

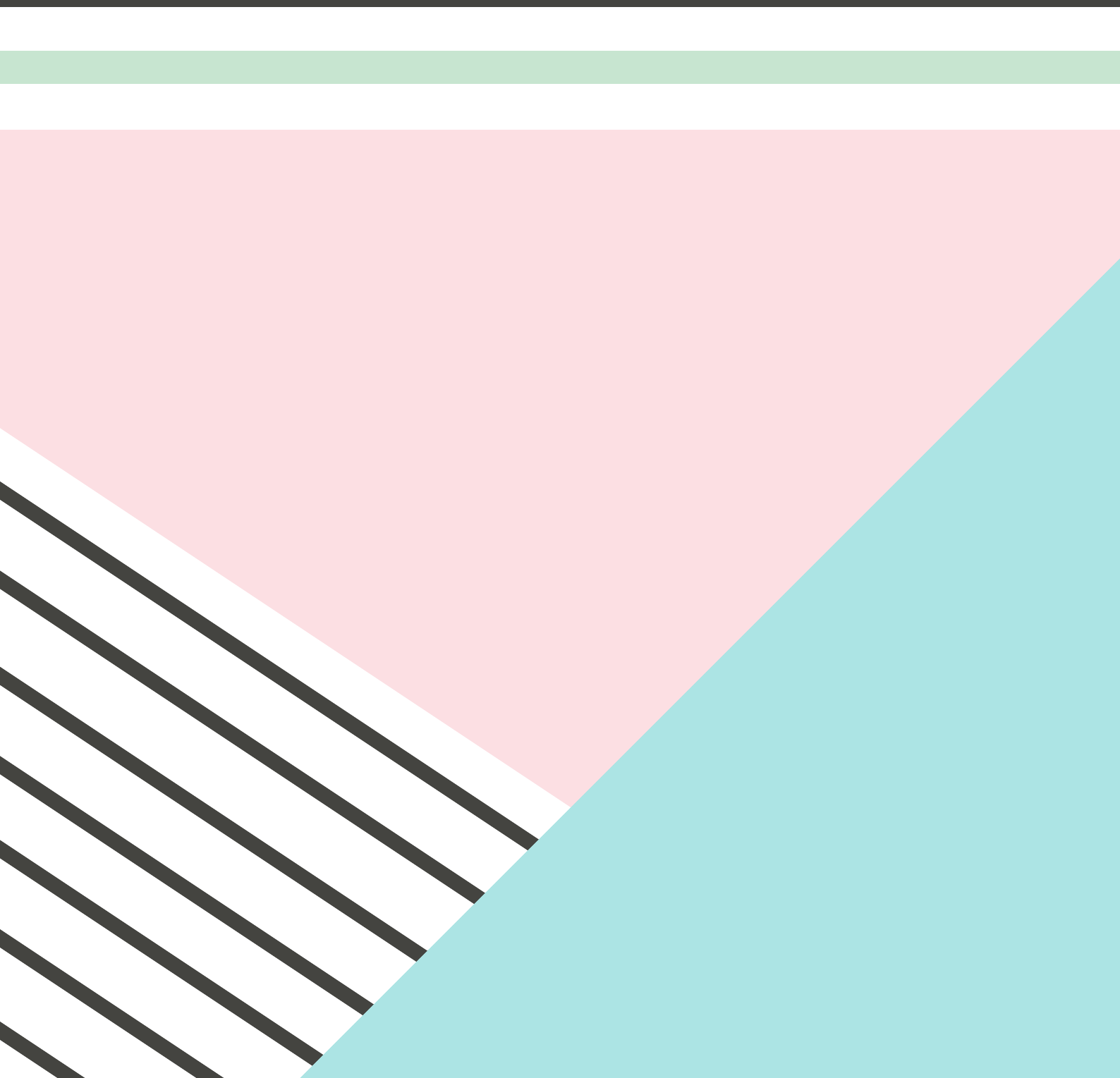


The Purcell School
for young musicians

WAVES

ISSUE NO. 2

Editor: Eva Serksnaite



NOTE FROM PREVIOUS EDITOR

On a bright April morning strolling to the studio for a day of painting, I was delighted to receive an instagram message from Eva:
"I'm kickstarting Waves..."

It is with great excitement that I introduce this second issue of **Waves**, The Purcell School's multimedia magazine which I created last year. I am thrilled that the first issue's spirit of inspiration and invention is still thriving and has led to a fresh sea of writing, artwork and photography, displaying the creativity of students and staff side by side.

My endless gratitude to Eva and Ms. Millman for their hard work and to all the students and staff at The Purcell School who have generously shared their creativity. I miss you all and look forward to seeing you soon.

Stay safe and happy exploring!

- Hugo Max

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MAYA-ASHANTI ANICET

SHINY TEETH

CELESTE BOLMAT

'Come down! Breakfast is ready!'

I clambered down the stairs. My hair was tangled and my pyjamas were folded and creased. The table was laid out with hot toast and eggs and there was smoke coming from the teapot. The air smelt delicious and I felt hungry immediately. Her dad ran in and wheezed,

'Ooh, that was a (wheeze) great run. Me and Charley are doing it again tomorrow.'

My mum snickered and said under her breath, 'If you won't sleep in and wake up at 12...' She took the remote from the couch and turned the TV on. Immediately a pile of ads came up. She groaned,

'So much for morning film...' A toothpaste ad with a repetitive jingle started flashing across the screen. My mum glared at it.

'Finally, something interesting! Toothpaste, huh?' She grinned, 'Dear, I'll buy you some too because your teeth aren't looking so good. But I need some of that whiteness!' Mum quickly grabbed her purse and her keys.

'Be back soon!' she cried, 'But you won't see me much because I'll be WHITENING MY TEETH! Ha ha, see you!'

She ran off and slammed the front door. I sighed. Mum and her stupid ads. One minute its a car, next minute its toothpaste! Sigh. I slowly chewed my bacon and pondered when my mum would come back. She was a shopping queen, and a trip to the grocery store would soon become a makeup spree. So what would she buy now? Suddenly, the ad came back. I groaned. What was up with teeth nowadays? After 10 minutes, my mum came back with two overflowing bags and stuffed pockets.

'Wow! That was fun! Here you are...' She gave me and dad a toothpaste tube, 'That should whiten those pearls for you.' She giggled like a child and went skipping away with her shopping. I looked at the toothpaste for one second and gasped. It was the same company which a meteor hit 10 years ago! I was not trusting it for one second. I threw it in the bin secretly and ran up to my room. A draft came through my window and I shivered. I was

more of a Summer girl. I used to refuse snowballing with my friends and making snowmen because I hated getting cold and getting ice down my back. I sighed and sat down on the window ledge. It started raining.

* * *

Susie's mum looked in the mirror and grinned. Her teeth looked immaculate and perfectly white. She winked and started putting everything away. But for some reason, she felt a bit strange. She gripped her head because a thunderous headache came and her legs felt really wobbly. Soon, she couldn't talk and she groaned. What was happening? When she tried to call for help, all that came out was some random stuttering. Her head felt like it was going to explode! Suddenly, she went blank. Her face looked like it had switched off. All she wanted was food. Sweet food.

DESIGN FOR A PAINTING

NADINE SENDER

Fast becoming a new wonder of the world
'the green houses of Almeria, Spain' can be
seen from space.

These greenhouses produce nearly 3.5
million tons of fruit and vegetables each
year, so there is a big chance that the fruit
you have eaten has come from there.

The working conditions within the
greenhouses are poor and the
environmental impact of growing produce
in this way is huge and something everyone
should consider when making your
consumer choices.

A really interesting article to read is:
<https://www.amusingplanet.com/2013/08/the-greenhouses-of-almeria.html>

I have created this design for my painting to
highlight this potential environmental
catastrophe.

Hopefully I'll have time in the summer to
transpose it into paint!



OUR WINE

PERREN-LUC THIESSEN

You, my love, are my mind's glass of wine,
drank through the lips, taken in through the eyes
touched with the hand, delicate and sweet
welding an ember deep beneath my feet
wispings smoke which floats to warm my heart,
sifting doubts from my cap until our lips part.
From second sip this bravery is not daring,
but flows off me like water from a stream,
our hearts beat as one from embers of two,
our life is right here, our fire, our wine
drank through the lips, taken in through the eyes
touched with the hand, bold and brave
tasted by the tongue, washed down to the heart,
burning smoke which floats up to our boat,
down the stream of which our love flows.

PORTFOLIO

HUGO MAX

DUCK FUGUE

Oil on canvas

90 x 90 cm

May 2021



FUGUE NO. 1 (UNFINISHED)

Oil and acrylic on canvas

168 x 140 cm

February 2021



BARGAINING

Oil and acrylic on canvas

168 x 140 cm

March 2021



FAMILY PORTRAIT

Mixed media on two canvases

52 x 41 cm

November 2020 - April 2021

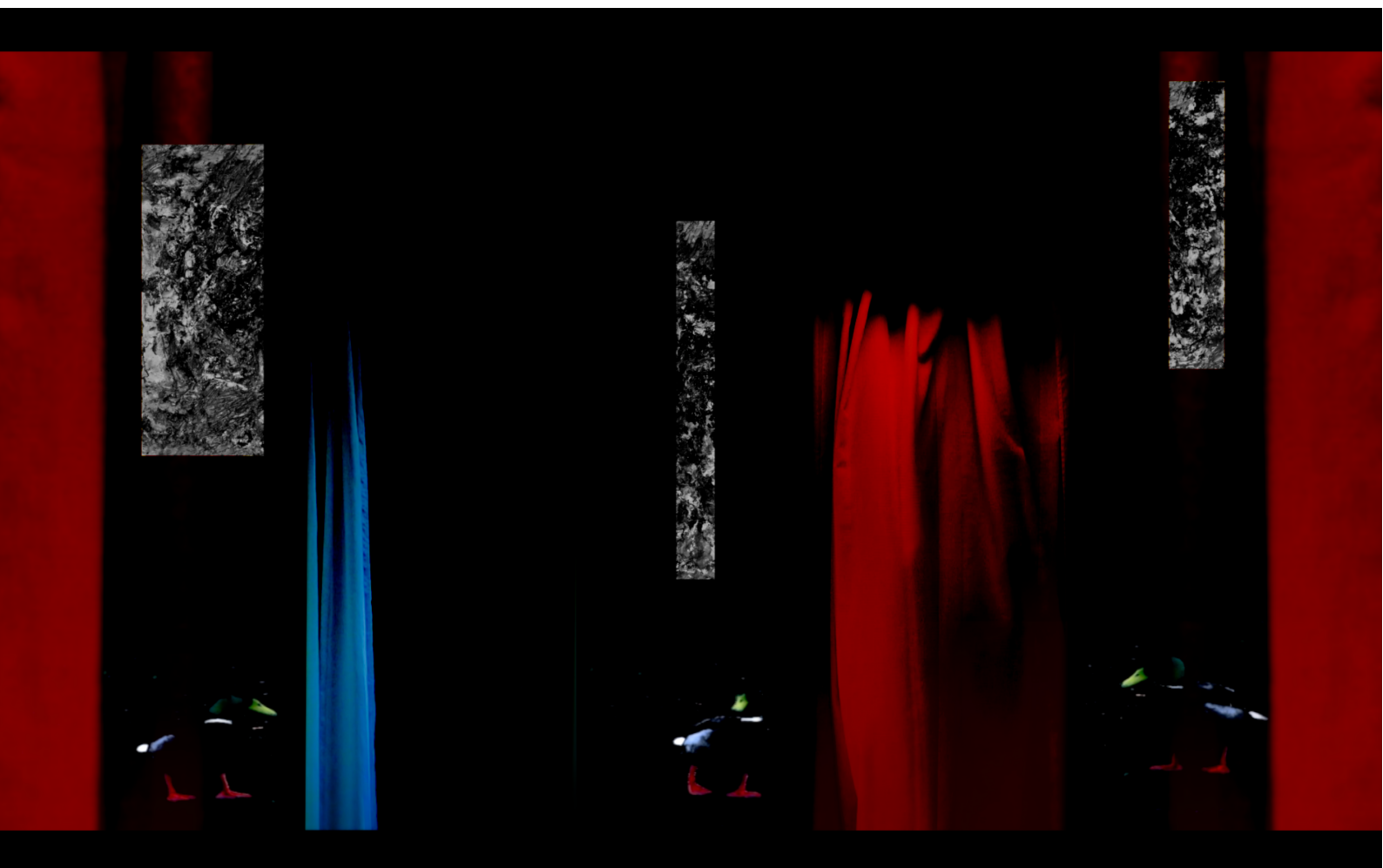


BEHIND CURTAINS, THE DUCKS

Oil on canvas

90 x 90 cm

May 2021



BRANDY FOR 4

DAVID GORDON TRIO

FROM THE UPCOMING
ALBUM 'PACHYDERM'



David Gordon - piano, melodica, composer
Oli Hayhurst - double bass
Paul Cavaciuti - drums

THREE POEMS

REESE MANGLICMOT

A B R O K E N M I R R O R

Reflections of a life I once lived
Seep into the lines I trace
The fragments of a shattered reality
Turn into possibilities for days to come

M E M O R I E S

I watched the wind
As a wayward child
I held chalk
And carved our names

The paths are bare
The wind is gone
I've lost these years
But me, I've won

P R A E L U D I U M

My heart is held
I am lifted
My soul now soars
Into the light

THREE POEMS COMMENTARY

REESE MANGLICMOT

These poems are a series of afterthoughts on some pieces that I have written in the past two years. Though not directly inspired by the music itself, they may well be food for thought.

When I compose, it feels as though one is in the midst of a storm where only a few steps ahead are visible and often, it is not clear how what I am writing and

expressing through my music relates to the greater landscape through which I am traversing. In my case, it has taken some years to fully understand the meaning of the music I have written after I have had some distance from the piece, which only the passing of time has allowed.

It is widely known that the gravity of what one has

endured through the journey of life only becomes clear after some time, and the feeling of pride which one receives after weathering these storms is immensely satisfying. Such was the joy of completing these poems and understanding my music and most importantly, myself.

After all, at least for me....

**FROM LIFE COMES
MUSIC AND FROM
MUSIC, LIFE.**

THE FOX

CELESTE BOLMAT

Like a snake she walks, with stealth and power,
When she catches her prey, it draws back and cowers,
She has no mercy, she kills with grace,
She thinks about her every pace.

Her bushy tail flicks from side to side,
So frightening is her piercing cry,
Her attentive ears are lined with fur,
Into the depths her prey she lures.

She creeps around like the mist through the trees,
And every movement she can sense and see,
Her sky blue eyes are a mysterious ocean,
Her face doesn't express a single emotion.

Through the deep dark night she struts,
At every other animal she tuts,
So proud she is, so clever and smart,
Not one tear does she shed when she parts.

So brutally does she kill her prey,
She hunts at night and sleeps at day,
So that's the fox, cunning and daring,
But as soon as she sees you away she goes tearing.

ARTWORK

CELESTE BOLMAT





MENTAL HEALTH

JENNY GAO

THE SOURCES OF MENTAL HEALTH ISSUES IN THE MODERN WORLD

How are you? This is a question that, once upon a time, we could have openly and honestly spoke to each other about, yet now we live in such a world where "I'm fine, thank you" is what we are only capable of reciprocating. This essay will address the several main sources of mental health; touching on the bases of sexism, racism, sexuality, money and anxieties present in the modern world.

Mental health has always been a touchy subject, where you either over-share or don't share. In our current time, one in every four suffer with a mental health issue, needless to say that mental health is a part of each and every person, but our government cannot support each and every single person's needs. This world has slowly been torn apart because we as a society are so distant from each other, we all follow our own different paths. However, if we do not care for and consider the people around us, we alone are simply a

nobody to eternal nobodies. If I ask you to think of the mentally ill, what is it that you picture? A person in a psychiatric facility being held down by security, the child who struggled to get up and eat breakfast, or the businessmen who travel to and from work every day that cannot summon the strength to tell his family that he is exhausted? Despite the growth we have made during the past century (fighting for women's rights, Black Lives Matter, racism and the LGBTQ+ community), this is not enough. All these labels have separated us even further to the point where we feel awkward asking someone's gender, or speaking on Black Lives Matter as a white person is looking for "clout". The mind is a wonderful place, yet it can be very dangerous. If we thought of the mind as a country, it would be the Democratic Republic of Emotions and Frontal Cortex of Control and Power, maybe a little town of Everything Wrong with Me.

I remember as a child I used to walk through my town past H&M Kids section past McDonalds and the ice-cream van, not a worry in my mind. Now, I walk through my town noticing the corners where drugs are sold and which shops alcohol can be bought at. I believe that schooling is a main part of our lives, and despite the brilliant support we are given, we aren't taught how to live. We are taught how to do Pythagoras' Theorem and *Hard Times* by Charles Dickens, which is beneficial and brilliant knowledge to have, but I am 17 and have never been taught how to organize and pay bills or what to look for in future jobs, but mostly how to be myself. There are rules and regulations following each class, but how is this supposed to help us grow to find our personalities and our hobbies, which form what we want to do with our lives? So instead, we look to ourselves to survive, leading us to drugs, alcohol and unhealthy relationships. I am glad to say that most people have a warm home with comfort and a family to go back to, but some do not. They look to survive by stealing and selling and

taking drugs, and these are only a few examples out of hundreds. Our environment and who we grow up with forms who we become as people, our parents specifically. Whether you have abusive parents or you have understanding parents, you might still feel empty which leads to another thing we aren't taught at school; what to do with these environments. Children are born as a source of purity and they are carrying a clean soul, but as they grow, they slowly day by day turn into manipulated monsters trying to understand life. Of course, life is unfair putting people at the wrong place and the wrong time but that is fate, simply nothing can be done, but what can be done is the support and attitude of growth to strength. One day, you wake up as an adult and nothing has changed in the way you feel, but you are an adult. You have to pay bills, find a job, feed yourself, and we are just thrown into the deep end of the pool and expected to stay afloat despite never being taught to swim. You meet a nice guy, or you don't, you have a nice family, or you don't, you own a mortgage, or you don't.

Then you watch people die. Then you yourself die. In the end, all the money, all the people, everything you have learnt is nothing and you lay alone in your coffin or with your ashes spread along the Venice of the North.

The Office for National Statistics says, 'in 2019, there were 5,691 suicides registered in England and Wales, an age-standardised rate of 11.0 deaths per 100,000 population which has been steadily increasing since 2016.' People are being killed, people are killing and why? Millions of different stories and experiences hiding between what we see online that is backed up through social media. Throughout the years, people fought against the stigma from Instagram and Facebook, bullying from Snapchat or WhatsApp, but if you happen to end up somewhere along the wrong feed, you are broken into little pieces by such a large population. Social media can find one tiny flaw, a wrongly placed strand of hair, a piece of leaked information and create a whole story from it. All these faces in their screen, fixating on breaking someone through a piece of

glass, because they feel safe behind that glass. People making videos about others and starting rumours because they can, being toxic and maybe not even realising it, it is sad because that is life and there will always be someone willing to disagree with you or pick out your flaws not realising that they could be doing severe damage. Why can't we just all be nice and get along? Because that is life. Life is unfair. All these remarks, questions and wonders that create such anxieties for us which are so normalised yet strange because "I have such OCD with these things" cannot be compared to "I have to click these or else my best friend will die" and "depression vibes" is not the same as "I cannot function because my everything seems hopeless". Despite all the Cognitive Behavioural Therapy or Dialectical Behaviour Therapy you can have, nothing will ever change until you decide to make the change for yourself.

Finally, speaking on the pandemic which has affected a large majority of the population, those with mental health issues are now

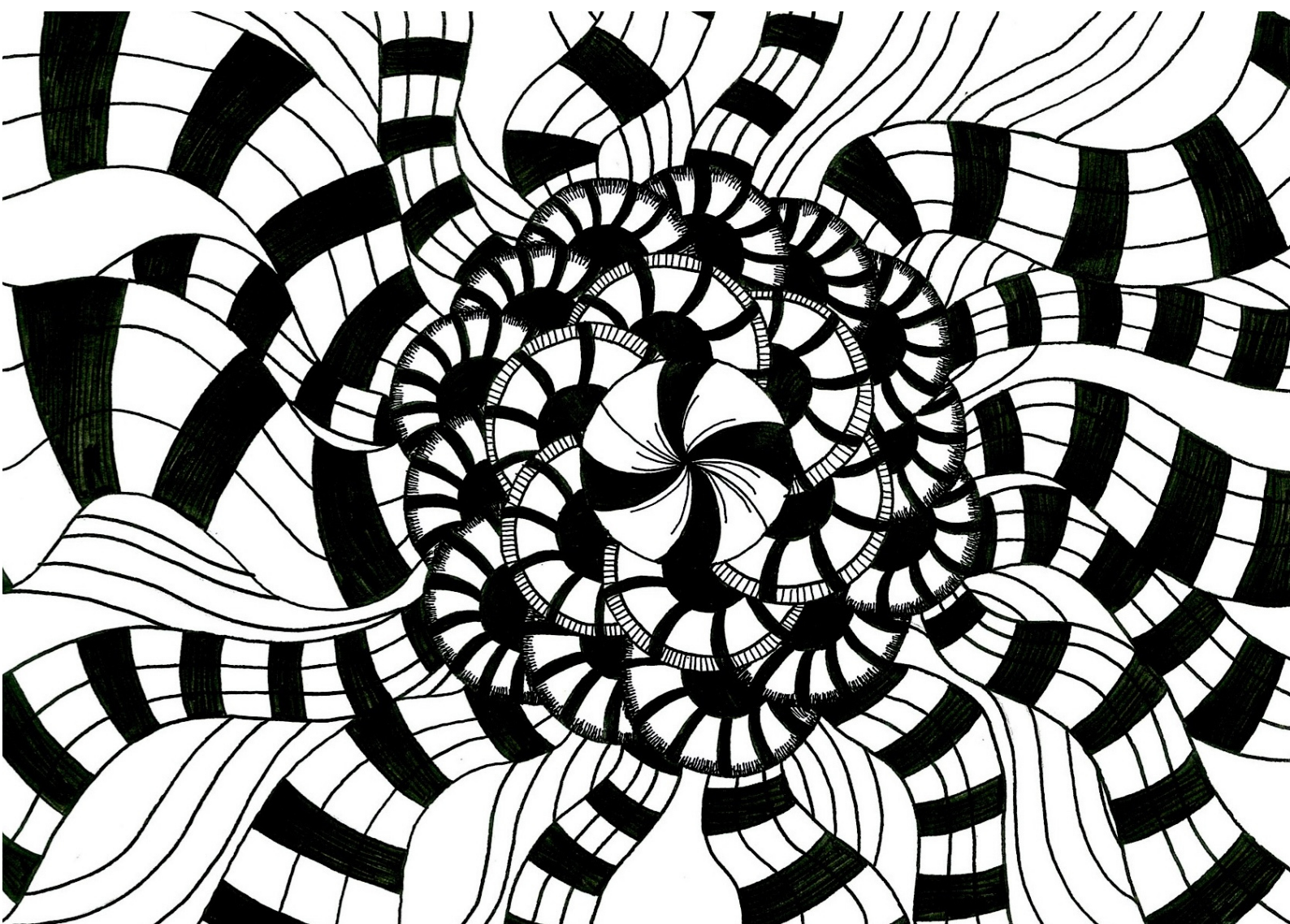
suffering much more than regularly, so-called 'normal' people are experiencing depression, and people are struggling to feed their families. This links to the wide variety of subjects I have previously spoken about, all combined together to create chaos. People are dying and suffering because of the effects that this global pandemic has created, and the disconnect from each other that we have experienced this past year and a half has been something that has not been felt for many generations. We were not equipped with the skills to work through it. I would like to believe there is still good left in this world, so this is the perfect time to start helping one another and supporting those risking their lives daily for us. With schools and workplaces closed during this period, what we have now is time, which has always been an issue.

In theory, by writing on the sources of mental health issues in our modern world I am hoping this will be an inspiration, because opening the eyes to one will in turn open the eyes to future

generations. Making a change must always start somewhere and this might also be the epiphany of the month for me, but it could very well be the epiphany of a lifetime for a child, a family or nobody and everybody.

MEDITATION HALLUCINATION

EVA SERKSNAITE



LEST & GROW

NADINE SENDER

Living through a Pandemic changes many things but lest we forget the future impact of our choices.

Today, we have returned to using more one use plastic, including disposable face-masks.

This new layer of waste on our streets, reveals society's lack of regard for our children's future environment.

Looking forward to the future, we have new opportunities to make the right choices, so let us choose to grow our world into a better place.

LEST



GROW



GRAINS OF SAND

MEGAN VISAGIE

A wise woman once said,
"girl appreciate these grains of sand.
For these grain of sand
carries history, Billions of years wise,
knows the secrets of life.

Understands what will be and what once was
Understands the rhythm of the crashing waves.
The way of the harsh wind.

Through its complete simplicity
hides its wonder and entire complexity.
Like time passing,
runs through your fingers.
A perfect paradox.

For through these grains of sand,
Unfolds infinite possibilities to perceive the world differently".

MY SILENCE IN BETWEEN

PERREN-LUC THIESSEN

The deepest tears bear the darkest ink,
Giving birth to the sweetest roses,
To be picked and given to a lover
Who ends caught in the thorns.
Drawing the blood to be swept
By the stroke of a pen,
Swaying like tinted golden leaves
Fallen from an autumn breeze.
Glistening in the warmth of the sun
Reflecting through the potion in my glass,
Sitting where my music stands,
Listening; during the silence in between.

DOGCHEWED

LYDIA COCHRANE

This photoseries was taken on a Praktica DCZ 3.2 D, a digital camera from my early childhood, known in our household as 'The Dogchew camera' due to its interaction with a dog that left it with a broken flash, and covered in bite marks.

35mm film is one of my favourite mediums, but recently I've become very aware of the waste involved in the process, with the film itself, but also with the amount of chemicals needed to develop the negatives. This means that when taken seriously, film has wonderful results, but for my purposes - essentially just documenting my life - it is too wasteful for me to carry on with, especially when other alternatives now exist.

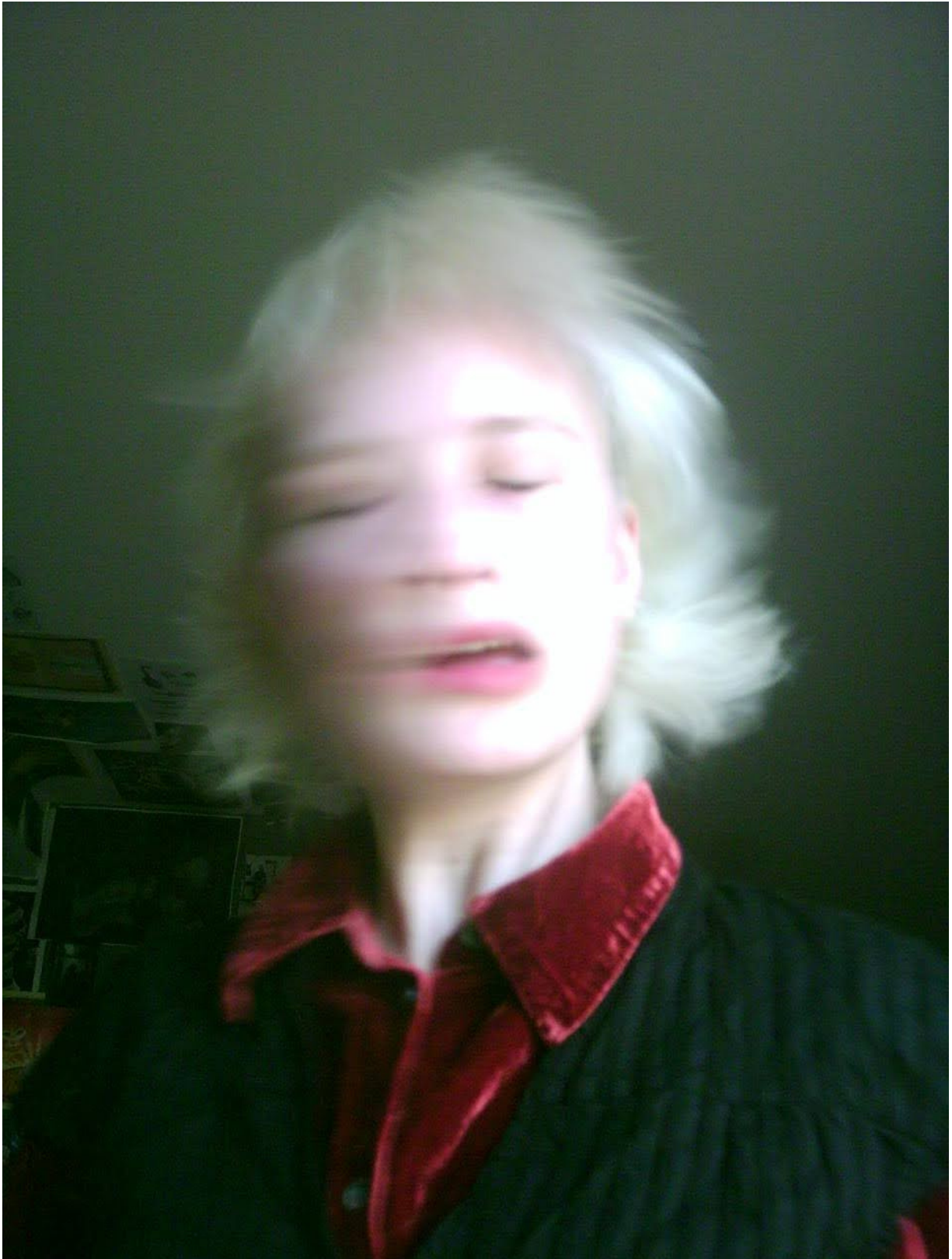
However, I love the nostalgia associated with film, and also the limitation - you can't take hundreds of photos with a film camera like you can with a phone, so each frame is more important, and more carefully observed.

The Dogchew (and other early digital cameras) strikes a lovely balance between environmental consciousness - especially since it is an object that has sat in a drawer in my house for about a decade, being used again - and the style and nostalgia of film.









A DAY IN THE LIFE

ELLA RICHARDSON

I get up early, mostly at six thirty
I gather my thoughts and head off to eat
Food is a challenge because I'm so fussy
But mostly I worry about finding a seat

I head back to the house to prepare for my day
Practice, more practice, it's the only way
If I want to do well I must focus my mind,
But my heads often full, find it hard to unwind

I often feel lonely and misunderstood,
Music is my outlet, since childhood
Easier than words, more forgiving too,
What would I do without it? No clue!

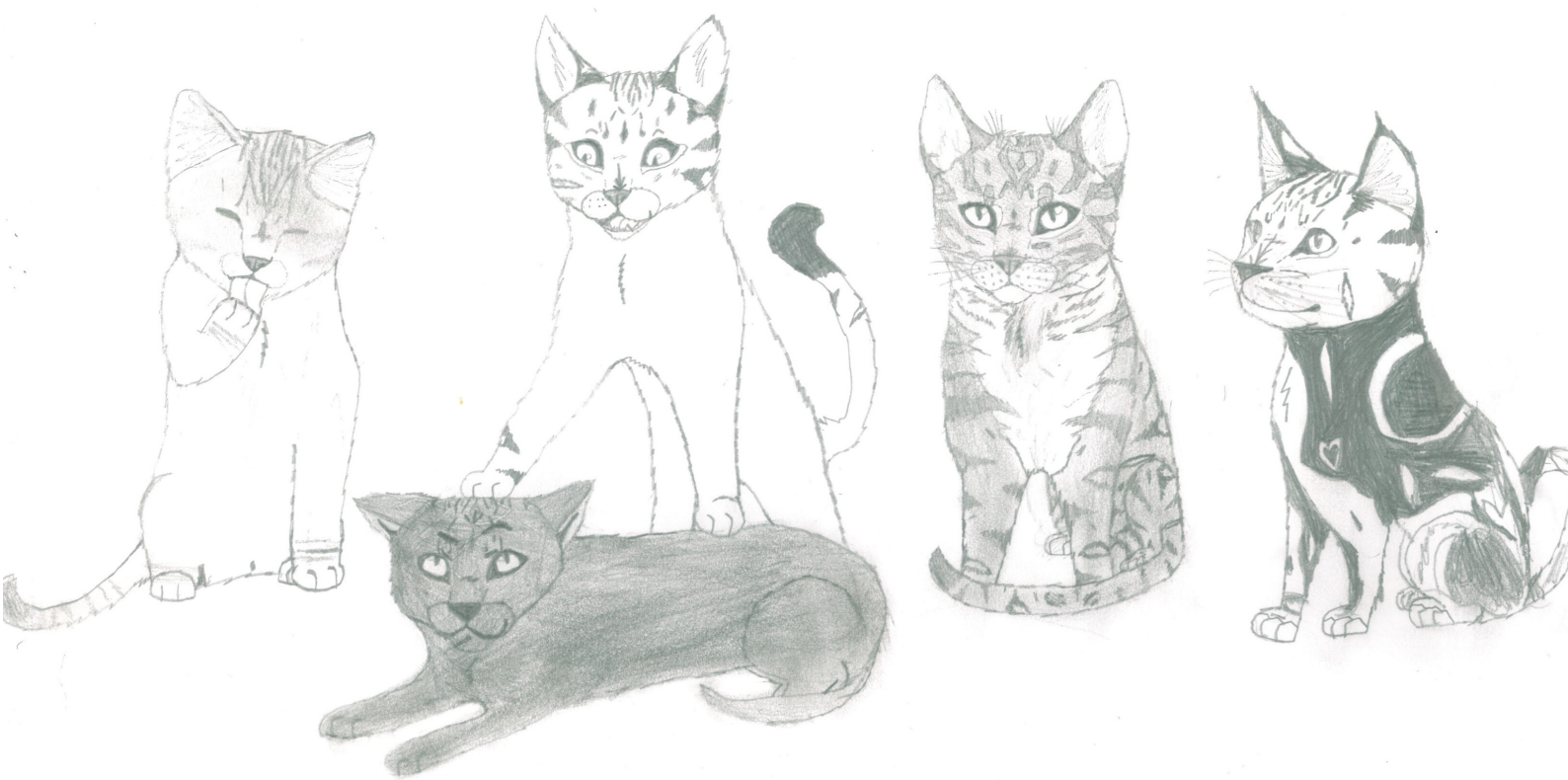
In person I find it hard to connect
Maybe it's because I'm so honest, direct
I try to filter the words that I use,
Doesn't quite work, can result in abuse

Sometimes School is a harsh place to be
But I have good friends, I think that's the key
Along with my music, I have what I need
Be kind, be strong, I will succeed

ARTWORK

MAYA ASHANTI-ANICET





Magn-Abhuti Anand 2021

