

A GRAVE AFFAIR

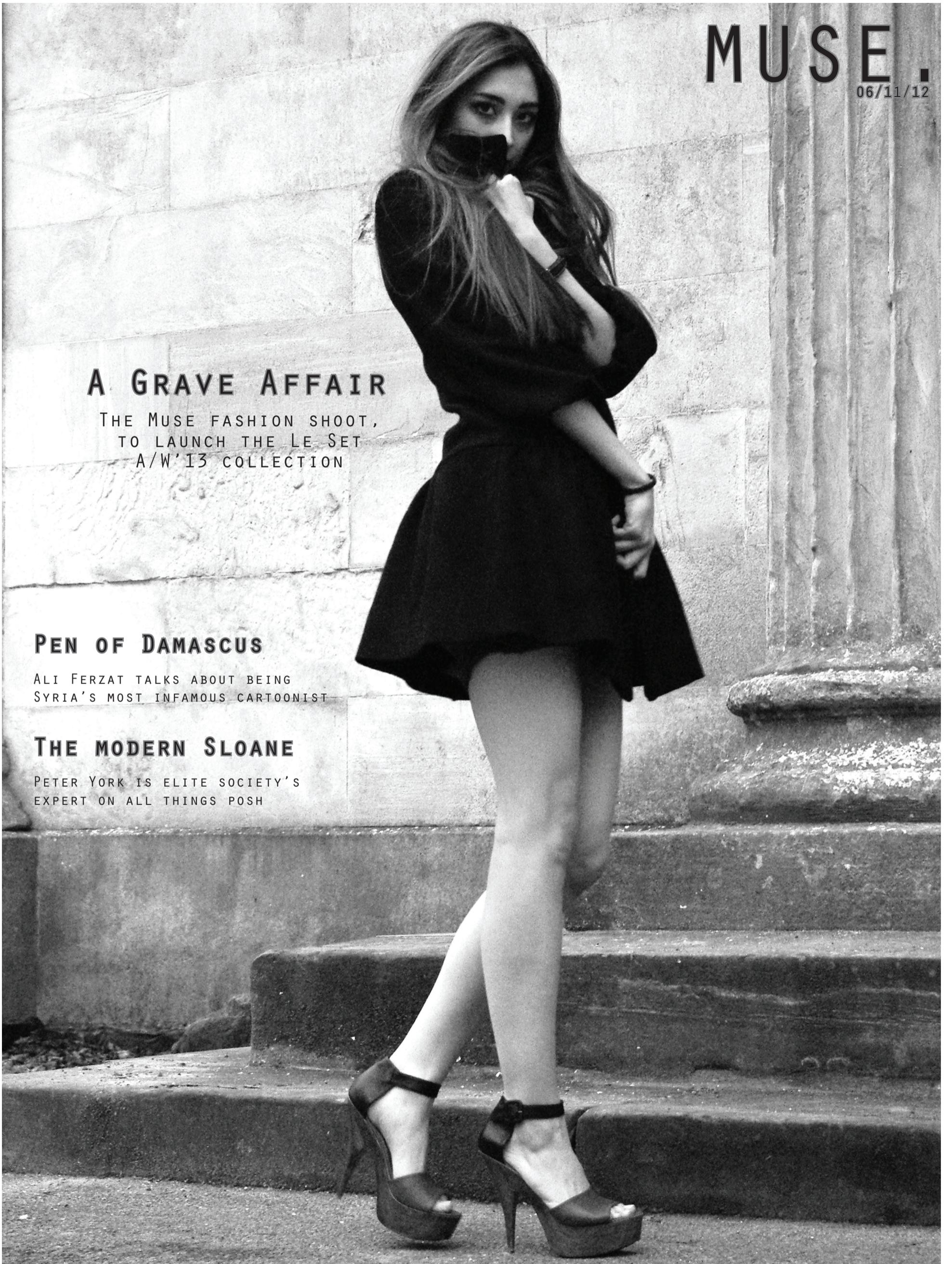
THE MUSE FASHION SHOOT,
TO LAUNCH THE LE SET
A/W'13 COLLECTION

PEN OF DAMASCUS

ALI FERZAT TALKS ABOUT BEING
SYRIA'S MOST INFAMOUS CARTOONIST

THE MODERN SLOANE

PETER YORK IS ELITE SOCIETY'S
EXPERT ON ALL THINGS POSH



Muse.



M8

Features.

M4. The Sloane Ranger handbook darling, Peter York speaks to **Tom Witherow** about what being posh really means.

M6. Syria's most famous and most villified cartoonist Ali Ferzat tells **Laura Hughes** why he's risked almost everything for the message.

M8. Did you know monks brew the best beer? **Martin Spurr** takes a trip to Ampleforth Monastery to discover their secrets.

M10. Leading criminologist, David Wilson tells **Alex Swadling** about the need for penal reform, and how to spot a serial killer..



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Arts.

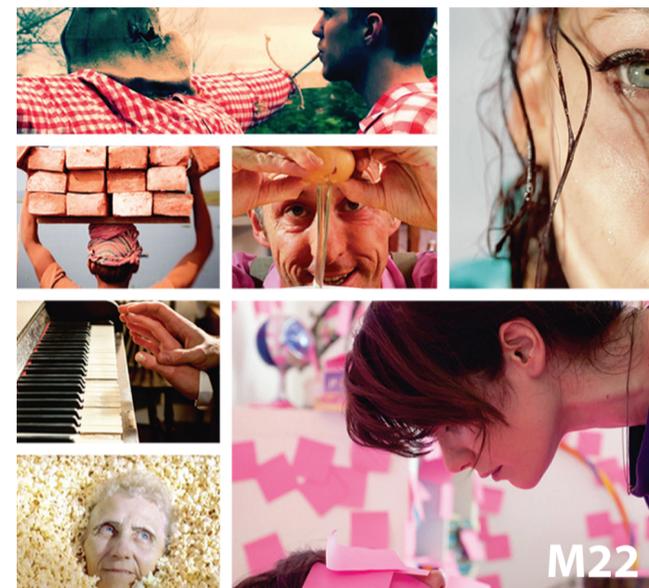
M18. **Celia Scruby** reveals what's happening in York for Illuminating the city, and we look at Leeds Art Gallery's taking art home initiative.

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M16. **Miranda Larbi** looks at the controversy at YSL, outerwear trends, and **Ben Burns** gives us The Cold List. A Grave Affair photoshoot on **M12**.

Music.

M20. Skindred frontman speaks to **Ally Swadling** about the pope. Plus the John Cage festival here at the university.



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Film.

M22. Aesthetica Short Film Festival is happening in York this weekend. **Elle Hoppe** speaks to festival director on what to watch out for.

Food & Drink.

M23. A real Polish stew is whipped up by **Hana Teraie-Wood**. Plus, a James Bond cocktail and a review of new restaurant, The Bline Swine.

Image Credits.

Cover: Natasha Wigoder.



Would you vote for yourself?

Sophie Rose Walker

The American Election race has taught me two rather grown-up, self-reflecting things. Firstly, and contrary to what they told you at school that 'the taking part' is all that matters; it's the winning that really bloody counts now. Obama will not be consoled by getting a yellow sports day sticker and being told by Michelle that she's "so proud of him" if he doesn't win a second term this evening. Obviously, the importance of winning is proportionate to the level of sacrifice too, because they've probably had to re-mortgage their homes 3 times to stop their campaigns from going bankrupt. But it's not a bad, or mad, mantra to think about, after all if you're the best man for the job and you've got the best ideas then you should be crowned the winner.

Unfortunately, although Obama is definitely the better man, neither Obama nor Romney appears to

be the best man for the job.

For the average unqualified student, looking for a job, being the better man is the most you can hope for, seeing as you certainly won't be the best.

Of course for non-presidential candidates, university is a perfect testing ground for all those campaigns to be put to the test, because it's the one place where people are fairly apathetic as to whether you remain true to your manifesto once 'in office'. Indeed, if you didn't get re-elected for a second term as Veg Soc chair, you could still run for Scoop Food Cooperative president. Failures and second chances are the making of you I hear, so by gosh, be grateful for them.

I'm not a very competitive person, and I am wholly convinced that Lacrosse players have a problem, but, just as I ponder what life might hold after university, never have I

ever been more persuaded by the fact that 'your campaign for being you' must be consistent, honest and

"My presidential campaign would be crap. I don't like smiling with strangers, and I really don't like early mornings."

more importantly, it must win.

Unfortunately however, the second thing I've learnt from America's great race is that my presidential campaign would be crap. I don't like smiling with strangers, and I really don't like early mornings. But more relevant than either of those two things is that I just don't think I

would vote for myself.

There are some things I am very good at, like wearing sensible footwear, for example, and I could easily devise a campaign for men and women everywhere to advocate the benefits of my footwear policy. I reckon it would be passed on the Hill. But there are some things that I am really not very good at, like being on time. I am very often late and it could be conducive to some pretty awkward moments in the Situation Room in the White House, like missing drone strikes.

I should point out at this stage that everything I have ever learnt about American politics is from the West Wing, so all political references I make are potentially entirely fictional. Yes, it's a television series, but it was perhaps the finest script writing a series has ever known.

Aside from the writing though, the thing that makes the West Wing

so flipping genius, is the team itself. The team that are the President's staff, his right hand men, (and one hell of a woman - CJ), are the people who really run the ship. Together, they are perfectly balanced in wit, talent, strength and weakness, and perhaps that is the ultimate campaign lesson; it's not a one man show, because nobody can be perfect, it's the team that's the important thing. After all, to be the kind of person who, in every respect, is unfailingly competent and reliable, in a vast variety of situations is a pretty preposterous ask.

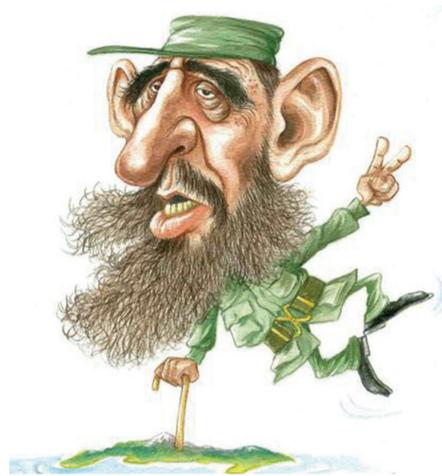
So, when you ask yourself whether you'd vote for 'you', remember this: your strengths are your campaign, and it should win, but your true success is wholly dependent on your team, your mum, your dog, your boyfriend, your Chief of Staff, your very own West Wing. Now, go buy the box set.

Controversial Cartoons

Ali Ferzat had his hands broken for drawing contentious political cartoons in his native Syria. We look back at some of the funniest caricatures of dictators.



The Ultimate Parody of a Dictator: Sacha Baron-Cohen's most recent film



Fidel Castro, Cuba. Survived 634 assassination attempts, including 134 poisoned cigars.



Hugo Chavez, President of Venezuela. His longest Sunday talk show was 8 hours.



Muammar Gaddafi, Libya. Had 40 female virgin bodyguards, and has a fear of heights.

POSTED ON [HTTP://WWW.WITTYGRAPHY.COM](http://www.wittygraphy.com)



Robert Mugabe, Zimbabwe. Called Tony Blair a "Gay Gangsta".



Kim Jong-il, North Korea. Claimed to have invented the hamburger, and loved waterslides.

James Bond by Numbers.

44. The number of affairs had by Bond across all films. Roger Moore had the most, at 18 women.

35. In total, Bond orders 19 vodka martinis and 16 gin martinis, with the most ordered by Connery and Brosnan.

10. Uses of the iconic "Bond, James Bond". Used either to seduce women, or pre-empt violence.

352. Number of deaths across all official films. Average of 16 per film by Bond.

007. Bond's identification number in the Secret Intelligence Service. 00 means 'licence to kill', there are only ever ten 00 agents at any one time.

2. Minutes it took for Monty Norman to compose the James Bond theme tune in 1962.

The Lonely Smoker

Rose Troup Buchanan

My friends and I are presently entering what I have come to endearingly call, the university midlife crisis. Predominantly, but by no means exclusively, third years across campus are waking up to the hideous realisation they are old, and also to the experience of waking up with someone from the year below lying beside them. In an attempt to cling on to our youth, we've become rapacious stalkers of the younger years, as if by osmosis close proximity to such carefree individuals will transport us back to the days when it was just about OK not to do your reading, it didn't matter if your supervisor still hadn't got a clue who you were, and you were blissfully ignorant of the existence of Key Texts.

Flailing merrily in one of York's delightful establishments the other night, I slipped briefly out of my pleasantly inebriated haze, only to clock that the number of people I knew in the club had diminished so significantly that outside of my immediate housemates, (also contorting their bodies in variously undignified poses) there was no-one in the place that I really knew. What was this? Where were my friends? My drinking buddies, fellow flailers, and, most importantly, my smoking comrades?

Gripping my cigarettes like the undoubtedly poisonous comfort they were, I headed outside to locate people that I knew. The panic in my stomach (by now beginning to congeal unpleasantly with the latest drink) turned immediately to outright fear as I realised I was one of only a few third years still around. Everyone else had gone home. Or, more significantly, had never come out in the first place. Uncontrollable panic set in. Immediately, I resolved to make friends and start talking to people.

Upon surfacing the next morning, (thankfully in my own bed sans a baby-faced first-year) I realised I had become the latest victim of the university mid-life crisis. In the real world, people face midlife crisis when confronted with the awful knowledge their career means nothing to them - translate that to uni and you understand why yoga classes are suddenly filled with groaning and moaning third-years. Third-years sharking in Willow are the equivalent of 30 something singletons: time is running out, and no-one wants to be 'that person' left on the shelf come graduation.

As I pondered these developments over the necessary

(and calming) hangover cigarette, I came to the conclusion that it is not the attraction of those younger that is itself the problem: it is the lengths that we are prepared to go that's the snag.

After an amusing night out I no longer wake up feeling relatively nubile and fresh, instead, I surface feeling akin to Jabba the Hut after a binge, and with a temperament to match.

This does not aid the studying I am obliged to do as I haul my still battered body into the library. A hangover is significantly less amusing when confronted by a intolerant tutor informing you that insufficient knowledge of the Indian mutiny of 1857 is, frankly, not acceptable. And she's got her eyes closed when she says this. Terrifying.

The desire to close your eyes and just let it all rush past is a tempting one. We are daily confronted with the knowledge we should be applying for jobs, careers, and some kind of sustainable employment in a few short months. We're unprepared for such realities. And the net result ain't pretty.

For a friend of mine, the stress of it all was just too much. After a spectacularly irresponsible evening he provided the piss-de-la-resistance by emptying his bladder on the floor of his own bedroom, before crumpling into a damp unconscious heap.

This was the University equivalent of getting a boob job, or having a midlife gap year; undignified and desperate, but wholly necessary to come out the other side and realise, that actually being old, having a routine and listening to the Archers, instead of drinking Archers, is really, actually, ok and the sooner we come to terms with that, the better.



The Modern Sloane

Peter York has stood at the epicentre of elite culture for over thirty years. Tom Witherow finds out who's running London, what's posh and why *Made in Chelsea* simply isn't.

It's been thirty years since the *Official Sloane Ranger Handbook* coined the term associated with London's rich, powerful and stylish. This predator of the King's Road may be in hiding, and Princess Diana, its archetype and leader may have passed, but the return of class aspersion in politics makes the customs of London's richest more relevant than ever.

Needless to say, Britain has a complicated relationship with money. We hate talking about it, we despise those who lord it over us, and we greet every mistake from our politicians with cries that they're out of touch. And don't get me started on plebgate...

But on the other side of the coin, we can't deny the pull of paper. We are fascinated by television shows such as *Downton Abbey* and *Made in Chelsea*. Advertising attempts to make us aspire to those items we associate with the rich and famous. Bond may be patriotic, an orphan, and largely classless, but don't think that 007, modelling the latest Rolex, doesn't know which fork to use.

Peter York was the style editor of *Harpers and Queen*, gaining fame for his social commentary of London's rich and famous. He thinks Sloane (or elite) culture has moved on, with the rich and famous behaving very different ways: "What I think has happened to Sloane culture is two things: firstly, it's been exposed over the last thirty years to a lot of corrosive influences that have made it feel less self-confident and less sure about its values and styles. Sloanes no longer feel that they'd inherited the earth, and they're right!"

Sloanes may not think so, but a few of us might argue that the bankers felt they'd inherited the earth. I ask Peter if all is forgiven and forgotten. "No, no, definitely not." But he does see the boom of the financial services as a game-changer for both elite society and Britain's perceptions of them.

"The banker thing is very difficult to work out exactly what it was in social terms." For people of the Sloane background who held on and were competent, it made them richer than they could ever be. In *Harpers and Queen* the brilliant Anne Barr wrote a piece called 'Rich Caroline, Poor Caroline' which was about the fact that you'll have people from the same family and some would be doing traditional Sloane jobs of the land agent, wine merchant variety... the provincial type, but then some of them would be on an express train or vertical takeoff and get very rich, and so rich Caroline and poor Caroline were pulled completely apart. But at the same time, the City gave opportunities for the completely un-Sloane types of backgrounds to make money in very spivvy ways.

"So you've got both things happening and I'm not sure what the net of it is. What it did do was allow all those people, whatever their backgrounds, to buy up all the goodies. They bought up all the places in the expensive and desirable schools, all the rectories in the nice counties, everything, everything! They bought up the bloody lot. To the exclusion of all other human beings."

Peter does call himself a bit of a lefty, and perhaps here his passion against the people, the study of whom has brought him such fame is where it shines through. "People are deeply resentful of them but it's not right to say that Sloanism and the financial services are one and the same, but they have got a bit of a mixed thing. And of course historically, the City has made fortunes for people who over about three generations Sloanise themselves. And become Gloucestershire landowners, like the 18th century bankers. And live rather daintier lives."

The social climbers of today, the elites of tomorrow. Perhaps I should have chosen economics after all. Although you do need to be comfortable fighting off the scurrilous media: "I was just filming something... we were asking people whether they were rich or poor, and asking why everybody hated them. God it was fun! I wanted to do it all day, it was such fun!"

But all this is a sideshow to the central problem: the majority of Britain has been left disillusioned by those who are running the country. Bankers' arrogance, fast cars, smart clubs and bars – they all make London seem a million miles away, and more importantly make Westminster and Whitehall feel as remote to our everyday lives as the Presidential elections.



London has often been called a city-state, with a mayor who has prestige over all other cities', a large, self-sufficient economy and an outlook that is far more global than British.

"London has always been the great focus and the great magnet, but now it's in a different way, and to a much greater degree, because it is the capital of Europe, or certainly the financial capital of Europe. In that sense, the cool fantastic dominance of London is much more extreme, and you don't have nonconformist blocks of alternative power elsewhere, it just doesn't happen. It did happen in the 19th century London, because the real modern money was being made by the industrialists in the North. But now everything is London, and London is global and London is separate and London has damn all to do with the rest of the country. It's just so painfully obvious."

I think the Westminster bubble is absolutely right. A friend of mine, who is an adopted Mancunian, was saying that, listening to various Londonish figures, nobody would listen or vote for him in Manchester. There is fierce resentment according to him. Or just denial, 'I don't understand that guy because I can't relate to anything that he's on about!'"

And yet somehow, Boris Johnson, apparently a constant feature in the news nowadays, transcends this. He has nabbed support all over the country in a way that Cameron simply hasn't; the rather sharp red-blue divide on the last electoral map tells this story better than most. These men come from similar places: both were at Eton (although Boris was a scholar), both went to Oxford (Cameron got a first), both were members of the Bullingdon club. We all know this so, what's the difference?

"I think the specifics are that Cameron is clearly working within parameters of what the country requires of him, what the party requires of him, he's got to be careful. Whereas for Boris, precisely the opposite applies, he's the more popular comedian, he's more about character he can appear the more following wind he can generate. And that's about circumstances, it would have been very interesting to have known them as young men."

Twitter once suggested that if Prince Harry was on the throne and Boris were PM, we'd be living through an episode of *Blackadder*. Peter roars with laughter, "What a bloody brilliant thing to say, well done that man! You sort of hope so! It could be fun. Of course, because they're engaging characters, you want to believe in both of them. I think I sort of believe more in Prince Harry than in Boris, because underneath it all there is a great deal of calculation and ambition. I don't know about his everyday competencies, and I don't know whether he would favour the cutting-off of hands for theft. You just don't know quite how wildly right wing he is."

But do Boris and Harry actually fit the classic Sloane get-out? What actually defines the lesser-Sloane? "Well there was a stylistic onslaught, and to be a very obvious pigeon-hole-able Sloane was seen to damage your life chances or your work chances and all sorts of other chances. So unless you're a wine merchant or a land agent, it looked a bit old-fashioned and bad to be Sloane. So younger Sloanes don't tend to grab off, that's my word for it, the way they sounded, and change the way they dressed. And anyway they were fashioned in the way that the world was – they had to look sleeker, more modern, they had to conform in that way."

We can all understand that to look posh is to open yourself up to derision – David Cameron knows this too well, and yet he and his cabinet appear to have provided a spark for modern social elites. "Yes! It [the emergence of this government] has been a sort of shot in the arm for Sloane self-confidence. There have been a lot of articles saying, well, it's ok to be posh now."

"But that's all part of a system of short term fashion responses, but counter to the great theory that it's okay to be posh now, people might say that it's because the posh are no longer oppressively important. The analysis behind this isn't that we're in a less class-divided country and I don't mean that inequality is any the less – demonstrably inequality is on the rise, not the decline – but the core of and associations with a particular style and standpoint and a particular subset of the luckier rich has been prized apart. In other words, we may be very unequal and getting more so, but the



people at the top of the pile are not 'posh'?"

It might be clear that the Queen doesn't have much power any more. But a privately schooled cabinet may tell a different story. So who is holding the cards in British society?

"They come from more places. There are more types of rich and lucky people. Two main groups of people are in there: one is the people who are the very top players in Britain, the very richest and most powerful. And they are increasingly foreign. The other group of people are the children of the beneficiaries of the eighties boom in Britain. Many of whom weren't Sloane and didn't want to be Sloane. In the early days, new money wanted to be Sloane, but it doesn't now – it takes a much more global perspective. If your idea of the great life and the great achievement is setting up a global company and your

fic warden. But then humour is a typically British response to being threatened, and threatened, we might feel as the world's rich descend on our capital. House prices rise, tax evasion, endless building projects, nepotism; there are certainly a number of evils which can be attached to the invasion of the foreign rich and thus our concern may be warranted. Peter muses over this invasion: "The more Russians that get Anglicised the better! They're so spooky as they are, and so frightening. I think we need to change their values!" Xenophobia may indeed be a watchword.

But if there's one thing that the new rich, and the old Sloanes agree on is that it's not cool to be Sloane. Or you at least can't show it, and for the rest of us don't tell a Sloane that he's a Sloane, remember it's deeply uncool. But what can we look out

for as we cruise down the South side of the King's Road? "Essentially Sloanism isn't very fashionable, they just do the same stuff

and wear the same stuff. You see people wearing very bright trousers! Well actually their dads have been wearing dark red trousers to parties for a million years."

He also notes how foreign money has forced traditional sloanes further afield, "of course, all my friends' children live in Brick Lane! You scratch them under their cute little hipster hair and they've been to Eton too... Do you remember that thing that Chris Morris did? His programme, Nathan Barley was about that culture. Except it wasn't actually mad enough." So the often scoffed at *Made In Chelsea* is indeed wide of

the mark?

"When it started I wrote something about it for the Telegraph and I realised it should have been nastier. The question they asked me was 'are these Sloanes?'. Of course not! I mean, whatever she was called, Caggie or something, seemed a bit Sloane in background and style,

but no it's not a Sloane life in any sense. People said 'oh, but they've been to smart schools' and I said that's neither here nor there. This is just a sort of weird parody of the life of rich kids, and of course it can't be right as they've been put together, and cast, and almost scripted, but that's what they're aiming at."

And beyond Sloane-dom what else is London wearing? "Oh everything! London is such a melting pot. And it's not about class it's about geography. If you're in Knightsbridge, you watch the rich Arabs wear the designer stuff straight out of the shop window. If you're in Bloomsbury, you want to look like a First World War poet, or a between wars architect. It's all about geography." M

**"All my friends' children live in Brick Lane.
You scratch them under their cute little
hipster hair and they've been to Eton too!"**

perspective is a pretty global one, then the whole Sloane thing seems irrelevant. Sloane is just a bit decorative and archaic... It's irrelevant. They regard Sloane as irrelevant."

"But really if you look at the Sunday Times rich list, they are simply foreign. It is an enormous money, which dwarfs couth old money. And they have enormous power and don't fear to exert it, they're not at all restrained in exerting their power."

Oh, how we chortled when we saw the vulgar turquoise super cars of Harrods' Qatari owners clamped by a lowly traf-



A Pen of Damascus Steel

Time Magazine's 100 most influential people of 2012 included a man who has been kidnapped, tortured and exiled for his satirical attacks on the Assad regime. **Laura Hughes meets Ali Ferzat.**

Ali Ferzat's hands stand as a screaming symbol of Syrian resistance. On Thursday 25 August 2011, masked state-sponsored militia from President Bashar Assad's regime beat Ali and brutally broke his hands. It was a bid to silence this caricaturist into submission. But Ali Ferzat's hands healed. Ali is now living in exile in Kuwait where he continues to define, and redefine, through his own unique medium of mass communication, the slaughtering tyranny of the Syrian Government.

Ali Ferzat draws his caricatures between the prescribed lines of Syrian censorship. Ali had initially struck up a friendship with Bashar al-Assad, and it was the President who was responsible for initially legalizing the publishing of his drawings. Ali told me of their former friendship, "well that was more precisely a relationship that started at a gallery he attended in Damascus in 1996. He had wanted to know through me and other artists and intellectuals about the corruption in the country and kept making slogans of reform, development and modernization, but those slogans evaporated when he came to power. And I was very critical of him from the moment he took power through my extremely satirical cartoons."

Since the spring of 2011, Syrian protesters and the swathes of the poorer Sunni majority, have called for the dissolution of Assad's Ba'ath government. The United Nations estimates 10,000 people have been killed and 100,000 forced to flee from their homes. Assad's initial concessions have been replaced by a repressive crackdown and he has strangled Syria into subservience. The President has waged war against his own people and made a mockery of international attempts to quail his butchery. Syrians have been detained for expressing their opinions and reporting information online.

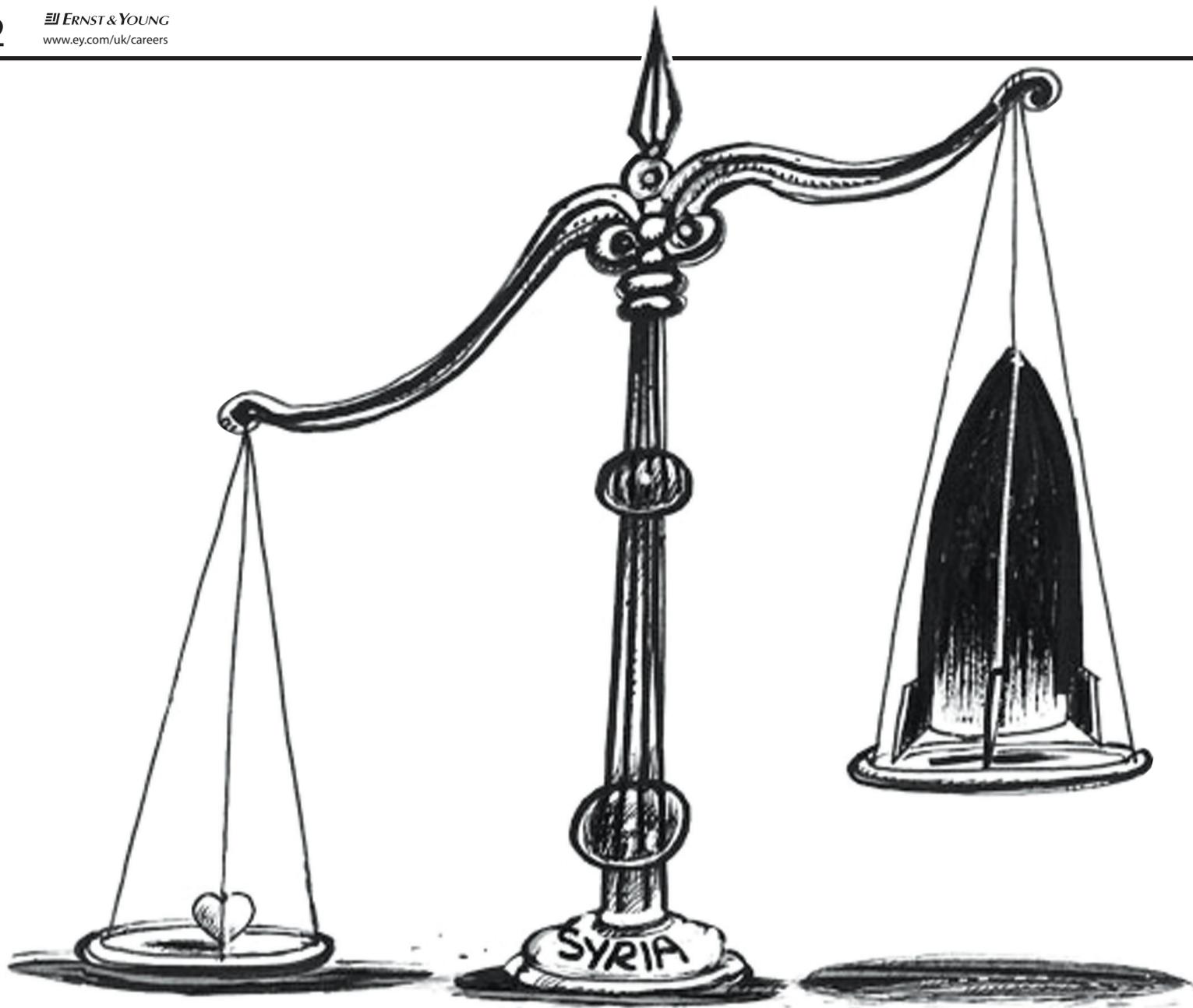
Ali's cartoons directly criticized Assad despite laws forbid-

ding the President from being characterised. It was a cartoon depicting the President hitch-hiking a ride with a fleeing Muammar Gadhafi which provoked the attack.

"Bashar sent his regime's shabiha, or thugs, to assault and kidnap me in the middle of the most important public square in Damascus (Umayyad square) and they threw me out of their car on the road to the airport thinking they could get rid of me." The American Embassy in Damascus called it "a government-sponsored, targeted, brutal attack." Ali talked of how he had left Syria for Kuwait a month after the incident in search of medical treatment that was unavailable in Syria. Secret service agents were arresting patients in hospitals whose wounds were received during protests.

Ali had his first cartoons published at just 14, on the front pages of al-Ayyam newspaper, before the publication was banned by Assad's father. Since then he has created more than 15,000 caricatures. In December 2000, Ali was granted permission to publish al-Domari, the first independent periodical allowed in Syria since 1963. In 2003, however, frequent censorship meant Ali was forced to shut the paper down. It was a cartoon depicting a General offering out military decorations instead of food to a hungry citizen that stirred the most discontent amongst Arab leaders. One cartoon includes an image of a gun with a razor blade for a trigger and a severed fingertip; a recent cartoon shows a small sprouting flower lifting a tank.

In 2012, Time magazine named Ali Ferzat one of the 100 most influential people in the world. Ali has received the 2011 Sakharov Prize for Freedom of Thought by the European Parliament and been honoured as one of the leading figures in the Arab spring. He was awarded the Reporters Without Borders 2011 Prize for Press Freedom and the Cartoonists Rights Network's 2012 Courage in Editorial Cartooning Award.



He has been blacklisted from Libya, Jordan and Iraq, and received death threats from Saddam Hussein. Yet still, Ali serves as the head of the Arab Cartoonists' Association, and cartoonists from across the world drew their own cartoons in response to Ali's attack.

I asked if satire and humour were really a means of procuring reform. "Yes, satirical humour can be used to turn the tables on dictatorship and injustice. When it stems from the pain of the people and is bold, when it shatters the barrier of silence and the fear of the people. The proof of that could be seen with the Syrian revolutionaries who carry my cartoons during protests as a show that they relate to the drawings." So, was it possible to be an artist and a creator before a political dissident? "The creative artist is for the most part not necessarily a political activist, as is the case with me. For politics is the art of deception while art is a moral stance that doesn't change."

In September 2005 the Prophet Jyllands-Posten drawings shook the Muslim world. The twelve cartoons depicted the Muslim Prophet in various satirical circumstances. One cartoon depicted Muhammad with a lit bomb upon his head instead of a turban. I wanted to know if cartoons ever cross a line. Ali believes that this is to be decided by the opinions of the cartoonist and those who consume their work. But the uproar in response to these 12 cartoons could have been "overlooked if it wasn't for the media that used them as a means for a political agenda and weren't concerned with art or religion. If we come to my personal opinion, I think we can criticise Muslims, Christians and Jews as people but what do the heavens have to do with that?"

The Syrian protests began in the city of Deraa in March 2011. Marchers demanding the release of 14 school children were brutally silenced, and government militia stormed their city. The violence triggered anti-government protests across the country. When security forces opened fire on peaceful demonstrations, initial demands for greater democracy, became calls for Assad's resignation. Protestors are asking for the immediate end to extra judicial killings and torture, the release of political prisoners, detained protesters and the transition to a democratic, free and pluralistic society. Opposition figures have stressed that they seek a multi-national, multi-ethnic, and religiously tolerant society.

During the Lebanese Civil War, Syria was quick to wield influence and interfere in the country's politics. The Syrian military occupied Lebanon from 1976 until 2005. If the crisis continues to escalate, commentators fear Hezbollah could occupy the Sunni section of Beirut, as they did in May 2006. Sectarian tensions in Lebanon are agitated between government troops and rebel sympathisers. As turmoil mounts in



Syria the security situation for the whole region hangs in the gallows. Condemnation has come against Najib Mikati, Lebanon's Prime Minister, who has adopted a policy to dissociate Lebanon from the repercussions of the unrest in Syria. Critics say he has taken the side of the Assad regime. The Lebanese political landscape is comprised of the Sunni-based alliance known as March 14, and the opposition, the Shia-dominated March 8 coalition headed by Hezbollah. The latter are strong allies of the Syrian dictatorship.

Did Ali believe the Syrian conflict would continue to spill into Lebanon? "Yes, the revolution could help raise the awareness of people whom will turn against the bloody governments that support the Syrian dictatorship in its suppression of the Syrian people, like Iran, Iraq and Lebanon. It can also spread in time outside the Middle East to places like Russia, China, Venezuela and Korea," - states that Ali described as "the countries of hell." We talked of the consequences for Hezbollah if Assad's regime was to fall: "Hezbollah and the Syrian regime are nothing but a robot of Iran in the region, they will lose power once the Iranians drop the remote control at the hands of the Syrian revolution."

The situation in Syria today echoes of the 1980s and of the international stagnation that fell silent in its wake. Hafiz al-Assad, the current President's father, responded to the Syrian Muslim Brotherhood by authorizing the shelling of Hama, leaving at least 10,000 Syrians for dead. Russia, China and Iran have till now supported the current regime. Russia and China came out against Western calls for intervention, on the basis of human rights concerns, and the possibility of growing Western influence in the region. If the Assad dictatorship survives it will remain largely dependant on its Iranian patron. Iran continues to sustain the regime through their supply of practical and financial assistance. This dependency could lead to what commentators have called an 'Iranian sphere of influence,' which would stretch from western Afghanistan to Lebanon, where Hezbollah remains a key Iranian ally.

I wanted to know what a man, who has given his life to his country's cause, thought of the international community's response to this gross violation of human rights and this humanitarian crisis. "The international community is currently devoid of humanity. The Syrian revolution has lifted the veil off the Syrian regime and now poses a moral dilemma for a free world which calls for freedom but will take care of itself before it can care for others." Ali's cartoons contend the idea that violence is the only means of achieving political ends. Students have stopped hearing, perhaps it's time we start looking. **M**

Thanks go to Noha Abdel Bary for her assistance in translation



Brewing for Britain

A recipe for beer brought by monks fleeing post-revolution France has been discovered within the abbey. **Martin Spurr** finds out how the Abbey is stepping up production.

“I don’t think we want to be Heineken”, says Father Terrance, the Prior at Ampleforth Abbey, “that’s not the idea and it’s always going to be a niche product, but that’s what we want.”

Perched on the southern boundary of the North Yorkshire Moors, the Benedictine Abbey’s striking location is a draw for many of the students at its prestigious school. But it’s the monastery’s newest money-making venture that enticed me to visit.

‘La biere anglaise’ or Ampleforth Abbey beer was launched this summer after a 200 year old beer recipe was discovered within the Abbey. The Ampleforth community had settled in France following the reformation by Henry VIII, but came back to England in the 1790s, fleeing from the French Revolution, with the precious recipe. They spent nine years wandering the British countryside, staying in Lancashire before eventually settling in Ampleforth.

“We came back to England as refugees”, explains Father Terrance, “and wandered around Lancashire to start with because most of the monks had Lancashire origins. But they

actually owned a house here because of the connection with Gilling castle, so we came here and that’s really the reason why it was started at Ampleforth.”

The beer recipe was found a few years ago in the Abbey, but it isn’t the first addition to the Abbey’s alcohol produce. Ampleforth cider has been made and sold for the past four or five years and at 8.3 per cent proof, Cameron Smith, the orchard manager, describes it as a “silent assassin”. Yet, this is not unusual for monastic alcohol.

The whole cider production is still small-scale despite an increase of capacity to 25,000 litres in recent years. “I have picked a few [apples]”, reveals Father Terrance, “or some of the other monks [will] if you’ve got a spare afternoon. So there is a monastic input to it. We do a ‘work and prayer’ retreat which involves picking apples as well as saying your prayers.”

Saying your prayers and picking apples sums up the monastic attitude: helping at any opportunity in any situation. The monks at Ampleforth, with ages ranging between 30 and 94, work in parishes, at a monastery in Zimbabwe, they teach

in the college, get involved in hospitality and retreat giving or work within the monastery itself looking after the elderly. But this is only sustainable with a solid revenue stream – the boarding school provides Ampleforth’s biggest income but the sale of its alcoholic produce is growing.

Globally, there does appear to be a connection between beer and monasteries. Apart from Ampleforth’s own ‘la biere anglaise’, Trappist beer, brewed by monasteries in Belgium, is said to be one of the finest in the world. In England, Buckfast Tonic Wine is brewed by a monastery in Devon. There are many ways a community could supplement their income but many monasteries choose alcohol – often rather strong alcohol. Father Terrance calls it “quite typical monastic work”, adding, “a lot of monasteries have farms and make money from doing that. And in a way that’s just another agricultural industry.”

“We have old monks that need to be cared for, we have buildings that need to be repaired. All that sort of thing. And we have to be, not exactly commercial, but we have to not make a loss because otherwise where is the money going to



“We’re not aiming at that market. The last thing we want to do is to contribute to drunkenness and social disorder and all that sort of thing.”



come from if we do?”

It’s not just the monks who lend a hand in helping with the orchard. Cameron recites how last year while eight prisoners were sent to work on the orchard one of them absconded because he, “owed someone in the prison money so the only way out of that situation was to do a runner.

“But he got caught quite soon and then he got sent to a different prison where the people he owed money to weren’t. The really sad news is that there were eight of them, they worked like Trojans - superb. On the Friday, which was when he did his runner, at lunchtime we had fish and chips planned and were going to let them go for a swim as a thank you. Well, he did a runner at 11 o’clock so they didn’t get the fish and chips and didn’t get a swim. They were quite miffed.”

Ampleforth’s cider really took off as a commercial activity after Father Rainer planted 1900 trees around the Abbey in the 1980s and the hope is the new beer will do the same. “We have tried other things. But it is hard selling 40 tonnes of apples, it’s impossible. People will come along and buy a box or a few bags but they don’t want to take 40 tonnes.”

The move towards commercial production of both Ampleforth cider and beer appears to be more incremental than a sudden change. Cameron stresses that the “pure ethos I think is about using what we have. It would be a crime to have 40 tonnes of apples going to waste each year. So there’s the question of also using it and making the best of it.”

The majority of raw materials needed for brewing can be found on a farm and monasteries often turned to breweries because the beer produced was better to drink than water. However, this still doesn’t explain why monastic beer is so highly regarded and so strong compared to other tipples.

“Because the community travelled far and wide”, suggests Cameron, “they probably managed to source materials and the ingredients, like hops and wheat, from the best places to get them and they had the contacts. So, I bet you they had the network to get the best of what they didn’t grow because if you think of what happened with beers in England it was actually brewed and made because the water was so bad. I don’t think there was too much refinement in how you made beer in the 1800s or 1700s it was just anything bar water.”

“And cider is the same. Cider in the West Country was part of people’s income, they were paid in cider. Again it was because it was better than the water.”

The strength of the Ampleforth beer and cider is due to the double fermentation within bottle conditions, giving it more sugar and therefore a higher proof. And although you might not think that the monks consume alcohol, Father Terrance explained how drinking beer, in moderation, is a lunchtime practice for the monks at Ampleforth.

“Traditionally we have beer at lunch. We just get a glass of beer, I mean, not half a pint even, just a glass - the jug gets passed around. Not everybody takes it of course, but that’s quite traditional and whether we are going to have our own beer I don’t know, at the moment it is just bought in beer.”

Though, there is one monastic produce that has become part of drinking culture - Buckfast. Made by monks in Devon, Buckfast Tonic Wine has the reputation of being a Glaswegian favourite.

“We’re not aiming at that market”, Father Terrance says reassuringly, “we are deliberately trying to not aim at that market. The last thing we want to do is to contribute to drunkenness and social disorder and all that sort of thing.

“That’s not what we want to do, that would be undermining what we are about and I don’t think Buckfast wants to do that. They are embarrassed about that use of their tonic, it’s really meant to be semi-medicinal. So you just have a little tot of the stuff. That’s what it is sold as; it’s not really sold as something you drink by the bottle.”

Ampleforth’s own beer, ‘la biere anglaise’ was officially launched in July and although only available in a certain number of bars and shops, there are a number of places in York that stock it. Cameron suggests that there has been a “real renaissance in Yorkshire products”, adding that there has been a lot of demand for their cider.

Although monasteries may be unlikely producers of some of the finest quality beer, it is a traditional practice and one that is on the up at Ampleforth Abbey. Indeed, demand is outstripping supply. Father Rainer used to sell out every year, “he had a market that was expanding but he wasn’t expanding fast enough”, Cameron describes.

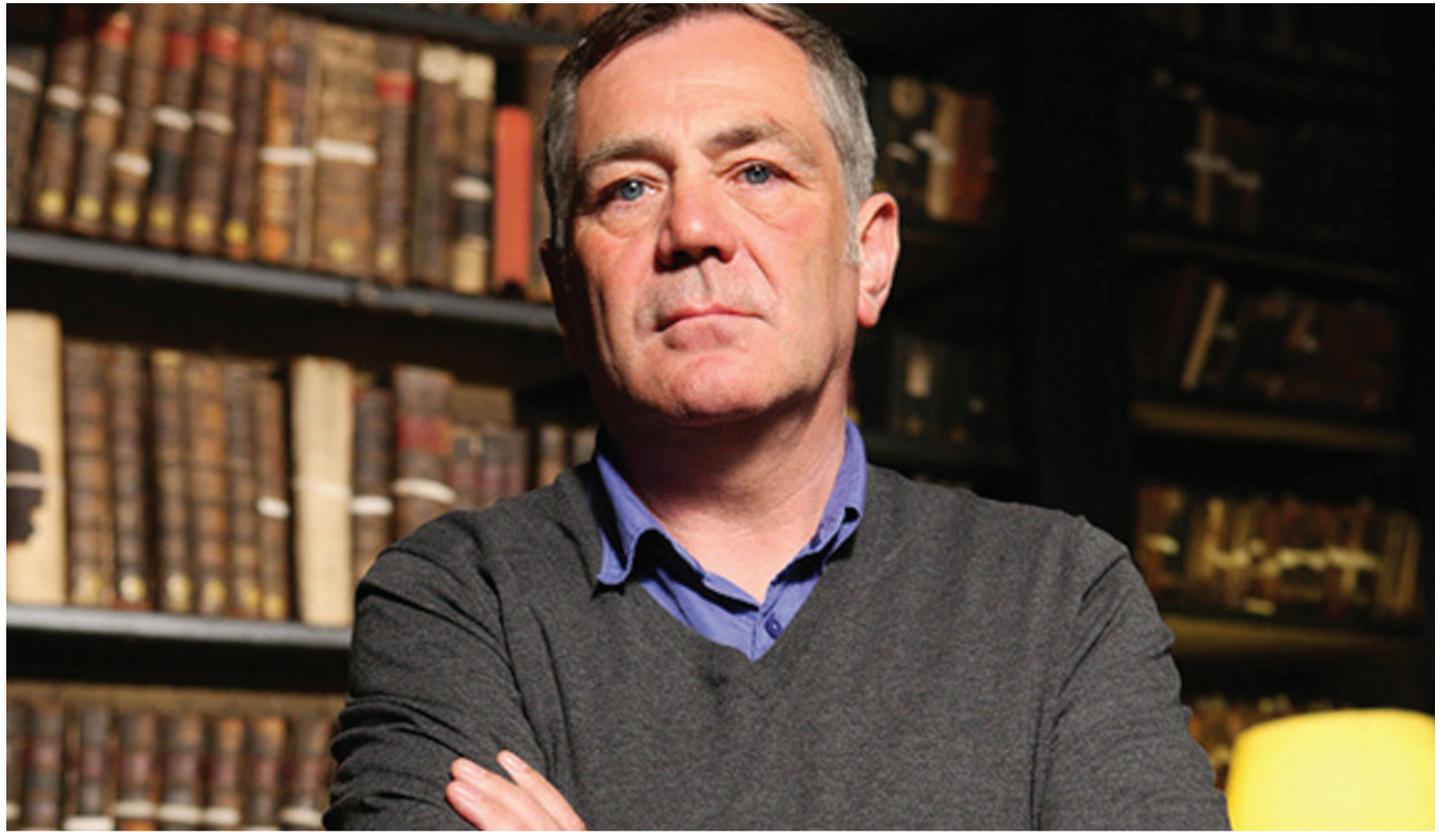
Yet, I sense a willingness to keep the beer relatively small-scale. As Father Terrance says, it should be something that is “rather special...we don’t want it to be the sort of beer which people just knock back and get blitzed.”

And that seems to be right. While what was once a hobby has been turned into a small-scale business, I think that is where it will remain. There is no desire to expand further and no need to with a profitable private school next door - however much I would love them to. The reason Ampleforth makes beer and cider is not due to a love of the liquor, but because of a love of the work they do at the monastery and in local parishes. The link between monasteries and beer may be puzzling but when you have 40 tonnes of apples, what else can you do? **M**

“Serial killers don’t talk about fine foods, architecture or blood spatter patterns. They’re actually rather boring, dull people who are weedy and needy”



One of the UK's leading criminologists David Wilson speaks to **Alex Swadling** about the need for penal reform, dispelling prison stereotypes, and how to spot a serial killer.



“When I went there I’d ask if he was OK, and say that I was concerned that he was locked up by himself. On one memorable occasion he waited for me to visit, and when we opened his cell door he had stripped naked and covered his entire body with black shoe polish. He then threatened to ‘stab me with his moustache’, and told me to ‘fuck off’. I did.”

The press called him “the most violent prisoner in Britain,” but for Professor David Wilson, Charles Bronson was simply another one of the inmates at HMP Woodhill where Wilson worked as a prison governor.

A ‘Category A’ prison, Woodhill is the notorious home of two special units which Wilson helped to design and manage, containing the 12 most disruptive prisoners in the country. “Even if my primary responsibilities were to the prison’s special units, I saw Bronson regularly enough in the segregation unit,” Wilson recounts in his column in *The Guardian*. “Only one person wanted Bronson to be in solitary confinement – Charles Bronson.”

Sat with a coffee in hand, the Wilson sat in front of me is very much the “celebrity” academic I’ve seen in more recent years on the TV and writing in newspapers – not perhaps how I’d imagine him as a prison governor dealing with the likes of Bronson. Wilson is direct and precise in his expression and he quickly abandons his coffee to free his hands, which are constantly gesticulating as he speaks. Notably, he is also nothing like the detached, chain-smoking bald bloke who was chosen to portray him in Nicolas Winding Refn’s 2008 biopic *Bronson*, which depicts an incident where Bronson held the prison librarian hostage and Wilson took on the role as hostage commander. “Of course I might have been calculating – or appeared so to him – but I am not bald, bespectacled, and I have certainly never smoked.” Wilson is an interesting man, to say the least.

In 1983, he completed his PhD at Cambridge and was then quickly recruited by the HM Prison Service’s Assistant Governor Scheme before starting his training at HM Wormwood Scrubs.

“Originally I was interested in the philosophical idea of why do some behaviours become labelled as crime and why do some behaviours, which cause just as much damage, are seen as permissible. Because I was reading philosophy it was this particular idea that attracted me to pursue a career in dealing with offenders. I wanted to apply the idea, and so my first ever job was an assistant governor in Wormwood Scrubs,” Wilson explains. “I literally went from the philosophy to the practice in the course of a weekend.”

As a perpetual student in his twenties with no previous experience of employment, it comes as no surprise that the transition was stark. “Stark contrast is perhaps understating what happened,” he smiles. “I think prison officers didn’t like assistant governors, especially ones called ‘Doctor’ who had come straight from Cambridge; they wanted their prison governors to be ex-army or something. It was only because I could prove my abilities of playing rugby and that I understood the idea of boarding schools and people living in close proximity that I was able to survive those first few months. They were crucial in allowing me to then go on and pursue the ideas that had interested me in the first place.”

By the age of 29, Wilson became the youngest prison gov-

ernor in the country. I ask how his experience of working with violent prisoners had affected his original philosophical thinking at this point. “My first exposure to a serial killer was when I was training as an assistant governor in Wormwood Scrubs and he was called Dennis Nilsen. I was kind of intrigued by that,” Wilson explains, referring to “the Kindly Killer” who was convicted in 1983. “But my first real experience of working with really violent prisoners was at Grendon, which operates as a psycho-dynamic therapeutic community, and therefore its purpose is incredibly optimistic.”

Working at the Young Offender’s Institutes Finnermore Wood and Huntercombe, Wilson went on to work at Grendon prison where he ran a sex offender’s treatment programme. Following his “positive experience” of working at Grendon, Wilson was asked to work with the violent prisoners of Woodhill. “That was a much more challenging experience and not at all as optimistic as the experiences of working at Grendon,” he concludes gravely.

His time and contact with these violent offenders began to shape his ideas on prison, and ultimately led him to quit the prison service in protest of the conditions. “I resigned when I returned from a visit on behalf of The Council of Europe to Albania. I was asked to help to advise the new democratic government of Albania about setting up a democratic penal system [Albania was previously under dictatorship]. Albania is an incredibly poor country – I was expecting their prisons to be appalling, but frankly they were better than our own.” His hands motion emphatically, also gesturing towards a deep-seated passion that now seems to have been masked by a well-practised television persona. “So, because of being under a dictatorship, their attitudes to prisons were far more enlightened than British attitudes towards prisons. I resigned when I came back from visiting Albania, saying I don’t want to do anything more in our penal system. It was a natural return therefore to apply for an academic job.”

Wilson, who is now a Professor of Criminology at Birmingham City University, has 15 published books predominantly on the subject of serial killers. He has also become a figure of the public eye, regularly contributing to *The Guardian* and presenting documentaries for the BBC and Channel 5. I ask Wilson about his responsibility to dispel the kinds of distorted images of prison and prisoners the media so loves to weep about. “Well to bring it bang up to date, I think it is very interesting how Channel 4 promoted Gordon Ramsay” Wilson begins, referring to Channel 4’s favourite over used leather handbag who went into Brixton prison to teach prisoners how to cook. “Both Channel 4 and Ramsay have played on two stereotypes of prison: the first was he was going to encounter super predators, that everybody there was going to try and kill him and try and hurt him in some way. But equally he’s also played on the other flipside of that stereotype; that prisoners are lazy and don’t want to get out of their cells; that they’ve really got to be cattle-prodded to take any action to change their circumstances,” he explains cuttingly. “So often what I’m doing in the public eye is trying to counteract those stereotypes by talking about how prison is in fact a much overused space that usually creates more problems than it solves. I think because the vast majority of the public don’t get access to the prison—that’s why programmes like Ramsay’s are so important—and if he panders to stereotypes it seems to me that it’s an oppor-

tunity missed.” Wilson raises his eyebrows as a resigned look flashes across his face. “I am pleased that it disappeared with almost no trace.”

However, Wilson’s involvement in television is also problematic. In 2008, Wilson resumed his role as prison governor in a fake prison with the former Home Secretary David Blunkett as part of social experiment that followed the rehabilitation of ten offending teenagers in a programme called *Banged Up*. Although the series was nominated for a RTS award, it received a mixed response, most notably from ex-convict turned writer Erwin James, who called it “a sham.”

“I think that *Banged Up* really did work” Wilson affirms. “The medium can work, it is just those TV programmes that want to be sensationalist, populist, and exploitative programmes—which tend more often than not to get a commission—that is the problem.” While I wouldn’t call *Banged Up* ‘ground-breaking’, the message is an obvious and important one. I do take some issue however with Wilson’s more recent documentary *Killers Behind Bars: The Untold Story*, which aired on Channel 5 earlier this year.

“*Killers Behind Bars* started out with a much more academic purpose, which was to introduce the public to real criminology as opposed to CSI criminology. In the series I’m actually using genuine profiling techniques,” he describes. “Actual offender profiling is a bottom up, data-driven approach to discovering or suggesting who the police might target the investigation towards.” While it is an incredibly interesting and compelling viewing, there is something quite uncomfortable about watching an hour-long documentary that re-opens these high profile cases in such horrific and intimate detail. Something about it just smacks of those “Never Been Seen Before!” straplines plastered all-over tabloids and ‘Real Life’ story magazines – the voyeurism of these kinds of programmes is just unavoidable.

I find myself getting frustrated that Wilson won’t acknowledge the difficulties of his own programme, which doesn’t seem to have much purpose other than to satisfy morbid curiosity. How can we find this elusive balance between entertainment and enlightenment? “Well the balance is heavily skewed towards entertainment,” he admits, “I think there are some interesting and edgy programmes as a consequence of that imbalance. For example, *Dexter* springs to mind as a very interesting and edgy programme. Dexter is a serial killer who targets other serial killers, so the viewer ethically and morally is being asked to root for Dexter – I find all that very problematic, because really what we’re playing on is a stereotype of what a serial killer is like. Serial killers are not dramatic, exciting, insightful people – they don’t talk about fine foods and Florentine architecture or blood spatter patterns. They’re actually rather boring, dull, grey, everyday people who are self-obsessed, weedy and needy.”

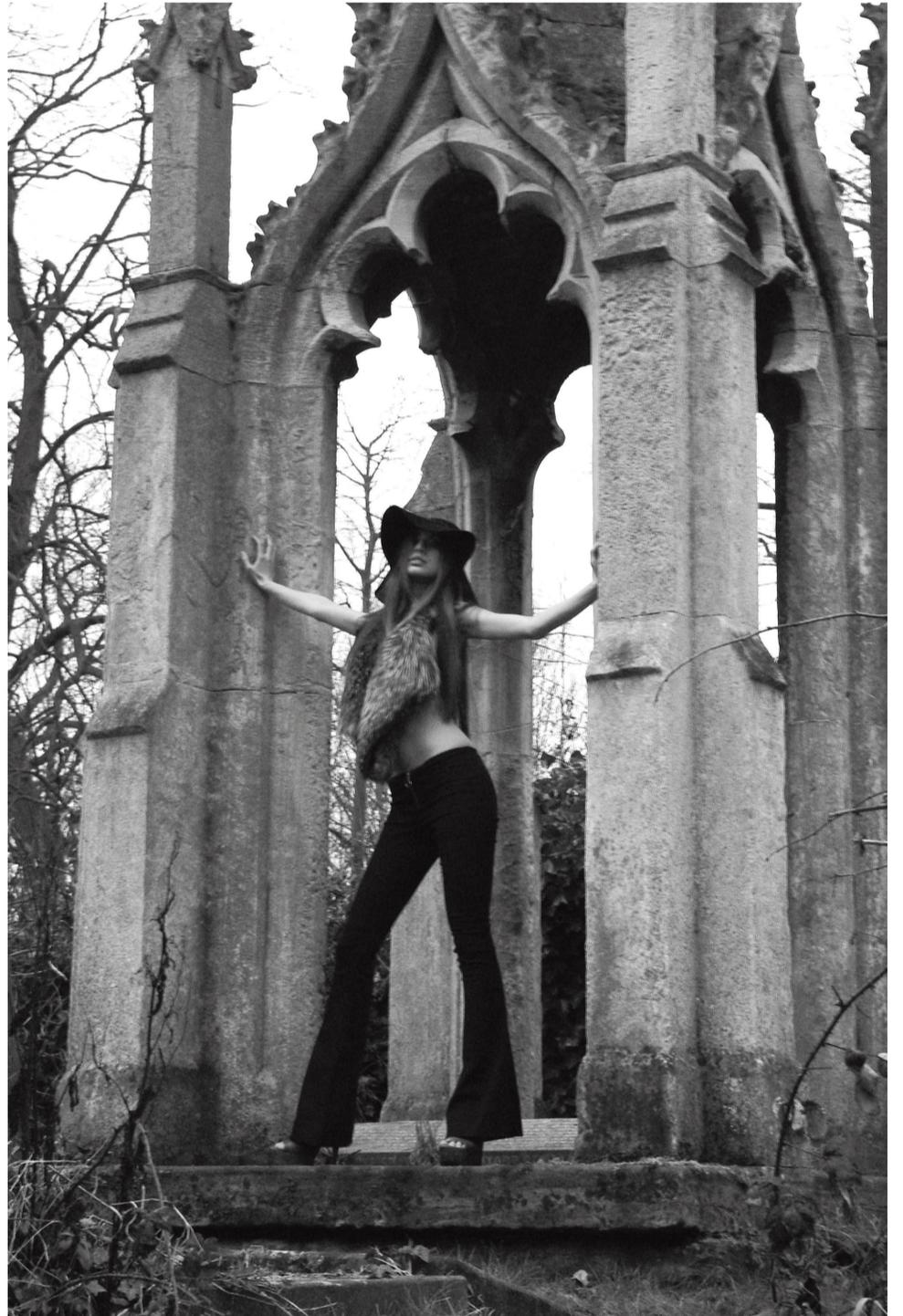
It’s not quite the resolve or explanation I wanted, but it does characterise a man who has remained faithful to the truth and to his own experiences. David Wilson can certainly be relied on for a well-informed and lucid voice on the prison debate, it’s just a shame that he appears to have sold out to the celebrity machine. You wonder whether his television programmes are purporting exactly the stereotypes he’s trying to avoid. **M**

With thanks to Ed Greenwood for his help and research.



A GRAVE AFFAIR







PHOTOGRAPHER AND CREATIVE DIRECTOR: NATASHA WIGODER. STYLIST: BENJAMIN BURNS.
ASSISTANTS: IMOGEN PRUS, ISEULT SMITH. MODEL: REBECCA CHOONG WILKINS.
CLOTHES: LE SET. LOCATION: THE CHAPEL AT YORK CEMETERY.

Fashion.

Slightly. Lacking. Presence

Why did the seventies show from Slimane leave critics feeling sedated, asks **Miranda Larbi**

It's usually the likes of Tulisa or Joey Barton who air their grievances on twitter, not the elusive head of a global fashion house. So Hedi Slimane - head of Yves Saint Laurent - has shocked the fashion world through a full blown twitter tirade against New York Times fashion critic, Cathy (or Catty - Hedi is witty if nothing else) Horyn. Unfortunately, Slimane's debut collection has been overshadowed by his off-catwalk antics. Engrossing as it is, the lead up to Fashion Week is not the best time for a designer to vilify those poised to critique their collection - especially with a house as adored as Laurent.

Slimane returned to YSL in March after a twelve year hiatus, in which he redefined the male silhouette at Dior Homme (his androgynous, slim designs ruled the catwalks to such a degree that Karl Lagerfeld lost six and a half stone just to wear them), and took sabbatical as a photographer. His debut at YSL marks not only a return to fashion design, and his first stab at womenswear, but also marks a re-jig of the house itself. Slimane's rebranding of the house as Saint Laurent Paris has baffled many - why meddle with a brand identity as iconic as YSL - but serves as a move to further the house's authenticity: in 1966 it started as 'Saint Laurent Rive Gauche'. I wonder if Slimane's determination to remain faithful to the foundations of the brand, and it's ideas, is partly responsible for the less than enthusiastic reaction to his comeback.

YSL has utterly defined womenswear during its forty odd year reign, and Slimane's SS13 collection pays homage to that legacy - we see a repatriation of seventies design with elegant swathes of chiffon, seductive floppy hats and floor length frilled and fringed creations. There is no doubt in my mind that the collection will be a commercial success



PHOTO CREDIT: DAPHNE JEPPE @ PORTLAND PR COLLECTION

- the pieces are luxurious, beautiful, easy to wear, and are bound to fly off the shelves on Bond Street. But, commercial viability aside, I wonder if the collection is everything we'd hoped for; if it is original; if it speaks of an artist come to take the reigns of a label and bring something new to the table. The answer is no, and I am getting bloody tired of revival.

In the weeks building up to Paris fashion week, the PR team of YSL, sorry SLP, bombarded the media with emails demanding that the label be referred to by its new (or old) name, as well as insisting that only a select few mono-

chrome images be used in articles. Such media control seems excessive if not obsessive, and would certainly rile the fashion critic. One would hope that the collection would be worthy of such censorship and secrecy. Alas, when it finally debuted, insiders world-wide clapped languorously and moved onto more exciting ventures. As Vogue's Alexandra Schulman tweeted, the disappointing reaction to Laurent's latest show may have been 'an example of what happens when you try to overly control the media. Generally everyone is more generous to first collections'.

He has been criticized for a lack of imagination and daring, yet if he had created something truly revolutionary, life-long YSL supporters might have thrown their arms up in protest. Alas, the fashion world may have been more supportive of this catch 42, had the leadership of the label not been the subject of debate and scrutiny in the run up to PFW. Alas it would seem that the pressure of maintaining both a carefully crafted personal and brand image has been too much for Slimane. Something had to give - unfortunately, it was the collection.

Trends. Outerwear. Miranda Larbi.



ALL COATS AT JAMBOREE AT ASOS

When you're freezing your bits off, the last thing you want to see is a hoard of mentalists prancing around in hot pants and boots. I may have northern blood, but to get me out after dark during the winter term, I have to have a woollen blanket-like scarf wrapped around my face and a number of furred/knitted/puffed layers - and that's with a beer coat on. Either I'm being let down by my genes or these girls are insane. I admire people who don't let the weather affect their plans, but whilst this sort of determination may come into its own later in life, for now these hoards of nutters who shiver on icy curbs with bare limbs look ridiculous..and, more to the point, cold. These are also probably the people you can hear spreading that tubercular-sounding cough around campus. It seems that either we cover every inch of our bodies in unflattering padding, putting on three stone in the process, or we refuse to acknowledge winter and submit ourselves to months of disease and frostbite. Fortunately this year there's a plethora of attractive coats and jackets on the high street to ensure that one is hot [in both senses of the word] even in a blizzard. There's no need to sacrifice style for comfort. In fact they're so nice, you might struggle to take them off..

Campus Style Icon



Sacha Alanoca

3rd Year, Philosophy, Economics and Politics

You're French right? How does style here compare to back home?

Here, fashion is a lot more daring and colourful! I love French brands for their beautiful cuts and textiles, but style tends to become monotonous as a lot of people stick to 'safe' choices. I definitely feel that in the UK, people risk leaving their comfort zones and are not scared of trying out different 'personalities'.

So we're a country of eccentrics. Ok...well how has your look changed since moving to York?

Well...I have been 'inspired' to keep my tights on during the winter and to never, ever wear five inches heels when snow shows up.

Life lessons are being learnt here. Anyway, I'm not too 'au fait' with the up and coming French fashion scene. What designers or brands would you recommend?

Maje, Sandro & Comptoir des Cotonniers have always been favourites due to their amazing quality. As for an up and coming designer, Julien David (ANDAM prize winner) is definitely someone to follow with his deconstructed, androgynous streetwear collection.

If you could shop anywhere, money no issue, where would it be?

Colette; I would advise anyone going to Paris to visit this concept store/artistic platform, whether you are into fashion or not. It's like a contemporary art museum which showcases the latest collections from the catwalks, whilst at the same time giving a chance for new designers to have their debuts on display.

I'll be sure to check it out next time I'm down the Rue Saint-Honoré. And finally, a piece of advice for the students of York this winter?

Do not stick to black or you'll be as gloomy as the weather. And for girls, have a look in the men's section for oversized jumpers, comfy coats and other (surprisingly) more affordable and practical items of clothing.

Miranda Larbi
FASHION EDITOR

The Cold List



Juice: Runny red noses will never be fashionable. We've been defeating ours by juicing all fruit and vegetables in reach, with the aid of Juice Master Jason Vale (thank you Argos, but note, this is the only time you will appear in this section). If that all sounds a bit too worthy, juice goes great with (a lot of) gin. Despite waking up in a bath last Wednesday, I was galvanized and glowing. Ahem.

Smoking Slippers: It's been a long time coming, but flats really are back, and not just for comfy days. Smoking slippers, seen at Miu Miu, McQueen and Nine West, as well as paragon of style Alexa Chung, make easy work of elevating any outfit. Men of a sartorially adventurous disposition, take note - Jimmy Choo and Stubbs and Wootton offer some great variations.



French Pharmaceuticals: French pharmacy brands have long been the go to for industry insiders, and the reason is simple: they target a problem and solve it. For parched winter skin, Lait Creme Concentre by Embryolisse, though hard to find, is an essential. Eau Thermal Avene, Vichy and La Roche Posay, which are all available at Boots, will also make light work of that frightful flake.



Clothing: Redundant as this may sound, clothing seems to be something quite a few people are forgetting, to the extent that both Miranda and myself feel the need to address it. Girls - bandage dresses do not go well with mottled purple skin. Boys - nor do t-shirts and shorts (seriously, shorts!). It snowed last week. Yes, we're students, but surely we can afford coat check.



The Monk Strap: Brogues are all good and well, if a little too omnipresent. Diversify your wardrobe with Monks, which make the perfect alternative, paired with jeans, chinos or trousers. Church's and Russell & Bromley offer classic takes, but go to Grenson and Mark McNairy for something a little less 'boy in man's clothes'.

The Enemy Within.

Benjamin Burns

Recently, I realised that I hadn't bought a men's lifestyle magazine in an age. As an impressionable teenager, there was always at least 1912318 in my bag, and I only read the fashion section. Now, as a wiser boy-man hybrid, I forget the fashion section and go for the features. Yes, my interests have grown, but it's more than that: I avoid the fashion section.

It's part boredom, part loathing. Not only does every fashion section in every mainstream men's magazine feel the same to read (minus the odd exception like Vogue Hommes Japan), they combine to create a rhetoric which sits at odds with an essential attribute of journalism, and also with my reasons for loving fashion in the first place.

I'm talking about the prescriptive tone which underscores the 'Guides', 'Rulebooks' and 'Manuals' of men's magazines, which rams an archetypal ideal of what is and what is not to be a well dressed man down the reader's throat.

'Never wear shorts more than an inch above the knee...never carry a man bag...never wear a short sleeve shirt' (paraphrased from some of the most recent issues of one of the biggest men's magazines. Let's call it Gormless Quandry).

To me, an essential attribute of journalism is that it reports on things I, as a reader, am unaware of, or gives me insight into an alternative outlook on things that I am aware of. Whether it's politics, fashion, music or sport, I don't pay £4.00 to read the same BS month in, month out.

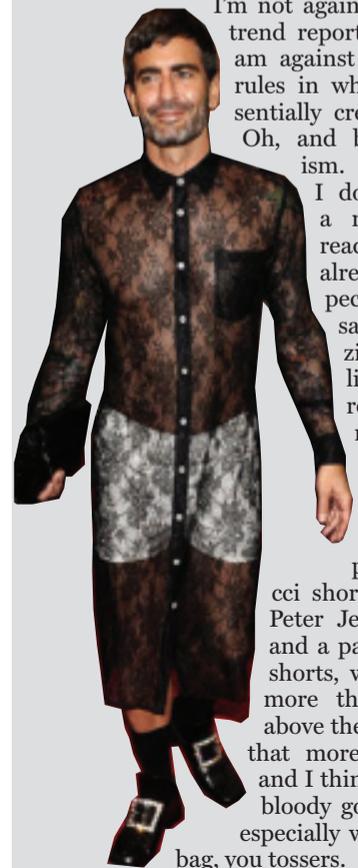
This is where, in my opinion, mainstream men's fashion journalism has gone wrong. Its journalists choose not to report on the designers which challenge and refresh, or the explorers of the sartorially less trodden road. They choose not to sew a view of menswear which reflects its progressive and diverse existence. Rather, they choose to regurgitate and recycle an uninspiring, threadbare and flaccid view of menswear, which is as relevant as an article on health which champions the eating of fruit.

In doing so, they risk causing the reader to forget how to explore fashion as a way to express themselves, rather than as a way to sartorially bleat along with the rest of the herd. I sound like I'm going to shred the clothes and skin the pets of all those who work at the ominous sounding magazines. No.

I'm not against advice, or trend reporting. What I am against is inflexible rules in what is an essentially creative arena.

Oh, and bad journalism. It's simple:

I don't pick up a magazine to read what I've already read, especially in the same magazine, and I like what I do read to spur me to form my own ideas about the subject. I also have a pair of Gucci shorts, a pair of Peter Jensen shorts, and a pair of Carven shorts, which are all more than an inch above the knee (make that more than two), and I think that I look bloody good in them, especially with my man bag, you tossers.



Benjamin Burns

Arts.

Illuminating York's Wonderland

Comedian Vic Reeves showcases his talent as an emerging artist as part of *Illuminating York*. **Celia Scruby** investigates.

Now in its eighth year, *Illuminating York* is a festival of light using modern projection technologies to transform the City's architecture and gardens into a Wonderland.

This year's *Illuminating York* has been taken to another level, moving away from reflecting York's heritage, which was its previous focus, and delving into the world of fantasy. The Museum Gardens have been transformed into a curious landscape: giant neon baubles fill the undergrowth while white light appears to drip continuously down the trees. The ruins of St Mary's Abbey itself are lit up with an array of dancing figures within its Gothic arches. The event even has a touch of celebrity, Leeds born comedian Vic Reeves worked with York based artists Bright White Ltd., Bar Lane Studios, and Arup to create this year's theme "Wonderland".

Although he is best known for his double act with Bob Mortimer on the quiz show *Shooting Stars*, and subsequently *Lucky Sexy Winners*; Reeves has always had a love for painting and began a part-time course at an art college in 1983, where he developed his skills and eventually persuaded a local art gallery to exhibit his work.

Given his artistic training, one might find the style of the work he showcased at the festival rather surprising. His drawings which were projected onto the Georgian façade of the Yorkshire Museum are unsophisticated and bordering on childlike in appearance. His comments on his work however, add a rather subverted element to what you see. As Reeves said, "I actually do know how to draw well and get proportions right but in these drawings I tried to draw as badly as I could", adding that "I have ideas and if I think they are funny or peculiar I draw them. I draw because I get a kick out of it. It's my drug."

The musical choices which accompany these projections were also chosen by Reeves, and described by one of his artistic counterparts at Bright White as "an eclectic mix", which seems to compliment the nature of his artwork perfectly. Indeed, one of the artists, Simon Baker, describes sitting down one afternoon with a box of music given to him by Reeves, and playing each track which, when combined with Reeves' drawings, "turned each illustration into a concept". A rather striking example of this was



PHOTO CREDITS: LILLIE GRANT

played out as I saw one of Reeves' projections: a blue man with an expanding head shone onto the Yorkshire Museum singing "you can take a handful I don't care, as I go on to strawberry fair. So I said to this fellow 'your cherries soon will go mouldy and bad'". The absurdity of the experience was certainly entertaining but also went some way in suspending the belief of those watching, and so really entering into the idea of the "Wonderland".

The content of his work is intriguing in the way he experiments with the idea of child play. His image of a fluorescent rabbit, animated so its eyes bulge out rhythmically, is pictured with a wand and a hat, so the sketch reminds you of children's party magic show and hallucinogenic vision all at once. This provocative element is what Reeves describes, rather ominously as like "the idea of the sad clown who, underneath his make-up is far from what people expect". Reeves' mischievous character further emerged when he was asked about the quirkiness of his ideas and whether there had

been any opposition to his psychedelic visions. He responded saying "I didn't offer up anything controversial", pausing to add "I mean, I wanted to incorporate a jabberwocky and that didn't happen and a giant spear of fire on 100 foot tall hay bales..." Although these comments should be taken with a pinch of salt, it is clear Vic Reeves is incredibly proud of

**"I draw because I get a kick out of it.
It's my drug."**

the project; when his 8 year old daughter asked him whether he liked having his picture on the Museum he said "yes, I do", with serious conviction that relayed just how much the project means to him.

The whole creation process for the event has taken two years, yet it was only on the opening night of *Illuminating York* that the dazzling results of its creators' efforts were fully realised and marvelled at. The team of artists really wanted people to interpret the installations themselves, saying "we have left room

for imagination, there is no prescribed image. We feel there is too much around today telling you how to respond". When asked if they felt the show had set a precedent for future artistic events in York, the artistic team, including Reeves, replied saying that "merging the history of York's architecture with everything that's new in our illuminations shows off York

as a centre of emerging digital media, an approach we hope will carry on." Speaking to Simon Barker, an artist involved in the project, about the legacy of *Illuminating York* he said "we would really like the Yorkshire Museum to adopt some of the installations into the Museum Gardens permanently". So whilst the event does contain the element of fantasy, the concept of exhibiting contemporary art forms in York's historic settings is something I believe *Illuminating York* has made a reality.

In Pictures: *Illuminating York*



PHOTO CREDITS: LILLIE GRANT

Home is Where the Art is

Art is increasingly becoming more accessible for the Everyman, and Leeds Art Gallery is one of the most recent leaders in this movement, finds **Francesca Butcher**

Today, with thanks to the establishment of public art, we live in a country where art is infinitely accessible and enjoyable. Our national love affair with all things creative was recently visible in the 2012 'Cultural Olympiad' - an explosion of arts events which boasted a turnout of more than 19.5 million people across the duration of the festival. The liberation of Art that we now know today didn't happen overnight. It all began with the Cultural Revolution of the 1960s; the new generations of the 60s moved away from classical, aristocratic impressions of art to imagery that was purely popular, making the viewing and understanding of art more enjoyable. From then on art was to be owned by the people.

Recently, Leeds Art Gallery has joined the movement, making sure art is readily accessible to the public. The Gallery has over 600 works, including Moore's, up for rent. On four days a year the gallery gives the public the opportunity, for only £4 a month, to pick up and take home anything they choose. Being able to take my very own Moore home brought me to think on the incredible legacy left behind by one of North's artistic giants and his commitment to the notion of public art. A champion of art for the people would be proud to have his name associated with the gallery's picture lending scheme. Moore was, and still is, a revered patron of public art, with his works on display to the public in over 30 locations in Britain alone. His abstract modernist sculptures are so commonplace that they almost become invisible to us. The sculpture, Time-Life Screen, installed in 1953 on Bond Street, is passed under by thousands of people a day; yet it is certain that it is not frequently appreciated for what it truly is.

Moore was conscious to make sure that art was not just for those who could pay for it. His sculpture Old Flo, or Draped Seated Woman (as it is most commonly known), was installed in the middle of the tower blocks of Stifford Estate, Stepney, east London, a place with some of the greatest depravation in Britain. Moore, an avid socialist, made a statement with Old Flo that his art was for everyone without exception.

It was during World War Two that Moore truly made a name for himself. He was no longer able to make money from teaching or selling his sculptures, so he found artistic inspiration elsewhere. He was morbidly inspired by the tragic involvement of the powerless civilians in the war and he privately produced more than 300 sketches of their experiences, showing his art to be not just for the people, but of them as well. It was only after one of his sketchbooks caught the eye of Kenneth Clark, who was Chairman of the War Artists Advisory Committee (WAAC), that a new creative vein was



HENRY MOORE'S DRAPED SEATED WOMAN

to be opened for Moore. Moore declined the offer to be a war artist, but, due to financial problems, he sold a large number of his Shelter Drawings in Britain, to the WAAC as well as private collectors in the United States. This success led to Moore's first New York exhibition in 1943; but this was only the beginning. By 1948, Moore was a national export, he was already considered one of Britain's best artists and in turn was chosen, along with Turner, to represent Britain at the Venice Biennial, under the title of "Great British Artists, Living or Dead." Moore won the prize for sculpture.

Born in Castleford, Yorkshire, in 1898, he arguably became the most influ-

ing his work in the 100 acres of Country Park during his visits in the 1970s. Moore often expressed the influence his childhood in Yorkshire had on his work, saying that he would not change his simple upbringing for anyone else's, especially the life of an upper class boy who was sent away to boarding school, never to experience the rich cultural life the industrial town of Castleford provided him with.

He took much of his inspiration, for both his materials, and the subject of his works, from landscapes and nature. He once said: 'Perhaps what influenced me most over wanting to do sculpture in the open-air, and relate my sculpture

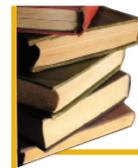
"Moore was conscious to make sure that art was not just for those who could pay for it."

ential man Yorkshire has ever produced. Moore rose from a humble background, as the son of a coal miner, to count people such as Kenneth Clark, the internationally influential art historian, among his greatest supporters. Clark once said to the writer Stephen Spender that if the human race found themselves in a situation where they had to find an ambassador to represent the planet, they could choose no better than Henry Moore.

Moore's works can be seen in over 200 locations in 38 countries across the world. However, the largest collection of Moore's bronzes in Europe is here in Yorkshire, in the Yorkshire Sculpture Park (YSP). The YSP bronzes represent Moore at the peak of his career; the collection of bronzes were created between 1955 and 1985, a period when Moore worked on a monumental scale. By the end of the 1970s there were some forty exhibitions a year featuring Moore's work. Moore was the first patron of the YSP, which opened in 1977, and he expressed a profound interest in plac-

to landscape, comes from my youth in Yorkshire; seeing the Yorkshire Moors.' Moore believed that the best and only way to view his sculptures was outdoors: 'I would rather have a piece of my sculpture put in a landscape...than in the most beautiful building I know.' Moore's obsession with the outdoors truly established his work as public art. He was always very concerned with public accessibility to his work, though maintained some balance, being wary to never let public art compromise his artistic virtue.

It is certain that Moore would be proud of the legacy he has left upon Yorkshire, Britain and the world. The rise in public art, starting with Moore, has made art how it can be seen it today. Anybody is able to enjoy the art that they want, anywhere, anytime, anyplace: including having a Henry Moore in their student room, as I have had the privilege of doing. The streets, the galleries, and the home is where the art is - or should be, if we all knew the opportunities available to experience it.



Best Book

James Metcalf

A Casual Vacancy J.K. Rowling

Being the recipient of an MBE and France's Legion D'Honneur for her services to children's literature, it is hard to criticise J. K. Rowling. Among the handful of acclamatory book prizes, not to mention a fortune to rival that of the Royal Family, this relatively young author has certainly proved herself as a gifted storyteller. Not only has the *Harry Potter* series - spanning a staggering ten years - remained unsurpassed in the world of literature, her new venture has broken down even more boundaries, though perhaps not the ones she expected.

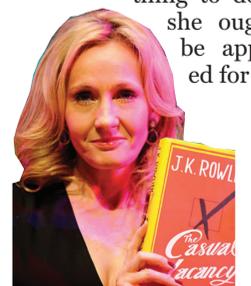
It is hard not to love J. K. Rowling. Her books have permeated vital junctures in the life of almost every member of my generation and, though it might now be a hard fact to swallow, many young adults (myself included) ravaged every book featuring the boy wizard and pined with starvation for the next instalment. While her new book is for adults, Rowling's capacity to fill the corners of your mind with adoration for the twists of her deceptively meandering (and painfully constructed) plot, alongside her hatred for the duplicity of her Machiavellian characters, has never left her.

Concerning the now vacant slot on the parish council of a small, middle-class township called Pagford, *The Casual Vacancy* does not sound half as thrilling as the exploits of everyone's favourite awkward, yet magically-gifted, teenager. Nevertheless, as Rowling turns her perceptive gaze to the social problems affecting a nation of labels and stereotypes, the thrill has rather worryingly remained intact when following her now elegant and poised sentences. The scope of the novel is enormous. Following the lives of teenagers and the elderly in equal portions (with some of the in-betweeners of the middle-age range thrown in for good measure) - and, in no particular order, documenting domestic abuse, rape, and drugs alongside the dramatic school-work-home (and council) life of every character without discrimination, it is a mammoth

undertaking. Fortunately it is managed with the grace one would expect from a writer as well-versed as Rowling.

As a woman she has clearly grown from the shy, mousy-looking former pauper every child idolised for her propensity to fill them with awe, into a well-kept woman of the world, so too has the language, style, and focus of her words. Where once a book was devoured in a matter of a day or so as the plot ripped along like a break-neck rollercoaster, it is now necessary to take the time to process the events of a seemingly 'normal' place with - on the face of it - 'normal' inhabitants. It is, however, anything but 'normal', as life so rarely seems to be in spite of the appellation so wantonly pinned to every cross-section of modern society; and, as Rowling unfurls her magnificent tale of opposite forces set in perpetual and tortuous motion, this seems to be one of her very many moral messages.

That said, it is a book absolutely full of everything. It bursts at the seams with the sheer volume of characters, and with everything that happens - to each of them in turn and, ultimately, as a cohesive mass - the reader is almost overwhelmed. With regular breaks between chapters (which are mercifully short) and partitions throughout the book, digesting *The Casual Vacancy* proves quite as worth-while as the first *Harry Potter* did fifteen years ago, if with slightly more effort. Rowling has managed, in the face of overwhelming odds and the constant challenge of living up to the shadow of *Harry Potter* - much as Conan Doyle constantly attempted escape from Holmes - to grow with her readers. This is not an easy thing to do, and she ought to be applauded for it.



Editor's Picks.

Mary O'Connor

10 November 2012 - 22 December 2012
The New School House Gallery, York
Transformations

An exciting new show is to take place at the New School House Gallery, which combines artwork and sculpture by Helen Chadwick as well as poetry by Costa Book Award winner, Jo Shapcott. The show includes work by other local artists, in addition to work by Brazilian artist Von Calhau.

Tues 6 November - Sat 10 November 2012
Grand Opera House York
Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat

Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice's hit musical is due to come to York this November, a perfect pre-Christmas treat. Retelling the biblical story of the boy who dreamed, his amazing coat of many colours and his scheming brothers, it is a story that never loses its vibrancy and appeal.

Music.

Reggae-metal-jungle-punk

Skindred frontman Benji Webbe talks to **Alex Swadling** about Wales, the pub and the Pope

“When I walk into a room I want people to think - ‘who the fuck-ing hell does he think he is?’” Benji Webbe, Skindred’s front man, has never quite fitted in. Growing up as a black kid in Wales wasn’t especially easy for him either, but Webbe thrives on this feeling of difference.

Back in the mid-90s, Webbe was one of the driving forces of the rock explosion in Newport (which Spin Magazine consequently dubbed as ‘The New Seattle’) when he created Dub War. Bad Brains may have done something similar in the 80s, but Webbe didn’t just bring punk and reggae together, he also threw some metal, jungle and dance music in and created something that was not just innovative, but something that people loved.

Their record label thought otherwise and wouldn’t allow the band to record. Dub War were forced to disband, but out of their ashes came Skindred. Still brandishing Dub War’s ragga-metal ethos, Skindred have released four albums over the past ten years. Their debut *Babylon* charted No.1 in the U.S. Reggae Albums Chart and their most recent offering *Union Black* has been voted in the Top 10 albums of the year in both Big Cheese and Metal Hammer magazines. They’ve also toured worldwide to sold-out venues and played the main stages at the likes of Download, Sonisphere and Boardmasters. Alongside this, they’ve recently been recognised with the ‘Devotion Award’ by Kerrang, and were also awarded as ‘Best Live Band’ at Metal Hammer’s Golden Gods earlier this year – the ultimate middle finger to their former record label.

“With or without them arseholes I’d still be doing it” Webbe lolls in a soft Welsh accent. “God bless record labels, but you know sometimes I just think they’re a bunch of buffoons who can’t even tap in time.” I get the impression this is one of his well-rehearsed lines that he uses down the pub, but I don’t mind. Webbe is friendly and talkative and without him, I’m not sure Skindred would be as successful and likeable as they are.

With a sound made for partying, Webbe and his band really come to life on-stage. “You know what makes Skindred’s gigs is the people” he says firmly. “I come with the intention for people just to forget about their bullshit lives for ten minutes and really tune into the energy that’s Skindred’s creating. It’s not just about playing, it’s about me as a frontman freeing people’s minds and once their mind is free their ass is gonna follow, and after their ass it’s gonna be legs and then pits [mosh, not arm] and dancing and shaking and moving.” Webbe also provides visual entertainment, and relishes his role as frontman in some very bold, not to mention un-



PHOTO CREDIT: GARY WEBBER

flattering outfits. Squint and it could be Will.i.am. “I get my inspiration from the Pope, Elvis Presley and Michael Jackson. They dress outrageous and they have a pretty cool message. The Pope? Some of his outfits are ridiculous!” Webbe describes earnestly while I try my hardest not to laugh. “I just think if you’re a frontman going on stage you have to bring something different you know – a t-shirt and a pair of jeans? I wear that going to the corner shop.” He is so sweet, but I wish he knew how easy an inappropriate paedophile joke would be to make at this point.

“I get my inspiration from the Pope, Elvis Presley and Michael Jackson”

More than his ridiculous clothes and his band’s unique music, what really strikes me about Webbe is how honest and kind-hearted he seems to be. While Skindred’s music has often been upbeat and light-hearted in topic, their latest album, *Union Black*, exposes Webbe’s concern for those around him. “Well when I go to the pub, and I go to the pub quite a lot, I listen to a lot of conversations and that. I mean, the world’s got all this madness, but I’m just more into writing about my street - like the woman down the street whose husband has been abusing her for thirty years.

Maybe she’ll never hear the record, but it’s just an outlet. I sort of channel out things that upset me through Skindred and it’s an amazing outlet to do that. I’m inspired by everything: I’m inspired by movies, by talking to an old lady in a shop about how things used to be, from Mozart to the Sex Pistols. If it’s got attitude and a message then I can be inspired by that” Webbe chatters. “I mean, I’m not scared to write lyrics like ‘shake ya ass cos it looks good’, because it’s all about the party at the end of the day. But say for instance if someone found a *Union Black* booklet and picked up and

Above: Benji Webbe knows how to dress.

going to London for me was amazing. Believe it or not I enjoyed getting on the tube every morning,” laughs Webbe.

Union Black also seem to be more patriotic as a result – opening with a heavily vocoded dance version of the national anthem which old Lizzy would surely give the thumbs up to. “I wouldn’t say I’m proud of being British” he muses. “But I’m very happy of my father’s choice to step out of the West Indies and I’m very glad he came to the UK and that I grew up here.” I ask Webbe how he feels about growing up in Wales. He cuts me off. “I don’t do Wales, Scotland and Ireland, I just think we’re all British. I don’t do all that and a lot of Welsh people don’t like that I say that, but I can only be truthful and I don’t care.” Webbe is a man with strong views and a strong presence, but in spite of the this the band still work as a collective. “I know people say I’m the face of Skindred, but this band is a 25% split all the way down.”

Even so, Webbe is undoubtedly the most intriguing of the bunch. A veteran of the genre, Webbe is also now a DJ and working on his own reggae and bluegrass albums. “People are going to be like ‘what the fuck, Benji doing bluegrass? I’ve got to listen to that’ which is awesome” he laughs. “I’m just excited by being able to do all of these things. There are a lot of musicians out there who would love to be in the position we’re in and I don’t take for granted where we are.”

REVERB.

““Don’t encourage little girls to get dressed up, to have cupcakes on their tits to get people to lick them off””

Crystal Castles’ Alice Glass lashes out against the society’s sexualisation of children.

Riding the Rapids

Jakarta, Jessie Ware and Jamaica: **Sam Briggs** talks to Miles Haughton of North London three piece Theme Park

PHOTO CREDIT: FRED BUTLER



“We all actually really dislike theme parks. I’ve been on a rollercoaster once and it was honestly one of the worst experiences of my life”, says Miles Haughton, guitarist with the perhaps surprisingly named Theme Park. “It came about when our bassist went to this place called the Jesus Theme Park in South America and wanted to be called that. We thought we’d drop the Jesus. Not quite sure it was for us”.

Despite only having been in existence for just over a year, (“our first gig was on August 31st last year”), Theme Park have successfully emerged from the hype cauldron, implanting themselves on numerous lists of promising new artists. “It was quite a surprise,” Haughton elucidates, “it wasn’t something we ever expected.” When asked about whether any of this pressure filters through to the band, he seems relaxed. “We quite like it when people look at us! We just try not to think about it. We just do what comes naturally and just hope we don’t disappoint [the critics]!”

The press release for the band’s upcoming “Two Hours” EP contains the mission of frontman Miles to create “an unabashed pop statement. I want it to be appreciated as a pop album, not the debut of some East London band making leftfield stuff.” In an age of proliferating genre, however, how easy is it to remain so purely pop-orientated without succumbing to mainstream tendencies? “We just like to do what we do and hope that people like it,” says Marcus. “I think when Miles said that he was thinking more about the songs, and having strong songs first and foremost. That’s the most important thing, rather than going for an aesthetic and writing the songs to fit it”.

The laid-back, sun-soaked feel of recent grooves “Jamaica” and “Two Hours” definitely fit this description. Pulsing beats underpin the swirling melodies

of the tracks’ tropical feel whilst maintaining a firm eye on the dance floor – more like the sultry swing of the rapids than the full throttling screams of Nemesis.

When asking him where the best place to listen to a Theme Park record is, Miles replies, “In a sweaty nightclub. Somewhere you can dance”. Any particular favourite places, I ask? “We haven’t been able to party for a while because of all the shows – we’ve just been where the shows have been! Haven’t been in London for a long time.”

The forthcoming EP also contains the band’s take on three varying alternative staples, varying from their cover of recently robbed Mercury award nominee Jessie Ware’s “Wildest Moments”, to Hot Chip’s “Ready for the Floor” and, perhaps most surprisingly, the National’s “Bloodbuzz Ohio”. “We didn’t want to pick ones that directly influenced the band,” says Miles, “as people would just be bored by that. We just picked things we like”. He goes on to pinpoint the recent Bombay Bicycle Club and Wild Beasts’ *Smother* as two stand out records of the last year. Indeed, the band came out of the same North London school that spawned the former, alongside Fryars, Yuck and Cajun Dance Party.

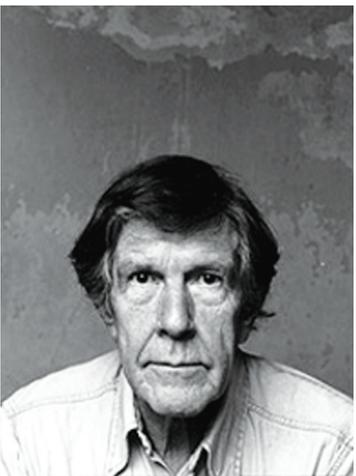
Consisting of brothers Miles and Marcus, alongside school friend and guitarist Oscar Man-

thorpe, the band’s genesis is clearly traceable to this scene. However, the last year has seen the band transported around the globe to play shows far from home. “We’ve just come back from Jakarta, which was a really good show,” says Miles of their recent travel to the bizarre line-up of Indonesia’s Soul Nation festival. “They had some weird clubs over there. They just played these dance remixes of English pop stuff and everyone goes wild”. He points to shows at Ibiza Rocks and the Reading and Leeds festivals as highlights for the band so far. With their eponymous debut album due in January, helmed by Luke Smith’s production duties, the next year is likely to only amplify their rising prospect.

Having already shared the stage with Graham Coxon for an Oxjam set and Bloc Party on their recent UK tour, the band’s progress after just a year is impressive.

I ask about what band he would like Theme Park’s career to resemble. “Two Door Cinema Club I have a lot of respect for, apart from liking their music. It wasn’t going swimmingly for them at first, but they kept going, and now they’ve become one of the biggest indie bands around with lots of hard work. It’s nice to see when something good doesn’t come through straight away, but after they’re persistent”.

val culminates on Saturday with a series of free performances all day around the city of York. Visit: www.gettingnowhere.org
Dan Watts & Rory Foster



Local Spotlight.

Wherever we are, what we hear is mostly noise. When we ignore it, it disturbs us. When we listen to it, we find it fascinating.

John Cage is most famous for his silent piece 4’33” and for sticking the contents of his toolbox into a piano. His works are just as effective and striking now as when they were first performed. Even today, his compositions divide opinion and influence modern-day artists in all forms of media.

“Getting Nowhere” is an international festival celebrating the centenary of John Cage, the largest of its kind in the UK. It is organised by students and staff at The University of York. The students are under the guidance of leading Cage expert Professor William Brooks who says “I’ve

spent much of my life thinking about—and actually working with—John Cage, and this is a wonderful opportunity to pass on whatever I can to a new generation of creative performers”.

The first night kicks off on Wednesday 14th November in the University Concert Hall with a spectacular performance of Concerto for Prepared Piano and Orchestra with soloist Nicky Losseff and performances continuing until late. The second evening includes a complete performance of Song Books on the new Heslington East Campus; the first performance of its kind to take place in the unique space of the Ron Cooke Hub. On the third night, soloist Nicky Losseff is joined by Gamelan expert Sekar Petak for Cage’s Concerto for Piano with Gamelan Orchestra. The festi-

Reviews.

Artist: Dan Le Sac & Friends
Date: 28th October
Venue: The Duchess
Review: Isaac B-D

★★★★

Without a Pip in sight, Dan ambles to the stage. Cap in hand, sporting some sort of animal hood (a recurring theme, we discover), he examines the vast array of switches and dials in front of him, nods contentedly and begins.

The set opens with ‘Play Along’, the most successful track on the album, Space Between The Words; his first major release since he parted ways with the dramatically-bearded Scroobius Pip. The crowd, although not the largest the venue’s seen, are captivated as the soaring, smokey vocals of Sarah Williams White cut through the dense verdure of the hip-hop-inflected, electro-pop soundscape.

The ‘friends’ are a gift that keeps on giving: Merz provides a rockier tone whilst Josh, of ‘Benin City’, kicks up the energy, dragging the crowd from electro-swaying towards full-blown moshing. Quote of the evening: Josh who, dressed as a fox, announced “If I



can wear a tail, bruv, the world is your Oyster...TFL”. The Transport for London joke largely lost on locals, but preserved in print for posterity.

Most impressive was Le Sac’s final offering: a four-minute, improvised encore. The sheer speed with which he moved between panels, from this button to that slider and the inability to determine exactly why whatever he’d just done had caused the sound to evolve was testament to the genuine skill that lies behind his work.

More than a ‘laptop musician’, to witness the precision and technical ability exercised in the creation of live, layered and rhythmically complex music is to watch a real instrumentalist at work. Dan might not be the lyricist his bearded friend is, but his mastery of live production sets him distinctly apart.

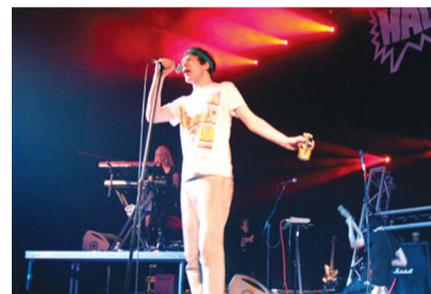
Artist: Hadouken!
Date: 29th October
Venue: The Duchess
Review: Chris Morris

★★★★

With each month that passes, another handful of hastily thrown-together bass and synth songs find the upper reaches of the Top 40, and the genre’s origins (and pioneers) drift further toward the horizon; if ever a reminder was needed as to where this noise was before new found popularity on daytime radio, it was now.

Hadouken!, the name given to a violent move on ‘Street Fighter’ and this equally riotous quintet, provided this reality check through a set of pure aggression that never threatened to lose momentum (aside from the front man pausing to instruct a guy dressed as Bane to “get in the fucking circle pit”).

Within minutes the shit-ton of dry-ice cleared and the bass rebounding off the blackened walls and sweat-soaked teens was so hard I began to feel nauseous, and it was then I realised I was in the midst of a gig



that gave a choice – either embrace, or get the fuck out. I chose the former.

‘Oxygen’ and ‘Mic Check’ provided familiarity, and then came ‘Bad Signal’ – a modernised, dubstepping head-wobber that samples The Supremes’ ‘You Keep Me Hangin’ On’ (definitely worth a listen). ‘That Boy, That Girl’, known for its lyrical reference of “indie Cindy”, came later, and the proclaiming that one song was “written in York” was a nice, if not arse-licky, touch.

This night was an education of where bass has been and where it belongs – in the hands of those pushing boundaries, blending it with urban genres and generally making a progressive sound – and although Hadouken! may be a name slowly losing recognition, what they do remains wholly unique, yet unfortunately underrated.

Nouse Playlist.

Goodbyes

Rory Foster

As this year’s editorial team brings its run to a spectacular end, we’ve brought along a playlist to sob along to. Grab some Kleenex and come mourn with us.

Jeff Buckley – Last Goodbye

This is it. The big one. Sam’s limitless charisma, and Ally’s ability to do the majority of the work, gone in a flash. I’m breaking down just thinking about it.

Chicago – If You Leave Me Now

This song just screams heartbreak, total loss. Yes, we are leaving you now. No, we won’t write for the Yorker.

How To Dress Well – Struggle

With endings come new beginnings, and soon a whole new team will be attempting to lay up the paper without messing everything up. But don’t worry guys, I could never find high resolution pictures either.

Mariah Carey – I Can’t Live (If Living Is Without You)

If this is the case, I think you may be slightly over-attached to the Nouse editorial team. You’ve always got Circulation to cry yourself to sleep with.

R Kelly – The World’s Greatest

Journalism will never see such heady peaks again. That’s a fact.

Film.



Follow the *Nouse* coverage of the festival this weekend online at www.nouse.co.uk/muse/film, and on Twitter @nousefilm

8 - 11 November

ASFF
Aesthetica
Short Film
Festival
2012

Aesthetica Short Film Festival

Now in its second year, **Elle Hoppe** interviews Cherie Federico, festival director, about one of the UK's most unique film events, using the heritage of the city of York to re-engage with contemporary cinema.

How many years has the festival been going on?

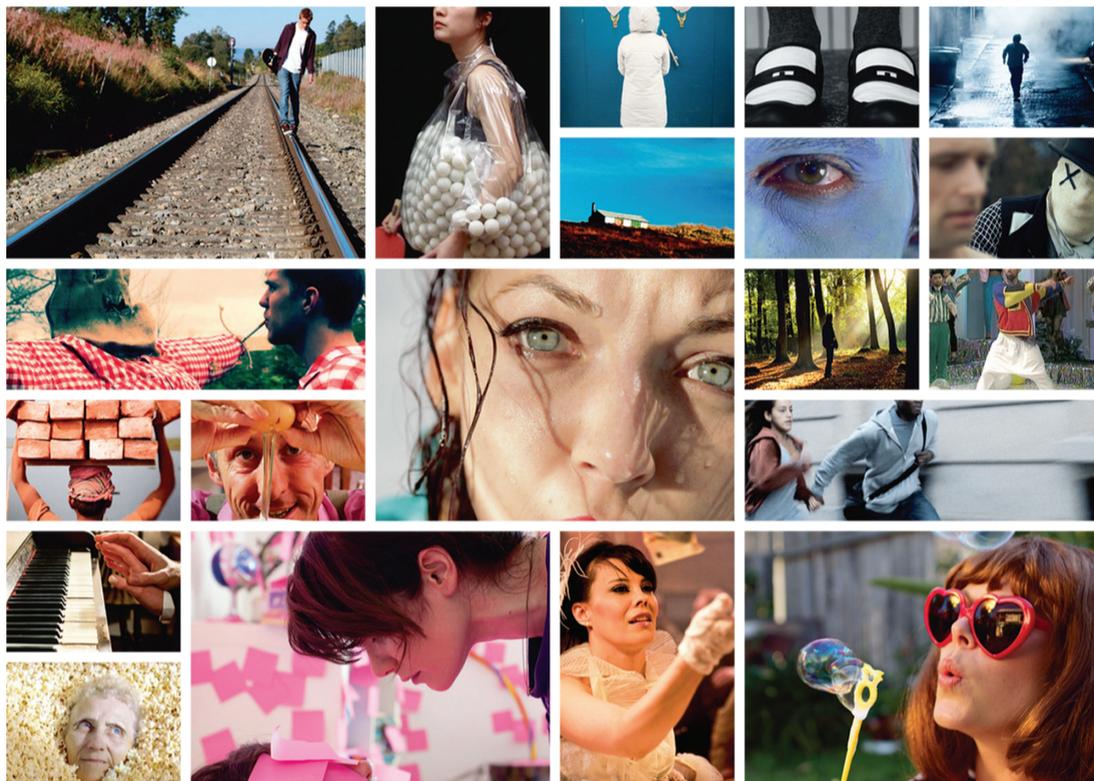
As a festival, this is our second year, however Aesthetica Magazine is an internationally distributed art and culture publication, and part of our remit has always been film. As the editor, and someone who has always had a great interest in films, I am looking for a narrative that will move my readers. Three years ago, we launched an initiative for filmmakers to send their works in for possible inclusion on a DVD which would be distributed with the Christmas issue of Aesthetica and to win a screening package at five UK festivals. This initiative was a massive success - we had just under 1000 films submitted, which was amazing but also presented a problem because a DVD is only two hours long, and only holds 13 films. There were at least an additional 150 that I could have included, so it was difficult to have to reject them. Later that year I did a talk at BAFTA as part of the Rushes Soho Shorts Film Festival, and on the train ride back to York I came up with the idea of running a short film festival across the city. I realised that there hadn't been a city-wide film festival before, so I thought it was a brilliant idea to exhibit all these wonderful films (from 25 countries) in a new and exciting way.

What is the main goal of the festival?

ASFF is a platform for engaging with new cinema. ASFF champions and celebrates filmmaking talent from across the world, spanning all genres from Comedy to Drama, Animation to Documentary, Thriller to Experimental. Screening over 200 films across 15 venues offers visitors a vast amount of choice, and an opportunity to experience new types and styles of filmmaking. There are several screenings planned for the evenings, plus guest programmes of BAFTA winning and nominated shorts and animation; a Warp Films shorts programme of some of their earlier work featuring people like Paddy Considine, and a beautiful programme from the Yorkshire Film Archive which celebrates early cinematic works. The goal of this year's festival is to celebrate independent filmmaking, expand choice for viewers, offer opportunities for engagement with industry professionals and encourage everyone to have a great time along the way.

What is your role in the festival?

In general, it's my responsibility to organise the venues, programme the films, direct the making of the reels, plan the marketing strategy, look after health and safety and basically ensure



A SELECTION OF THE FILMS SCREENED, COURTESY OF AESTHETICA

the smooth running of the entire event. It takes a year to plan each event, as there are a lot of very detailed and specific tasks involved in setting up a city-wide film festival.

How well has the festival been received in previous years?

ASFF has received a large amount of media coverage in The Guardian, The Yorkshire Post, The York Press, Empire, and Short List, among others, and on Look North and various blogs and online sites. We had people travel from across the world last year - USA, Canada, Australia, South Africa, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands and many other countries - as well as hundreds of York residents. The feedback from our audiences was fantastic and many of them are paying us a repeat visit this year.

What attracted you to holding a festival of this nature in York?

York is a fantastic city; it's one of the UK's most beautiful and historic locations with a lot of hidden gems. Holding a film festival across the city, and utilising its iconic buildings, offers residents the chance to experience some of the city's famous buildings such as Barley Hall, the Guildhall and the Mansion House in a different light. ASFF is a great opportunity to re-engage with the city's heritage, but in the context of contemporary cinema. Holding the festival over 15 venues means that people

are moving through the city. This creates an event that has people interacting with each other, and one of the most exciting things is the links that are made and the conversations that occur between the people in attendance. Last year, we had filmmakers from South Africa who started working with filmmakers from the Netherlands as a direct result of the festival and it's great to see these collaborations forming.

The festival seems to have expanded since last year. Is this something you hope to continue next year?

We have expanded the programme significantly to include guest screenings from BAFTA, Warp Films and Yorkshire Film Archive, as well as a host of masterclasses across two venues (York St John University and York Theatre Royal). There's also a networking evening and panel discussion called Meet the Filmmakers at St William's College, as well as the Opening and Closing Night Ceremonies. Make sure that you also pop into 1331, where everyone will be relaxing and chatting between screenings. Plans for next year are already underway and there are exciting developments afoot; I can't reveal too much but we are always looking at positive ways to move the event forward.

What genre of films are you most excited for?

That is a really difficult question because I like all of them for different rea-

sons. For example, there are a number of films in the drama strand that really capture the essence of what it means to make a short film - telling a complete story that captures the attention, emotions and imagination of viewers quite quickly. The thriller section features films that combine the intensity of this genre with excellent cinematography and narrative. The experimental strand showcases films that weave all of the above, but also take the ideas behind making a film and experiments with them to make works that challenge and inspire audiences. Each genre has its own stand-out films and characteristics, so it's impossible to name just one, and the thrill of the festival comes from trying to catch as many of the genres as possible.

Which venues do you believe have the most cinematic atmosphere?

Each venue has its own unique appeal, and I think it's really important to note that we're screening films in unexpected places. For instance, we take a Medieval hall, like Barley Hall, and for three days we turn it into a cinema. The same goes for the Mansion House; this building is stunning, and is typically associated with the Lord Mayor, but to use this space in a new way by screening films creates a completely different atmosphere. This is one of the reasons why ASFF is so unique on the UK festival circuit.

How important do you think it is to promote short films?

Short film is one of the most exciting genres. For a filmmaker to be able to captivate, entertain and engage an audience in under 25 minutes is a real skill. The other thing that is so great about these filmmakers is that many of them will go on to make features in the future, which will no doubt become part of the cinematic landscape. Making a short film really shows a filmmaker's commitment to cinema and, for this reason, I am so passionate about these works. Not only do they engage, but they also span the genres, creating a really exciting programme. The festival also presents a rare opportunity for audiences to spot future filmmaking talent and see the early work of those who will go on to become big names in the industry, so I think it's hugely important.

Away from the festival are there any filmmakers you really admire?

There are simply too many to answer that question in full. I like different filmmakers and films for different reasons. Sometimes you'll watch a film and it will recall a certain era in your life, so that film becomes a part of who you are just like a good book or your favourite band. It fluctuates all the time.

Editor's Picks

Drama

Hollow

Rob Sorrenti
(Future Time Pictures)
UK, 2011, 20m

Hollow is a sensitive observation of the nature of addiction

Comedy

Your Health Ltd

Amanda Leissner
(Everyone We Know)
Sweden, 2011, 7m

Schools, nursing homes and hospitals are being auctioned off to the lowest bidder

Animation

Slow Derek

Dan Ojari
(Royal College of Art)
UK, 2011, 8m 12s

The tale of Derek, an office worker, as he struggles with the true speed of planet Earth

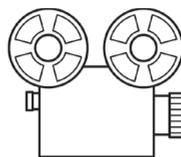
Documentary

Moeder

Emma Thompson-McLeod
(University of Technology Sydney)
Australia, 2011, 13m 29s

A daughter's attempt to make sense of the tragedies that live inside her mother

Food & Drink.



To see the full How To video for these Experiments, go to www.nouse.co.uk/muse/food-drink

The Experiment. Polish Pierogi

Ernst Stavro Blofeld, the scar-faced kitten loving archenemy of 007 would have been rather partial to a batch of pierogi after a day of world domination. That's if the prolific James Bond villain kept sight of his Polish roots. Pierogi - or Polish ravioli - are a type of dumpling that are somewhat a national treasure. Stuffed with a variety of sweet or savoury ingredients varying from a Bolognese-esque to a homely blackcurrant and ricotta, the half-moon dough shapes are only the beginning of these exciting treats.

This recipe is an example of a vegetarian - and therefore cash friendly - version of the Polish dish. When I took to making these dumplings I was suffering from a rolling pin deficit. I was later informed of the use of a wine bottle as an adequate substitute. Ill equipped cooks take note.

To make the dough:

1. Combine the flour, eggs, sour cream and half the water in a large bowl.

2. Sprinkle flour on your worktop and knead the mixture for 3-5 minutes. Use the dropping technique by lifting the mixture off the surface and dropping it repeatedly.

3. Put the dough in a large bowl, cover with cling film and leave in a warm place to prove for half an hour. It should double in size.

For the filling:

1. Boil the potatoes in salted water and mash.

2. Fry the onions, garlic and thyme in a good amount of butter and oil on



Ingredients:

500g flour

125ml water

3 large eggs

2 tbsp sour cream

250g peeled and sliced baking potatoes

1 small onion, chopped

1 clove garlic, minced

butter and olive oil

dried thyme

125g grated cheddar

For the sauce:

3 tbsp butter

2 cloves garlic, finely chopped

2 tbsp flour

125ml chicken stock

125ml sour cream

1 tbsp fresh or dried chives

Hana Teraie-Wood

a medium heat, until the onions have slightly caramelised.

3. Mix the onions in with the mashed potato and add in the cheese. Season to taste.

To make the Pierogi:

1. Roll out the proved dough on a floured surface until 1cm thin. If you don't have a rolling pin, use a wine bottle.

2. Cut out circular shapes using the bottom of a wine bottle or a cookie cutter. The circles of dough should be just larger than the palm of your hand.

3. Holding a cut out of dough in your left hand, fill with a teaspoon of filling in the centre and then fold over the dough into a half moon.

4. Squeeze the folded ends of the dough until they merge, then create a crimp by pinching a bit of pastry with thumb and finger and folding to the left.

5. Boil 6 pierogis a go in a deep pan of boiling salted water. Leave aside to drain.

6. Fry the boiled pierogis in a shallow pan of hot oil, butter and a bit of thyme. Fry on both sides until golden brown and crispy. Serve with the sauce.

For the sauce:

1. Melt the butter on a medium heat, and fry the garlic.

2. As the garlic becomes aromatic, stir in the flour to form a roux (paste). Stir for 30 seconds.

3. Slowly add in the chicken stock, and then the sour cream. Season with salt and white pepper.

4. Mix in the chives.

5. Pour the sauce over the Pierogi to serve.

The Experiment. Whisky with a Twist

Neil Johnston



Ingredients:

Glennmorangie 10 year old single malt

1/2 tumbler Bulmers apple cider

Orange peels

1-2 tsp vanilla extract

With Bond fever gripping the nation, perhaps it's time to drink something more stylish. However we're not going for the Martini. Inspired by one of the most famous Bonds, it's time for a whisky based drink from Sean Connery's home country.

While many of us like a dram, the acquired taste means many don't like it neat. A whisky cocktail should hopefully hold a wider appeal, taking the harshness out of it.

A Hot Toddy doesn't sound very appealing, and while it is normally quite enjoyable it's not the most interesting drink. Usually it consists of just whisky, hot water and sugar. This week's experiment will try and make it more exciting.

The method:

1. Peel the orange and put a few strips in the glass - make sure it's a tumbler.

2. Pour in your whisky. The type of whisky used depends on your own preference. Luckily I still had some Glennmorangie left so it was ideal. While malt is best, even a blended whisky should be fine, or supermarket own brand malt could even work since it is not being sipped neat.

3. Pour the vanilla extract in and stir.

4. Heat a saucepan and pour in the cider, heating it until it is hot enough to warm up the rest of the drink.

5. Pour into the tumbler and give it a quick stir. It should be about half whisky and half cider but you can do more of either depending on how strong you want it to be.

Although whisky and cider mixed together sounds like the beginnings of a dirty pint, it actually works quite well.

If you're wanting to be more adventurous, lemon can also be used or perhaps try pear cider instead of apple or cinnamon instead of vanilla. This is a simple drink that can have many delicious variations.

The Review. The Blind Swine

Our nine course tasting menu at The Blind Swine, created by Michael O'Hare and Chris Trundle, was booked three weeks in advance. We waited, wondering if a restaurant with an approach to food both authentically erudite and experimental could really exist in York.

We arrived at eight, blind to what was coming, and enjoyed a cocktail at the bar. The meal included six more, crafted by James Wreglesworth, which matched those at Evil Eye for strength, adding swinishness to my blindness, and rendering my memory hazy.

A soft poached quail's egg with a leek and truffle reduction opened the meal. Eaten out of the shell, it made the perfect, light introduction, and none of the flavours overwhelmed. A mint julep cocktail followed. I can tell you that there was mint in it.

My cynical side revelled at the sight of what I assumed was a tired Jamie Oliver-esque salt pot, but was shocked into a submission by a pot of actual soil and plants. Yum. Shock turned to delight upon discovering that both were not only edible, but delicious: carrots and radishes in a rye soil, underneath which was a horseradish emulsion. In terms of both clean flavour and a playfully muddy presentation, this was without doubt one of the most exciting and memorable courses. Again, it was in no way over-facing, quashing any worries that there was a vomitorium out back. Snail bread with garlic parsley butter,



though delicious, was rendered drab: we were at this point spoiled by reductions and emulsions.

Following a bowl of pea ice-cream topped with hot pea soup was another standout: red mullet atop chorizo risotto. A typically good combination was made outstanding by the texturally surprising addition of dried corn and a ham fat membrane surrounding the mullet, as well as a delightfully crisp Aperol sour (crisp as in refreshing, not crisp as in 'we subjected the drink to a series of chemical experiments, turning it into an actual crisp'). The main course - duck with a date reduction and potatoes cooked in decaying plant matter - though not as inventive, was perfectly executed.

Address:

24 Swinegate

Price Range:

£40-50



Benjamin Burns

An azuleta gin and tonic - my favourite cocktail of the evening - tasted like a parma violet, and marked the beginning of our four desserts. A "steak tartare", made from watermelon and mango, which was bathed in a calcic bath of sodium alginate to resemble an egg yolk, made the perfect palette cleanser. This was followed by a pine soufflé, teamed with salt caramel ice cream and edible pear perfume: an addictive cross between a trip to a forest, Jo Malone, and City Screen. Our foodie epic closed with a bowl of olive oil and vanilla infused nitro-oxide, from which came chocolate eclairs, paired with a bespoke coffee blend and chocolate truffles.

In summary, the excellence of The Blind Swine transcends its unexpected location. Every course, surprising and impressive as they are, smacks of a chef with an imagination and skill which, combined with true fervency for food, transforms cookery in to an artistic science. Alcoholic offerings are equally adroit, the waiting staff are erudite yet refreshingly relaxed, and the playlist - including the likes of Thin Lizzy - makes the perfect complement. Considerations of price cheapen what is undoubtedly an essential and priceless experience, but £42 per-person is, in my opinion, good value to the point of robbery. If I were to suggest anything, it would be that some comfortable seating be introduced to the bar area: the cocktails deserve no less, and I would have enjoyed another azuleta gin and tonic.

The Final Say.

Abandon your manners

Joshua Boswell

Manners are so tedious. What fun it would be to slam each door behind you, regardless of the book-laden whelp tottering along behind, arms so full that a door handle is simply not an option. How liberating, when asked how I am by someone I barely know, to refuse to reciprocate the inquiry. 'And how are you? Oh, well I am glad you're well; my day would have been completely ruined if you'd said anything other than the vacuous response with which everyone always replies. It's so great that we've shared this precious moment together.'

But the worst more of manners that clammers up from the festering pit of social niceties is the Seminar.

The first rule of the Seminar is, you don't talk about the Seminar. Huddled pointlessly together outside the (usually empty) room with all the joviality of a STI clinic queue, puerile small talk is forced out like the painful produce of a diet severely lacking in fibre. Each grabs at something - anything - to converse over apart from the impending apocalypse. But it wouldn't matter, because in the awkward hush, conversations are whispered so quietly I doubt either participant can even hear themselves, let alone the other, making it about as productive as a radio play starring Helen Keller and Ludwig von Beethoven.

And when we shuffle in, that's when the fun really starts. It's never long before the rookie tutor throws out a question to the whole group. Big mistake. They will invariably be met with a stony silence. The funny thing is, most of the group know the answer, but it's just not cool to venture it for at least 10 excruciating seconds while we all feign disinterest and ignorance.

Eventually a weaker member is reduced to a quivering wreck by the tension, finally snaps, and

replies to the tutor. And even when the answer is clear as day, when nothing has ever been so obvious to you, as an absolute, innate, and universal truth, you still tentatively ask, 'is it this? I might be wrong...' because, we are told, nobody likes a know-it-all.

Of course there are some uncouth so-and-sos who disregard this nuanced code of conduct. Beware the active contributor to the seminar, usually wearing a Stetson and/or a head brace, showering the congregation with spittle and opinions. Pick your battles carefully; there is nothing to be won by entering into debate with this cunning sophist. If you want to abide by the seminar etiquette keep your head down, say as little as possible, and play up your boredom.

But why are we so desperate to appear aloof? Perhaps deep down it's because we all hate each other, and being forced into a small room together crystallises that misanthropic revulsion. I think there's something wrong with you if you don't abhor me already, and we're only 400 words into our dysfunctional relationship. But there's more to it than that.

In society, and in school, we're rarely taught to be assertive. So much effort is focused on learning to synthesise, compromise, and accommodate in academic and social contexts, that confidence in a strong opinion becomes almost a taboo.

In a debate, it really takes some balls to say to a peer 'you're wrong'. But sometimes that's what needs to be said. Of course, you want to make sure you're right first; otherwise you'll end up looking like a right tit. But if you think you are, don't politely and discreetly beat about the bush. Smash it hard.

We should abandon our manners. It may take some training before you get to expert level, sat in the canteen with no cutlery, shovelling into your gaping maw fistfuls of spaghetti bolognese with your bare hands. But in a seminar, you can start by winning yourself some brownie points, and take on the know-it-all. There's always one, who's read the course books over summer just for fun, and simply can't resist taking every opportunity to tell the rest of us how much higher a level they're working on. Find a weak spot and hammer it home like a rabid monkey with a coconut. You'll soon be supping on the milky goodness of revenge.

CABBY'S CORNER

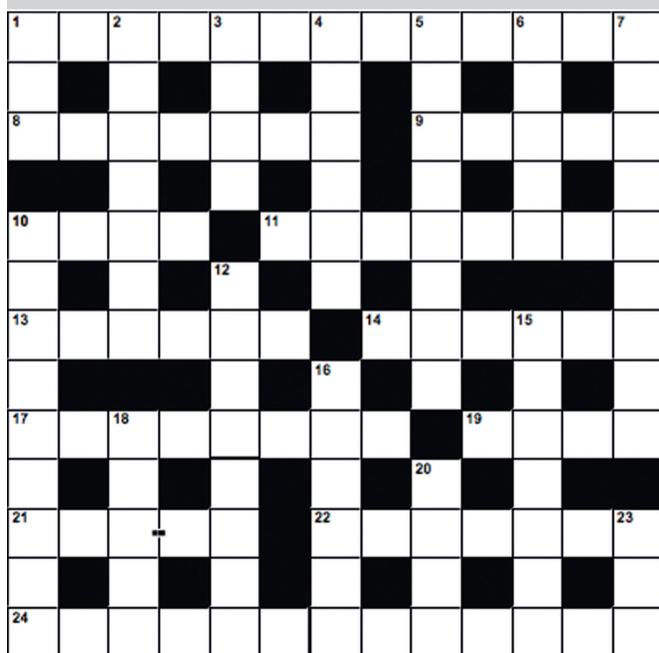
THIS WEEK, WE ASKED SEAN WHAT HE THOUGHT OF THE STUDENT ANTICS AT HALLOWEEN. NOBODY SEEMED TO SCARE HIM THAT MUCH.

“ I'm telling you now, dressing up as a black cat is not scary. ”

SEAN, HAXBY
CABBY FOR 4 YEARS



The Nouse Crossword



Answers will be online at www.nouse.co.uk

Down

- 1 Disorderly crowd (3)
- 2 Yield (7)
- 3 Eye lustfully (4)
- 4 Brass band instrument (6)
- 5 Repeated without understanding (8)
- 6 Asian country (5)
- 7 Novices (9)
- 10 Chinese dress (9)
- 12 Bravo! (4,4)
- 15 Dictionary (7)
- 16 Frail (6)
- 18 Locations (5)
- 20 Aspersion (4)
- 23 High rocky hill (3)

Across

- 1 Wrong idea (13)
- 8 Small round shield (7)
- 9 Exhibition of cowboy skills (5)
- 10 Sudden change, illegally or by force (4)
- 11 Monument to the war dead (8)
- 13 Symbol (6)
- 14 Red wine grape (6)
- 17 Very young bird (8)
- 19 Choppers (4)
- 21 Fight (3-2)
- 22 Unlawful (7)
- 24 Captain of a merchant vessel (6,7)

The Nouse Sudoku

			9					
1		7						2
2	6				1		9	
3					2	7		
			1		4			
		2	8					1
	8		6				3	7
4						8		6
					3			