. I didn't really want to belong to any gangs. There was I think a process of dissociation and it started there. It wasn't necessarily because of the school, it was something in myself at that point.
31. I was marking myself out as different. I had a good friend who like me was interested in all things musical and artistic. We were big fans of the Eurovision Song Contest when it came to Edinburgh in 1972. I was an individual child but I don't think I suffered any repercussions because of that in the first two years of prep school. I thought being adopted and being left-handed were things that were rather interesting about myself.

32. My third year at prep school which was Year 5 in the Academy, wasn't very different from other years to start with. I had my first form master and I started to learn French. I didn't mind the form master, Anthony Dyer, for me he was alright. I wasn't enjoying sports, but it wasn't a bad year.
33. At the time I didn't know what the word homosexual meant, but I learnt quite quickly what words like fairy or pansy meant. I didn't really care too much when I was nine or ten, my school life was satisfactory and I had sufficient artistic aspirations that allowed me to absorb some of the obvious name calling by the fact this would have happened to anyone who was artistic.

Final year at Prep School

34. My issues started from the start of the next year, my fourth year at prep school and Form ■■■, when I was ten. That was the school year that lasted from September 197■ to July 197■. It so happened that the headmaster changed that year. A man called Mr Britton left and there was a new man who came in as headmaster in September 197■ and his name was James Burnet. My form master that year became John Brownlee.

Routine in Prep School

35. The format of the school day remained the same. I was taught the same subjects as the previous year with the addition of Latin. We had to get to school for 8:45 for prayers and hymns at 8:50 and the first lesson started at 9:10. There was a morning assembly for the whole of the prep school. The headmaster, now Mr Burnet, always conducted that.

Trips/holidays

36. School holidays were spent at home in Edinburgh.

37. I went on one school trip to Hadrian's Wall in summer term of Brownlee's year. It was an unremarkable trip. We stayed overnight in a youth hostel.

Visits/inspections

38. In 1974 it was the 150th anniversary of the school, and the late Queen spent a day that summer with us. Although I can claim to be about the best in my year at art, I was banished by Brownlee from the art room, and placed at the back of the choir. Into the music room came Her Majesty, and behind her leered the Uriah Heep face of James Burnet, who was beaming at her. He had allowed this year to be the nastiest of my life for reasons which follow. I wanted to shout out, "Don't believe what you're told, ma'am – this is a rotten school!" It had taken a lot to bring me to that point within one scholastic year. It would horrify me if the Edinburgh Academy had the gall to host a member of the Royal Family in their 200th anniversary next year, because its history does not justify the renewed honour.

Form master - John Brownlee

39. Brownlee had been at the school from the early to mid-sixties and I feel Burnet had come in at the same time that Brownlee had been moved up to the top class. I think this fed his smirking ego. He always had not a smile, but a smirk on his face, a grim lift to the end of his mouth. He cultivated that impression.
40. I think he had more ability to operate in his position that year by virtue of the headmaster being a new chap. Then both Burnet and Brownlee remained in those positions for the best part of two further decades, until the early nineties, I think. During that time, Burnet promoted Brownlee to deputy headmaster which was a position he sustained for a long time. It's inconceivable to me that that should have been allowed to happen. I refer to the myriad of cases that have come out, not from inquiry hearings, from the boarding house of which he was housemaster. I don't understand how his power was unchallenged, but in some cases after I left worse things happened, not just on his watch but of his volition.

41. When I was ten and I went into Brownlee's class, he had recently taken over the form from another much older master. His humour was to make jokes at his colleagues' expense. He would stick his tongue in his jaw to imitate the aged Mr ICG, the previous master of the form he had taken over, in the manner of Steptoe in Steptoe and Son, an old defunct TV programme. The boys laughed dutifully.
42. Brownlee had wavy, dark coloured hair. He had a very pronounced, set jaw and had a determined look in his eye. His eyes were blank, taking us all in like the lens of a security camera. He looked to me like a malign version of Dick Van Dyke. Brownlee always wore checked tweed jackets and brown trousers. The masters also wore a black gown over their clothes quite often but he didn't often do that. I recognised in these determined set features that I was going to have trouble with him. That school year, out of nowhere, became the worst school year of my life. I then had a worse year four years later, but this one was a shock because it followed a benign time.
43. One autumn day when he had ordered everyone else outside, I chanced staying at my desk, finishing a lino-cut, with which I was determined to win the prize of having it printed as the school Christmas card. I was still delineating the partridge in the pear tree when I saw his shadow come over me. He allowed me to remain at my desk. I won the prize and the card was printed. But it was the last thing I won that year.

Abuse – Prep School

44. The name calling of a homophobic nature came from my peers. No other masters or school mistresses had done that to me until Brownlee came along. I've now been through half a century of dealing with memories of Brownlee. It was particularly bad through the Easter term and the problems that his behaviour to me set up for me elsewhere in the school. The knowledge that his behaviour to me was done in plain sight without him being stopped with the sanction of headmasters and other staff and the lessons that it sent out to other pupils that I could be treated this way with impunity were profound.

45. Every day, without exception, I was subjected to, at best, belittlement based on my perceived sexuality and traumatic punishment for the smallest transgression. Not to mention verbal abuse wishing me physical harm and endless attempts, many of these successful, to engineer other pupils against me. This was the tapestry of my life with Brownlee. If you were not a rugger-bugger, you were of little interest to him. And if you exhibited artistic or effeminate instincts, you were a marked man. Except that he repeatedly said I wasn't a man. 'There have been complaints about a boy from this form' he announced one morning and looked at me. 'I knew it wasn't you, because they said it was a boy'. His footsteps came up one aisle of desks and down another and stopped behind me, two fingers slotted between the back of my neck and my shirt collar, they crossed, the knuckles pressed against the lumps of my cervical spine. The numbing in the back of my neck like eating ice cream too quickly made my head smack on the desk in front of me. Brownlee made me the butt of his jokes and I'd try to laugh along, the rest of the class were already laughing, because turning the mob against the individual was one of his tricks.
46. From the start of the Easter term Brownlee became more and more hostile, abetted by the newly-appointed headmaster, James Burnet. Burnet sported rats' tails of hair plastered over a bald pate and who considered me the 'moral menace' in my form. This came out of the blue and I didn't know what he was on about. Burnet told me this to my face. If he was referring to my perceived sexuality, I couldn't deny it, but as a danger to others, the rest of the form would have laughed.
47. They didn't laugh when one morning, Brownlee, after I'd been identified as this pernicious menace by the headmaster, without warning, called me to his desk. I have an idea of what it is I was meant to have done but he never explained it to me. He then flogged me mercilessly in front of the form with a broken, splintered piece of wood, a clacken, to the point of breaking the skin near to my coccyx. It was the same unfit object he had decided not to use, in the interests of safety, earlier that term on another boy. But whatever wrong I had done was obviously enough for him to forget all thoughts of safety.

48. The clacken was a ceremonial thing. The clacken was a thing that originally had been used for playing a ball game called Hailes. It's the thing you use to guide the ball and it was also used as an instrument of punishment. It was used more for the latter than the former in my time. I believe teachers had their own issued clacken. I was never aware of the tawse. I never saw one being used. I think it may have been retired largely. Other boys have told me since that some masters would use gym slippers to hit boys. I never was.
49. The pain was indescribable. He used his full strength, and he was a strong man, on me, yanking my arms back in the air behind me in one of his hands so I could not move under him. He had obviously perfected his method. I was not, however, going to stay quiet. The humiliation and outrage at being singled out like this, by virtue of his enmity, made me bellow. I bellowed so hard that I knew for certain it was heard in the next block, let alone the next classroom. I bellowed so hard that he had to stop after four strokes.
50. I remember the rest of the form being totally traumatised. Their faces were like chalk. Sitting next to me a very clever boy who whispered to me 'Bad luck' and audibly repeated this later in the class, which was nice of him, because as a good rugby player and a Brownlee favourite he risked losing his golden boy status by doing so. That night at home I peeled my pants off in the bathroom and they stuck on the pus on the area I now knew was my coccyx, and which I would not be able to touch for a long time. I just prayed my parents wouldn't find out, because the reason why this had happened was I was different and no-body at the Edinburgh Academy wanted different. Over the years there were nights I shouted inside my head 'why didn't you run?' Run where? Had I escaped him, had I made it down the drive and into the real world, wouldn't my parents have sent me back for more? This was after all, what they were paying for.
51. There was no punishment book filled out for this beating that I am aware of. I never saw one in the school. The reports were all about my work being good or bad. Brownlee's beatings of me were never in my school reports.

52. Fooling around in the school library, shortly after he battered me with the clacken, I caught my finger in a wall hatch. It was a remnant from when the school kitchens had occupied the space. My mother took me to hospital and I had a note excusing me from games, because of the splint on my finger. "What's wrong with your finger?" said Brownlee. I explained about the hatch coming down on it. "Pity it wasn't your neck," he spat out, and I can still see the violence in his long-jawed face. That comment was made in front of the class.
53. Later that year, in the summer term, for no apparent reason, Brownlee dragged me out of the first floor dining hall out into the central staircase. I had probably made a facetious comment to another boy in the dining room. He held me over the top of the staircase, swinging me out and kicking me in the legs, around three or four times, and my lower back until I fouled myself. He wouldn't have been aware of that. I stayed outside for the rest of the dining hour and I had to sit in class for the rest of the day in stinking underwear.
54. I became quieter and quieter that year, unsure of myself, my abilities and what I had to offer. I recall very specific things about this time period, such as the weather outside as I bent over to get beaten. I remember the wooden blackboards with their lines on them, which opened horizontally to reveal yet another blackboard, and the cupboards below, in which lay the broken clacken with which Brownlee had assaulted me. I can see the brown jackets he always wore, the brown slacks and brown brogues. I can still feel his crossed knuckles inside my collar.
55. Then, on the last day of the year, Brownlee did his gaslighting thing. He called me outside, and I was certain of one last beating. Instead, he told me to walk with him to another classroom, as he had a message for Mr ^{KHT}, a nice master. He spoke to his colleague, and on the way back Brownlee made some dismissive remark about him, which was, as I have said, his humour. And I was rigid with mortification. I screamed inside my head, don't try and bond with me now, don't try and make out this has actually been alright and all of this has been for my good. He must have realised it was no use, because he let me go and I never saw the wretched man again, but he

was to re-emerge in my life in other ways later on. That was the end of my prep school days.

56. But the damage was done. He had shown other boys that I could be treated like filth and I was a valid target for abuse and this abuse was justified and there would be no punishment for calling me names and I would not be able to seek redress. I can't identify any particular perpetrator at that point. Other masters in the upper school, where I next went, were possibly made to think I was a bad lot, to be diminished and at the mercy of anyone who wanted to take a pop at me.
57. I was aware of Brownlee acting in a similar way later on. I am aware there are boys to whom he behaved abominably in the boarding house and whose stories put mine in the shade.
58. There was one brief comment made by my parents when I was misbehaving in the Easter holidays as I was about to start my final term at prep school. They told me I'd better behave myself because there may be some issue about me going on to upper school. I felt at the time that probably came from my parents having probably heard about Brownlee's treatment of me. Again this is why I didn't tell them too much about it because I was worried that they thought I was the problem and not the master.

The Edinburgh Academy, Upper School, Henderson Row

First year – Upper School

59. I started upper school in September 1971. I then started Year 1 of the senior school. I was eleven years old. It was much more formalised as was the school building itself. The school routine was the same but the school curriculum stepped up a pace. There were more boarders with us by this point and they appeared to be a more robust group.
60. In upper school I believe my year was the first year to go straight into long trousers in the upper school. We still had to wear a cap in first year. Other things changed slightly.

There was a green tweed jacket for the winter months and in the summer there was a blazer and white shirts from fifth year onwards.

61. My first year at the upper school is called Geits. It was a comparatively happy year and I recognise now that was because I was out of Brownlee's control. My form master, Mr Fenton, was a very nice man. He was a Latin master. I had no problems with him at all. It was a year that I enjoyed. It was a bit of a false dawn, but that was better than nothing at that point. I remained streamed into Form ■■■
62. The peer abuse continued in the playground and I considered that to be standard and I had absorbed it by then. I was just relieved to no longer have Brownlee as my form master.
63. I have an undefined memory, towards the end of my Geits year, of a disturbance in the summer of 197■■■ I recall my form being outside our first year classroom, in which Scripture Union took place. Everyone was nervous and frightened at the news which had just gone around that a Scripture Union master, emphatically not our form master Jeremy Fenton, had severely beaten up a slightly older boy. I believe this to be the violent incident referred to by Nicky Campbell in his statement. I didn't see it happen, but the secondary effect on boys around about that part of the premises of the school was one of fright. It left me with a feeling that there was something uncontrollable about the school.

Second year – Upper School

64. In the second year of upper school, from September 197■■■ I was in the form of Hamish Dawson with the same group of boys. He was another form master in a brown tweed jacket and of rather hawkish aspect. He was a dark figure and had black curly hair going grey. He also taught other forms in their individual classes for history and maths.
65. In Dawson's year there was one school trip on the SS Waverley. It was a fun experience.

66. I acted in some school plays, and had a taste of what the outside world might offer by being in an opera production of Verdi's Nabucco at the King's Theatre, the only child in the company. There was no interest in this from the school. I didn't mind. I knew by this time with this level of peer denigration I wasn't ever going to be flavour of the month at school. Even at the age of twelve I realised I was going to have to start going outside school to make my mark. My parents let me because there was no stopping me.
67. In the upper school the lavatories were in a rather disreputable block behind the gym, and, if we needed to go, we said we were going "down the hill". I rarely went when others were there. It was a prime place in which to be beaten up, to have one's head stuck down the bog or whatever. I never wanted to smoke, so I wasn't interested in going there for that purpose either. Latterly, I discovered a separate much cleaner loo, on the right side of the gym block, opposite the science labs. I used that from about the fourth year onwards. I was fastidious. I was discovered coming out of there a couple of times by a master named William Bain, who told me not to use it again. I paid no attention and thankfully, he paid no attention to me. He was later convicted of abuse at a different school.

Abuse – second year, Upper School

68. In Dawson's classroom I suffered a litany of wandering fingers and the fingers would tuck in my not untidy shirt, or grip my leg if I was called to his desk, which was on a dais. I was never put over his knee other than once or maybe twice. At least this wasn't the flagellation from Brownlee. This was my problem as that was my benchmark. Dawson was insidious but not having complained about Brownlee I wouldn't have complained about Dawson. I wasn't particularly targeted in my class for the tucking in of my shirt. It was commonplace and normalised in my form. Some boys wouldn't get it, it was just every now and then it would happen to boys.
69. I suffered from his random physical correction. The punishments with strange beating sticks with fatuous names were not painful but revolting. I think one of them was called

'The tormentor'. Some of the sticks were on top of his desk and some in a holder to one side. They were long, thin things that varied in length and thickness, and had idiotic names which suggested both correction and titillation. This was not high level physical flagellation, this was more psychological abuse. It was general and happened daily. The jellybeans given as recompense were in a jar on his desk. I didn't want a jellybean. I didn't want to think what fingers had been in that jar.

70. The justification he claimed for using the sticks could be very minor, some grammatical mistake. He could have a nasty temper but in my form he reserved the major punishments for boys for when he was alone with them. Within the form room itself these sticks were used for comparatively minor things such as bad grammar, bad work, misbehaving, speaking in class was a particular one. When the sticks were used it was on clothed buttocks. I personally never saw him take down anybody's trousers.
71. It was all about the misuse of power. Part of that power was giving you your jelly bean at the end. You weren't always given a jelly bean and if you'd done something that was pretty objectionable you wouldn't get one. You'd have got a harder stroke and told to go back to your desk. That would have been for something like cheeking him in class. When he struck me with one of the sticks it was done in front of the class, it was never done to me in private. I believe it did happen to other boys in private. I can't recall any sight of a punishment book to record these events.
72. I recall Mr IBP, nicknamed IBP, who was very fat and tended to go puce and sweat. I don't know his first name but I think his initial was IBP. It might have been IBP. He taught me IBP in Second Year. He was prone to squeeze himself into the edge of my desk seat, which was already tight, and budge me in with his leg pushed next to mine. He would remain like that for a few minutes. It was uncomfortably close. But although it was all wrong, I minded IBP and Dawson less than having Brownlee beat the hell out of me. I suppose I had become conditioned by the school culture.
73. The peer abuse continued that year and the worst was to come. It became more of a blunt weapon and less clever.

Third year – Upper School

74. The gym master was a chap called IBU [REDACTED]. He didn't like me but I didn't like him and we left each other alone. One thing happened at the end of 197[REDACTED]. I was now in my third year at upper school. In a team exercise one day, we had to make more than usual body contact. I would have been thirteen. In gripping another boy, I was aware I could have become aroused. I remember slamming the brakes on in my mind. No, I thought, this will not happen. I've always been quite a strong willed person. I started to shut down all communication, in fear of reprisals, in fear of not being like other boys. I started to dissociate very much from other boys so that I would 'come out of my body' to watch what was going on. The brakes did not fully come off for a number of years, well after I left school.
75. IBU [REDACTED] had no communication with me after that point. I dropped out of gym in the last year and he wasn't interested.
76. In December 197[REDACTED] my father offered me the chance to go to Fettes College, but, in a moment of indecision, I chose to stay put. I think this was because it was Christmas and I was not at my lowest ebb. A year later, I would have gone like a shot. But the moment never seemed to present itself again. And, with what I know now about that period at Fettes, things may not have been much better there.

Boarding House Experience

77. In the summer of 197[REDACTED] my parents were on an extended trip to Dorset and London, and I was put into Jeffrey House as a boarder, against my will, as some of my worst persecutors were there. The bullying had stepped up in the beginning of my third year.
78. A couple of things made my brief time there bearable. One was the housemaster Colin Evans, my chemistry master, who was one of the decent people at the school. He was

interested in making you work and generally approachable. The other was that the boys who were venal to me in classrooms were better to me inside the boarding house. They seemed prepared to rub along because there was no escaping each other.

Boarding House Routine

Mornings and bedtimes

79. In the boarding house we got up quite early in the mornings having been woken by a member of staff and we ate breakfast across the road in the prep school. We also ate supper there. At the end of the day lights out was quite early.

Food/mealtimes

80. The food in the upper school was generally poor. The evening meal when I was boarding was alright and I didn't have to experience it for long.

Homework

81. In the boarding house there was a set period of prep time in the evening. It was quite strictly observed. I don't recall any problems with that.

Washing/bathing

82. In the dormitory or in the bathrooms, where the baths were lined up without partitions, I experienced no bullying, and the rough and tumble of my time there I did not find too bad.

Leisure time

83. Being there only briefly, for a few weeks, I existed outside the normal framework, so I missed group activities at weekends. One Saturday afternoon, I lay on my bed in dorm,

alone, reading and looking out at the sunny cricket pitches and, far beyond, the skyline of Edinburgh. And I remember thinking I would need to freeze the moment, with its lovely view and no horrid people in it, as it would not come again.

Discipline

84. The school operated a prefect system. They probably had particular rules in the boarding house setting, but I didn't fall foul of any in my few weeks there.

Abuse – third year, Upper School

85. I [REDACTED] at school. But this was not a safe space either. A [REDACTED] master, IVK [REDACTED], pilloried me verbally on two public occasions in summer 197[REDACTED]. This was when I realised that this abuse was transmitted into the master's lodge as well as the classroom. The first was in a [REDACTED] room at the back of the school, where, having left [REDACTED] practice the minute the bell rang, I was bawled at by him, "Come back here, you little poof."
86. I could hear older boys, who had no regard for me generally, laughing but in a strange manner, as if they knew he had overstepped the mark. They might have used the word to me, but to hear a master using it in a public environment was different. The second happened in the summer term where in a [REDACTED] rehearsal he yelled at me again, "We all know you're a pervert." Again, boys who did not like me, or thought the same of me, were shocked by this. But small wonder that other pupils, normalised to such behaviour, visited their fury on me.
87. IVK [REDACTED] had a very particular manner. He would sit [REDACTED] very stiff-backed. I was very keen on serious [REDACTED] and I found it very emotive, and I didn't understand why IVK [REDACTED] [REDACTED] like an automaton. He also took army in the CCF. He may have been in the army before becoming a teacher. A very set man and he would bark orders in unceremonious terms. He was a young man, I would say probably aged thirty at most. He had brown hair and a blank expression.

88. Why did I not report it or take it further with my parents? Because I was indeed a fairy, a queer. A dangerous conflation had been made at the Edinburgh Academy between homosexuality and perversion. And given what was going on at the hands of masters, this notion took on momentum. The child abusers within the school walls were a mixture of gay and straight men. But to many boys, being a perv meant being a poof. And I faced their wrath for the horror they rightly felt at these masters' actions. Put bluntly, because I was gay I was 'one of them'. I suffered hugely from this thinking. It scares me that it may still exist.
89. It was a vicious circle at the school. The abundance of sexual and physical perversion among masters was fearful. As a the result, there was a daily barrage of violence from pupils, and masters, who saw in me something they perhaps loathed in themselves, even though I had no sexual design on them. Many of my peers may have been subjected to paedophilic abuse themselves within the school that would have made them more fearful of me. The way of dealing with that fear was not to just stay away from me and leave me alone, but to pile on me. There was also the miserable fact that some masters and boys who considered themselves progressive and broadminded in other matters still chose to abhor homosexuality, adhering in this to the strictures of their grandparents. I almost preferred the outright bigots, because at least they were consistent and sadly this pick and mix tolerance still exists.

Fourth year - Upper School

90. This school year all hell broke loose and brought me to the edge of suicide. This was the school year from 197█ to 197█, my O-Level year. When I was aged fourteen to fifteen. Particularly bad was the embarrassed turning away of other masters, who might have helped me, when the bullying from boys my age and older meant I harboured serious plans for suicide.
91. The first Rector of my time there was ICH█. He was apparently quite a decent guy. I thought him a dormouse. The second Rector, who arrived in September 197█, was

Laurence E Ellis, an ineffectual man who allowed the cancer in the school to spread unchecked. Like James Burnet, he inherited certain patterns of behaviour that grew and bad habits stepped up a pace. I blame him more than any master or pupil. He was nominally in charge, but his authority was non-existent. Doubtless, he was a good man. But when good men do nothing, the bad ones take hold.

92. We had to sign up for the CCF. I picked the Army. From the start, I knew it was going to be a problem. These masters were using the opportunity to relive imaginary military glories or wield more power than they did in the classroom. As to the senior boys, they were allowed to yell orders at younger boys to shape up and the small amount of power went to their heads. My uncle was a Lieutenant Colonel, so I knew how an officer behaved. And it certainly wasn't like these entitled oafs with their inflated egos. I remember again dissociating and thinking 'I don't get it'.
93. In half term week, I went up to London with my father and had my best childhood trip there. Every day brought not just liberation but realisation of what I wanted to do. I saw the RSC in *The Comedy of Errors* and Alec Guinness in the West End. On my last night, Monday 31 October 1971 we went to the National Theatre to see *Volpone* with Paul Scofield and John Gielgud. Afterwards, I asked Sir John for his autograph and chatted to him. Walking across Waterloo Bridge to get our bus, my father pointed out Somerset House, which then held all the English birth and death records, and I thought, 'In there somewhere is something that relates to the real me' because the details of my blood parents would be there.
94. The following day, Tuesday 1 November, we caught the train back to Edinburgh, and I remember I kept one foot on the platform at Kings Cross for as long as possible, thinking, I don't want to leave this ground and why do I have to go back to that foul school?
95. I had a vain hope that things might be better the very next day. There was no chance. My most assiduous persecutor in my year, whom I prefer not to name, had collected spit and phlegm in a small syringe over the course of some days. And in a morning class, he sat directly behind me, held up the syringe and squirted this filth down the

collar of my jacket. Three things went through my mind. The first was not to show any reaction. The second was disbelief that, less than 48 hours earlier, I had been chatting to John Gielgud. The third was that the master had seen this happening, and didn't bat an eyelid. I can't recall the name of the master.

96. This was the thing that did me in. At home that night, I broke down after supper, and my mother found me. There was no point in pretending any more. And, although I think she knew my nascent homosexuality was the cause of this animosity, she was precluded by the culture of the time from dealing with it fully. My father was also aware of this, and he was disappointed in me. I think I had broken an unspoken deal he had hoped to make, that if I had a wonderful week in London, I would tough it out at school and not make a problem. My mother, however, decided she would ring my form master. But I had not spoken to her to tell tales, or to be protected. I had told her because I was so desperate to leave the school. And if I could not do that, I was planning a darker destiny.
97. My form master must have said something to the boy who was a boarder. The next day the boy piled in on me even more as a result.
98. I had breakout incidents, which could have been dangerous. My brother and I sang in the church choir at [REDACTED]. After choir practice in mid-November 1971, we smashed stink bombs into the keyholes of the choir room while the adults were still there, and the place had to be evacuated. I had a couple of fireworks which I pushed into a pair of old tramp's boots I found in the churchyard and lit them, and the things exploded. My brother and I were chucked out of the choir. But I was ready to do damage, including to myself. I was potentially out of control and at school I was dissociating and so I wasn't going to do these radical things at school, or was I? People thought they could beat me with impunity and I wouldn't fight back. I had this worry that if I did, something drastic might happen. It was a cumulative thing. And I had lost something I could scarce afford to lose. I loved the music I sang in choir. I am still a practising, if irregular Anglican, and credit some of my faith to the psalms and anthems I learned as a boy.

99. My school report that Christmas was the worst I ever had. I was blamed by almost every master for not concentrating. How could I possibly do so? I was in daily terror of not surviving. I mean that literally. I used to think I would not live out my schooldays with my limbs attached to my body. Added to my antisocial behaviour, I was unkempt. I became a feral boy that winter. I felt I deserved to be no better.
100. At home, I withdrew. At school, the bullying got worse. I used to wait by the classroom door until the master was almost there, and only then go to my desk. We went on a CCF field day, and I avoided the boy in my year, who had squirted his effluent down my neck. But in the coach on the way back he started punching my eye, not excessively hard, but repeatedly so. And I, disassociating, seemed to come out of my body and watch him doing so, calling me a poof each time he hit me. And he was right. I was a poof. By the time we came back to school, my eye had blown up. He had finally stopped hitting me because another boy on the coach had yelled at him, and he wasn't quite as popular as he supposed. But later, in the lobby to the left side of the main block, he put the boot in as I was at my locker, and it was then that I decided to close things down.
101. There was nobody to talk to. The school didn't offer any pastoral care. The idea of the school chaplain being of use was alien to me. Howard Haslett, a buffoon, had never spoken one pastoral word, not one, to me in all the time I had been at the school. He took us for RE and somehow it was built into the equation that he was the person to go to for pastoral help. To me this had no application. I had no friends. My work was poor. What was the point?
102. When I was contemplating taking my own life I would never have gone to him. In summer of 2023 I wrote to him and it was almost the first time I have ever written to a master. I expressed how useless he had been, and he responded by saying that the school had subsequently edged him out. He said 'it saddens me that though I was privileged to share many problems with members of the school community, no one ever raised abuse of any kind with me... forgiveness is extremely difficult and we both have an immense amount to forgive for what we suffered at the hands of the school.' Thus even now it was all about him.

103. Around this time, I went to a Turner exhibition at the Royal Scottish Academy, and bumped into Hamish Dawson. He seemed quieter outside school, and sadder. I also went on trips with my parents to stately homes in Yorkshire, because period architecture was something we had in common and inanimate objects seemed safer. I walked around Moray Place and Ann Street, committing to memory the buildings, the colonnades and fanlights, looking inside the lit windows to see which rooms had perfect symmetry or the most ornate plasterwork. These houses, I decided, were my friends, more so than anyone at school. The Edinburgh Academy, to which my father paid large sums of money, was a violent unsafe place, where the collusion of some teachers allowed the worst in some boys to thrive.
104. Somehow, I got through a wretched Easter holiday. The fact of my adoption suddenly became important. I wondered if my parents would send me back. The school had confirmed me as a bad investment. I was aware that one or two pupils thought I told tales on them. This was untrue. I had learnt never to trust anyone, a schoolmaster least of all. I had nothing to gain by confiding in men who were hostile to me. I had decided that only having closed down all avenues of communication would I be able to slip away. ■■■■■ seemed the most painless option. I never managed to acquire enough. And after all these years, I can't rid myself of the thought that my former assailants, some of them survivors themselves, may read this and whisper, 'Shame he didn't succeed.' Those are the long tendrils of that abuse. That's why I've stayed well clear of any school reunion.
105. My aunt seemed empathic, and through her I developed a love of opera, which I have still, almost religiously so. I was only fifteen. Then I read in a newspaper about the Scottish Youth Theatre. I wrote off for a form, auditioned and I got in. Suddenly there was something to live for.
106. In the summer term, my work was rescued by my getting an infected eye. My mother took me to the Royal Infirmary, and a doctor was my saviour. He painted my eye with gentian violet, which turned hideous bright yellow overnight, and he told my mother I had to stay off school for a fortnight. The next day, she drove me to school to pick up

my O-level books. Between classes, nobody saw me go in to pick them up, other than my German master, Douglas Bonnyman, who smiled and nodded. He was a decent bloke. Looking back, I wonder if he was glad for me that I had escaped this hellhole, if only temporarily. At home, for the next two weeks I worked on my own quite happily outside of the school environment. After that, I went back to school to sit the exams. Then it was the holidays.

107. I was at the Youth Theatre, and I was missing the CCF camp all boys had to endure at least once at school. The Rector implied I would have to do it the following year, but I left that problem for then. At the Youth Theatre, I found for the first time in my life likeminded people. It was fantastic. For the first week. Then problems emerged. I was the only person from an independent school. But my real trouble was that I was so antisocial and I didn't know how to talk to them. I had no idea how to react to anyone, and the others scented this and behaved in a manner not unlike the pupils at school. The director of our play had a word with the ringleaders, and this stopped. We performed the show, and I had an excellent personal notice in the [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. This was in July 197[REDACTED]. But I realised that my I had to face my antisocial behaviour or I wasn't going to have the career I wished to have.
108. My O-level results came, and they were good. So was my school report, but I didn't care about that. I had worked on my own for those results. The only fly in the ointment was in history. On my trip to London, I had visited the Tate Gallery to see the Raphael cartoons, and my father had bought me books on the Pre-Raphaelite revival. I was in the top set for history, but the master, a respected man called George Harris, was dry to the point of desiccation. I could not stay focused on his endless talk about Bismarck's foreign policy. So when I turned over my O-level paper and found the first question was on the Pre-Raphaelite movement, I was angry and bewildered. Why had this not been taught to us? I elected to answer the question from my own precarious knowledge.
109. The following week, Harris said, 'I trust none of you chose the Pre-Raphaelite question.' I said I had done. He then covered his back by writing in my report, 'He has not helped his chances by choosing the Pre-Raphaelite question.' I got my history O-

Level. Nowhere was anything said about why he had ignored this part of the curriculum, and I regret not challenging him. All was not lost. I passed my history. But how much more engaging the journey, had he spent just one lesson teaching this subject which was there to be taught. This was meant to be an elite school and this was what was supposed to be on offer. This seems like a tiny example but for me, this is a microcosm of the establishment.

110. The third nice thing that summer was my first holiday to France, which started a lifelong love affair. But my antisocial aspect flared up at customs, when the English guard on the French side told us the return ferry had been cancelled. My parents weren't there. He had to deal with recalcitrant passengers and I yelled at him, "Stop being so bloody naïf!" The poor man was speechless, and out of uniform would have hit me. I would have accepted the punishment. I was totally out of order. I still have a flaring temper, but try to turn it into laughter at myself.

Visits/inspections

111. I have no memory of my form ever being inspected by anyone from outside. I'm willing to believe that it was but it was never a memory for me.

Christmas/Birthdays

112. There were carol services and I sang in choirs. I sang in the church choir until I was booted out for the incident with the fireworks. There were no celebrations of a pupil's birthday at the school.

Abuse – fourth year, Upper School

113. This was the first year under a new Rector. That was September 1971. From the beginning of that school year the abuse really took off and things became significantly worse. I was called a poof and beaten up almost daily by other boys. In the library where there was normally some peace, as well as Paris Match to read, one boy two

years above me bellowed "F– off you poof" so loudly that I thought members of staff would come, and kicked out at me until I left. That was worse than I'd had before. I remember shaking by the career's office to the side of the library. He lived not far from me and would repeat the diatribe as he rode past me on his bike. He behaved badly to other boys as well, including my brother and there has never been anything homosexual about my brother. Perhaps the masters were scared of the boy, but my enemy was less the individual than the school establishment in giving him autonomy, thus encouraging his malice.

Fifth year – Upper School

114. After exams, Youth Theatre and France I was a rather different boy on that first day back at school, in Fifth Year. This was September 1971. I was in a form of very clever boys, but when I came through the door into the classroom, I saw them all huddled at the back, muttering quietly. At the front of the room were three or four girls, from St George's School, the first to join my year. They were in the prep year for sitting A-Levels as was I. I like girls. I think they are marvellous. And I had just been with a bunch of very attractive, talented, confident girls at the Youth Theatre.
115. So I went straight up to them with my one friend [REDACTED] and started chatting and having a laugh. The muttering at the back grew. Eventually one boy, a rugger-bugger who wanted to go to Sandhurst, approached me. Even now I can hear the metal segs on his shoes, clicking towards me. "Oi!" he said. What now, I thought. "You! Right... So... are you bi-sexual then?" I looked at him, not knowing whether to laugh or feel sorry for him. This poor sap, with no social chitchat for the girls. And almost from that moment, things became better at school. They weren't great, but at least I was left alone.
116. At the end of that happier year, in which I did pretty much nothing but languages. At the end of the school year I auditioned again for the Youth Theatre, and again got in. And the spectre of CCF camp reared its head. There was a direct clash with dates. But this was one area in which I was prepared to fight. If I was thrown out of school,

that was fine by me. My father went in to see Laurence Ellis, who was his usual plodding self, saying I had to give five weeks of theatre up for one week in CCF camp. He gave way, but instead of congratulating me on my continued success, and my first year with the theatre had been a victory after a year of utter hell, he allowed it as a special measure, begrudgingly. No mention of it, of course, in school reports or The Chronicle.

117. That year, the Youth Theatre was in Glasgow. I was a different boy there, just as I now was in school. I took nonsense from nobody. I was too confident of myself. Problem was that I was not such a good team member. CP Taylor had written a play for us, and this was a coup. We were in residence. I was argumentative, and one night, when we were told to tidy up, I trashed my room. I pulled myself together and made amends, but there was something uncontrollable in me that I had to keep an eye on.
118. At the end of the summer holidays, I was also at the Royal Lyceum in Edinburgh in The Children's Crusade, a special UNICEF production. Again, zero interest from the Edinburgh Academy in my extra-curricular activities.

Sixth year – Upper School

119. I came back to school for A-level year, 197█ to █. I was bypassing a year doing Highers, in a bid to leave as soon as I could. This school year passed comparatively peacefully. But I realised just how isolated I had become from the school, and just how little interest it took in me.
120. We could take days off in final year to visit university, and I went up to London a couple of times, to audition for █. I was also doing community theatre in my spare time, playing Hamlet in Tom Stoppard's Dogg's Hamlet at the Theatre Workshop just along the road from the Academy.

Reporting of Abuse at The Edinburgh Academy

121. I did not make a report of the behaviour of Brownlee or the peer abuse to the school whilst I was there. I knew that Burnet, the headmaster, had acted with Brownlee in identifying me as a problem in the form so I knew there would be no joy there.
122. I regret that my parents were not people to whom I could speak about this. They were spending a lot of money to send me there. I am an adopted child and there's always this overlay of one having to prove oneself to be a good investment. I believe adoption, like private education, can be a wonderful thing but sometimes it can go awry. I didn't have parents I could speak easily to about these kinds of things. I was worried they would take the master's side. Once a parent does that, the child closes down for ever about reporting anything again. I didn't want to confirm that.
123. There wasn't any scope to confide in the form mistresses I'd had before Brownlee in the prep school and with whom I'd had a better relationship. They didn't have any interaction with me by which they might have noticed a change in my behaviour. I think they would have felt I had moved on in the school and I was someone else's responsibility.

Leaving The Edinburgh Academy

124. After A-levels, which went fine for me, I left quickly and quietly in July 1981. Two things I remember from the final week. The first was a very decent boy, who has since become highly successful, whom I met in the lobby to the left of the main building. "Well, IVJ, this is it, then," he said and opened his arms wide, not because he wanted a hug but just to make an expansive gesture. To my embarrassment, I became tearful, thinking damn it, this is a good bloke and I've not really known him and now it's too late and it has all been such a waste. It mattered to me because it was all too late. I also thought, this is the very spot, by the lockers, where two and a half years ago another boy had put the boot in and was so hostile and made me plan a bad end.

125. The second thing was my picking up a minor prize on Exhibition Day. I thought, despite the final years having been better, surely nobody would applaud when I collected the prize. I remember going up on the stage to meet Ellis, physically cringing, just wanting to get out of the place. There was a drinks party or something in the dining hall afterwards, but I made it clear to my parents I was going nowhere near it. I said goodbye to my friend [REDACTED]. He was a nice-looking boy, like his blonde mother [REDACTED] who was an artist and occasional broadcaster. Tragically, he died in the spring of 1982, in a motor accident on his way back to [REDACTED], shortly before I was due to start [REDACTED].
126. I got in the back of the car and drove out of the yard, and that was the end of my schooldays. I was trying not to catch anyone's eye, and thinking I was now the polar opposite of the confident four year old who had marched in to meet Miss Taylor, Headmistress of Denham Green, well over a decade earlier. That was the end of my schooldays and it was as quiet as that.

Life after school

127. After I left school, my mother provided me with an unexpected break. She read in the Edinburgh Academy Chronicle about an ex-pupil who ran a theatre in London [REDACTED]. My mother made me write to him, and his partner wrote back, offering me an interview to be an assistant stage manager. Off I went, and got the job at the [REDACTED] Theatre, which was connected to the old TV show [REDACTED]. I started working there that autumn. I was in heaven and learnt more than I could have thought possible about theatre and about life. My A-level results came and they were what I needed, but I didn't really need them anymore.
128. Then I went to [REDACTED] on the basis of my auditions. The day I heard I was accepted was the best of my life. When I arrived in [REDACTED], I think everybody thought me rather eccentric. I was voluble and enthusiastic, and I now recognise this as over compensation for my anti-social aspects. But I was home. My first year was very happy.

129. And then, in the second year, fate played me a dirty trick. I walked the boy from two years above me at school who had been so hostile to me in the library at school. Less than 25 people get into [REDACTED] each year. How could this have happened? He had been to university, and was joining the year below me, although he was older. On the first day, he came up to me in the canteen and said hello nicely, and I smiled back, over-brightly. It was going to be all right. Until word got back to me that he was going around telling people he'd known me at school, beaten me up for being a poof and the rest of it. I'm willing to allow he may have done so light-heartedly, but a few fellow students, all boys, turned against me. I was mortified, full of self-loathing and believing little of myself.
130. My work ethic diminished. I thought I would never escape the long shadows of the Edinburgh Academy. I tried to get on with it. The people in my year sort of changed their attitude to me afterwards as his words got to them. I recognised this. I tried to get on with it. I was still at [REDACTED], living in Bloomsbury and meeting amazing people. But the carapace of disengagement closed over me again.
131. Luckily, after [REDACTED], I found my feet quite quickly, on tour and working with some world-famous actors on film, TV and the stage. I have had some super jobs over the years and recently have appeared on the New York stage and in a forthcoming feature film. I am also a published author with one best-seller. Good or bad, I try to remember what a musician friend said to me a long time ago 'nobody asked you to do this for a living'. It is all my own doing, and sometimes I have done it against the odds. Not the dreadful odds of my profession, but the odds stacked against me at school, when I was made to feel I could expect little more than the vitriol meted out to me. I have always kept a smile on my face. It was the one thing the school could not remove. I have never claimed victimhood. It is unworthy and embarrassing, but I would not wish my school days on my worst enemy.

Impact

132. I was lucky to escape the fear and tragedy of so many gay men during the years of the AIDS epidemic. Ironically, the atrophied attitude to sex which I had acquired from schooldays, putting the brakes on that day in the gym, meant I stayed safer than otherwise might have been the case. On the other hand, I was bad in forming relationships, let alone sustaining them.
133. Despite this, I have never experienced significant depression, not that I recognise. I have always found the best company to be my own, which is ironic given I work in a performative capacity, and have never woken up without hope for the day ahead.
134. In 2000, my widowed mother married a very nice man from Edinburgh. My stepfather, who died just before the lockdown in [REDACTED] 2020, had been at the Edinburgh Academy prep school in the same form as my father. He had previously been married to [REDACTED], who had been my form mistress at Denham Green and a church friend of my mother's. She died in 1998.
135. Then, once again the past rose up to meet me. My mother, forgetting our history, asked, "Weren't you taught by John Brownlee?" It turned out he was in my stepfather's social and golfing circles, and my mother had met him. Apparently all Brownlee said when my stepfather mentioned me was, 'I don't think he liked me very much.' I remember being very angry at fate. Years of resentment came back. I am told there is no such thing as coincidence. But what purpose could there have been for this malignant man to come close to me again in this way? I felt disenfranchised even having my name mentioned in his presence, or his in mine.
136. How on earth had he been elevated to Deputy Head of the prep school, and how did he sustain this position for decades? I now know just how awful things were for boarders at Dundas House, where he was house master. And what of his wife? Did they operate as a latter day Mr and Mrs Squeers, out of Dotheboys Hall in Nicholas Nickleby? I had a Dickensian view of my childhood.

137. I read of one older boy's allegations about the school in 2001, but I am afraid my feelings were mixed. I did not yet have the grace to understand how the normalisation of school brutality must also have affected him. I do now.
138. In 200█ I came to the Edinburgh Festival Fringe with a show which was highly popular. This may have been why I didn't mind the venue being the central hall in Henderson Row, and why I was able to look up at the gallery and not see my younger self trying to hide. It was the first time I had been back. I admit a moment of disquiet in finding our green room to be Hamish Dawson's old classroom. The lighting designer needed a picture of the hall, and I drew him one from memory before we arrived. I have this still, and it is exact, with the rosettes on the shallow coffered dome, the oval lantern window. I put this down to my having considered classical buildings as my friends when there were few to be found elsewhere.
139. Insult was added to injury in 2011, when my maiden aunt died. She made a considerable bequest to her old school St George's, where she and her mother had been happy. In her far from well condition, she made a smaller bequest to the Edinburgh Academy, not fully cognisant of my troubles there. And I, as her executor, had to sign off on this, with every violent episode I had suffered uppermost in my memory. It was infuriating. I felt like a crime victim paying their attacker.
140. In August 201█ I was in another play which came to the Edinburgh Festival Fringe. The performances were in the early evening. By chance, in a café I saw a newspaper report of a recent disciplinary tribunal case, involving a former school pupil from my year whose name I remembered all too well. He had been fined and censured for acting against a client with verbal intimidation. It was an adult version of how he had behaved to me, his words to his client as foul as the syringe he had squirted down my neck. I felt deeply sad, at this apparent proof that people do not really change. Our characters are shaped very early, and I do not think the school was a power for good in that process.
141. Perhaps because of this, I started to brood about my schooldays. I thought of John Brownlee. I knew where he lived as his address was listed. I caught two buses to it.

Walking from the bus stop, I came to my senses. When another bus came, it was for Leith, where I wandered about at midnight, in what I can only describe as an out-of-body state. I was not drunk. I have never taken drugs. I had no idea what I planned to do.

142. The following year, I rationalised this by writing him a very robust letter, warning that if I ever met him again in any social occasion, I could not undertake to behave any more reasonably to him than he did to me as a boy. It did not threaten violence but it made it clear that I considered what he did to me was violence and that wasn't forgotten. I sent a copy of this, with a letter of complaint about him, to the then-Rector Marco Longmore and the Prep Headmaster Gavin Calder, who still occupies the post. It was obvious from the letter to Brownlee that I did not wish a response, and I did not get one. But I would have expected an acknowledgment from Calder, and this did not happen. Longmore responded, but I have lost the letter. From memory, he said little more than that I should go to the police and that the school was now very different.
143. In 2016, something was still not sitting right with me, and I became angry that Brownlee and Hamish Dawson, whom I was unsure was alive or dead, were still probably enjoying retirement. I wrote again to Longmore, by email, to complain about them. The reply I have kept, which stated broadly what he had said before and offering me a cup of coffee to see how buoyant the present school was. If I did have any problems I could go to the police.
144. I found this inadequate, but what could I do? I had seen other press allegations being disregarded. I was hardly encouraged by the tone of Longmore's letter, which made no effort to let me know I was not alone and other boys were making similar letters of complaint. I would have liked to have known more of the context of my hell rather than believing still that I was the weird one.
145. I thought I had laid all this to rest. Some years ago, I did a play in Washington DC, and I would walk around the floodlit presidential monuments after the show each night. And I took to heart Thomas Jefferson's words about the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness. I think this is a beautiful phrase. I have tried to apply it to myself.

146. But, I think it foolish to imagine the past can be tidily rationalised. The abuse I suffered from angry inadequate men stays violent in my memory and my mention of former assailant pupils is because of the lasting effect their actions had on me, not from any grudge.
147. I have had decades of being unable to trust people which has hurt my personal life and more importantly my work. The sense of jeopardy is ever-present. When I hear someone running behind me, my immediate instinct is still to push myself into a wall, lest I am attacked. And for many years I had the same dream, of being chased by my enemies, leaping across the playing fields to escape them and doing so at the final moment by taking to the air.
148. My partner of two decades is the same age as me, and shares some childhood experiences, including an early decision made to operate as a lone entity. We have a combative relationship. We both know how to wound verbally without swearing. In this, as in other matters, I have been taught by masters. I still have a flaring temper but I try to turn it into laughter at myself. It's not a significant thing with me.
149. Some years ago, I logged onto the now-defunct website Friends Reunited, and surfed on the Edinburgh Academy page. And it was extraordinary. My partner, who went to Westminster School, found screeds of old acquaintances. The Edinburgh Academy page, by contrast, was almost barren. From the few who had posted, there were comments such as 'Is everybody using a nickname?' and 'I don't recognise anyone here at all'. That was when I suspected there were others with harsh memories.
150. But until I spoke to Nicky Campbell, and then the Survivors' Group, I found no allies with whom to share them. For all the sports mentality of the Edinburgh Academy, outside the First XV and First XI I believe there to have been no real team spirit at all, rather a bedraggled, sometimes feral, collusion of those who could exercise their rage on an individual.

151. When I hear of the egregious crimes of Iain Wares, with whom I mercifully did not come into contact, I can hardly imagine the burden which hundreds of boys to whom he was given a free pass at the Edinburgh Academy and Fettes College have carried all these years. Every day Wares is at liberty in South Africa is one more day when justice is ridiculed. I am sure the concern for the school in its bicentennial year is damage limitation. That makes sense, of course, but with the website continuing to vaunt '200 years of delivering top-quality education' and plans to 'celebrate this incredible milestone', I would suggest that it is not entirely up to the school to define these events if they misrepresent me and others in the process. I've written politely to the Rector about this recently. And what I find difficult is the thought of many aforesaid masters and pupils making up the tables of the 'celebrations', myopic and boisterous, trading lies about the past.

Reporting of Abuse

152. I have made a formal report to the police in Scotland in 2023.

Records

153. I have had my records from the school. My mother has my school reports somewhere. I'm slightly dubious about those records because there's a chap called Tony Cook who spoke at the hearings. I was never taught by him, but he seems one of the good guys. He has spoken of the 'blue books' of masters' notes kept about troublesome or difficult pupils that get handed down from year to year. I'd never heard about that and if they still exist I'd be sure they would contain a lot about the pupils and less about the masters.

Lessons to be Learned

154. To amplify what I said about Ellis being ineffectual, I must consider him culpable for the abuse along with James Burnet. They were there to lead and failed to do so. I believe there was a cancer in the school and they allowed it to spread. Even this century, there have been bleak incidents. The girl who was shamed on social media by Edinburgh Academy boys, and took her life. The CCF boys who boasted one of their number. I know all schools have their horror stories but with the history of the Edinburgh Academy, these events are the more troubling.
155. There has been this rather pernicious view that the survivors group are a bunch of malcontents. [REDACTED]. It has been said, by people associated with the Court of Directors, that the disaffected are in this to top up their pension pots. But the idea that this is a group of malcontents aggrieved at their lack of acumen could not be more wrong. Within the group are high-ranking business men, men far richer than any I have known elsewhere, men who have run smaller companies successfully for years, creative individuals with vibrant portfolios, musicians, doctors, academics. Almost every one of them has succeeded despite the school and not because of it.
156. I am aware that I was no paragon. But I hold the school accountable for my predicament. I find it inconceivable that so many masters had home lives, yet behaved so badly in their working hours, either through grievance or inadequacy, wielding power in a way they would never have been allowed in the outside world. From the testimony of Jenny Pearson I realise how far-reaching these issues were for some of their families.
157. I am also aware of the culture of the times with regard to homophobia and racism. Present-day enlightenment was not only lacking at the Edinburgh Academy. I understand how unsettling and possibly distasteful homosexual proclivities were to the old guard. But some of the younger masters, such as IVK [REDACTED], were among the worst. They had been well-educated during the age of permissiveness in the 1960s, yet some behaved like Neanderthals. This was not the age of Tom Brown's

Schooldays. Yet at the Edinburgh Academy it felt like it. Allusions to Lord of the Flies have become wearisome but only because they reflect our experiences so well.

158. And I am very aware of just how cruel and relentless pupils can be to school staff, then as now. At the Edinburgh Academy during my time and beyond, there would have been a temptation to looking the other way because of this. But with effective leadership, proper communication between staff and pupils, monitoring and dealing with problems, the level of toxicity would, I am certain, have been far less. There was a cartel of self-preservation in the Masters' Lodge. The good men looked away. In some cases, they still do. The school song, Floreat Academia, mater alma, mater pia becomes Floreat Academia, nothing nasty happens here.
159. Although the years between have been dotted with sadness at how other pupils behaved to me, I would be a very poor human if I did not recognise the brutality which they themselves endured. I am mindful that some of the angriest boys were in the boarding houses, where the conditions were Dickensian. I have huge empathy for them, given the issues they must have carried into adult life. I too am guilty of behaving badly to fellow pupils, or at any rate failing to come to the help of one who was treated as I was. In my penultimate year I watched a highly clever boy, whom I had considered one of the better ones, joining his peers in kicking a smaller victim at his feet. I shall never forgive myself for not intervening. But I repeat that was behaviour sanctioned, if not encouraged by the staff.
160. I have not sought treatment or support other than membership of the Edinburgh Academy survivors group. Something else that was baked into me by the school. I was always told 'to get on with it'. For someone of my outlook, I don't regret that but I do regret the cost it exerted.

Lessons to be Learned

161. I speak from slightly outside of a residential setting. I echo what others have said about the need for mandatory reporting of all matters arising from pupils and concerned

adults, but I would like to stress my view that proper training is given in the manner of this reporting. I am struck by the testimony to the inquiry of Jenny Pearson: "You try to take the young person with you... You recruit them in the endeavour ... It has to be about the safety of the young person and not the reputation of the school."

162. I agree with that very much. While investigating word may get back to the perpetrator and things, could become momentarily worse for the child. If an independent school can't put it in its budget I don't think it can sustain its existence.
163. It's inconceivable now for any adult to get through a classroom door without a DBS clearance, but I would urge caution about relying on teacher qualifications, because Brownlee and Wares had adequate teaching qualifications from Moray House, as did Bain from Dundee. So just having the piece of paper isn't enough. I don't think those men would have been allowed to flourish in a state school by the late seventies. It worries me that in the independent sector they were given promotion and good references, and the freedom to operate without due diligence, given their behaviour their certificates themselves were meaningless. Their behaviour should have precluded advancement or decent references.
164. My sister and I stayed at home and we negotiated a path there. My brother boarded at Glenalmond. I think there are homes where the level of chaos or disengagement may mean that boarding provides a safer option and I wouldn't want to preclude that. I know that my brother had a better time at boarding school than he would have done at home.
165. My sister's children have boarded happily, because of frequent contact with home, genuinely engaged staff and connection with the world. These are requirements and not options. And the same applies to day pupils, in whatever sector.
166. My final recommendation is that the organisations examined by the SCAI should study how the echoes of bad history can bleed into tradition. When I look at the Edinburgh Academy website, it shows the same old bluff heartiness in the Leadership Team, that I recognise from many years ago, of masters vaunting the value of an outdoor

education, mountain climbing, playing golf and watching their sons on the rugby pitch on Saturdays. God forbid any master should define his weekend by watching his daughter play violin. It sounds facetious, but it's the mood music of convention. As I have written to the Rector, I had a lot of it dinned into my ear as a child. My letter, polite although it is, has not been answered. Plus la çhange.

167. Tony Cook modifies the tone of his evidence slightly too much for comfort. In paragraph 154 of his statement, he says, 'The Academy has been a bit unlucky in having somebody well-known creating this exposure. I'm not saying it's a bad thing, but it might not have happened to the same extent if it hadn't been for Nicky Campbell'. As an older boy, Nicky Campbell, wasn't over-friendly to me. He wasn't nasty either. But for introducing me to the survivors group and making these issues of abuse public, I thank him from the bottom of my heart.

Hopes for the Inquiry

168. I hope enough is learned from this inquiry that nothing like it is needed again.

Other information

169. I completely understand and it doesn't need to be emphasised to me by the current Rector and I'm fully cognisant of the fact that the school has changed. But there are still people who try to claim its history is not as I remember it.
170. For an elite establishment in the late '70s and '80s the boys' manners were deplorable. Women were leered at or jeered at in the street. There was something aggressive about it. Boys in the front yard, on the steps, even in class, would hawk up spit and phlegm and project it wherever they wanted. It was known as 'gobbing' and it was everywhere. These issues, rather than smoking, would have made better use of the staff's vigilance.
171. I have referred elsewhere to the quality of education, regarding history. Languages were very well-taught, depending on the master. I loved French, so I was happy there

and I speak very good French. And I am very grateful for having been taught Latin, which I found straightforward. [REDACTED] too, but here I remember a strange event. One bright boy took against the subject, or rather the master named ICL [REDACTED], whom we called ICL [REDACTED], and who backed down and instead gave him extra [REDACTED]. The following year I saw ICL [REDACTED] in Army gear for CCF, strutting through the yard, with the same boy goose-stepping behind him, saying something like, [REDACTED]. Yet what I found fascinating was ICL [REDACTED] brick-red face and his lack of control in the situation. I remember clearly thinking that this really was a dog-eat-dog environment. I envied the boy his ability to make it work, albeit briefly, on his own terms.

172. Elsewhere, I completely failed to understand why a school which prided itself in its academic outlook should not offer English Literature as an O-level or GCSE subject in fourth year. Most other independent schools did so. English was my best subject; I was always around the top of the year in it, but we did English Language only at that stage. Those who did not want to do English A-level would do O-level Literature quickly the following year, before giving it up. Those who wanted to pursue Literature went straight to A-level. But we were then at a disadvantage, having not been prepped at O-level in how to study a classic text properly for examination. KKB [REDACTED] was the master I most respected at school. Thank God I had him for quite a few years in [REDACTED]. But sadly, I caught him in a bad mood one day when I stopped him on the way to the Masters' Lodge and asked why there was so little [REDACTED]. "I don't know!" he barked, and I never asked again.
173. I very much wanted to continue music as well as art, but after Second or Third Year it was 'either or'. I play the piano clumsily, but I like it. My piano exams were all outside school. I understand there are only so many hours in a school day, and choices in the curriculum have to be made. But this was supposed to be an elite school which offered choice to the boys, not to the men who made up the timetables.
174. I had ICM [REDACTED] for [REDACTED] in Second Year, and I found the classes impenetrable. [REDACTED] he talks about an inspector telling him a quarter of the class didn't understand what he was saying, and of his defence that three-quarters did. I was one of the quarter. In my job, if I lost 25% of my audience, I would retrain.

175. ICM uses the word mendacious in his statement about a charge he refutes from a former pupil. Mendacity is a word I would use about something else he says. Little in this entire process has infuriated me more than to read, in paragraph 29 of his statement: "The school certainly valued its reputation but I would like to say it was fair... in that one of the things it most valued was the individual, not the school."
176. Nothing was further from my experience. I was a particularly individual boy, and I am sure my detractors would use more challenging words. But how was I valued? At every stage, I was pushed into a cookie cutter machine, to be made to conform in many ways.
177. I have a registered IQ of 150 and am a member of MENSA. I have an enquiring mind. I speak very good French and read it with ease. My German is passable. I attribute my facility with languages, and the fact that I am good with numbers, to the Edinburgh Academy. Little else. I completely accept that the school has changed for the better. So I should hope.
178. In his evidence, ICM refers to a paper he wrote of the time of Ellis: . He says the school was pretty good in the 1970s and early 80s. What school was he at? He was indeed, to throw his words back at him, 'living in his own little world'.
179. My apparent lack of sporting prowess is something I wish to address. I had little interest in the team spirit. Having been bloodied by boys on a daily basis, I had no desire to bond with them in a scrum. I kept the scorebook at cricket, and here I was immaculate and on my own. But, once again, the school overlooked what I had to offer. I have always been well above average as a sprinter. Even now, I can outrun most men my age quite easily, and go to the gym regularly. I am a reasonably adept skier. At I liked fencing, and passed my proficiency test. And I was a pretty good shot, in the army section of CCF, although I have not wielded a gun for a decade. But at school, I was less last one picked than not picked at all. I didn't put myself forward and I blame myself for this. I wasn't encouraged to do so, given I had a runner's aptitude?

180. I had no aptitude for the Pipe Band or interest to join the pupils signing up for Duke of Edinburgh Awards. The glassy eyed veneration for those awards gave me the creeps. It was CCF mark 2.
181. I have heard mention the idea that if you were academic or from the established families in Edinburgh you would have an easier time at the school. I am here to disprove it. My parents were fully part of the upper level social scene of those whose sons castigated me. I was more often than not in the top sets, yet was treated with contempt by some staff. It may be that the school was not the right one for me, or I was not a good fit for it. But I wish the Edinburgh Academy had had the honesty to admit this to my parents, rather than simply pocketing their money.
182. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed..........

Dated.....5. x 11. 23,.....