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Et Cetera

THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF HOLLAND PARK SCHOOL

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Cover shot: Fox, Anderson House

HEAD'S INTRODUCTION

2020 will not be a year that many people will relish or look back on with unqualified joy and without wishing to strike too much of a pessimistic chord, I suspect 2021 will be equally challenging and offer mere glimmers of hope. Thus, to worry what to write about in *Et Cetera*, in a school devoid of sports fixtures, performances, concerts, Duke of Edinburgh, visitors etc., etc. is all too evidently to miss the gravitas of 2020. Nevertheless, here it is: issue 24 albeit altered in context. I am starting my introduction early. It is the Sunday at the start of half term and my first Sunday 'off' work since August 9th. After 12 weeks of 7 days I have escaped for a few days to North Norfolk and sit now writing this on a glorious afternoon of late sun watching the sun die away. *Ensanguining the skies, How heavily it dies, Into the west away; Past touch and sight and sound, Not further to be found, How hopeless under ground, Falls the remorseful day* - A.E.Housman. I was much amused by a line in our new entry in *The Good Schools Guide*, "I wouldn't want to go on holiday with him (the Head) just because, in the nicest possible way, he'd be exhausting! He is an extraordinary man." Very witty. Perhaps I can offer a long weekend to the parent who owns up to such treachery!! On parents: how wonderful so many of you have been. I sometimes think that in life the world divides into the majority who are generous, understanding, undemanding, accepting and reasonable and the minority whose noise frightens, disturbs and incapacitates. On behalf of my colleagues I offer my thanks to you for your forbearance in these distant and distanced times. If thanks are due to you then they are tenfold due to students. Students have smiled their way through manifold rules, regulations, queues, one way systems and enough sanitising gel to strip their hands. Umbrellas are not teenage cool but out they have come. It is certainly a stripped back provision and thank goodness that our students value learning because the extracurricular and the little things like breakfast have all gone. I am worrying about the winter ahead: the cold, the absence of a hot breakfast offer. We shall doubtless manage without the musical production and our choral event but the handful who were regular breakfasters, that is harder. Students have been staggeringly good in their acceptance of a diminished offering. I have sought to convey this in the very small, scaled-back

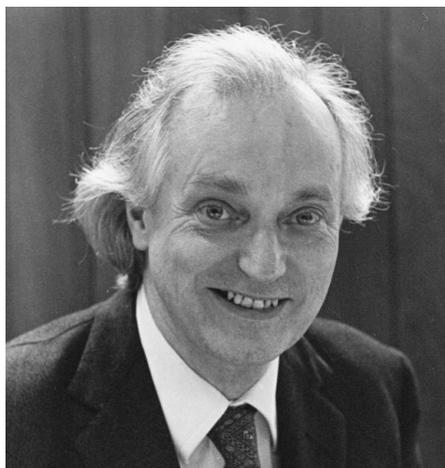


gatherings in the Hall – my best effort to maintain our all-important ethos and tone. In the very small distanced gatherings we will conduct in late November/early December, we will be showing a minute long advert of *Woodies*. I recommend it: it is a life philosophy in sixty seconds. It is difficult to find one's way through the plethora of guidance. We see the madness that examinations will be and our best guidance has been in *In The Know*. We shall do our best. One of our key messages to students has been about gathering perspective in these difficult moments and counting one's blessings. It is a pleasure to come to school every day and be well. I say frequently that life is hard for teenagers in the 21st century. Growing up was never easy and was (is) very complex, even miserable for some. Those who enjoy a worry-free, gilded adolescence are

fewer than we might imagine. My own decidedly lacklustre 16-year-old self was the product of an unhappy adolescence, not that I (or anyone else) recognised that at the time. In retrospect I think a few of my teachers may have but who dealt with adolescent emotions in a 1970s grammar school? Not openly anyway. Thank you though: Jean Anderson, Alison Moore, Norman Ferguson for living with the awfulness of my adolescent self. Never more than in this moment do I feel for students where school has become synonymous with lessons and almost lessons only. In the lines of some song, 'the only way is up'. We look forward to January 2021 hoping that it will not, for example, turn into the infamous winter of 1962/63. We shall hope for a brighter time, but whatever, we will be determinedly forging ahead anyway.



Allen Clarke 1958 - 1971
20th August 1910 to 12th July 2007



Derek Rushworth 1971 - 1985
15th September 1920 to 4th September 2020

SCHOOL HEADS REMEMBERED

Derek Rushworth, Head of Holland Park (1971 to 1985), died on Friday 4th September just a few days short of his 100th birthday. He was the second Head, taking over from Allen Clarke who was Head from the opening of the school in 1958 until 1971. Previously Head of Languages, as Head he ushered in a different phase in the evolution of the school that mirrored and reflected the late 1960s and 1970s. Radical, left-leaning, egalitarian, the mood was ripe for mixed-ability teaching, the abandonment of school uniform and of things that seemed restrictive. His tenure saw the school adored by many and fêted by socialist grandees. A man of ideals and principles that met the mood and needs of the clientele of the time. Much liked by the like-minded staff, his headship and those years remain the yardstick of how many people characterise the school even now well into the 21st century. It is very hard now to source people who remember the school of that era sufficiently well to offer a dispassionate view but his legacy remains and the best of what he

believed in – achievement for all young people from all backgrounds – is consistent with the school of 2020 and its ambitions. The 1970s are a far cry from the 21st century and there may be things of today that would have ill-suited his modus operandi. As the fifth Head (soon to enter my twenty-first year) the twenty first century demanded a seismic shift in direction, but I like to think that both Allen Clarke and Derek Rushworth would be proud of our students' achievements. One of Derek's daughters, Karen, came as a guest to the opening of the new Holland Park School in 2012, a bridge between eras of the school's history. And, I guess this is the point, to each her/his own in the context of the times. The gowned days of prefects and tradition of Allen Clarke gave way to the Rushworth era. All as it should be, each making their mark in what was the moment of the day and leaving an indelible footprint in the history of the school for which I offer my appreciation.

MR COLIN HALL
HEAD
January 2001 to present

LESSONS IN WONDERLAND



Our autumn term has been dotted throughout by members of the Leadership Team and our Leading Practitioners delivering 'exemplar lessons'. These lessons are intentionally designed to surpass the threshold (defined by Ofsted) of 'outstanding'. Their purpose is to be inspirational for students, whilst at the same time (as they are observed by members of teaching staff) offer an insight into the planning and execution of the very best of practice. For an observing teacher and a participating student, one of the most exciting elements of these lessons is the anticipation of what is about to unfold, to be witnessed, experienced, gained and enjoyed. So it is not unusual to find yourself in the middle of a classroom blizzard – the wind howling and the snow falling in spades; the tables complete with bowls of ice; cups ready to receive lashings of piping hot chocolate. And so, on this particular occasion, Mr Hall takes us on a journey into the magical world of Narnia and a first meeting with Queen Jadis, the White Witch. Awe and wonder fills the room and students gaze wide eyed as Edmund Pevensie willingly sells his family (and, allegorically at least, his soul) to the White Witch for lumps of Turkish Delight. "You are sure there are just four of you?"

she asked. "Two Sons of Adam and two Daughters of Eve, neither more nor less?" and Edmund, with his mouth full of Turkish Delight, kept on saying, "Yes, I told you that before," and forgetting to call her "Your Majesty" but she didn't seem to mind now. Having caught my breath, I next find myself comfortably seated in a fourth floor classroom watching the Crufts' Agility Championship Final. This fact alone may not stir curiosity, except this is a music lesson and its objective is to annotate the opening score of Mozart's *Horn Concerto No.4*. True to say, this is not the first lesson of Ms Chapman's (I have had the pleasure to observe a number this term) to feature dogs. But in this context the combined skill of Masie, the wire-haired dachshund, and her unnamed handler, paralleled the synergy between composer and performer: agility, dynamics, balance, repetition, all resonated as themes around the room. Next – Ms Mulholland is reported to have created a three dimensional interpretation of da Vinci's *The Last Supper*; I do hope she has paid attention to his love of symmetry...

MR DAVID CHAPPELL
ACADEMY HEAD

A DAY IN YOUR LIFE



Everyone should have a chance to shine.
Alison Jackson- Founder.

The 'A DAY IN YOUR LIFE' 2020 Photography Competition, founded by BAFTA and multi award-winning artist, Alison Jackson, is a community-minded photography competition for budding talent and aspiring photographers within The Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea. Ms Burley, our Leading Practitioner in Art, encouraged, during lockdown, a number of our students to consider submitting an entry. Given her formidable success with the teaching of photography and the exceptional achievements of her students, it was not surprising to learn that a number of our students were recognised and celebrated for their exceptional talents. Sophie, Year 11, won two categories, the UAL Special Prize and the Alison Jackson Special Prize. Zeah, Year 9, was awarded third place in the 13-18 years' youth category. Sophie commented on her winning entry: 'This photo was taken at a time when students were shut off indoors, unable to see loved ones or engage much with the outside world. I decided to do a social-distanced photoshoot in nature; my photograph reflects how people used this time away from the confines of ordinary life to discover themselves.'



The competition has received much media interest and this year the winning photographs are being exhibited with Saatchi Art online, and at PhotoLondon. The Civic Gallery at the Town Hall presented an exhibition in line with International Women's Day, 2020, on the theme of Feminine Identity, which brought together artwork from the female winners of 'A Day In Your Life', focussed on the entrants who used photography to explore female issues, perspectives, and experiences. You can visit the exhibition virtually: publish.exhibitbit.com/gallery/452074148/marble-gallery-34212/

MR DAVID CHAPPELL
ACADEMY HEAD



MRS HIGGINS & THE WINTER GATHERINGS

"It does not do to dwell on dreams and forget to live." So says Albus Dumbledore in *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*. For all school offers students in chapter and verse (and occasional contemporary dance), this year's alternative to Winter Assemblies was as much about what we learn from the 'low' culture of the quotidian as from more highfalutin provision. Not to say, of course, that all proverbial stops were not pulled out to create a little magic to elevate the occasion. For 2020 requirements, a more intimate, personal Hall was constructed: three amply spaced classes alphabetically seated gathered around the warmth of flickering candles, glistening lights and words woven into a patchwork of contemplation, rumination, even introspection. Students entered to the upbeat chords of Elton John's *Song for Guy* (played by me on the piano where teaching permitted) and, bafflingly for most, an array of photographs depicting teddy bears in unusual poses as provided by Year 7 students. "I wonder where your teddy bear is?" Mr Hall began, eliciting that uniquely adolescent blend of unwitting consternation, mortified horror and blank-faced recalcitrance from more than a few quarters. The odd lucky student was even given Mr Hall's own teddy to nurse for the duration. The point? We cast off all too willingly that which is precious and innocent of childhood for the boisterous bombast and complication of adolescent (and adult) life; the teddy bears and fairytales of childhood are supplanted by hubristic dreams of this car, that house, that footballer's paycheck, this celebrity's following. And so to that mainstay of Holland Park's 'low' culture diet: Netflix's *The Crown*. With no student old enough to have any memory of Princess Diana, fictionalised depiction served as illustration of all that that particular fairytale had

to teach us. Bouquets and wedding well-wishes litter rooms upon rooms as Diana, played by Emma Corrin, dances – tortured, tormented – frenetically around the grandest of ballrooms to the suddenly rather more mournful *Song for Guy*. The fairytale – and the song – so often not quite as it seems. From the deceiving grandeur of Buckingham Palace, then, to plain Ebenezer Terrace in Dublin, home to the elderly Mrs Higgins and her daily combat with a particularly tricky front garden gate. Across the road, youths loom in their ostensibly threatening garb of hoodies and puffer jackets. Sixty touching seconds hinge on our pejorative preconceptions: a humble, ordinary street; the domestic irritation you never quite get to; the seeming threat of the local louts. Only this time the fairytale comes true (or rather, appears from nowhere): Mrs Higgins returns to find her garden gate fixed, shiny new hinge installed and festive lights fitted courtesy of said 'louts'. Whoever had thought philosophical insight would come in an Irish DIY shop's Christmas advert. A moment in time; an act of kindness; a confounding of expectations – worthy wisdom at a time when such gestures are sorely needed. With a view to creating some such moments ourselves, students were given a Winter Postcard designed by Mr Chappell to send to a person of their choosing, and a healthy slab of Dairy Milk to stash for subsequent scoffing before departing to the sound of Shirley Bassey's *Make The World A Little Younger*. As one Year 8 (who will remain nameless) was espied giving teddy a tender peck on the forehead as one gathering ended, it seems Mr Hall may have succeeded in doing just that.

MR JACK MAY
ASSISTANT HEADTEACHER



A VERY SPECIAL LUNCH

Time past and time future

What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.

Burnt Norton | T.S. Eliot

With fairy lights festooned and twinkling brightly, candles lit and releasing the sweetest of aromas, tables adorned with our best cutlery, linen and glossy clementines, the hall, together with the Leadership Team, was dressed and ready to welcome a group of highly commended students to a rather special lunch in November. Nothing less would have done of course for the students invited to attend this lunch, recognised widely and admired as they are for enriching our school community with the finest of personal qualities: grace, quietude, manners, resilience, selflessness and kindness, to name but some of the personal attributes they have acquired. Smaller than we would have wished in scale and without the additional pleasure of governors, teachers and parents joining the celebration, it was nevertheless an extraordinarily happy event in

what are challenging times for young people. The entertainment itself however was fulsome, with commanding musical performances courtesy of Mr Jack May and Mr Nicholas Robson both playing the piano and singing and a glorious dance performed by Mr Simon Dobson. Mr Colin Hall hosted, effusive and generous with praise and words of wise encouragement for students to savour this as a moment in time. A splendid lunch followed courtesy of Sally Clarke who generously opened the kitchen of her Kensington restaurant to cook for us and took the time to visit and check that we had presented the food perfectly. As we feasted on delicate hand-rolled spinach pasta and chocolate mousse adorned with a perfectly executed shortcake star, conversation flowed, connections sparked and reconnections deepened. A stunning *Architect's* mug, hand thrown by porcelain designer Karen Downing of Norfolk and oh so carefully wrapped was a gift for each deserving student. Mr Hall imbued the event with a sense of its significance as a moment in time to relish and



acknowledge as significant. *If* by Rudyard Kipling, *Ithaka* by Cavafy and *Burnt Norton* by T. S. Eliot read and shared all served to deepen this collective reflection. Students were immediately generous in their letters to Mr Hall after the event, extending their gratitude and detailing the inspiration each had taken from attending such a gathering. From Betsy, '*T.S. Eliot's Burnt Norton for me reflected the inspiring words you delivered. It has taught me not only to think about the future but to focus on the present.*' Amber shared her appreciation of the '*boost to the spirit*' she had enjoyed and how '*the beauty and delicate simplicity*' of the *Architect's* mug evoked for her a further, personal reflection on the themes of tranquillity and peace. From Zaccaria, a moving account of how Mr Hall's closing remarks '*provided a new perspective about what it is that actually matters in life: as you said, our real friends. Those who hold our hand during tough times and lift our flagging spirits.*' Absolutely. What an exuberant celebration of the intellectual and the profound, of individual merit and the importance of connectivity with others. To future moments of reciprocal recognition, affirmation and joy.

MS AMANDA DUGGAL
DEPUTY HEAD



FANTASTIC MR FOX (& FRIENDS)

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BUCKMASTER

Christopher Buckmaster, 1938 to 2020 (pictured here at Perfect Tense in 2019), was one of some dozen or so governors who appointed me to the headship of Holland Park School in September 2000. I recall now his energy, directness and forceful charisma. It is with enormous sadness that I report here his death in November from Covid-19. Born in 1938 and Oxford educated, he enjoyed a successful career and built that extraordinary contemporary house in Kensington Place (a house I knew, long before I knew to whom it belonged). It was no surprise, therefore, that as Cllr. Buckmaster and twice Mayor of the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea (2003-4 and 2013-14), he should have been a key and vital campaigner and supporter of the building of the new Holland Park School. He worked diligently and ceaselessly to persuade others of the project and then played a vital role in

overseeing it. It is testament to his fair-mindedness and generosity of spirit that whilst many of his residents in the Campden Ward disagreed with his view on the need for a new school, he made no known enemies as a result of his tireless work to expedite the project with enthusiasm. Forthright, direct and straightforward, but always with warmth and passion, he was both intellectually alert and driven but also deeply humane, wise and broad-minded. His passing sees us lose a friend; as a governor he was a valuable critical friend and in most recent years continued to give generously to school life. He leaves an important and indelible mark on our school and had no small part in my evolution.

MR COLIN HALL
HEAD

Whilst tutor time may have been limited to a 'bubbled' hour long session every other week, tutor group members were enhanced by one this term with the arrival of the tutor group (Covid-friendly) 'mascots'. Now firmly established in school, we asked one for a comment on her experience to date. "Well we've gone all anthropomorphic recently. I'm Barbara Barking, mascot dog for Baker 04. I'm seeking to give some guidance to Ms Chapman and her tutees. It's all very well in these Covid times to call upon us to lift morale. I mean, sure enough, we can fluff it up and do a bit of woofing and make the students go "ah, ah cute", but we're a bit stumped at what to do about exams and online learning. Anyway, it's not like we can go online to Ocado – so where's my next Winalot coming from? Poor teachers, it's a bit tough for them but as I said to Amy (Chapman) "well, love, you've still got me to help." She pops me safely in my drawer every night; she says I best not go on the tube with her. It's not just me of course, there's Delilah the cat, and George the monkey, and even Sergeant Bun Bun. They're all doing their bit, mind you I think my bark is more authoritative than Delilah's meow and candidly that screeching fox

Balthazar – really I'm not sure what he can do to help, such a night hawk – he's sleeping through most of the lessons. Even the Head is in on it, his teddy bear (Ted) led staff briefing (in pyjamas no less and with a Geordie voice). Today the bear (Ted) popped up in a Sixth Form gathering and had to be child-minded. It's slim pickings on the food front (no winter meal this year) but at least we're all in it together, though the Head keeps saying this is not 1940 (how does he know about 1940, not even he was around then!). Still, good to know that in this human crisis, we're *animalus immunis* (my Latin is so bad). So, HP, we've got your backs!" Their next task is to star in the *Secret Lives of Mascots*, a short story competition, for which students are encouraged (and potentially eligible for fine reward and glittering prizes) to create a children's adventure - be it written, stop-motion animation or other medium. The most engaging entries will be shared with Fox Primary School in the hope of brightening the murky month of January. More news soon....

MR JOE HOLLOWAY
DEPUTY HEAD



THE VIRTUAL CHOIR

Not since March – eight months ago now – had the choir assembled to sing in a room together. Yes, of course, there had been some virtual meetings. Occasions when students had sent in their own recordings for a grand mix. Indeed on other occasions – a virtual ‘live’ rehearsal – in which the internet connection was so bad that Mr May and myself were mocked as barely comprehensible robots. It was almost impossible to understand one another, let alone sing together! So when, in November, some select year groups – in their individual year group bubbles and separately in different parts – sang together to put together a submission for the Gabrieli Consort and Players’ coming virtual concert, the sensation of singing in a room together was spellbinding, even breathtaking. Unlike astronauts returning to the earth’s gravity,

with creaking limbs and weak muscles, groping in forgetfulness about how to stand, how to walk, our singers seemed not to have forgotten how to bring a room alive with vocal resonance. And the joy, the joy! There is of course more to come – in safe ways, with reasonable distance, limited numbers, paying attention to the year group bubbles the school has established. But this first taste, like a meal after a long fast, was all the richer and more filling for its scarcity over the last months. The Gabrieli Consort and Players have put together some fabulous materials for our participation and involvement with period instruments accompanying some stunning chorale movements from a number of Bach Cantatas. A composer largely untackled until now by the school choir, this was a new venture with exciting resources to stoke our enthusiasm.

(PIECE BY PIECE)

And the final result was a joy to listen to. Singing virtually alongside the singers and players of the early music group, it transported us back to our magnificently enjoyable *Messiah* of December 2019 alongside professional instrumentalists. In addition to finding the end result on our school website bit.ly/HPSBachChorale, we are excited to report that our recording will go on to be included in the Gabrieli’s extensive concert series over the festive period as part of the *Live From London* series, more information for which can be found both from the Live From London and the Gabrieli Consort’s website. One of the few advantages of the time away from live singing has been the opportunity it has given us to explore a wider range of music and to develop our technical skills in learning how our music can be recorded, submitted, reconstructed,

and shared. In the first few weeks of the school year, the choir has put together no fewer than six recordings of music spanning the centuries, from Elizabethan England, to the marvellous 20th Century English music of Gerard Finzi and Ralph Vaughan Williams. All recordings are available on our school website – hollandparkschool.co.uk/virtual/choir-music – these have been opportunities for a tasting menu, a veritable smorgasbord, of nibbles from across the choral canon. Learning to sing in time (and indeed in tune) without anyone else around to cover our mistakes has been tough in itself, but singers at Holland Park are nothing if not hardy and resilient to pandemic-sized obstacles threatening to prevent music making!

MR NICHOLAS ROBSON
ASSOCIATE HEAD



GRACE UNDER PRESSURE

It may only be early December but the bleakness of winter is already entrenched: palpable in the premature darkness that has descended daily by 4pm and in the chill in our bones that will refuse to thaw until March. Such cheerlessness has been intensified in 2020 by the unwelcome additions of loneliness, isolation and uncertainty brought on by the pandemic and the national lockdown. Already a hard time for many, 2020 has added to the severity of this season and required our school body to find moments to be reflective and thankful – most pertinently for our good health. Such circumstances require a return to a sense of community, co-operation and acts of kindness and care for those around us – loved ones and strangers alike. As well as projects and activities in school that have sought to bring levity to the students and focus on their personal well-being, the desire to bring a little delight to those most in need during this festive season has extended beyond the boundaries of the school gates. Such reflection has caused members of our school community to seek ways to raise spirits and spark joy in those less fortunate, particularly those who do not have their health. Ms McIlpatrick, Teacher of Geography, has been inspired to embark upon a project to seek to brighten the spirits of children

currently residing on the wards of Great Ormond Street Children's hospital. She has worked with a team of Year 7 students on a weekly basis to sew handmade festive stockings to be filled with goodies for the ninety children who will be staying on wards in hospital in the two weeks leading up to the winter break. She has liaised closely with a parent of the school so that all festive stockings can be delivered to the children and staff on the wards throughout early December. As well as the team of Year 7s leading the way in the construction of these stockings, the wider student body exhibited their support in helping to fund Ms McIlpatrick's efforts. At the top of the list was a charity stepathon, in which students were sponsored to walk as many steps as possible in seven days. The challenge, accepted by many, yielded results ranging from the frankly poor efforts of members of the Leadership Team (who averaged a leisurely 6,000 steps a day) to the ultra-marathonous efforts of Hamdi in Year 11 with an impressive 186,932 steps. That is equivalent to 144km! All of the money raised from this event has contributed towards filling those handmade stockings, which, we hope, will spread cheer in these darkest of months.

MS FAYE MULHOLLAND
DEPUTY HEAD



RAE IN CAMBRIDGE

Starting university was always going to come with its challenges. This year, as well as wrestling with morphology, essay deadlines and the subjunctive mood in medieval Spanish, I had to get my head around socially distanced Freshers' events, household bubbles, and the university's weekly asymptomatic COVID-19 testing programme. I like to think that this massive change in my life would always have been strange – global pandemic or not. Working in my college library and looking out the window to see punters pointing at the historic buildings I now call home isn't, I guess, something that should feel 'normal' straight away. Something that does feel familiar though, is how excited I am to learn new things and be challenged by the people who teach me. My time in Mr Belkacemi's A Level Spanish class has stood me in good stead for grammar seminars that start with the academic saying 'I'm going to assume you already know all the rules so let's move on to the exceptions.' I'm sure that Ms Mulholland's encouragement of open debate and independent thought in her A Level Religious Studies class has helped me to not feel completely out of my depth in my fortnightly Critical Theory classes. Ultimately, in spite of everything, I've made some wonderful new friends, tried my hand at rowing and made the most of being able to pause my pre-recorded lectures. There is something vaguely reassuring about becoming a member of a Cambridge college originally built to educate students after a 14th century global pandemic. It reminds me that all this will eventually be over and we will come out the other side of it hopefully with more patience, compassion and gratitude than we had before.



AND IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF...

There are few examinations more notorious – if the British press is to be believed – than the Oxbridge interview. This year, disrupted by the vicissitudes of COVID-19, students are facing such things online, staring down a screen at a learned Don (or series of them), whilst attempting to answer expansive and probing questions on their subject of choice – “in what ways do children's books differ from those written for adults?” – “Evaluate the history of this building.” – “What will you do when your first patient dies?” Whilst the format may have changed out of necessity, the essentials of the interview remain very much the same. Our candidates are, at the time of writing, currently in the process of unpicking submitted work, poring over personal statements, and rigorously interrogating their understanding of their subjects in order to present themselves as authoritatively as possible when the 'big' day arrives. The process has already been demanding. Not only have candidates submitted their application, complete with a personal statement detailing their extensive 'super-curricular' reading and work experience, they have also undergone demanding subject-specific tests in order to further refine their suitability. Whereas last year, Holland Park School sixth form students displayed a bias towards joint honours and saw particular success in languages, this year the selection of subjects is more diverse – including, architecture, computer science and geography. Amongst the most prominent though are economics (and iterations thereof such as PPE) and also English Literature.

FALL OUT, FALL IN

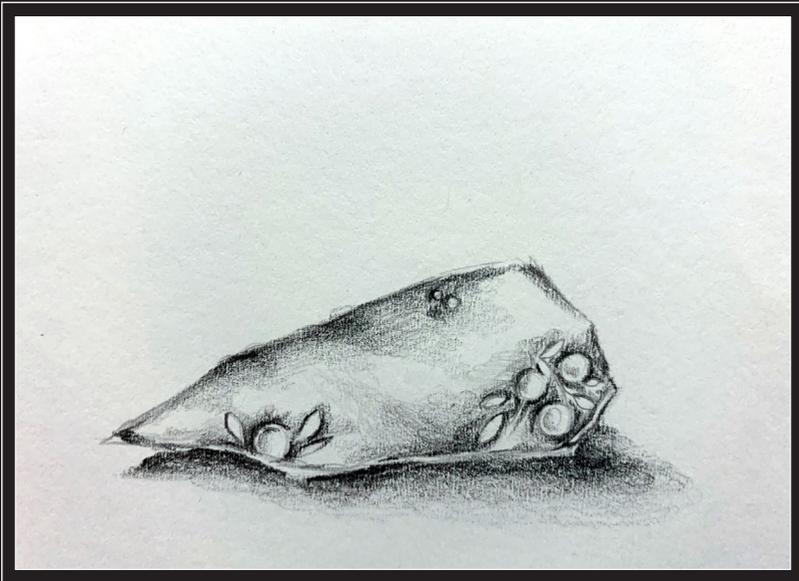
And finally, on the back cover, you can enjoy some words by one of our Year 8 students. Inspired by lockdown, the poem is attuned to modern life, executed in the vein of our poet laureate, Simon Armitage.

Designed and produced by
HOLLAND PARK SCHOOL

Lockdown
Crackdown
Shutdown

Fall out
Fall in
Fall by

Shut
Closed
Banned



MAYA MARCINKOWSKA, Year 7 | Pottery Fragment | pencil | 2020

Part time
Full time
No time

One lane
Bike lane
No lane

No metre
Two metre
One metre

U turn
No turn
All turn

On line
Off line
Help line

Hirsute
No suit
Doesn't suit

Care home
Care more
Care less

Sage
Age
Wage