

MUSE.

01.10.2013

'Kiss my ass, Häagen Daz'

Ice cream made of human breast milk, holy water and viagra? We meet the Icecreamists.



'My two years of
National Service'

The Art of
Sleeping Alone

Music Interview:
Sub Focus



M5. The *Elle France* editor went celibate for 12 years. She tells **Fiona Parker** why sex isn't for everyone.



M12. **Yu Neng** spent two years in the Singaporean army on National Service. We find out what it takes to train to be a jungle fighter.



M18. Breast milk ice cream marketed as Lady GooGoo? **Charlotte Wainright** finds out more.

Arts.

M7. Artist **Saba Barnard** paints the vibrant faces of Muslim women colouring the veil debate.

M9. Bond is back, in the imagination of fanboy **William Boyd**. **Emily Ross** reviews.

Fashion.

M10. **India Block** chats to online *Editor of UK Vogue* about getting the brand online, and the shows to look out for in A/W '14

Music.

M21. **Tegan and Sara** don't really like working together so a co-written album is a miracle, as **Francesca Donovan** finds out.

M20. The music team preview the official Freshers' Ball, **Live and Loud**.

Film.

M25. **Alfie Packham** looks ahead to **Harry Potter spin-off *Fantastic Beasts***, and asks whether Rowling's inclusion bodes well.

Food & Drink.

M26. We've binged to bring you the definitive guide to York's take-aways. **Helena Parker's** waistline may never be the same again.

M27. Get ready to crumble as **Sunaina Suri** brings you a twist on the classic apple crumble.

Image Credits.

Cover and above right: Courtesy of Matt O'Connor

M2 and M6: Courtesy of Sophie Fontanel; M3: Courtesy of Shirley Eaton; M5: Marianne.d

Anthem 4 Doom3d Yoof

Lovingly borrowed from Wilfred Owen

What sorrowed sighs for those who drink as alcoholics?
 Only the fleeting comfort of the toilet bowl.
 Only the brief euphoria of the frolic
 Can fill the sunken drunkards hole.
 No personal statements now for them, no merits nor A*s
 Nor any hope of extra-curricular accreditation -
 Only a rum be-spattered deck of cards;
 To honour their demise; their degradation.
 What lights guide them on toward their final sojourn,
 No more in the library, but in Salvation hence
 Shall the glory of their doom commence.
 The recklessness of the first fresher morn.

They shall not grow old as we who are left grow old,
 But forever remain; a creature of the night.
 Not in splendour decked, but painted gold;
 C3PO a bittersweet testament to their fancy-dress might.
 So they lie where they fall; in Coney Street gutters
 To the ears of no congregation, only the bouncer's mutters.
 In better times we can but try to impart our knowledge
 When, soft, the dawn breaks upon that mourning college.

*Poppy
 Bullard*



CARTOON BY BRANDON SEAGER



Shirley Eaton

Bond Girl, *Goldfinger*.

My greatest fear is to have an illness where I would be left paralysed, could not communicate and would never be independent again.

I worry that technology will take over our lives completely, as it has been doing with its rapid growth - a frightening, almost anti-human pace.

The best thing about being in my seventies is to feel young in spirit and heart, to be grateful for a blessed life so far, and to be utterly myself and not to worry about what other people think and trust my own judgment. I love the fact that I have seventy six years experience of life behind me.

Bond wouldn't be Bond if film-goers didn't need fantasy in their lives.

Young people should learn to have courage in all things and try to be caring to all people with confidence but humility. Follow your dreams with those attributes! Remember experience is the font of all knowledge. Always listen to others as well as airing your own opinions!

I love swimming naked in the warm Mediter-

anean sea. But I also love seeing my two sons and five grandchildren, being loved and loving the man in my life, painting or photography when I feel something else has taken over, listening to music and getting lost in it.

A song I'm particularly connected to is "How Deep is the Ocean" because I was singing it on the stage when I first met my husband when I was nineteen. It was the first time he had seen me perform. Then because of its meaning I sung it to my husband on his death bed.

There is nothing I would change about my life. That may seem arrogant, however I am stuck with me and my life and I love it.

I've come close to death. It was a near fatal car accident on my honeymoon. If I had been driving my husband and I would have died, thankfully he was driving at the time and accelerated past the lorry, where I would have stepped on the breaks and we would have gone crashing into its side.

Bond wouldn't be Bond if all those film goers out there, rich or poor, didn't need some fantasy in their lives, be it the fantasy all the men want and some women too, Bond would never have become so iconic.

The last Bond "Skyfall" wasn't like the old Bond. Fans tell me the first seven films with Sean Connery were the real "Fantasy Bond".

Interview by Fiona Parker. The review of the latest Bond book, by William Boyd can be found on M9

Tom Witherow

Battling the Freshers Haters

Aged beings (yours truly included) can get a bit twitchy as this time of year. The fresher invasion make me feel like a haggard old grandfather bored stiff of his duties of care to the little brutes that he has to call his grandchildren.

First is all that 'fun' they're having, loaded up months in advance and forced upon them by grinning union officers in need of a good shag to put a lid on all that excess energy. Nobody has 'so much fun' in the way that a fresher does - how did we look upon the Willow queue as a thing of such joy in my early months? How did I wear Moroccan harem pants and tell my critics that I looked 'ream' (means cool in 'Essex') and that they really didn't understand? A crotch that low is never a good look.

Fancy dress is an embodiment of this inexhaustible drive for the F-word, but it rarely ends well. An unfortunate friend of mine woke up in a strange bed wondering why the sheets were red, only to remember that he'd been unfortunate enough to make love to a burgundy-hued M&M.

Freshers being the age of our little siblings, is number two on the hit list. How are we meant to take them seriously when they're the same age as our little sister, who only three years ago left the house in 'make-up' and got picked up by the police on accusations of prostitution?

Numero trio isn't exactly the fault of the freshers, but pansying around the eggshells of the welfare brigade is enough to frustrate even the most conscientious Feminist Society panderer.

Last year, I sat around in a circle of head-STYCs (who were almost all JCR committee members) as we decided whether a naughty little parent (female, before you ask) should have her fresher's wrist band 'cut'. The mood was solemn, as the case was weighed - the JCRC Welfare Vice-Chair presiding over the intense discussion. "I saw her buying the fresher vodka" is met with sharp intakes of breath; "I think they may have taken a taxi together" sees the slow shaking of heads. And then the vote. The decision. IT WILL BE CUT. The jury rose - assured in their duty of justice, their sense of power and self-aggrandisement - and walked like a funeral procession leading said girl to the gallows.

But fear not freshers. Freshers Haters will always be Hatin' as I believe the expression goes (and if not, it does now). It's Freshers' Week. There are no bed times, no parents, no vegetables. And to top it off you've got a quota of at least 20 photos of you passed out with your head in a piss-filled urinal before your housemates start asking questions.

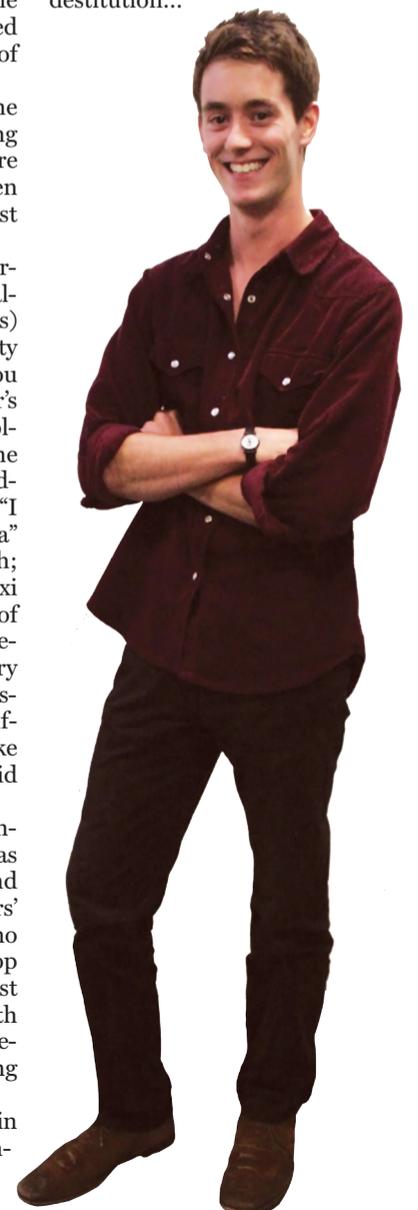
Slag 'n' Drag is gone. Robin Thicke is being banned by unions across the country. The very hand that once dolled out fun

by the YUSU welcome pack-load (even of the 'organised-not-spontaneous-and-so-not-that-fun' variety) is withering. And you fresher reader must thwart them. S'n'D might be a grim prospect, but CabaretD just gives us boys an excuse to pop a white shirt and braces on. What do the girls have to wear? Oh wait... Still not much.

At the end of this year you too will have to endure the freezing cold of pseudo-middle-class-perjury (it doesn't feel like an Indian summer in my bedroom). You too will bore of Kuda and its queues, swelled by the latest influx of excited little freshers, until you also form up in front Bangers and Mash, a house night so achingly impoverish-chic they might as well have called it *House and Hummus*.

So go forth fresher, and when York veterans sneer down their noses, long denied their sense of smell by the Ziggy's toilets, you can tell them that you've got big plans for Fun.

You're going to dress as a slutty Moroccan Lawrence of Arabia, get with your STYC in the Willow queue before returning to your over-heated flat in the Boulevard to sleep before you go out tomorrow night. They will have little to say, except perhaps, through clammy hands and shaking rage: "I... library...dissertation... destitution..."



Mary O'Connor: Downton and my Fresher respite

After speaking to a handful of traumatised friends after their first night with the darling new arrivals, you'd think a ritual sacrifice had taken place. With profuse sweating, dilated pupils and a bewildering trepidation they divulged their tales of woe. Freshers are characterised, I came to learn, by one or all of the following three things.

A) They moan more than Jenna Jameson - "Mummy didn't send me money to go on the lash with." All of these comments are anathema to a third year who has a partially functioning liver, is surviving day-to-day on diet cokes; and faces the small challenge of completing finals with a decent enough degree to avoid destitution. B) They display behaviour resembling the antics of a group of drunken clowns at a divorce hearing. In the bizarre no man's land between funny and angry, this common species go from sharing good natured anecdotes about the 'shire' and 'gap yahs', to transforming into these putrid individuals who vainly attempt to threaten the towering door staff. C) Their sex drive and apparent experience makes Hugh Hefner look frigid. I was fortunate enough to have one upstanding young man remark: "there are so many new people to meet. And to f**k!" Cretin.

So I have decided to wait out the winter from this rambunctious lot of degenerates by watching 'the box', 'the telly' or, to you and me, the TV. Thus far in my university career, I have been far from a fanatic in this field, so learning the ways of the box will be something of a new venture. So far, it has been a very enlightening experience. Two programmes that I have been following with interest are *Downton Abbey* and *The Chicken Shop*. They're hardly in the same category, but some surprising parallels have emerged. Whilst Hugh Bonneville's Lord Grantham hunts fowl and other game, the Chicken Shop boys coat it in breadcrumbs. Now that

Lady Edith sports a far more provocative wardrobe, she is only a hop, skip and a jump away from the clientele of the Chicken establishment, with laddered tights and broken Primark heels.

How could anything be better than Twitter parody 'O'Brien's Bangs' commenting on the Havisham-esque descent of Downton's Lady Mary? *The Chicken Shop* offered a close rival: Local transvestite 'Jessie' chastises a girl sat in the chicken shop for not wearing 'nice, colourful clothes' whilst sitting with legs unshaved in a soiled fuchsia miniskirt. But as time went on, a change began to occur. Like a mother who conceals the fact that she really prefers child A, to the little shit, child B, I too began harbouring a preference for one of the two - the greasy goodness of the chicken shop. And this, gentleman of the jury, is where I believe it all starting falling apart. In watching the colourful punters of this establishment, I came to realise that they weren't so different from the freshers I had fled from - "So I'm pan sexual. Yeah, it's this new cool term when you f**k everyone." And so I was bitten once more. And last night I found myself walking down a residential area in a dalmation onesie. If you can't beat them, then joining them seems the only sensible thing to do.



GOING UP..

Jumpers. The temperature's dropping and we're doing a little jig inside. Freshers who don't like winter sort it out - Purple Haze do the cheapest and the thickest knits to survive the Yorkshire cool.

Zara. It is just everywhere. Blazers, jeans and shirts for the boys, jewellery, blouses and handbags for the girls. Go there (once your loan's in).



Netflix. Clearly the basis of all modern relationships. We know it costs money, but how many times are you actually going to hunt down all those infuriating pop-up Xs and wait for buffering before you realise that 6 quid a month is fuck all for guaranteed TV.



Mug Cakes. Cupcakes, loafs, parkins etc. We don't have time - it's all about microwave cakes in a mug now. Decadent chocolatey sludge in under 5 minutes. Win.

Go Pros. The latest in 'do awesome sports and make a video about it' tech. Strap it to a helmet, your boot, or its remote 'arm' and bang some M83 over the top for summer holiday memory goodness.

History of Student Life in 1000 Objects #1: The Favourite Mug

Elizabeth's favourite mug, companion to homesickness, open exams, hangovers, break-ups. You name it, the big hugs mug has been there to deliver steaming PG Tips every time.

But Elizabeth doesn't use her mug any more. Nor does she 'get on' with her house mates any more. She sat down to breakfast, Sunday papers under her arm, went to sip her carefully crafted cuppa... "DON'T DRINK THAT!" You'll understand her surprise.

Emily pipes up, "So err, John and I were doing... ummm... 'it' and I had forgotten to take the pill and in the end it was either me or the mug.

"I'm really sorry."



CREDIT: FRANCESCA BUTCHER



Fluorescent shit. It's everywhere and it screams, 'please let me into your hipster party'. Noone wants to go to the hipster party. Don't buy it.

Jessie J. The new track doesn't quite hit the sport. She used to sing about mandems, which are now painfully lacking. We demand more mandems.

Value spirits. Freshers listen: It is worth the extra £3 to stop the rotting of your soul (liver).

GTA V Haters. The Rockstar team have smashed it. Satirical, endlessly detailed, and has absolutely zero impact on violent crime... And we'll samurai anyone who says otherwise.



Miley Cyrus. If we see a picture of Miley Cyrus's tummy, her tongue, or the look on her face as she is all but penetrated by Robin Thicke again, we may be forced into an angry tweet (or whatever modern protest consists of now).

Banning songs. Since when did lefty student unions become North Korea. YUSU, don't go there.



GOING DOWN...

Spotted... on Spotted This week: Leeds Festival 2013

Spotted: Leeds Festival 2013
4 September

Shout out to the guy who had his bag checked at security and the security women finding two hot roast chickens and some Yorkshire pudding mix!! Haha

Like · Comment · Share

211 people like this.

Top Comments

Keen bean festivaling, Yorkshire style. We can't overstate our respect for this. Certainly beats shoving a beer down your crotch and claiming...

Spotted: Leeds Festival 2013
12 September

To the guy near yellow camp that had to watch me take shit from the rear end, because of the light reflections at the bottom of the bogs... I am so sorry

Like · Comment · Share

16 people like this.

Top Comments

"Shatter the reflection with a well aimed piss" said one commenter. Probably sums up festival problems - if it's annoying you, piss on it.

Features.



The Joy Of No Sex

You're 18, you're a fresher at York and you're being told that the next three years are all about the sack. The Editor of ELLE France teaches Fiona Parker about the art of sleeping alone.

We are obsessed with sex. Through printed and online media, fiction, documentary and pornography, almost every taboo has been broken. The message is clear, in order to fully understand the act and subsequently to perform to the best of our abilities we must see, touch and shag everything as frequently as our busy lives will allow.

Whoever should dare to suggest an alternative curriculum to learning about sex beyond immersing ourselves in every aspect of it will be laughed out of the room. Sophie Fontanel's self-taught method of understanding sex is even more shocking than bondage, asphyxiation or anything that can be conceivably performed by feet.

The final taboo is abstinence. And Sophie has practised it for 12 years.

At the age of 27, the Editor-at-Large of *ELLE France* came to the conclusion that she was tired of being, as she phrases it, "taken and shaken". *The Art of Sleeping Alone* is the novella that documents the next twelve years which were to follow. Fontanel summarises: "It's the story of a woman who realised that her sexual life was absurd. She decides to give up sex and wait for a real miracle."

Fontanel, like many others, is fascinated by sex. It was this inborn curiosity, she claims, that led her early adolescent self to the hotel room of a 27-year-old "honey-tongued" tourist from Mexico. "I began very young, too young, just because I was so interested by THE THING. I was 13 years old, with boobs and a beautiful body. I used to wear mini-shorts and Santiags, whilst lying about my age to get into nightclubs. I'd met a man in Paris, a tourist, a handsome and green-eyed Mexican. I asked to visit his hotel room, which I did. I wanted to fully understand what THE THING was. He pulled off his pants. I was fascinated by the details of his body..."

Thus Sophie began her sex life and continued to explore the secrets of what she had once referred to as "the hidden part of life". At twenty, she had her first serious boyfriend. "He glorified in putting me through my paces: it fed his pride. He had taken to striding around his apartment like a king." She recalls another sexual encounter: "I was in a bed with a man, who was telling me how together, we were such erotic lovers. I was thinking, "He's a fool!" I was not so happy with what we were doing. But I kept silent. I kept the silence for God's sake!"

It was not long before Sophie began to question what she was getting out of her sex life. I wanted to know what prompted her drastic decision. "I was disappointed", she told me "not because of a lack of desire on my part, nor a lack of pleasure, but I was disappointed with all the boring aspects of the routine. I wanted to recover a true freedom."

Fontanel's new lifestyle was something that her friends

found very difficult to comprehend. For them, Sophie had given up something quantifiable, and they frequently used the phrase “having nothing” to describe her abstinence. “Nobody understood. For them, it was like a waste of time. I was losing my youth and very soon I would be an old woman with NOTHING. They tried to organise some dates for me, they even tried to convince me that I was a lesbian. One even asked me, “Why don’t you marry GOD, if you don’t make love?””

As Sophie distanced herself from the sexual world, she began to consider the privileged view of the outsider. Sex, for her, is not simply a physical act, “improved” by repetitive and devoted “practice”. “Our society has made a too huge simplification,” she explains, “if sex is everywhere, it doesn’t mean we have to practise the act itself so often. Sometimes sex is just a dream, and it’s a good thing. Sometimes sex is just a neck, a smile, a song. Sex is not only a sport!”

But what Fontanel was referring to at this point, were the connotations and unbreakable bonds which the physical act has with the non-physical. For many of us, sex is not simply a pastime, but a way of bonding and connecting with someone that no other act can surpass. I speak in clichés, of course, but

so many words have been written on the subject that it is hard to come up with anything original. But for Fontanel, giving too much to someone else, can sometimes cause us to inadvertently forget ourselves in the act.

“You know, I have spent so much time alone, with no sexual activity, I can tell you that without sexual activity you forget something about how the Other is important, his presence and his body. But when you’re alone, you never forget yourself, you never lose your head or your mind. Only good sex can free your mind like that. That’s a treasure. But it is so rare.” As she wakes from something of a reverie, urgent advice bursts forth. “You young people need to learn to listen to your bodies. You must do that even before you listen to your best friends.”

But what does Sophie think about the sex lives of students? Each year Studentbeans relies entirely on the honesty of a sample of students from each institution across the country, in order to rank the UK’s universities by the average number of sexual partners a student can expect to have throughout their course. Here, is one league table where Oxford fails to make the top ten, coming in at 33. However, before we get too pleased with ourselves, I should mention that York comes in at

a fairly mediocre 42nd place, with 3.88 partners to be expected on average – whether to round that figure up or down is a decision I shall leave to the individual.

I asked Sophie why she thought, aside from the obvious hormonal urges, we viewed sex as such a crucial part of our education, alongside our bachelor honours. “You’re so used to learning things, that it’s easy for you to think that sex can be learnt. You are in a scholarly mind set. But sex is not something to be learned in the same way. It’s a softness and a wildness we all have inside of us. We have to learn how to trust and be honest with ourselves, while of course, respecting the Other.”

For Sophie, our culture places too much emphasis on the physical “losing of virginity” as a rite of passage into adulthood. “But if we just say that sex is a step, it is stupid,” she retaliates, “We are sexual from our childhood. We contain the whole thing.” Sophie tells me that many of her early sexual experiences lacked the fulfilment she would gain in her later years, arguing that doing does not equate to fully understanding and having the best sex.

“I went to university for four years. History of language,

“I remember on several occasions, making love without really being there, just because everybody else was doing the same.”

sex and love were my obsessions. But many other things such as film, dance, philosophy, soul, clothes, and friendship were all leading to the same hope - to feel the GREAT DAMNED THING. It’s the same everywhere. I understand perfectly that sex is often the main thing on a young person’s mind. But because it is so important, we have to treat ourselves well. I remember several occasions, when I was a teenager, making love without really being there, just because everybody else was doing the same.”

I am conscious of one obvious factor which may cause our conversation to be less credible. We are both women. Yes, there are numerous women across the world who would report a sex drive to rival, and furthermore put to shame, the desires of their male friends. However, on average the majority of scientific experiments and social surveys point to the female as the less sexually driven sex. Did this alleged gender difference show itself in the response to her book?

“After my book was published in France, a lot of men began to write to me, and tell me that sex was not an obvious and regular thing for them. There is a real taboo concerning this question, no?”

What this all seems to suggest, is that the decision to abstain from sex should not concern gender, age, exposure to a sexualised media or even the people you might sleep with. As long we have consenting partners, we must remember that the final say lies with ourselves and not with the society which we may feel demands us to jump into bed. Fontanel felt she had to abstain from sex in order to find the strength to be this honest with herself.

Desire, for Sophie, is “natural”, “But is it natural to be taken and shaken while all that you want is to be charmed by an inexplicable mystery? Good sex is good for health, oh yes. Bad or boring sex is not.” But this doesn’t mean that we can’t learn to satisfy these desires ourselves. Sophie tells me that masturbation is, in her opinion, “universal”, but she was purposefully discrete about the subject in her book. It is a very personal matter. “The pleasure you give to yourself is important,” she declares.

So if we like having sex and if we find it fulfilling and life-enhancing, should we stop? “If you receive pleasure, if it makes you happy, well, enjoy, you lucky people! But if you feel that there is something wrong or untrue in your attitude, you must know that you have the possibility, among all the possibilities, to make a break. Of course, sex is not the same thing for you and me. For me, due to my beginnings in sexual life, sex was the place where I was telling lies. For other people, sex is the only place where they are truly themselves.”

The Art of Sleeping Alone is an important read for anyone, because in one way or another, most of us have a relationship with sex which few of us have taken an outsider’s perspective on. Sophie often asks herself whether she was ever happier than during her first few months of abstinence. In an attempt to “treat” her body after the “rough treatment” she had put it through by “forgetting about herself”. She took lavender milk baths and felt “some divinity rejoicing” for her. Her ex-lover remarked on her radiant skin, confident posture and was prompted to tempt her into confessing the only possible explanation – that she was in love. “If sex liberates you if it’s an amazing thing,” she pauses, “if not, it’s just another jail.” **M**



'Don't define me by the veil'

Saba Barnard is a fiery woman. She tells Katy Gregory how Muslim women are kicking ass the world over

Saba is straight up. She comes out with a description of herself. "Brown-skinned, big-haired, mosque-going, curry-eating mustached girl who couldn't date...or wear shorts", she barks. "The imagery I create of Muslim women is influenced greatly by the women that I grew up with in North Carolina (NC)." Understandably, Barnard, who says she aims "to create art that fosters human connection and understanding", felt a kind of 'otherness' growing up as both American and Muslim - two terms that the Western media would have you believe contradict each other. She declares: "Eventually, after years of torturing myself trying to blend in, trying to stand out, trying to 'find myself' within these little boxes, I began to realize that it was all bullshit."

Through her uplifting series *Technicolor Muslimah*, she hopes to dispel the myths and stereotypes surrounding Muslim women. Barnard, who tells me she doesn't use skin tone in her work "but an array of prismatic colours" to render the women she paints, says her artistic influences range from "religious artwork across cultures" to a recent Wangechi Mutu exhibition which blew her mind. She says: "I love colour, patterns, symbols, symmetry, and gold."

Technicolor Muslimah, which was completed in 2011 and first exhibited at the Carrack Modern Art in Durham NC in 2012, is a series of 15 acrylic paintings of real Muslim women portrayed very differently from one to the next. Barnard, who tells me she shows "at local galleries and venues for temporary shows when opportunities arise", is sick of the solely emotive depictions of Muslim women in the media. These women's identities are reduced to the veil, a garment the Western media defines them by and propagates as their main source of oppression. Very often they are pitted against western women whose uncovered hair completes this damaging East-West dichotomy. Barnard adds: "Even in this age of instant information, there is a tendency to see a woman wearing a hijab, and imagine a patriarch forcing that veil upon her." Muslimahs make their own choices.

This type of colonial feminism, often used to justify American intervention in Afghanistan or 'the war on terror', plays a part in the myth disseminated by the Western media that the East is in direct opposition to the West. As we converse about this binary, Barnard cleverly instigates: "I've never been to the Muslim world, where is it?" In a sphere where feminism has apparently already happened, popular media representations of Muslim women allow Western women to feel smugly superior. *Technicolor Muslimah* is part of Barnard's departure from the manipulation of women as icons for these geo-political locations. "I choose women", Barnard finalises, "because I believe that they are often the clearest representatives of the Muslim world, and the most misunderstood."

I'm intrigued about which media representations (or misrepresentations) of Muslim women she has in mind. Reeling off countless examples, Barnard, who recognizes: "politics is all kind of bullshit anyway", begins with "the images of Afghani women living under the Taliban that were all over the news after September 11th." She also cites the media's relentless focus on practices such as honour killings and child marriages which she says: "support a certain narrative about Muslim women (as helpless victims), especially when they are told in such a way that Islam is cited as the root of this awful violence." Although she is in no way

denying that these things go on, through her art work she tries to represent the diverse existences of Muslim women throughout the world who are also empowered. Shockingly, she has even been asked, "by people who were genuinely concerned", if she was worried about being honour killed herself.

Nonetheless, she believes there is some hope. "Just this week", Barnard divulges: "I have seen multiple articles in large publications about Muslim women who are kicking ass and making waves." In her work she aims to do the same, to present "a nuanced perspective and still have it speak loudly."

Barnard, who is also a certified art teacher after studying Art Education at North Carolina Central University, says she creates "work which recognizes and responds to the status quo," and she hopes "that it touches upon truths that are unmarred by politics as well". This is why she renders the 15 women in these pictures not as a homogenous group, like the Western media would have us believe, but as individuals with a "different, brightly coloured and comical side." She says: "it's not about defining women, or anyone, but undefining them."

The paintings of these women are accompanied by their own written statement are where the women are given the opportunity to freely express who they are, in their own words. Afreen, for instance, is an entrepreneur (which complicates popular western discourse dictating that Muslim Women are always economically dependent upon their husbands). Afreen discloses that she "started a nanotechnology company for target drug delivery and bio-imaging for cancer patients," but adds: "I also love baking and cake decorating."

No one can deny that Afreen is joyful and radiant; she is smiling and wearing a playful diamond tiara. Barnard tells me the headscarf is the only visual symbol truly suggestive of these women's religion in the series. However, even their headscarves aren't in the usual dark style; Afreen's headscarf is blue against a fuchsia pink background. Barnard, who says she is also inspired by the artist Sarah Maples for her "smart use of humour in approaching intersectional subject matter," presents the women using or wearing typical American props in order "to show the humour of these women and identify them as both American and Muslim."

Ayesha K, an educator, is a Muslim-American portrayed in yet another of Barnard's stirring creations: She can laugh at herself. She isn't a victim. Audaciously, this Muslimah reveals: "I used to pray that Justin Timberlake would convert to Islam so I could marry him."

When I ask her about her general political influences, she emphasises that her 'politics' comes from a place of humanism. Her compassion for individuals is something I admire. "Different histories, expressions of different circumstances, and manifestations of differently structured desires," Barnard says, are used "to artificially divide the world into separate spheres-recreating an imaginative geography of West versus East." Perhaps this Muslimah can narrow the gap. **M**

Saba Barnard will be showing Technicolor Muslimah in London at the end of October with the World Islamic Economic Forum (WIEF) Foundation's arts festival, MOCAfest, October 29-31st. www.artbysaba.com

PHOTOS COURTESY OF SABA BARNARD



Why Dahl's adult lit is under-rated

Deborah Lam

What do Matilda and a gruesome tale of a husband murderer have in common? Psychotic females certainly, but they were both also written by the same beloved children's author whose short stories for adults often go forgotten.

Born in Wales to Norwegian parents in 1916, Roald Dahl enlisted with the Royal Air Force in Nairobi as a pilot officer when he was twenty-three, and it was not until he crash landed in a desert, fractured his skull, smashed his nose, and even survived the 'Battle of Athens', that he was transferred to Washington in 1942.

There, he met C.S. Forester, author of *Captain Hornblower*, who having received an article detailing his experiences wrote back saying, "Did you know you were a writer - I haven't changed a word." Enclosed was a check for \$900 from the *Saturday Evening Post*, for Dahl's account, *Shot Down Over Libya*.

Not unlike Dahl's children's books that often have moralistic themes in their narratives, his adult stories, written in the first 15 years of his writing career, also refrain from being didactic because of the shocking prose that delivers these morals. You learn to beware the addictive snares of gambling from *Man from the South* where said exotic man bets his Cadillac for a young sailor's left little finger. From *Skin*, when a heavily varnished painting that resembles a tattoo on an old man's back turns up in Buenos Aires, you learn not to be blinded by greed.

But perhaps what makes Dahl's adult prose so dangerously seductive is the unsettling way he takes things familiar to us, whether it be archetypal characters or thoughts that everyone has (but tries to shut away) and tests their limits by using them in extraordinary circumstances.

In one of his more sinister stories, *Lamb to the Slaughter*, Dahl takes the stereotypical, eager-to-please traits of a housewife à la Meg in Pinter's *The Birthday Party* and exaggerates them greatly to create Mary Maloney, a high-strung woman whose happiness is just a bit too dependent on her husband's.

In one passage the hyperbolic repetition in the description of how she 'loved' everything about her husband, even the most pedestrian of traits, is disturbingly obsessive, and tragically so when his misinterpreted silent 'tiredness' is actually him contemplating how to tell her that he is leaving her. And what does she do? She does the only thing a mad housewife can do. She smashes his head in with the frozen leg of lamb she was about to cook for his dinner, creates an alibi, calls the police to report his death, and then serves the very murder weapon to the hungry policemen who have been investigating her husband's death.

However, because Dahl's adult works are much more daring than his children's ones, they often elicit a polarised reaction from critics with a journalist even calling his risqué story, *The Great Switcheroo*, of two lusty men who decide, under the guise of nightfall, to sleep with the other man's wife. Described as being "designed for an adolescent male audience in a pre-politically correct age where casual misogyny went even more unnoticed than now". Strong words.

At the back of all his children's books is often a line from Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem 'A Few Figs from Thistles' that reads, "My candle burns at both ends/ It will not last the night/ But ah my foes, and oh, my friends/ It gives such lovely light. In the same way, Dahl's creative range and ability to entertain both children and adults, despite the controversial latter, still give light to those who remember it.

The most contrived works in art history

Tom Cox discovers why Dutch 'genre painting' masterpieces are worth a second look.

On discovering I was studying Dutch 'genre painting' I considered quitting school. Whenever I saw a room of Dutch art in a gallery I walked past thinking how meticulous and samey it all looked. I see people now flicking through books or wafting through galleries catching glimpses of genre paintings, doing the same thing. At first glance they all seem to be perfectly well conceived, delicately drafted, some a bit drab and others quite garish - not enough to grab people's attention.

I began to pick up interest-igniting snippets about the paintings. They were first thought to be historical documents of interiors and everyday life in the seventeenth century. However, extensive research has brought to light patterns throughout the images.

Every tiny detail is included or excluded for a reason, mostly symbolical. Moral instruction was rife amongst the world of genre paintings with the seven deadly sins - greed, lust, envy, pride, anger, covetousness and sloth - projected from many a canvas. As a result these vast paintings were initially created for the aristocracy to hang on their walls as an ugly warning and to make sure they appreciated the virtues in their lives.



They are in fact some of the most carefully contrived works in art history. You see people recognising the name, appreciating the draughtsmanship but not understanding their apparent lack of meaning in a period where other genres of painting were landscapes, mythical stories, portraits of aristocracy and still-lives.

These, of course, are classic themes which have been painted for centuries, being recognised and understood the world over. Genre paintings became quickly established by the middle of the seventeenth century and are said to adopt the middle rung of ranking in terms of intellectuality.

Jan Steen - one of the most prestigious artists of the time - had a particular penchant for this theme. He specialised in depicting messy households aimed at warning wealthy families of the evils of greed which create such

an easy transition into lust or sloth. While his contemporaries, Terborch, de Hooch and Dou reproached sloth and warned against lust.

By the middle of the 1600s there began a slight change in the style: patrons wanted their moral lessons presented with a veneer of ambiguity and elegance. Therefore throughout the second half of the century we see a growing popularity in beautifully clad people and highly interpretative meanings within the works. Vermeer quickly became famed for his exquisite interpretations such as 'The Milkmaid'; artists such as Metsu and Terborch followed suit.

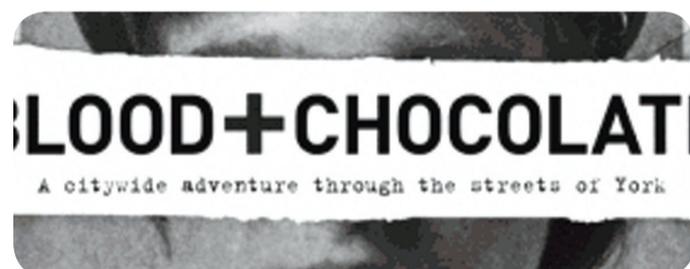
Genre paintings are becoming increasingly sought after: several years ago Christie's sold a Maes for £792,000; while just last year one of Steen's paintings sold through Sotheby's for £5.6 million. This suggests that these scrupulous art works are literally appreciating.

Get Your Fix

Tom Cox

Blood and Chocolate
York Theatre Royal, £12

200-strong cast lends epic scale to historical theatre. The show is succeeded by a promenade through town. 3rd- 20th October



198th Autumn Exhibition, York Art Society
De Grey Rooms, Free

Broad array of visual art from the eminent Society
14th - 20th October



The Messiah Complex - Russell Brand
York Barbican, £27.50

Lucid, swashbuckling peacock-cum-comedian descends on our small city.

March 14th, 2014



Hay Fever by Noel Coward
Drama Barn, £3.50-£5

Mad, mangled and maudlin. Student drama at its best.

Week 2

The Name's Boyd...

Bond is back, this time on the page in a controversial new novel by self-confessed Fleming geek William Boyd.

Emily Rose Ross reviews *Solo*.

The mission, should you chose to accept it, is the ultimate in formidable foes: the die-hard Ian Fleming fan base. With varying degrees of success, many have attempted to show that James Bond missions can continue after Fleming. Amis, Faulks, Connolly, Gardner, Benson, Deaver: the roll call of writers to don the weighty 007 mantle is by no means short, and the fatalities for such a mission are high. Something William Boyd, as the latest writer to be approached by Ian Fleming Publications Limited, must be painfully aware of as the latest Bond instalment hit the shelves this week.

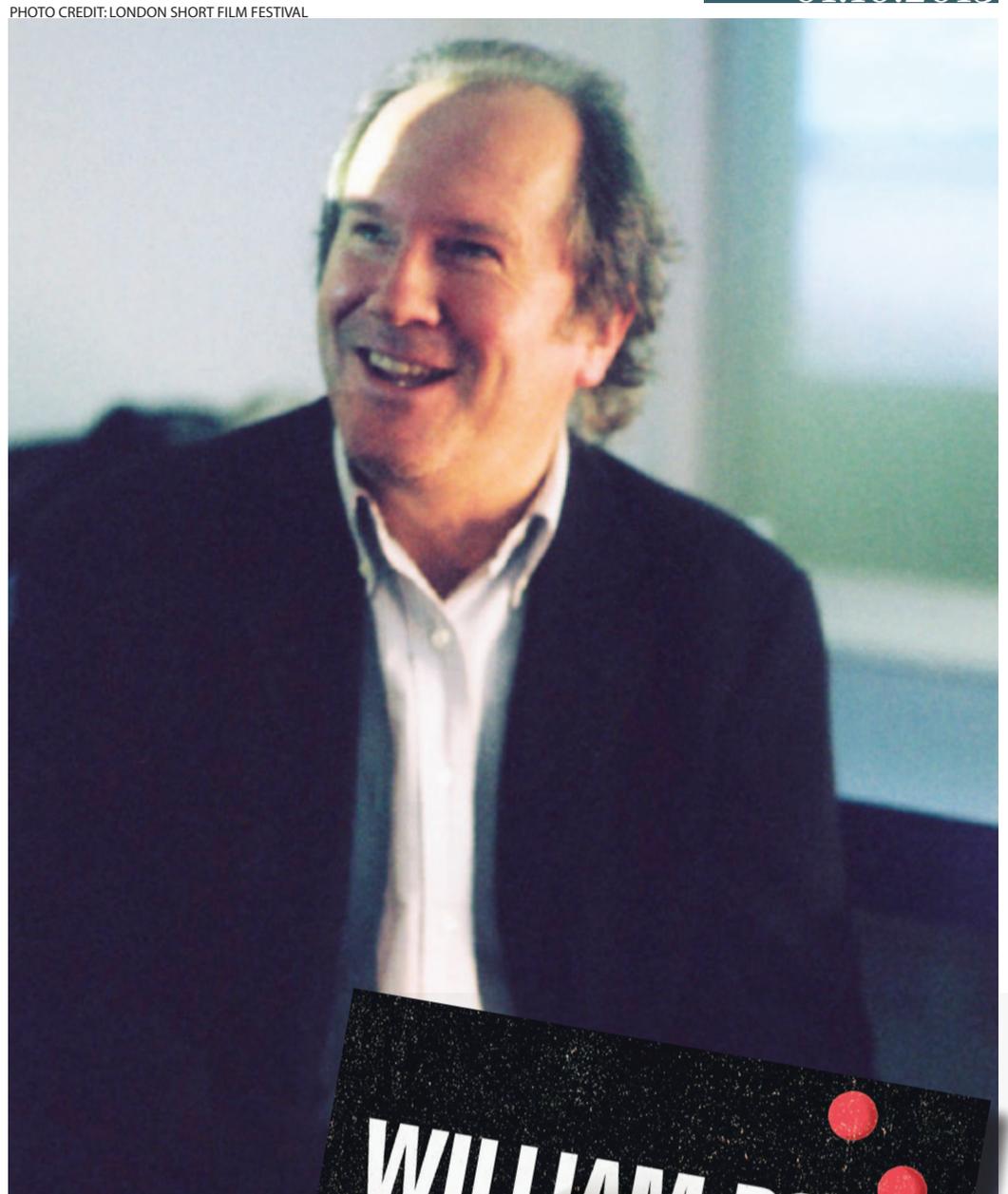
Solo, the latest reincarnation of 007 at the hands of Boyd, sees the 45-year-old James Bond dispatched to the fictional west-African Zanzarim with the task of single-handedly stopping a civil war. Published with the backing of the Fleming estate to much pomp and critical acclaim, it would seem that the 'ultimate Bond geek' has accomplished the ultimate coup: the faithful rebirth of a legend. Why then, does the longest mission to date leave me so unsatisfied? Reading the plethora of positive reviews currently circling the latest saga, I wonder whether I've bought a first draft by accident.

The first chapters of Bond, drinking, smoking, and lusting in Chelsea read beautifully. Boyd's 1969 is plush, decadent and glamorous. With an eye for detail that will please any Bond aficionado. The cars, clothes and cocktails described tick every box, like carefully studied fan-fiction. The martinis are suitably shaken, the eggs suitably scrambled, the wine suitably vintage, and the girl suitably...catsuited. Boyd has

kept Bond thoroughly and shamelessly like Fleming's. As a perfect example, the reader waits less than 50 pages for 'Bond, James Bond' gratification. Story: nicely set up. Bond: hedonistic perfection. Mission: a little vague.

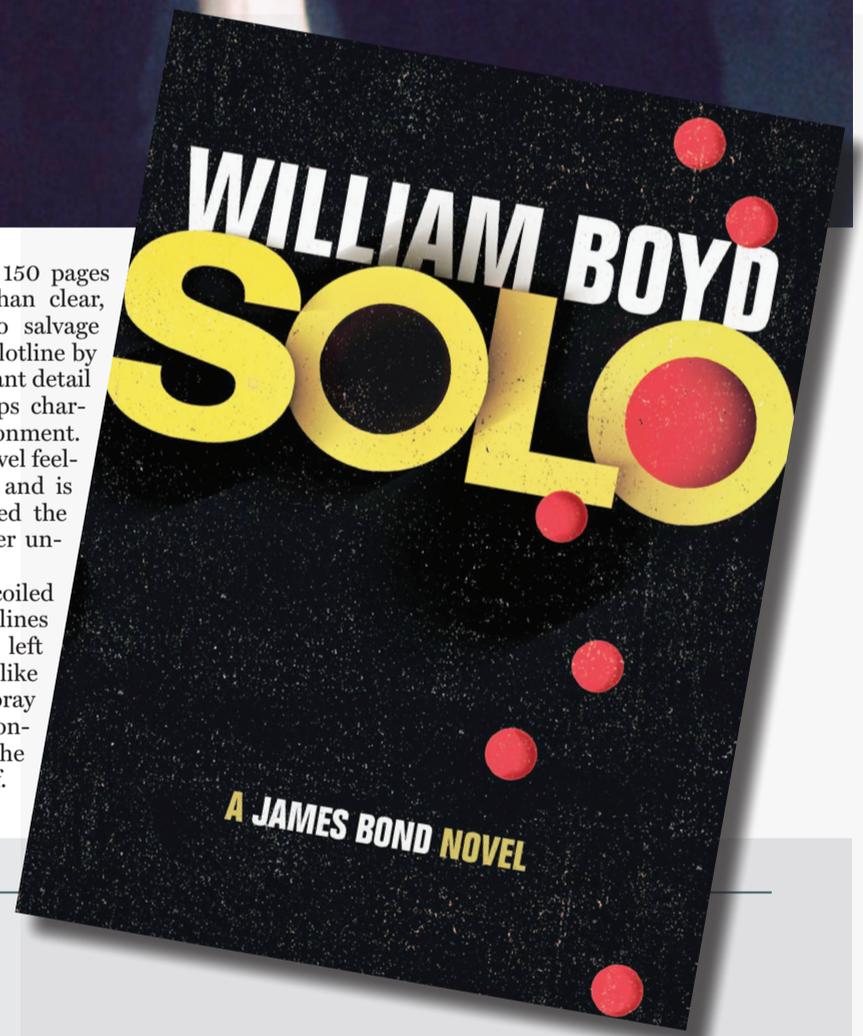
And so, to Zanzarim, where Boyd really comes into his own. With several of his own best sellers set in Africa, Boyd is safely in home territory. The landscapes are skilfully diverse and richly described. In due Cold-War style the politics are duly convoluted and corrupted with by power struggles over money and oil. This particular facet of the story is well-considered, developed and has just the right amount of character complexity. The only real story crease ironed out nicely later. The gun-slinging action seems to be written particularly with a transfer to screen in mind, but arguably these frequent tête-à-têtes are unnecessarily complicated and don't produce the same adrenaline rush on paper as they might on film.

As Bond returns to England, everything seems perfectly set up for the unravelling of villains, the foiling of underhand schemes and the settling of personal scores. However, in the second half of the book when the rogue Bond embarks solo, the plot thickens. And by thickens, I'm afraid I mean spoils. Reading perhaps like an editors' draft, with unclear subplots and multiple smoke screen villains, one rarely feels sure-footed. There are so many twists and turns - with seemingly very little in the way of real incentive or explanation - that Bond's reflective debrief at the end comes as quite the relief. "Go on, Felix said, leaning forward. "This is where it gets confusing for me." And he's right. It would seem that,



realising the last 150 pages have been less than clear, Boyd attempts to salvage the remnants of plotline by inserting all relevant detail into a penny-drops character disillusionment. This leaves the novel feeling a bit hollow, and is really why I closed the book feeling rather unsatisfied.

Rather than coiled nicely, the plot lines are knotted and left hanging more like a recent film-foray than the self contained stories of the great man himself.



Think you know your Bond?

We've seen the films, we know our Connery from our Moore and we can all shout 9mm Waltham PPK at Paxman (okay maybe not that one). But how well do we really know Bond? Jordan Licht has trawled the archives for the toughest in Bond trivia:

- Where did Ian Fleming get the name James Bond?
- What in Fleming's original novel is Pussy Galore?"
- What is Q's full name?"
- What two cars is Bond most famous for driving?
- What did Bond study at university?
- Who wrote the first Bond continuation novel?
- What branch of the military did Bond serve in?
- What is the motto of the Bond Family Crest?
- How do you make the famous Bond martini?



1. It was the name of the author of a book titled *Birds of the West Indies* (Fleming was an enthusiastic birdwatcher).
 2. In Goldfinger, Pussy Galore is the leader of an all-lesbian organized crime gang, known as the Cement Mixers. After an unsuccessful stint as tap-dance artist, her group of performing catwomen, "Pussy Galore and her Associates," train as cat burglars instead, later evolving into the organized crime gang.
 3. Major Geoffrey Boothroyd, named after an actual weapons expert who advised Fleming on the munitions aspects of the Bond stories, Major Boothroyd, or Q, as we would come to be known, was first played by Peter Burton in *Dr No*, before the role was taken up by Desmond Llewelyn in *From Russia with Love*, who would occupy the role until his death in 1999.
 4. Bentley and Aston Martin, although in the new novel by William Boyd he drives a Jensen.
 5. Oriental languages at Cambridge.
 6. Kingsley Amis was the first author to write a continuation novel after Ian Fleming's death in 1964. Colonel Sun was published in 1968 under the pseudonym "Robert Markham". It was serialised in the *Daily Express* newspaper in 1968 and adapted as a comic strip in the same newspaper in 1969-1970.
 7. He was in the Royal Navy and was a Commander. In several of the films allies and MI-6 staff refer to 007 as Commander Bond. Also, his fake death in *You Only Live Twice* received the ceremonial display of a Royal Navy burial at sea.
 8. The World Is Not Enough. Hence the title of the 1999 film starring Pierce Brosnan as Bond.
 9. This is how Bond orders it in the first Bond book *Casino Royale*: "Three measures of Gordon's, one of vodka, half a measure of Kina Lillet. Shake it very well until it's ice-cold, then add a large slice of lemon-peel. Got it?"

PHOTO CREDIT: LONDON SHORT FILM FESTIVAL

FASHION.

Hello Dolly

India Block talks to the Editor of Vogue online, **Dolly Jones**, about creating Vogue's digital presence, the rise of LFW and the life changing powers of fashion.

After graduation Dolly Jones had little to know idea about what career she wanted to embark on, a situation the majority of student readers will identify with. Equipped with a History of Art degree from Manchester and an inclination for writing, she set off for London for a stint of work experience on *The Daily Telegraph*. Bitten by the journalism bug, Dolly chose to forgo the time and expense of a year-long course, signing up instead for a three month intensive periodicals qualification. Afterwards, she "wrote to every magazine in the land, and *Vogue* was the one that replied." A brief internship with the iconic magazine and a position as an editorial assistant (then a minor role, now a job highly coveted by all graduates looking to get on the publishing ladder) lead to an offer to become a news writer on the newly established *Vogue* website. At first Dolly admits she was "too scared" to jump at the opening but, not wanting to miss out on an opportunity, she worked up the courage to accept the role. That was in 1999 and, in her own impeccably modest words, she "never left"; Dolly is now *British Vogue's* Digital Editor, spearheading a dedicated team of writers and editors who work tirelessly to bring everything on trend online and to the masses.

Back then the internet presence of the media was still in its infancy. Writing for a website wasn't seen as glamorous or covetable; "everyone thought the internet was totally un-chic." The sleek, beautiful face of modern-day *Vogue.co.uk* is "completely unrecognisable" from its early years, when there "used to be only one or two stories put up a day." Despite the multiple face lifts, the *Vogue* website's ethos has stayed true to itself. "We wanted to open a window into the fashion world," explains Dolly. Realising they could never do the legacy of *Vogue* justice by simply re-creating the magazine in a digital format, Dolly and her team strive instead to create "a little bit of *Vogue*" in cyberspace, opening up a world of shows and fashion news that had previously been closed off to all but a select few.

Opening that window turned out to have open the floodgates for public interest in the inner workings of the fashion industry. "The more we put up, the more people wanted it," elaborates Dolly, "although there wasn't much competition at first, we always aimed to be the premier fashion news outlet." Like any good business, there has to be a market for the brand. "You have to need a product," she explains "and we tap into that appetite for fashion knowledge."

Feeding the voracious appetite for breaking fashion news whilst simultaneously translating the iconic *Vogue* brand into the digital

arena is, obviously, not without its challenges. Technology is constantly evolving at break-neck pace, fuelling the race between media outlets to be the first to break a piece of news, and the competition between fashion magazines is no less fierce. In order to stay in the vanguard Dolly knows that you can "never get complacent. The main thing is it's important to be agile. You have to know how to translate your brand across all the mediums, from computer screen to iPad." It's a precarious act when the digital world is "constantly in flux, with everybody tweeting constantly, creating brands of themselves." Although the pressure is always on, Dolly knows that the rewards are worth the challenges; "the consumer is closer to their products now than ever before."

The job also comes with a delicious array of perks. When I spoke to Dolly she was in transit between Milan and Paris, in the midst of the glamour and barely contained chaos of bookended international fashion weeks, a "brilliant, amazing and exhausting whirlwind." Dolly assures me there is no such thing as a typical day in the office, each day bringing a different "spectrum from the mundane to the exciting. You leave your desk and when you come back something has changed. New designers pop up all the time. It's never the same - that's probably why I've stayed so long." One minute she is trawling through her

email inbox, the next meeting with designers and attending fabulous events. Parties and shows are the stuff that every aspiring fashion intern dreams of, but even an editor has the occasional pinch-me moment. Attending Alexandra Shulman's (Editor of *British*

Vogue) London Fashion Week party dressed in a Matthew Williamson dress, modelled by Cara Delevingne on the catwalk was one of them. "There are moments like that when you just think 'this is the best job in the world!'"

Fashion has always been a pleasure for Dolly. Her first, although perhaps not formative, memory of fashion, is a vivid recollection of her mother "carrying me on her shoulders, and she was wearing this huge, bright yellow, shaggy afghan coat. Unfortunately she didn't keep it, although I'm not sure I would have worn it. It was a very bright yellow." What you wear is important because it's all about "communicating the kind of person that you want to be." Describing her

personal style, Dolly admits "I normally dress quite soberly and I don't actually shop that much - I'd go broke very quickly if I did!" However, she will be allowing herself just one treat: "a Lanvin handbag will be my new best friend for the entire winter season." Dolly strongly believes that fashion has deeply transformative and self-esteem giving powers. "However nervous you are socially, one key



piece can make you feel confident. Fashion can change your world, that's what makes it so compelling and addictive." Mixing business with pleasure always makes for an exciting life, and Dolly is passionate about the business of fashion, particularly British fashion. Her enthusiasm is palpable as she describes to me the energy and talent of the London fashion scene and its protégées. In recent years, London Fashion Week has risen through the ranks to become an unmissable fixture on the diaries of the international fashion set. "In the last five years LFW has become very powerful," she assures me. "No one could miss it now. However important you are, you have to come to London."

Dolly believes this ascension is down to a perfect storm of ideal creative conditions. "British fashion has been unconstructed by commerciality," she explains "We have brilliant fashion colleges where students are encouraged to be imaginative, and British eccentricity is celebrated on the catwalk." The British Fashion Council and its new chairman Natalie Massenet is helping to inject some "hot business sense" into the field. Ultimately, fashion is "a massive industry, a massive employer and a huge PR tool for Britain." Designer and high street collaborations have also been a "good way for people who maybe can't afford designer pieces to still get involved with new fashion stories." Dolly's hot tip for autumn/winter is the widely anticipated collaboration

between H&M and Isabel Marant. The British fashion scene has also recently witnessed the rise of some of its brightest new talents, something that Dolly has found incredibly rewarding over her time on the front rows. Christopher Kane is one such bright star; now "one of the most talked about shows on the global calendar," Dolly was there for his very first graduate show. "Sometimes you just know," she explains "And on that day everybody in the room felt a thrill." Kane has recently received a huge investment from fashion conglomerate PPR, a move that Dolly hopes will mean Kane's brand will "flourish and maybe even lead to a store opening, although hopefully he won't move his show to Paris now!"

After hearing about the exciting, challenging and varied world of fashion journalism on the digital frontier, it would be remiss of me not to ask Dolly Jones for some pieces of advice on breaking into the industry and impressing at that all important internship or work experience placement. "Work really hard," she recommends. "Get in early, stay late, and never leave until the job is done. People who put the effort in do get noticed, and when a job comes up they'll be the ones getting the call." Finally, I asked Dolly to describe *Vogue.co.uk* in three words. Without any hesitation she offered "Authoritative, Stylish and Essential." Fashion wannabes take note; to make it at *Vogue.co.uk* you need to get serious about the business of fashion. M

"Back then, no-one thought the Internet was chic"

"Christopher Kane is now one of the most talked about shows on the global calendar"

Catwalk to High Street...Checklist



CELINE AW13



HOUNDSTOOTH COAT, ZARA, £109

Checks, tartan, tweed: you think of a square based print and without a doubt the autumn/winter 2013 catwalks presented it. Tweed is no longer for grandmothers and shooting trips, as everyone from Celine to Emilia Wickstead showed coats, evening dresses, hats, bags and more in checkered prints in every fabric you could wish for: fur, sequins, silks and of course, traditional wool.

Celine's laundry-bag checks are already the desire of every woman's wardrobe having made their way onto Vogue's August 2013 cover worn by the enviably cool Freja Beha. On the runway Celine paired their checks with more checks for a full impact and modern look. Emilia Wickstead too presented head-to-toe contrasting checks. Her checked mini dress and full-length coat ensemble felt young and fun and full of charm in soft hues. Such powerhouses as Dolce & Gabbana and Lanvin too dared to show top-to-toe checks.

However, this trend is easily accessible with a tartan coat thrown over the top of any outfit. See Stella McCartney for inspiration for the perfect tartan coat and search in most high street stores and you'll find a varied selection of checked coats. In the shops now, a particular favourite is

Silence + Noise's long tartan duster coat from Urban Outfitters. Its slouchy fit makes it casual and the perfect coats for the everyday walks to lectures in the bitter Yorkshire weather.

On the other hand, if you've already bought your winter coat for this season buy into the trend with checkered accessories. Michael Kors showed houndstooth stoles, Tommy Hilfger presented plaid hats and ties, Celine and Stella had checked clutches, Emilia Wickstead offered tweed shoes, or, for a bit of glamour, go sequined like Ashish. ASOS's clutch in sequin check adds AW13 style to your evening outfit.

Houndstooth is the ideal solution for the chromophobic, not only did Michael Kors put forward the monochromatic print but Ashish, Dior and Gucci all churned out pieces in the print. For a high street take, head to Zara and purchase their houndstooth coat, effortless and colour-free for all those frightened to step away from their grayscale wardrobes.

Conversely, if all this check business seems a bit too much, take a leaf out of Mulberry's book and just dress your dog in checks instead.

MULBERRY AW09



CLUTCH IN SEQUIN CHECK, ASOS, £30



SILENCE + NOISE TARTAN DUSTER COAT, URBAN OUTFITTERS, £145

S/S/S: Marching Orders

The military look has grown up; it's moved on from the surplus store take to become army gear with a twist. Inspired by designers like MCQ by Alexander McQueen, Burberry Prorsum and Acne and their collections based around the distinctive print, featuring on everything from long military coats to structured khaki skirts. This is a trend that has evolved from the catwalk onto the streets, championed by influential street stylers and pop stars. To rock the modern camouflage style we're talking brass-buttoned jackets with a peplum and reimagined parkas with black leather sleeves. This military trend is spot on for autumn and can be so chic if you know how to work it.

SPEND: SUPERDRY ARCTIC CAMO WINDCHEATER

£70, Superdry. Step aside leopard, camouflage is the new neutral of the season. This army print parka is a perfect staple to add to your wardrobe. They're universally flattering and will go with everything.



SAVE: ASOS ALLIANCE LEATHER ANKLE BOOTS

£51, asos.com. These ankle boots by ASOS Collection have been crafted with leather, patent, tassel fringe detail and three strap detailing. The heeled shoe encompasses the military style without being too in-your-face.



STEAL: PRIMARK CAMO JEANS

£22, Primark. This style was once a path to the slightly unattractive dorky adolescent boy look. Not something anyone wants to channel. Luckily, as this trend has grown the high streets have been producing some brilliant autumn must-haves on the cheap. These denim camo trousers are great for the colder months and won't leave you blending into the background of blacks and macs.

- Rachel Thompson

Return of the Peter Pan Students

Emily Russell
FASHION WRITER

A trend has been engulfing the teens and twenty-something's of York recently with a somewhat 'Peter Pan' vibe. No, hoards of students have not been donning green tights. They have however been revisiting their childhood style thanks to many 90s trends hitting the runway. Simpler times, the Golden Years, the 1990s, call them what you want, we each have scrapbooks full of memories from that decade, but many now have wardrobes full too. These hipsters all take Peter's phrase 'I'll never grow up' quite literally.

All it takes is a Friday night visit to The Duchess to notice it - you may well feel like you've opened the wrong door and stepped into an urban school disco. Scrunchies, platformed trainers and high-waisted Levi shorts all seem to be style staples. As are 90's band t-shirts, usually purchased in Topshop (with a like totally believable story about mummy and daddy having their one year anniversary at the gig so its totally relevant and soo vintage.) You can see more double-denim ensembles than those teeny tiny white plastic cups that they hand out. There are even crop top and leggings pairings, as impossible to forget as the Destiny's Child lyrics on the tip of their tongues. Some unfortunate 'fashion' followers revert so far back to their school days that

they brand themselves with playground taunts such as 'Geek' and 'Nerd' on their t-shirts. And there, through a crowd of Phat-goers, looking remarkably like extras from *Saved By The Bell*, you see a couple huddled in the corner and you cannot quite work out if they're exchanging numbers or swapping Pokémon cards. You are now fully submerged in a weekend of Neverland of sticky floors and jelly shoes.

And of course, this trend does not just stop on the dance floor. A visit to JB Morrell library shows its continuation, with students carrying back packs. They seem useful enough but peer inside and they are filled with nothing but a solo can of Tizer and the broken promises of an on-trend term, rather than a pile of books.

So why is it that so many of us at the start of our journey into adult-hood seem to think it's appropriate to dress like our 6 year old selves? I, admittedly,

whilst watching *Friends* repeats in the heat of procrastination have admired Monica's dungarees. This sent memories of me visiting the hairdressers with a clipping of Rachel Green and 'the do' on a Saturday morning, all flooding back to me.

Deadlines, work experience, bills and *gasp* hangovers getting far, far worse have sent us running in the opposite direction. What's wrong with emailing your tutor about a very important matter with your freshly manicured Pac-man nails? So beat Monday morning blues and the reality of the real world by grabbing a Lunchable, and don't you dare forget your Walkman. We are all but a Tamagotchi I-phone app away from a complete childhood revival.



My life as a jungle warrior



Thought you had an exciting summer? Before he came to York Yu Neng was conscripted for 2 years, drove tanks, and learnt how to build bombs. Charlotte Wainwright hears his remarkable story.

“I remember it felt like a roll call. There were people standing there, calling out names. Most of us were really nervous; we didn’t know what to expect.” These are the recollections of Yu Neng (‘Gan’ in the UK) on his first day of two years that would be spent being taught alongside his peers. Yet this wasn’t the first day of college or University as one might expect, but the first day of National Service.

Gan is a second year English Literature student, at the University of York. He is also from Singapore, a country in which two years’ National Service is compulsory for all males who have reached the age of 18. It is also open to women who choose to serve, although this is often seen as a step to a mili-

tary career, as opposed to a citizenship commitment.

National Service was introduced in Singapore in the 1960s. For most people, Gan explains, this begins with two months of intense, Basic Military Training (BMT). This, he informs me, was a bit of a shock to the system. “In BMT you are called a recruit and you get treated like shit. The aim is to re-socialise you and break your spirit down so that you get used to the idea of working as a platoon, instead of as an individual. And then, from this batch of people, some will be selected to go to Officer Cadet School, some to Specialist Cadet School and the rest will go straight into their respective vocations.”

Gan recalls his first day: “Our parents were allowed to see us off. They were invited into the canteen to see what the food was like. The canteen, of course, prepared food that was especially nice, so that the army left the parents thinking that this was the food we were going to get every day. After that, the boys all waved goodbye to their parents and girlfriends.”

During BMT, recruits are required to carry out a large number of activities, ranging from lectures to more physically challenging tasks. “We did different things every day. We had a lot of lectures, where they would teach us the theories behind different formations, and the theory behind the workings of a gun. Aside from that we had a lot strength and speed training.”

Gan describes one activity that really stood out to him, which he labels as “one of the highlights” of BMT. “We had to do field camps, where you get stuck in the jungle for a week. You don’t get a tent.” You sleep in a hole that you dig yourself, he informs me. And it’s got to be “big enough to put your coffin in.” Not exactly what you want to think about as you go to bed. “It also has to have a step in the front so you can rest your elbows and hold your gun. You learn to sleep on your belly with your gun in front of you, so that at any point in time you can just get up and start shooting. That was a surprise for me, because I always thought in the army you had a tent.”

The punishments during this time, however, he recalls with less enthusiasm. “The standard punishments were things like push-ups and runs. They were fine, but let’s say you were in the middle of your field camp for instance, and you were tired and had a lot of things to do, and you were made to do

the same run over and over again. It can get kind of wearing, mentally. There was one punishment that became famous in our batch. A platoon didn’t cover one of their latrine points properly, so they were made to crawl across the whole latrine on their bellies. Stories like that stay with you.”

After his two months in BMT, Gan was assigned the post of Combat Engineer Specialist, and was sent to carry out a two month Basic Specialist Course. Here he learnt numerous skills, including infantry drills and more advanced jungle fighting. “We started learning how to use not just our basic rifles, but a number of different weapons. We also had to learn a lot of different section movements. As Specialists, we go on to lead a squad of 6-8 men, so learning these movements was important, as they were different ways you could arrange your squad if you encountered an enemy.”

“As Specialists, we also did a lot more digging, to build encampments. It was always really smelly. You go into the jungle and you are covered in sweat and you have the strong smell of insect repellent, as well as the smell of half decomposed food.”

Despite this seeming like an incredibly tough journey, Gan looks back at this experience with a positive light. “Was it hard? After a while these are just things, you know? You have something to do and you get it done. The smell just becomes something you get used to. I wouldn’t say it was difficult. But it was tiring, and mentally exhausting. I can see why not everyone makes it to be a specialist.”

After these two months, Gan was sent to Engineer Specialist Training, where he learnt everything that a Combat Engineer is required to know. “That was the part of my army life that was most similar to school. We had a lot of lectures, because being an engineer is very technical. I learnt how bombs are made and how explosives function. I learnt how to dispose of different types of explosives, such as rockets and missiles. I was taught how to make them and how to detonate them, and how to detect them and dig them out when someone else had left them. I also learnt how to drive a tank! Although, it doesn’t really look much like a tank - it looks like two boxes on tracks!”

Despite being both physically and mentally draining, Gan was able to find a way of coping throughout his training. “To-



PHOTOGRAPHS PROVIDED BY YU NENG

day, I have this thing where every day I have to fill one page of a notebook, and the root of this idea started in the army. From the first night onwards I sent a message to my friends and family telling them what had happened that day. It was like a journal but to my friends, and was a way of venting I guess, a way of getting through the day. Even when the day was really shit I'd just be thinking, well, this is going to sound really funny when I write it to my friends."

After his training, Gan was promoted to a Sergeant, and took part in quite an unusual parade. "All the new Sergeants were coming together for this parade. Our parents were going to be the ones to pin our new rank to our chest. We had practiced for an entire month. But on that day, there was a thunderstorm. It looked like it was going to be cancelled. We were all really upset, because we had trained really hard. So we just refused to move. And then, finally, the lightning stopped. Everyone grabbed their equipment and body armour and slung it on. It was soaked, but no-one cared, and we carried out the parade. Then we did the Specialist pledge and the Specialist roar, which is a big cheer – kind of like an enormous haka!"

Gan was then posted to his unit, a Field Engineers unit known as the 30th Battalion of Singapore Combat Engineers (30SCE), where he spent his last one and a half years. Here, he was put in charge of a group of men, which, he explains, changed his experience of National Service completely. "What I learnt in training in 5 months, I had to teach people in a year. I suddenly went from being the one who always got shouted at to the person who did all the shouting. As a Sergeant, I had the authority to punish people, and other people were no longer allowed to publically punish me. My punishments were no longer physical. They were additional duties I had to carry out on the weekend, rather than being able to go home."

After this, Gan reached his ORD (Operationally Ready Date), completing his time in National Service. Looking back, he believes that this was a hugely worthwhile experience, and something that is valuable for Singaporean men as a whole. "I do think I've learnt a lot, and that I've benefitted a lot from National Service. It was a very positive experience for me, even though I know it wasn't for everyone."

"You have to sleep in a hole. They told us it's got to be big enough to put your coffin in..."

"For me, the benefits of National Service are not evident in the defence of Singapore, but rather in the common experience that this gives all Singaporean men. Some people like to say that National Service is what ties men together in Singapore and I think that this is true. I can stop any man, be he a taxi driver, or a fellow that looks my age, and I have a common topic with him. It also lets us mix with people from different backgrounds. Socioeconomically, Singaporeans are very stratified. It took going into the army for me to start communicating with people who had very little formal schooling at all. That was definitely educational."

Yet despite this, Gan does not feel that the UK would benefit from it: "Society in the UK is structured completely differently to Singapore. You make friends based on where you live or the town you come from, rather than what type of school you go to, and so benefits for the UK would be different. Compared to other countries that have conscription, such as Taiwan and Israel, the UK also has many international allies, so I don't think there is a case for it."

On a more personal level, I ask Gan whether he feels his time in National Service has hindered his studies here at the University of York, and whether the age difference has had an impact on his University life. "In terms of age, I don't really feel older than everyone until we start talking about relationships. We're pretty much the same age where culture is concerned."

"In terms of studies, I know a LOT of guys complain about it. They say that it's just two years wasted, and that their studies are thwarted because it puts you out of practice. But for me, it was just a switch, like, OK, I'm back in my academic life now. My first year English exam was the first exam I had taken in three years. But I think I caught up."

What seems evident in speaking to Gan is the positive outlook which he brought to his time in National Service. "I went in with a pretty positive attitude, and I think I adjusted to army life quite well. I threw myself into all of my duties, and that's what I'm doing here at York now. Although, let's just hope the English Professors don't start making me do push-ups!" **M**



Aisling wears Fluffy swing boyfriend coat in pale pink:£89, Knitted fluffy crew jumper: £38, White shirt: £24, Seam cigarette trousers: £30, Shoes Model's own. Edi wears Navy Skinny Suit Jacket and Trousers: £110, Pale blue checked long sleeve shirt: £50, Newspaper print bowtie: £6. Olivia wears Printed Duster Coat: £79, Black Panel Pencil Skirt: £45, Pink heart Blouse: £34, Shoes Models own. All garments from **Topshop** & all accessories stylists' own.



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What do you get when you mix Lady Gaga, the Sex Pistols and human breast milk?



Photographs provided by Matt O'Connor

Ice cream aficionado **Matt O'Connor** certainly knows how to whip up a storm. Charlotte Wainwright found out more.

Kiss my ass, Häagen Dazs". These are the words of Matt O'Connor, founder of the controversial ice-cream brand, "The Icecreamists". Famed for their original and provocative ice-cream creations, including breast milk ice-cream and the "Vice Lolly", The Icecreamists have brought a whole new outlook to the world of cool summertime treats.

Whilst many of us have enjoyed a classic '99 on a warm summer's day, Matt has spent his time pushing the boundaries of ice-cream to their limits and beyond. Founded in 2009, Matt created The Icecreamists in order to bring about a different take on ice-cream, a change which he believes was very

much needed. "Most ice-cream today hasn't seen a cow in its life – it's just vegetable fat. Then you have brands like Ben & Jerry's, which have been taken over by big, nasty, corporate monsters. It's our mission to do something different."

The philosophy behind The Icecreamists goes much further than this. For Matt, it wasn't simply about creating a new brand of ice-cream that would sit alongside the many others in supermarket freezers, but about creating a brand that truly stood out from crowd. "We wanted to do something that was disruptive and challenging, something a bit darker, sort of sugary on top but a bit more twisted and deviant underneath. That's the essence behind The Icecreamists."

The Icecreamists were launched in 2009, in a pop up shop in Selfridges. The opening, Matt explains, caused a huge stir. "We started off by selling the "Sex Pistol" ice-cream. But before we had even sold a lick of it, we were in trouble."

The Sex Pistol that Matt is referring to is an ice-cream that shocked the nation, and brought about a hefty legal battle with the famous rock and roll band. Now named the "Sex Bomb", this ice-cream is laced with natural stimulants, containing "enough erectile properties to bring people back from the dead". Served to you by a 'nurse', this ice-cream cocktail comes complete with an IV drip of absinthe, from which an "immobilising" shot is injected into the ice-cream and set alight. The

experience is described as “like being hit in the face by a tranquilizer dart”.

The reaction from the band the Sex Pistols, however, was far from favourable. “The Sex Pistols’ lawyers approached us, telling us that we were infringing copyright of the Sex Pistols. I told them I thought the Sex Pistols were dead, but somehow that seemed to upset them even more. They somehow thought that this tiny brand would be making millions out of it, but in reality it was just a satire. Their reaction was extreme. It’s a great rock and roll fucking ice-cream! But eventually we saw them off.”

Yet this was not to be the end of the disruption caused by this ice-cream. ‘The Sex Pistol’ also encountered problems with Mexican authorities, who refused to allow it to be exported into the country, for an ice-cream conference being held there. “They refused to let it in on the grounds that they were concerned about the product and what it might contain. I was thinking, you can get cocaine and drugs, but Sex Pistol ice-cream, no, that’s too dangerous for Mexico!”

Despite this, Matt has never shied away from controversy. “We’re always provocative, that’s the nature of what we do. We’re provocateurs as well as entrepreneurs.” This attitude has propelled The Icecreamists even further in their bid to break down established boundaries, leading to the development of the breast milk ice-cream that hit headlines across the world.

Originally named “Baby Gaga”, the “Baby GooGoo” ice-cream was launched in 2011. Whilst it may seem shocking to some, for Matt, it all boils down to the politics of food. “I spoke to a few people who said that breast milk is for kids. Well guess what, cow’s milk is for calves. Then they said, but breast milk is a bodily fluid. Well guess what, so is cow’s milk. It was a political statement about our food and where it comes from.”

The response the ice-cream received was something Matt was not prepared for. “We sold out of it within the first two hours of opening. On that same day it was banned by Westminster Council. That was ironic though, because nobody ever, in the history of humanity, has ever died from drinking breast milk.”

The name of the product, however, caused a greater amount of trouble than the product itself. “We tongue-in-cheek called it “Baby Gaga”, because a baby’s first utterance after it has been born is “gaga”. However, we soon received a legal letter from Lady Gaga, which claimed that the product was provocative and nausea inducing. It was a very unpleasant and heavy-handed letter. But the name was simply intended as a playful thing. And after all, she got Gaga from Queen and Radio Gaga.”

Matt explains how he attempted to deal with the situation in a typical Icecreamist way – with humour. “We offered her a list of alternative names, which included Gelato Germanotta (Lady Gaga’s real surname) and the cross-dressing version, Lady Boy Gaga, but clearly her lawyers were not in possession of a fine sense of humour. We offered her ice-cream and told her to chill out. I even offered to bring it to her in my tenderloin jockstrap in a Mr Nippy van, but they declined that offer. She tried to intimidate and bully us, so in the end we basically just had to tell her to f**k off in more polite terms, and she eventually did. Now I’m just grateful for all the publicity she gave us.”

Today, Matt’s breast milk ice-cream is more popular than ever. “It’s a real talking point; people travel from all over the world for it. We have over 1000 breast milk donors for it now too. Contrary to popular belief though, it’s 95% of women who eat the ice-cream. You very rarely see a man eating it. But then, it was inspired by women.”

The Icecreamists have now developed a long list of interesting and unique products. These range from the likes of the popcorn ice-cream, which is described as “an ice-cream that’s like crack cocaine”, to the “Vice Lolly”, which is made with holy water and absinthe, and moulded into the shape of a gun. For Matt, though, ice-cream is much more than just a simple snack. “Ice-cream is like a metaphor for life - it’s fickle, it’s fleeting. It has always interested me, and it interests me politically too.”

Whilst at first it seems difficult to understand the connection between ice-cream and politics, for Matt it is a very important relationship. “It’s my ambition to drive to Gaza in an ice-cream van and go to where the Israelis blew up the only ice-cream factory they had there, and serve ice-cream to the children there. Then I want to go across the border and serve ice-cream to the Prime Minister of Israel, who loves ice-cream. Ice-cream is a unifying thing. Everyone loves ice-cream. Even the Taliban love ice-cream!”

Matt’s interest in politics, though, spans much further than just ice-cream. In 2001 he founded Fathers 4 Justice, a father’s rights group that hit headlines for its famous superhero stunts. Developing from Matt’s own personal experience, (he was denied access to his sons in Britain’s Secret Family Courts) Matt formed this group in order to stop his sons from having to endure the pain that he himself faced. “I believe that mothers and fathers should be treated equally in eyes of law and at the moment they’re not. There are now 4 million kids in Britain living without a father. It’s a social catastrophe that isn’t being dealt with because it’s politically taboo.”



Matt started Fathers 4 Justice whose stunts included the scaling of Buckingham Palace by an “iconic and ironic” Batman.

“We basically told Lady Gaga to f**k off. She eventually did.”



The Sex Pistol is served with an absinthe drip. And that’s before a porno style nurse injects your ice cream...

The years 2004-2006 saw an enormous amount of direct action from Fathers 4 Justice, which involved numerous stunts by F4J members. The most famous of these perhaps came in September 2004, when one F4J member, who was dressed as Batman, scaled the front ledge of Buckingham Palace. “I developed the superhero idea because I wanted something that was iconic and ironic. I wanted to do something that would get people talking, or at least make them aware that there was an issue. If we remain invisible, the truth will remain hidden.”

2004 also saw the flour bombing of Tony Blair within the House of Commons, by F4J members. “I don’t think Parliament will ever forgive us for that, which is a big issue for us. They’ll talk to the Taliban but they still won’t talk to us. I think that’s astonishing.”

Today, Matt states that the campaign is much more serious, yet this year has seen moves back to direct action. In June, one F4J member defaced the Queen’s portrait in Westminster Abbey, painting the word “help” across the surface. Later that month, another member glued his son’s photograph to John Constable’s “The Hay Wain” in the National Gallery. Matt explains why he feels this has been necessary. “We were given promises by the Conservatives in the last election. But guess what? Their promises were broken. There’s going to be a lot more direct action in the next few months. We’re going to shake things up.”

Matt is also working on a new political platform that he plans to launch just before the next election, named *People Not Politicians*. “I believe we need to change the way we approach politics in this country. Politics is broken. It doesn’t work for anybody, except politicians. I believe there is a better way of doing it. People not Politicians is a revolutionary model. I have no ambition to be a politician, but I’m creating a vehicle for people to use”.

So how does this connect to The Icecreamists? Matt explains that he keeps the two very separate. “F4J deals with very serious and very dark stuff, with people who are committing suicide. The Icecreamists is like my therapy. But it’s a tricky balancing act between the two, because one could easily affect the other. But I will not compromise on my politics. Whilst I love doing the ice-cream, politics is fundamental. However, we do have ideas for political ice-creams – the David Cameron, with a toffee nose twist!”

Like with F4J though, Matt is never afraid to ruffle a few feathers with his ice-cream. “It’s all the same for me; it’s just a different medium. We’re disruptive, and we challenge conventions, and it’s the same thing with ice-cream.”

This provocative attitude, however, comes not without consequence. “The Government are always monitoring me, watching me closely. They tried to ban me from the Olympics. I think they thought that I was going to burst out with a giant flaming Cornetto and hijack the event.”

Yet Matt tells me that he does have one thing to thank the authorities for. “They gave me the name for my ice-cream brand. I retired from campaigning a few years ago, but the police came down to see me. They didn’t believe I was going into ice-cream, but I turned round to them and said, don’t be ridiculous, I’m not an extremist, I’m an Icecreamist. There, The Icecreamists were born.” M

MUSIC.

In The Spotlight: Live & Loud

York's flagship Fresher's event looks set to be bigger than ever before. We speculate on the move to Hes East and what you can expect from the bands on offer.

Live & Loud is a Freshers' Week event set in a large, outdoor wind-tunnel between other, more architecturally picturesque wind-tunnels. It includes such delights as "a massive outdoor stage" and a "photo booth", this year's event is shaping up to put a field between Badger's Hill and the A64 on the live music map.

YUSU's optimism aside, L&L appears to have potential. The question is, however,

whether underneath the endless hype a worthwhile Freshers' Week headline event exists. Inside the Ron Cooke Hub, you'll find URY musically jousting with York's big-name club DJs... silently. A silent disco in a building akin to modern-day hospital foyer (complete with water fountains and reception desk) would probably be considered a strange experience at any other time of the year, but in the context of Freshers' Week, it's just another evening out.

Expect to pay £2.50 for a vodka mixer, and don't even consider trying to BYOB: security teams on the gate do full-body pat-downs. If tickets are still available at the time of printing, you can purchase them from yusu.org and probably from the YUSU building in James College. We'd recommend the latter - Kallum often looks lonely in his office. £26 gets you a sexy wristband for entry to the event and an easy conversation starter for the rest of the year.



KATY B.

Headlining L&L 2013 is Katy B, a familiar name to those with one eye on the mainstream. She's known for her soft vocals plastered atop garage and dubstep-inspired beats. With a new album on the horizon, expect mid-set announcements along the lines of "here's another new one from my upcoming album", proceeding to awkwardly sway and pretending like you give a shit. Second single '5AM' is due to be released by the end of the month.

Having previously duetted with the likes of Mark Ronson, and won NME's Dancefloor Anthem Award in 2012, the tone of the set is likely to be fixedly house and R&B-based. A BRIT School graduate, Katy suits any self-respecting chartster and those in need of something easy on the ear.

Listen out for such well-known hits as 'Broken Record' and the rather reflexively-titled 'Katy on a Mission'. Success on Saturday night will depend on Katy's stage presence, an absolute necessity to tame the Hes East stage.

Although a name some may not recognise, Shy FX's sounds have been much closer than you think over the last 12 months; DJ Fresh's (incidentally, a former L&L performer himself) 'Gold Dust' from a couple of years ago was re-mixed by Mr FX into a track fusing reggae brass with an aggressive drum 'n' bass beat, leading to it taking the coveted position of Kuda favourite.

Shy FX has also profited from various production jobs, ranging from tracks on Dizzee Rascal's albums *Maths + English* and *Tongue N' Cheek* to Yasmin's 'Light Up (The World)', which features Ms. Dynamite.

Additionally, this summer, a track with Liam Bailey - namely 'Soon Come', made it onto Radio 1 and 1Xtra daytime playlists. Having honed his craft since '92, expect a set filled with non-stop jungle and drum 'n' bass and no filler, in what promises to be the highlight performance of the evening. Definitely the one to watch from the 2013 line-up.



SHY FX.



PIDGEON DETECTIVES.

If it's indie you're yearning for at this year's L&L, look no further than Pigeon Detectives. The rocky five piece offer a change of tone from the rest of this year's acts, with catchy, garage-y tracks. Having done the rounds this summer, from Kubana Festival in Russia to V Festival closer to home, the band have set out to promote their relatively newly released album, *We Met at Sea*.

As resident West-Yorkshirians, Pigeon Detectives also offer an opportunity for freshers to dip their toes in to the wide pond of local music that the county boasts. The boys are proud of their Leeds heritage and often perform locally, once calling it "their little thank you to those who have stuck by us".

While the album has been met with mixed critical response, (NME commenting that it's "more of the same minus the big hooks") many fans are arguing that this is their best work to date. Definitely the alternative option for this year's festival.

The Return of 90s Fever



Alex Donaldson

A vicci is a genius. His musical production might be more straight forward than a Dora the Explorer sticker book, but he definitely knows his demographic - children of the 90s. Born into that infamous decade, there lies within us a hidden desire to experience a renaissance of neon raves and out of tune guitars. 'Wake Me Up' is the apocalyptic second coming of 'Cotton-Eyed Joe'. He's taken a Mumford & Sons chord progression, vomited on some abysmal pre-sets and lo 'n' behold, you've sold the most records in two years. Veritable Goebbels.

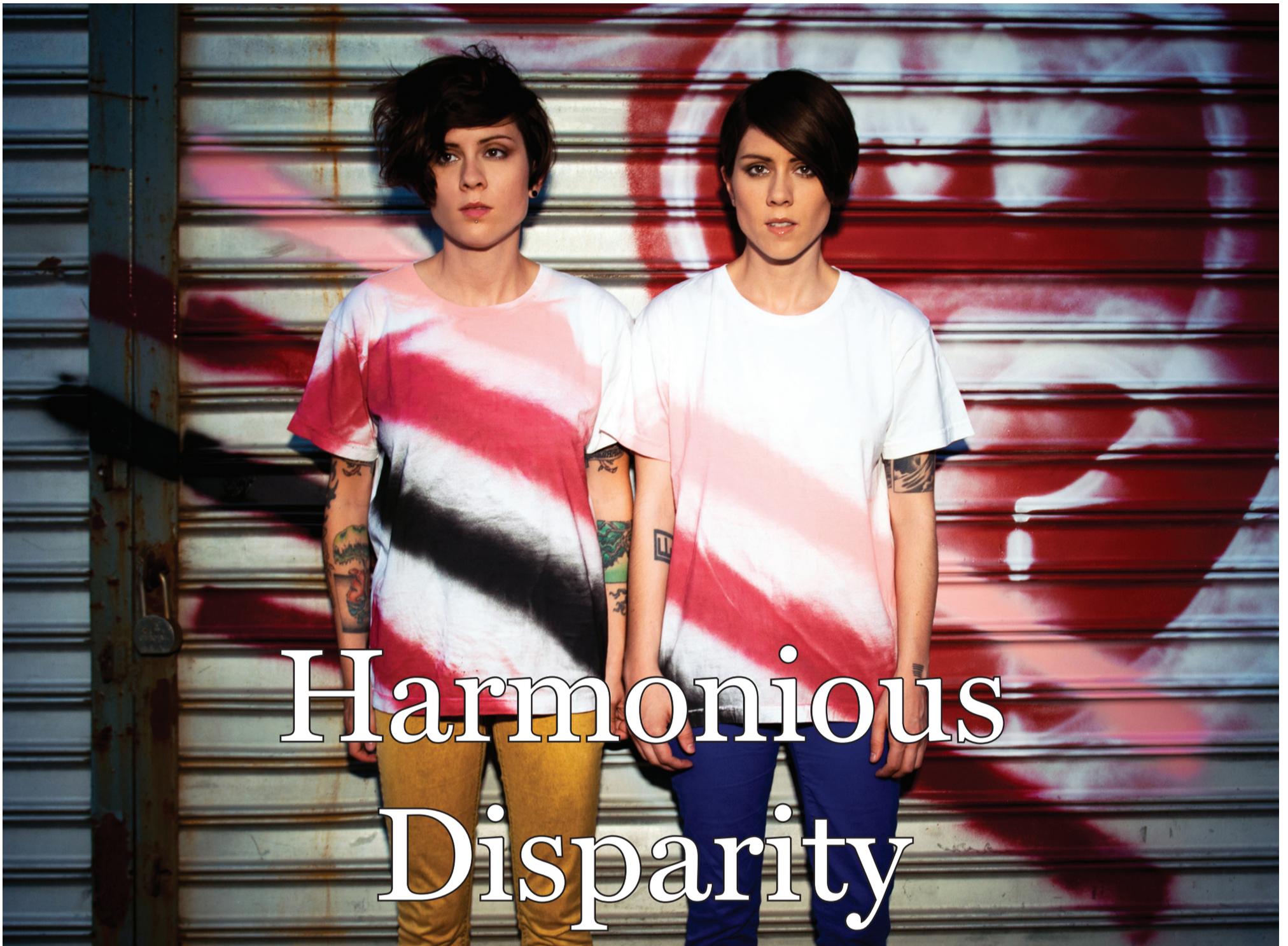
But there's only one truly reliable way to test musical trends. And that's Sean Paul.

With the release of 'The Other Side Of Love' in June we heard confirmation that the 90s really are stuck here. With that drop, we witness a moment in musical history, perhaps only rivalled by Dylan going electric. Even Chase & Status have sold their drum and bass souls to the mortgage brokers, with latest single 'Count on Me'. House might have been the Viagra of should've-gone-to-Sports-Direct-apparelled hipsters, from Shoreditch to Shoreditch, but no longer. 2013 has seen that 90s sound penetrate deep into the mainstream club scene, impregnating it with such hits as 'White Noise' and 'Need U 100%'. Giving birth to a nineties messiah, destined to save our eternally inebriated souls from the Abercrombie clad, bro-dance bully of the noughties.

With the Stone Roses reunion, Blur's new material, and the constant Oasis rumour, it's increasingly clear that the 90s didn't pay enough first time round. Even Nirvana's 'In Utero' is being re-milked this month for its 20th anniversary. Thankfully, the B-town explosion, fronted by pop-grunge fusion act Peace, looks like it could be fuelling a musical revolution to match that of the electronic hemisphere.

Can't really write a comment on the 90s resurgence without mentioning the OD time-bomb that is Miley Cyrus. The effort she puts to maintain those stereotypical buns is about as sincere as Robin Thicke's erection. 'We Can't Stop' was basically her bragging about how euphoric her molly 'come up' was. If she's really committed to the 90s mantra her follow-up should have been her crying in the foetal position, dry-retching for 45 minutes, not midget abuse. Even Tesco's latest advert features deep house anthem 'What I Might Do'. Cashing in quicker than Kanye West's clothing line.

We might be lapping up every chilled-house compilation MOS can ejaculate, but if we want anything out of this comeback, we're all better off stocking up on the only two things certain to increase in value. Ecstasy and hair gel.



Harmonious Disparity

Francesca Donovan talks commercialism, artistic difference and sonics with Sara Quin of twin duo **Tegan and Sara**.

Artistic relationships have always intrigued the listening public. Whether it was the tumultuous affairs of Fleetwood Mac circa *Rumours* or the McCartney/Lennon discord, the pinnacles of musical creativity often benefit from emotional and artistic disparity. For indie-rock duo Tegan and Sara, this outlook couldn't be more apt.

The Canadian-born identical twin sisters, hailing from Calgary, may boast the same elfin features and tenacious political beliefs but it is here wherein the similarity ends. Despite their mirror image, the pair couldn't be more different: where Tegan typically inputs the upbeat facet to the duo's sound - as in *Heartthrob*, Sara is more commonly linked to the melancholic, introverted sounds of early albums like *The Con*.

Although the sisters have always reunited for their band, as individuals they have collaborated with artists of musical polarity, illustrating their opposing tastes and interests. Tegan and Sara have been consistently touring as a band since graduating high school, bought together for live shows after lengthy spells working independently of each other. Both these intensely close quarters and creative differences perhaps explain why the two live on opposite sides of the US. Tegan Rain Quin - West Coast at heart - lives and works in LA while her sister, Sara Kiersten Quin resides on the East Coast in New York. Sara says of this separation that "it's nice to cultivate our own friendships and lives in order to grow and develop our song writing and professional lives."

Thousands of miles apart, Tegan and Sara have "spent the past ten years living in different cities from one another and that distance has allowed us to develop our songs in private first. I think that has been healthy and exciting for us as a band." The twins are even reluctant to conduct interviews together for fear of talking over one another in contradictory and

confusing terms. Thus, it is with Sara alone that I converse.

Tegan and Sara, though, unlike most groups, are well equipped for coping with such pressures; in Sara's own words, "being siblings we were familiar with spending a lot of time together and reading each other's moods" and are "very good at resolving our conflicts in a (mostly) civilised way." Perhaps this is why, after nearly two decades in the music business, the pair were able to release their seventh studio album, *Heartthrob*, in January of this year. The album signifies a monumental change in the twins' working relationship; they have, for the first time, co-written all 12 songs, of course retaining their signature harmonies throughout the manifestation of their music.

The record is heavily keyboard-based - a platform that allows Tegan and Sara to show off their hauntingly soft vocal melodies to prodigious effect. *Heartthrob* goes a long way to contextualising Tegan and Sara's previous collaborations with dance legends such as Tiesto, Guetta and Alesso. An obvious conclusion that one may jump to, on hearing the chunky tones of dance anthems is to assume a lack of musical depth. That assumption would be rash, to say the least. In fact, Tegan and Sara confront the usual subjects of love, hero worship and insecurity with the same lyricism they are famed for, alongside a newfound maturity.

The duo's reasoning for this musical removal from their typical, mellower sound is twofold. Sara stressed that "the most ingenious thing we could have done was make a record that pandered to our audience." She went on to add, "we knew we needed to do something big and also something that wasn't expected from our band. But we also didn't want to completely change the band's signature sound. Sonically, the album is bigger and bolder and working with Greg Kurstin allowed us to really elevate the songs to a much higher level." Some of Tegan

and Sara's longer standing devotees have expressed disappointment at the new direction in which *Heartthrob* has led the sisters. This narrow-minded reaction is perhaps an inevitable fate for all successful musicians as they evolve and mature, a sad consequence of artistic progression Sara seems to brush off with little concern during our interview: "After seven albums one thing I've learned is that no matter what you do you will lose people but if you're doing something viable you will also gain people. It's the nature of things!" Certainly, the past sounds of Tegan and Sara have influenced the current record; their indie credibility allowing the girls confidence to try new directions. Sara relished the opportunity "to mature both lyrically and musically. The scope of this album was by far the greatest we've attempted to date and we needed the experience of the past ten years to help us achieve that!"

What's more, controversially, both Tegan and Sara have spoken out about their desire to reach a wider, mainstream audience - a feat fuelled, in part, by commercialism. A touchy subject for many purists, it is rare to hear a 21st century band discuss the industry's commercial mechanisms so openly. Perhaps this is because, for many artists, these contrivances are an afterthought to their absolute priority: making music. According to Sara, until the production of *Heartthrob*, her and her sister had similarly placed their music ahead of commercial success. "I don't think we ever said we wanted our previous albums to be non-commercial, but, there were decisions made with regards to arrangements and sonics that likely prevented us from achieving greater mainstream recognition." Sara also noted that "Our most beloved albums to our die-hard fans weren't made to please anyone but ourselves" - an approach that is still pivotal in the band's musical output.

Continued on next page >>

Review

From the very first second of CHVRCHES' debut, *The Bones of What You Believe*, everything just seems to come together. Resisting singular definition in terms of genre, each track emanates gripping riffs and drops, with Lauren Mayberry's floating vocals blending seamlessly with generous lashings of synth. The record is so much more than just an indie mashup; it's the best of intelligent pop married with energetic electronica, producing something that's palpably unique and accessible.

'Lies' and 'Under the Tide' offer up heavier, 80s-inspired synth and some of the catchiest rhythms of the album, while 'Gun' and opener 'The Mother We Share' present some fascinat-

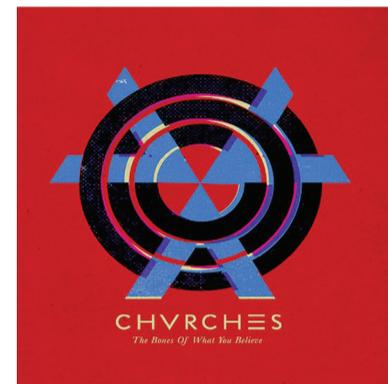
ing lyrics, as in the former - "Now I'll be a gun / and it's you I come for / Hide, hide, never felt so easy." Omens of what's to come throughout the album, these lyrics unearth some of the darkness laced in to the intricacies of the work as a whole. Tracks such as 'Tether' and 'Science/Visions' are made all the more eerie by Lauren's girlish, accented tone.

What makes *The Bones of What You Believe* all the more great is its breadth, which spans both styles and sentiments. Moving from the sinister sounds of aforementioned tracks, both 'Recover' and 'Lungs' are cheerful, uplifting tracks with just as much appeal as their melancholy counterparts. It's rare for an album to nail both sides of

the emotional spectrum, but CHVRCHES have done so, with stunningly intricate melodies to match. Some of the dance moves that this album have induced in me personally are frankly unfit for human eyes.

Even the slower tracks are engaging, with the lingering vocals and drawn-out discord of 'You Caught the Light' changing the feel of the album once again. The album builds to a brilliant finale in 'Broken Bones' which turns the tone back towards the darkness, with guttural beats and drawn-out, developmental riffs.

So there it is, a brilliant album from a band with masses of potential - Scottish synthpop - who knew?



The Bones of What You Believe
CHVRCHES
Alex Osborne



Mechanical Bull
KINGS OF LEON
Katrina Northern

Mechanical Bull, Kings of Leon's sixth studio album, is an album of recovery, of getting back on track after the storm. It's far from perfect but is perhaps a necessary phase in their journey after the events following *Come Around Sundown* (2010), when their tour had to be cancelled due to alcohol problems, pigeon droppings and general in-band tensions. Following a three year hiatus, Caleb claims he has learnt to control his drinking and three of the band are now married with families. Their days of reckless hedonism are behind them. Maybe.

The quick momentum of opener 'Super-soaker' is a positive start to the album. With its frantic guitar, regular changes in pace and the grizzly tones of Caleb Followill, at their

best, it's one of their most infectious Southern rock tracks. It slips into the languorous guitar tones of 'Rock City' with softly wailing string bends and blunted distortion. Lyrically, 'Rock City' evokes Caleb's own struggles ("I've been several miles and plenty more / and I found myself face-first on the floor / searching for something").

'Beautiful War' is a steady rock ballad, which builds slowly from a sparse beginning but doesn't exactly arrive anywhere. One of the band's weaknesses is their comfort in repetition, playing it safe rather than searching for the right lyrics. This is partly a by-product of Caleb's penchant from improvising verses as he goes, which can result in cathartic, re-

pressed honesty or moderately vacuous repetition. Too often it's the latter. 'Wait For Me' feels more personal. As Caleb achingly sings "gonna open my heart / right at the scars... wait for me, wait for me / it's all better now", it's hard to see it as anything other than a letter of reassurance to his band-mates.

There are some weaker tracks, the retro-funky 'Family Tree' gets tiresome quickly and sounds ripe for sitcom theme-tune, while 'Temple' is the kind of song that might thrive in a buzzing arena but doesn't have much to say and is frustratingly forgettable.

The Followill's want this to be their 'Come-back Story'; it may be the beginning of it, but there is still a long way to go.

"I'm a grown woman now," proclaims Jessie J on *Alive* opener 'It's My Party'. How so, then, that she doesn't seem to have added any new chords to her musical repertoire since her career began. Four songs in to her album, I'm still unsure as to whether the track has actually changed. Her voice, so acrobatic in quality, decries an inability to actually hold one note for over a second, and essentially sounds as if she's swallowed a slinky and is now painstakingly drawing it back out of her throat across sixteen tracks.

What happened to the mandemz, Jessie? Where did they go? 'I Miss Her,' a paltry attempt at sad Jessie, moves swiftly in to the equally uninspiring 'Daydreamin' - so jovial you can drop a letter! Casual Jessie. The whole album feels so insincere and plagiarised that it's hard to take any

of her emotions seriously. Turmoil tends not to be accompanied by cheerful guitar riffs and semi-shouted confessions, Jessie.

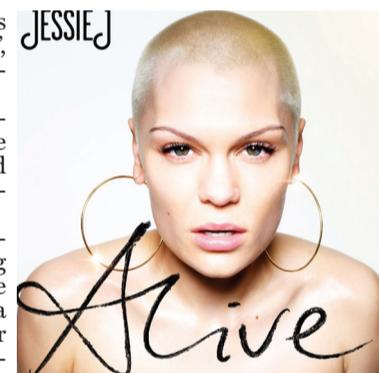
Club crowd-pleaser 'Excuse My Rude' has sick, heavy beatz to please the bass-lovers, juicy as a peach with all the insubstantial fluff to match. I'd like to comment on the vocals here, but they're so distorted it's hard to tell what's real and what's been artificially manufactured; the first bars sound like angry children reciting playground rhymes. Quite frankly, a dancing android with a couple of Duracells in the back would probably be more entertaining.

As for 'Wild', the first track to be released as a single, we are offered up double Jessie, one voice vomiting vibrato over another, lower and higher. As we know from Jessie's hit 'Price Tag', she has a

mighty political head on her shoulders, and this is demonstrated once again on 'Conquer the World', a romantic power ballad showing that love conquers all, and cures all the problems. Obvs.

Did you know that Jessie J also has a drummer who can do all the classic drum beats? Title track 'Alive' reminds us that Jessie J is indeed alive, as metaphorically represented in the heart-beat of the song's drum. Deep Jessie.

Each track works through predictable progressions with boring lyrics lacking flair. Coming soon to a club near you, sticking to the charts like a limpet. For pop lovers, of course, the album is a welcome dose of the standard fare, but even for box-ticking formulaic tunes, *Alive* offers little. Jessie J's reputation precedes her, and it's this alone which'll save the record from the bargain bin.



Alive
JESSIE J
Alex Osborne



Rewind the Film
MANIC STREET PREACHERS
Katrina Northern

The Manic Street Preachers are part of a dying breed - a band with something to say about politics. In many songs on eleventh studio album, *Rewind the Film*, there's a sense of disappointment that their music failed to mobilise a generation. They have no obvious heirs; it's a serious and tragic statement, and a reminder that there are still things that should make people angry. They didn't need to shout it; in fact, this quiet(er), predominantly acoustic, meditation is much more haunting.

The album is likely to be an emotional listen for anyone familiar with the Manic Street Preachers' previous work. Opener 'This Sullen Welsh Heart' (lead singer James Dean Bradfield duets with Lucy Rose) is a solemn start to the album, but Rose's breezy vocal lifts the tone, dragging it away from despair. Next is 'Show me the Wonder' exploding in a paroxysm of brass-

fueled joy. Reminiscent of some of their big numbers, it celebrates that wonder which eludes explanation through science and religion. Richard Hawley lends his voice to title track 'Rewind the Film', a loving tribute to the band's childhoods, while Cate Le Bon takes the lead on '4 Lonely Roads'.

Perhaps the most emotional song for those versed in Manics history is 'As Holy As the Soil (That Buries Your Skin)'. With elements of gospel, it's a heart-rending call to lost band mate Richey Edwards. Founding member, lyricist and rhythm-guitarist Richey Edwards was a talismanic figure in the Manics' early days before he went missing in 1995, and has never been truly absent from a Manics album since. 'As Holy as the Soil' is primarily for Richey, but also about all of the people the band have lost.

The personal themes abound as the album

is also about the band's home of Wales. 'Manorbier' is a loving instrumental picture of the village in Pembrokeshire. Wire has described it as the "calm before the storm" of final track '30 Year War' - a chance for Wire to unleash his venom at the governments of the last 30 years. He rages against the "endless parade of old Etonian scum" who "line the front benches" before going on to quote Lenin: "I ask you again/what is to be done?". His targets are Thatcherism and all the scandals, mistruths and hypocrisy since. In interviews, Wire has been equally scathing about opposition leader Ed Miliband, describing him "pitiful".

With a 'Krautrock' album coming next year, *Rewind the Film* is a space for breathing and processing, a mid-life moment of calm which nevertheless retains the band's intensity and even gains something in the way of subtlety.

Continued from M21 >>

It is true, Tegan has previously spoken out against the lack of diversity on radio - an undeniable issue in contemporary music. She stated, in an interview with *Rolling Stone* that she wanted to create music that could be played on the radio, representing diverse genres. Her ambition was to see "me reflected back at me". Sara, in our interview, also lamented the "narrowness to the playlists on most radio stations, but, there have been some exciting exceptions," further enthusing a time when Tegan and she could see "radio changing and expanding to be more inclusive. Our attitude toward the possibility of being on radio shifted."

This attitude shift came at the right time, paving the way for Tegan and Sara's highly acclaimed *Heartthrob* to rise to

commercial success. Once more, in light of this, the duo found themselves under attack from the shadowy yet (sometimes justifiably) self-righteous marginalised corners of the music sphere. Sara puts it neatly when the notion of 'selling out' is bought to the forefront of our discussion: "Growing up in the 1990s it was common to label successful bands "sell-outs". That never sat right with me. I think our business is one of a few that people assume if you're rewarded too greatly for your art that somehow reduces the value of it."

Having just completed the UK leg of a sell-out tour supporting *FUN.*, Tegan and Sara have been officially initiated into the British music scene. After previously only attaining, in Sara's words, a "cult status abroad", the twins have been

thrown onto the mainstream radar thanks to their latest single, 'Closer' reaching poll position on the UK Charts and cameo appearances on hit shows broadcast in England such as *90210*. Clearly, Tegan and Sara have achieved the commercial success they strived for without completely losing sight of their creative heritage - no mean feat, in the 21st century musical climate. Surely, it would be outdated and regressive to critique them for breaking out of the marginalisation of certain genres and dispelling the limitations they impose? The trajectory of Tegan and Sara's career shows that perhaps commercialisation isn't as dirty a word as we may believe. **M**

Heartthrob is out now.

Maintaining Focus

Sticking to one brand of electronic music has never crossed **Sub Focus**' mind. He speaks with Chris Morris about custom-built live shows, spaceship design and writing albums in bedrooms.

Speak to any successful artist, and they'll most likely tell stories of how their passion, interest and enthusiasm for music has roots stemming back to an early age – a constant clattering of wooden spoons on saucepans as a toddler, perhaps, or taking every solo opportunity given in the school choir. Indeed, during live performances, Dave Grohl often instructs the thousands before him to get together with a couple of pals in a garage and start a band, further proving a rich passion for the art of musical performance. Usually, though, these artists tend to form such illustrious careers by continuing with these early musical escapades.

For Nick Doumwa – known better by stage moniker Sub Focus – it hasn't quite worked out that way. Starting a band aged 13 and playing bass guitar, his evolution into producing the electronic brutes of noise you'll most likely have heard in Kuda this week needs a few pointers to help join the dots. Interestingly, Nick's route into the production of EDM began by covering all aspects of the band's production – not just composing the music itself. "When I was in my early teens, I started a rock band with some friends at school, and that led me to get into electronic music production. I wanted to write the songs for the band, and then worked out how to record the band."

Nick's approach of understanding and controlling every aspect of his music, from its production through to the live show, is refreshing in a world where the Guetta-style can't-be-arsed attitude to live sets is becoming increasingly common. "I want to get away from this thing where live shows are being criticised for not being visual enough. I want people to see that I'm doing things, not just pressing play."

Of course, there are a number of ways to respond to such general criticism of EDM live shows. Nick's approach, however, is one of the more unique answers. Having spent "the last couple of years" developing the concept, a brand new, entirely immersive circular LED-rig will accompany Sub Focus on his upcoming UK and global tours, which had its inception at this year's Coachella festival in California and has since been used a couple of times across the summer. "The live show is a step up from DJing – we have a huge lighting rig that I've had custom-made for the show. Over the last couple of years, I've been developing this for the show, and the technical side



of it is quite groundbreaking; the LEDs are arranged in circles, which is very unusual."

It's not only the lighting that Nick's developed from scratch, either: "A lot of the instruments I use are custom-built", he explains, further proving the importance he puts on maintaining a close relationship between every audio and visual aspect of his performances. "They're made by this inventor guy

festivals across the summer, headlining Isle of Wight's second stage and the new Radio 1 Dance Tent at Reading & Leeds. Laughing, Nick jokes how "some festivals were better than others", before explaining a sense of achievement and integrity at headlining Reading at this stage in his career: "Having played there a few times before earlier in the afternoon, it's nice to see progression to the

reached third position in the UK charts, and that he "wouldn't class as a Sub Focus song" – was produced by Nick, marking one of his most successful projects to date. "We met at the Winter Miami Music Conference through some mutual friends", Nick reminisces, "and I just wanted to get involved with producing more." But with new album *Torus* released last week, his efforts are now concentrated to Sub Focus: "It's difficult to balance it all, so I'm trying to streamline things."

The evolution of Nick's music has led to a style more open and loose than most others in his field; his willingness to incorporate all aspects of electronic music – dubstep, electro, drum and bass, house – is a conscious mantra he lives by to ensure his music remains fresh. He explains how he "just kind of started off making drum and bass in my bedroom". Nick's passion his craft begins to flood out: "Sometimes I think it'd be a hell of a lot easier if I just wrote one style... but I also feel it'd be incredibly boring to write an electronic album at one tempo. I mean, why would anyone want to do that?"

This attitude is clear throughout *Torus*. Having "decided after the last album" to work with more vocalists – the new album features Bloc Party's Kele and Alex Clare, to name a few – and "skilled players", it's clear that a four-year wait between 2009 debut *Sub Focus* and last week's follow-up has brought Nick's sound into a multi-dimensional space unlike any other EDM artists around. And the name '*Torus*'? "It's the name of the geometric shape on the cover. It's all about energy and simplicity. It's the ideal shape for spaceship design in the future... and, it can be used for artificial gravity whilst it's rotating. There's some interesting theories behind it." M

"We found this inventor guy in the States who created two boxes. They basically allow me to control the set by moving my hands around."

we found in the States who created these two boxes that basically allow me to control the set by moving my hands around in the air. It's a futuristic way of performing."

With an upcoming UK tour, Nick's new live show is sure to be a unique immersion into live electronic music. But his shows aren't confined exclusively to tours, having taken a residency at Ibiza's Amnesia nightclub over the summer. In fact, when speaking with him, he explained to me how he "played last night", but is "used to it".

Indeed, playing gigs almost every weekend has hardened him into a veteran of dealing with the consequences of such intense live performances.

In addition, Sub Focus played a host of

stage where headlining feels credible." But the outstanding memory would be his experiences at this year's Glastonbury Festival. "I ended up playing three times: I did a set for Radio 1, then the actual stage set, and I did an after-hours set right at the end in this sort of temporary amphitheatre construction. I finished the set as the sun was coming up on the final morning."

But it's not only in records and live performances under the Sub Focus banner that Nick's interests lay, as he details how, "after album number one, people were interested." So much so, that in the years since his first LP, talks discussing writing material for Ellie Goulding have taken place. Moreover, Example's 2009 single 'Kickstarts' – a track that

REVERB.

Kanye West on the relationship between music and environment

"I don't even listen to rap. My apartment is too nice to listen to rap in."

FILM.

Taking on the Smartphone Generation

BAFTA winning director and Lords peer **Beeban Kidron** wants to start a conversation about the internet, as she explains to James Tyas.

Novelist Jonathan Franzen wrote in his lengthy essay, provocatively entitled 'what's wrong with the modern world' (published in *the Guardian* earlier this month), that 'with technoconsumerism, a humanist rhetoric of "empowerment" and "creativity" and "freedom" and "connection" and "democracy" abets the frank monopolism of the technotitans; the new infernal machine seems increasingly to obey nothing but its own development logic, and it's far more enslavingly addictive, and far more pandering to people's worst impulses, than the newspapers ever were.'

This, and a clip of comedian Louis C.K., currently doing the rounds on Twitter, talking about how he won't allow his daughters to have smartphones because they don't allow children to develop empathy, runs along similar lines to the argument that British director Beeban Kidron puts forward in her latest documentary *InRealLife*.

It appears that an ideological sea change about the internet and its implications, for teens in particular, is rapidly gathering momentum. But why is it only now that people are beginning to ask questions? Kidron believes that, for her generation ("the generation still writing in the papers"), "the internet was going to be this huge liberatory technology. That was the idea of the internet. So it's only now that we see that it might have been hijacked a bit, that we say 'hang on a minute. We were promised something different.' And we could have something different, so we all start shouting and it does take time, but it has been very very rapid. It's recent. It's new."

"The funny thing about being a filmmaker is that you ask questions of yourself every day but there are some questions with which you suddenly get a tingle in your tummy and think 'I need to know the answer,'" she explains. The question that prompted her to make *InRealLife* came when she realised that she was never in the presence of a teenager who wasn't tapping away at a smartphone. "They talk and look down at the phone. They text and look up from the phone. It was developing as a third limb and I just wondered 'does this make a difference?'"

InRealLife focusses on various case studies of teenagers and their, often unhealthy, relationships with the internet and how it is modifying their behaviour and values. One particularly distressing story comes from a young girl whose intractable obsession with her BlackBerry forced her to perform sexual acts on a gang of boys in order to retrieve it from them. Another centres around Tobin, an former Oxford Student who was expelled due to his addiction to online gaming. Kidron argues that the accounts of those featured in the film aren't outliers: they represent widespread issues that affect an entire generation of adolescents.

I ask Kidron how she elicited such candid testimony from her teenage subjects (most of whom she found by heading out onto the street with her camera), particularly Ryan, who spoke about his ritualistic daily viewing or pornography. "It was just a very real thing for him and he was not ashamed and I think the fact that he was not ashamed of looking at porn was very useful because there are hundreds of thousands of kids looking at porn. Just because he talks about it doesn't make him singular. What makes him singular is the way that he talks about it."

Indeed, later in the film Ryan speaks, with astonishing insight, about the harmful effect watching pornography had on how he perceives women. "I think what's interesting about his self reflective moment at the end when he sort of analyses it is that, without the film, he possibly would not have said that. That is to say, I didn't put the words in his mouth," she stresses. "That was clearly what he thought. But it was the sheer act of sitting, doing nothing, thinking and reflecting [that allowed him to say that]. I suppose, in a way, that it is a metaphor for the whole film: if you don't, as a young person, have time to sit and reflect, you may never deeply think about your own intimacies and choices because you are always on to the next little



beep or interruption."

Despite an aversion to pornography ("I don't like its violence or its male gaze"), Kidron is at pains not to be portrayed as a Mary Whitehouse-esque, won't-somebody-please-think-of-the-children concerned parent: "I'm not against sex, or finding out about sex, or using the internet to find out about sex. I'm just very keen that we look at a much, much bigger picture of how the internet is effecting young people's sense of self and sense of intimacy."

"This film is a cultural intervention."

She also baulks at certain critics interpretation of her film as a 'shock-doc': "I think people who are shocked aren't looking very closely around them. We have had a huge number of teenagers come and see this film. They aren't shocked. They aren't shocked at all."

She also pays little heed to those critics who have insinuated that the director of *Bridget Jones: The Edge of Reason* making a serious documentary seems like a mismatch. "To be honest, you know, those people should do their research a little bit more carefully because, of course, as well as *Bridget Jones's*, since 1982 I have been making documentaries about serious subjects." For Kidron, this highlights another problem concerning our constant connectivity: "although its fantastic that everyone has access to the airwaves, I suggest those people who take the privilege of access to the airwaves treat it seriously. I don't care what people say about me. I just want them to think about the issue."

I suggest that *InRealLife* raises many intriguing issues but doesn't appear to have an overarching thesis. "That's interest-

ing," she says. "I think it does have a thesis. The thesis is that we have to reconsider the net as a neutral space. We have to consider the collateral damage of the great desire for profit. But in terms of giving you a list of things to do, people to write to, me being angry at the end like Michael Moore - it doesn't have that thing stylistically."

But what were her aims in making this film? "I wanted to start a conversation. There are many people that need to be involved in that conversation. And as a documentarian, I speak up for people and give them the opportunity to get issues on the table but I don't speak on behalf of anyone. That is a really important difference for me."

Kidron tells me that her film has definitely touched a nerve. "I've had messages from people in parliament who want to look at this. I've had messages from schools and parents and every screening I've been to, a whole bunch of teenagers have said 'you know what, we're actually really impressed by Facebook but we no longer have tools to communicate outside of that. What do you suggest we do?' And as far as I'm concerned, this film is a cultural intervention and making people think and making people talk and making people desire things that they may have to go on an organize themselves is really what my job is."

I suggest that a pessimist might argue that *InRealLife* isn't so much about the medium of the internet but about capitalism. "And I would say that is very astute (laughs)." But, for that reason, it seems there is little young people can do to affect change. "Hang on a minute," she interrupts. "You guys are the next generation. You want to inherit the world. You know that global capital is leaving you with the melting icecaps and your means of expression is being reduced to 140 characters. But you have to do that willingly is what I say. If we decide that global capitalism, global debt, and lack of respect for the planet, young people growing up and everything from sex onwards is what we want; fine. But I'm going down shouting."

Kidron's desire to question the new normal is infectious and it's telling that companies such as Facebook and Google refused to be interviewed for this film. Kidron tells me that, "Its just inevitable that we're going to look at this and say 'ooh, hang on, these guys can't just make billions of pounds of profit without making it a little bit safer and taking a bit more care. Coca Cola can't put any old thing in their mixture, we've stopped putting asbestos in our insulation and when there's a lot of cars on the road we put in a traffic system." She then poses the question, "Can you think of any other area of life where you deliver a service or a product to the consumer where you don't have a duty of care?" Well. Can you? **M**

Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them: Can Rowling reignite the magic?

Alfie Packham

Warner Brothers have released a spin-off film to the Harry Potter series to be made in partnership with J.K. Rowling. A move which seems inevitable now for any successful movie franchise nowadays.

The film will take place in the Potter universe with all its familiar wizarding customs, but with the entirely different setting of New York 70 years before Harry Potter's antics. It will be based on *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them*, Harry's school text book which was also published as a supplement to the novel series. Harking to Peter Jackson's *The Hobbit* and the tale "There and Back Again", the movie will explain how Fantastic Beasts came to be written by the main character Newt Scamander through his encounters with, well, fantastic beasts.

J.K. Rowling has stressed that it will not be a prequel or related to the scar-headed teen in any way, but an "extension of the wizarding world".

This is welcome news indeed for those lost souls who still haunt Pottermore and its various fan forums, feeding from the last morsels of magical trivia left over from J.K. Rowling's notes. But what about the rest of us? For those who enjoyed the closure of the final film, that is, without the need for factoids about the manufacture of quaffles salvaged from a napkin Rowling once doodled on, this new premise could be filled with flaws.

Rowling's magical settings were partly to credit for the phenomenal popularity of the Harry Potter books and movies, yet it is likely that not a single one we know will be featured

in the proposed film. The importance of location was revealed by *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part 1*, which felt hollow with its lack of scenes taking place within the great hall, magical staircases and beast-filled grounds of Hogwarts. By omitting the beloved castle with its moving staircases and rival houses, the audience was denied a chunk of Rowling's rich world. In this upcoming instalment, a relocation to New York could therefore dislocate the fantasy altogether.

J.K. Rowling's debut as screenwriter will further distance the new franchise from its predecessors. Rowling was involved with previous films at an advisory level, but for the novelist "the idea of seeing Newt Scamander, the supposed author of *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them*, realised by another writer was difficult". Rather than another second-hand interpretation of her work, the new film can be considered as "authentic Rowling" with the original author of the series as its scribe.

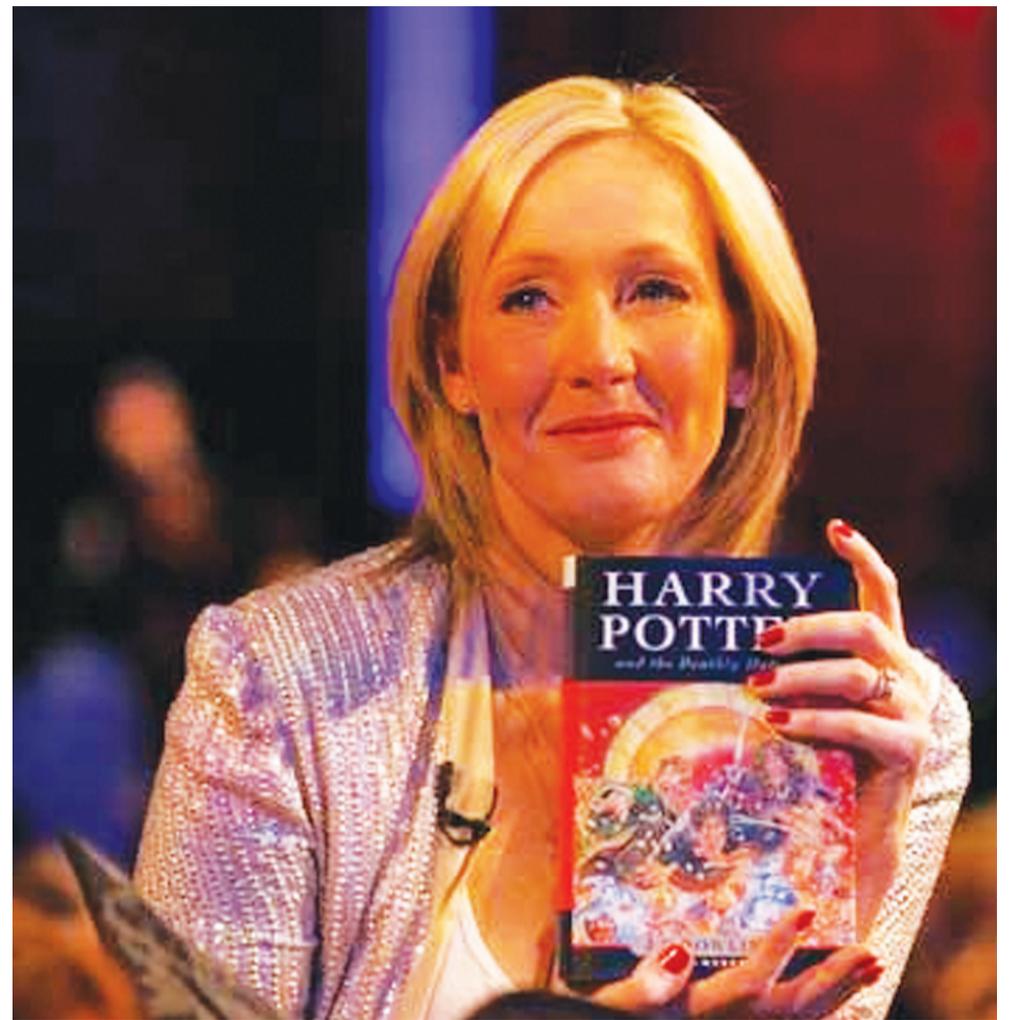
Then again, Rowling's increased creative influence over the project may also prove to be hazardous. We have already seen the author

"If film producers pander to Rowling's every whim we could end up with the film equivalent of a fat book full of skipped pages."

Pheonix.

This 766-page product of under-editing was filled with indulgent details irrelevant to the central narrative. If film producers pander to Rowling's every artistic whim, and without due focus on a story needing to be told within

expand her world without enough regulation in her novel *Harry Potter and the Order of The*



three hours, we could end up with the film equivalent of a fat book full of skipped pages.

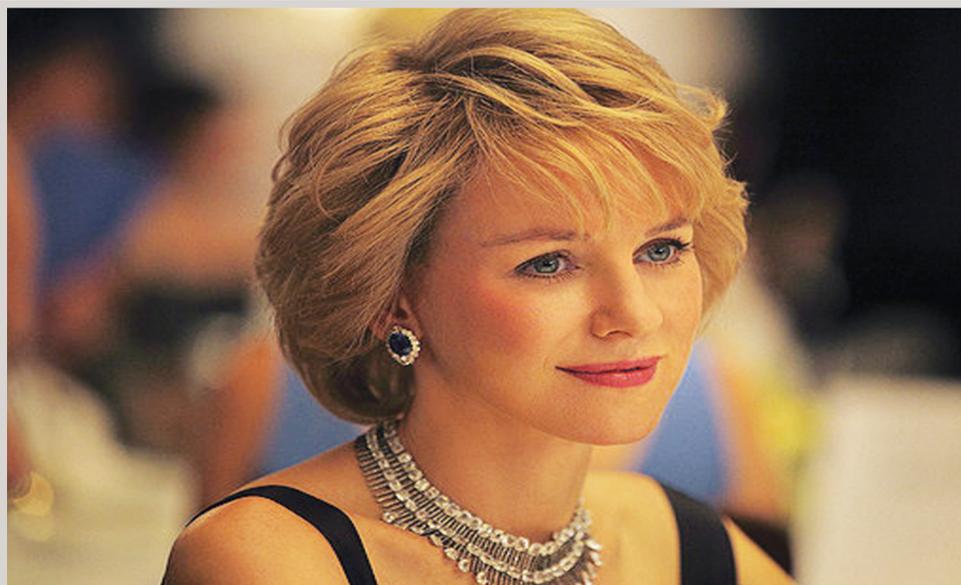
But perhaps we should have a little more trust and a little more respect for the author of the best-selling novels of all time. Amidst the groans of "oh no, Rowling's doing a George Lucas", the author's statements on the new film suggest that this will be no mere *Phantom Menace* cash-in. Rowling has always maintained that she would only return to Potter "if I had an idea that I was really excited about", and, according to her, "this is it." Any doubtful Potterhead can rest assured that story-telling will at least in part be a driving force of the new franchise.

As for the dreaded move across the Atlantic, a change in scenery might not be all bad. Who knows? A New York period drama with

a magical twist could be more stylish than the hunk of American wizard-cheese many will expect it to be. With the promise of a Rowling script, the film will provide interesting insights into the workings of magical society overseas, and for the first time introduce us to wand-wielding characters from outside of the British Isles.

The adaptation *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* will no doubt be a film written under the immense pressure of expectation. It will be a film whose very production will divide opinion, and whose final cut will be huge whatever its quality.

But we have every reason to believe that the new Potter film will be good, because J.K. Rowling says she's excited. And if J.K. Rowling's excited, we probably should be too.



Diana

Director: Oliver Hirschbieger
Review: Mary O'Connor



"I'll never be happy again, it's the end I just know it."

And this was the final nail in the coffin of Hirschbieger's ill-advised venture - coming only a pitiful 50 minutes in. The nation's enchantment with the Diana affair has since long abated; a reality which the film's architects did not seem to have considered. Countless retellings and probes into her troubled life and tragic death have been mounted, leaving little room for Hirschbieger

to strike out with a unique vision. The entire film was plagued by a stale heaviness that could not be lifted even by the erstwhile sterling leading lady, Naomi Watts.

The potential for excavating serious insights on reflection of Diana's final days was exasperatingly untapped by Hirschbieger's clouded directorial line. There is an attempt at the beginning, as well as flickers throughout the film, where Hirschbieger looks to convey the media maelstrom that Diana constantly found herself in, with the first 10 minutes of the film featuring long shots and panning that suggested a perspective of complicity in hunting the princess. As with most of the missed opportunities in the film, this lack of delving deeper into the lingering spectre of the media signals something of the lacklustre nature of the piece. Where Diana is fetishised in the opening scenes, and later as she models a brunette wig in an attempt to disguise herself, the subliminal undertones are not pushed further as scenes are too brief and cross cut together for any real inspection.

Naomi Watts' portrayal of the nation's princess left much to be desired. Before being too severe, it must be admitted that Watts' Diana was the unfortunate victim of another type of car crash: the fatal union between directorial impotence and a mortifyingly embarrassing script. Watts' portrayal of the Princess of Wales was painfully frustrating to endure; with forced English manner-

isms whilst sporting a butter-wouldn't-melt expression akin to that of Helen Mirren, Watts' performance was embarrassingly off the mark. These surface indicators combined with the excruciatingly clichéd comments, ("he doesn't treat me like a princess, he doesn't know who I am") characterised the royal as an irritatingly wistful woman who has awful sexual banter ("The palace stays open very late") and a particularly patronising and naïve attitude towards the working class. At one awkwardly placed moment, Diana explains to her Pakistani lover, Hasnat that she in fact, "loves 'telly', especially 'Corrie' and Eastenders and then proceeds to squeal with excitement at the prospect of "sending out" for a hamburger.

Instead of emphasising the heartbreak and mental trauma behind Diana's disturbed behaviour, Hirschbieger's vision resembled something closer to *Cirque du Freak*. On ending the relationship with her beloved Hasnat, her mental breakdown becomes almost comical as she sprints across gravel barefoot and proceeds to pound on her piano like a Miss Havisham on acid. The final image of the film - the sea of flowers outside Buckingham Palace - was crudely obvious with the emotional response it demanded. Where Hirschbieger tried to inhabit the Diana myth, the opportunity to engage in a dialogue between events and interpreting them failed, leaving the story of a wronged and confused young woman unjustly told.

Take It Away, Boys

Helena Parker takes on the arduous task of the York takeaways, with the help of a few willing volunteers.

If there's one thing you will discover this week (if you haven't already) it will be the joy of a post-night out takeaway. It will probably be suggested by your STYC, it may well be from that sub-human pit of grease and crumpled dignities, Efes Pizza, and it will either dramatically increase or gradually decrease your desire to vomit.

Crazy though it seems, there is more to takeaway in York than Efes. Indeed, there is far more to food in York than a takeaway, but that is for another time, when you are neither hungover nor in need of many carbs in little time.

If you've made it to The Willow and endured the inevitable hour-long queues, you are probably so elated to get into this place that everyone has been telling you about, and so far gone from the novelty of the £1 shot/prawn cracker combination, that you very likely have met the delightful Mr Okie and his kebab van, lying in wait around the corner.

Top marks for being a chatty guy, breaking up bitch-fights, and for knowing exactly who he is catering for - namely the mildly drunk to the completely paralytic. Also, lots of Yorkshiremen. Hence the prevalence of gravy with everything, an expanse of elephant-leg donner, and a tendency to call you 'love' or 'chuck'.

Mr Dennis (I am reliably informed) at the bottom of Parliament St, and the Efes van at the top, both sell very similar fare, at very similar prices, with equally unidentifiable meat. Anyone would have thought there were freshers and stag parties around.

However, there is an option that does not involve you eating cold shame-pizza off of your floor the next morning. It is not a requirement to wonder if the flecks of grey matter on your pizza are meat or in fact the recurring contents of your stomach. 'Revelations!' I hear you cry. Although not the cheapest option on the market, it certainly is one for the occasional comfort fix.

In terms of actually edible takeaways, York has a surprising amount to offer. Dispel all thoughts of grey, grizzly, greasy Efes from your mind, and look to the brighter side of takeaway.

For pizza, you could do worse than **Sizzlers**. Rated one of the top take-outs in the UK by hungryhouse.co.uk, they serve up a good selection of pizza, calzone, jacket potatoes and more.

In a pre-Freshers' Week foray into the joys of take-away (this is where the volunteers came in), they scored well on appearance (although how far wrong can you go with pizza?),

the ratio of meat to everything else, and they also managed to come up with a cheerful deliveryman. Something of a rarity, I would say.

We shared a meat calzone, which was crisp, steaming and enormous. Costing £6.50, it's easily a meal for one guy or two girls. And at £5.60 per 10" pizza, it's less than half the price of **Dominos**.

Moving on, but not away from carbs by any means, we come to fish and chips. As I may have mentioned already, it can be tricky to escape the gravy, but do not be discouraged by the stony silence at your refusal.

In my experience, the best chippy by miles is **Harpers of Wetwang**. Despite the unappealing name, it serves fresh, crunchy and generous portions of fish, pie (and gravy), sausage, and chips.

What's more, it's opposite the Shell garage, so well within walking distance of campus. It's not the cheapest around; **Jenny's Fish and Chip** opposite Walmgate Bar is fairly good value, but in terms of quality, Harpers is unparalleled.

We moved on in our carb-laden takeaway feast to Indian food. That staple of takeaways which seems to crop up on every street corner and waft into every hungry nostril.

There are many possibilities around; **Chenab** on Hull Road, **Indian Fusion**,

Mirchiz on Fishergate, to name a few, and probably in that order.

Chenab is fine, but nothing more. **Indian Fusion** was involved in our Pre-Freshers experiment, and had an excellent delivery time; almost twice as fast as everyone else. We had vegetable samosas which were fiery and crisp, sog-free and flavoursome.

We also tried a chicken tikka balti which, although the chicken looked "like fluorescent



Top tips include (anti-clockwise from top-right): trying to ignore floating grease, boiling your own rice, keeping curry warm in a 50 degree oven, and of course smiling through the spice of a vindaloo



industrial waste" according to one takeaway companion, tasted spicy but not overpowering, and had a melting, gentle, and not too runny sauce.

pes, but the taste is enough to make up for that.

From the usual to the less so, we looked for Thai, Cantonese, or Japanese takeaway as a change from curry or chips.

What we found was **OneCook**, a takeaway which caters for all these and more. In a way, they almost spread themselves too thin. As a result we had the bewildering combination of mixed dim sum, which was delightfully fluffy, flavoursome, and had a good variety; a tapas size panaeng neua which was slightly watery but had a good selection of vegetables and plenty of meat; and miso soup. The miso was a disappointment with overcooked, slimy tofu, but the soup itself had good flavour.

Takeaway is not just something for a hangover. It can make a girly night in or a post-lads' night out just that little bit better, if you know where to go.

It is worth hunting around for the best places; an advantage of York being so small is that most places deliver.

So, just occasionally, forget Dominos, forget cooking, and as the annoying and mildly 118-esque advert says, "Don't cook, just eat". And don't eat the shame-pizza. Just don't. **M**

"You wonder if the grey flecks on your shame-pizza are meat or in fact the recurring contents of your stomach"

Hurry, Curry: The Best and Worst of the York Takeaways

Best for:

Speedy meals: Indian Fusion. At 20 mins they've got it down.
Banter with delivery boys: Sizzlers. He couldn't think of a joke, but at least he had a crack at it.

Presentation: Mirchiz. Not just your average sloppy curry.

Cheap as chips: Sizzlers. Full meal for £6.50? Yes please.

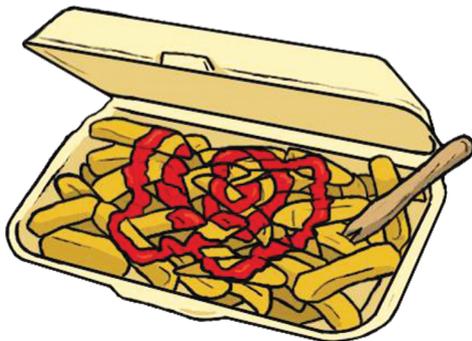
Reusable Tupperware: OneCook. Solid.

Losing your dignity: Efes. Oh the pain.

Losing an eye: Outside Okies Kebab. All of the bitch-slaps.

The ultimate carb-load: Any of the above. There will be a chip bap, chip wrap, or super-size chips with curry sauce and gravy somewhere on the menu.

Vegetarian options: OneCook or Indian Fusion.



Worst for:

Food-poisoning: Jumbo's Chinese. Don't do it.

Speedy delivery: Mirchiz, but you can BYOB if you go to their restaurant... so why not?

Breaking the bank: Dominos. Bye-bye student loan.

Banter with delivery boys: York Tandoori for making you pay £15 before they will deliver. No banter for you.

Blow your brains out: Madras curry from Mirchiz. If you're not sweating by the end of that...

Dieting: Harpers. Oh the waft of chippy glory. Unavoidable.

Meat to everything else ratio: Chenab. All of the sauce, none of the substance.

Grease release: Efes. Horrendous.



PHOTO CREDIT: BLUE MOON IN HER EYES

A Bite of the Big Apple

Over the summer I was lucky enough to visit New York and Massachusetts and even luckier to “sample” (scoff greedily) the delicious food. American cuisine might suggest greasy burgers and fast food, and whilst you’ll certainly find some of that, there is a far wider variety on offer.

New York’s food is multi-cultural. Influenced by immigrants from everywhere over centuries, there is cuisine from backgrounds as varied as Italian, Chinese and Jewish. So whatever you have a craving for, chances are that New York’s endless delis, street stalls and restaurants will offer it.

New York’s pizza is particularly iconic. A far cry from your Domino’s margarita, New York has made the Italian dish its own. Wide with a thin crust, you can order a pie (that’s a whole pizza) or more sensibly opt for a \$3 single slice (which is bigger than your face). When you’ve selected your toppings, your slice is baked then and there in a pizza oven. Because the slices are big and thin, there is a folding technique to eating New York pizza which adds to the fun. It’s not date food (or diet food for that matter) but it is delicious.

A few hours away, Massachusetts’s capital Boston is famed for its seafood. Stalls and

restaurants sell New England offerings like clams casino, fried clam strips, and chowder bread bowls (tasty seafood soup served inside a hollowed out bun). Lobster rolls were definitely the most popular seafood choice. This delicious \$15 sandwich consists of chunks of lobster meat, mayonnaise and lettuce served on a bun. More expensive than a Brown’s lunch but the closest you’ll get to luxury seafood on a student budget! Boston is also the birthplace of the humble tin of baked beans. A popular side dish, Boston baked beans are sweeter and darker than their UK cousins.

For dessert you can have traditional Yank favourites like brownies, apple pie and chocolate chip cookies. New York’s speciality cheesecake is flavoured with vanilla, rich and creamy. Whoopie Pies are a typical New England choice: white frosting sandwiched between two round chocolate cakes, they are like supersized Oreos. And of course American candy is pretty awesome – I recommend Reese’s Pieces and Peanut Butter Cups.

American blueberry pancakes were a favourite breakfast, but you can also enjoy them for pudding with ice cream or, if you’re feeling really American, maple syrup. Serves 4 as dessert.

Ingredients
3 large eggs
125g plain flour
1tsp baking powder
150ml milk in a jug
1tbsp oil
2tbsp caster sugar
100g blueberries

Sift the flour, sugar and baking powder in a large bowl. Separate the yolks from whites. Put the whites in a large bowl and whisk to soft peaks (electric whisks are quicker and less tiring).

Mix the egg yolks with the milk, then add to flour. Stir with a whisk to make a smooth batter. Gently fold batter into egg whites and stir to combine. The mixture should be light and fluffy. Stir in the blueberries.

Add a tablespoonful of blueberry mixture to a hot oiled pan, to make one small pancake. Don’t tilt the pan as you want them to be small, thicker and circular rather than thin.

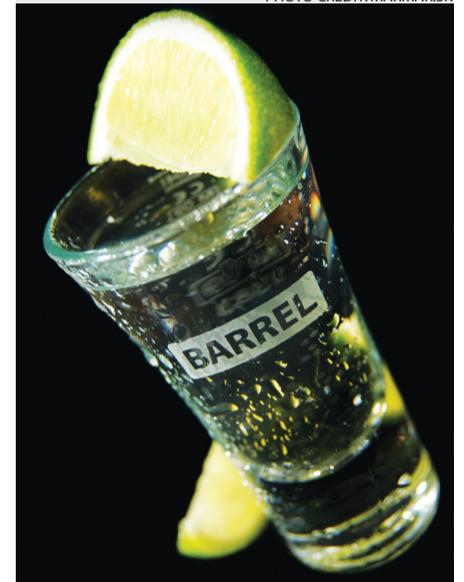
After 2 minutes, flip with a spatula to cook the other side till both sides are golden brown. Keep on a plate whilst you repeat to use up all the mixture.

Sonali Dutta

The Signature Drink

Rachael Thompson

PHOTO CREDIT: MARMARSK



Inspired by recent European city travels and a return to University where I am prepared for another onslaught of homemade concoctions and civilised drinks in York’s wine bar, Lucia, I started to ponder how a certain drink becomes exclusive to its surroundings, and vice versa.

I am not just referring to the French climate being perfect for world renowned wines, rather how bars themselves have signature drinks that complement the ambience and vibe of the establishment.

At an exclusive bar in the centre of Paris, for example, you would logically expect to sample a classic French martini straight up. Whereas a tankard of cold beer, namely Dubar, would be far more suited to an afternoon in a German Pub.

Just as the smell and taste of mulled wine each Christmas conjures up memories spent in the French Alps, enjoying a Vin Chaud on the piste. No matter where I am that warm wine and whiskey drink is reminiscent of the snow and skiing.

When in Berlin, one must do as the Berliners do and have a Rye whiskey and Benedictine in one of the underground establishments dotted around the city.

Champagne has often been used as the base for signature cocktails in some of the most exclusive European cities. Nestled on the edge of St Mark’s square in Venice, Harry’s Bar was the birthing place for Giuseppe Cipriani’s iconic Bellini. In Barcelona too the bars on the chic boulevard, El born, blend champagne foam and martini to create their exclusive drink, a Porn star martini.

A more stereotypical drink-bar relationship is a Gin & Tonic at a prestigious London Hotel, like Tanqueray’s Gin Palace.

Closer to home, the beloved Willow wouldn’t be the same without a shot of sambuka and a prawn cracker. Nor would any valiant sports player be content without a dose of Rumours Kryptonite.

I had thought that bars chose their signature drinks based on popularity, I now realise that a drink can say a lot about a place. Alcohol can become as much as part of the character and tradition of a place as any other of its features.

So next time you order the house special of sambuka with a side of prawn crackers, take a second to ponder what it says about you, the establishment, and the drink...

The Naked Baker: Get Ready to Crumble

Sunaina Suri

Any dessert that reminds you of home and comes with a good childhood story is a great one. Apple crumble comes under this banner. One friend of mine remembers having an apple tree at home that was so productive that every year apples would fill their house, ready for winter.

Apple crumble reminds him of warm Christmas dinners, hot school lunches and everything in between.

Also, what better time to bake a crumble than Freshers’ Week? It cures hangover blues and fills your halls with the warm sweet smell of cinnamon. You can change it by adding blackberries, or switching for pears or plums.

Fact: this recipe is perfect for bringing people together after a boring University-staple-pasta-dinner.



The Recipe

For the filling:
5 cooking apples
240ml of water
½ cinnamon stick
½ lemon, juiced
45g brown sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup of raisins (optional)
Butter and flour for baking pan
For the crumble:
15g cold butter, cubed
210g all-purpose flour
115g brown sugar

Preheat the oven to 200°C. For the filling, you can choose to estimate everything and be creative with the flavours and fruit you use. Peel and cube the apples and put them in a boiling pot. Mix in the water, cinnamon, lemon juice, brown sugar and vanilla extract. Add in the raisins if you want.

Bring to boil, then lower the heat and simmer until the apples are soft on the outside but still firm in the middle. If the liquid has not evaporated fully, strain it off and bring it back to the boil. Once it thickens, take off the heat and set aside. Butter and flour a square-shaped baking pan and line it with the filling.

For the crumble, add the flour and butter into a bowl. Rub in the butter until you get a coarse crumb mixture.

Mix the sugar in after, to prevent the mixture from resembling pastry dough. Sprinkle the crumble over the apples in the baking pan, not too thick or the apples will not heat up.

Put the baking dish into the middle of the oven till the crumble is golden brown (timing varies with different ovens but it should take 20-25 minutes). Remove from the oven and let it stand for 5 minutes before serving a nice slab with vanilla ice cream or custard as well as the thickened sauce poured over.

Now you are done, ready to take on the next fresher’s hangover that comes your way while remembering hot school lunches of yesteryear.

CABBIES' CORNER

WHEN WE TOLD JOHN WE WERE 'PICKING SOMETHING UP' HE THOUGHT THE LESS HE KNEW THE BETTER... WE WEREN'T ACTUALLY AFTER THE HARD STUFF, BUT IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE FIRST TIME JOHN HAD SEE A PICK UP...



“ I've heard some excuses in my time. One boy said he was 'picking up' some keys from his mum - it was three in the morning. ”

John
Driving cabs in York for 4 years

THE STUDENT NOTEBOOK: MY SHIT WEEK SO FAR

THOMAS FENNELLY

So fresher's week is upon us once again. The week of your life. Despite the timetable lasting eight days when you include YUSU events. Otherwise it would last six days. It is universally regarded as a week you will never forget or, conversely, want to forget. So, freshers, make the most of your amazing week, but spare a thought for the other ten thousand or so students who still have to graft in order to get by. A generic, aged, provincial Northern cleaner will sweep your halls and clean your kitchens; hot water and heating is there in an instant; security sit in an office waiting for your call; there's a guy on a desk who protects your oversized parcels; and for a certain lucky (or lazy) few, even ten of your meals are cooked for you every week.

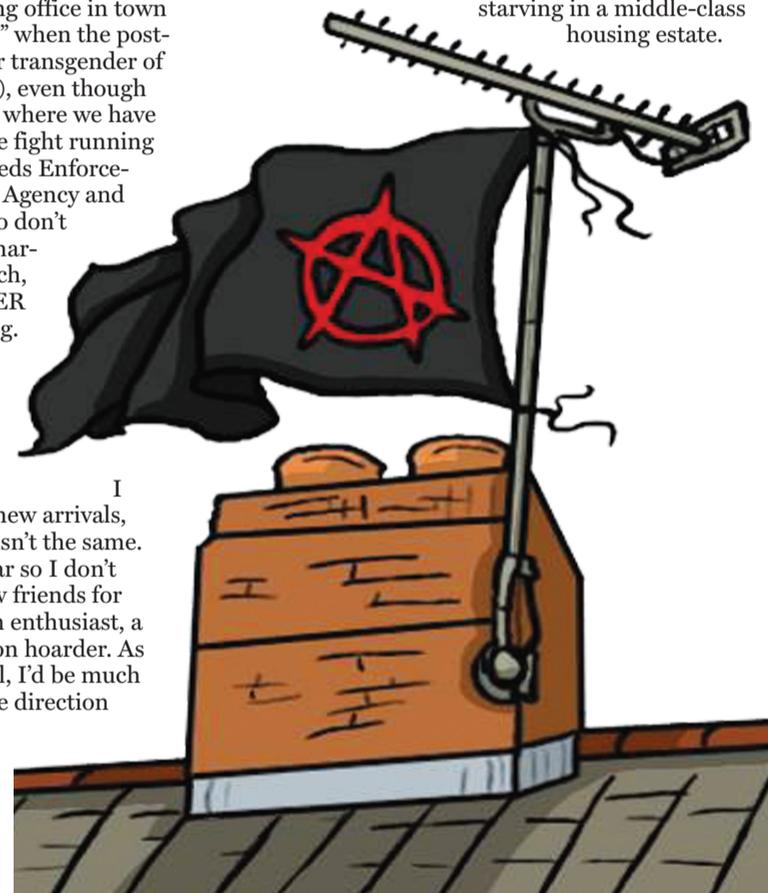
As for those living in the wilderness - more colloquially known as those 'living off campus' - we live in a much scarier world. We dread turning on hot water taps for fear that it'll ignite the boiler and it might cost us something; where parcels have to be collected from the sorting office in town because "you weren't in at the time" when the postman came (or woman, or any other transgender of that matter, regardless of sexuality), even though I was watching him from upstairs; where we have to bleach our own toilets; where we fight running battles on the street against the Leeds Enforcement Division of the TV Licensing Agency and tax collectors from the Council who don't think we're students, despite the anarchy flag flying from the aerial (which, for licensing purposes, we've NEVER USED). Fresher's week sounds snug. And life in the real world is one thwart with danger.

I've turned up to my house a week early so I can have myself my own refresher's week before I have to run round babysitting the new arrivals, but compared to last year it really isn't the same. I know who I'm living with this year so I don't have the excitement of making new friends for life. Instead, I'm stuck with a fetish enthusiast, a recovering drug addict and an onion hoarder. As for the fun I've had this week? Well, I'd be much obliged if you could point me in the direction of it. There's nothing fun to do in Osbaldwick except visit the Last Shop Before Mars at silly hours in morning, or sit in the middle of the Hull Road roundabout sobbing (yes, that was me). I've not even met local legend Lee

who works in Sainsbury's Local (Osbalwick mandem know what manz on about, innit).

Really, all I've done this week is drink two bottles of wine, alone; Hoover, then realise that choosing to live in a laminate fortress was a mistake; clean a sink; lose money on William Hill; download the Fifa 14 demo; assess my house's bath drainage, which, as it turns out, just runs straight down the side of the house and into the garden; stroll through Hes East to realise that the atmosphere with students in its halls is just the same as the atmosphere without them; see three magpie's; and bump into the York Sport President on an AstroTurf. At one REALLY exciting point, we managed to inadvertently drag a slug into our kitchen and collectively, thinking it was dead, left it there. The next morning it was gone. To this day we have no idea where it is. Surely it couldn't have got far...

So make the most of it, freshers. It only lasts a week. Next year you'll be cold and starving in a middle-class housing estate.



LISTINGS

Comprehensive Listings. To Monday week 4.

*Muse recommends. Online and advance prices do not include booking fees.

MUSIC

1st October - Terry Reid - The Duchess. £15
2nd October - Zico Chain - The Duchess. £7
2nd October - Tankus and the Henge - Fibbers. £5
3rd October - Spacehog - Fibbers. £12.50
4th October - La Petite Mort - Fibbers. £5
4th October - Breakz' End of Freshers Party - Mansion. £2 before midnight/£3 after
*4th October - Ellie Goulding - The Barbican. Sold Out
4th October - Kid Karate - The Duchess. £5
5th October - Who's Next: 10th Anniversary Tour - Fibbers. £8
5th October - Freakin' 16th Birthday Party - Mansion. Chris Duckenfield and Pipes. £6
5th October - Live & Loud - Hes East. £26 online.
6th October - IONA - Fibbers. £
*7th October - Canterbury - Fibbers. £6.50
8th October - Idiom - Fibbers. £6
8th October - Nordic Giants - The Duchess. £5
9th October - Metal Sludge presents a UK Hairband Extravaganza 2013 with Tuff and Shame. Fibbers. £
9th October - Ahab - The Duchess. £5
9th October - 4Four - Courtyard. Theo, 2Kind, Timoren and Party Guilt's residents. Free
*9th October - Gin & Juice - Fibbers. 90s Hip-Hop and Old Skool. £3.50 advance / £4.50 OTD
10th October - 3 Daft Monkeys - Fibbers. £10
10th October - Spector - The Duchess. £10
11th October - Marsicans - Fibbers. £5
11th October - Troumaca - The Duchess. £6
11th October - The Dub Lounge - Courtyard. Dandy, DeLions, Nubian Twist, and City Walls. £5 advance/£6 OTD
*11th October - Original Flavour Presents: Paul Woolford + TBA - Tokyo. £8.50 advance/£10 OTD
12th October - Madina Lake - Fibbers. £15
12th October - The Ramona Flowers - The Duchess. £5
13th October - Hawklords - Fibbers. £13
14th October - Bangers and Mash - Fibbers. £3.50 advance/£4.50 OTD
15th October - First World Problems: Launch Party - Fibbers. £3 advance/£4 OTD
16th October - Mark Eitzel - The Duchess. £14

17th October - Goldie Lookin Chain - Fibbers. £12
17th October - Temples - The Duchess. £9
*18th October - Glass Caves + Siblings. Fibbers. £6
19th October - Hope & Social - Fibbers. £8
19th October - Touchstone // Von Herten Brothers - The Duchess. £12.50
19th October - York Guildhall Orchestra - The Barbican. £15 - £22
20th October - Big Country - Fibbers. £20
20th October - Sixties Gold: The 50th Anniversary Tour - The Barbican. £27.50
21st October - Oxjam presents King No-One - Fibbers. £5
21st October - Catfish and the Bottlemen - The Duchess. £6

FILM

1st October (onwards) - About Time - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
1st October (onwards) - Blue Jasmine - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
1st October (onwards) - It's Such a Beautiful Day - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
1st October (onwards) - Prisoners - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
*1st October (onwards) - Rush - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
6th October - Amelie: Tenth anniversary showing - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
7th October - The Mist - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
8th October - Upstream Colour - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
9th October - The Hangover III - York Student Cinema, P/X/001. £3 OTD
15th October - The Great Gatsby - York Student Cinema, P/X/001. £3 OTD
12th October - Percy Jackson: Sea of Monsters 2D - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
13th October - I am Breathing - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
13th October (and 17th) - Riffi - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
*14th October - This is the End - York Student Cinema, P/X/001. £3 OTD
14th October - Salem's Lot - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
15th October - The Crash Reel - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
*16th October - ROH Live: Don Quixote - York Picturehouse - £15 online (student).
17th October - The Internship - York Student Cinema, P/X/001. £3 OTD
16th October - Sunshine on Leith - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
*18th October - Man of Steel - York Student Cinema, P/X/001. £3 OTD
19th October - Planes - York Picturehouse - £6.60 online (student).
*20th October - Bolshoi: Spartacus - York Picturehouse - £15 online (student).

STAGE

3rd October (until 20th) - Blood and Chocolate - York Theatre Royal. £12
7th October - Studio Talks: Narrative and Food - York Theatre Royal. Free
11th October - Hay Fever, by Neol Coward - The Drama Barn, 3 nights. £3.50 (Fri)/£5 (Sat and Sun)
12th October (finishes) - See How They Run - York Theatre Royal.
12th October (finishes) - The Boy Who Cried Wolf - York Theatre Royal Studio. £10
12th October - The Old Woman, The Buffalo and The Lion of Manding - York Theatre Royal Studio. £8 (students)
14th October - ODN: Pride and Prejudice - The Drama Barn. Free
15th October (to 19th) - The Only Way is Chelsea - York Theatre Royal Studio. £6 (students).
17th October - Titus Andronicus - York Theatre Royal. £8 (students).
18th October - The Ghost Hunter - York Theatre Royal. £8 (students).
18th October - That Face, by Polly Stenham - The Drama Barn, 3 nights. £3.50/£5
19th October - The Elephant Bridesmaid - York Theatre Royal. £6
19th October - Play in a day: A Midsummer Night's Dream - York Theatre Royal. £10
19th October - Champions of Magic - York Theatre Royal. £6
20th October - Mamma Mia: Here I ODN, by Grace Winpenny - The Drama Barn. Free

COMEDY

6th October - YUSU Comedy Night - Central Hall. Sean Walsh et al. £10.75 online
*13th October - Milton Jones: On The Road - The Barbican. £20
15th October - Ed Byrne: Roaring Forties - The Barbican. £22.50
17th October (and 18th) - Sarah Millican: Home Bird - The Barbican. Sold Out

OTHER

*Ongoing - York Food and Drink Festival - Parliament Street. Free
4th October - Mary and Neil's BIG BIRTHDAY BASH - Kennedy's. Invite Only
6th October - York Does Vintage - Merchant Adventurer's Hall. Free
6th October - An Evening with Petula Clark - The Barbican. £19.50 - £45
16th October - Young Reviewer's Workshop with The Guardian's Lyn Gardner - York Theatre Royal Geregann Room. £5

EXHIBITION

14th October (until 20th) - 198th Autumn Exhibition, York Art Society - De Grey Rooms. Free