

Nº 05 | WINTER 24

THE GREEN LIGHT



MEMORY

Dorothy M. Hills *In Memoriam*



Rev. Denis Brazell visited school with his wife last half-term from Birmingham trying to trace details about his late mother who used to be an English teacher here around the late 1920s.

Information was found about an article she had written in our Centenary book and a photograph, see above.

His Mother died 4 weeks after he was born and never actually came out of the maternity home. All he knew about her was that she used to teach here.

A delve into the archives showed she joined AGGS on Sept 14, 1927 (aged 23) leaving July 1932.

Mr. Brazell also kindly donated to the library, and we would like this issue to be dedicated to his late mother: Dorothy M. Hills.

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a final word from a not-so-new editor

a foreword

Yvonne Gao, Year 13

Dear reader,

Welcome to the Winter 2024 edition of The Green Light! Before I introduce you to the theme of this edition, it is with great sadness that I inform you this will be the last edition Emily and I oversee. Though it seems like just yesterday we took the reins from Aisha, Nam, and Narmeen, it's now come time for us to pass them onto somebody else.

It's been a whirlwind ride - filled with chaos but also with wonderful memories. We vividly remember standing nervously outside the door of F10 waiting for the first ever TGL meeting and recall the first time seeing the printed copies in the library with similar fondness. From working with The Green Light as content creators to becoming its extremely proud editors, it's certainly been a journey that won't be forgotten!

So, on this retrospective note, I am delighted to introduce the theme of this edition:

Memory

Looking back on what we've accomplished during our time as editors, I think we can safely say that working on this magazine has taught us so much: not only about how much work goes on behind the scenes to compile every publication but also about the sheer amount of literary and artistic talent we have in this school.

As always, it's been a wonderful experience working with so many talented people and forever being awestruck at the abundance of fascinating ideas everybody has, so thank you to all our content creators and artists as well as the wonderful Y12 team who we will be handing editorial duties onto. Looking forward to see what you do with it :)

To those who have been here before, welcome back! To those who are new, we're delighted to have you join us.



**“The memory of everything is very
soon overwhelmed in time”
- Marcus Aurelius**

Straight On Till I Burn...

a poem

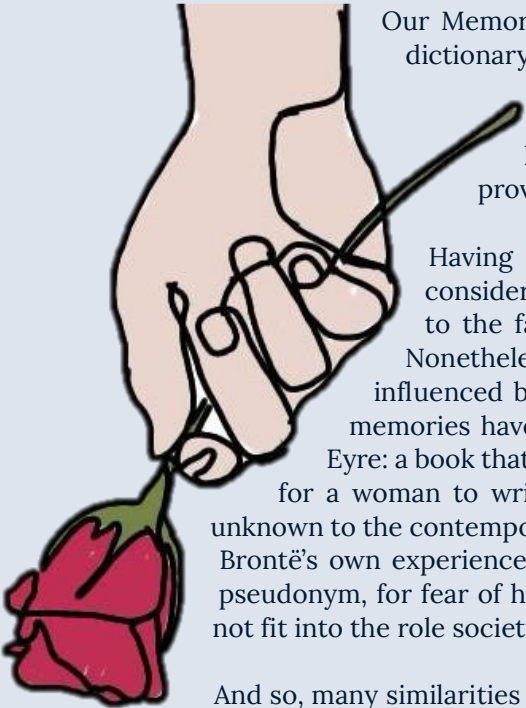
Aleena Rana, Year 8

Her eyes too sour, too soulless,
With her hair in flames
Cracking & spewing.
Clothes in a distorted state.
Ripped and torn
Burnt, worn...
I watch this horrid creature
Whom, I assure, looks nothing like me!
I can see...wait,
Red paint?
Stained on the lip,
In which a grin? A cackle?
Is plastered onto her face.
And just out of my grasp
I think I can see...
Another girl? What?!
Who's more calm
And subtle than this
But her mouth's tied up!
I feel as though she calls to me
Signals, muffled voices, expression
All I get however is something
Like, 'help! Stay away from-'



Our Memories

Suha Al Sharief, Year 9



Our Memories. What are they? It would be quite straightforward to write the dictionary definition of memory; however, to understand why our memories affect us, even years after the event has taken place, is a whole other question. It would certainly be easy to argue from a scientific view how important our memories are and how precisely they affect us, proven by graphs, charts, and diagrams.

Having said that, looking from a view based on literature, it could be considered more difficult to argue the importance of our memory, perhaps due to the fact that no diagrams, charts, or graphs can give us objective data. Nonetheless, there have been many poems and books which have been influenced by their author's memories. A notable example, in which an author's memories have directly influenced their writing, would be Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*: a book that was released decades before it was deemed socially acceptable for a woman to write such a book, that is so enveloped with emotional power – yet, unknown to the contemporary reader that eagerly ate up Brontë's words – heavily influenced by Brontë's own experiences and emotions. Brontë made the decision to publish under a male pseudonym, for fear of her books being unfairly reviewed. The reason for this: the author did not fit into the role society accepted of women.

And so, many similarities between author and protagonist (Brontë and Jane) are simply waiting to be found. *Jane Eyre* is a story of a young woman finding her way in the world, with individuality and independence common themes in the book. Charlotte Brontë, much like Jane in her novel, overcame many challenges in her childhood and adult life. Both Brontë and Jane suffered at an awful school, with a cruel and harsh headmaster. And both were no more than ten when they lost some of those they held most dear, Brontë (two sisters) and Jane (her best and only friend), due to the school's inability to care for them.

Yet not just Brontë's childhood memories were woven into *Jane Eyre*. Charlotte Brontë had to work as a governess to earn money, much like Jane. However, both felt unsatisfied with this and instead longed to be achieving something more fulfilling with their lives. Alas, they struggled fiercely to achieve this, with Charlotte Brontë forced to publish her books under a male pseudonym and Jane, going through many hardships to gain this fulfilling life.

The similarities – not just in the events of Brontë and Jane's lives – but also in their personalities, displays the importance of Charlotte Brontë's memories.

When all these parallels are brought to light, dots connected, and writing techniques analysed, the true significance of Brontë's memories is uncovered. Had Charlotte Brontë not drawn from her own personal experiences, and the emotions she felt when they occurred, *Jane Eyre* would almost certainly not have had the same impact on the reader. The reader, when in the mind of *Jane Eyre*, is unable to discern where line between reality and fantasy is drawn, so deep were they in the mind and memories of Charlotte Brontë. Charlotte Brontë, drawing so heavily on memory, was able to give all readers a peek inside her incredibly complex mind and get an opportunity to understand the difficulties and hardship women go through, attempting to live up to the standards society set on them.

The Mirrors of my Memory

a poem

Haya Al Sharief, Year 9

I run to chase,
A kindred land,
A distorted place,
I cannot try to understand.

I race to find,
An illusion of time,
Caught and blind,
What is my crime?

Imprisoned in this reflection of dreams,
Locked in the secrets of the past,
Nothing is as it seems,
My recollection so vast.

Trapped in the mirrors of my memory,
Stuck in the feeling of déjà vu,
Confined in this mystery,
Do I not know you too?



An Unfinished Story

Meghpori Chakraborty, Year 9

The very faintest of images fleetingly passed through my mind, elusive in its very nature. It slipped out of my mind's grasp the moment it was almost close enough to feel it, to touch it. I inhaled sharply, my simmering frustration rising ever so slightly. My fingers had paused mid-type, poised and ready, before all thoughts from my head vanished. Gone. My chair screeched on my hardwood floor as I stood up and snatched my mug from my desk, stalking to the window and looking at the dismal view outside. Grey clouds hung low over the sky, the sun nowhere in sight. Raindrops littered the glass; I watched one slowly trickle down to the bottom. Bringing my hand up to my head, I lightly touched the coarse material of the bandage there and closed my eyes in deliberation.

It was raining that night, in harsh, angled lines that drummed impatiently on the pavement. But that's one of the only things I remember with full clarity. Bright headlights, the squeal of tyres... then nothing. Just a dark, dark void of nothingness. When I woke up in the hospital, I was told what had happened. A hit-and-run, they said. How I wish that that was the only shock of the night. But it wasn't. My friend Nikhil was also found that night. Dead, with his skull brutally crushed by a heavy blow.

Only two days ago, the police paid me a visit, asking me where I'd been that night and what could have possibly happened. I told them I didn't know and that I couldn't remember. It was the truth then, but now? Now I'm not so sure. Because the last thing I've come to remember of Nikhil is

him shouting at me. What about, I can't be sure of. But it was a fiery rage that I had never seen before, not once in the many years I'd known him. What had I done to bear the brunt of his wrath? And as much as I tried to suppress the thought, it returned, again and again, with more force every time: was it something deserving of the accident I withstood? It was a horribly disturbing thought, one that I found difficult to comprehend, yet one that invaded my thoughts all the time.

Taking a deep breath, I turned away and walked back to my desk to sit down in my chair. I absentmindedly ran my fingers over the smooth surface of my laptop and shut my eyes for a brief moment. Sometimes I catch myself lying to myself, distorting reality. I do have a few memories of that night, but they are memories so faint that I can't be sure if they



Are real or purely figments of my imagination, truths twisted to fool even myself. Sometimes I am certain that I went to a party; the purple lights that constantly reappear in my head insinuate the same, as do the cacophony of voices that always fill my head when I think about that night. And sometimes, I can see Nikhil, crumpled on the ground, his body wet from the pelting rain, never to get up again. Surely this vision isn't real. The implications of it, what it would mean if it were true, are too great for me to even think about. But the fact remains that the little information I have been provided with and the faint memories I have don't always piece together, and it becomes an effortless task for me to simply slip into a whirlpool of confusion, of emotions I can't even begin to describe or explain, an amalgamation of guilt and grief and fear and anger... too many emotions to list.

I think often about how strange it is that we all depend so heavily on something as fickle and as fragile as human memory. My accident has rendered me and my memory close to useless, and I am not likely to ever recover. I will be trapped in this haze for as long as I live, asking the same question over and over again. The possibilities are endless, and the most obvious is the most terrifying. But still, for now, and, possibly for a long time coming, I am left alone with my thoughts and my nebulous memory.

the empty brain

Yunami Yamada, Year 9

from the beginning, there is a fundamental misunderstanding.
both your mother and father screaming,
trying to get the first Word-
don't they understand that there is nowhere to put it?

i
it starts in much the same way it will end;
crawling in the dust, searching for the trenches.
the gunfire of the synapses
is a war in retention which i have yet to win.
what is retention?
for you retain the blackened edges of every clouded sky
and i retain the bile surging up towards cool white tile.
there is no sin unforgiven if it cannot be recalled;
there is no fallen tree unheard.

ii
lost causes aside,
the sparrow flies from its nest same time every morning
if you have one thing it is this-
you always remember to lock the door behind you.
and as the days fall behind you endlessly,
each with the serial number filed off, indistinguishable,
you stop writing serial numbers altogether
once you cease to hide the knife behind your back.
for we have made palaces out of pictures
temples from falsehoods
and pillars from dust.

iii
the whole business catches up eventually,
leaves you gasping and keeling
pathologise the human heart
and the coroner is looking for something he will not find
surgical lights blinding just as they were at the first blink.
and when i die
they will take a scalpel, make the perfect incision
made king from one ear to the other
and they will cut and probe and reach for some signs of memory
and find nothing there.



In Memory of: The Grand Budapest Hotel

"It reminded her of me; It will remind me of her, always"

Rina Nasar, Year 11

It was 2014 and Wes Anderson was finally ready to release his 8th feature film: *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, featuring a 17-actor ensemble cast including fan favourites Ralph Fiennes, Tony Revolori and Adrien Brody. With the film touching on sensitive topics such as fascism, prison, Willem Dafoe's custom Prada boots, and, of course, memory, viewers would be surprised to discover the intricate comedic narrative that Anderson managed to form. Through using every tool in his toolbox, Wes Anderson masterfully manipulates colour, cinematography, and dialogue to weave an inception of storytelling, thereby being able to explore how both the passage of time, and memories, can impact the way stories may be retold.

There seems to be a widely acknowledged criticism among casual Wes Anderson viewers that aspects of his overall film style appear to be overly pretentious and hard to digest. Even I, as a self-proclaimed superfan, can admit this sometimes (don't get me started on his latest film, *Asteroid City*!). Though when it comes to *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, it is immediately clear just how purposeful each line of dialogue, colour palette, and even shift in aspect ratio is to the story. It's shaped to emphasise the characters' innate eagerness to be a part of the elusive, refined society that the hotel provided, and to further reflect both of the narrators' pure passion for the tales they tell.

MINOR SPOILERS AHEAD!

The fictional author of the entirely fictional book *The Grand Budapest Hotel* opens the film with a narration, explaining his time at the hotel in his youth and furthermore, how he came to know the story of Zero Moustafa. When that story begins to unfold, the narration is taken over by Mr. Moustafa himself, who walks us through his rags-to-riches story: from a poor immigrant having fled a war-torn country to the proud, yet lonely, owner of an elegant hotel.



As Zero looks at *The Grand Budapest Hotel*'s former concierge, Monsieur Gustave, it's apparent how self-confident he is. Despite coming from a lower-class background, Gustave speaks with rich eloquence and sophistication- so much so that even his cursing is alliterative! But it's the wealthy company he keeps and his deep admiration for the lavish hotel that have likely influenced his way of speaking, creating a façade of luxury in an overall 'barbaric' country overrun with fascists at the time. When you have so little for yourself, a glimpse of opulence is bound to be a prominent fantasy. It's the reason Gustave is so concerned with how he smells. Even after escaping prison, he is furious with Zero for forgetting to bring his signature scent- L'Air de Panache: for him, perfume is the ultimate trophy. Though it won't even make him look rich, he'll smell of affluence until it 'lingered for many minutes after he was gone'. I know what you're thinking and yes, it is absolutely ridiculous that Gustave would think something as trivial as scent could help him climb to bourgeois status. But ultimately, Anderson uses Monsieur Gustave's character to demonstrate how we may wish to exude civility in an uncivilised world, but we cannot escape our true selves and the unfair way that our society runs.

Even the way in which we view this story is misleading. Unintentionally by Zero, but very intentionally by Wes Anderson. It quickly becomes evident that Zero's memories of him and Monsieur Gustave are in fact glamourised versions of the real events that took place.

As mentioned before, colour plays an integral role in highlighting this theme. To begin with, the film is opened with earth tones and a muted colour palette, evoking a sense of the natural in order to cement the idea that at this point we are in the real world: the world of truth. As a fun nerd fact, the aspect ratio here is also 18.5:1, the conventional aspect ratio for the 1980s. However, when we cut back in time to the author's story of his stay at *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, the colours become slightly more vibrant and the aspect ratio adjusts to 2.35:1, standard for the 1960s. And then again when we are brought back even further to Zero's retelling of his past, scenes are shot smaller still, at 1.37:1, which, you guessed it, was the average filming ratio during the 1930s. It is here in Zero's story that we see our most stunning set of colours, and in turn, our colours most detached from reality- so warped by memory and time that gorgeously saturated stains have ingrained themselves into Mr. Moustafa's brain. Through this intriguing use of cinematography and colour, Wes Anderson is able to fully transport viewers to another world, causing us to feel the same nostalgia and wonder that the film continuously radiates. But here's the thing about nostalgia: it filters our perspective.

MAJOR SPOILERS AHEAD!

Consistently, Zero views his time working at *The Grand Budapest Hotel* and with Gustave as overwhelmingly positive, as he recalls a strong brotherly bond forming between the two. But the greatest difference between them was in how Monsieur Gustave was subconsciously motivated by his adoration for an upper-class society, whereas Zero's concern was always to care for those around him- such as Gustave and his beloved Agatha. She is, after all, the reason why he is still so attached to the hotel, despite the business no longer being profitable for him. It connects him to Agatha. It connects him to the memories they shared. And so, Zero's love for this point in time at the hotel has ultimately caused him to look back at the era altogether as much more glorious than the reality. It was riddled with sadness and tragedy, and yet we see how he still viewed it through such a romantic, comedic, and light-hearted lens.

Alas, as the saying goes, all good things must come to an end. This is manifested in the closing of the film, where the fantasy world of colour and quirky characters conjured within Mr. Moustafa's memories come to a screeching halt just as the audience begins to settle into a happy ending. Zero abruptly explains Monsieur Gustave's unexpected death at the hands of fascist officers and we are suddenly ejected from the layer of the film we as viewers were most familiar with and brought back to the narrative of the author. Zero's unwillingness to dwell on such a difficult part of his life only goes to show how we truly are in complete control when sharing our memories- especially regarding how much of our reality we want to hide.

SPOILERS FINISHED!

The Grand Budapest Hotel is, as said, a story within a story. But to me, it is so much more. To me, it is verification that memories, dreams, and thoughts should forever be shared. Much in life is a retelling of someone else's story, treading through someone else's boot marks in the snow. Entire worlds lie between the lines of memories- whole galaxies unfold within the subtext tucked away behind the smiles and chuckles of a narrator. Live and spread your stories: it's what Zero would have wanted! I hope this article can serve as a love letter to memories and how film can explore even the most confusing aspects of it. And with the nights getting cosier as we settle into the new year, I highly recommend adding the Grand Budapest Hotel to your 2024 watchlist.

*"For my dearest, darling, treasured, cherished angel, whom I worship. With respect, adoration, admiration, kisses, gratitude, best wishes, and love. From Z to A"
(or, for me, R to S)*

School Bag *a poem*

Raeesa Pandor, Year 11

I recall my mother
Ushering me from shop to shop
In search of a new school bag.

Not a flimsy felt pouch or a meek satchel -
A bag with a hard back, sturdy, and with ample room
To hold the lessons and pages I would scrawl upon.

I hardly thought I could manage, stumbling and staggering,
Straps cinched by agitated fingers
And heavy, like the world
Upon my very shoulders.

Nowadays, when I return home, placing my bag
Into its wooden kennel on weekdays,
My eyes catch the frayed stitch lines
The mauled mesh compartments and zips,
Speckled with missing paint like dalmatian coats.

I have learned to look back:
I remember yesterday,
With every day before,
Every step the same as the nebulous last.

And I remember that with tomorrow,
And with every day afterwards,
I will only grow

To feel lighter.



Historical Amnesia

Niranjana Renjith, Year 11

WHAT IS IT AND HOW DOES IT AFFECT OUR PERCEPTIONS OF HISTORY?

Forgetfulness, almost inevitable to every individual, unfolds daily as a disorienting blankness, disrupting the seamless flow of recollections and memories. Yet is this common human occurrence an ordeal not to concern ourselves with? What if this lapse in memory transcends individual experiences, giving rise to an amnesia that extends beyond the confines of the individual human mind and exists within the very fabric of our society? Maybe this “forgetting” is capable of causing the gradual erasure of the grand narratives of empires and power.



EXPLORATIONS AND INTERPRETATIONS OF HISTORICAL AMNESIA IN NOVELS

Historians often diagnose this “memory loss” as the world’s “Historical Amnesia”. This term, often used by Indian author Shashi Tharoor, is used to describe the decolonisation of elements of the past. In this instance, decolonisation can be represented as the undoing of colonialism or “amnesia” of imperialism within modern societies both in previously colonised countries

as well as the wider world as a whole. There are often two ways in which historical amnesia sweeps society – involuntary and voluntary. If voluntary, this could be a representation of an ignorance of the dangerous consequences of erasing these narratives. Alternatively, if involuntary, historical amnesia could also be seen as the result of censorship or the active revisionism of colonial history.

Between both ideas, there is only a portrayal of a singular narrative. In the book 1984 by George Orwell, this narrative is sewn together by the hands of a singular Party. The story is set in a totalitarian society ruled by a Party led by the mysterious figure known as ‘Big Brother’. Its protagonist, Winston Smith, works for the Party rewriting historical records to fit its propaganda. Within this dystopia, citizens are monitored through the aid of the state “Thought police” who aim to survey citizens for any rebellious thoughts that threaten the ideology of the Party. In the first chapter, as Orwell introduces society, there are three key rules symbolized through the three slogans; “WAR IS PEACE”, “FREEDOM IS SLAVERY” and most importantly:

“**IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH.**”

Yes, when used in the context of the book, the paradoxical phrase “Ignorance is strength” may simply represent Big Brother’s greedy pursuit of power. He may aim to safeguard his absolute rule based on ignorance to the damaging morals that his government propagates. However, perhaps this is a piece of the thread that weaves together the cautionary tale of 1984 itself; by showing glimpses of a disfigured and tortured society, existing as a possible descendent of our own, Orwell explores the mutability of the past through memory.

So maybe this idea of “strength” extends into our current world from this novel, suggesting that voluntary ignorance towards the revisionism of truth provides “strength” to stories written by those in power.

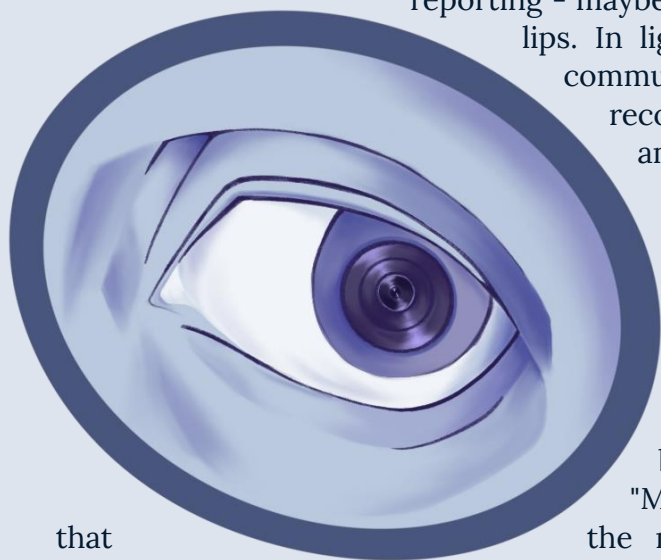
Alternatively, perhaps this is critical of all people in society, who allow erasure through ignorance. Orwell could be arguing that if ignorance rules supreme, people remain blissful prisoners of their state, relieved from the responsibility of questioning their narratives – but if they are aware, they must succumb to the divisions that this would form. For example, through the thought police, any deviation from socially accepted narratives is swiftly corrected by society in 1984, hence an easy sense of comfortability. Therefore, Orwell’s “thought police” represents our ignorance toward the media we are consuming, filtered and drip-fed from those in higher positions of power.

In our civilization, it is possible to question:

Do we have our own thought police?

THE ROLE OF SOCIAL MEDIA IN CONTEMPORARY HISTORICAL AMNESIA

With the media as a rapidly growing set of eyes for the population – always watching and reporting – maybe it now has a new aim and objective, to be a pair of lips. In light of the recent rise of social media and mass communication services, maybe it is time that the media is recognized for its role as an accomplice to historical amnesia, an institution with a new use of words, to possibly rewrite history or to change what we believe about it.

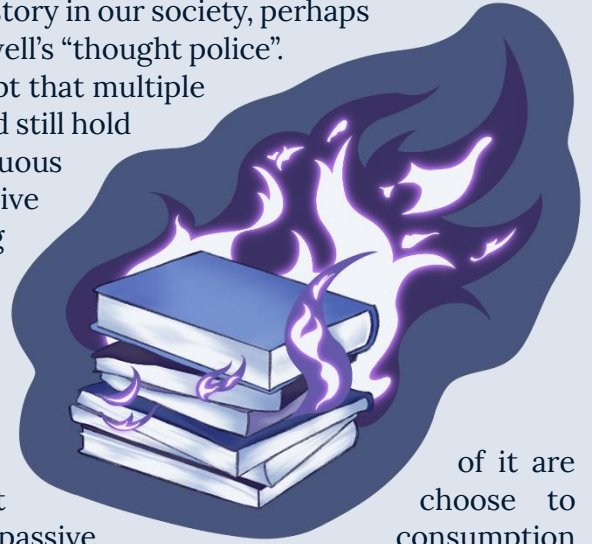


that independent institution – is influenced and controlled by various economic and political forces. The authors argue that the media is not just a reflection of reality but actively participates in constructing a version of reality that aligns with the interests of the powerful elites in society. Similar to the “thought police” in 1984, *Manufacturing Consent* could be used to support the idea that the media is our real-world equivalent. The title “Manufacturing Consent” refers to the process through which the media, consciously or unconsciously, disseminates information that supports the agendas of governments, corporations, and other influential groups.

Manufacturing Consent written by Edward S. Herman and Noam Chomsky discusses how mass media in democracies can serve as a system of propaganda that shapes public opinion in ways that benefit powerful interests. The central thesis of “Manufacturing Consent” revolves around the concept

Regarding filtering of the news, *Manufacturing Consent* discusses that “Sourcing and Flak” are one of the many filters in reporting; journalists rely on official sources for information, sources created by those in positions of power. Challenging these sources or deviating from the official narrative may result in negative consequences, known as “flak,” which can damage a journalist’s reputation or job security, therefore reducing the authenticity of what they believe is a valid perspective on history. This culture is most detrimental as it removes the opportunity to represent many different opinions about this history.

What needs to happen is the appreciation of multitudes of unique, complex historical narratives. Due to this need for one correct, perfect version of history in our society, perhaps our media is becoming likened more and more to Orwell's "thought police". In both cases there seems to be a reluctance to accept that multiple versions and interpretations of history can coexist and still hold equal validity. It is arguable that the most arduous challenge we face is to provide a nuanced and inclusive version of history which protects slowly disappearing voices rather than erasing those that do not fit the 'correct' mould of what many think history should be.



In conclusion, the world's history is so fragile and mutable that the memories and perceptions we hold more affected by historical amnesia than we might believe. As citizens, perhaps we need to rethink our passive of it are
choose to
consumption
of media that revises history. Regardless of the reason, perhaps it is time to begin sewing back together the pieces of the world's history that this unrestrained amnesia has torn holes in. It is important to reform the differing social and individual attitudes to history and approach it with an open mind for all perspectives.

Brain Surgery

Anika Monga, Year 11

the first flower I remember rotted when it
fell to earth.

plucked from beneath my skull,
it now rests upon the Surgeon's mantlepiece:
my earliest memory.

she made me with flesh and bone;
moments set in motion divide
like streetlamps, bandaged by misty nights.

a kiss transfused through my spine. are you
too drained like me? but sewers are stitched
towards rivers, their blood leaving dark
blotches on the palms of my creator.

my corpse is dressed in screams,
so I tried to salvage forgotten cries. I prayed
to be defined by partings of memories.
but I don't remember why.

the apple seed beneath eden's unseen –
to be, real. what did they mean?



concord

Evie Armstrong, Year 12

i can't keep dangling from this knife in the ceiling
and tearing my stockings along the pavement
it does not matter. they always need more fuel for the gas-lamps

i tried to let this leaf-pile rot but it just dried out
i tried to burn it but it only sparks when i turn my back
and i'll break it into pieces but i'll never clean the dust from my fingers

how many times have i locked my mirrors in the basement
and then found glass lining the skirting-boards
i let my furniture ride the tube all the way home

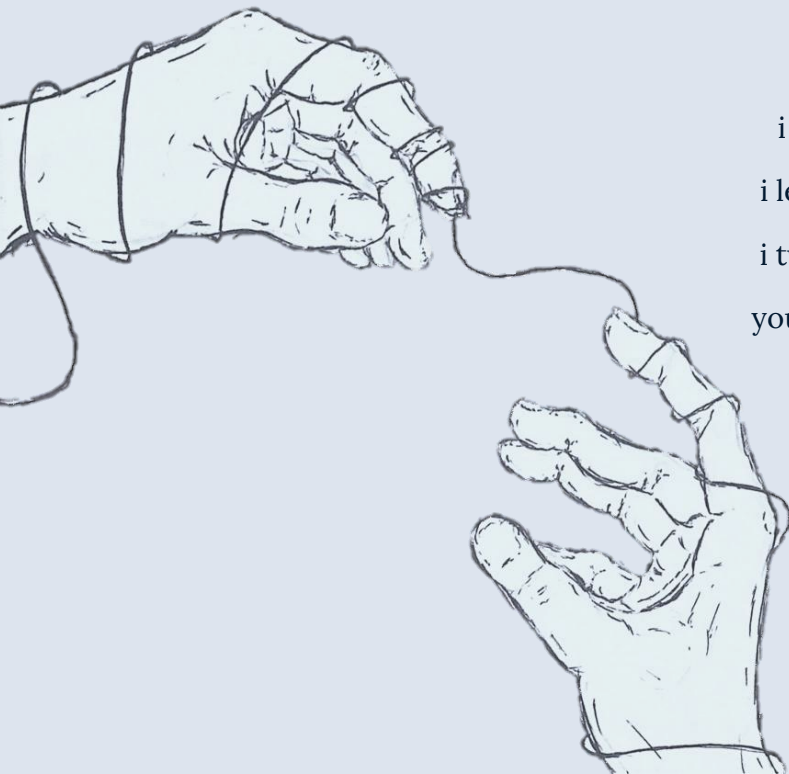
did you give me this necklace or is it mine
i just imagine you spending time on me
what do i lose if i say i ripped it from your neck
i pin it to my collarbone so i don't have to let you go
and i'll leave the locket blank for your whisper on the breeze



woodstock

Evie Armstrong, Year 12

i miss the wave
the sound of your hair as you push it back
again
telling you the stories i know you've heard
before
i wanted to sing to your chords but my feet
just stood frozen
i let the silence around your voice illuminate
my sky
i twist your bracelets round my wrist to hide
their inscriptions
you looped a thread through my fingernail so
i mystified your touch
i could cut you off but then the others
wouldn't match



Haunting Memories in *Rebecca*

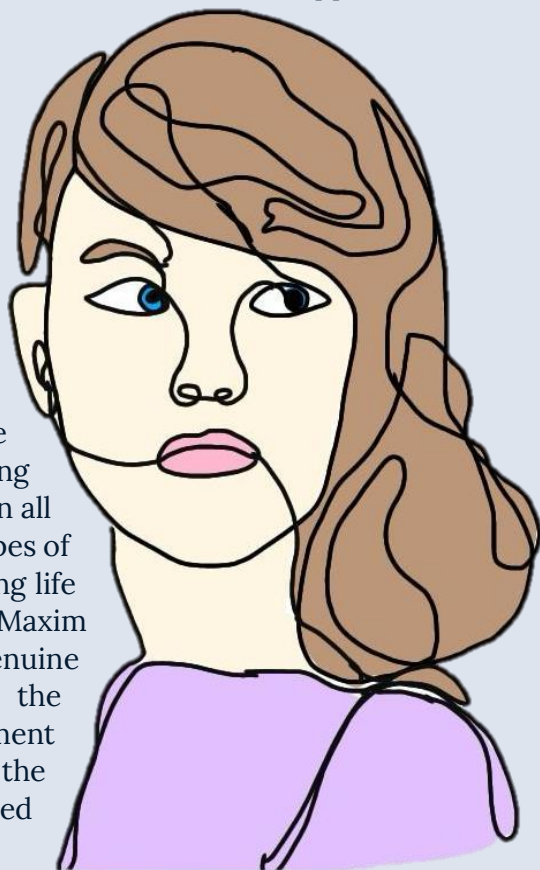
Nicole Jiao, Year 12

Rebecca is a captivating novel celebrated for its haunting, dream-like atmosphere and exploration of the intricacies within each character's psyche, motivations, and actions. The enduring allure of du Maurier's work lies in her unparalleled ability to manipulate and delay the revealing of information, creating an unforgettable literary masterpiece that continues to linger in the hearts and minds of generations.

Central to the plot is the overarching theme of memory, evident from the famous opening line, "Last night, I dreamt I went to Manderley again" which immediately presents the theme of memory as a key driver of plot and narrative structure. The novel's events are told chronologically, unfolding as a flashback that begins with the unnamed protagonist's time spent as a paid companion to the wealthy and obnoxious widow Mrs Van Hopper.

SPOILERS AHEAD!

Upon her arrival at Monte Carlo, Mrs Van Hopper is quick to seek out Mr de Winter who is infamous for the tragedy of his late wife Rebecca's suspicious death, thus establishing the significance of memory as a powerful influence on identity. Despite only spending a brief period of time in each other's company, Mr de Winter abruptly proposes to the protagonist in a desperate attempt to prevent her from moving to New York with Mrs Van Hopper, thereby making her the second Mrs de Winter. He notes that the presence of the protagonist by his side during their visit to his previous honeymoon spot put a "stopper on all bitter memories", helping him to partially succeed in his hopes of "forget[ting] every phase in his existence up until something life altering that happened a year ago". It could be argued that Maxim de Winter's true intentions lie not necessarily in a pure, genuine love for the protagonist, but to distract himself from the memories of his ex-wife that persistently follow and torment him since the scrawny and awkward protagonist is the complete opposite of the glamorous and self-assured Rebecca.



As opposed to Mr. de Winter's desire to escape them, the much younger protagonist has a far fonder perception of memories, and on one occasion in Monte Carlo she reminisces: "If only there could be an invention that bottled up a memory, like a scent. And it never faded, and it never got stale. And then, when one wanted it, the bottle could be uncorked, and it would be like living the moment all over again". She is yet to experience the emotional turmoil and crushing sense of confinement and inadequacy that occurs later in the novel which du Maurier emphasises through dramatic irony in this moment.

However, her naivety and innocence are swiftly challenged upon arriving at Manderley. Here, the pervasive influence of Rebecca, the former Mrs de Winter, feels almost palpable as it permeates through every interaction the protagonist has and everywhere she goes. Every aspect of the estate is a constant reminder of Rebecca's overwhelming presence and the differences between them: her old raincoats, too big for the protagonist's scrawny figure; the garden's vibrant rhododendrons decorating the garden once adored by her; the lavish interior design solely chosen by her. And above all, every person the protagonist meets takes no effort in hiding their admiration and preference for Rebecca. This worship becomes almost suffocating, and the reader feels sympathy for the protagonist who is unable to escape the shadows of her perceived inadequacies that Rebecca excelled in; she isn't pretty or charismatic or loud enough and never will be.

Rebecca's metaphysical form amplifies her power as she seemingly becomes omnipresent and unrestricted by physical boundaries. The tragedy of her death at the peak of her popularity means she is forever immortalised in the minds of others as the epitome of beauty and charm, creating an unattainable standard for the protagonist to meet as this lasting memory of Rebecca cannot be erased.

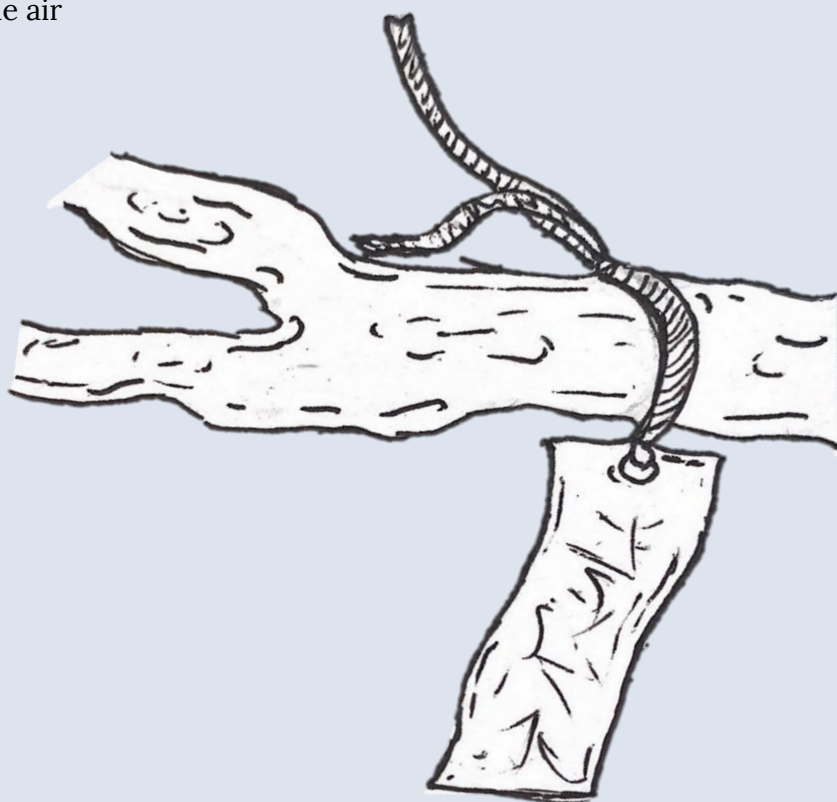
Mrs Danvers, the skeletal and gaunt housekeeper of Manderley, further ensures this. Owing to her devout loyalty to Rebecca, she despises the new Mrs de Winter and intentionally uses manipulative methods of reinforcing the feelings of insecurity and worthlessness the protagonist experiences, emphasising Rebecca's admired qualities to evoke a sense of inadequacy, and sowing doubt in the protagonist's relationship with Mr de Winter. In one memorable scene it is revealed that Mrs Danvers still maintains Rebecca's room in pristine condition as if she were still alive, creating a deeply unsettling atmosphere that highlights the grasp that memories can still maintain on the present.


In conclusion, *Rebecca's* enduring allure lies not only in its stunningly beautiful yet ominous atmospheric descriptions of Manderley, but its remarkable exploration of memory and the lasting impact it has on characters' identities as well as its ability to influence their relationships. As readers navigate the intricate web of secrets and emotions, they are presented with the enduring power of the past, forever imprinted in the recesses of the characters' minds. *Rebecca* is an everlasting testament to the permanent mark that haunting memories can leave, remaining with readers long after they have finished the novel.

Grandma *in memoriam*

Yvonne Gao, Year 13

Back then, she crouched, arms out
Right in front of me, always
One step ahead,
So, I had to take one wobbly step
Then another,
Until one day I was running around the park, squealing
“Ready or not!”
Then, when I skinned my knee
She carried me home on her back,
Her strong arms solid around my chubby legs,
Just like when she hoisted me on her hip
To tie a paper wish on a tree:
Gold on red leaf
That fluttered briefly in the wind
And slipped away on a sigh,
And when I grabbed frantically at the air
To try and tug it back,
She just laughed and put me down
Onto my own two feet





**“The more you love a memory, the
stronger and stranger it becomes”
- Vladimir Nabokov**

WINTER 2024 PLAYLIST



BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS

***Before the Coffee Gets Cold* by Toshikazu Kawaguchi**

Before the Coffee Gets Cold is a compilation of different experiences in a café in Tokyo that allows its customers to travel back in time, as long as they return before their coffee gets cold. The story originally began as a play in 2010, before being adapted into a novel in 2015.

***Sane New World* by Ruby Wax**

In this non-fiction book, Wax shows us why and how our minds can send us mad and how we can rewire our thinking, especially through mindfulness, to calm ourselves in a frenetic world.

***Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow* by Gabrielle Zevin**

Sam and Sadie make virtual worlds. Their collaborations make them global superstars but along with success, money and fame comes betrayal and tragedy.

***The Housekeeper and the Professor* by Yōko Ogawa**

This touching novel explores the relationship between a housekeeper, her son and an old maths professor. The only caveat is, the professor's memory only lasts for 80 minutes at a time.

***The Remains of the Day* by Kazuo Ishiguro**

Set in post-World War II era, *Remains of the Day* explores themes of regret, loyalty, and dignity as the protagonist Stevens reflects on his past and questions the choices he has made.

***The Stationery Shop of Tehran* by Marjan Kamali**

Reflecting in 2013, Roya looks back to 1953 onto her relationship with Bahman who she meets and falls in love with just before the Iranian coup.

***Beloved* by Toni Morrison**

Sethe was born a slave and escaped to Ohio, but eighteen years later she is still not free; she is still held captive by memories of Sweet Home, the beautiful farm where so many hideous things happened. Haunted by her past, Sethe's house has long been troubled by the angry, destructive ghost of her baby, who died nameless and whose tombstone is engraved with a single word: *Beloved*.

***On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous* by Ocean Vuong**

Addressed to his Vietnamese mother who cannot read English, *Little Dog* reflects on his hybridity and his attempts to assimilate into American culture. An exploration of generational trauma, love and loss, this lyrical book is a must-read.

***A Man's Place* by Annie Ernaux**

In this largely autobiographical work, *A Man's Place* recounts the story of a daughter coming to terms with her formative years as she writes an unflinching portrait of her father's life and death.

***1984* by George Orwell**

An absolute classic in the dystopian genre, *1984* shows Winston's life under the totalitarian regime of Oceania. Orwell's cautionary tale exposes the mutability of memory, thought and free-will

***Nox* by Anne Carson**

This poetry collection is a eulogy for Carson's brother and is a fascinating exploration of the fragmented nature of grief. The book is an immersive visual experience through which Carson dissects memory. (recommendation from former editor Nam Vo)

MEET THE TEAM

Content creators

EVIE A (Y12)	Evie is a resident J.B. Priestley hater and abhorrent poet.
RINA N (Y11)	When Rina isn't too busy being Spider-Man, you can find them enthusing about movies, headphones glued to their ears.
ANIKA M (Y11)	As a 'theatre kid' who bursts into song during conversation, Anika is a gremlin with a book always in their pocket. She spends her sleep schedule writing & painting and waking hours rambling about philosophy.
NIRANJANA R (Y11)	Niranjana is a big fan of all things related to literature and history, whilst also being completely inseparable from her headphones.
RAEESA P (Y11)	Raeesa is a Y11 student who has been passionate about writing ever since she learned how. She is thrilled to be a part of the team and looks forward to display her work to others who share her literary enthusiasm!
HAYA A S (Y9)	Haya has always enjoyed reading and writing; since a young age she's always been a bookworm! She looks up to authors such as Oscar Wilde and John Green as her inspirations. Other interests of hers are politics and history.
SUHA A S (Y9)	Suha loves reading books of all genres and is interested in history and philosophy. She would say the most thought provoking book she has ever read would be The Catcher in the Rye.
ELLA W (Y9)	Ella enjoys art and design and wishes to study architecture, she admires the profession's skill. She also has a questionable love for fruit cups...
YUNAMI Y (Y9)	Yunami enjoys reading classical literature and detective fiction. Interests include art, neuroscience, philosophy and writing stories mostly about people being very confused.
MEGHPORI C (Y9)	Meghpori has always loved reading ever since she was little; her favourite genres are detective fiction and thrillers (she especially likes the Sherlock Holmes stories). She also loves maths and the sciences, as well as playing the piano (mostly classical).
ALEENA R (Y8)	Aleena loves to write using her imagination because it makes her happy. That's what she did here!
ISHITA G (Y7)	Ishita has had a passion for art since the age of 3 and loves experimenting with colour. In her spare time, she likes to game and read (especially manga!).

MEET THE TEAM

Editors

YVONNE G (Y13)

Yvonne enjoys reading and listening to music. Currently studying English Lit, History, Chemistry, and German, Yvonne keeps herself sane by frequently bleaching her hair and eating minstrels.

EMILY T (Y13)

Emily is studying Biology, Chemistry and English Lit. She's not too sure why she chose to study STEM but embraces the chaos.

NELL W (Y13)

Nell is the TGL team's token STEM friend who's somehow infiltrated the inner circle to become our social media manager. Nell's favourite book is *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

LILLY P (Y12)

Lilly studies English Lit, History and Psychology. In her spare time she loves to read and write fiction, as well as listening to music in her headphones so loud she'll probably go deaf soon.

NICOLE J (Y12)

Nicole is a big fan of feminist Greek mythology retellings, and her favourite books are the Poppy War trilogy by R. F. Kuang and *Lessons in Chemistry* by Bonnie Garmus. Alongside reading, she also loves crocheting, gardening and Horrible Histories songs.

ZAYNAB B (Y12)

Zaynab is studying English Lit, English Lang, and History. Safe to say she lost her sanity a while ago.

CHI-YAN N (Y12)

Chi-Yan enjoys graphic novels, multipack children's biscuits, video essays and spending all his money on concerts. Their favourite authors are Julia Armfield and Rick Riordan.

SCHOOL CAKE

Recipe: <https://bakingwithgranny.co.uk/recipe/school-cake/>

INGREDIENTS

- 280 g Margarine (at room temperature)
- 280 g Caster Sugar
- 5 Eggs (at room temperature)
- 280 g Self-raising Flour
- 350 g Icing Sugar
- 3-4 tbsp Boiling Water
- Sprinkles to decorate



METHOD

1. Pre-heat your oven to 180°C (160°C for fan assisted oven or Gas Mark 4) and line a 9x12 inch baking tin with greaseproof paper.
2. In a large bowl, cream together the margarine and sugar until light and fluffy.
3. Add the eggs one at time, ensuring each is mixed through before adding the next.
4. Sift in the flour and gently fold to create a batter.
5. Transfer the batter to your pre-lined tin and bake in your pre-heated oven for 30-40 minutes until risen, golden and a skewer inserted comes out clean.
6. Leave to cool in the tin for a few minutes before transferring to a wire rack to cool completely.
7. Once your cake has cooled completely; in a bowl, mix the icing sugar with a few teaspoons of boiling water, adding a little water at time until you have a thick pouring consistency. Pour the icing onto your cake, using a spoon to guide it to the edges. Finish with some rainbow sprinkles.

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Karl Marx

Teams Chat Function

The Wellbeing Room

A Surprising Amount of Organisation

HOW TO GET INVOLVED

Application for GL Content Creators

Year 9 and above.

Send in an opinion piece to thegreenlight@aggs.bright-futures.co.uk

We are also looking for social media managers; if you're savvy with tech and good at being popular, email us for an application form.

Submissions to The Glass Cabinet

Year 7 – Year 13

To submit any type of creativity to The Glass Cabinet, keep an eye out for notices for any contests, or opportunities that will be running throughout the year.

For any queries, please don't hesitate to approach any of the Editors, our Arts Coordinator, or email us at thegreenlight@aggs.bright-futures.co.uk

Look out for the **upcoming neurodiversity poetry competition** for the next edition! Details coming soon.

**(scan me!
I'll take you to our
digital magazine 😊)**



“Every man’s memory is his
private literature”
– Aldous Huxley

