

THE VIRIDIAN

# THE VIRIDIAN

MAY 2026



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**EDITED BY**

STEPHANOS ARTEMIS, MR. ANTONIOU

THE VIRIDIAN

# A NOTE FROM OUR EDITOR



BY STEPHANOS ARTEMIS

# THE VIRIDIAN

There's something softly poetic about this edition of *The Viridian*, Coming of Age. Not only is it our last edition of the year, but it marks the departure of six integral team members from our blissfully chaotic cohort. For me, this issue isn't just a moment to celebrate The Viridian's growth over this academic year, but a bittersweet moment of gratitude towards **Louka, Angelina, Evelina, Noah, Leonie, and Anna** – each of them has undoubtedly left their mark on *The Viridian*, and their presence will be deeply missed.

## LOUKA'S PHOTOGRAPHY

This year, we had the absolute honour of welcoming Louka to our team. Whenever we needed a picture taken, he was there. Whenever we needed help, he was there. Whenever we had a meeting, even if it had nothing to do with photography, he was there. Aside from his punctuality and consistency, The Viridian had the privilege of having the best possible photos taken of our team and events throughout the year. Through his lens, Louka captured moments of genuine candour that remind us how a story can be told through a photo, not just through words.

## ANGELINA'S LAYOUT DESIGNS

Having joined our team this year, Angelina made a tremendous contribution to making each edition look stunning. Each page carrying her quiet influence, she helped make our magazine something that readers want to engage with rather than a last resort that's only read when no other options are available. Indeed, she turned text into something visual and inviting, which is a crucial behind-the-scenes element to the work put into each edition.

## EVELINA'S PSYCHOLOGY COLUMN

Evelina's articles never fail to challenge us to think more deeply about ourselves, others, and the complexities of the human mind. She managed to thoroughly analyse multiple perspectives of psychological theories, making even the most abstract and niche concepts thought-provoking and relevant to each of us. Psychology is something that's often difficult to articulate, but Evelina's writing showcases both her talent and passion for the subject.



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## NOAH'S VIDEO ARCHIVES

If you ever need a movie recommendation, I'm sure that Noah will answer the nanosecond you ask. My favourite quote of Noah's over the last two years has definitely been "Point and laugh," because I think it captures the essence of his column quite well. In full seriousness, Noah never disappoints with his movie recommendations, which I will admit, I have ended up watching once or twice (don't tell him). He always managed to deliver his film choices of the month with an unmistakably Noah writing style. These past two years working with *Noah* have been filled with laughter, and he will definitely be missed by the whole team.



## LEONIE'S MORBID MYSTERIES

For this goodbye, I want you all to imagine me saying it whilst wrapped in a blanket in the dark with a flashlight, in true *Morbid Mysteries* fashion. Leonie's column brought a dark, unique kind of magic to *The Viridian*, that has festered ominously in each past edition and will continue to manifest itself in each future edition. Leonie's legacy will not be forgotten because she has brought something mysteriously captivating to our magazine; her writing makes readers pause, reread, continue, and go back to reread again. She will be truly missed, and our team will never be the same without her.



## ANNA'S BOOK CORNER

It has been an absolute pleasure, honour, and privilege to be able to work with Anna, one of the most talented people I know. Her sheer gift for writing is a major part of the creative soul of each edition at *The Viridian*, and her departure will leave a giant Anna-shaped hole in the team. Nonetheless, I am extremely grateful for Anna's contributions to our magazine and for the unique, irreplaceable way she has moulded the book recommendation column into what it is today. Her articles always carry a soft-spoken depth that resonate far beyond a page; in each edition, she reminded us that literature is more than just a story – it's about how *you* connect to the story and each of its constituent components, and for that, we thank her.



# THE VIRIDIAN

In many ways, coming of age is about letting go of many old elements of our routines but still carrying with us the lessons that they taught us. Even though these team members are going on to graduate this summer and are all going to be following their own paths, the impact of the work that they have put into *The Viridian* will remain, inspiring all those who follow in your footsteps.

From the bottom of my heart, thank you for the dedication and creativity that you have shown over the time that we have spent working together. I am sure that wherever you will go next, you will continue to question, to create, and to make an impact. I wish you all the best of luck with your future endeavours!



As for our readers, I'd like to warmly thank you for supporting *The Viridian* for another year. You are what give this magazine its purpose.

We'll return in September, but not quite as you remember us.

*The Viridian* is changing, evolving into something new, something unexpected. What does that look like? We won't say just yet.

Some things will remain. Others won't. New concepts may emerge.

You'll just have to wait and see....

Officially signing off for this year,  
Steph

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**SOPPY,  
CHEESY TITLE  
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**BY MR. ANTONIOU**

# THE VIRIDIAN

It's a strange and wonderful thing, saying goodbye to a group of people you feel like you've grown up with, even if, technically, I was supposed to be the grown-up all along.

We arrived here at the same time. You, as energetic (and occasionally chaotic) Year 7s; me, as an equally energetic and chaotic new History teacher, trying to figure out where the staff room was and how to survive my first week. From the very beginning, there was one constant: the chorus of "mister, mister!" echoing across classrooms, and probably places it had no business being. And somehow, over the years, it became part of the rhythm of school life, one I'll genuinely miss.

It has been a real privilege to watch you grow. Not just taller, but into thoughtful, capable, and increasingly independent young people. I've seen you move from asking "Is this important for the test?" to asking questions that actually matter, questions that show curiosity and a desire to understand the world more deeply. That shift, more than any grade, is something to be proud of.

For some of you, I've had the pleasure of teaching you non-stop since Year 9. That's a long time for both of us. Long enough to build routines, inside jokes, and, of course, to become very familiar with certain... tactics. The well-timed off-topic question to rage bait me. The deliberate attempt to steer the lesson into a completely unrelated debate. The subtle (and not-so-subtle) efforts to waste time or throw me off track. I won't miss those. But I will miss the personalities behind them, and the energy you brought into the classroom every single day.

Beyond the lessons, it's been just as meaningful getting to know many of you as a form tutor, seeing the quieter moments, the small wins, the frustrations, the growth that doesn't always show up on a report. You've supported each other, challenged each other, and, at times, probably driven each other slightly mad. But through it all, you've built something real, something that will last far beyond these school walls.

As you leave, you're stepping into a world that is complicated, unpredictable, and often demanding. But you are far more prepared than you think. You've learned how to think (well, most of you), how to question, how to adapt and, importantly, how to keep going even when things don't quite make sense at first.

So wherever you go next, take that curiosity with you. Keep asking questions. As Brecht wrote in his German War Primer, humans have a "defect", they can think. Use that defect in these tumultuous times. Keep challenging ideas, keep challenging authority as you very well know how to do. And don't lose the sense of humour that got you (and occasionally me) through so many lessons.

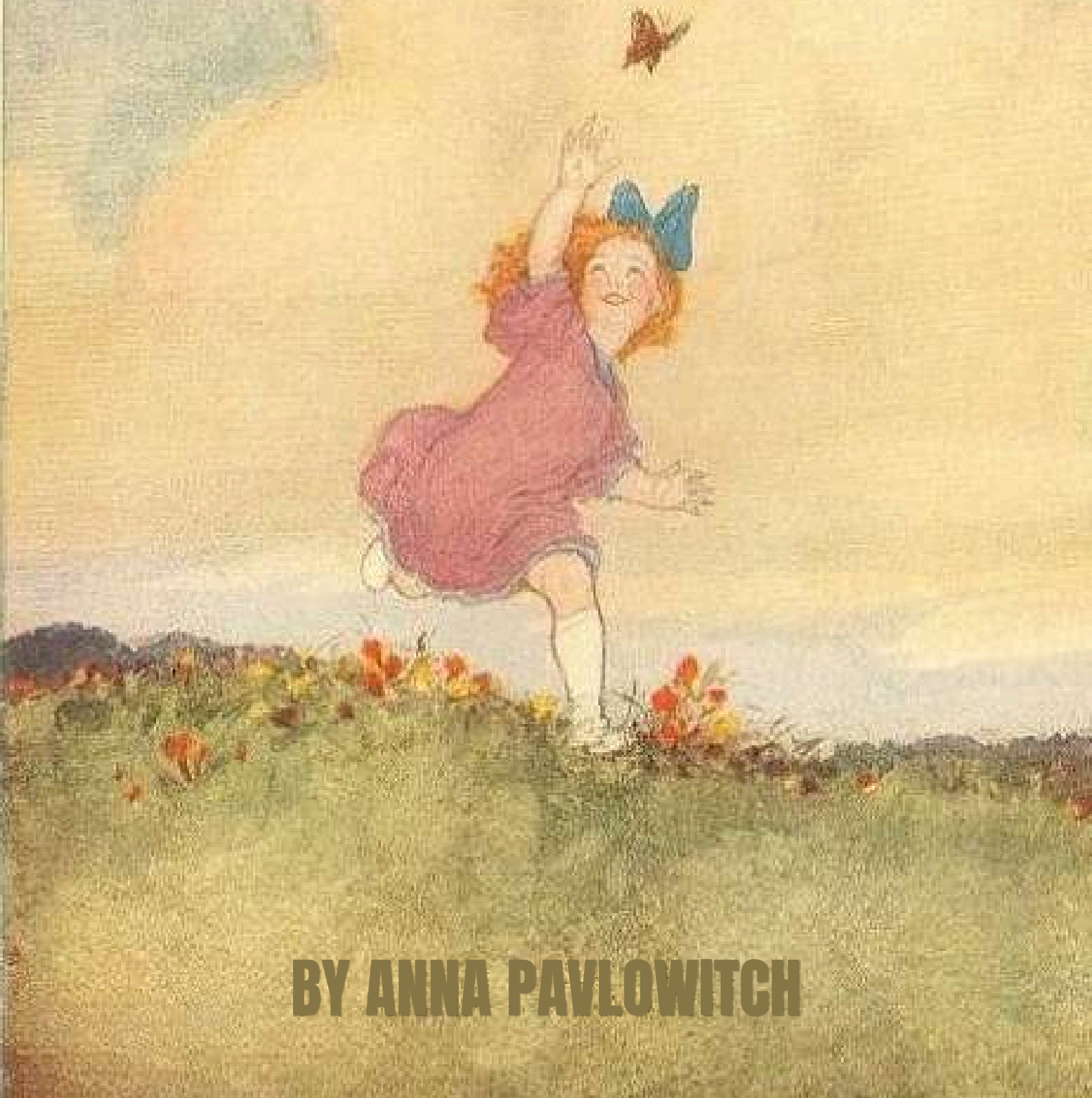
You may not be shouting "mister, mister!" in the same way anymore, but I have no doubt you'll make yourselves heard wherever you end up.

Now Chat GPT wants me to add: "It has been a genuine pleasure. Good luck—you'll be brilliant."  
Well, It's been all right. You'll be fine.

Bye,  
Alexis

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# BOOK CORNER



BY ANNA PAVLOWITCH

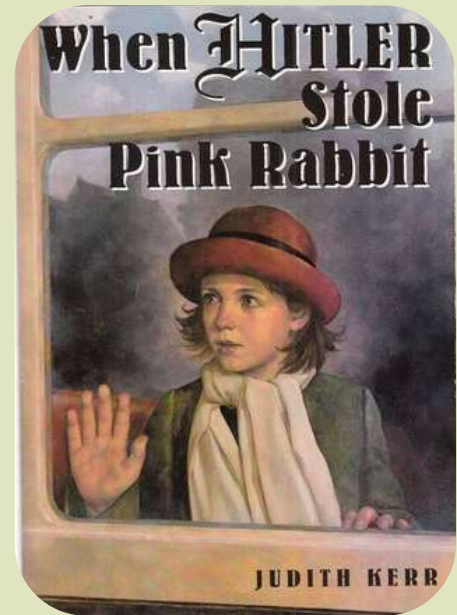
## THE VIRIDIAN

Parting is such sweet sorrow. Two years of being a member of the Viridian come to a close. Most importantly however, with this last edition also comes the soul-crushing realisation that I have now reached the end of 7 heartwarming, gruelling, transformative frantic, unforgettable years. Don't worry I'll try not to get too emotional; we'll leave the tears for graduation. For now, I give you four books that have accompanied me through the various stages of my life, my own version of coming of age, cheesy as it sounds.

Bear with me as I go down a sentimental rabbit hole and delve into a couple of my favourite childhood reads.

### *'When Hitler stole pink rabbit' by Judith Kerr*

This book found me when I was around 12 during the time when I enjoyed drowning myself in melancholy by guzzling one World War 2 narrative after another. In case it wasn't obvious, my favourite genre was historical fiction. Spoiler alert, I'm doing a joint degree in literature and history starting in September, so I consider this period as marking the beginning of these motivations. Though you may know her better as the author of "The Tiger who Came to Tea", Judith Kerr wrote this book as a partly autobiographical story of a Jewish family fleeing from Germany at the start of the Second World War. 9-year-old Anna is too busy with schoolwork and tobogganing to listen to the talk of Hitler. But one day rhetoric turns into reality when her father is wanted by the Nazis and she and her brother are rushed out of Germany in alarming secrecy. Anna is forced to leave her innocence behind in her childhood home along with her beloved pink rabbit. Both a heartwarming and heartbreaking tale navigating the profound loss experienced by so many souls faced with the merciless force of war.



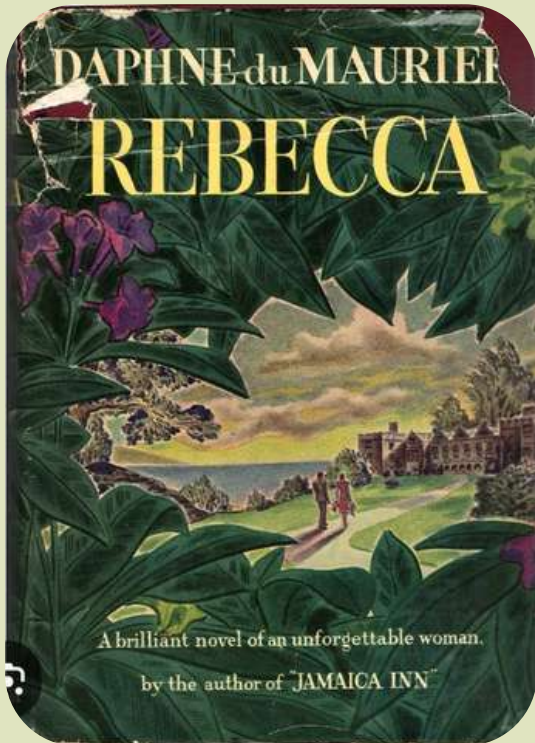
### *'Chinese Cinderella' by Adeline Yen Mah*

No, this is not a prequel to season 4 of Bridgerton. As is typical however, in any tale following the Cinderella storyline, Adeline finds herself tormented by her older siblings and rejected by her, you guessed it, cruel stepmother. Her affluent, powerful family considers her existence bad luck after her mother dies giving birth to her. Although Adeline thrives academically, she feels that she will never receive what she truly yearns for – love and belonging. In this simple yet beautifully narrated memoir turned children's story, Adeline Yen Mah shares her anguished coming-of-age in a wealthy Chinese family in the 1940s. 'Chinese Cinderella' universalises the pain of being unwanted, a pain which does not always lead to the romanticised journey fairy tales treat us to.

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### 'Rebecca' by Daphne du Maurier

"Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again"

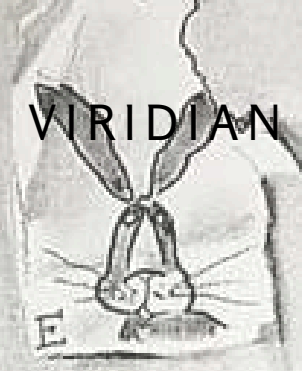


It's safe to say that every literature student remembers the first book they were examined on. The first time they experienced the dread in the pit of their stomachs as they opened the exam paper to find the extract they hadn't properly studied. I, however, believe it or not, maintain very positive associations with mine. Life starts out as bleak for the young heroine of 'Rebecca', who works as a paid companion for the bitter Mrs Van Hopper. That is, until she falls in love with the brooding, enigmatic gentleman Maxim De Winter who whisks her away to Manderley. Happily ever after? Not quite. Upon arrival at the grand country estate, she immediately finds herself plunged into the shadow of Maxim's late wife Rebecca. The deafening echo of the sea, the glare of the blood-red rhododendrons, the watchful eye of Mrs Danvers, the long, drawling 'R' embroidered onto a handkerchief. Rebecca's ever-lingering presence threatens to destroy their marriage from beyond the grave. What I wouldn't give to be back in my GCSE English class with a storm brewing outside, delving into a particularly eerie passage while Mrs Kasparides draws a picture of Manderley on the whiteboard.

### 'Gravel Heart' by Abdulrazak Gurnah

We have a Nobel prize winner on our hands. I was gifted this book following October's Tanzanian adventures to learn more about the country that rewired my brain and touched my heart. It is the 1970s and the winds of change are blowing through Zanzibar. Violence, corruption, the wake of a revolution and all of a sudden, Salim's father is gone. Trying to fill the void of his father's absence and to stifle the echoing silence of a house full of secrets, Salim immerses himself in his books and falls into the daily routines of government school. By the time he turns 18, Uncle Amir has formulated a new future for Salim as he whisks him off to London for college. A lonely teenager, not accustomed to London's hostility and biting weather, he struggles to find his place as his uncle turns out not to be as glamorous as he had seemed. For years on end, he is forced to face the precariousness of his present all while navigating the uncertainty of his past in a country that will never feel like home. A striking novel on love and betrayal, identity and purpose, Gurnah paints a heart-wrenching portrayal of the inevitable challenges of physical and emotional exile.

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**MORBID**

**MYSTERIES**



**BY LEONIE WEIDERUD**

# THE VIRIDIAN

## THE FINAL TENT

The first time I truly felt afraid, I wasn't hiding under my bed or curled up on the couch in front of the TV watching my scary movie while clasping a bowl of popcorn; I was staring out at the world, realizing it didn't make sense and that it wasn't fair, that darkness existed in ways that no storybook or cartoon had prepared me for.

This being my final article before I graduate, I wanted to take us down a different route.

As children, monsters were simple: a creature under your bed, shadows in closets, strange noises outside, or a mysterious figure in the corner of your eye, but they disappeared when the lights flicked on, and we felt safe again.

By high school, the monsters had names and faces. They were headlines of crimes, tales of cruelty, tragedies, murder, death, abuse that no bedtime story could explain.

However, growing up isn't about outgrowing fear, it's about realizing that the world itself can be frightening, and learning how to navigate it, step by step, without losing yourself, because unfortunately (or not), not everything will disappear the second the lights are turned on.

And yet, there is a strange thrill in this realization, a curiosity that drives us to look closer, to study the darkness, and to read every *Morbid Mysteries* article of course.

True crime, haunted tales, and horror captivate audiences because they provide intense emotional stimulation and controlled fear. Experiences such as watching a chilling documentary or reading about a grisly case (in *Morbid Mysteries*) trigger reactions like adrenaline surges, increased heart rate, or heightened senses, without placing the reader in any actual danger. They are like rehearsals for reality, ways to understand danger without stepping fully into it. For many, especially women, consuming true crime functions as a form of "Defensive vigilance," allowing them to learn from victims' experiences, recognize warning signs, and feel better prepared to navigate potentially dangerous situations.

Beyond practical considerations, these genres also simply satisfy morbid curiosity, offering a controlled glimpse into the darkest aspects of human behaviour and the motivations behind unimaginable crimes. The experience often produces a unique psychological "High," made of a combination of fear and relief, as audiences recognize that they are not the victim, creating a cathartic release of tension.

The puzzle-solving and justice aspects of true crime also draw viewers in, as they attempt to unravel the "Whodunit," and experience satisfaction when a wrongdoing is punished.

Psychologically, humans are wired to focus on threats - a negativity bias that evolved to protect us, making dangerous or negative content inherently fascinating, with the mindset of the more danger you are aware of, the more prepared you'll be. At the same time, some individuals use these genres for escapism, and over time, repeated exposure can lead to partial desensitization to real-life violence.

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Leaving *The Viridian* is a bittersweet thought that had me reflecting on previous cases, but I wanted to focus on the atmosphere created by a forgotten carnival at night. As I grow up, I realize that adolescence itself is a kind of liminal space. Like an abandoned carnival at night, our teenage years act like tents pitched between childhood and adulthood, with music that twists and echoes, making us forget who to trust and who to rely on, lights that flash too quickly, and mirrors that distort who we are. We are familiar yet unrecognizable, safe yet exposed. Everything seems heightened: fear, joy, love, loss. It is a space of wonder and unease, where every shadow could be hiding a secret, and every thrill carries a hint of danger.

*Morbid Mysteries* has been my own carnival, my own liminal space, a place where I could explore the things that scared me and, somehow, grow stronger for it. Each article was a tent pitched in the shadows and each story was a mirror reflecting both the world and me.

And now, as I zip my final tent shut, I realize something: **the mysteries never truly end**. They grow with us, shaping the people we become. Perhaps that is the truest part of coming of age, learning that fear is not the enemy, but a companion, a teacher, a shadow that walks beside us until we are ready to step fully into the light.

So, even if I leave behind this column and pass it on to my incredible shadower Louisa, I do not leave behind the lessons it carried.

Step carefully, dear reader. Watch the shadows. Listen to the whispers. And remember: some of the scariest monsters aren't hiding under the bed. They are waiting in the spaces in between, and one day, we all step into them, and discover that they might not be so scary after all.

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# VIDEO ARCHIVES

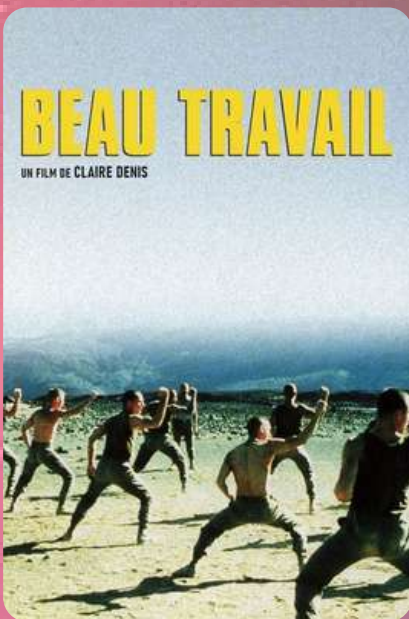
BY NOAH NATHANEAL

# THE VIRIDIAN

It's all happening. With this being my tenth and final contribution to the Viridian newsletter – newspaper? Are we a magazine?

Anyhow, my words feel weighted and I am bled through with emotion. Glee, since this is the last time I will be consciously reading back my writing, a feeling I can liken only to seeing an unsolicited picture of myself or swallowing my own vomit. Concern, for the legacy this body of work will leave behind. Think of me, O tender reader, as a man of letters, view my bibliography as biblical, my claims as dogmatic, and embrace me as your **auterial** despot. Christ! Have I gone mad or am I fitting the throne? Am I alive, or is this some form of schizophrenia which has just worked for me? Bye-bye.

## Film as Political: (Beau Travail, The Passenger, Dog Day Afternoon)



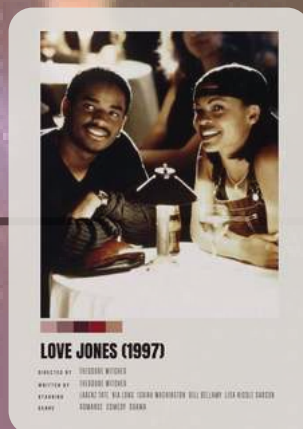
Empire has located its existence in the untamed space of rise and fall, dooming itself to live within history and to plot against it. Positioned to breed, define, and constrain the voice of horror, Empire concerns itself only with ways not to die, not to fall, and becomes ruthless in its bloodlust for dominion. Now, before forming any subjective argument, I would like to make an amendment to the term 'post-colonial film' to 'de-colonial film'. In order to understand the ethos of occupation, we must abandon colonised language which laminates imperial ethnocentrism as a bygone philosophy. Historically, the 'other' and the spaces they occupy are seen as liminal spaces of endless barbarism, exoticism, and sensuality. In turn, the digestible commentaries of cinema are manufactured to resist oppressive control within spaces and language which stimulate it, and to furnish the diagnosis of war with a picture of humanity. In that, I do not mean envisioning the Ayatollah making a sandwich or Thomas Sankara mounting a bicycle, and I also don't expect you to come out of 'The Battle of Algiers' with anything other than intellectual constipation. What I expect is an alternate and empathetic understanding of the realities of diaspora, of martyrdom. I expect the revolutionary spirit within you to be discovered, or rediscovered. And at the very least, I expect comments made in political voice to be founded from thoughts which could not have otherwise been recited by word of the day toilet paper.

# THE VIRIDIAN

## Film as Romantic: (Mississippi Masala, Love Jones, The Dreamers)

“I used to pray in a church until I realised everything around me was holy, so now like a madman I worship whatever I see, even you.”

What makes Juliet beautiful? Some people ask. I never ask. The two most fundamental questions in life, I believe, are where and how to love. How can I love so that I can start to live? Answer: That love exists, and comes in 720p, 1080p and 1440p (note - 3D is always lust). Take something like Love Jones, which is a poem, a prophecy, a prayer. Love Jones is the sonnet etched into the inner of my iris, the tower of disquiet suspended above my peripheral, the unfound ability to stare at the sun without going blind. To translate a memory into a moment and allow an audience to feast on the backdrop of a Duke Ellington record, I think, is an allowance to extract those threads of intimacy, attraction, and heartache which romance is sewn by. In this way, consuming art not in passing but as sustenance forces your thoughts and experience to become interior; secular though not sectarian, self-referential though not rhetorical, and urges you to create your own monolith of self which will direct you exactly on where and how to love.



## Film as Beyond the Silly, Little Screen You're Looking At: (Oslo August 31st, Thief, The Long Goodbye)

I consider the first row of theatres to be a sacred place. Sitting there means the image sent out to audiences is introduced to you first, and you consume it before it goes through filter of judgement and criticisms sat behind you. Existing in the first row means you are incorruptible, self-governed. And since cinema is life exploring itself through itself, the reality of the actor and that of his composer dancing together, being self-governed means approaching life through creation, tying you to your creator. Now, I hope to talk not to the face of you who reads these words but rather the faceless you who interprets them. Every emotion you will ever feel is already within you. The unnameable grief from losing your mother. The gladness in writing your vows. The relief of a life well loved. Every person is an architect of their own conscience, and your soul is both pre-written and in a constant evolution so have faith in something, anything, yourself even. Is that symbolic?



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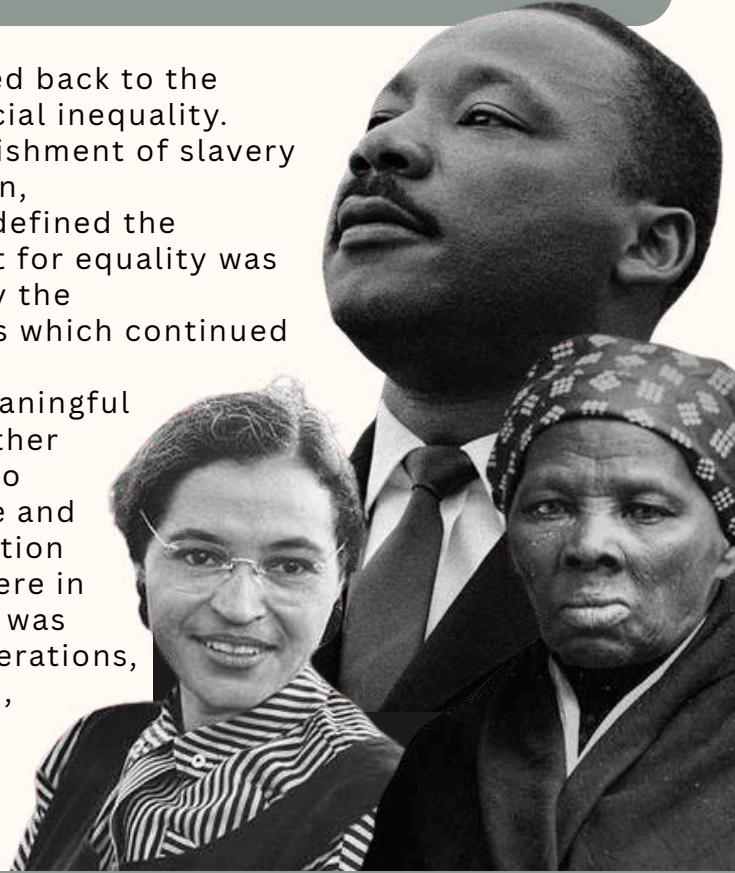
# HISTORY

BY DAPHNE LIAPIS & RENEE  
STROUTHOU

# THE VIRIDIAN

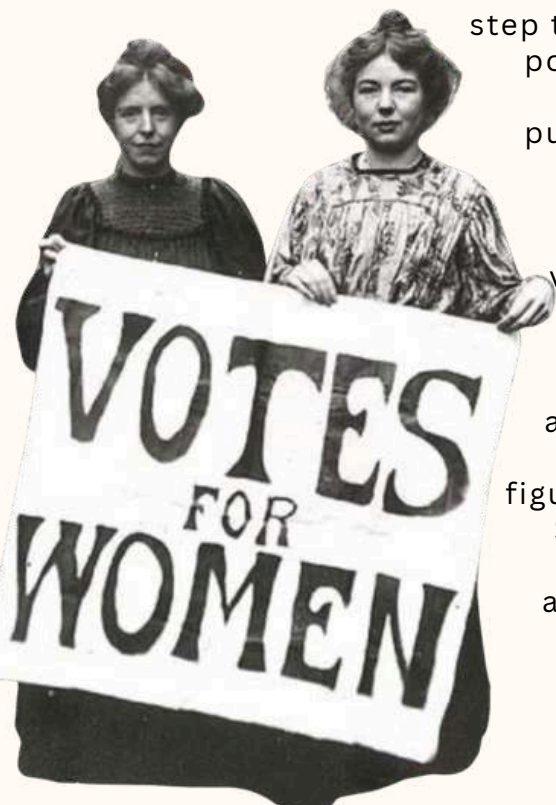
Coming of age is a concept that can be directly linked to historical events. Throughout history, many notions and conflicts have changed people's ways of thinking, and even their everyday lives. Different struggles and troubles that once plagued our society have now helped us become more understanding and empathetic to our rapidly changing world.

The coming of age of modern society can be traced back to the struggle to confront and dismantle systems of racial inequality. A significant event in human history was the abolishment of slavery in the 19th century. After centuries of exploitation, the end of slavery marked a turning point that redefined the meaning of freedom altogether. Yet, the long fight for equality was nowhere near its end. In many places, particularly the United States, there was a rise in segregation laws which continued to enforce racial division and deny basic rights. It was through the Civil Rights Movement that meaningful change began to occur. Figures such as Martin Luther King Jr, Rosa Parks, and Harriet Tubman decided to fight for their rights, standing up against injustice and demanding equality. Their courage and determination helped change the discriminatory systems that were in place. Similarly, the movement for women's rights was another important step towards equality. For generations, women were excluded from political participation, education, and economic independence.



Similarly, the movement for women's rights was another important step towards equality. For generations, women were excluded from political participation, education, and economic independence.

Many laws that existed dehumanized women, as they were put in control of their husbands or their fathers. This led to the Women's Suffrage Movement. This decades-long movement, which quickly became a global campaign, aimed to allow women to achieve full citizenship, starting with their right to vote. These women challenged the social and political beliefs at the time, and during the period of the suffrage movement, women began fighting for their rights, regardless of their social background. Lady Constance Lytton was born in an aristocratic family but faced imprisonment for her dedication to the movement; Flora Drummond was another inspiring figure, after being nicknamed 'The General' for her work with the Suffragettes. Thanks to all these women, and many more who might forever stay unknown, many young girls and women around the world are able to attend all stages of school, open their own bank accounts and work without having to be dependent on someone else.



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Coming of age is also a concept that encompasses a nation's ability to grow and surpass sociopolitical or economic challenges. Countries that were former colonies, had to undergo strenuous efforts to overcome the economic and political turmoil that they were left in after the colonisers left. For example, India, formerly a British colony (1857-1947), was left in shambles after the British left. It is worth mentioning that the British did aid India in modernising, especially with the creation of railways that allowed for easier transport of goods. However, the negative implications that prevailed in India cannot go unmentioned. India was left in deep poverty and social unrest because of the colonizers leaving. Their stark changes in the social structures in India, left locals with hazy ideas about how they should orientate their new geopolitical and social structures. Similarly, Morocco, which used to be a French colony (1912-1956), also had some changes made to the lives of locals after the French left. French, as a language and culture, remained prevalent in the nation. In Morocco, French, although not their national language, is widely used in business and education settings. France also plays a vital role in aiding the Moroccan economy. There are multiple French companies operating in Morocco, which contribute to its economic growth. Although the realities of these two nations after independence are different, it is without a doubt that they both managed to overcome the struggles that dominated as a result of colonialism.

In conclusion, history has proven to be filled with events that may be disruptive or challenging for people to face. However, it is through these events that we become able to protest what is wrong and strive for what is right.

## THIS YEARS DIGITAL TEAM

### SOCIAL MEDIA

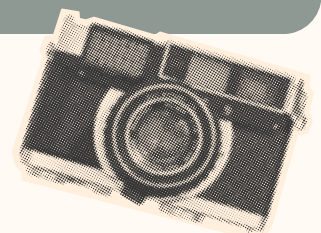
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Louka Demange





THE VIRIDIAN

# THE FASHION FIX

BY NEFELI VASSILIOU

# THE VIRIDIAN

Coming of age is a concept that isn't easily defined. It's a process and a feeling, being complex, bittersweet, and incredibly difficult to encapsulate. I find that it's captured best in movies, specifically in their costuming. Clothes, both in movies and in real life, tell a story, and when the job of costume design is laid in the hands of experts, it can be extremely meaningful.



Clueless is one of my favourite movies of all time, and yes, before you ask, it's considered a coming-of-age movie. Inspired by Jane Austen's 1815 novel, Emma, director Amy Heckerling adapted the core plot and character dynamics to fit 1990s youth culture, hiring Mona May, arguably one of the best costume designers of our time. She managed to create a world that didn't even exist yet, which is a virtually impossible task, but to go to the depths of making it one of the most culturally resonant films from the last century, solidifies her as a master.

Now, I understand how this is no big deal for the average Joe. Finding clothes for characters to wear, easy, right? Wrong. Keep in mind this is 1994, so there are no iPhones, no computers, no Amazon. Not only that, but they need to select clothes that reflect each character's feeling, the costumes needed to evolve over time to display how characters' mindsets change over time. I'd like to see you try. The costume team spent months curating clothes from both high-end designers but also from your average retail stores. It was done masterfully, so masterfully in fact that the film's fashion manages to transcend time, being a source of inspiration and an influence in fashion even 30 years after its release.

## TAI FRASIER:

Played by the late, great Brittany Murphy, Tai goes through the greatest physical transformation. Having moved from New York, her style was distinctively much more grunge than the rest of the girls. When she's introduced, she's wearing baggy jeans, sneakers, an oversized t-shirt, and a plaid button up. Plaid is worn extensively through the film, but during her first introduction she is the only one wearing it, symbolising how much of an outsider she is. Cher and Dionne, the two other main characters, take it upon themselves to give her a makeover.



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Tai's first post-makeover outfit epitomizes the aesthetic that she'll wear for most of the film. It's far more feminine than before, but she still looks comfortable and approachable. The top is a bit childish, playing into her more innocent nature. As she gains more confidence, her clothing becomes more feminine, imitating what Cher would wear almost to a tee. Any past semblance of Tai is gone; this is where power dynamics begin to shift. She's playing the part of the popular girl, mimicking not only Cher's style, but also her attitude, threatening Cher's position. After Tai and Cher's fight, they distance themselves from each other but eventually making up. Having spent time apart, Tai comes back with a renewed sense of style, mixing both her grunge past, and Cher's influence. Imagine a Barbie, but as a skater girl. She feels less inclined to dress like Cher, finally figuring out how to be her own person.



## CHER:

The title of the film, *Clueless*, is representative of Cher's entire character. She's incredibly out of touch with reality, being extremely intelligent, but at the same time very shallow. By the end of the film, however, she attempts to atone for her past mistakes and better herself as she matures, hence the association with the coming-of-age genre. During the film, Cher sports 50 different outfits, and each of them is timeless. She's constantly seen sporting plaid and argyle. It's "Quintessential school", according to Mona May, taking a classic Catholic school uniform and re-shaping it to fit high fashion. Cher has something of a uniform - either A-line or pleated skirts paired with some kind of blazer, a long sleeve blouse, or cardigan, knee-high socks, and Mary-Janes. She believes she can gain anything with sheer willpower, but when this fails as she tries to capture Christian's interest, it shakes her entire belief system.



She attempts to regain control by wearing a spring-version of her classic yellow, plaid ensemble, only to be overshadowed by Tai and her newfound popularity. After failing her driving test and fighting with Tai, she's left broken and unable to change her circumstances for the first time. During this period, her outfits become decreasingly cohesive, reflecting her mental state. She's finally being held responsible for her own actions, realising it's her soul rather than her clothing that needs a makeover. This is where she starts using her influence for good, and with that, her style shifts. She starts wearing pants to school. Horrifying, isn't it? She appears more approachable, wearing warmer colours and softer materials. Her judgmental and shallow nature is gone.

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## THIS MONTH'S FASHION FAVOURITES



MR ARISTODEMOU



MRS MARTINS &  
MS MICHAELIDES



MRS PANOSSIAN



MRS KAZZI



MS TOMAZOU

The image is a vertical collage of torn paper. The top portion shows a woman with long, dark hair, looking slightly to the right. Below her, a child with blonde hair and blue eyes is visible, looking directly at the camera. The paper is torn and layered, creating a textured, layered effect. The background is dark, possibly black or dark grey.

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# PSYCHOLOGY

BY EVELINA CHRISTOFOROU

# THE 44 JUVENILE THIEVES

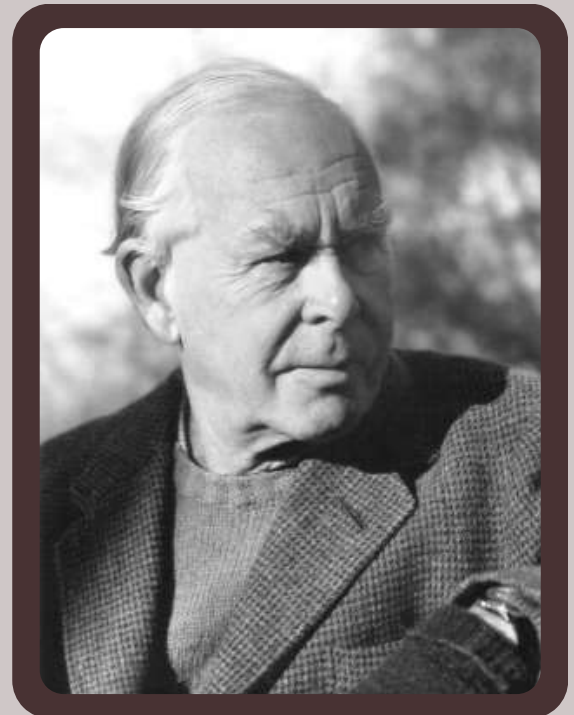
Psychology has always been a subject that fascinates me, particularly the field of developmental psychology. As I write my final article for The Viridian, I find myself reflecting on the theories I've studied about how humans are shaped, at a moment when I too, am stepping into a new stage of life.

I believe there's something deeply meaningful about exploring how we are moulded, particularly through early childhood relationships; so, as I share this final piece on Bowlby's attachment theory, I hope it resonates with you in some way too. Enjoy!

John Bowlby believed that there should be a primary bond which is much more important than any other – this is usually the mother. He placed all responsibility for a child's future behaviours upon the relationship between the infant and their mother. If there was a failure to initiate, or there was a breakdown of, the maternal attachment, it would lead to serious negative consequences. This theory then led to the formulation of his maternal deprivation hypothesis.

Bowlby theorised that the disruption of this primary relationship could lead to a higher incidence of juvenile delinquency, emotional difficulties, and antisocial behaviour. In 1944, he decided to test this by studying 44 adolescent juvenile delinquents in a child guidance clinic. He aimed to discover the long-term effects of “Maternal deprivation,” on adolescents to see whether delinquency is a result of said deprivation.

Between 1936 and 1939, Bowlby carried out his research with a group of 88 children from the clinic where he worked. Half of these were juvenile thieves, referred to him because of their stealing, while the other 44 formed a comparison group; children who were struggling emotionally, but had not committed any crimes.



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When each child arrived, they were carefully observed from different perspectives.

A psychologist assessed their intelligence and how they responded emotionally, while a social worker spoke with a parent to build a picture of the child's early life, especially any experiences of separation. These insights were gathered separately, allowing a more balanced understanding. Finally, Bowlby himself met with both the child and their parent, forming his own impressions and, in some cases, identifying traits such as what he described as "Affectionless psychopathy."



He found that more than half of the juvenile thieves had been separated from their mothers for longer than six months during their first five years, thus providing evidence for his theory. He also found 14 of these young thieves showed "Affectionless psychopathy," meaning they could not care about or feel affection for others. Meanwhile, in the comparison group, only two had had such a separation and none of them were affectionless psychopaths. Following the results of his study, Bowlby concluded that "Maternal deprivation," in the persons early childhood, causes permanent emotional damage.

As I come to the end of both this article and my time writing for The Viridian, I'm left with an appreciation for how complex and influential early experiences can be. Bowlby's work offers a powerful perspective on the lasting impact of childhood, reminding us that even the earliest stages of life can shape who we become in ways we may not always recognise.

A painting of a young girl with dark hair, wearing a pink top and a patterned skirt, kneeling on a white surface. She is holding a green paintbrush and appears to be painting a circular design on the wall. The background is a dense, abstract composition of various colors (red, blue, yellow, purple) and textures, suggesting a complex, layered environment. The overall style is expressive and somewhat chaotic.

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# A DIP IN THOUGHT

BY FATIMA SANJAKDAR

## THE VIRIDIAN

# IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES

**Let's be honest, no one has a stable music taste as a teenager, and some of us are still finding it. That's not an opinion; that's a neurological fact. Your brain is literally rewiring itself; your emotions are operating at maximum volume, and somehow you decided that liking a certain artist makes you deep.**

**It doesn't. But let's go through it anyway.**

It has become conspicuous that the most influential figures throughout history have been those who have been subjected to extensive pain and suffering. The likes of Helen Keller, Malala Yousafzai, Martin Luther King Jr, and nearly all religious and spiritual leaders have shown that hardship sows seeds of transformation. To quote Hellen Keller, who lived a life blind and deaf, "Character cannot be developed in ease and quiet. Only through experience of trial and suffering can the soul be strengthened, ambition inspired, and success achieved." Aside from stimulating gratitude and empathy, suffering also teaches resilience, not just emotionally, but also scientifically. Scientists have suggested that neuroplasticity enables the brain to adapt physiologically after a stressful period.

In Abrahamic religions, suffering came as a result of leaders spreading their teachings. In Christianity for instance, Jesus was crucified as punishment for spreading the Gospel in a predominantly Jewish community. The Bible teaches that by enduring this suffering, Jesus created an opportunity for his followers to enter Heaven – a place of eternal bliss that is devoid of suffering. For Christians, this teaches them that suffering is an inevitable aspect of existence, which even God (in his flesh form) has experienced. Moreover, Jesus' immense torment yielded something even greater: faith. Whether we take this account literally or not, the story of the crucifixion acts as an analogy for enduring pain, and as proof that it doesn't come without compensation.

Dharmic religions, such as Buddhism, teach that suffering is an inevitable part of life. In fact, living things are compartmentalized by whether or not they feel pain. Extensively, the Buddha subjected himself to suffering in all forms: suffering of attachment by leaving his family, as well as physical and mental suffering by leading an ascetic life. As an enlightened being, he proved that reaching a state of contentment and wisdom is only possible through pain. As the Buddha said, he teaches "Suffering and its end." Therefore, in his teachings, the Buddha illustrates suffering as the only unavoidable experience. We all are born in a fit of tears, therefore we are all human. We will all grieve, want something we can't have, and wish things were different than they are. We will all die, therefore we are all human.

**To come of age is not to avoid suffering, but to interpret it and use it as a catalyst for growth and development. As time passes, there will be obstacles, not ones we can go around or under, ones we can only go through. So, the question of "Why me?" seems futile, as suffering is heightened when compared. Instead, our perception of injustice and pain mirrors our character and potency. The paradox of suffering and happiness is best described by the Buddha – "There is no path to happiness: Happiness is the path." We must experience the worst of times to know when times are at their best.**

An impressionistic painting of two children, possibly a girl and a boy, standing in a field. The girl on the left has long, curly blonde hair and is wearing a purple dress. The boy on the right has shorter blonde hair and is wearing a blue shirt and dark pants. The background is a mix of warm, earthy tones like yellow, orange, and brown, with some cooler tones like purple and blue. The overall style is soft and textured, with visible brushstrokes.

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# MUSIC

BY ALEXA MICHAEL

THE VIRIDIAN

# THE PHASES OF A TEENAGE MUSIC IDENTITY CRISIS

*(the most scientific analysis you could get)*

Let's be honest, no one has a stable music taste as a teenager, and some of us are still finding it. That's not an opinion; that's a neurological fact. Your brain is literally rewiring itself; your emotions are operating at maximum volume, and somehow you decided that liking a certain artist makes you deep.

It doesn't. But let's go through it anyway.

## Phase 1: The Copy-Paste Personality

This is where it all begins; your personality (and yes that's how I meant to write it) is outsourced. You listen to whatever your friends are playing and whatever's trending. You don't choose music – music is chosen for you. And honestly? You're having a great time. No pressure, no identity crisis, just vibes. You're having the time of your life listening to Coldplay, Bruno Mars, or something else super unproblematic that no one can hate on. You're not pretending to have taste yet. You just exist. That's it, keeping it short and sweet, just like Sabrina.

## Phase 2: The Awakening (a.k.a. I 've Discovered Depth)

This is where things shift. Suddenly, music isn't just something you hear – you become it. You find songs that feel like they understand you a little too well, and from that moment on, everything is a transformation arc. This is the phase where you start building your personality through: Radiohead (because of course it starts here), Tame Impala (aesthetic upgrade), Drake (because now you're cool but incredibly "Emotionally complex,"), and an unexplainable phase where everything feels like a movie. Bro wrap it up.

You also discover sadness can be curated, not just felt. So, you enter your emotional intelligence era through artists like Sufjan Stevens, Lana Del Rey, or Lizzy McAlpine, where every song feels like a journal entry you weren't supposed to read. Somewhere in between, you also find Deftones, because apparently the emotional confusion and frustration as a teenager in this "horrible world" also has distortion and heavy bass now. And again, we get it: you think everything is a movie. Walking down the street? Opening scene. Sitting alone? Artistic montage.

Your brain is fully participating in this delusion, but it feels important, so you keep going.

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## Phase 3: The Insufferable Expert (Niche or Nothing)

This is where things get... socially dangerous. You're no longer just listening to music. You've developed standards, opinions, and an urgent need to prove you have better taste than everyone. Mainstream music becomes something you "Used to like," in a past life. Now, it's all about obscure discoveries and underground scenes. Digging through the internet like it's an archaeological site emerging with artists, no one can verify. Eventually, you'll end up deep in niche UK rap circles or older records that feel like secrets you're personally guarding. You might even stumble across someone like Baby Panna, who's actually a vibe. The goal is no longer enjoyability, it's credibility, and somehow, you still know every word to songs you claim are "Overplayed."

## Phase 4: The Relapse (We Are So Back, Unfortunately)

You start thinking you've evolved – you haven't. You've just delayed nostalgia. An old song plays and suddenly you're not your current self anymore – you're every version of yourself at once. And now you're back in: Ariana Grande era (yes, she still hit), Shawn Mendes and throw a little 'If the World was Ending' type of song, that everyone pretends they only listened to ironically. And the worst part? It still sounds a little too good. You feel like you've been emotionally catfished by your past self. But really, it's just a memory. Music doesn't stay in the past – it drags the past into the present and makes you sit with it.

## Phase 5: The Acceptance Arc (Chaos, But Make It Tasteful)

Eventually, you stop fighting it. Your playlists become less of a statement and more of a situation – unfiltered and somehow perfect. Now it's: Beyoncé (because there is no universe where she isn't correct, and I'm also trying to make it to the Grammys someday), good old SZA, some Kanye, Doja Cat, and Mk.gee for when you want to feel like you have taste. There's no longer an attempt to define yourself through music. You just let it exist around you.

Some songs are serious; some not. Some are relics from phases you barely survived.

And that's the point you're just collecting evidence that you've been multiple people all along.

## Conclusion:

The truth is your music taste never "matured" in a straight line. It looped, collapsed, expanded, and occasionally acted like it was better than everyone else.

And every version of it meant something, even the embarrassing ones. Especially those ones.

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# THE ARTS

BY MARILIA EVANGELOU

THE VIRIDIAN

# BEFORE THE CURTAIN CALL

**The annual talent show** has long stood as a quiet cornerstone for showcasing the Arts Department during the school year. A night where the echoing voices in the corridor outside the music rooms come together to create something more magical, where talent and confidence permeate beneath the stage lights. Organised and brought to life by the amazing Arts Department, the evening unfolded into a celebration of music, dance, and humour. The nervous anticipation blended into a shared rhythm, carried effortlessly by the hosts whose capturing presence carried the audience from one act to the next with ease. Each performance, whether bold or tentative, added a new layer to the show, reminding all those present that art, in its truest sense, is simply the most tangible form of courage. There is something unique about such nights; time seems to soften at the edges, applause lingers a little longer, and even silence of amazement feels full. The stage becomes more than just a platform: it transforms into a space where fleeting moments of expression are given shape and meaning. For some, it is a beginning; for others, though less obviously, it is also an ending.

As the evening drew closer to the end of the first Act, there was a subtle shift; the energy and feeling of excitement filled up the audience. The senior performance did not simply arrive – it was felt before it even began, carried in the hush of anticipation and the unspoken awareness of what it represented. What followed was a performance symbolising both joy and farewell. The choreography, created by our seniors themselves, flowed with a childish lightness that seemed effortless, yet beneath each step, laid years of shared experience. There was laughter in the movement and a sense of playfulness that illustrated the familiarity of growing up together. The performance spoke of beginnings found in uncertain steps, in off-beat rhythms; it spoke of friendships formed in passing moments and of a journey that had never truly been noticed while it was happening. Each formation, transition, jump, and change in music felt like a memory taking shape, alive for an instant before giving way to the next.

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And then, as movement became stillness, the performance turned inwards.

The projector lit up, and with it came a different type of artistry, one shaped not by choreography, but by time itself. Childhood photographs appeared, one after another, fragments of earlier years stitched together into a quite narrative. Laughter and tears rippled gently through the audience and students, followed by messages from teachers that carried warmth that could not be rehearsed. Each word felt personal, grounded in years of shared classrooms, conversations, and small talk in the hallways. There was pride in those voices, but also a sense of recognition of growth, of change, of the inevitable distance that comes with moving forward. The video became a bridge between what had been and what was yet to come. By the time the lights returned to the stage, the applause that followed was no longer a response to a performance, but an acknowledgment of time passed, of memories made, of a chapter gently, irrevocably closing.

The performance did not end with a grand statement or Mr Antoniou's bold "Bye." Instead, it lingered during the break, in the sense that something meaningful had unfolded and would be kept close to heart of our graduating class. Like the final brushstroke on a painting or the last note of a fading melody, it remained, soft, resonant, and complete. In that theatre, between light and music, the true nature of the talent show revealed itself, not simply as a showcase of talent, but as a reflection of becoming.

## Note from author:

As this is my last article of the academic year of 2025-2026, I would like to give recognition to the amazing team behind The Viridian, specifically the graduating senior members of the team that have taught me so much: it has been an honour following in your footsteps. And lastly, it's important to give credit to the incredible work that the Arts Department has done this year. They never fail to impress and to shine as the creative core of our school, a true representation of the power and influence that the arts have. Despite the increasingly mechanical and technological nature that we often see in our world today, it's crucial that we make space for art, music, theatre, cinema, and any other artistic form of expression, because this is what brings intellectuality into physical form and finds the beauty in human connection. Therefore, I say my goodbye with this quote:

*"To practice any art, no matter how well or badly, is a way to make your soul grow"*  
- Kurt Vonnegut

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**Thank you for reading our final edition for this school year. See you next year for our newest September Edition!**



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