

Ok. But just

HEAR ME OUT



ART BY LILLY CHEVIN





Thank you for reading

Head Student Team



Hi, I'm Poppy, and I'm so grateful to be Plymouth High's Head Student and Student Council Lead for 2023. I'm excited to see the positive impact our projects will have on the school community, as well as continuing the amazing work of last year's team. Since year 7, I have looked up to members of the HST as amazing role models, and I hope that I become one of these role models myself. I want to make sure everyone feels that they can trust me and that I am approachable. I am only an email away, and you can always speak to me in school - I'm so excited to work with you all!



Hey guys! I am Erin and for 2023 will be one of your Deputy Head Students whilst also coordinating Charity and Wellbeing Within Plymouth High. This is such an amazing opportunity, and I cannot wait to get to know more of Plymouth High's students through this role. My goals for 2023 are to ensure everyone one at PHSG has a say in the decisions that take place for charity and wellbeing. Encouraging wellbeing at PHSG is something I also want to emphasise; we all need to look after ourselves and each other so by having a variety of things in place around school, I am hoping that students can access support easier. Charity events that take place are to raise money, but I also want to be fun for everyone to get as many of you involved.





Hi everyone! I'm Nshira, and I am excited to be part of the PHSG Head Student Team for 2023! As well as being Deputy Head Student, I am also looking forward to taking on the role of the leader of the Diversity and Inclusively group. Although I only joined the school in September, the PHSG community has been so welcoming and kind, and I hope to exhibit that same behaviour as a deputy head student! By the end of my term, I would have liked to create lasting and impactful change which will benefit the school long after my time as a student.

Hi I'm Zara, and I'm so excited to be the editor of the school magazine Hear Me Out for 2023. I really hope I can continue the work that's been done by my predecessors and build on it. Although I aspired to becoming some sort of student leader when I first joined the school, actually becoming the editor of a magazine which I'm passionate about is quite surreal. I really hope I can encourage creativity and curiosity in students of Plymouth high and be an approachable source of intelligence and advise.



Notes from the editor:

Thank you to all the artists, writers and poets for contributing your marvellous work to this edition. I am incredibly lucky to expose the world to your work.



Women in the History of Video Game Production




There have been, are, and will be many fantastic female figures in the tech world. However, women are often not recognised in the industry of video games, as they have continually been dismissed, discouraged, and discriminated against. Many women in history have had genius ideas, but because they lived in fear of being scrutinised, they would not voice them. The ones who did, like Ada Lovelace, often worked with other male colleagues, who would receive the credit.

"Forget this world and all its troubles and if possible its multitudinous Charlatans--everything in short but the Enchantress of Numbers." ~ Ada Lovelace

Ada and Charles Babbage created the analytical engine together - it was the first recorded computer design. It could complete any calculation set before it, which made it the most advanced machinery of its time. The analytical engine created the groundwork for today's technology; we would not have the advanced tech if it were not for their spectacular minds.



The first woman to design, produce and sell a video game was Carol Shaw, an American programmer. In an interview, Carol said that as a child she had no interest in dolls or toys, but instead would tinker with her brother's railroad layout. In school, she excelled in maths, and developed an interest in computer science in college, a field dominated by men in the 1970s. After receiving two degrees in 1977, one in electrical engineering and the other in computer science, Carol gained employment at Atari programming games. She was established in the company's new VCS (Video Computer System) console department and was oblivious to the fact that she had become the world's first female professional video game designer. She then progressed to a job with Activision, the very first third-party video game software publisher. During her career in the video game industry, Carol Shaw created River Raid, a universally regarded masterpiece of game design for the Atari 2600 console, and the first female designed video game.



From 2014-2021, a study of the distribution of game developers worldwide, showed that the video game industry is composed of only 30% women, 61% men, and 8% non-binary. These numbers are clearly unequal, however the number of women and non-binary people working in this industry are increasing. One of the many discriminatory issues women face in this area of work includes sexual harassment, which often leads to depression, anxiety, and low self-esteem. It is unfair that women must often deal with this kind of behaviour. LGBTQIA+ people also get discriminated to a great extent, just for feeling a separate way.

Women have had to constantly struggle for equality, a fight that has been happening for hundreds of years. The unjust way a lot of women are treated is disgusting, but this has not stopped them from achieving their goals. Regardless of the bounds of society, many women in the history of video game production have changed our world, albeit through struggle.

Written by
Eloisa Steen






"Once there was"

Once, there was a place – a place I loved. This place was nicknamed "The Paradise" by my friends and people at school. We used to play there every day – not having a care in the world. I still remember it now and the feeling of happiness and content that I would enjoy after a long day of school. Those were the happiest times of my life – and now our place is gone.

"The Paradise" was named that because it was the closest thing we could find to one – it looked like it had fallen out of a picture frame. A surprisingly still pond was in the centre and was full of unknown and mysterious creatures. It was so still it looked like a giant mirror. Many days were spent down on the logs looking down at all the mesmerizing colours and species of fish as they meandered through the pond. The water was crystal clear and as warm as a hot tub. With ease you could stare down at your reflection and watch it dance in the water.

From the reflection, you could also see the native, elegant palm trees. Those tall, looming trees sheltered the clearing from the defiant sun during the day and made it the perfect place to have shelter during bad weather. Gargantuan, multi-coloured leaves rained down to the floor during the Autumn months, and the trees thrived during the Summer. I still recall the feeling of the bark crumbling away in my hand as I touched the trunk of the tree in search of my friends, who were playing nearby. Many colours of leaves were around: maroon, green, blue, pink and red. It looked like a rainbow had landed in the trees. Shards of sunlight hit the water with grace as they spilt from the canopy. Its rays blinding me, I could feel a warm tickle up my spine as the sun reached my back. A cool breeze would arrive every now and then, preventing it getting too hot to bear. It gently blew my hair out of my face like a hairdryer.

One day, my friends and I added a tyre swing to one of the sturdiest trees. It was attached to a branch by a rope and dangled about 80cm above the ground. We used to take it in turns to push each other and swing on it. I can remember sitting on it, with the excitement boiling up inside of me, ready to explode. And then it started to swing. High above the pond, I looked down to my reflection, and the large, happy grin plastered on my face. The happiness was radiating off me. The feeling of being free and feeling like I was flying was the best feeling of my life at the time. I would scream with joy and try new tricks each time I had a go. Although I could feel the rope scratch against my bare hands and start to turn them red, right then, I couldn't have cared less. I was having the time of my life.



Then, one day, it just disappeared.
Vanished. Everything... just gone. I
remember it clearly: I walked with my
friends to our favourite place, and
all that was left was a little puddle
and a pile of light brown saw dust. In that
moment, my heart shattered into a million tiny
pieces, and I thought it could never be fixed again.
My favourite memories replayed in my head on
repeat. I knelt to the floor and cried – until there
were no more tears left to cry. I saw a digger off in
the distance that day, and a man with a chainsaw. I
soon found out that these were the people that
destroyed "The Paradise" so suddenly and
cruelly.

"It's all for the money," I heard my mum say.

How could someone ruin something so
beautiful for any amount of money?
Then and there, I decided that I would be the
one to stop these men doing it to someone else's
paradise.

Although I've tried to glue my heart back
together again, nothing can make up for the
memories and happy moments lost to those men.

There once was a place called "The Paradise." We
nicknamed it that because it was the closest thing
we could find to one. There once was a place – but
now it's all gone.


Written by
Molly Brightman

Illustrated by
Sophie Mills



Desponai

Dread Persephone helms the ship
Against the tails of shooting stars.
Erinyes weeps tears of gold, flung down
against the comet floor -
She shall not rise, nor move, nor start
from bottling rage in slender vials.
Draped in sun as fine as thought,
draped in beating rubies rare;
Dread Persephone parts her lips,
lifts silver tongue to crystal teeth:
"Set a course for Telesterion."
Desponai descend into abyss.
Neither flinching as their eyes give way
- to effervescent youthful moons -
that leap across the bands of light
- to childish, toying, true mirage -
that jump and dash and flit away.



Erinys weeps tears of wrath, rising
from her gilded sea; the comet ship
mechanically enters orbit brazenly;
she gathers up a gold apothecary
and her features harden in the glow
Of Eluesis' two marble moons
That dance and bow and feint together.
Legs, arms strive to accommodate the empress
stride. Telesterion's battlements recoil
shrinking and bending and cowering.
There she meets the architect
mapping, searching eyes in an ageless aging face.
There she breaks her crystal vials
and drowns him in her thickened rage.
Dread Persephone walks towards the star-flecked mystery dais
"Something has been done" she said
and kneels beneath the dream cloud awning.

"I saw the first star form and die;
burst into fragments of colour and light;
burst into moments of time and space;
tearing away from self to Night.
I watched as Mother Night hid her face
beneath a jewel-encrusted veil,
cloaked in black brocade
stooping as she came
and all planets and moons and ships
are swallowed up in smothering arms
and she turns to watch me watching
And she doesn't speak a word."

Written by
Zara Toefy

HER

I sent her a letter.

My memory failed me: I could not recall the words I'd so hopelessly scrawled. In my poor attempt to rekindle the flame, I remember I'd asked her to meet me here, on that green outcrop of the headland where, ten years ago, we'd parted ways. Ten years ago, when we knew not how to discriminate but rather celebrate the differences between us. Though brutal in its volatility, love seemed sweeter then than it does now.

Much to my surprise, she sent one back.

All the years we've been silent, drifting close enough to reach out but made sure never to touch. Her handwriting had not changed. It's the same, poet's scrawl as it was when she'd just begun to flower. When she was full of dreams, hanging in the balance of frantic and thoughtful. Her letter remained clutched in my grip like it were an anchor, keeping me from wandering off the edge of the world.

Off the edge of this headland.

Day began gradually oozing into night as I stood, hooked in that liminal space between my consciousness and my imagination. Snowy Gannets soared in the evening light: suspended in a sporadic murmur, dancing a Balette I never knew how to appreciate as much as she did. Birdsong silenced by the orchestra of the sea.

"They mate for life," she mentioned once.

Long, slow fingers of orange from the delirious sun reached out across the sky of honey, clutching onto the last few hours of day. That dizzy, drunk feeling haunted me on evenings like this. That same, happy overstimulation we had when we shared our first, world-entwined in bodies, -bending, time-collapsing kiss. Back in the halcyon days, each other's arms like the veins that course through our

We met in the teenage years when Summers were revitalising, and worries were fleeting. She was the fresh-faced daughter of the Shoe company owner my family worked for. Overworked and underpaid but never complained. We'd share furtive glances when we saw one another until she plucked up the courage to finally share a word. Often in secret for her father would reprimand her for mixing with such meagre folk. Her family was disgustingly affluent, yet she seemed blind to my financial flaws and broken smile. We grew close enough to talk about our dreams. She wanted to be a writer and I, content. We picked each other apart until we were our truest forms, talking and feeling freely without judgement or prejudice.

Often, we'd escape the parameters of society and chase each other up to that headland where we could be human. Where we could escape the hate. With her, she carried her own atmosphere. An air of benevolence and honest independence. Flowers tumbled from her mouth when she talked, and flowers grew behind her as she walked.

No one loved her like I did.
As we grew older, we'd begin to grow into our destinies like children did with hand-me-downs. Suddenly, it made sense that she wanted to be a writer: she turned her words into art — something I couldn't quite fathom. Erudite and articulate. Flowing, ebbing ideas drove her to move to the big city, desperate to share her flowers with the world. She asked me to move with her, start a new life together but she forgot: there was no room for people like me in that concrete jungle. Plus, my parents had grown old beyond their years. They needed me more than she did. I see her disappointed acceptance before me now. Her face sculpted into the clouds. It was a fire licking the lining of my stomach, scorching me just beneath my skin.

"You could rewrite your story. Rewrite it so I'm in it."

"How can I," I asked, the memory as vivid as the melting sun before me now. "How can I when I was never taught how to write?"

She was my most colourful memory and maybe that's why she makes me feel so translucent. My colour left with her. Even thinking of her painted the wind with the most delicate and ethereal colours. Hues of iridescent pinks and blues all embroidering the sky with the memories of her. She lay in the fabrics of everything I'd built my life around, something I hadn't realised up until that letter. If love truly knows no bounds, why am I hurting so much now?

The sun dripped further down past the horizon and the Gannets had returned to their nests on the cliff edges, back to their roosts where their lifelong partners waited patiently. I was truly alone. How horrible it is to mourn someone whom is still alive. To know that being with them is completely possible yet remains completely impossible in every sense of the word. Shadows stretched languidly across me as I turned to stone with the growing coldness of the dying sun. My eyelids grew heavy and my body stiff. Going home wasn't an option: she was my home, my heart taking root on this headland where the images of her were strongest.

The tussle of grass. The flicker of shadows.

"You learnt to write."

It was her.

There she stood, wrapped in dusk. Age had only just begun to fiddle with her features. Despite the low light, my heart knew it was her. Radiant and glowing. The letter slipped from my grasp and whirled out over the edge, taking my rationality with it. I crumbled, an ancient stone castle after a storm. The air vibrated between us as she held her arms out to me. Every second we drew closer, becoming increasingly magnetised, the colour and light pouring back into my life. A spark flew and the splint burst into flame once again, burning this time, white hot.

"I did," I whispered, our eyes meeting like bird-wings brushing together in flight. "I learnt just so I could find you again."

And finally, after ten years of waiting, here we blur into one, getting lost in the architecture of each other's hearts one again.



Illustrated by Nyx Walker



Astropheⁱ

My mum painted glow in the dark stars
Across my ceiling – a moon too.
So ironic, it seems, that something which used to
Help the world disappear from my mind at night
Should now be a cause for half-shut eyes when
Neither moon is visible.

Why can't I plant my feet into
The moon's archaic surface? Why can't I listen
While she tells me about all the people I will
Never get to meet – people she has
Watched arrive and depart, while remaining
Forever in her secluded dwelling amongst stars?

I want to collect stars and stash them in
My pockets. Hand-warmers for a winter day.
But instead, I must make do with pebbles

And lie awake, fixated upon the glowing
constellation,
Unable to quite come to terms with the inevitability
Of a life which will be spent entirely on
Earth, only ever seeing such ethereal beauty
through the
Blurry lens of a telescope.

ⁱThe feeling of being stuck on earth (From 'The Dictionary of Obscure Sorrows' by John Koenig)

Written by Zoe Stinton



Illustration by Sophie Mills

Decolonizing Museums

A civilisation's culture is shaped by the art and inventions that mark its place in the formation of our modern societies. Thus, preserving mysteries and artefacts of past ages has been integral since the first recorded museums in Babylonia over 2500 years ago.

As Western Europe's 'Age of Discovery' emerged in the 14th century, this was revolutionised once Western explorers travelled to new areas of the world. The raiding and seizing of communities and their riches before returning to their home nations and being heralded for their pursuits became common practice and the next era of museums was founded upon colonisation and the arrogance of the West. From the infamous Elgin Marbles to stolen Saharan rock art, the methods of acquiring and collecting wonders from around the world have been under scrutiny, as well as the links between museums and donors that profited from pillaging and the slave trade. In the modern world, our next step is to decolonize and diversify the way we consume history and how we reconcile with the wrongs of the past.

The British Museum may be one of the most comprehensive museums in the world but is plagued by controversy because of its many looted exhibits and its place as being the world's largest receiver of stolen goods. Some of its most high-profile disputed artefacts are a number of Benin Bronzes. The more than 2000 bronze statues and plaques were taken from the Kingdom of Benin in modern day, Nigeria. They were scattered amongst museums across Europe after a military defeat to the British army in the late 1800's. They denote the incredible decoration of the Benin palace and are some of the most valuable examples of 13th-16th century African art. While Nigeria has been campaigning for the return of the significant artefacts since becoming independent in the 1960s, repatriation has been a slow process and while some smaller collectors have relinquished their ownership, only around 50 pieces are in Nigeria. Two thousand four hundred are held across the globe and there is very little willingness to give them back.

The method of acquiring many items in the museum's collection has been criticised, one example being the looted treasures from the brutal destruction of China's Summer Palace conducted by Lord Elgin – after whom the controversial Parthenon Marbles are named. The violent ambush and arson of the grand palace was a key moment in 1800's world history. Only the stone ruins are left in China, while the silks, porcelains and other artefacts pillaged from the attack are displayed in museums like the British Museum without acknowledgement of their origin – one of the most significant acts of aggression by British and French troops. When displaying these items and others like the Benin Bronzes, it is crucial to contextualise and appreciate what objects can tell us of the past and to allow history to fulfil its most fundamental purpose – to teach us of our historical errors.

Understanding the original intention of many present-day museums is also pivotal to undoing the vestiges of colonisation and supremacy entwined in many collections. Wealthy donors are central to the development of galleries and museums; many profited from the eras of colonisation and exploration.

Sir Hans Sloane bequeathed a collection of 71,000 items to the British nation laying the foundations for the British Museum, the British Library and the Natural History Museum. A collection he amassed with earnings from his wife's slave plantation in Jamaica. He also supported fellow travellers in their acquisition of stolen valuables. Visitors to these large sites of interest today often have no idea of the violence and atrocities that supported the compilation of many things on display.

The motivation behind the founding of many museums in the discovery era – to preserve artefacts from cultures they believed would 'die out' – underpins many attitudes towards the chronicling of other cultures today. Commonly, these items have been displayed from a historical angle rather than as parts of tradition that these communities continue to engage with, contributing to misconceptions and stereotypes, and even today curations still lack Indigenous voices and continue to narrate as if they are in the past.

Taking a second look at our institutions of history and culture is vital to confronting centuries of underlying attitudes that linger in our unequal society today – because if we can't look at the past through inclusive eyes, how will we ever look at the future in that way?

Written by Sarah
Darwich



Clinical Herbalism

: a 200,000 year old practice



Traditional medicine does not necessarily have the best reputation, your first thought is probably something like the ancient Greeks for example, who used mercury as a cure-all, or 18th century Britain who believed boiled carrots were a legitimate treatment for asthma. But what some fail to notice is that certain aspects of ancient treatments still have a basis in medicine today, such as (at least some of) herbalism. Defined as the study or practice of the medicinal and therapeutic uses of plants, herbalism has dated back to about 198,000 BC; so we can infer from studies on Neanderthal tooth plaque that reveal they chewed on poplar bark as a pain relief.

Though we may not use poplar in common practice today, to many people, household remedies are likely not a new thing. Have you ever had a sore throat and been told to drink ginger, lemon and honey tea? Well, there you go. Ginger, for one, contains three constituents called gingerol, shogaol and paradol which inhibit the production of the pro-inflammatory cytokines that our body's release when we have a cold. Thus, because it is the cytokines that cause the soreness, ginger is a simple but effective solution. Not to mention the antibacterial properties of honey or the antioxidants within lemon. So, although you may not have heard of the specific term clinical herbalism you have likely already benefited from it.

If you want to see this field on a larger scale however, there are some plant-based treatments that have developed to help thousands, like chemotherapy. This life-saving medicine derives from a plant that produces anti-fungal chemicals to protect itself from microorganisms. Fortunately for us, these chemicals also have inhibitory effects on human cells, most crucially, those that are cancerous. Though it is not the entire treatment, the so-called 'cancer tree' has formed the basis of what we know to be a life-saving medicine.

Whilst the medicinal uses of plants are vast, it is not the only beneficial property that they can possess.

We often think of science experiments as something that needs to be done in a lab with expensive equipment and un-spellable compounds, but it is often a lot simpler and more accessible than one may think. Maybe, for example, you feel the urge to test the acidity of ingredients in the fridge, but unfortunately, you don't know where to look to find some universal indicator. Well, look no

further, because in your garden - or perhaps your neighbours - you can probably find some grape hyacinth (they look a little like tiny bluebells). Cut off five flower heads, crush them with whatever you have at hand - making sure not to waste any of the juice of course - and mix them into an espresso worth of warm water. Leave the mixture to sit for ten minutes, then strain it. Once you've chosen your ingredient (I used lemon juice)



Illustrated by
Sophie Anstice-
Mitchell



add a fair amount to the herbal espresso and watch in awe as it changes from blue to, considering you've chosen something acidic, bright pink.

So yes, it's interesting to learn about the extensive abilities of plants all around us but, it does make one wonder how we are treating them in return, and if we as the human species are even inhibiting our own development by damaging the environment around us. For one, we have caused at least 571 species of plant to become extinct in the last 53 years alone. Is it possible we've already destroyed the potential for some cures, treatments or scientific breakthroughs?


Written by Megan Wright

Sofia Coppola, *Marie Antoinette* and the Nuances of Nepotism

Following the release of New York Magazine's "She Has Her Mother's Eyes. And Agent" cover depicting 2022 as 'The Year of the Nepo Baby' the discourse surrounding nepotism and the absence of meritocracy from

Hollywood has grown larger, it is difficult to ignore both the obvious leg-up provided to the children and relatives of celebrities, through pre-existing industry connections, and the inequalities perpetuated by Hollywood in doing so. However, the reign of the Coppola family over the film industry spans over sixty years, three generations and twelve Academy Award wins. Sofia Coppola, daughter of *The Godfather* director Francis Ford Coppola has amassed sixteen awards and a further twenty-four nominations for a total of eight films so far in her career, the success of Coppola in the director's chair begs for an exploration into her filmography and an evaluation of the role nepotism has played in this.


Coppola's career began with small roles in her father's films: her biggest role as Michael Corleone's daughter, Mary, in *The Godfather III*, as a last-minute replacement for Winona Ryder, was suggested to have 'ruined her career' before it had even truly begun and, at the age of nineteen, Coppola was already the target of most critical hostility towards the film. Coppola subsequently focused her attentions on directing and made her feature film debut with *The Virgin Suicides* in 1999. Coppola's socialisation into a world of opulence and affluence is something which is unmissable in the aesthetics of the film: a group of young girls, sheltered from a godless suburbia experiencing rapid industrial decline, seen through the lustful eyes of the boys with whom they share this microcosm. Looking beyond the silk, lace-edged curtain of pastel colour palettes and dreamy, feminised clutter, lurks an honest portrayal of the maddening dullness of isolation and the suffocation of girlhood—concepts familiar to Coppola and, perhaps, amplified by her family's legacy. Her following films, *Lost in Translation* (2003) and *Marie Antoinette* (2006) follow similar themes and the ribbon threaded throughout the three of them is that their stories occur at a moment of fracture, all three female protagonists ride the life-quake of a situation in decline—be it domestic or societal. Coppola's use of personality in combination with politics, seen most explicitly in *Marie Antoinette*, means that we see, through a narrow, rose-tinted lens, an iconic historical figure as simply a young woman experiencing the kaleidoscopic psychological ruminations triggered by her situation. The de-historicization of Coppola's characters, seen also in *The Beguiled* (2017) which



neglects to depict, and modernise, the bi-racial and African-American characters seen in the original film, despite being set during the American Civil War, invites criticism about Coppola's shortcomings as a director and her incapacity to portray black, female characters with nuance or care, and as Mayukh Sen suggested, 'some will find this insufferable about her films... Rich white girls have governed our sympathy for years, and perhaps those sympathies should be directed elsewhere.'



It is hard not to see Coppola's characters as avatars of both herself and Mary Corleone: her protagonists are women sheltered from harsh reality, imprisoned in a curated cage of their own (or their family's) design but also not necessarily portrayed as able to withstand the violent reality that they are sheltered from. Criticism of Coppola's work is distinctly gendered- the implication that her filmography is 'airy' and lacking in 'meaty' (masculine) substance is testament to the misinterpretation of Coppola's vision of femininity, the criticism of her work as 'vacuous' and too heavily reliant on aestheticism- even described as 'girly'- seems reminiscent of the misogynistic side-eye Coppola received for her, albeit poor, performance in her father's film. When it is considered that both her brother, Roman Coppola, and nephews, Jason and Robert Schwartzman, are heavily linked to Wes Anderson- with Roman having both production and writing credits on several of Anderson's films- it is hard to ignore the disparity in the public reception of these works despite the similar focus on aestheticism and colour palette. Is it the refinement of sixty years of craftsmanship which determines Sofia's success in portraying young women, be it 'famously misunderstood' historical figures, blissfully ignorant to the plight of those beneath them or girls watching their love for the environment around them evaporate (characters so reflective of Coppola's own socialisation into Hollywood Royalty), or can the current of inherited acclaim and wealth running through the Coppola family not be overlooked?



Written by *Sea Toze*

Should the Government Control what is Played on the Radio

Government control of the music we listen to seems dystopian, however it's actually a reality in many countries around the world – and not everyone agrees with it. They are called 'music quotas' which all radio stations must follow.

It may be difficult to think of a reason why these controls have been put in place, but as English and American music becomes more and more popular, songs released in other languages find less success. The production of French language albums dropped 66% between 2004 and 2014.

France has had a music quota for a long time. The law, established in 1994, stated that at least 40% of songs on the radio must be in French. For a while, this seemed to work and ensured that French music continued to be heard.

In 2015, very popular French radio stations took part in a boycott to this law. They said it was becoming increasingly difficult to play a variety of French music as songs recorded in French had dropped by 51.4% that year. So, for one day, they did not play any French music.

On the other side of this debate was Fleur Pellerin (the French culture minister) who campaigned to reform the existing music quota law. She accused French radio stations of playing the same songs over and over to meet the quotas – as it was found at NRT radio, the same 10 songs made up 74% of the radio's French music. She said, 'new talent no longer has a chance to be heard by the public'. Eventually the law was amended. It now states 35% of songs should be in French during 'peak listening hours' (6am-10pm). Also, at least 50% of quota songs that should be 'new talent'.

So, did it work? Yes! In 2018 20% of the top 200 albums were French debut albums, which tells us there is more new talent being heard. Also, French Artists occupied 80% of the top 200 songs of 2018.

However, if we look at Germany – there is no music quota for German music even though there has been support for it since the 1990's. In 2004, new German music only covered 6% of German radio airtime. So why hasn't one been imposed? Well, unlike other countries such as France and Spain, Germany does not have many international popstars. Most German singers will mainly have an audience of their own country. So, German ministers fear that an introduction of a quota will mean the German music scene will rely too much on the law and therefore will be unable to break out into international markets in the future.

It can be difficult to decide whether music quotas should be imposed everywhere, many foreign countries fear the Anglo-American impact on radio may have already become irreversible. As well as this, putting limits on radio is challenging. There will always be backlash and changes may have to be made – the French quota law has already been amended 4 times in 20 years.

Finally, I would encourage everyone to listen to foreign artists and diversify their music taste. International songs are great to listen to - you can support foreign musicians while finding out more about their culture.

Written by Poppy Back



FRANCE FACT FILE

French Greetings:

- Bonjour
 - ↳ Hello
- Salut
 - ↳ Hi (informal)
- Ça va?
 - ↳ How's it going?
- Comment vas-tu?
 - ↳ How are you? (informal)
- Comment allez-vous?
 - ↳ How are you? (formal or to group)
- Bon après-midi
 - ↳ Good afternoon!
- Bonsoir
 - ↳ Good evening.

Some popular French foods are:

- ★ Crème brûlée
- ♥ Soufflé
- ✿ Macarons
- Quiche
- ✿ Croissant
- ✿ Foie Gras





A Popular French Musician

ThŽrapie TAXI is part of a popular French music group started in 2012. The lyrics of their songs are mostly about love and heartbreaking with a lot of French slang in a straightforward way. They decided to stop their adventure with the last EP released on the 8th of January 2020 after becoming one of the most popular french bands.



The Eiffel Tower



The Louvre



Written by the Junior Language Captains

The Arc de Triomphe



EVENTS AT HOLCOMBE



Now, not many of you know, but Holcombe Grammar School is a part of the same TSAT trust that all of you attend. So, we thought it would be fitting to introduce ourselves. Holcombe is an all-boy's school and mixed sixth form with a huge variety and diversity here while also being academically focused, but in reality, it's a community. A lot of what our school is built on is the shared experiences that take place at the school. That's why I personally feel that the best way to show the school is by showing you the interesting things that have been taken place recently and hopefully gives insight into who we really are.

New Musical: Shrek Jr

Holcombe's Musical Shrek Jr is premiering on the Wednesday 29th and Thursday 30th March to crowds of parents and supporters for one of Holcombe's most recent performances being a grand event for all that are involved. The story revolves around how Shrek, leads a cast of fairy tale misfits on an adventure to rescue a princess and find true acceptance. Part romance and part twisted fairy tale; Shrek JR. is a fun show with a powerful message for the whole family. The entire school is excited to see what comes of this and can be the future steps for aspiring actors.



Debate Society

Everyone has a point to make but sometimes you can never find the right words, or it doesn't sound right so here at Holcombe, we have a club where we are able to discuss certain topics and hear from different perspectives to challenge us to think harder about problems we face. For example, a recent debate was done on "Whether universal healthcare should be fully funded by the government". Due to the club being open to all years, a large variety of people can come along and hear arguments made and take away their own opinion. Clubs like this are so beneficial to help the students become better communicators.

Chemistry Olympiad

We also want to congratulate our students for their outstanding achievement in the Chemistry Olympiad. 20 students who completed the Olympiad, all received a bronze award or higher, which is a remarkable accomplishment. Their hard work and dedication to the subject is truly commendable. It's important to remember that the Chemistry Olympiad is a highly competitive exam that is momentous to even gain a reward. We believe that this recognition should serve as an inspiration to students who are thinking about pursuing a career in STEM as it contributes to a list of qualifications. By dedicating some time to revise, students can show that they can achieve their full potential. We encourage all students to pursue their passions and strive for excellence in anything they enjoy, no matter the challenge.

Thinking School Competition

The thinking school competition was a contest made for students to submit their ideas on the theme of "peace". This allowed students to submit their ideas in any format, whether it be a written essay, a video, an art project. All submissions made had the opportunity to spark conversations and inspire solutions that can make a difference in the world. The competition also provides a platform for students and community members to showcase their creativity with the winners having won amazon gift cards. This feels relevant to being a part of the trust because of the emphasis of thinking tools to better express thoughts.

Young Reporters

Through a series of workshops and assignments, Students had the opportunity to hone their writing skills and receive feedback from experienced writers to be able to create news articles with their work being published on the Newshopper. One of those students said that "It felt realistic and was treated like a journalist but not only that, they helped us get out of our comfort zone" – Kelly Oppong. The course started on the 31st of January and ends in April. In this short course, they were given free reign on topics around the community that felt passionate about.



Upcoming Thorpe Park Trip

The Year 12 students at our school are gearing up for an exciting school trip to Thorpe Park happening this week! The trip promises to be an excellent opportunity for the students to unwind, relax and socialise with friends outside of the classroom with the change of (high speed) scenery. The 65 were chosen on their attendance and rewards accrued. This trip also comes as good point to all to reflect on what we have done since September and to make sure students don't feel burnt out or isolate. If roller coasters aren't your thing, always remember to take time for your hobbies as everyone has interests outside of their academic studies.

Written by Adam Magni

