

TWO ZERO ONE

Fashion and Art

Issue 5: November 2016

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Editors' Notes

Welcome to Issue 5: the first of this year, in our new location (the library), with new contributors. A few things have changed, but 201 is still the crazy brain-child of some restless students. The original three are down to one (and not one of the better ones either), and there's a gap where Anastasia's essays and Maddie's articles should be. Their legacy endures, however; the essay prompt, book reviews, poems and Jag's continuing story: *The Murder Trail* have sustained since 201's inaugural issue, and Humans of Bromsgrove is back by popular demand.

Alia Derriey

Why did we choose this issue's theme Image? Since we've discussed it, Alia and I have completely forgotten how we got here. Fashion? Arts? These are not areas we ever had an interest in. Soon, we realised it was more of a message to our readers than anything else. Explore. Don't let the novelty of things scare you or the pressure of "I don't know" stop you. If we can take interviews from fashion designers, edit articles about fashion bloggers and compile a whole issue celebrating arts, then you can definitely do.... anything.

Anamaria Cuza

Can an image say it all?

It is a truism that a picture can paint a thousand words. Images burn themselves into our consciousness and move our hearts in a way that words sometimes cannot. Who will forget or fail to be affected by the pictures of a drowned refugee child on a Mediterranean beach or a shell-shocked, grime-covered young boy in war torn Syria. In happier moments, it may be the wide-eyed Mo Farah as he crosses the finish line in London 2012 or the embrace of a partner as his or her loved one returns from conflict or disaster. Something in the composition draws us in and provokes the response.

In part, we must acknowledge that an image is not reality – in an Impressionist painting, it may be an interpretation of a reality or, in a journalistic photograph, a single noteworthy moment selected from a multiplicity of insignificant ones. However, in part too, such interpretations or selections catch, and deliberately focus on, some element of the core essence of reality. At worst, this focus abbreviates our understanding of it but more often than not it enhances and enriches reality by decluttering us from the peripheral and revealing a deeper, truer meaning. Images draw us in in a way that is at once an intimate and collective shared experience. When we see that child, we are each being made privy to a unique and defining moment in the reality of another person's life. At the same time, we can be sure that a significant number – not necessarily all - of our fellow human beings who look upon the same image will have similar reactions to it. It simultaneously reinforces both our individual and collective humanity. Nor is it just images of humans (shocking or otherwise) that deliver this response. Images of great landscapes – dramatic, peaceful, beautiful or scarred – can confirm our place in and responsibility to the infinite, and flashy photographs of fast cars or planes excite our need for speed.

There is no doubt too that images can communicate important truths that words can hide or are incapable of expressing – from the dead and emaciated in Auschwitz and the presence of missiles in Cuba to receding polar icecaps. Those truths are not just undeniable facts but are also universal truths about the world and humanity. In 1972, Kim Phuc was photographed by Nick Ut running down a road in Trang Bang, in tears and burning after surviving a South Vietnamese napalm attack. In that one shot, Nick encapsulated the indiscriminate nature of warfare, its impact on the innocent and the uncomprehending suffering of children – sixteen words with nothing like the power of the image. Recent (and not unreasonable) attempts by Facebook to censor the image due to Kim's nakedness have been met with outrage. The enduring tragedy of which the uncensored image reminds us is too important a message to hide away from the responsible majority who might view it.

However, it is a big claim that an image can say it all. We have already acknowledged that the images we see are usually those chosen by the artist or photographer. The artist will have interpreted his view of the reality before him and the photographer selected the shot that expresses the message he wants. Perspective is not just an art of representation in two dimensions but also a point of view. We must be careful, despite the gripping and moving nature of the images before us, to understand the perspective of the artist, photographer or publisher, for the truth of what we see is filtered through this lens. We are accustomed in the West to assume the fundamental truths behind the images with which we are presented by a free and largely uncensored artistic community and press. Equally, we must acknowledge that at times such art and rapportage has had its own less objectively reliable perspectives, whether jingoistic, revolutionary, liberal, fascist, political or social. The unreliability of images is compounded in those parts of the world where censorship is commonplace – the unity of the Supreme People's Assembly of North Korea portrayed by the images we see of it is unlikely to reflect reality.

Nonetheless, even such an image of the DPRK Assembly reflects a version of reality – political unanimity or enforced submission - that we can interpret from each of our perspectives, North Korean or otherwise., for we cannot be sure that an image will say the same to each of us. A photograph of a white policeman raising a sjambok to a coloured protester would in the past have symbolised white oppression to some and control of civil disobedience to another. The same picture might have been used in a police training manual or in a civil rights activist's pamphlet. The issue of perspective then is not just one of the viewpoint of the artist or photographer but also that of the viewer. In the context of objective truth, it is difficult to believe that an image that is shaped both by the eye and the lens of the image maker then passed through the different lens and perspective of the viewer is likely to survive complete and undistorted.

Shakespeare believed that art held up a mirror to nature. To some extent, this claim is true. Great paintings and photographs reflect aspects of real or imagined life and communicate many important messages about existence and humanity. Even more, they can touch some deeper elements and feelings within us so that like a mirror we can see aspects of ourselves we cannot otherwise see. However, we must be careful not to endow such images with any sense of a complete and universal reality. Rather we must remember that the image may be distorted by the perspective from which it was created or is now viewed. Perhaps, St Paul has it better than Shakespeare when in writing to the Corinthians he describes us as seeing reality as “through a glass darkly”.

Aled Luckman

When this question was proposed for the school magazine, I was unsure of how to answer it. It is a complex question that could be considered from many different perspectives. The question could relate to judging a book by its cover - something that is commonly a bad thing to do. It could also mean body image, considering front covers of magazines portraying “perfect” bodies (which have been blatantly photoshopped). Likewise, the word “image” could be defined in many different ways - as a representation of something externally in art, a general impression something leaves on people, or a simile/metaphor. Out of these considerable options, I have chosen to explore the “image” of something in relation to the impression it gives off, using examples from my favourite music. As I consider music a form of art, it therefore includes valid examples of “images”.

As a fan of music, and having become a fan of David Bowie in the aftermath of his death earlier this year, I have found his music can be considered an art form. Furthermore, his music often expresses an “image” while also containing hidden connotations with deeper meanings. For example, his song “Valentine’s Day” may suggest an innocent relationship, especially given the title. However, listening to the song more closely, makes you discover that the lyrics are actually based on the psychology of a shooter. They include phrases such as “Valentine told me who’s to go”, suggesting the protagonist of the song, “Valentine”, is planning to kill his next victim. He also uses lyrics such as “Teddy and Judy down”, clearly stating the names of the unfortunate victims of this shooting. In addition, “Valentine” is also described as having an “icy heart”, suggesting that his intentions are not those of a moral human being. Overall, this song proves to be extremely clever, as the title of the song is innocent; it is not until delving into the lyrics that one can realise the deeper and darker meaning of the artwork. Bowie also proves to us that something’s image cannot express all of its meaning.

John Lennon also created a song with a title (or “image”) that does not directly coincide with its lyrics. His song, simply entitled “God”, implies religious references - “God” is almost always associated with religion. The song’s depth, however, reveals Lennon’s beliefs as a whole, rather than focusing on “God” or religion. In fact, the first lyrics of the song reveal that John Lennon believes “God is a concept by which we measure our pain”, quickly evaluating and discarding the idea of God. He then lists off many beliefs and ideas of people around the world, stating each time his disbelief in them - concepts such as “Buddha”, “Mantra”, “Kings” and even “Hitler”. He ends the song by stating that he “just believe[s] in [himself] ... and that’s reality”. This hardly makes the song religious; on the contrary, it stresses that Lennon does not believe in many, if any, common beliefs, as he thinks that they take people away from reality.

Furthermore, the phrase ‘don’t judge a book by its cover’ is relevant in music, because a song may have a tune that indicates a happier tone than the meaning of its lyrics. This is true of my favourite song of all, “Bohemian Rhapsody” by Queen. Whilst the opening ‘ballad’ section of the song denotes a calming tone to its audience, the lyrics include “Mama, just killed a man”, which contrastly indicate a darker and unsettling mood - a murder scenario is envisaged. Although this ‘ballad’ section does build up to a dramatic ‘opera’ section, which directly communicates a hellish atmosphere, Freddie Mercury does an excellent job of conveying an entirely different image to the listeners in the song’s opening bars.

Overall, I believe that the meaning of a song cannot be determined by simply its title, nor the tune, as these can suggest an opposing meaning to that of the song’s lyrics. Therefore, I also think that, in music at least, the image of something cannot say it all; the piece needs to be analysed in greater depth to discover its true meanings.

Ben Payne

End of Year Fashion Show

In June, the ADT Department staged their End of Year Show; years nine to thirteen exhibited their work, including textiles, art and design coursework.



Oversized, structured jackets with ruffled lapels; intricate fabric weaving in earthy tones; lace-up, corset-like bodices over full, swinging skirts. A diverse fusion of style and technique, with evident talent and hard work on display. The unifying factor? A buzz – in the lively music, end-of-term spirits and the exuberance of the models themselves, who displayed flair and character. Although some were veterans to the school catwalk, many were new to the job, barely concealing pre-show nerves about the prospect – one even insisted that they'd been signed up by friends against their will. But these nerves, that energy, created the atmosphere of the event; it was difficult not to feel excited about a show with such palpable enthusiasm.

Interviewed before the show, many models referred to confidence – boosting it, embracing it and at times, testing it – as their prime motivation for volunteering. As vibrant canvases, they proudly exhibited talented artists' work. The impression of the experience: don't fear getting up on stage, displaying a schoolmate's art and adopting a persona. In Nandini Bulchandani's words, "it was an opportunity that offers a surge of confidence," although she also admitted that "it can be quite nerve wracking".

Hannah Sparkes, a designer in the show, spoke of storytelling as her inspiration; she described the intricate, detailed narrative of her dress and its significance to the garment's aesthetic. Another designer, Taome Jennings, evoked memories and heritage for one of her pieces; for the other, a body sculpture, art therapy was central. She utilised wires – plunging them in water, printing with them and then sewing them into her fabrics – to confront her fear of mixing water and electricity. She "forced a situation with which she felt uncomfortable" to create art and learn about herself.

When asked about fashion and its place in their education and lives, many identified pop culture as vital for expressing themselves, attracting people with similar interests and developing a sense of belonging. Although some mentioned career interests in these fields, most considered art as a creative, often therapeutic outlet, fondly recalling art lessons for their uniquely expressive and hands-on approach to learning.

For many students (myself included), art has slowly faded from their school lives as they find themselves increasingly occupied by academia. There are entire sections of school that I am uninvolved in, and it was refreshing to recall and appreciate them.

Superficially, creating artwork seems easy. It's not. It takes a lot of effort and hard work, and is only productive if you have the talent, particularly when you're immersed in school exams. You needn't take art as a subject to continue experiencing and creating it. Whether it's designing a final piece, doing make-up or modelling at the show, take opportunities to be creative and have fun.

By Alia Derriey

GEORGE 1984 ORWELL

By Diana Saakyan

I have a question for you. The question is a philosophical, anthropological and to some extent psychological one: can human nature be altered so that a person will forget his/her longing for liberty, dignity, and love? In other words, can an individual forget to be a human?

1984 by English author George Orwell is a dystopian novel expressing a new mood of hopelessness. From the first sentence, the audience is consumed with an imaginary world that is undeniably convincing, while the last four words are bound to resonate with the reader. George Orwell's *1984* is unquestionably the most thought provoking book you can ever read.

To answer the previous question let me provide you with some details of the plot. The novel is set in the superstate Oceania (former Great Britain) in a world of constant war, between three all-controlling superpowers, and public manipulation, dictated by the political system Ingsoc is employed to root out any possibilities of "thoughtcrime." In this universe the main character, Winston Smith, a member of the middle-class outer party, tries to withstand the regime and find the truths about the outside world - but he is not alone in his thoughts. Julia, a member of the fanatical Junior Anti-Sex League, is another rebel amongst the mindless crowd of Big Brother supporters. Neither of them trusts each other on the matter of political preferences. Both of them are unorthodox. Both of them are following the crowd...

Is there a reason why negative utopias, such as *1984*, express the mood of powerlessness and hopelessness of the modern man, whereas the early utopias represented the spirit of self-confidence and hope of the post-medieval society? It seems counterintuitive. The modern world we inhabit today *can* support everyone on the planet. Wars are becoming useless tools in the face of the technological progress, enabling the world to become increasingly unified. Why do we begin to lose hope now? Isn't it a historical paradox after all?

George Orwell's *1984* is a powerful warning of despair about the future of humanity, unless we change the flow of history. By doing so, we are ultimately preserving our human qualities and resisting becoming soulless machines.

1984 is the greatest classic of negative utopia. The complexity of the issue presented by Orwell can be difficult to grasp and requires some deep thought. If you are an individualist, who has an interest in the current state of issues and in the political power over population, this book is just for you. The powerful message of the novel has cut through the barriers of entire generations and seems to extend even further with the passage of time.

Bromsgrovian's PoV

Since I was very young, I have always been more interested in boys' clothes rather than girls'. I tried to find a companion who shared my thoughts, but I encountered a very strange phenomenon: many girls have the same thought as I do, but I have never heard any boys saying that they want to wear girls' clothing. At first, I took it as a very normal thing: of course, why would guys want to wear dresses? As I grew older, though, I began to realize that there is something more than "common sense" in it. What it reveals is nothing more, but the different expectations for men and women in everyone's mind, which lead to treating different genders differently.

One of the school's rules is that one can get a badge or a tie by achieving five commendations: badges for girls and ties for boys. However, giving different rewards only based on gender seems unreasonable to me.

Actually, women have started wearing ties since the 17th century. When ties first started the fashion craze in Europe, both men and women wore neckties. In modern days, although women do not wear ties as often as men do, the tie is still part of women's uniforms in many schools and organizations. Wearing a tie is not only a sign of respect, but it also has an uplifting effect on the wearer. The way people dress has a significant effect on how they see themselves. It can enhance one's confidence and give him/her a sense of formality; it does not matter whether a man or a girl wears it.

However, awarding people differently based on their gender is bad for encouragement. A distinctive tie is a much more obvious than a

badge. It may imply that women's success is not as valuable as that of men's and enhance the notion in some people's minds that women cannot be as successful in academics and careers as men are (which is completely wrong). There is a large pay gap between men and women in society. This has been happening for a really long time and change will only happen gradually, but we shouldn't be encouraging unequal rewards for boys and girls in schools.

There is another possible reason for the not so eye-catching badges. It is a very common perception in schools and organizations that women's clothes should be as conventional as possible. Girls should keep "silent" with their clothing; women's clothes should be as inconspicuous as possible. I am not saying that this is the case here, but a girl's badge is undoubtedly less noticeable than a boy's tie, rewarded as House colours.

House colours are a reward for students doing well in their academic and cultural study: students ought to have the freedom to choose their rewards. The reward should be something that the students really want in the first place, otherwise it will lose its function as a motivator. I know a number of girls are not satisfied with the badges.

After all, allowing girls to wear ties is rather a renaissance than a rebellion towards tradition. What I am suggesting to the school, is to offer the option, for students who are able to exchange their commendation into rewards, to choose between rewards: will it be a tie or a badge?

By Sophia Wang

Van Gogh: Behind His Portraits

Finding my way through the room I stopped, struck by the hypnotizing eyes staring at me. Painted on the entire wall, covered in an absorbing turquoise, with dark orange brushstrokes, were his green eyes, filled with an ostensible anguish.



Here I was, in Amsterdam's Van Gogh museum, in the very first room with his self-portraits. Each one of them had the texture of the ever blue background changing, the colour of his eyes differing, the shadows molding his facial structure in new ways, but two things stayed the same: the ginger of his hair and his eyes gazing at things you'll never see yourself. These changes of composition, these boldly contrasting colours are what made his art so famous: we are attracted to the unusual, to the peculiar, to the antithesis - things are which made Van Gogh famous as an artist. We find his art disturbing, but so was he: the epitome of the artist who never found his place, who sacrificed everything for his vision. We look at "Starry Nights" and see his madness, we look at "Chair" and see an utterly lonely person, we look at his otherworldly colours and see his disquieting mind. Should we though? Haven't we been trapped in our human style of overdramatizing?

Slowly, walking through each room, pondering on every painting, reading each biographical note, those distressing eyes from the entrance faded away. I started discovering the young Van Gogh, trying to find his

place in the world. Only at 27, with no other occupation, he started painting: no technique, no experience, only the support of his brother and his devotion for arts. He once wrote "Love many things, for therein lies true strength. And whoever loves much, performs much and can

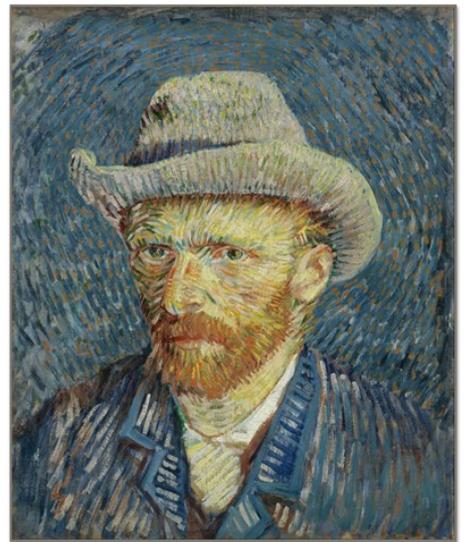
accomplish much, and what is done in love is done well." He slowly started embracing the tacit meaning of colours: acidic blue, bright emerald green, peasant yellows weren't mere representations of the outer world, but rather of his feelings. His unique, rough and unsophisticated brushstrokes appeared from his struggle with his weaknesses, lacking the technique of impressionists or

pointillists. All of his reproductions of Japanese prints, his sometimes repeating series of sunflowers and flowering orchards, and every single one of his self-portraits, are evidence of his determination to go beyond his natural abilities. It is easy for us to categorise someone as talented, but Van Gogh was more than that. He never thought himself a great talent, which gave him the push to work harder every day, the courage to make his own art, even as a beginner, trying to grasp basic techniques.

"If you hear a voice within you say 'you cannot paint', then by all means paint, and that voice will be silenced."

In his last year of life, spent in an asylum, he created 142 paintings, including "Starry Nights", famously known for somehow being "mad" as a result of his illness. This is exactly what we get wrong: his paintings weren't a manifesto of his disturbed mind, but rather the results of his periods of clarity of mind, when each day he would sit down and paint. His art was his way of fighting his illness, of staying connected to reality, of growing his passion despite his sufferings.

"I don't care much whether I live a long or short life. The world concerns me only insofar as I feel a certain indebtedness towards it... Because I have walked this earth for thirty years, and out of gratitude, want to leave some souvenir."



I was completely absorbed by his story, by his changing styles, by his ability to match a pallet of cheap colours to the vast pallet of our daily emotions. As I made my way back to the first room, I saw the wall with Van Gogh's eyes. Was there pain in them? Probably. But there was so much more. They belonged to a man who understood the suffering of others, who put love and art above his own misery, who never stopped the fight with his illness and found in painting a weapon to all the sorrow of the world.

By Ana Cuza

The Murder Trail – Part 3 - A Mad Man in a Mad Place

By Jagveer Uppal

*Artwork By
Anya Butler and June Iec*

Holdon Asylum is a place you'd never pay much attention to. Nothing more than a fleeting thought that slips its way into conversations - acknowledged, but never fully registered by anyone.

'Remember that guy in the papers? Yeah, well guess what; he just landed himself in Holdon.'

'You remember her? She finished studying, last year, and got herself a job in some place... Holdon, I think it was.'

How John envied those people; hearing about the asylum sounded like a riveting activity when compared to seeing it. The name was abuse shrouded in conversation to anyone that really knew it. A deep, malignant feel poisoned those who saw the hellish place. Visitors were often greeted by howls of insanity resonating through barred windows, the sounds reverberating in their ears long after. The noises of men festering in mental turmoil was bordered and concealed from the bliss of the outside world by a fifteen-foot gate. Here, at the edge of his (relatively) sane world John stood, waiting.

It's an odd sensation: peering into a reality you not only don't understand, but one you feel you must never try to. A series of enigmatic views rippling beneath the surface of reason; views that could swallow a man up and spit him back out under an illusion of enlightenment. Like standing on a lake thinly frozen over so you can still see the hypnotic stir of water beneath. To all strikes the somewhat attractive idea, to jump in and splash about, but there is still the ever pestering fact: once in, you'll freeze. A cold would penetrate every fiber of you; every solid fragment around that you'd try to grasp to haul yourself out, you'd slip off of. And bit, by bit, by bit... you'd sink.

Imagining the possibilities of where you'd end up was therapy in itself.

However, the shaking fear was quickly joined by a slight swell of pity, in John's head. The souls in this place, in those arcane buildings of bricks and bared windows, were those whose pre-programmed therapy had failed. Those who'd fallen in, and were currently being fished out by a man or woman with a medical degree. The art of pulling a man back onto the ice of sanity seemed to be agonizingly loud.

Eventually, among the medley of manic noises, John heard footsteps. A second later a tall, dark gentleman dressed in a white coat approached. John noticed that strapped to his side was a disconcertingly large taser, which swung as he walked.

"Can I help you?" he inquired

"Yes, I think. I was given the address and my boss told me to just hand the guy there this. But, I'm pretty sure I'm in the wrong place." John slipped an envelope through the bars and the man, removing a pocket knife, set a slip in its top. He then removed a piece of paper that resembled a prescription and a thick wedge of bills, fastened together with a rubber band. "Wow," John muttered under his breath.

"You're at the right place," said the man in a voice like black silk, "Please, come in and I'll fetch your order."

"Ok... sure."

John was lead through a labyrinth of corridors, each monotonously grim as the last. After a walk, he and the man with the taser came to a slightly wider corridor. Around twelve doors stood on both sides, each steel and stark with a single latch in its centre. Along the walls were numbers spray painted in black from six hundred onwards. Eventually they came to the final door. As he reached for the knob, John was stopped by an uncomfortably firm hand on his shoulder.

"Wait here." Though the man was stood behind him, John had an arresting feeling that the other hand was reaching for the taser. He forced himself into a chair just next to the end door while the man entered. John was left waiting, again. From time to time he'd see other tall men in long, white coats leading people (who



he had deduced were inmates) into the doors on the sides of the corridor. Most inmates would murmur to themselves in a quiet agitation of words and each was dressed in baggy black and white jump suits.

Over time, John realised that somehow, without him noticing, silence had covered the strip. He hadn't thought that silence could make him feel more uneasy than the cries and passionate groans of psychopaths. But this silence was alien, it was wrong. Silence was unheard of in any place like Holdon. Silence shouldn't be at the heart of insanity. Silence shouldn't be eating away at him. Silence shouldn't...

His train of thought was cut off by a startling:

"Hi." A latch on the door in front of him was open and a gangly man was peeping through at him. His voice sounded amused and somewhat inquisitive.

"Hello" John replied in an overly polite tone, quickly turning his head to avoid making eye contact. The inmate wore a pair of glasses with prodigiously thick lenses, his brown eyes bulging like they wanted to spring through the hole in the door. He seemed young; John guessed silently that he was in his late twenties. His hair was neat and his skin was an ailing pale, but that didn't seem to hinder his energetic voice.

"You don't look happy." His words came in rapid streams of sentences and ended in abrupt sets of pauses. John realised that he'd prefer the silence and just nodded. "Why is that?" He was speaking again, but John convinced himself he hadn't heard. No reply felt appropriate. "Are you ignoring me?" The question needed no answer. "Either way I'm gonna keep talking. Yeah, I think I figured out why you're feeling uncomfortable." The inmate put his hands together and pressed his forefinger against his lips, "I think it's because you're a liar. You keep lying." He started grinning, "You don't like lying." John turned his head. "Lie to your wife, your boss..."

"How..."

"I'm clever. Very clever. Oh, and I should probably warn you, you're going to fail."

"You're..."

"I'm insane? Yeah. Gosh, you're slow. Anyway, you're gonna fail Moody." The silence came back for a second, "You wanna know how? Course you do, but..." He pointed to the door and, as if the inmate were clairvoyant, the man with the taser walked through with a brown envelope. He tried to hand it to the stupefied John, who was still processing what had been injected into his head. After an awkward few moments the envelope was delivered. "Worden." The inmate nodded in acknowledgement of the taser's presence.

"Mr Rypitic." The man with the taser replied in an unamused voice. "Right, now that everything is in order," he began to unlock Rypitic's cell.

"What are you doing?"

"This is what you ordered. What Moody ordered," said the warden

"What? Him?" Alarm rang in John's voice and bounded down the corridors, later merging with the crescendo of emancipated noise gravitating out of the madness.

Humans of Bromsgrove

By Oleksii Moskalevskyi



Jonathan Burke

What do you consider to be the most important thing in life?

“Family. You only get one family, and whatever you do they will listen to you and love you. So any chance you have to spend time with your family, use it. You will not have another chance.”



Mr T Clinton

What is the most important advice on being a houseparent?

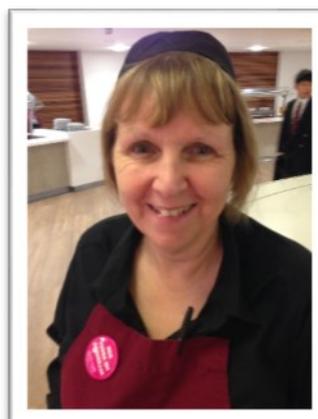
“The way to control the house is to make the students respect you. If members of the house respect what you are trying to achieve, they will follow you. To get respect you have to help and listen to the members of the house. Fear will not get you far. The respect built with fear will gradually fade away.”



Mr Edwards

What subject do you think is the most important to study?

“RS. In RS you learn that we are all very similar, as hippie as that sounds. Ignorance leads to racism and disrespect. RS teaches people to respect one another, no matter their culture, race or religion.”



Debby Westwood

How would you recommend relaxing after a day of work?

“The best way to relax after a hard day at work, is sitting down comfortably in a chair with a cup of coffee, and watching some television.”

George Goodall



Which is your favourite movie? Why?

“My favourite movie is “Captain Phillips”, directed by Paul Greengrass. It has a very good plot, based on real story. It talks about a US ship being attacked by the Somalian pirates. Every scene makes you worry about the characters. I think every person should watch it at least once, as it leaves you with a great experience afterwards.”

Charlie Chaplin - “My Autobiography”

Life: a multitude of experiences we live with an intensity that seemingly continues forever into the future... Until, one day we realise that we forgot the name of the person sitting next to us in primary school, or the sound of our best friend's laughter, or the way we felt when we graduated - it's human: we live the instant and then, we forget it.

Still, in “My Autobiography”, Charlie Chaplin, going back to the times when he was three and “all things were possible”, until the very last years before writing the book, seems to describe all of his recollections with the vividness of the just-lived moment. The agitated years of his childhood, his first tours, aged



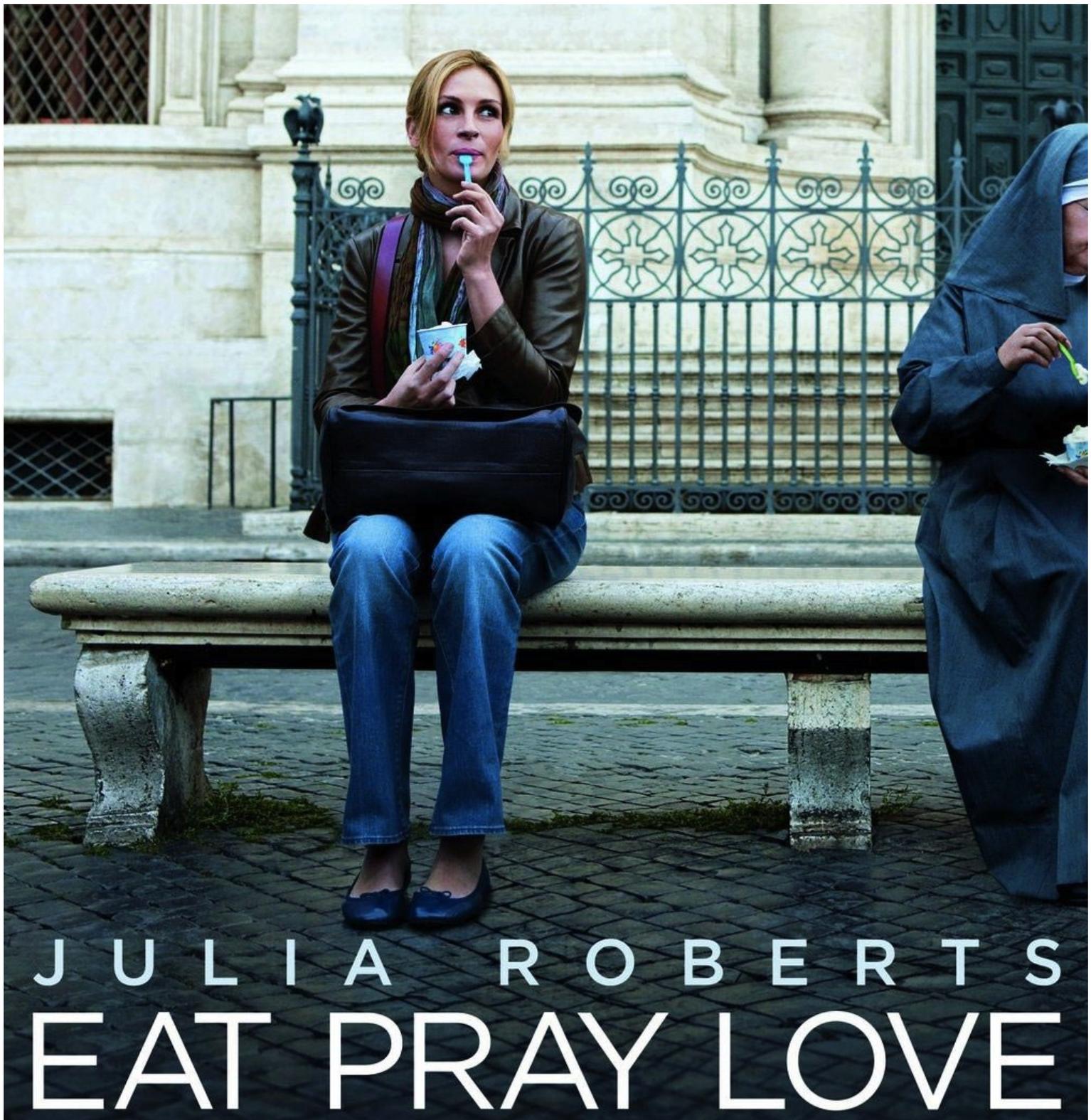
8, as a vaudeville performer, his sudden departure to US, his “desperate ways” in trying to produce his first comedies, the accidental creation of the Tramp - none of these experiences seem to be recounted by a 70 year old, but rather by the child running through the slums of London, the nearly twenty year old bewildered by New York, the young adult caught in the exhilaration of movie

production. There is constant name-dropping: Elinor Glyn, Marion Davis, Eddie Knoblock, followed by short, precise portraits - it's as if different version of Chaplin would walk with you around the diverse party of life, showing you the rooms of his memories, with short stops in introducing you to some of the guests.

The book, though, has been harshly criticized by some in lacking any references to a couple of his key works, like *The Circus*, and in his selective way of mentioning friends and relationships - his second wife is not even named once, while Stan Laurel, who accompanied him throughout his tours, seems to have been lost in the narration of other minor events.

So, here is the peculiar: even in Chaplin's strikingly accurate and lively descriptions, memories will get mixed up, names will be forgotten, and events will be misplaced. Compared to an image's exactness, writing will always embrace the forgetful, imperfect and subjective nature of humans. “My Autobiography” is not a precise description of his life, or a faultless depiction of his movie-making techniques, neither the correct way of viewing his life - it is simply the result of that multitude of his experiences. You won't get the perfectly preserved image: the background might be blurry and the colours have been altered, but that's exactly what makes it unique. A mix of faces, streets, sounds, independent events and dots, “My Autobiography” is Charlie Chaplin's image in the dirty lenses of life.

By Ana Cuza



How often do we wish we could escape the daily grind? In the movie, “Eat, Pray, Love” (2010) Elizabeth Gilbert takes the chance to do so by spending four months in Italy, three months in India and ending her year in Bali. Through her travels she achieves balance, the reason why she left New York City in the first place, by experiencing the joie de vivre of Italy, the spirituality of India and the freedom of Bali.

At first glance, Elizabeth Gilbert’s (Julia Roberts) life seems not just comfortable, but blissful. At 32 years, she has a career as a successful writer in New York City, a husband, a beautiful home and good friends. Elizabeth herself lives in this belief until she takes a closer look, coming to the realization that she actually feels devastated and alone. Intending to find herself Elizabeth goes on a great journey, experiencing three completely different cultures: in Italy she learns the appreciation of food (Eat), in India Elizabeth finds herself through the process of meditation (Pray) and in Bali she falls in love (Love).

The travelogue evokes the feeling of wanderlust from the viewer, through the richness of colours, the sense of freedom and the atmosphere of love. This movie stands out from other travelogues, because the viewer gets the feeling of being themselves, in each of the three countries, thanks to Robert Richardson. The Oscar-winning cinematographer presents the exotic locations and the mouth-watering food better than anyone else could do it. The movie gets the viewer to rethink their daily life routines and their own inspirations; it does so not only by presenting the images of the places Elizabeth visits or the themes that are being mentioned, but also through the relationships the main character builds and loses. Every new person that she meets passes on some of their wisdom and experience, while the broken relationships make her stronger, by teaching her self-love.



There aren't many movies that have been as touching and eye-opening as this one was for me. I identify with the lead role, as I always feel wanderlust within myself. "Eat. Pray. Love." is a movie that I would highly recommend to anyone who feels in need of a holiday and is ready to drift off to exotic places for two hours and twenty minutes.



A Review by Cosima Leithner

EAT. PRAY. LOVE.

Unknown Talents: An Interview with Sonia Tam

Each day we encounter introverted people. As quiet as a mouse, there seems to be nothing special about them. The truth, though, is that this is just a shell, which many times, hides a rich imagination and unusual talents. One of these people is Sonia Tam- a very talented Bromsgrovian and a future architect from Hong Kong. This summer, she won The Inspire 16 Youth Arts Competition, having her work displayed at the Birmingham Museum & Art Gallery. Sonia's work was a mixed media textural piece, inspired by an old fishing village near Hong Kong, called 'Tai O'.

But what exactly hides under Sonia's shell?

Tatiana: Lets start with a couple of background questions: Where did you find out about the competition and why did you decide to take part in it?

Sonia: Right before half term, our teacher told us about it. The reason? Mostly because of the prize: an iPad Air.

T: That's a pretty good motivation to win, isn't it? How did you find the competition: was it hard to win?

S: I don't know exactly, because the application was online – all you had to do was submit one or two pieces of work.

T: What can you say about the pieces submitted by the other participants?

S: The artists' works were quite different: there were photos, sculptures and even doodles!

T: What was the theme of the competition?

S: The theme was actually Inspiration – that meant that you could basically submit anything!

T: What are your thoughts on the competition?

S: I didn't really approach it as competition, because I don't think that art is something that you can actually compete with – after all it is incredibly subjective.

T: But still, how did you feel as a winner?

S: I was really shocked when I got the email! I never thought that I would win!

T: Did your victory have an effect on you?

S: I think, in a way, it makes me feel complete.

T: How would you describe your artwork? Why did you choose the fishing village from Hong-Kong as your inspiration?

S: I was exploring media and texture, as well as portraiture and landscape – I just tried to combine all of them in one piece. The fishing village is considered an icon in the city – it sort of symbolises the old and common people. Maybe not the ordinary, but rather the traditional community.

T: Do you consider symbols important in your art?

S: Definitely. They give me a sense of nostalgia.

T: So, your home city is Hong Kong. What is your favourite thing about it?

S: The diversity of architecture: there are so many buildings, with different styles. On holidays, I will just go out and take pictures – I get my inspiration from these views. Also, villages tend to be my favourite places – there are a couple of flower markets, placed in old buildings, filled with all sorts of graffiti. The truth is, the things that I like and things that inspire me can be completely different. For example, social issues: I don't have a huge interest in them but they do inspire me. Political problems, conflicts between countries, they all inspire my art...

T: When did you start improving your skills connected to art?

S: Since GSCE. I went to a couple of architecture courses at Hong Kong University. They really helped me understand what design is during the courses. I studied about the fundamentals of architecture. I used to create things only because they were pretty, but I soon found out from my teacher, that you can't make something just because it is pretty – there needs to be structure and meaning behind it.

T: When exactly did you discover your skills?

S: Actually, I am not someone who can draw really well. While I have some natural talent, I also need to work really hard. If you are not talented, you have to practise a lot, do a lot of research, and generally stay interested in arts. And then do some more practising.

T: Sonia, what is your advice for someone afraid to try something new, like arts?

S: Just go and do it! Just do it!

By Tatiana Morikova



Throwback from the Archives

By Alia Derriey

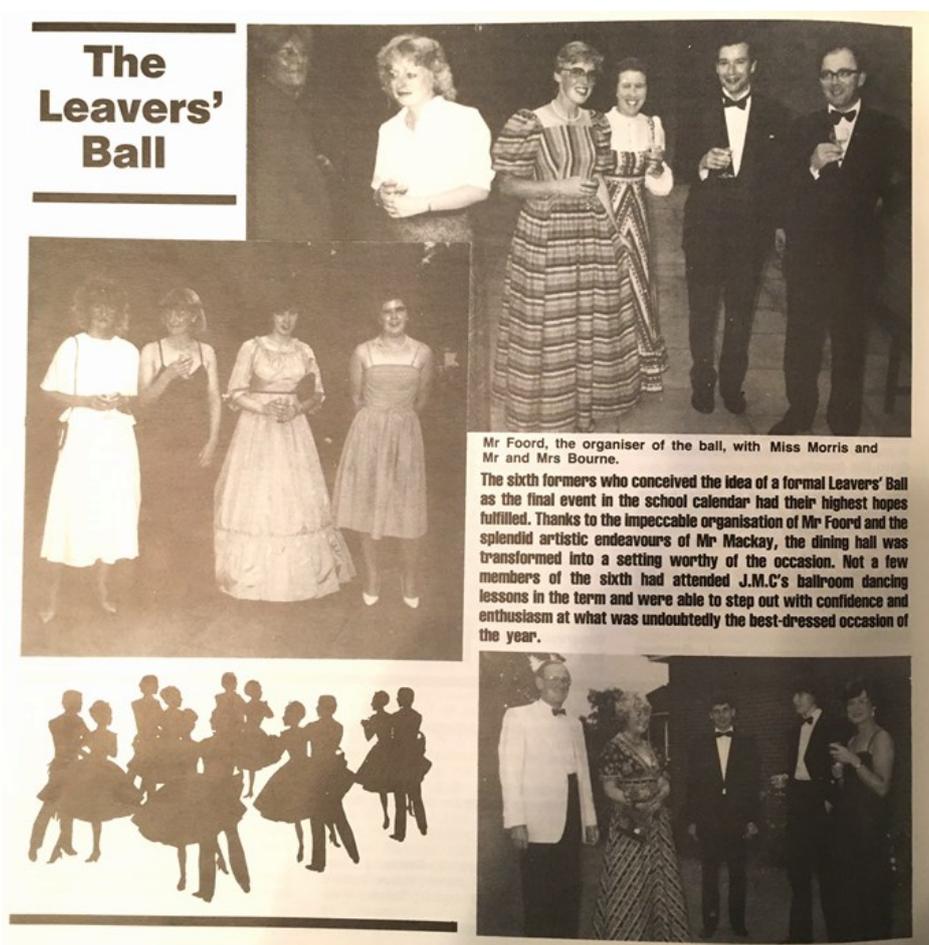
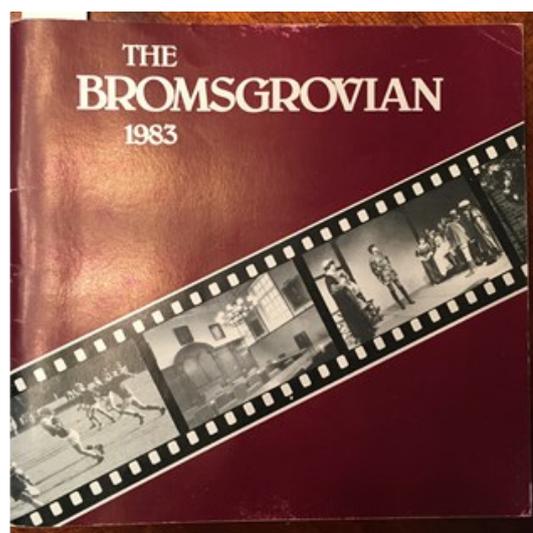
This year, a new, somewhat obscure Bromsgrove Service option was offered: Young Archivists' Club. I thought it sounded interesting, different to the other choices. Despite not knowing what it would be like or who would choose it, I took the leap, eager to find out more. I love history, and have a special fondness for museums; I knew I'd be interested.

Before our first meeting, I worried that I'd made a mistake choosing the activity. None of my friends were doing it and I didn't know what it would be like – what had seemed like a good idea at the time now seemed stupid.

Nonetheless, I arrived at the first session intrigued to learn more. We were given a tour by the school's part-time archivist, Nikki Thorpe, who would be leading the activity. I soon found things that I wanted to take a look at – particularly past student-led magazines not too dissimilar from 201.

Last week we were studying old Bromsgrovian magazines for mentions of a couple of OBs who had requested pictures. Rooting through the dated bound copies and newsletters, my fellow archivist Bethany Khan came across a photo from the 1983 Leavers' Ball, including someone she thought she'd recognised. Can you guess which one?

Aside from the familiar face, the photo offers a snapshot of fashion at the time – long, flowing and poufy dresses – often patterned with striking stripes – and oversized hairstyles.



The Leavers' Ball

Mr Foord, the organiser of the ball, with Miss Morris and Mr and Mrs Bourne.

The sixth formers who conceived the idea of a formal Leavers' Ball as the final event in the school calendar had their highest hopes fulfilled. Thanks to the impeccable organisation of Mr Foord and the splendid artistic endeavours of Mr Mackay, the dining hall was transformed into a setting worthy of the occasion. Not a few members of the sixth had attended J.M.C.'s ballroom dancing lessons in the term and were able to step out with confidence and enthusiasm at what was undoubtedly the best-dressed occasion of the year.

Navigating Fashion: An Interview with Daniella Vitale



In July, I sat down with Daniella Vitale to talk fashion. She's had a formidable career, having held positions at Salvatore Ferragamo, Giorgio Armani and Gucci; currently, as COO (Chief Operating Officer) and President of Barney's (a prestigious retailer in New York with branches across the US), she oversees all operations, including digital, merchandising and stores.

Daniella went to LIM, a small private college in New York City. This allowed (in fact required) her to work whilst studying, taking evening or early morning classes. The fashion veteran advocates **working as much as possible** while in university; any type of experience you can get is absolutely critical. Many don't realise that **practical experience** is just as important as formal qualifications, and will prove beneficial when applying for jobs. Even in her second year at college, aged nineteen, Daniella worked as an Assistant Buyer in a small company. Working for two very different bosses taught her that **managing people and being able to work with people is very important and can be learnt**.

After working there for a year, she got her big break at Ferragamo as a Merchandising Assistant. Daniella was eventually promoted to Merchandise Manager, and stayed there for five years until she got an offer from Giorgio Armani. Even though she was happy and loved what she was doing, she took it, seeing it as an **incredible opportunity to learn**.

Daniella worked at Armani for five years before Gucci offered her Vice President of Wholesale. She **never looked for a job or jumped around excessively**, knowing that, when she was ready, an **even better opportunity would come along**. She insists that if you have a **good education, a strong work ethic and your relationships are strong**, that helps you, and will definitely help people find you.

Five or six years later, when Mark Lee (who she is now working with at Barney's) became the global CEO of Gucci, she told him that she really **wanted to run a company**. It was the only time that she had asked for something outright – she was starting to get offers from other companies, but wanted to stay at Gucci. As it turned out, her boss retired and Daniella replaced her.

President of all of Gucci, she experienced the **truly international nature of the company**. When the fashion house was bought by French company PPR (now named Kering), Daniella was exposed to other brands as part of a bigger group, including Saint Laurent, Bottega Veneta and Stella McCartney.

Then her contract was up, and Mark (the CEO) left; a new CEO was appointed, who Daniella 'couldn't stand'. She **didn't want to go back to answering to 45 different people** – Mark had given her a lot of autonomy – so knew it wasn't going to work. For the first time in her professional career, she took time off, staying home for six months. She enjoyed the opportunity to get more involved at home and her children's school, but after a few months, she knew she wanted to get back to work.



Barneys CEO Mark Lee and COO Daniella Vitale

Mark Lee had gone to Barney's as CEO, and he asked her to join him. After some deliberation, she accepted, going in as Chief Merchandising Officer and Business Development, with the understanding that within a year's time she would become COO. She's now been there for six years.

Although her job involves operations rather than more 'creative' aspects of the business, **everything they do is creative, in addition to the business function**. She warns not to get hung up on what's 'creative' and what's not - any **creation of ideas, any new ways of doing things, any new ways of thinking are creative** also. There are people that are just creative, but most are in between; "it's the **combination of left- and right-brain that a successful business person needs**". **You absolutely do not have to choose between 'creative' and 'business'; you can't**. The jobs that are exclusively creative - Creative Director jobs - are uncommon; there's usually one in an entire company. Increasingly, designers - people who see themselves as creative - **need to be fiscally responsible too**.

Asked if there are subjects to study which are helpful (for a career in fashion), Daniella recommends **business** and **economics**. Additionally, it is crucial to be familiar with everything **digital**; immerse yourself in **technology**. However, she assures that taking courses you love won't hurt you - **not everybody that goes into fashion has a business degree**.

When I inquired of her tips for networking, she was adamant that, painful as it is, **getting to know as many people as you can** is essential. If there is a field that you're interested in, **go and talk to people; try to make as many connections as you possibly can - it's never too young to start**. Ask if you can have 15 minutes with someone to **talk to them about their job, their career** - most people love talking about themselves, so use that as an advantage. **That person might then remember you**.

Daniella's ambition, determination and experience inspired me; I came away from our meeting motivated to work really, really hard - she certainly does.

By Alia Derriey

Recommended Universities for Fashion

LIM (Laboratory Institute of Merchandising): although similar to FIT, its more famous counterpart, it is more focused on the business aspect of fashion (rather than purely design).

FIT (Fashion Institute of Technology): a city school; more suited for people interested in going into design or the exclusively creative aspects of fashion.

Central Saint Martin's: the absolute gold standard; a lot artier but they are starting to have a stronger business and digital curriculum.

RISD (Rhode Island School of Design): always used to be design, but are now much more balanced - a strong and growing business and digital curriculum.

Parson's: gold standard for design - most of the really important (American and international as well, to a degree) designers all went to Parson's - the Proenza (Schouler) boys, Narciso Rodriguez, Calvin Klein, Francisco Costa.

Wharton (the University of Pennsylvania's business school): now has a retail programme, called the Jay H Baker centre.

If you are interested in working in the fashion industry or studying fashion at university, visit the careers office for more information.

the chronicles of her

Blog: <http://thechroniclesofher.blogspot.co.uk>

Instagram: [chroniclesofher_](https://www.instagram.com/chroniclesofher_)



You know the kind of style that looks easy, but isn't? That's Carmen Hamilton. Neutral colours, unusual shapes, and oversized items combine to create an effortlessly chic look. On her blog she gives tips for last-minute styling that require zero effort, but make you look on point for every occasion. Hamilton's style is practical for everyday life, but has the extra touch, the kind of look that says: change your shoes and take off the jacket and you are ready for the night. That perfectly messy bob of hers is probably my favourite part about her look.

The Australian fashion lover started her blog in 2011, thinking that she would regularly post about fashion as a hobby. Hamilton did not expect that just a few years later, she would not only be able to blog for a living, but extend her immense shoe collection, through her hobby. She got drawn into the big world of designers, models, photographers and bloggers, quickly finding her own little niche in the industry and a not-so-little audience for her posts.

"The Chronicles of her" covers a range of topics, from Hamilton's favourite piece of denim, to tips for the perfect makeup look. Not only is the theme of the blog modern, but it also contains classical elements, which perfectly match Hamilton's style: a combination of good old, well-known pieces, such as Levis 501, the classic white shirt or the black blazer combined with the latest trends: heeled mules or statement shirts. Besides giving fashion and styling tips, she also opens doors to the fashion world by introducing and interviewing newcomers and giving them an audience to start out with.

Ever since I first discovered "The Chronicles of her", I have regularly come back to the blog. Hamilton makes the craziest fashion trends work for everyday life. Her outfit ideas are not only stylish and practical, but give me confidence and security. I can only recommend checking out my all-time favourite fashion blog to get inspired and be up to date with the latest trends.

By Cosima Leithner



Bridget Jones is back. The words spoken in anticipation as women across the country prepare to reunite with their best friend after more than a decade apart. The film, helmed by the original film's director Sharon Maguire, follows a now 40-something Bridget (Renée Zellweger), single and surprisingly together, as she navigates the turbulent waters of impending single motherhood. The slight catch is she doesn't know who the father is, or where her heart lies. It could be the one-night stand, American love guru Jack Qwant (Patrick Dempsey), or old flame, Mr Darcy, reprised by the fabulous Colin Firth.

After a hilarious start, the Bridget Jones series petered out until it was nothing more than a lump of lacklustre laughs. The sequel, like so many, failed to live up to the original and Bridget Jones became what all romantic comedies, one day, hope to become: a safety blanket for those feeling a little lonely, needing a few laughs or simply wanting to watch someone with worse luck than themselves.

Now 12 years later, Bridget, bottle of wine in hand, has returned in an almost identical start to the first, but this time, as if to prove her place in 2016, the classic "All by Myself" turns into an unexpected dance club remix. The film is peppered with such moments, from dancing

to Gangnam Style at a country christening to raving at a music festival and a surprise cameo from Ed Sheeran.

Of course, it wouldn't be a Bridget Jones movie without a stellar supporting cast. Bridget's dodderly old dad and "traditional values" mother are back, along with her eclectic group of friends. The glorious Emma Thompson, Bridget's obstetrician, is a welcome addition, delivering droll one-liners like nobody's business. Sarah Solemani takes a turn as Bridget's hilarious new bestie and colleague.

Everyone will notice that a key component from the first two films is missing. That is, of course, the scandalous Daniel Cleaver played by the even more scandalous Hugh Grant. While those die-hard Bridget fans will feel the void left by Grant, his absence is well compensated for by Dempsey, who plays Qwant with surprising ease - even if underneath it all he is really just a billionaire with a penchant for vegan smoothies.

There did seem to be something lacking – maybe that Richard Curtis was not a writer on this film as he was on the previous two, or maybe the jokes that seemed somewhat forced and the writing a little lazy. What was not lacking, however, was an onslaught of British stereotypes.

The film is well crafted and anchored by a dazzling Renée Zellweger playing a role that no one else could do justice to, and if you ignore the nagging question, "After all the struggles and hardships of the first two films, Bridget is still single?" you have a fluffy feel-good film hand delivered to Bridget fans on a golden platter. Fans who are willing to forgive the odd cringe-worthy joke or clunky piece of dialogue, if it means one last chance to witness their clumsy, star-crossed Londoner brought to life again will not be disappointed.

By Hannah Jones