

# TWO ZERO ONE

**Humans Of  
Bromsgrove**  
*p10*

**GREASE**  
Behind the  
Curtain  
*p12*

**INSIDE OR OUTSIDE  
THE BOX?**

**VOL 3 ISSUE 2**

ARTWORK BY ANYA BUTLER

# Editors' Notes

*"Out of limitations comes creativity."*

*Debbie Allen*

*"Instead of thinking outside the box,  
get rid of the box."*

*Deepak Chopra*

What does it mean to 'think outside the box'? You've heard the phrase a thousand times, usually encouraging new approaches to anything from solving a problem to writing a story. 'The box' represents the limits we place on ourselves or those placed by others, the societal conventions that hinder creativity and innovation. 'Outside the box' lies boundless opportunity.

But stepping outside the comfort zone in our mind is difficult, and not always appropriate. Even in our lives, 'creative thinking' can create more work than it's worth, especially when it comes to the tyranny of choice.

Nonetheless, original thinking is vital in the pursuit of more knowledge, more relevant work and better ways of life; it's the antidote to complacency. That's why we're always looking to improve on 201; without innovation, the student magazine you know and love would disappear as quickly as it was started - or even worse, become redundant. With this in mind, please don't hesitate to email us any suggestions (or complaints) at

[201@bromsgrove-school.co.uk](mailto:201@bromsgrove-school.co.uk)

or come along to our weekly meetings at 1.20 in the library to ensure 201 is the way you want it.

*Alia Derriey*

You might call it risky – if not hypocritical - to go with such a cliché for the theme of this issue. As always though, 201 seeks to incite new perspectives on the everyday. This time we asked you 'Inside or outside the box?' and responses vary from Nadya's vibrant article on drag queens, which should inspire us all to be less afraid of going our own way, to Jay's essay which powerfully pulls us out of the 'Bromsgrove bubble' that we are all subject to one way or the other; Mulan's story about Frank which made me realise how everyone can have their very own happiness in their very own way.

To think outside the box is just as much about pushing your own walls as it is about completely stepping outside to see what others' boxes look like, and the ways in which they challenge them.

Flip the page for a full read of these pieces and a whole range of other poems, interviews, stories and articles; all refreshingly free from restrictions.

*Vivianne Wei*

# In this issue

Inside or Outside the box? - <i>Vivianne Wei</i>	P4
Once you're in the box... - <i>Lisa Gäbelein</i>	P5
Frank's Story - <i>Mulan Yang</i>	P6
The angel of small death and the Codein scene - <i>Jagveer Uppal</i>	P8
The question you ask - <i>Tatiana Morikov</i>	P9
Bromsgrove Autumn - <i>Cyrus Passman</i>	P10
Grease: Behind the Curtain - <i>Holly Nichols</i>	P12
Out of the box fashion - <i>Nadya Durova</i>	P20
Humans of Bromsgrove	P21

If you are interested in joining our team as a contributor or editorial designer, please email us at:

**201@bromsgrove-school.co.uk**

# Inside or Outside the box?

Just about as original as something you'd find inside a fortune cookie at your local Chinese takeaway, to 'think outside the box' is an expression so miserably hackneyed that - considering its message - it is almost an obligation to refuse it. But even a witty play on the phrase such as 'think outside the box, inside the box!' verges on a cliché. And how ironic is it, that something meant to encourage us into thinking originally and stepping away from commonplace is inevitably doing the opposite itself?

Yet it is tempting to label yourself an "outside-the-box"-thinker because it certainly sounds like a nice place to be. A place where nothing holds you back from the endless sea of opportunities; a place where there are no problems without solutions; a place where everything is vibrant and original. But just like with all nice things, access is a privilege - the fundamental issue of the box which arises when we start telling people to think outside the box as an accusation rather than a word of encouragement. It arises when we rush to label people as boring and narrow-minded and in the meantime forget that for so many, the box doesn't merely represent the limits of their creativity; it represents social, cultural and financial constraints.

The world isn't fair and being able to leap out of your safe zone is, frankly, a luxury. For someone who struggles to pay their monthly bills or for the education of their child, maybe even as much as put food on their dinner table or shoes on their feet - what is inside their box is likely to be all

they have to work with. Surprisingly, microenterprise is a key operator for employment and economic growth in developing countries, and studies suggest that they have the potential to grow. Unsurprisingly though, the lack of access to capital stops them from doing so. Upon noticing privileges like this, we are responsible for acknowledging them. It is not to say only privileged people will afford originality in their thinking because that is obviously unfair and wrong to both the privileged and the disadvantaged. There are big names such as Virginia Woolf, Henry Ford, Oprah Winfrey as well as the small shop owners in the slums and all those people in history and today who have managed to get outside of the box despite oppression, poverty and other hardships. It is easy to assume a successful entrepreneur is created by "good attitude" or "the right approach to life", but what about network, education, resources? Certainly, the stereotypical (and statistically average) entrepreneur isn't male, white, middle-aged, well-educated and from a good-off socioeconomic background because everyone else just "didn't have the right attitude", but because they undeniably had a head start. Whilst not undermining anyone's successes and continuing to acknowledge that even the privileged works hard, we must start giving more credit to the people who have to work even harder. Remember that your box might be made of cardboard, but someone else's will be concrete.

*Vivianne Wei*

# *Once you're in the box...*

*By Lisa Gäbelein*

One sad, stormy, so cold day  
I found a box, with cardboard grey

I looked inside, to my surprise  
I looked inside, I felt quite wise

The warmth of four walls so familiar  
It stripped away, the things peculiar

I stepped inside, to my amazement  
I stepped inside, lost all appraisalment

My mind was gradually sinking  
A comfort place for thinking

I sat inside, nothing in my head  
I sat inside, my thoughts all dead

`once in a box', I thought seriously  
had lost ideas emerged from curiosity

I waited inside, to my concern  
I waited inside, nothing new to learn

this is the danger of this box  
once in it, you will see, it locks

# Frank's Story

My neighbour is a funny guy. He is rather tall, a bit chubby and has the nicest smile in the world; a smile like a drug, that would reveal all of the little wrinkles at the edges of his eyes and the big ones that start at the wings of his nose and fly until they touch the apricot coloured lips of his. I think he moved here after us, but it feels like he has been here forever; he belongs to our street so much that I can't imagine it without him and his beautiful smile.

Whenever my parents were working and my sister and me were alone at home, we would go over to his house. My sister would head straight to the little table that was set up there for her, and start drawing with the crayons my neighbour bought for her years ago. And I? I would run to him and give him a big bear hug. He has such a soft and huggable belly! Or sometimes, when he isn't here yet (and hopefully in the kitchen to get cookies from his wife), I would steal my sister's chair and move it in front of the tall wooden cupboard, so I can step onto it and stretch my arms as far as I could to reach the record player on the top shelf. It was always a little success for my sister and me when I was able to grip it tightly and carefully hand it over into my sister's rosy little hands. Mission accomplished! But I still had to wait for my neighbour to come and turn it on. He always chose jazz music, the kind of type everyone had a plate of, bought for a bargain at some garage sale. I always laid down on the brown sofa with the big cushions, and he sat down on his large armchair, and then, once the crunching of the chocolate cookies started, the stories would begin, too. Over the years, he told me many, many stories about his life, so many that I always wondered how long his life was and how good his memory. So I know a lot about my neighbour's life.

Frank – that's his name – was born on the twenty-first of November, in the same town in which both of us were living; in fact, he grew up only two streets away. His mother was a nurse,

his father had some job in some office somewhere. Frank said he can't remember anything from when he was a baby, but I can't either, so I guess it is okay. But he told me everything from his childhood that he remembered; stories about a short skinny boy with a little black mole above his eyebrow and a big dream: to become an astronaut. Like all other boys in his street. In school, he was never a great student - but he wasn't a bad one either; he was more of that C-student that passed all tests but not so well that any teacher would notice him. And that mediocrity continued in his working life – he followed the footsteps of his father and got some job in some office somewhere. The secretary in his department, a pretty young lady called Anne, liked his humour and his dimples; and after a couple of dates she packed her stuff and moved into his little apartment. After two years, some disputes with the mother-in-law and a move into a bigger apartment, he proposed to her during their holidays at the coast, and ten months after their marriage on the fourteenth of February, their little baby Catie was born. She worked less, he worked more. She got a midlife-crisis, he a beer belly. Catie grew up, went to school, went to university, got a job and moved out. He retired and took Anne to a long trip around Europe. Halfway through, when they were sitting in a hotel in Amsterdam, she said she is too old for travelling for so long, so they went back and used the money that was left to buy a little house two street away. She joined a baking club that took part every Wednesday and Friday, and he went to the pub more often to watch rugby with his friends. They also started to look after their neighbour's kids, baked them cookies, bought a little table and crayons, and told them stories of their lives. All in all, an ordinary life.

A life that my neighbour enjoyed, a life he would not exchange for any other life. Of course, Frank sometimes thought about what might have happened if he would have chosen a different job – a lion tamer or a rock star (though he did not have the looks to become one; but in the 70s, everything was possible), or

if he would have started a peace campaign, or - a thought that makes him shiver – would have started to use the internet. But in the end, he knew that would never have been able to do any of this (especially the internet thing), and that he was happy without it.

Nowadays, I still visit my neighbour often. His wife still bakes me cookies and the jazz music is still there (but I can reach the record player without a chair now). I usually sit on the couch and do my homework on my laptop. After a while, Frank would get up from his big armchair and sit down next to me. He would look at my laptop screen and try to figure out what all those little icons mean. He would squint his brown eyes and frown a little, while he was intensely watching my fingers glide over the keyboard and click on various little buttons that made windows appear and lots of other magical things happen.

There was a time when I offered to show him how the internet worked, but he refused to be taught. I have lived my whole life perfectly without ever needing a computer, he would grumble. Then I would say, So what? I never needed a rice cooker, because why not use a pot and hot water?, but last week I bought one, and it makes life just so much easier. Of course, most of the time we would talk. But it got more and more difficult to find a topic that both of us could agree on. I wanted to tell him what I learnt in university, but he did not understand why we had trips to the other side of the county just to get inspired. He wanted to tell me stories about his childhood, but I have already heard all of them at least twice. So most of the time we would just sit there in silence and let the jazz music flood over us.

As the years passed by, I would get busier and my neighbour would have less and less to do. His daughter wanted him to move to London, so he could spend more time with his grandchildren, but he has never been

somewhere else than in this town. His wife wanted him to join the Gardening Society in our town, but he did not know anyone there and would rather stick to his old friends. I wanted him to get a social media account so that he would get access to the world of the young people, but he saw no point in it.

I got a job offer that required me to move to China, and I accepted. From then on, I did not hear much from my neighbour anymore, except for a handful phone calls now and then.

One winter, I go back to visit my parents and my friends there. While I am walking on the street to my parents' house, something is different. The neatly trimmed bushes in the front disappeared and gave way for a row of small bamboo plants. The red garden gnomes vanished and many little electric lights are taking their places instead. But what irritates me most of all is the tall man with the water hose standing on the edge of the grass.

"Hello?", I blurt out.

The man turns around and warm, brown eyes look into mine. "Hello", the smile says. "What happened to Frank?", I ask him.

"Where is my neighbour?"

The man answers, while cleverly hiding his confusion of my missing politeness: "Frank? If you mean the previous owner of this house, then I am afraid that he unfortunately is no more."

*He is dead, I think. My neighbour is dead.*

Frank, my neighbour with the nice smile and the jazz music, is gone. Did he go because of loneliness, in a world that he did not understand anymore? But if he had gone outside the box when he was younger, would he have enjoyed the same happiness that shaped the majority of his life?

# The Angel of Small Death and the Codeine Scene

*'The alcohol saved my life. I was self-medicating. I'm an alcoholic, I needed alcohol. I needed something.'*

~ Craig Ferguson

Starving ourselves of the realities of this world is never entirely a bad thing. We are drip-fed the issues and the complexities of human life - giving us room to think, to breath, to absorb. In our world, in which we commonly find ourselves ascending the scaffolding of education, these matters are usually preserved between the glossy pages of a textbook, or the just better judgement of our teachers.

We are grateful for the shielding and feel patronised by the abstraction. As we stare outwards from the 'Bromsgrove Bubble' - much to the credit of those who care for us - we regularly find ourselves understanding, but never accurately empathising.

At this point, you'll no doubt be expecting the oncoming question.

Can our ignorance of alcoholism and the nature of addiction be broken while maintaining our *permanent inexperience*?

Think: to what degree does the pharmacist behind the counter understand the helplessness of a meth addict? What does addiction mean to an addict? Does the ego fail like an organ, do we lose a part of ourselves? If so, how much of us would continue and are we forced, for life, to be mourning a kind of small death, if we were ever sober enough to do so?

What if we progressed differently, what if days dark enough came and a spirit-based crutch was readily available? What if the broken part of us healed incorrectly and we were left with a psychological limp: an incessant type of addiction that builds and builds and burns over time. Well, it certainly raises the question of how far an angel can fall, doesn't it?

I used an exaggerated example. It would be easy for me to tell you that the way we treat addicts is wrong; that drugs are not an addiction, but people are. In 2000, Portugal decided that the best way to ween the country's astonishing proportion of heroin addicts off of their habits was to decriminalise drug use (it's worth a Google).

Marijuana was re-classified as a class-B narcotic, and hashish can play a profound role in helping people to deal with issues ranging from insomnia to P.T.S.D. But these examples are missing the

point.

To think sympathetically about the innately foreign is difficult, in the least. In such a matter as this, most of us wind up realising that addiction is a more of an inbuilt quality than a shortcoming of the weak-willed. Brought on by the inability to tolerate, and the disdainful idea of being present in our own lives. We compensate. The reasons and the motivations vary, but in a sense, addiction is like reading; it's escapism. Specifically, alcoholism is escapism from the self.

Yet, even when we arrive at the spine-curling moment you realise that the need you have to pick up your phone in a lesson is akin to the impulses of a budding addict, we are faced with the restricting permanence of ourselves: we have likely never been anyone but ourselves. However much of an umbrella term 'ourselves' might be, what with your change in manner depending on where you are, who you are with and how sleepy you are, you are still you. The cocktail of hormones and the freeness of character might shift, but you are still you. You think like you. That's the best and only thing that *you can do*. *Chances are, you can't think like an addict. You can't feel like an addict.*

So, where do we conclude as the vague axioms reach their apex? The cynical conscientious little demon creature sitting on your left shoulder is most definitely whispering something about the feeble nature of every thought that has ever passed through your melon, and that's okay. He's the thing that makes sure you're not an idiot and he does his job well.

Being aware of our own inabilities should never hinder our need for discovery. Our need to know and for knowledge to never be sure of the nature of addiction does not mean we are so alien from the addict. Both still know what it means to be human, and humans - as is demonstrated with various chemicals - make bonds. We can bond with one another.

Sometimes even the sober could benefit from some sobriety in their own reasoning, so that when thinking outside of the box, you can know how far you are from its walls.

# The question you ask

**W**e are all different. This idea is brought up in our mind by media, society and by ourselves. This seems right, as by looking at the people you are surrounded by, they appear different to you. However, if you jump into statistics, our DNA's genes are 99.5% the same as that of other humans. Perhaps it is concerning that nowadays everyone, especially on social media, is trying to stand out of the crowd, but in reality remaining the same as each other. We all face the same difficulties – the barriers in our lives we need to overcome: classmates, teachers, homework, deadlines, university applications and other challenges. We have all been in situations that somehow force us to leave our comfort zone to challenge ourselves. The question is: if we all face the same challenges, why should this person come out of it as the winner, and that person end up behind? Is it knowledge? Experience? Luck?

The question. The question that we ask ourselves every time we do something in our daily life.

Let's apply the theory to real life to understand it better. Two people, the same, basic situation: a bad mark on a test. One person will think: "I am just not born to be good in this subject", "Omg, the teacher has such high expectations" or "I had more important tasks to complete that night". And let's be honest with ourselves, these phrases have been in your daily dialogues, on your mind more than once a day. No need for specific statistics, but most of the world's population talks, writes and thinks like this. So what about the other person? This person will think: no, do something. Ask a teacher, take a retest, do some extra work. You're probably thinking, "Show me this person then because I don't think that anyone in the world would do that." Well, they exist, and you probably know them from books, films or daily news.

What's the difference between these two people? It's the question. The first person will ask themselves "Why not? Why don't I come out of

my comfort zone? Why don't I try again? Why don't I raise my hand?" and they will answer: "Because I am scared, because I have more important things to do, because there are people who know more than me."

However, the second person asks themselves –

"What else? What else can do about my life, my grades, my relationships?" and they'll answer, "I can try something new, I can spend more time on it, I can finally raise my hand!"

The first question creates a block - a block that stops you from enjoying your life, from expressing your personality - from getting out of the box. You might say your future life depends on your family, your nationality, your experience, your knowledge or luck. We don't get to choose where we are born and we don't get to choose who our parents are - but we do get to choose how we live our lives.

The second question... I know you won't like it. Do you know why? Because we are humans. We want immediate results with no commitment or excursion outside the comfort zone. That's why we type in such requests in Google like "how to get fit in 1 week", "how to pass my GCSEs" or "how to get more sleep", and after watching a video or reading an article we hope that this will somehow help us. But it won't. Steve Jobs didn't ask Google "how to create a company that generates annual revenue of \$265.595 billion". No, he attended the school where he was suspended several times, he lived with his parents in their backyard tool shed which he had converted into a bedroom with a sleeping bag, mat, books, a candle, and a meditation pillow. Yet, he ended up with a global corporation. How? He just asked himself - what else can I do?

This question is not about inventing the new Apple, but about writing your own story. We all write our own story, but will yours be interesting? That's your responsibility. You can remain a second-plan character, or you can choose to become the main one.

# Bromsgrove Au

**O**ne Thursday morning at Bromsgrove the sun was emitting a warm glow over the students walking by Gordon Green, a large area of neatly cut lawn where every blade of grass, dew drop wet, reflected the rays of sunlight. Only the earth beneath, worn down by the footprints of teachers and monitors, hinted at the green's hundred-year history.

The trees bordering the green in neat rows were looking over the students as they went by, providing shade when sunny and protection come rain. That crisp day, the green leaves mottled with bright orange or crimson red provided beauty. Autumn was settling in.

The wall fringing School House and Wendron Gordon had been eroded over the years, the bricks clinging on during the harsh winters but nestling against each other during the summers. Small purple plants stuck their petals over the wall once in a while to catch a glimpse at their glorious surroundings, but they shut themselves away in the winter.

The birds overhead were singing gracefully; the ravens were arguing over which tree they preferred. The back of my neck caught a brief chill, and I breathed in the cold fresh air. A leaf floated its way gracefully to the ground waving its goodbyes to the tree it once loved.

The sun had woken up, illuminating the magnificent new Routh Hall; by the time the sun had set, the old Routh quietly faded away.

And as the lights in Lyttelton, Hazeldene, Walters, Thomas Cookes and Lupton switched off and the smiling students headed for the gates; as the sun slowly faded away, now emitting a warm orange glow, the school plunged into darkness as Autumn settled in.

*Cyrus Passman*



# Autumn



# Grease

## Behind the Curtain

*Holly Nichols*

### **Mr Tim Norton**

Role

Director

Who's your favourite character and why?

Eugene – he always feels awkward

Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

The Saturday afternoon when we ran act one in 50 minutes

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

It's not the '60s

Favourite Line?

“before he left the locker room he smeared ben-gay in the team captain's athletic supporter”

## Cast

### **Tim Abbasov**

Role

Roger

Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

We randomly burst into song and kept going for fifteen minutes doing Hairspray and Grease songs! Maybe longer!

### **Tom Anning**

Role

Danny

Which character do you most relate with?

Doody – cause he's socially awkward

Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

Every single one with Matt Goodwin

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

The style and the music and movies just made the 50s and helped the teenage culture

What was your experience learning lines?

Who needs lines? I just make stuff up

Favourite Line?

“Whoa, Sandy! What a total wick-ed!”

# BURGER



## Ellie Johnson

### Role

Miss Lynch

### Which character do you most relate with?

Rizzo cause she's always in a mood

### Which is your favourite song from the play?

Look at me, I'm Sandra Dee

### What was your experience learning lines?

It's hard to do an American posh old accent

### Favourite Line?

"One of my diamonds fell in my macaroni!"

## Lauren Court

### Role

Patty Simcox

### Which character do you most relate with?

Marty – all the other ones are kind of mean, and she has her own kind of humour no one finds funny but her

### Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

Alex always doing that dodgy dance from Fornite – he just does it in his everyday life and it's just hilarious

### Which is your favourite song from the play?

Grease is the word

## Leah Asghar-Sandys

### Role

Cha Cha

### Which character do you most relate with?

Not Cha Cha

### Who's your favourite character and why?

Rizzo because she gets to look annoyed through the entire thing

### Which is your favourite song from the play?

There are worse things I could do because Lily's voice is amazing

### What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

The sunglasses, 100%, and the pink ladies jackets

### What was your experience learning lines?

Rocky at first, but then I realised there's no such thing as a small role

### Favourite Line?

"Yeah, whachoo want?"

### Are there any in-jokes?

Always referring to me as a gorilla – because it's in the script.





## Archie Holder

### Role

Kenickie

### Who's your favourite character and why?

Kenickie because I admire his bravado

### Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

Through the whole dance [We Go Together]

Matt forgot his mic was on

### What was your experience learning lines?

I don't know I haven't done it yet

### Favourite Line?

"Get bent LaTierri"



## Alex Moskalevskyi

### Role

Brad

### Who's your favourite character and why?

Sandy – she has the best character development

### Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

When I dropped Cristian off the stage

### Which is your favourite song from the play?

The Drive-in movie

### What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

Domination of the republican party

### Favourite Line?

"She's pretty sharp, I think she's got eyes for me"

### Are there any in-jokes?

Fortnite dancing in the sides



## Matt Goodwin

### Role

Doody

### Which character do you most relate with?

Doody, because he's funny for all the wrong reasons

### Who's your favourite character and why?

Kenickie, just because of some of his comedic timing

### Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

All of them without Tom

### What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

The clothing, the strange, strange clothing

### What was your experience learning lines?

Slow and steady definitely does not win Mr Norton's race.

### Favourite Line?

"Bite the weenie, moron"

### Are there any in-jokes?

Between me and Tom, every time we have an interaction, we intensely comb our hair.



## **Dhøebe Fletcher**

### Role

Sandy

### Which character do you most relate with?

Frenchie – because I know how it feels to fail, and have to pick yourself back up again as quickly as you can

### Who's your favourite character and why?

I like Rizzo, I think she has a lot of depth and insecurities, and it's interesting the lengths she goes to hide those

### Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

Probably when we first sang Freddie, my love with the band

### Favourite Line?

“Tell me about it, stud”

### Are there any in-jokes?

“Every time the line “honey” in The One That I Want comes up, Tom and I give each other a cheeky wink”

## **James Gill**

### Role

Sonny

### Which character do you most relate with?

Eugene - awkward

### Who's your favourite character and why?

I like Patty, she's just really energetic and funny, and we can make fun of her easily

### Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

When Amy's mic was on in 'We Go Together' by accident

### What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

Everyone just lived in the moment

### Favourite Line?

“Annett's starting to get big knockers”

### Are there any in-jokes?

Alex's Waluigi impression

## **Lily-Rose Faulkner-Shuett**

### Role

Rizzo

### Which character do you most relate with?

Rizzo, cause she's quite headstrong

### Which is your favourite song from the play?

Worse things I could do

### What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

The bright colours

### What was your experience learning lines?

Learn them quickly before each scene

## **Grayson Leversha**

### Role

Vince Fontaine

### Which character do you most relate with?

Vince Fontaine – very hyperactive and energetic

### What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

The cars

### Favourite Line?

“Okay, cats, throw your mittens around your kittens and away we go!”

### Are there any in-jokes?

When Vince does a voiceover that comes over one of the scenes.

## **Ciara Hughes**

### Role

Frenchie

### Which character do you most relate to?

Sonny, because he's really cringe

### Which is your favourite song from the play?

Beauty School Dropout

### What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

Fashion

### What was your experience learning lines?

Diabolical.

## **Amy Nolan**

### Role

Marty

### Which is your favourite song from the play?

Beauty School Drop Out

### What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

Certainly not the fashion

### Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

When the Juke Box doors opened in the dress rehearsal and James Bradley wasn't at the top.



## Hugh Abrahams

### Role

Eugene

Who's your favourite character and why?

Rizzo because she's the deepest character

Which is your favourite song from the play?

There are Worse Things I could do

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

The dress, better than the seventies

## Tumba Katanda

### Role

Josephine Thompson

Which character do you most relate with?

Rizzo, her dark humour

Who's your favourite character and why?

Rizzo, she didn't care what people think about her and doesn't victimise herself in situations. Instead she holds her head up high.

Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

Learning the dance for born to hand jive

Which is your favourite song from the play?

Those Magic Changes

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

The formation of the civil rights movement

Favourite Line?

"Too bad Eugene"

## Cristian Salagor

### Role

Tony LaTierri (Sonny)

Which is your favourite song from the play?

Greased Lightning

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

The music, the leather jackets, everyone being more social and connected without "social media" and not as sensible about everything.

What was your experience learning lines?

Considering it's Grease, all the lines were fun to learn, which made it so much easier and enjoyable.

## Julius Langen

### Role

Ensemble

Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

There are always great moments because everybody in the play is very nice and it's fun to work and play with all of them.

Which is your favourite song from the play?

Shakin' at the High School Hop

What was your experience learning lines?

I don't have lines, but it's quite hard to learn and remember all the dance moves.



## James Beattie

### Role

Ensemble

Who's your favourite character and why?

Alvin Sanders because it's me

Which is your favourite song from the play?

Those Magic Changes because I love the tune  
– hit those notes

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

What even happened in the 50s?

Favourite Line?

Okay, Okay – cause that's my line!

## Max Wong

### Role

Ensemble

Who's your favourite character and why?

Danny because he's confident

Which is your favourite song from the play?

Freddy, My Love

## Zarea Kamil

### Role

Rita Wendis

Which character do you most relate to?

Jan

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

Big skirts

Favourite Line?

“Hey, Eugene” - Danny

Are there any in-jokes?

The stoners at the party

## Scarlett “Stressful. The dress does not fit.” Bond

### Role

Nancy Hancock

Who's your favourite character and why?

Cha Cha – she's got that sass about her

Which is your favourite song from the play?

Sock-hop by far

## Liv Dalby

### Role

Ensemble

Who's your favourite character and why?

Kenickie – I love the vibe, I love the way he walks, the way he acts, and his whole style

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

Style and music

Favourite Line?

Tell me about it, stud.

# Band

## Heidi

### Role

Bass Player

Which is your favourite song from the play?

Freddy My Love

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

Definitely the cars

Are there any in-jokes?

Probably the imminent danger of being up in the band pit - one wrong step or lean on something you shouldn't and you're gone

# Crew

## Will Edwards

### Role

Directing Stage Manager/ Set Design

Do you have a favourite rehearsal memory?

When Alex couldn't thrust and the whole cast/ crew has to spend a prolonged 5 minutes teaching him how to do it.

Which is your favourite song from the play?

Beauty school dropout

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

The Diners! (Food)

## Alia Derriey

### Role

Stage Manager

Which character do you most relate with?

Patty cause she's a nerd

Who's your favourite character and why?

Roger - he's hilarious

What's your favourite thing about the 50s?

The leather jackets

## Patricia Blessing

### Role

SFX Engineer

Which character do you most relate with?

Sandy

Who's your favourite character and why?

Rizzo because I love her sassiness

Which is your favourite song from the play?

Sandra Dee

What was your experience learning lines?

I learned how to use a microphone, if that counts



# Out Of The Box Fashion

with innate ability to make the joke, while at the same time posing on the runway. As part of the competition, every week contestants are asked to create a new outfit for a challenge or runway based on a certain theme. The incredible looks and transformations by each queen on the stage has helped the show reach extraordinary success,

and some of the looks from the show -

Violet Chachki – In of the most unforgettable comebacks, Violet Chachki came to pass on her crown on the winner of the 8<sup>th</sup> season. Her skills in the creation of her looks have been shown throughout the season, but this look is perhaps one of the most intricate ever on the show. In a full gown, and a crown literally merged to her head, Chachki showed herself to be one of the most unforgettable winners.

Kim Chi was the break out star of 8th season, whose book inspired couture was unforgettable in its detail and execution. The first Korean-American queen to compete on Drag race describes herself as accidental drag queen, who the first time did drag for fun on Halloween and got booked for a gig the same night. She now has her own makeup line with Sugarpill Cosmetics and performs all around the world.

*Nadya Durova*

**W**hen thinking about the development of fashion and entertainment industry, drag queens have taken everything a step further. Drag culture as we know today can be traced back to female impersonation in small, disreputable nightclubs. But as LGBT culture became more accepted in American society, so has drag. Over the years it has developed from the underground ball culture of the 1980s to a cultural phenomenon, and constantly develops our understanding of gender, sexuality and of course fashion.

RuPaul Charles is one of the most well-known and successful drag queens today. His show *RuPaul's Drag Race*, where he stars as both judge and a mentor, played an important role in bringing visibility to the culture of drag. His show highlighted the challenge behind every look, with hours of make-up application and creation of brand-new outfit. And of course, created the kind of reality show that that never fails to engage the audience with never-ending drama and catty humour.

After finishing *Drag Race*, each queen gains fame and popularity, with many going to star in fashion and cosmetics campaigns. But the diversity of the talent on the shown makes it difficult to isolate the very best queens. They need to combine excellent lip-synching skills



# Humans of Bromsgrove



## Dr Rimmer

*Economics teacher*

### ***What makes you angry?***

Laziness and apathy towards other people and the planet. I think there is a human contract between all of us and I think we should do the best by each other. Although, I am sure that most people try!



## Ms Zafar

*Head of History Department*

### ***Who's your fashion inspiration?***

Cate Blanchett, Meghan Markle and Charlotte from SATC - sleek, sophisticated, restrained, timeless.



## Lina

*U6 student*

### ***What's your wildest dream?***

In my wildest dreams, I'm living in a small cottage on top of a green hill in Scotland. I don't have any immediate neighbours, but there's some nice folks living down the road. My house is surrounded by really old oak trees; I have three chickens that have "old lady names" (helga, rene and Astrid), a dog and a vegetable garden that I treat like my fifth child. Every now and then I bake fresh bread and cook recipes from scratch. I have an old fireplace that keeps the house warm in the winter because the rest of my heating doesn't work. I spend my days reading every book I can find at the small bookshop and library in the village close by. And even though I don't really have a talent for writing, I am a poet and write sad poems. And I know this all sounds a bit idealistic - I don't have a job, but still have money, I don't pay taxes, but still live in my house. And I also know that my life won't work out this way. I'm way too awake to see that this dream is only a dream. Actually that's not true, it could work, but I'm just too scared to leave the known behind.







*Edited by William H. Edwards*