

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

IWM

Support person present: Yes.

1. My full name is IWM. My date of birth is 1964. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Background

2. My father's name was . He was a prep school master. The figure of my father is an important one and I think his schooling is important as well. He was brought up in Yorkshire, but his family was Scottish. His father was a country doctor from Dumfriesshire. His mother was originally from Shetland. My grandfather was a village doctor in Yorkshire. My father went to a prep school called Terrington Hall. He was sent away to board when he was seven. It seems to me quite extraordinary now because Terrington was about five miles away from where the family lived. My father must have been at prep school for about six or seven years, possibly through until he was thirteen. He always used to say that he never got over his prep school days. Because of the way he was, I didn't ask him why. He died when I was 44 and I didn't have that conversation with him. He felt that no son of his would ever be sent away to school to board.
3. At the age of thirteen, he went to Sedburgh School, which was a boarding school in Yorkshire. He quite enjoyed it there. At the age of seventeen, he went to the hotel school in and trained in hotel management. In 1955, his father died and he returned to England. At the beginning of 1957, he started teaching at in Kent, which was a boarding prep school. He must have been very

young and he didn't have any particular training in teaching. He continued teaching at [REDACTED] where he met my mother, [REDACTED]. She was a matron there. My father had a reputation for being a disciplinarian. My mother often had to deal with boys who found my father to be a bit too much. Both my parents are now dead, but I think their memories of [REDACTED] were generally happy.

4. When I was born, my birth appeared in the boys' school magazine. My father had an expression that he continued to use when things were well done. He would say that it was, "Highly satisfactory." When I was born, the boys wrote that according to Mr [REDACTED] the birth had been "very satisfactory".
5. In 1967, we moved near to Cranbrook in Kent. My father started teaching at [REDACTED] School. Thinking about the influences on my father and indirectly on me, it's really important to appreciate that by the age of 35 he had spent 28 years in an institutional, boarding school type setting, apart from those years in [REDACTED]. He didn't pursue a career in hotel management and went back into the environment where he said he'd experienced hell. It doesn't really make sense. In his later life, he worked for [REDACTED] and became their [REDACTED]. He made a dramatic career change very successfully.
6. Looking back, in a sense there was an institutional legacy, derived from his experiences at prep school and public school which influenced my father's behaviour with other people in later life, often in a completely different context. He would, for example, always give people nick-names, which I thought infantile and somewhat two faced. When we were at school, he would condemn us for our own "prep school filth" but there was something very childish about his own sense of humour.
7. There was a lot of bullying at the Academy, which manifested itself in different ways. I think that to be an effective bully you have to sacrifice any sense of empathy or feeling for the people you're bullying. It's power games. I think that my father lacked empathy and he was a very manipulative person. He put people down a lot. He died in 2009. I found his legacy so difficult to deal with. I think it's important for the Inquiry to know about it.

8. My father was always interested in the decorative arts. He started dealing in antiques when he was a boy. That was where his interests lay. I think he was frustrated as a prep school master and quite ambitious. He had a real knowledge of antique furniture and the decorative arts. It was a question of taking that knowledge to a job that fitted. He started writing around. He wrote to [REDACTED] when they were looking for someone to act as their [REDACTED]. He really fitted in very well. He was someone of enormous drive. He was dismissive of people if they weren't successful. He was caught up in that world of success and failure.
9. One of my closest friends from school teaches in England. He's much loved by his pupils and an inspiring teacher. I can remember my father being very dismissive about [REDACTED]'s career path and saying that he was surprised that he hadn't got further, meaning head of department or head teacher. In the end, [REDACTED] is somebody who is able to embrace the intrinsic and share that with the pupils that he teaches.
10. My schooling started in England in the summer of 1969. I spent three terms in the infant department of Dulwich College Prep School. I had some difficulties reading. My father came up to Scotland in February 1970. My brother, [REDACTED], had a school friend whose mother taught us for a couple of months. It was almost like home schooling. I moved up to Scotland in June 1970 at the age of five. My schooling had been disrupted. I had been to junior school then experienced home-schooling with the lady we called aunty for a couple of months. When we arrived in Scotland we lived in Balerno. There were some attempts to get us into a primary school in Currie, run by a lady called Mrs Lovell. I went there for a few days but I didn't like it. I was shy and nervous.
11. In July 1970, I was interviewed for Gillsland Park in Spylaw Road, Edinburgh. It was a preparatory school for boys from kindergarten age to thirteen. If boys were going to public school, they could take the common entrance exam there. The headmistress was Miss Corrigan, who owned the school as well. On 20 July Miss Corrigan, the owner and headmistress of the school, wrote to my mother, "I have much pleasure in writing to confirm that I can offer places to your sons in September. We liked [REDACTED]"

and IWM very much and we hope they will be happy and get on well here." I did get on well there. I was very happy indeed.

12. The school was at numbers 5 and 8 Spylaw Road. The part I went to was at number 8. It was a Victorian villa called Glen Ord. That was where Preps 1, 2 and 3 were. I went into Prep 2. My brother went into Junior 1 of the senior department, which was across the road at 5 Spylaw Road. I was very happy there. Looking at my school reports my absentee rate seems to be high, but this was the time of childhood illnesses. I fitted in really well and I made friends. I can still remember my friends' names. The teachers were lovely.
13. When I started, I don't think my reading and writing were very good. By the end of Prep 3, I was winning all the prizes but it was because I was happy. I'd also settled during that time. I'd had a disrupted education up until that point. For the first time, I had two years in a place where I was genuinely happy. I played the castanets in the percussion band. There was no trace of bullying or violence or anything like that. My brother was in a different building across the road so I didn't see him at all. I was in my own world and felt socially secure.
14. There was no question of me not going to the Academy. Somebody must have recommended it to my parents, although I can't remember who. It seems strange that I should have been taken away from a school where I was happy and settled, but I am assuming that my parents wanted [REDACTED] and me to attend the same school rather than considering what might have been best for us individually.
15. As an adult, I have reflected on the pros and cons of the Academy and my parents' way of thinking. I think that the pros as far as they were concerned were that it offered a certain snob value within the context of private Edinburgh day schools and provided social status; it espoused traditional values; it was a "public school" in ethos, although it was predominately a day school; it was relatively near to home, as we lived in the Balerno area of Edinburgh; it was a non-denominational school; and my brother was already there.

16. The cons were that there was no family link with the Academy, nor did my parents have an establishment link; my mother and father were outsiders; they were also English in a context where conformity really mattered, which I think was important when it came to issues of bullying; if you stood out in any way, you were fair game to the bullies; sending us to the Academy required no personal sacrifice on the part of my father because there was a family trust coming from my mother's side of the family; the quality of education didn't seem to be a factor; going to the Academy would mean that I would have to leave a school where I was happy; and the Academy itself was untested.
17. My father was very anti-Scots. I had come to Scotland. It was my new home. I'd made friends at Gillsland Park. I was happy with my friends and I felt at home. I was torn between anti-English sentiment and anti-Scottish sentiment. My father would make assertions about Scots and Scotland without justification or evidence. Sometimes I still have difficulties with the independence debate and thinking about it in a detached way.
18. Although I can't remember my first day at the Academy, I can remember sitting an entrance test. When I finished at Gillsland Park they gave me a really lovely report. It played up the importance of happiness. The principal said that she hoped that I would be happy where I was going. She also provided an overview of the previous two years, whereas at the Academy everything changed from year to year. There was no continuity. Nobody cared a damn. You could have been top of the form one year and bottom the next. It didn't matter. That's actually what happened to me. I was very much at the top and I went into decline. Nobody could care less, even though I was worried about it.

Edinburgh Academy

19. I started at the Academy in September 197█ I was seven years old and began in the third year of the prep school. I was actually repeating a year because I had been in Prep 3 at Gillsland Park. I would have been too young to go into Prep 4 at the Academy. I was terribly proud of going to the Edinburgh Academy. I have provided a

photograph to the Inquiry of me in my Academy uniform when I was around eight years old.

20. The prep school was off Arboretum Road and down a drive. There was a playground in front of it. There was the main building, which was a large 1960s type building, and other buildings at the back, almost like prefabricated buildings. There was a large building containing four classrooms which housed most of the sixth form on raised ground at the back of the school. There was also a playground to the rear.
21. About fifteen years ago, I interviewed a retired lawyer, for a church magazine. He had been at the Academy in the 1950s. I remember him talking about a place which I recognised. Even the times of the bells in the morning were the same. I can remember there was a bell at 8:48 am for prayers. Nothing had really changed. The Academy was a very old-fashioned public school. It wasn't moving forward in any way. The values were very much of the Empire, classics and Oxbridge and that kind of thing.
22. I came across a film available on You Tube, which was filmed at the Academy in 1962. I could recognise it. The janitor was still the same. He still wore a top hat on formal occasions. He looked as old in 1962 as he did in 1980. The point is the school really hadn't changed at all. The Combined Cadet Force was a sort of pillar of the school. In 1962, many of the boys in the Cadet Corps would have been born within the war years. There was a sense of things not really changing at all. I think that was part of the problem with the Academy. It was rooted in a different time.

Routine at the Edinburgh Academy – Prep School

First impressions

23. I can't remember my first day at the Academy, but I was put into Prep 3. I was among the older children in the class. I fitted in easily. I was able to make friends. I went into a class which was a form. We were a very cohesive form. There were no particular troublemakers. We were quite a compliant class. We were good little boys. Most of the

boys had been at the junior school at Denholm Green for their first two or three years of schooling. I arrived with two other new boys in the class. As a class, we largely remained together for the next six years.

24. I went into the ■ stream. It was very segregated. There was an awful sense of educational apartheid at the Academy. It was almost as if the boys in the educational C stream were subnormal and a form of underclass. The third year was quite geographically contained. 3A, 3B and 3C were in the main block of the prep school, together in the main corridor at the front of the school. Most of the fifth and sixth year classes were physically grouped towards the back of the school. I don't remember seeing much of my brother, who was in the sixth year and at the back of the school at that time.

Prep 3

25. In Prep 3, we had a very nice class mistress called Miss Urquhart. She had been teaching at the Academy since 1942. We all loved her. She was like everyone's favourite Aunt. She slipped on Arthur's Seat and broke her wrist. Everyone was very concerned about her. Mrs Mendl, the wife of one of the school masters, deputised for her during her absence. Miss Urquhart was a kindly person. I can remember discovering that I had a family connection with ■■■■■. I went to Miss Urquhart and told her about it. She took me to the front of the class and said that I had a story. She was excited for me, which was so sweet and which I remember. There was nothing troubling at all about school at that time. Mrs Atkinson taught ■ and Miss Nairn taught ■ at the end of the corridor. It was quite female. It was a good environment.
26. We did come into contact with male teachers. For example, the gym teacher was IDP ■■■■■. I would have been able to identify the other male teachers. We had prayers every morning so I would see the male teachers there. I knew of Mr Brownlee's reputation very early on. I don't remember exactly when, but I knew that he was someone to be scared of. The headmaster in my first year at the prep school was Jim Britton. Mr Brownlee was the senior master so he deputised for Mr Britton at prayers

once a week. I think a boy would read a lesson and then Brownlee or Britton would do the prayers. I remember that Mr Brownlee would gabble things. It was almost as if he was simply going through the motions; he didn't seem to be sincere.

Prep 4

27. In the early years of prep school, I hardly had any absences. I did well academically and I was always in the ■ stream and towards the top of the class. I don't know when the terrible pressure to succeed kicked in. I think it probably started in Prep 4 when I was eight. I moved into Miss KAG ■'s class, which was still at the front of the school. I think it was close to other fourth form classes. Every year introduced its own rite of passage and that year we learned to use fountain pens. We had to use Quink royal blue washable ink. I have provided the Inquiry with a picture of the Queen visiting my Prep 4 class. ■
■

28. Miss KAG ■ was a frightening person. She was a martinet. She was a disciplinarian. Whenever we spoke, we had to get to our feet. We had to stand up whenever anybody entered the class, which could be rather ridiculous. She wanted us to be obedient. It was the time when we started to call each other by surnames, even our best friends. We had black marks and blue marks. There was a list with black marks and blue marks, which was pinned up publicly so we knew who was doing well or badly in the class. I can't remember what the ultimate sanction was if you got a certain number of black marks. I think that year marked the beginning of serious competition between pupils. It was encouraged and marks for tests would be read out.

Music

29. Throughout the school, music and art provided an outlet for pupils. After I left the Academy, I discovered that many pupils found the art department to be a safe space. Music was more mixed. The music masters at the prep school were Geoff Ditcham and James Douglas. Geoff Ditcham was a good teacher in a way, but he had a very quick temper and was quite frightening. James Douglas was a gentle and rather

unworldly soul. He taught me the recorder. He took time over reports and was very encouraging. I have provided his reports to the Inquiry. He realised that I needed to relax. As I went through the prep school, I was becoming increasingly nervous.

30. I had a fear of not getting things right. I was a very conscientious young boy. I worked hard and I wanted to get things right. If I didn't get things right, it would feed on itself. In my fifth year, I really wanted to play the flute. I'd been on a waiting list for about eighteen months. Geoff Ditcham was teaching me the recorder in the meantime. In a report which I've provided to the Inquiry, he stated that I was clearly not a suitable candidate for the flute because I was too nervous. What he didn't realise was that I was being made nervous by the fear of that sort of person. My fingers would tremble when I played the recorder because of him. He was temperamental and his mood could change 'just like that'. He would shout and raise his voice. Although I didn't see him use the clacken, I think he did. You knew that this was someone who could hit you or clacken you so I was frightened of him.
31. When my father received the report about my recorder playing he wrote to the school. He said that the school prospectus stated that every encouragement would be given to pupils to start a musical instrument in the prep school. What they were doing was clearly in contradiction of this. I think my father wrote to the headmaster, who was Burnett by that time. I have provided copies of my father's letter and the school prospectus to the Inquiry, together with Mr Burnett's written reply. Finally, I was allowed to play the flute. I took up the flute and I loved the flute. One of the things they didn't get at the Academy was the pleasure principle. If you enjoy something or are made to feel that you enjoy something then you excel at it. I got a distinction in my first flute exam and won a competition at a music festival. Ditcham had to eat his words publicly in front of my class. It was that sort of thing that you had to battle against the whole time. They crushed things for you before you even started them.

Prep 5

32. When I moved into Prep 5, I was taught by male teachers or "masters", as we were taught to refer to them. From that stage on, I was getting into an all-male environment,

apart from the art teacher. Art was a good area. We were taught by Mrs MacDonald, formerly Miss Barrie. She was a sympathetic person. My class master was Mr Dyer. I was still being taught in the front part of the main prep school block. Games started to become very important. They were the holy grail at the Academy. We were judged by our ability at games. I was conscientious at games. We had games reports in our school reports. Mr Brownlee would even mention specific matches in our term reports, which I have provided to the Inquiry. Team games were becoming increasingly important. The sense of competition and our marks being read out was also becoming increasingly important.

33. The teaching in Prep 5 was terrible. It was uninspiring. Dyer taught us French and English. He wasn't a nice man. He was certainly lazy. He would leave reel-to-reel tape recorders running and simply disappear from the classroom and swan off to the staffroom when he should have been teaching us. On one occasion, he set up a BBC schools abridged version of the *Odyssey*. It was the most exciting and vivid and wondrous thing that I'd ever heard in my life. It touched my imagination. It was almost as if we were being inspired by default. Dyer didn't care. He was in the staffroom having his coffee. There was no follow up. He couldn't be bothered.
34. By this time, we were physically moving about the school and were not contained within one single block. Mr IBL taught me for [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] in the sixth year block at the back of the school. My form room was at the front of the building and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were up an embankment at the back. Mr IBL's classroom was next to Brownlee's. I knew that I was going to be taught by him the next year. I was frightened of that in advance. He had the reputation of someone who used the clacken.

Prep 6

35. I moved into Brownlee's class in 1975. I was still very conscientious. I wanted to please and I wanted to conform. I had a sort of idyl of myself. When I left school, I would play rugby for the northern counties and go to Oxford. At that stage, the Academy aspirations were already very clear. That was what it was to succeed. At the end of

the autumn term I came sixth in class, which was a disaster for me. The marks were read out and I was in floods of tears. That wasn't good enough and it wasn't what I wanted. Brownlee's class report for that term said that if I learned to relax a bit more I could maintain my position in the class. It was like the recorder report I'd received from Ditcham. It was only because the school had created that atmosphere that I was so on edge. I couldn't relax and I was very nervous. With Brownlee there was quite clearly a sanction that if you did badly in an exam then you would be beaten. Academically, I did okay in that year.

Routine at the Edinburgh Academy – Senior School

The 'Geits'

36. The Geits was the name given to pupils in the first year of the upper school. We arrived in a senior school environment a year early and arguably two years earlier than a conventional public school. In the third year, we had a smaller intake of new pupils who might have taken the common entrance exam for public schools. The prep school stage can go on to the equivalent of the second year at the Academy. Arguably, the Academy had two prep school years within a senior school setting. In terms of a conventional secondary school where you might start at twelve, the Geits was a single year incorporated into the geographical environment of the upper school. We were located in a particular block above the dining hall. However, I don't think the idea of isolating a year was novel at the Academy. It also happened in the prep school. I started in the third year of the prep school and the forms were physically close together. It was the same in the fourth year and for the senior prep school years.
37. Geits was an old Scots term for children of a certain age. I think Geits are now treated quite separately at the senior school. In a sense, they're still in the junior school but they happen to be in the upper school environment. When I became a Geit, I felt that I was suddenly in the upper school. Everything was very different. At the time, I wrote an essay on my impressions of the upper school. I wasn't writing about the feeling of being a Geit. I was writing about sitting in the school hall and being struck by the sound

of so many voices at prayers. I remember the phrase I used was that, "It was very different from the feeble murmur of the prep."

Early impressions

38. I wanted to do well at the Academy. I wanted to be a part of it and to be successful. There was a shift. When one got to the upper school, one became more part of a boy-centred society. Although the masters were obviously there and some of them had a greater presence than others, in a sense they were more on the edge of things. For example, as soon as you got to the upper school there was a system of prefects, who were called 'Ephors'. Discipline came from the boys' society. They administered summary punishment. It was a new environment where Ephors were acting the part of policemen. My impression was of being in a different school rather than part of the different status of being a Geit.
39. The upper school was a very different environment from the prep school. There was a sense of it being even more male than male. I was conscious of the Ephors when we arrived. We were accompanied by them to the dining hall where we were allocated to our new classes. There was a sense of senior boys. I was also coming into a school where my brother had been before me. He was now in his fourth year.
40. The rigid competition continued. Desks were arranged according to the order in which we were placed in class. I was doing okay and was pretty much towards the top of the class, sitting at the back of the classroom. It was almost like a physical manifestation of success and represented a visible pecking order. Choreography such as this obviously imposed a lot of pressure upon us. I was also putting a lot of pressure on myself. I wanted to succeed. I was [REDACTED] the class journal and I wanted to do well at games.

Masters/academic competition and progress

41. Some of the masters stayed at the school for a long time, 35, 40 years. There were also younger, perhaps more ambitious masters who were moving through. One of

those was a teacher called Tim Woofenden. He was at the Academy for three years, from 1976 to 1979. I was top of the class for history. I loved history, then and now. I was very conscious of the marks culture, which was engrained in us. On one occasion I thought Tim Woofenden hadn't added up the marks properly and I mentioned something to him. He made a remark to the class that "IWM [redacted] excelled at the Royal and Ancient art of mark grubbing". That wasn't my fault. That was the culture that the school had created.

42. On another occasion, Tim Woofenden taught us about the black death using Latin texts. I was and am reasonably good at Latin, but I just couldn't get it. I couldn't understand these wretched medieval texts. Woofenden thought that I was playing up. He called me to the front of the class and asked me to stay on after class. It was my brother's form class and I was terrified of the boys in his class coming in and mocking me. I was worried that they'd flick my ears and make my ears go red. That was the kind of thing that happened.
43. The carry through from the prep was having a terrible effect on me. The values meant that I was very conscious of my position and my achievements. When we went into the second year, we were put into sets. I prided myself for being in all the top sets. I compared myself with other people. I looked at boys' leaving records. It was all about achievement. How much would I be able to put in my Valette entry in the school magazine?
44. I think that when we were put into sets, that sense of cohesiveness and togetherness in my form class was being threatened. Thinking about the pressure that I was under, I took a scholarship exam at the end of the year. I probably took it a year too early and I didn't get it. I felt that I had failed. Nobody told me that it didn't matter. I think I was possibly developing a temper. I can remember having a meltdown in Dawson's classroom over Ellis, who was the rector. I felt that it was okay to have a meltdown. I thought that I could shout more than anybody else because that's what my father did.
45. I was somebody who wanted to be in the 'first division' for everything. It mattered an awful lot to me. I was very conscientious and I took great pride in my work. Everything

began to go haywire for me in my second year. In third year, aged thirteen pushing fourteen, I was in class ■■■. My class master was somebody called Geoff Blair. He was a rugby player. It's interesting thinking about the Academy. Masters were judged primarily on their games playing ability. If you read the school magazine, *The Chronicle*, when Dyer arrived it refers to him as a squash player and cricketer. It was as if that was all that really mattered. In the same way, Blair was a rugby player, as was Brownlee.

46. I began to fail at this time. I felt that I was to blame for my failure. It hurt. At the beginning of third year, my handwriting shrunk. The only prize I had ever won at the prep school was ironically for my handwriting. I had beautiful copperplate handwriting. It suddenly shrunk. I was criticised in my school reports and by my own family. I have an associated memory of coming back from a summer holiday and being summoned to my father's study to go over my school report.
47. I began to suffer from a lack of concentration. At the same time, I really wanted to get things right and I was very conscious of getting things wrong. I can remember thinking that I had to try and restrict my errors to three times a day. I was beginning to fail and slip through the net. I wasn't engaging with anything and I didn't have anything to hold onto. You had to be able to hold onto something in order to survive, but I'd lost that. There seemed to be a kind of pointlessness about things.
48. Somehow, I was losing interest. I thought that I was failing because I was going down in sets. Beneath it all, nobody was really caring. The C stream were given the worst masters. The A stream were given the better teachers. The perception as a boy was that the C stream were like the third division and you didn't deal with people like that. I found myself failing and falling into a sort of second division. I was unable to concentrate, having been so conscientious. I can remember that I started fighting during the breaks around that time.
49. My form master in fourth year was somebody called Mr Orr. He was a classics master and a very decent person. It was the year of my O'levels. We had to do a careers test. I can remember that I desperately wanted to be a cricket statistician. I wrote that in the

test and tried my best. All the information was fed in and fed out. As I dreaded, it said that it sounded like I should be a lawyer. My O'levels were a disaster. Because it was the only safe place to write it, I actually wrote an essay about my unhappiness in my English O'level. It was the only A that I got for any of my O'levels. Everything else was a disaster, but I managed to pass them. I'd come down from someone who had been very much at the top of the class to somebody who managed just to scrape through. There was no follow through from the school when I received such poor results.

50. In fifth year, girls came into the school. I had been going through an all-male atmosphere, particularly from Prep 5 onwards. Girls were something completely new. Things have changed now, but my own view is that an all-male environment is totally unhealthy and not natural. The effects of introducing girls at the age of fifteen, sixteen were that, unless you had a sister, you couldn't think of them in any other way apart from as sexual objects. That was it. You don't see them as human beings. I don't think that can be right. The girls had a hell of a time. I went into Mr Marsh's class, [REDACTED]. We had one girl in the class called [REDACTED]. She must have had a terrible time. It was almost like, "What's that coming through the door?" It must have been very lonely. She did make friends in the end. I think she was at the school for three years and sat her A-levels.
51. [REDACTED] was the arts class for people intending to do A-levels. 5B was the science class for people intending to do A-levels. There were two lower classes, entirely made up of boys intending to sit Highers. Academically, I wasn't doing great. Although I thought I'd failed academically, I got into the Oxbridge groove. It was Oxbridge or bust, which was very much the Academy way of thinking. In March of 1981 there was a school trip to Cambridge. It was a mixed trip and there were girls from other Edinburgh schools there. It was really nice and I'm still in contact with one of those girls. From that moment on, I decided that I was going to pull my socks up and that I would do everything I could to get into Cambridge. I wanted to get out of the Academy as quickly as possible. I started to work really hard. There was no response from the school. I don't think they realised. Nobody was interested and nobody was going to lift me up anyway.

52. My form master, Mr Marsh, was apt to playing his own games. I think he was a sort of faux intellectual. He was trying to impress. He knew that he had a captive audience. He wanted us to be his intellectual acolytes. He was aware that we knew no better and he took advantage of that. He could assert his own ego. Suddenly English literature became very confusing, complicated and rather pretentious. He was showing off the whole time. I didn't like that sort of pretentiousness. I still worked really hard. I don't think Mr Marsh or anybody else realised that. I felt that there was a lack of continuity between years. There was no sense of the continuity that I'd had at Gillsland Park all those years ago.
53. I came across many masters at the Academy who had really bad tempers and just weren't suited to the job. They were comfortable where they were. They had a job for life. They were complacent. I was put off history for good. I had been top of the class for history and I loved it. Dawson taught me history. He was nothing special and wasn't redeemed by his teaching. In my third year I was taught by IFN [REDACTED], who was [REDACTED]. He just talked about himself. He didn't even give us textbooks until the spring term. It was just appalling. He spoke about his own school experiences at Fettes. He spoke about his national service. He spoke about Cambridge. He said that there had been two rich women in his year and he had married one of them. He spoke about the fact that he'd got the highest 2:1 ever in his year at Cambridge. It was just rubbish. It was a dereliction of duty at a fee-paying school. It was no wonder I lost my concentration. After I left the school I got an A grade at A-level in [REDACTED] within a year.

Classics

54. I loved Latin but it was all being used as some sort of monolith, as something that you had to do rather than having any sort of enjoyment for the subject. There was a sense of building up expectations. The motto of the school was "Aien Aristuein", which means always excel. I felt that there was also a sense of "Aien Ameinon", which means always to be better than other people.

55. I took up Greek. There was a classical tradition at the Academy. I'd always been aware of that in a sort of unthinking sense. I was aware of the laurel leaf around 'EA' on the school badge. I can remember being told at the prep school that the laurel leaf denoted the fact that this was a school that taught Greek. It was considered to be important. In a way, it was sort of unthinking but there was no pleasure in it. There was also a face on the school motto, which people thought, wrongly, was Homer's head. I later came back to Latin in my forties. I discovered it was something I could really enjoy. I also discovered that it was literature and it could connect with me in some way. I can remember weeping whilst reading a book of Virgil because of an emotional connection. I just hadn't been able to understand it at the Academy, where classics formed one of the unthinking pillars.
56. They used surnames at the Edinburgh Academy. It started when I was eight and went through for the rest of my time there. There was one master in my fifth year at the upper school who I thought treated us very well. He was a [REDACTED] master called IDZ [REDACTED]. He had taught at the school since the 1950s. He had a reputation at the school as being somebody who might have beaten boys, but I didn't witness this. He was deaf and he may have had a short temper. His nickname was IDZ [REDACTED] IDZ [REDACTED] and he wasn't popular in any way. Although he did teach some [REDACTED], he had the further challenge of teaching [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] which were two of the most difficult subjects to engage adolescents with.
57. I knew something of his reputation prior to being taught by him. My brother was three years above me and had been in his class. In my fifth year of the upper school I had Mr IDZ [REDACTED] as my [REDACTED] master. He made a decision to treat us like human beings, like adults. He used our first names. I was so struck by his kindness. I think that if you treat people like human beings, at whatever age, they will respond like human beings. I always remember going to his class. There were just two of us doing [REDACTED]. In about 1977, the Academy acquired Donaldson's School for the deaf. I think it was the junior school. We were taught by Mr IDZ [REDACTED] in that building. It was a small room, which was the room for Seventh [REDACTED]. It almost felt like a study. I remember that it seemed to me like a sanctuary when we went there. My friend [REDACTED] and myself were taught by him.

58. When I learned that IDZ [REDACTED] had died in 201[REDACTED], I wrote an obituary. The school bungled it. They said that they were going to publish it but they published the wrong thing. In the obituary, I wrote:

"My own memory of IDZ [REDACTED] is as a Fifth Former in 1980/81, whose progress in [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had increasingly been marked by flagging interest and adolescent misbehaviour. But it was as though IDZ [REDACTED] at this most vulnerable time in our lives, decided to treat [REDACTED] (E.A. 197[REDACTED]-198[REDACTED]) and myself as adults. He was prepared to listen to what we had to say and speak to us on an entirely equal footing. [REDACTED] Lessons became freewheeling and interesting; it was quite impossible for us to misbehave. Treat somebody as a human being, and they will act as one: this was the lesson, and it was a lesson for life (humani nihil a me alienum puto... translation: I consider nothing alien to me because I am a human being). In the end, Seventh [REDACTED] in the old Donaldson's building, became a sanctuary for the two of us. Whilst everything seemed to be going haywire elsewhere, here, at least, was a place of kindness and openness. I'm afraid to admit that neither [REDACTED] nor I distinguished ourselves in [REDACTED] Higher at the end of the year. In a purely academic sense, we were probably beyond redemption, but academic success is only part of an education; the enduring legacy lies elsewhere. Thirty-five years on, I remain profoundly grateful for IDZ [REDACTED]'s humanity and kindness."

As part of that humanity and kindness, he addressed us by our Christian names. I was so annoyed that the school didn't publish this. I very much wanted it to be published. On the back of this, I had a meeting with an assistant responsible for alumni services at the school in October 201[REDACTED]. It was a sort of quid pro quo for them having bungled the obituary. I was particularly keen to go back to that classroom. It all came back as I went round the school. Seventh [REDACTED] had been converted into a lavatory. I could remember being able to look out of the back window and seeing a yard at the back, but the window had been glazed over so you couldn't see outside or the trees.

Music

59. Music was something which mattered to me so much. The flute brought me so much joy. Around my second year, I started to lose interest in music. To survive at the

Academy, I think you had to have something to hold onto. Ideally, something that you enjoyed and that made life worth living. For some, it might be that they were lucky enough to have nurturing and loving parents. It might also be that the parents were part of the comfortable Edinburgh establishment. If you were to survive, there had to be something solid. I think that for me, music had offered that. In my second year, I failed Grade 5 theory. I got a ridiculously low mark but nobody was interested in that. There was no follow up. I started missing flute lessons.

60. My flute teacher was a lovely person called Heather Guild. She was probably the first female person that I'd come into contact with apart from my mother. She was so encouraging and so nice. It was slightly surprising that she didn't follow things up with me. I can remember skiving music lessons, but nobody cared. I had also failed in getting into the Edinburgh Youth Orchestra. It was another failure. It was getting to the stage where I felt that if I failed at something, then why bother? It was so upside down. Education shouldn't be about that at all.

61. I did keep my singing up. I was in the small choir at the Academy. I have provided a photo of me in the small choir in 1981, where I can be seen 


Sport/games

62. Rugby was like the 'holy grail' at the Academy. We were judged by our ability at games. It was mostly about rugby, but to some extent cricket as well. If you played football, you were a 'runt'. That's my word, but there was a sense of you being a physical reject. There was very little by way of alternatives to rugby. I wanted to be good at games. I wanted to excel. The difficulty I had was that I was good at it, but I didn't fit in with the culture. I can remember going to the changing rooms in New Field, where we did games. I just wasn't one of them. I wasn't like the other boys. I think that carried on into later life. That boorishness and games playing becomes sort of establishment culture. In my later life, I didn't fit in when I went into that world. It wasn't my world. I felt a sense of that at the Academy.

63. I think things began to go wrong for me in my second year, when I was out of the Geits. I can remember being on the games field. In anger, I was in a scrum and throwing punches at somebody's back. I don't know why I did that. [REDACTED] was the [REDACTED] master. He noticed this, but he didn't know which boy had done it. Maybe second year also coincided with puberty, adolescence and all the problems that come with that.
64. One of my friends, Philip Dundas, wrote an article in *The Times*, published on 3 February 2023. I have provided a copy of that article to the Inquiry. He wrote about there being a "first division" and a "second division" at the Academy. If you were in the second division, you were very much beyond the pale. If you were in the first division, you were in the A stream academically and good at games, then you were alright. The trouble began if you were going downwards. If you were poor at rugby then you were certainly second division. If you played football, that wasn't even regarded as a game. That carried over to the summer sports. Cricket was the game up until the end of the second year and you had to play it. Then there were things like athletics and hockey from the third year onwards. Athletics was considered to be okay because it was quite macho and competitive. If you played golf or hockey then you could forget it.

Leisure time

65. I was very struck by the film *If*, which was directed by Lindsay Anderson and came out in the late sixties. It was about a rebellion in a boys' school. It was about a traditional boarding school, but so much of that was replicated in the day environment of the Academy. I find it to be a very difficult film to watch. I was struck by the portrayal of boys and masters. The masters were both indolent and peripheral. The action centres around the boys. That's rather how I felt at the Academy. For example, we had societies which were pretty much run by the boys. I was a member of the railway society and we went all over the place, unsupervised. There were stories about boys crossing the Forth Rail Bridge as trains were thundering past. There would be a master nominally in charge but we organised everything ourselves. Those societies don't exist anymore at the Academy. Nowadays, children are more managed from above but at that time we had certain freedoms. Clearly the masters had certain freedoms as well. They weren't accountable.

Combined Cadet Force (CCF)

66. CCF, which was the combined cadet corps, started in the fourth year. I was in the naval section. It felt like it was a boys' society and it was really quite unsupervised. Boys would be appointed non-commissioned officers (NCOs), which meant that they would have authority over other boys. I was really miserable during my time in the CCF.

Uniform

67. It was extraordinary how detailed the dress regulations were. They appeared at the back of the school roll book. Quite often if people were getting into trouble, particularly at the prep school, it was because of breaches of dress regulations. At the prep school, we wore caps. We didn't wear our caps inside. If you were walking through the hall of the prep school and then going out through the back entrance, you had to take your cap off before going into the hall then put it back on as you went through the back entrance. There was a sort of fixation about dress. Long trousers were worn in the upper school and short trousers in the prep. There were all sorts of ramifications. There were rites of passage at every stage. When I went into the fifth year at the upper school we were allowed to wear white shirts. Previously, we had worn grey shirts.

Emotional well-being/pastoral care

68. I felt so unhappy that I attempted to run away from home when I was about thirteen or fourteen. It may seem like a nonsensical thing to do as a day boy, but I just wanted to get away from it. I must have been unhappy at home, but in a way that I couldn't articulate. Sometimes I got lifts to school and sometimes I got the bus. One day, I didn't catch the bus in the morning. Rather than turn left I turned right. I hid in woodland, close to where we lived. I had no plan. I didn't know where I was running away to. I didn't know where to turn to. We lived in a beautiful historic house. In some ways, the house has been a sort of constant in my life for over fifty years. In a way, it was the place that I would always come back to. It was where I felt safe. I was trying to find somewhere safe, to find sanctuary. When I ran away into the woods, I spent a

few hours there and then crept back into the house. I hid myself in the attic. I didn't know what I was going to do and then I revealed myself to my mother.

69. I had problems with going to the loo. It must have been urinary retention and I think it was probably through nervousness. During the day, there was a sort of terrible build-up of wanting to go to the loo but then I couldn't. I would try and find a loo that I could go to. Usually, there would be a smell of smoke from boys smoking inside the loo. There would be an awful feeling of pain throughout the day. I was embarrassed about telling anyone. I didn't want to tell my father because he would be completely dismissive. There was nobody that I could talk to about it. It was really difficult playing games when you wanted to go to the loo. I didn't tell anybody about this until possibly the age of seventeen, after I left school. I never told my parents.
70. Things began to slip and I thought that it was my fault. I'm not an introverted person, but I think that I became introverted by circumstances. In my spare time, I collected postcards and put them in my postcard album. I kept cricket scrapbooks. It was all solitary things. I loved cricket and I played cricket, but I didn't want to show my enthusiasm for it to anybody. I didn't want to be seen to be too enthusiastic and I wanted to keep my passions to myself. Likewise with music, I can remember that my father bought me the music for one of Mozart's flute concertos. I kept it a secret, even from my lovely flute teacher. When she eventually gave me the music, I pretended that I had never seen it before. I didn't want to give too much away. It was just really odd and I was the same with my interest in cricket.
71. In my third year, I began to fail. My parents began to worry about me but they didn't speak to me. I'm guessing my father must have spoken to Geoff Blair, my class master, at a parents' evening. It may be that it was triggered by the incident when I attempted to run away. I was summoned to see Geoff Blair. I was slightly flattered that I had been summoned to speak to him, but Geoff Blair was probably the last person that I should have seen. Why would I have been open with someone like that? This was a guy who was known to have knocked someone out on the rugby field. He was a violent guy. I remember trying to make things up. He dismissed my worries. He asked about my position in the class and I said that I was seventeenth or something like that. He said

that was perfectly alright. I knew something was going wrong but there was nobody there to pick me up in any way.

72. I don't know why my father didn't speak to me. This was the father who said that he would never send his boys away to boarding school because he'd gone through that himself. I was at a day school and he didn't even speak to me about the worries that I was experiencing at school. This was left to the school. There was no follow up with the Blair thing. Sometimes it's difficult to give reasons in the same way that it can be difficult to formulate questions. I knew that something was going really wrong. I was making more than three of my own mistakes every day.
73. In the autumn of 1979 when I had moved on to fourth year, my parents were still worried about me. My class master, Mr Orr, told me that Mr Blair wanted to have a word with me. He said that Mr Blair knew me a bit better than he did. I was again summoned to speak to Geoff Blair in the masters' lodge. Again, he asked me what was up. Of course, I wasn't going to open up to somebody like that.
74. There was a chaplain when I was at the Academy. He was really quite a frightening man called Howard Haslett. His pedigree had been established on the games field. He was useless. He frequently failed to turn up to lessons. Although his house was actually on campus, he was clearly indifferent to his pastoral responsibilities; he was an invisible presence at the Academy, if that. In a subsequent potted biography published online, which I have provided to the Inquiry, he clearly shows a contempt both to the institution of the Academy and to those for whom he had a pastoral responsibility: "From 1973 to 1999, Howard wasted almost half his life as Chaplain to Edinburgh Academy, exercising there a pastoral and teaching ministry amongst the cream of Scotland, all rich and thick." Although he used to wear a dog collar, the outward and visible sign of a pastoral role, he was clearly unsuited to what would otherwise have been a vital role at the Edinburgh Academy. He should have been on hand to assist pupils who had been the victims of abuse; he was not.

Discipline

75. In the prep school, I wasn't aware of any formal discipline or rules. It was more impromptu. There was no sense of a certain rule being broken and this was the procedure to be followed. Teachers would lose their tempers. At the same time, I was putting a lot of pressure on myself. I was very conscientious. There was a fear of what might come from above.
76. The Academy had roll books containing the names of everyone in the school. They recorded the names of everyone in the prep school and there was a separate roll book for the upper school. It provided a list of boys' names together with their classes and sets. It also had school rules and detailed dress regulations at the back. The rules probably hadn't changed in more than a century. They stated that boys should behave in a 'gentlemanly way' at all times, there should be no 'ragging' in the streets and no eating in the streets. They were very old-fashioned. There was a sense that things hadn't really moved on at the Academy.
77. In some senses, the internal *Lord of the Flies* culture was picking up when I reached the senior school. It was a society of boys and it was more out of control. There was no real overriding supervision from masters. There was a system of duty masters for the week. You could see who was duty master on the termly events calendar and I have provided a copy of the Autumn 1976 calendar to the Inquiry. One master would be assigned with walking round the yard and checking classrooms. Mainly, however, it was the Ephors who were enforcing discipline. Whilst setting a poor example, the masters were in the background.
78. Ephors were elected by boys. We were given a sort of voting slip, but there was no check on it. The credentials for Ephordom were that you were good at games. That was really it. It was boys chosen by boys and so the most unsuitable people were selected. There was one boy in my year who had been in trouble with the police, [REDACTED]. The [REDACTED] brothers were boarders and probably favoured by people like Brownlee in the houses. He was impressed because their father was a general in the army. I wasn't selected to be an Ephor. I was good at games, but I wasn't a

conventional 'rugger bugger'. I could play, but I didn't fit into to it the culture. All the people selected as Ephors were very much from a certain background, which made you wonder whether something was going on when it came to the election of Ephors. Nominally, I ticked all the boxes although I had sort of slipped academically. There was no external check on the administration of punishment. I'm not aware of punishment by the Ephors being regulated in any way. I have no sense of that with the masters at the upper school.

Abuse at Edinburgh Academy

Abuse at Prep School

79. With the exception of the Geits in the upper school, my form masters and form mistresses were difficult from Prep 4 and over the next six years. Miss ^{KAG} [REDACTED], Dyer, Brownlee, Dawson and Blair were all frightening in some way. This by definition meant that those with whom we had the most contact felt like the very last people to turn to. Maybe the sense that teachers were to be feared started with Miss ^{KAG} [REDACTED] and never quite left me. In speaking to the police, I had been thinking about abuse in a very fixed way and that abuse was something that started with the men. I don't think that's necessarily the case. Abuse can take many different forms.
80. My teacher in Prep 4 was Miss ^{KAG} [REDACTED]. She was very, very strict. The new dining block opened that year. The food was awful at the prep school and the upper school. Miss ^{KAG} [REDACTED] forced us to eat everything. Even if you didn't want to eat it, you had to stay until the end and eat it. It was very old-fashioned and "waste not, want not". You really had to finish and if you didn't finish your food, you couldn't leave.
81. That school year, there was a boy who was punished because he didn't offer his seat up on an Edinburgh bus. His name was [REDACTED] and he was reported back to the school. Miss ^{KAG} [REDACTED] stood in front of us and said that [REDACTED] had "disgraced us all". She didn't beat him, but she delegated that to the gym master who was called ^{IDP} [REDACTED]. My recollection is that [REDACTED] was beaten in the prep room of the art

room, a room with materials in it. I can remember standing outside and hearing it. I can't remember exactly what I heard but I remember being left under no illusion that this was somebody being hit. I didn't see it. It's one of the things that I've never forgotten.

82. Mr IDP [REDACTED] was quite frightening. He was ex-army, probably a former [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. In recent months, one of the other survivors mentioned to me that Mr IDP [REDACTED] had a boxing glove with which he used to threaten boys. I'd forgotten about it and it suddenly came back to me. The boxing glove was called 'Jemima'. There was a threat that he would hit us with it. I don't think I ever saw it being used, but there was a fear. The gym was behind the stage in the prep school. There were ropes and bars that you could pull out. In the corner, there was a sort of changing area and Mr IDP [REDACTED] also had a little desk. I may be imagining it but I think that the boxing glove was hanging there. I didn't see it being used, but there was the threat of it. He was quite loud. I can remember his voice through the megaphone on games days. He was someone to be feared and he had quite a temper.
83. Both in the prep school and the upper school, boys who were not athletes were made to seem like runts. There was one boy called [REDACTED], who appears in the photograph of my class that I have provided to the Inquiry. He was a small boy, but he was very bright. He was two years younger than the rest of us. I think he had eczema. He wanted to wear a top at gym, which wasn't allowed. His eczema was exposed. I particularly remember the terror of the vaulting horse. If boys couldn't get over it, they were mocked. I do remember a particular incident with the vaulting horse when IDP [REDACTED] was mocking me. He told me to run at the horse. He wanted me to literally run into the horse. I did that and he was mocking me in some way.
84. There was an unsaid convention that boys shouldn't wear pants at gym. I think that started in IDP [REDACTED]'s gym classes. You just didn't do that and if you wore pants they would be stripped off. I didn't see that happen, but that's where it started. Throughout the school, at gym and in games you couldn't wear underpants. It was a sort of inbred protocol which we didn't question.

85. [REDACTED] was one of the [REDACTED] teachers at the prep school. In a way he was a good teacher, but he had a quick temper. He was quite frightening. I believe he used the clacken, but I didn't see that. The clacken had a wooden handle and a bat about the size of a hand. It's used for the traditional school game called 'hailes'. It was played quite regularly at the upper school, probably up until the early seventies. You would see clackens around the school. By the time I was going through the school, it was being used as an instrument to hit boys. There was always a fear of the clacken. I think there was a clacken in the [REDACTED] room.
86. Dyer was my teacher in Prep 5. I am left with the impression that he kicked boys. I don't know if I was a victim. He was not a nice man. He had a nasty temper. I believe that he was violent and kicked boys, but I don't have specific memories of that.
87. I was taught by Brownlee in Prep 6. There was quite clearly the sanction that if you did badly in a test, you would be beaten. Our class was quite a compliant class. We were a good little class and we weren't rebellious. We'd been together the whole time, throughout the prep. I didn't see that sanction being used, but there was a really awful occasion which I'll never forget. One of the boys in my class was [REDACTED]. He is in the photograph of my class that I provided to the Inquiry. We had some sort of Latin test. The marks were read out and Brownlee just lost it. [REDACTED] was beaten up. He wasn't beaten, he was beaten up. I can remember that he was suddenly on the highly polished floor. I don't remember how he came to be on the floor. Brownlee was kicking out. The boy was trying to cling onto the foot that was kicking him, like a cloth or something. It was almost as if he was wiping the floor with [REDACTED]. He was trying to hang onto the dangerous foot that was coming at him. It's one of those occasions when there was just silence afterwards.
88. I think there was something more with [REDACTED] than simply being bottom of the form for Latin. Brownlee was totally fed up with him. Something in him really snapped. This was a boy being beaten up and wiped over the shiny, glossy floor. This was a man losing his temper and taking it out on a boy excessively. It was way beyond corporal punishment or reasonable chastisement. It was assault.

89. Going to the issue of knowledge and complicity of others, Brownlee had a foul temper. He did shout. You could hear voices through walls. There was a little staffroom there, just one classroom away on the same floor. People would have been aware of this. My friend [REDACTED], who is younger than me, was in [REDACTED] after I'd left the junior school. [REDACTED] was next to [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] remembers hearing Brownlee shouting through the wall. There must have been knowledge of what was going on amongst other members of staff.
90. I think there's a very thin line between physical and sexual abuse. When I was in Brownlee's class, we were boys of ten, eleven years old. He would read out highly sexualised passages, particularly from James Bond novels. We were pre-pubescent boys. It was almost as if he was getting off on the fact that we were too young to understand. We would laugh dutifully. When he talked about women, he would make a shape with his hands in the air, trying to replicate the shape of a woman's hips. Miss Nairne taught in the third year. He made sexual comments about her to us. Mrs Phillips succeeded Miss Nairne and he would make sexual comments about her as well.
91. Brownlee had a thing about boys wearing blazers inside. He absolutely insisted that they had to be removed. That strikes me now as being something slightly kinky. Why couldn't children in a school wear their blazers if they wanted to? He was quite strict about that.
92. Brownlee also fantasised about boys he had taught in the past. He would say things like, "[REDACTED], there was a boy, a golden boy." There were others like that as well. He would talk about wonder boys and boys to aspire to. He had favourites. One of his favourites was [REDACTED], who is also in the class picture I've provided to the Inquiry. Brownlee almost had a flirty relationship with [REDACTED]. There was something sort of sexual and not quite right. At the same time, I can remember a particular incident when we were queuing outside a science classroom. Brownlee walked past and kicked [REDACTED]. It was very strange. I am really curious about Brownlee and the way that the physical and the sexual elements came together.
93. Brownlee was a very mocking person. There was constant mocking. That's abuse. Brownlee was a housemaster as well. His relationship with the boarders was slightly

different. There was a boy called [REDACTED] who came from the Borders. He had a Berwickshire accent and Brownlee would mock him for it. [REDACTED] would go bright red. A mocking tendency was something that we went away with to the upper school. That was how we were to behave. That was the legacy of Brownlee.

94. When we went into the upper school, we were taught French by Terry Wilcox. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was in the class. He said, "Thirteen," with a particular Berwickshire intonation and we all instinctively copied and mocked him. Terry Wilcox was having none of it. He said that if we were going to behave like that then he wasn't going to teach us. We sat out the rest of the class in silence. In the end, it was deeply unfair. We were only doing that because we had been conditioned to do that and Brownlee had set the example. Teasing and mocking of other boys crept in. Anybody who was out of the ordinary was fair game.

Bullying

95. At the end of Prep 6 we staged a performance of Noye's Fludde, which was very exciting because we had to dress up in birds' costumes and all the rest of it. I can remember that my father gave a lift to another couple of boys in my class. My father had a very English accent. It was unfamiliar to those boys. I can remember sitting in the back seat of the car and they were nudging each other. I can remember dutifully joining in and nudging. It was the beginning of mocking and the other side of the desire to conform. It underlines the sense that the way we went through the school meant that if anybody was out of the ordinary, they ran the risk of being mocked. Later on, if boys were effeminate, had an English voice or weren't white then they were in the firing line.
96. At some point in the upper school, unpleasantness crept in which was a legacy of the prep school. It maybe came with a growing consciousness of outsiders and perceived weakness. The people who couldn't fight back were the people who were more likely to be teased or mocked. It was a 'bully or be bullied' environment. This was something that hadn't happened in the prep school and there was no effective check on this.

There were Ephors, but the credentials for Ephordom were that you were good at games.

97. When I got to the upper school my brother had already been there for three years. He was probably regarded as a bit odd. Anybody who was odd was likely to be picked on in some way. Because I was his brother, I was bullied. His classmates would flick my ears and make them go red. The duty masters and the Ephors could not contain big bullies. There were real bullies there, bullies and their henchmen. People who did well at games were unassailable.
98. There was a boy called [REDACTED] who was a bully. I'm not sure how old I was when it happened. I could have been at the start of the upper school or I could have been in my mid-teens. I can remember being close to the school notice board. [REDACTED] and his henchmen walked past. He said something like, "There's [REDACTED]'s brother. Let's kick him in the balls." That then happened. People thought that [REDACTED] was a funny name. They thought that I was [REDACTED] as well. I found that very difficult to deal with. I couldn't be myself in any way. I was always in my brother's shadow.
99. The bullying that I indulged in could be mocking, nicknames or impersonation. This all came under the umbrella of "taking the crap". In order to be a bully, one has to deny the fact that other people have feelings. One might also say that in order to succeed, to be 'ameinon' and better, as well as to be 'aristuein' and the best, one has to deny the feelings of others. You're almost trampling on other people by that sort of excessive competition. That carries through to the outside world. Sometimes, people are successful because they're impervious to the feelings of other people.
100. I don't know whether I was worse than any other pupils, but it was a culture of bully or be bullied. I can remember the boys that I teased when I was there. Anyone who was slightly odd stood out. I think that even related to masters. It was a very snobbish school and social status meant a lot. I can remember two masters, Kelvin Sinclair and [REDACTED] IQT, who didn't quite fit the mould socially. Kelvin Sinclair was suspected of being left of centre so he was called 'Pinko Sinclair'. [REDACTED] IQT wasn't from an

Academy background. He was a good teacher. Even masters ran the risk of being mocked.

101. Boys who were from a different ethnic background were marked out. There would be far more children from different ethnic backgrounds at the school now, but there were only some in my time at the school. I can remember a boy called [REDACTED], who was in the naval section of the CCF. He was called "[REDACTED]". Any perceived Englishness, for me, was being confused with my father's anti-Scottishness. I've had to react against prejudice on both sides to understand the case for Scottish independence. As with the mockery, masters compounded matters by speaking in an overtly racist manner. To my recollection, IBL [REDACTED] at the prep school and RJX [REDACTED], generally a well-respected [REDACTED] teacher, appeared to hold racist views which they had no compunction in sharing with their pupils.
102. Any boys who were perceived to be homosexual or effeminate were considered to be fair game. Boys who weren't the brightest were marked out and given a terrible time. I can remember a boy called [REDACTED]. There was a boy in my brother's year called [REDACTED]. He was clearly someone who needed some kind of special needs assistance. He was vulnerable to bullying from everyone. There was a boy in my class who got it because of his name, [REDACTED]. If somebody was perceived to be a swot, they would be teased. I was in the firing line in that respect. Any sort of show of interest or enthusiasm was clamped down upon. That was the kind of atmosphere.
103. The teasing crossed year lines. I can remember teasing a boy called [REDACTED], who later became a journalist. He was in the year above me. I can remember teasing him because he was effeminate. I can remember teasing a boy in my brother's year, Neil Douglas. I've since got to know him quite well and consider him to be my friend, but for whatever reason he was considered to be fair game at school. I can remember being teased myself by boys who were younger than me. It was boy on boy, constantly. It almost became like a society of boys which transcended the normal day school environment.

104. I was [REDACTED] cricket team in my third year. I was [REDACTED] in the fourth year. Whilst I was in my fourth year, there was an incident on the cricket field. Cricket was played at New Field, the Academy playing fields. They were quite close to the prep school and the boarding houses. New Field stretches from Arboretum Road all the way to Fettes. I can remember playing cricket on the far fields overlooking Fettes, which we called the extension. I have no recollection of there being any supervision or masters present at the time of this incident. We were playing a game and I was [REDACTED]. I think it must have been an internal game. I was telling one of the fielders to walk in as the bowler bowled. The person I was talking to took against that. He was a chap called [REDACTED], either [REDACTED] or [REDACTED]. He knocked me over and kicked me on the head in front of everyone else. It was so humiliating that I didn't feel I could tell anybody about that. I felt that I wanted to run away but I didn't know where I could go. I don't bear the person who did it any animosity now. That should not have happened in any way and would not have happened if there had been any supervision. I was about fifteen at the time.
105. My suspicion is that those concerned in this particular incident went to our cricket master, [REDACTED] RJX [REDACTED]. Halfway through the summer term, [REDACTED] RJX [REDACTED] summoned me to his classroom during a lunchbreak. He said that it might be nice to give someone else a chance [REDACTED]. Outwardly, I tried to take that in my stride, but I felt crushed by it. Cricket meant something to me. I had a sense of there being something going on behind my back, something that I wasn't aware of.

Abuse at the Senior School

106. Brownlee made us aware of Hamish Dawson by reputation before he taught us in the same way that I had been made aware of Brownlee's reputation before he taught us. I was on a trajectory to go into Dawson's class two years after Brownlee's. Brownlee had told us that Dawson was a beater and that he was somebody to be really frightened of. He was actually making us afraid of Dawson before we met him. I don't know why he did that. They were both housemasters so possibly they socialised together. I don't know how he knew about this or whether Dawson's reputation was such that anybody would know about it. I certainly didn't know about it as a child. At

that age, when I was so impressionable, it was something that preyed on my mind, that it was going to be absolutely awful when I went into Dawson's class.

107. Hamish Dawson was my class master from 1977 to 1978. I think he died in 2008. There has been a lot about him in the press in recent months. I'd been primed for him by Brownlee. In the event, he wasn't violent. When I first spoke to the police, my response was that he was just silly. It would be fair to say, however, that he wasn't like anybody else who taught me. He had big mutton chop whiskers. I remember Nicky Campbell, the broadcaster and journalist, at school. He was the year above my brother. He was quite a rebel. I've heard him speaking publicly about Hamish Dawson over the past eighteen months and I think he gets it right. He described how Dawson tried to make everything such fun. It was all just a big laugh. That was how it felt, but none the less his regime of rewards and punishments was abusive and all of us who were in his class were constantly involved in some way.

108. Hamish Dawson had a box of implements, which he kept next to his desk. His classroom was just next to the hall. It was at the right-hand side of the front of the school. It could be accessed from the central hall, which was behind the main neo-classical façade. From the hall there were connecting doors into different classrooms. What I find very difficult to understand now is the fact that masters and boys coming out of the hall, exiting through the classroom, would have seen the box of implements. It was certainly known to the rector, Laurence Ellis, who became the rector in 1977. He is quoted in his valedictory speech for Dawson in 1984 as stating:

"I shall remember with pure pleasure his schoolboy smile and his menagerie of curious instruments of correction, such as the idleness inhibitor and his speech to the London Academical club. He was a schoolmaster of real dedication who will be remembered with great affection."

It's clear from that that the authorities knew about Dawson. I can remember that all the instruments had different names, some of which were written on them. There was one called the 'swank plank'. I can't remember whether there was a clacken, but I think it must have formed part of the instruments of correction.

109. It's not so much that Hamish Dawson used these weapons once or twice a week. It happened the whole time through lessons. He was my history master as well as my form master. He would call people up. It was almost like spanking rather than beating. Sometimes he would pull their trousers down. He played noughts on crosses on one boy's bottom. It was at least very high on [REDACTED]'s backside. This was our normal. Dawson's expression for beating was "flogging". On one particular occasion, he observed that since I was the only boy taking Greek in the class I was both top and bottom of the form for this subject. He went on, "Since you are bottom of the class, IWM [REDACTED], I shall have to flog you." I can't remember whether he did actually flog me. However, I think these remarks exemplify the constant no win situation that so many pupils found themselves in at the Edinburgh Academy.
110. I can remember Hamish Dawson coming into the classroom. Everything would be quite theatrical. He entered through the main door of the classroom. He tilted his body forward with his black gown very tightly wrapped around him. I remember him making silly noises during the course of lessons and drawing a war-time cartoon, *Kilroy Was Here*; this he did repeatedly as well as very slowly on the blackboard. I don't understand what all of this was about. There were rewards with jellybeans or jelly babies and little punishments as well. It was all a constant game with Dawson. To that extent, I was a participant but also a victim. It just happened the whole time and that was what it was like. My class was quite cohesive and compliant. I think other individuals had different experiences of Dawson. He was a housemaster as well. What happened in Mackenzie house has now become publicly known.
111. Geoff Blair was my form master in my third year at the senior school. He had a reputation for being a disciplinarian. There was a sense of simmering thinly disguised aggression, honed on the rugby field, which kept us in order. Blair could be really nasty so we would worry, as so often happened at the Academy, about what might happen next. I remember that he hurled board dusters at boys. That happened regularly. They had a hard wooden back attached to felt for wiping the board. He didn't hit me with a board duster. I can remember [REDACTED], who was in my brother's year, putting his head around the door. Within seconds, Blair chucked the board duster right at him. I can't remember if it hit him. I must have been in the classroom. It was all a bit of a

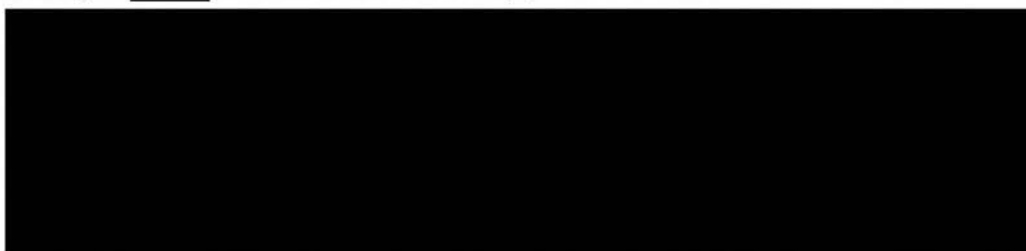
laugh. As not terribly nice teenagers who had been trained to mock, we thought that [REDACTED] was a bit of an idiot.

112. When abuse at the Academy came to light in 2022, I went through a lot of the old school magazines, *The Chronicle*. I read a lot of the valedictory messages in the magazine, including a valedictory message for Geoff Blair in 1983:

"But his great love has been the rugby field—and, of course, the 'apres-rugby'. He played himself for the Wayfarers and the Academicals: it was in a match for the latter within a month of his arrival that a little misunderstanding by the referee ensured his reputation as a disciplinarian—he was ordered off the field for punching an opponent. The press publicised the incident, and references to Mohammed Ali were to be heard in the School Yards; but he had no trouble in the classroom thereafter..."

This is really interesting because it seems to me an inversion of normal, civilised behaviour and yet it's lauded by the institution.

113. There was one young master called IVK [REDACTED]. He came to the Academy in the mid-seventies. He was probably in his late twenties at the time. He was a young [REDACTED] master. I remember him as being constantly unpleasant. He was always swearing and being nasty. Laurence Ellis similarly turned this behaviour into a virtue when he wrote a valedictory of IVK [REDACTED] in *The Chronicle* in 197[REDACTED]:



He was a nasty person. There was a sense of inversion of civilised values time and time again. What would normally be considered to be unacceptable behaviour was not just acceptable but praise-worthy as well.

114. What I encountered time and time again was the school putting us under pressure, not providing support, and then blaming us when things went wrong, as invariably they did. An example of the blame culture was an occasion early on in the senior school.

We were playing rounders in the front yard under IBU, the PE master's "tutelage". Through no fault of his own, stood too close to the batsman; the bat swung back and knocked out his front teeth. Rather than showing an ounce of concern or compassion for the injured boy, IBU verbally laid into. How, I wonder, must have felt after the trauma of having his teeth knocked out? Public humiliation so often formed part of the blame culture. This, however was entirely IBU's fault. He had created an unsafe environment through negligence and indifference, by simply not thinking.

115. In third year physics, my master was William Bain, whom we sometimes called Bill Bain. It's a matter of public record that he was sentenced to six years imprisonment at Glasgow High Court in 2016 for lewd and libidinous practices at schools where he taught after the Academy. He was a very young master when he was at the Academy, probably in his early twenties. He couldn't teach at all. His classes were complete bedlam and chaos. When I think of the mayhem of being in his class, I wonder where the check was? Was there a head of physics? What was going on? Could anybody hear what was going on?
116. I can remember Bain teaching in one of the old physics labs. I can remember exactly where I was sitting. On my left-hand side was a long table with vaguely sporting people sitting at it. I can remember how they were positioned. Everything was out of control and as usual it was complete mayhem. Bain picked up a board duster randomly and threw it at a boy. It hit him on the head. One of the snapshots that I haven't forgotten is that Bain then went over to the boy and started stroking him on the face. It's so difficult when this is your norm, but there are some occasions when, even as a child, you know that something isn't right. I would then describe him as soft talking to the boy.

Reporting of abuse whilst at the Edinburgh Academy

117. When I was in at prep school I didn't tell my parents about Brownlee. He was too frightening. He was a bully. I don't know whether the boy he beat up,

told his parents. He left the school that year. I don't know whether he's still alive. As regards to the senior school, I can't remember telling my parents about the bullying. I just wouldn't go to my mother. That would have been a sign of weakness. The received narrative, espoused by my father, was that bullying was occasional when in fact it was prevalent at the Academy.

118. One of the issues that arises in an environment like the Academy is that when things go wrong, who do you go to? I wasn't going to speak to my father. He would have told me to "pull myself together". If a member of my family had told me that they loved me for who I was – regardless of worldly success – that would have made so much difference, at school and at home.

Leaving school

119. During the summer holidays of 198█, I worked throughout translating a book of Virgil's Aeneid on my own. I was unilaterally trying to make a fresh start. I systematically translated so many lines every day. I worked hard on it and it was a big deal. I really wanted to get myself back on the rails again. In September 198█, I returned to the school and went into Seventh Classical. It was just impossible to pick up. I was fixated by Oxbridge. My form master, Mr Lister, was a classicist. Someone remarked that I had translated an entire book of Virgil and his response, "Has he?" He just wasn't interested. It had been a huge amount of work for me, on my own. Lister was very discouraging. Nobody cared. As part of my new drive, I felt that I had to get out of the place. The nightmare scenario was having to stay for possibly another two years. Everything started to go wrong.
120. I wanted to get out of the CCF because I wanted to concentrate on my work. I did get out of it. By now, I was in the top games practice. It was the holy grail of life at the Academy. I told them that I wanted to be put down a practice. I didn't want that level of commitment and I wanted to focus on my work. Geoff Blair was the games master. I almost had to argue with him. I don't think he understood anything like that and it wasn't the thing to do.

121. I was so unhappy. I felt like I was getting nowhere. I discovered that there was a payphone in the school, quite close to where the bookshop was. The Academy had a flat next door in Henderson Row. There was a connecting alleyway that went into the ground floor of the flat. There was a payphone there. I would phone home in tears. I was so unhappy. I can remember going home in the car in tears. It was as though I didn't exist anymore. I'd ceased to matter. I'd made this tremendous effort over six months and nobody was interested.
122. At the back of my mind was this sense that I had failed. Thinking about what they valued, I'd rejected games. My real attempts to work hard were not being recognised. I felt that if I wanted to stay there, I had to be somebody. I was on the Ephors list but I wasn't voted an Ephor. That really hurt me for all sorts of reasons. I wanted responsibility. I wanted to be an adult and a human being. That could have been a way of somehow feeling that I existed, but I don't think I would have been happy if I had been made an Ephor. It was a typical Academy no win situation. Ephorship represented the establishment route: the sense of being a product of the Edinburgh Academy rather than a person.
123. Not being selected as an Ephor was very much the straw that broke the camel's back. That unhappiness was coming back again. I thought that I'd got over it earlier, but I felt that I wasn't getting anywhere at all and nobody really cared. I wished that somebody at school or at home had told me that it didn't matter and that they loved me for who I was. Nobody was like that; I acted as my own judge and jury. When I really needed guidance and support, nobody assumed responsibility. I just didn't want to go back. I was sixteen and I voted with my feet. I didn't go back. That was the end of the Academy for me.
124. During the summer of that year, I'd started doing research into alternative places to go. Looking back, it seems ridiculous that I was doing that myself. I'd looked up crammers in Oxford and identified particular places during the summer. I knew that I couldn't take the Academy much longer. I thought that if I went to a crammer, maybe I'd get my exams out the way and that would be it. I'd move on to university and all the rest of it. I really wanted to leave and I didn't go back to the Academy. I have provided

correspondence between my father and the rector, Laurence Ellis, from that time to the Inquiry. Ellis claimed that it would be a mistake to move me during an A-level course and that I was gaining in confidence. That just wasn't true. He didn't know me. A month after leaving school, I was described as "shy and reticent" by a supervising tutor in my new surroundings in Oxford. There was no leaving interview with the school. I just left. I think my mother spoke to Ellis on the phone. There was no follow up from the school.

Life after leaving school

125. After I left the Academy, I went to a crammer called Edward Greene's in Oxford. I found myself going on a train to Oxford. I can remember going to Waverley Railway Station with my mum. There was an Academy boy there called [REDACTED]. As soon as he saw me, he started teasing me, saying, "[REDACTED]" I was always in my brother's shadow at the Academy.
126. Looking back, I left the Academy feeling that I'd failed but the Academy failed me. I think that my departure was in retrospect a positive move. It should have happened a long time before. I voted with my feet when nobody had acted for me before. The strange thing about the crammer was that I was socially isolated. It was a different set up. I had one-to-one tutorials in different subjects. I wasn't seeing other people. I was just cycling around Oxford on my bicycle. When I left the Academy I thought that I didn't want to have any contact with anybody connected to the Academy ever again. I was surprised when my oldest friend, [REDACTED], phoned me up and asked me how I was doing. That was quite good because I realised that I did have friends. I didn't think that anybody could possibly like me. My self-esteem was very low. My friends did like me and they wrote to me whilst I was in Oxford. It meant that I was still very conscious of what was going on at school.
127. It was a different sort of life in Oxford. It was a huge change for someone at that stage. I was approaching A-levels. I was away from home for the first time. There were times that I felt so lonely that I had to come back home, but in an underlying sense I was

coping in a way that had been impossible whilst I had been a pupil at the Edinburgh Academy. I was also receiving a level of support which had been conspicuously absent at school. I was determined to get the A-levels. I did manage it. My A-levels were good, which was a triumph for me given how things had slipped so much at the Academy. I still had the Oxbridge fixation. I took the Oxford entrance exam after sitting my A-levels, but I didn't get in. I felt that I'd failed, which now seems completely ridiculous. However, that was the legacy of the Academy way of thinking and the prevailing unthinking snobbery connected with Oxford and Cambridge.

128. I felt strongly that I wanted to start again. Quite wrongly, I felt as if I'd failed when in fact the Academy had failed me terribly. I went to Bristol University. I felt that Bristol wasn't quite as good as it could be, which was nonsense. I studied classics at a time when Bristol had a really good classics department with inspiring lecturers. The teaching was of a sort that I'd never experienced before. None the less, the Academy had imbued me with the pernicious values of success, failure and conformity. I only got occasional glimpses of my real self at the Academy. Much of the rest of my life has been a journey to discover who the "real me" really is.
129. In the end, I did law after my classics degree. I studied in London first. I think it was part of the sense of wanting to be somebody. Law offered a degree of status and its externals attracted me. There was also the social cache of the bar. All of this was an Academy way of thinking. I was still very hard-working and conscientious. I wanted to do the right thing and be good at things: all very Edinburgh Academy.
130. I decided to come back to Edinburgh and do Scottish law. There was a follow through from the Academy in Scottish law. I encountered the products of the Academy and people who had gone straight into the establishment. I worked in a lawyer's office when I was training to be a solicitor. There was an old Academy boy who was a partner in the litigation department. He was very bullying. He displayed the lack of empathy of bullies. He had been about eight years above me at school. It was very Edinburgh Academy. You weren't instructed properly but you were heavily criticised for getting things wrong. This was very familiar for me.

131. I then went to the Bar in Scotland. A lot of the same attitudes were prevalent and the sense that you already had to be part of an elite circle in order to prosper. I was still an outsider and I could never be one of them. I was always trying to get away and trying to capture glimpses of myself, which had been denied during my time at the Academy. I was always trying to escape from the law. I went off to Italy to be a walking guide there. I love walking and I love being outside. I did a bit of publishing and then I went back to law, but I wasn't one of them. When you're at the Bar, you're self-employed. Even if I did things well, it didn't matter. I just wasn't one of the elect. Ultimately, it was just like the Academy and the Ephorship thing. I wasn't one of them.
132. I think things freed up for me with the death of my father. He was very socially conscious of me being at the Bar and all the rest of it. I ditched the Bar after he died. Finally, I've done things that I've really enjoyed. I've studied history and done professional walking. It's as though I've stumbled across the real me, which was negated at the Academy.

Reporting of abuse

133. In 2022, the journalist Alex Renton produced a podcast called *In Dark Corners* about abuse in boarding schools. I wrote to Alex Renton about John Brownlee. He asked if I would mind if he passed what I'd written to Nicky Campbell. I told him that I didn't mind if it was done on a confidential basis. Alex then contacted me about another Academy boy and put me in touch with him. Through that boy, I joined a survivors Whatsapp group. At that time it was quite small. It's now quite large so I almost feel exposed contributing to it. Through the Whatsapp group, I became aware that people were giving statements to the police. I was initially undecided about giving a statement myself, but on balance felt, as with the Inquiry, that by giving a statement I would also be showing my support to fellow survivors, some of whom have suffered the most appalling abuse.
134. I contacted the police and provided them with a statement in January 2023. When I spoke to the police, I was describing specific incidents in a very channelled way, as

befits a lawyer preparing a case. For example, I told them that Hamish Dawson was just silly but on reflection his behaviour was consistently abusive. I've had time to reflect on things and some extra bits and pieces have come out more recently. I told the police about things that went beyond reasonable chastisement, like the boy who was beaten for not offering his seat up on a bus. I haven't thought about the things that happened to me so much. Being kicked in the head was an awful thing for me, but it's such a long time ago. When it came to bullying by other boys, I don't blame them. It was feral and endemic. What was the example we were being set? It was just really upsetting at the time.

135. I've taken a particular interest in the case against John Brownlee. I've had meetings with Crown Office. Things are moving on and he's been indicted. He was due to appear in court in October 2023 but the hearing was postponed. I think that's because more people are coming forward and possibly the Crown may re-indict. Brownlee is aged 89 and apparently has dementia. There is an alternative procedure that can be followed if he does have dementia, called an examination of the facts. The court would have to make a finding as to whether he had done these things and whether there was any reasonable excuse for him doing them. It looks as if that might take place next year and I may be called as a witness in those proceedings. Brownlee is getting older, but the criminal case is really important to ventilate the evidence. The formality of court proceedings will hopefully assist all those who are seeking closure from this painful chapter in their lives.
136. I believe there are also ongoing criminal proceedings against William Bain. I don't know whether I'll be called as a witness in his case. His case has been in court twice and has been adjourned until February 2024. The Crown Office have been very good at keeping me in the loop. I'm not raising civil proceedings against the school.
137. Nicky Campbell has done a fantastic job of getting abuse at the Academy into the public domain. It needed somebody with a public profile to do this. The actor, Iain Glen, very gallantly attempted to take a stand around 2005. Sadly, he didn't get very far and was shunned by the Edinburgh establishment for his efforts. Nicky, with the benefit of

his public platform, has been a tremendous and eloquent figurehead for Academy survivors.

Impact

138. I feel that I haven't been 'me' in the way that I could have been thirty years ago. My experiences at the Academy have affected everything. It hasn't affected me as much as it's affected some people and it hasn't driven me to extremes, but it has affected my mental health. In retrospect, if you wanted to survive in a place like the Academy you needed to have something to hold onto or have family back up in some way. The general effect of the upper school was that I became more withdrawn and quite introverted. I don't think I am naturally introverted.
139. I had psychoanalytical psychotherapy just before and after my father died. In some senses that was in connection to my family background. I was depressed and I knew that something was wrong. As is so often the case, you can't work out what it is and there's no obvious answer. The therapist was tenacious. It took her about four months to get to the root of the matter. The Academy was still very much on my mind. I told her about the lack of concentration which I'd felt when I was in the upper school. After I'd described it, she said that I was probably mildly or moderately depressed at school. I had therapy for four years from 2008 until 2012.
140. Around the time I ran away, my father was looking at other schools. He was going to go back to his old school at Sedbergh, which he had enjoyed. I don't know whether he did. I don't think it would have been so difficult for him to find somewhere else for me at that age rather than having to go on with the Academy. I had to go through three more years of misery and then I voted with my feet and left. My father would go on about how it was so nice to see his children growing up, but he wasn't interested. He made no personal sacrifice for me. I feel very bitter about that. It was obvious that the Academy wasn't the right place for me. I lost things that mattered, like music, and nobody cared.

141. Confidence was the contested ground for me. In reports at different stages, going right back, it was a question of confidence building. At Gillsland Park, everything was “fine”, “great”, “happy”, “confident”. Then at the Academy, it was a question of slowly being broken down, of doubting oneself. The Academy introduced self-doubt and terrible nervousness. Thinking about Brownlee, what was going to happen next? Was someone going to completely lose the rag? I came across many masters who had really bad tempers and just weren’t suited to the job.
142. In my adult life, it’s as though I’ve stumbled across the real me, which was negated at the Academy. The Academy put a stopper on things. The sense of intrinsic value was something that I discovered later in life; so much at school was predicated on the ulterior. For many years I felt that I had failed at the Academy. I haven’t been able to deal with bullying in my later life. I feel a sense of nervousness, of not knowing what’s going to happen next. I can actually remember individual acts of kindness at the Academy because they were so unusual.
143. In my late forties, I returned to Edinburgh University to do a Master’s degree in history. I got a distinction in my Master’s degree. My life could have been different academically. I was somebody who was emotionally moved by Latin verse in my forties. It was so different from what I experienced at the Academy. None of that was brought out. I was put off music as well. So much of my later life has been a reaction against the Academy. I loved the flute and yet I was allowed to drop it. Someone should have been telling me that it was important and that I loved it and that was what mattered.
144. I took the flute up again in my thirties. I love it. Having failed grade 5 theory as a boy, I went on to pass it with distinction. I got a merit in grade 8 for the flute in my thirties. I became [REDACTED] of the British Flute Society. The underlying point is that none of this would have happened unless I’d had really lovely teachers who brought it out of me. That sort of success is a consequence of happiness or the pleasure principle. I felt that at the Academy, the intrinsic was sacrificed for the ulterior. Things that mattered were ignored and it was all about the product and results rather than the person.

145. My self-esteem was very low when I left the Academy. I felt that I wasn't good enough and that I didn't matter. I didn't know who could like me, who could love me. I've had difficulties with relationships. Moving on to a time when I had girlfriends, I would think that I loved them but how could they possibly love me? I had a lack of self-worth. I stood outside the emotional world, looking on. I felt that I didn't really matter and that nobody could possibly be interested in me. I did strike up a relationship with a girl at Bristol. Her way of thinking was very much in terms of success and failure. She was very ambitious and quite judgemental. In a sense, there was something of the Academy in the way that she thought. There were girls who I adored but I thought that there was no reason for them to like me. That's held me back emotionally.
146. There was an extraordinary sense of inversion of values at the Academy. Things that were demonstrably unacceptable were lauded. That was really confusing. There was terrible snobbery that affected my social attitudes. Going on into life, I realised it was all a load of rubbish and that we were all in it together. There was a sense at the Academy that we were the elect. It was ground into us. I had an in-built sense of whatever I did and however hard I tried, I wouldn't succeed. I felt that it was pointless to try and that I'd failed. There seemed to be no cause and effect in what I was doing.
147. Having been really unhappy during my school years, the sense of having to put up with things has stayed with me. Really, if things are intolerable, you should just get out. I thought I'd learned that lesson by leaving the Academy but there's always something in me, maybe a timidity and a nervousness, which means that I don't break out. I think that things are better now, but so much of my life has been stumbling across the person that I really am and reacting against the Academy.

Lessons to be learned

148. My friend [REDACTED] referred me to an amateur colour video film of the Edinburgh Academy in 1962. I watched it after we spoke and can relate the film to my own memories of the school less than 15 years later, far more than I can to the modern place. By ridiculous contrast, I found an absurd 90 second film of a recent Academy Christmas on the

internet. The fact there is no sound in the 1962 film somehow makes it even more atmospheric. Nobody has sought to mediate. No plinkety-plonk music: "Oh the past is such a silly old thing, but we know better." There is nothing contrived about this. It was the camera panning around and telling the story. It was a school that I recognised.

149. The school had an unequivocally male environment. The filmmaker tries to capture the key elements of Academy life. A young Cas Evans, who was a chemistry master, is recognisable at a chemistry lesson, as are some of those lovely old glass jars in the labs. The film captures the awfulness of a school lunch perfectly, even a master sitting at the end of the table set against the light. There's a real sense of the filmmaker trying to capture life as it was rather than create a message. For about a minute, the camera lingers on the front of the building, very much trying to capture the essence of the place. Likewise, it fixes on *Pro Patri* above the gym, which was the war memorial. The sense of tradition, now of course completely obliterated or perhaps more accurately recast, is captured by Tom McKeish, the janitor, doing his rounds in top hat and tails. This harks back to the 1820s.
150. There is nothing overtly joyful or breathless about the film, rather "this is how it was". I couldn't quite pin down the school uniform which seemed very varied. At one point, there is a glimpse of a pair of brown shoes. There is no question that the CCF was taken extremely seriously; the boys appear viciously well drilled. There's almost a reverence about it all. Again the camera lingers. Many of those boys were born in war time; most of their fathers will have served. It brings out what I was saying about the sense of Empire and a very militaristic background, which were captured in the 1962 film. I was still experiencing that when I left in 198█.
151. I was invited to the school in October 201█, after they failed to publish my obituary for Mr IDZ █. I went to my classroom in the Geits. When I was a Geit, the classrooms were above the dining hall. There were three of them. My class, █, was at the end of the corridor. It was a very bleak environment. I can remember boys running up and down. My old form room had been transformed. It was a different world. I couldn't really make the connection with my world. There were Mandarin books and overhead projectors. It wasn't as stark as I remembered it. It was obviously very pupil focused. I

do get the impression that in many ways it's a very different school now. However, I do think that some of the harsh values of success and failure endure. I'm not rubbishing the school now, but if you read the alumni magazine, *The Academical*, so much of it is couched in terms of success and failure. The message from that magazine is very much, "This is what will happen to you if you go to the Edinburgh Academy." It's like a sort of shares prospectus or something like that.

152. In my time, perhaps the two values that characterised the school were a sense of intense competition but terrible complacency at the same time. They just weren't interested in us at all. That was why we were being pulled in different directions. We were under tremendous pressure to succeed but not being given the support to do so. We were made to feel a sense of failure when we didn't succeed. I came across a quotation by G.K. Chesterton. I think it applies not just to the Academy but to many other institutions. It's the sense that the intrinsic and what matters about a school, which is an education and nurturing of children, is sacrificed at the altar of the ulterior, which is the striving for success. You lose a sense of what it's all about and there is a focus on success, achievement and very worldly things. There's a sense of trying to impress the whole time.
153. At the Academy, there was a need to impress and be impressed by external things. It was a very snobbish and social school. You then lost a sense of the intrinsic. The intrinsic is valuing a child and making a child realise who the child is. What I think they wanted to do and perhaps still want to do was to create a product rather than a person. I think it should be the other way around. It's the lazy institutions that opt out to create a product. For all the impressions and the externals, there was nobody that really cared for us individually. The impression I get is that, to that extent, the school has changed. They do have safeguarding and people looking after pupils, but they must never forget the legacies of the past. Because who I am and my own identity wasn't brought out at school, so much of my life has involved stumbling across the person that I am and certainly reacting against the so-called values of the Edinburgh Academy.
154. The Academy has really got to not just take ownership but to assume a position of leadership when it comes to all of this. It was very bad at the Academy. Following the

evidence that is coming out, they're going to get a pretty awful reputation. In order to survive, they've got to absolutely face up to the fact not just that these things took place but that as an institution they were complicit. It wasn't just particular incidents, it was the whole climate. That whole climate embraced these rather twisted and inverted values. The school has to get away from that. They should also raise the fact that they knew about a lot of this and they didn't do anything about it. Brownlee was shouting and he was close to a staffroom. Masters came out of the hall and passed Dawson's box containing his instruments of correction. It's a question of inference, but they really have to face up to their culpability.

155. I think that the school is finally being receptive now. I do hope that they reconsider their values and that crippling sense of success and failure, which in the end broke me. Reading the school magazines now, it's very much "because we went to the Edinburgh Academy, we've done so brilliantly". So many people have been profoundly damaged by that. Those that have survived have survived in spite of the Academy. The school has got to recognise all this. It has to totally re-engage with the intrinsic and not to sacrifice the intrinsic at the altar of the ulterior. As I read the school magazine, *The Academical*, it's all very much about the ulterior in 2023. They have to rectify that.
156. The school history called *The Clackan and the Slate* was written by Magnus Magnusson in 1974. I know that there is somebody writing a new edition for the school's 200th anniversary next year. I worry about that. I think that the whole history of the school has to be rewritten. You can't just write a volume two. I think you have to change the title as well. You have to forget about clackens. I think the book in its current form is based on old-fashioned values. The whole story has got to be written again with new insights. I think they have to start again and ask themselves what the reality was. It was a school which probably didn't change much between the end of the First World War and the time that I left. It was moulded by notions of Empire. It was all about classics in an unthinking way and games. If there was any Christianity it was probably a very muscular, rugby playing Christianity. However it wasn't evident in any way. An Academy like that couldn't exist after the dissolution of the British Empire.

It's got to recognise the world that it's in. We've moved on from that now and we're in a different world. The whole history has to be rewritten.

157. How the Academy regards itself and the writing of its history is important. There are over fifty members in the survivors group. There are many more who don't want to join the group for obvious reasons, but a lot of people are badly affected by this. A lot of the abusers are now dead, but their legacy lives on. People have taken their lives and people have resorted to alcoholism. I can think of two people in my year who have taken their lives.
158. I know that there are safeguarding procedures in place. I know that the climate in schools has changed. Post Childline and post 1990s, there is more consciousness about safeguarding. I don't think people knew what safeguarding was when I was at school. I'm quite sure that there is plenty of pastoral back up now, which is what you need. Children need to have somebody to turn to when they're at their most vulnerable. The pastoral role is so important. I had difficulties because there was nobody to turn to. That situation was compounded because I had nobody at home. It's incredibly important to have somebody to turn to and the constant reassurance of a safe place or sanctuary.

Hopes for the Inquiry

159. The Inquiry of course is an ongoing process. My hope is that it provides a platform for all those who have previously been denied a voice, that it allows them to be heard and that it brings an end to isolation. In a sense, this process is as important as the outcome of the Inquiry. My hope is that the Inquiry, in whatever way, brings about a radical change in ethos, not just in a residential context but in all institutions that have responsibility for young people growing up. My particular hopes for the Academy could be applied to homes and institutions across the board: to enable young people to be confident to be themselves through a broader educational process; to enable them to become useful and happy members of society, contributing their own particular gifts, whilst at the same time recognising that worldly success and achievement are merely

by-products of these underlying aims; to respond to young people's particular needs at a difficult, confusing part of their lives, and to value young people as human beings in order that they respond as human beings. How the Inquiry responds to these aims and makes final determinations is, of course, a matter for the Inquiry but, if it is to do so, no less than a fundamental change in ethos is required.

160. 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..... IWM [Redacted Signature]

Dated..... 12/12/2023