

MUSE.

07.05.2013

The Orillo Edition

A creative hub on your doorstep. We step into the weird and wonderful world of Orillo

A Post-Revolution Reality

A glimpse into the new Libya and its Youth Liberation movement

THE STATEMENT PIECE

M12. THE BEST OF HIGH STREET STATEMENT JEWELLERY TAKES CENTRE STAGE IN THE MUSE FASHION SHOOT



M12. Body art has always been a part of **Saira Hunjan's** life, and now she's tattooed Kate Moss. Fiona Parker finds out more.



M14. A country shaken by revolution. Laura Hughes finds out about the Libyan Youth Movement in a post-Gaddafi Libya



M22. Mary O'Connor catches up with Orillo, the team behind the screening of *Jaws* in a York swimming pool...

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Image Credits.

Cover: Agatha Torrance
M3: Courtesy of Jeremy Kyle
Cartoons (M2 & M24) : Brandon Seager

Muzzy's Musings...

The Last Term

Debates rage aflame, with campaigns tipped to eclipse The Sun
But hissed whispers sprung from the lips and tongues of some
Fly too close to a certain burning topic of free speech
And swift become Icarus, with wings crispy as a Nando's chicken dish.
And these vociferous issues, slip beyond reach.

The term where Big D, is not the Biggest D,
For dissertations leave us all missing patience like bad GP's
No mitigations, elation and drinks on big occasions
Seem a distant relation, long lost while you're fixed at the station
Of a library seat, policed on the sly by those who ceaselessly pry,
Biding their thirty minutes of time to steal any place they can find.

Graduation beams its beady Grandma's eye
And breathes on necks, that bow to feet, so weak from stress
And questions, "what will you do next, just work in next?
Or in turn, turn into an intern in town, losing weight at your lack of pounds?

The heat is up, though you can't read thermometers,
See that you'll need more degrees than barometers,
To get into view of the big boss at the interview.
No pressure.

Wish you were a fresher?
Raving with Tinie Tempah, inclined to recline
From the time of November, repeating a chime to remember
Forty percent, just forty percent, a 2:1 can do one
Just forty percent.
But those days don't last and that's a fact learned.
Welcome my friends, to the joys of last term.



Jeremy Kyle

No-mess self-help TV host, father of four, cancer survivor.

1. You've got a new Jeremy Kyle show in the States. Do you prefer homegrown contestants or the new friends you've met from across the pond?

My favourite contestants are UK-based. I particularly like ones from York...

2. What would you say has been your most embarrassing moment so far?

It has to be being set up by Ant and Dec on *Saturday Night Take Away*.

"The best thing about being a student, without a doubt, is being able to watch the *Jeremy Kyle Show* all day."

3. How about the best day of your life?

Best days, the four days on which my children were born.

4. If you had to summarise your life your life philosophy in a song title, what would you choose?

I'll do it *My Way*, Frank Sinatra

5. What do you want to be/do in ten years' time?

I don't know what I want to do but I want to be retired.

6. You've had a lot of great stories on your show. Which was your personal favourite?

Although it was a hoax, nothing can ever beat Ant and Dec's "My Husband Had Plastic Surgery to Look Like His Dead Cat" drama.

7. If you weren't Jeremy Kyle, what would you be?

If I wasn't Jeremy Kyle I'd probably be a professional golfer.

8. What might people not know about you?



Most people probably don't know I have OCD.

9. Who would you be if you had to be somebody else?

Definitely Daniel Craig.

10. What would you do with all the money in the world?

I'd look to buy the next Kauto Star!

11. With exams nearing, student life can seem pretty tough, what in your opinion is the best thing about being a student?

The best thing about being a student, without a doubt, is being able to watch the *Jeremy Kyle Show* all day.

The Lonely Smoker

Rose Troup Buchanan

I think we can all agree that there is nothing – nothing – going on at University at the moment. Aside from the sport-orgy called Roses, which apparently some people take very seriously, and which I use as a method of guilt-free procrastinatory drinking and smoking, there is really nothing to do on this campus aside from smoke, work, and lament the slow hurtling demise of any kind of social existence we might have once possessed.

With this in mind, and the fact that I have absolutely nothing going on in my life, the column this edition presented somewhat of a quandary. Having been firmly warned off writing about the library ever again, and post-lecture (involving finger-pointing and cigarette-waving) about writing about my friends' lives, my options were thin.

Then, brainwave: Kate Middleton. When in doubt, write about Kate; our Kate, your Kate, that Kate who the national newspapers seem to stick on the front page every time there's a crisis in the newsroom and neither Ed or Dave have made a particularly idiotic cock-up the previous day. It's an off-day for the Telegraph if they can't get her in somewhere.

Like mayonnaise on a sandwich, she goes with everything and nothing: blander than a Farrow&Ball eggshell off-white wall paint drying on an overcast day. (Disclaimer: all comments made about Kate are made in the spirit of humour, and the columnist would like to express her profound admiration and regard for Kate, and please god don't let the internet trolls get me.)

Kate's face appears to have bobbed along with me during my entire university career. As Kate has progressed, so too have I. First year it was the Royal Wedding, which offered a suitably inebriated opportunity to end a year where I have literally no idea how I passed any exams. Second year presented less in the way of spectacle, but a lot more in the way of exhibitionism. 'That' boob story gave us all a nice opening to bash the French/foreigners generally (a popular British pastime, championed usually by Mr Boris Johnson if Nigel Farage is too busy) and ably reflected the second-year tendency to perhaps over-compensate in regards to a lack of highly sought flesh-exposing accoutrements.

And now, apparently, and I only learnt this very recently after extensively scouring the news for that tiny small mention, Kate's pregnant. In the space of three years she's gone from the brunette version of Barbie, to the barely there bronzing bride, to a baby-making test-tube. Hardly ideal for Miss Middleton, but

great news for anyone who likes a party and an opportunity to exercise their latent xenophobia.

Kate's pregnancy is cause for national jubilation and inebriation (probably in alternative order) and we should really all stand up and thank Kate for taking one for team GB – not drinking, smoking, enjoying herself, etc. – for nine months in order that the entire nation can obsess, and then celebrate, over the incoming squishy blob of Royal material. Amen. Problem is, Kate's baby (and it's definitely hers, Wills is hardly getting a peek-a-boo in) is shadowing me with an odd sense of nervous apprehension, which is not helped by the fact that my weekly (alright, bi-weekly) trip to YourShop is characterised by the growing fear that in buying cigarettes I will have to come nose to bump with Miss Kate's increasingly rotund tummy.

The imminent arrival of Royal blubber coincides horribly with my own expulsion into the world. According to Google – font of all wisdom and knowledge – speculation currently places the babe's arrival sometime around mid-July. That's when I graduate and am faced with the utterly horrendous spectacle of 'real' life and decisions. Being at university is like being inside a giant, warm, utterly safe bubble. While the future monarch continues to avoid the certainties of life – shouldn't be too hard: their grandfather appears entirely divorced from reality – everything will be fine. So, although university at the moment might appear to be nothing so much as like swimming through a warm sea of apathy and occasionally mild stress, we should all just embrace it while it lasts and be thankful that inside this womb we can, at the very least, continue to smoke ourselves to peaceful oblivion.



York's Literary Heritage



PHOTO CREDIT: TOM WITHEROW

From Dickens to Mapanje, **Georgia Woodroffe** explores the rich and eclectic stories within York's literary history.

York's cobbled streets have always enchanted the humble Rambler; every outing necessitating an appreciative appraisal of the Minster's magnificent turrets against the skyline and an indulgent glance at the amusing sight of many a wearied traveller lured into Betty's tea rooms. These are just two of the jewels in York's crown of cultural ancestry, for whilst being a visual and gastronomic fortress of culture, York also boasts a wealth of literary heritage.

York's dominating presence in the arts stems back to its classical foundation as a Roman military camp in 71 AD. The city's architectural development as the capital of Britannia Inferior made it a prime example of Roman supremacy, with the concept of walls surrounding the city first put in place by the

Romans, their fortress walls studded with multi-angular towers – one still standing in the York Museum Gardens. It was this structural skill which inspired and impressed the Saxons, as seen in the Saxon poem 'The Ruin' when describing an unknown city:

'Snapped rooftrees, towers fallen,
The work of giants, the stonemiths...
Bright were the buildings'

Up until the end of the Medieval period, York was one of the dominant cities in Europe because of its craftsmanship and trade. In combining the building skills which awed the Saxons with religion, York became one of the main nuclei of the late medieval 'Mystery Plays', running from the 1380s to 1569. The

plays dramatised key moments in the Bible and the first recorded performance in York was the festival of Corpus Christi in 1379. York's cycle of 48 mystery plays are our most intact collection today.

The plays were often performed by the York craft guilds, and it is here you can see how the name perfectly symbolises the dyadic role of York, for 'mystery' has a dual connotation, meaning both a religious truth and, in Middle English, trade or craft. The plays were performed as pageants in the streets upon wagons, their resounding voices reverberating off the timbered houses of the Shambles.

Journeying from the Medieval to the Victorian period, York continued to be a creative catalyst for many. Though Charles Dickens' literary output is predominantly associated

with the grimy streets of London, York also weaselled its way into the author's imagination. Dickens visited York on numerous occasions, including once during a 1870 tour of readings.

One of Dickens' main draws to Yorkshire was his friend Charles Smitherson, whose office in Chancery Lane, Malton (half an hour away by car from York) is believed to have inspired Scrooge's work place. In T.P. Cooper's 1923 book, *With Dickens in Yorkshire*, Cooper traces Dickens' steps, and summarised one of Dickens' numerous trips to York as follows: While in York on Sunday mornings, Dickens listened to the service in the Minster with his illustrator Phiz. On one of these occasions, he was shown to the Five Sisters Window by John Camidge and became captivated by

it. This window is currently the oldest in the Minster and the largest area of grisaille glass in the world, having withstood nearly eight centuries of wars and battles.

Dickens' admiration shines through his novel *Nicholas Nickleby*. In Chapter six, after the over-turning of a stage coach, the characters pass the time in a public house by telling stories. The first tale entitled 'The Five Sisters of York' tells of five beautiful sisters who spend their time embroidering. After the premature death of the youngest sister, Alice, Dickens writes:

'They sent their embroidery abroad, to artists of great celebrity in those times.' After 'having obtained the church's sanction to their work of piety', this 'caused to be executed, in five large compartments of richly stained glass, a faithful copy of their old embroidery work. These were fitted into a large window until that time bare of ornament; and when the sun shone brightly, as she had so well loved to see it, the familiar patterns were reflected in their original colours, and throwing a stream of brilliant light upon the pavement, fell warmly on the name of Alice...'

That stone has worn away and been replaced by others, and many generations have come and gone since then. Time has softened down the colours, but the same stream of light still falls upon the forgotten tomb, of which no trace remains; and, to this day, the stranger is shown in York Minster, an old window called the Five Sisters'.

Wilkie Collins joins Dickens in using York as a setting. In his novel, *No Name* (1862), the character Vagabond Captain Wragge walks through the streets of York trying to find Magdalen, a run-

away 18 year-old girl. 'On his left hand, the majestic west front of York Minster soared over the city, and caught the last brightest light of heaven on the summits of its lofty towers. He wonders if this noble prospect had tempted the lost girl to linger and look at it'.

The city has also played an important role in the commercial process of literature. Street names express York's rich publishing heritage, with Minster Gates formerly known as Bookland lane, and Bookbinders' Alley marking the dawn of the printing press. By the 17th century, York had become a prominent centre of book publication. This position continued

to be upheld into the following century, with the famous publisher and bookseller Francis Hildyard (no.35 Stonegate), publishing Laurence Sterne's novel *Tristram Shandy* in 1760.

Signs of this legacy are still visible: the bright red sign stating 'Printer's Devil' above number 33 Stonegate is the traditional marking of the location of a printing press, a method used up until the 18th century. The statue of Minerva, the Roman goddess, reclining on a pile of books, located on the corner of Minster Gates, marks the place where the influential Bloomsbury literary group met between 1904 to WW2. The Bloomsbury Guesthouse in York is named after them.

Coming further into the 20th Century, poet W H Auden was born in York in 1907, growing up at 54 Bootham. Kate Atkinson was also born in York in 1951, and uses her hometown as the setting for the book which won her the Whitbread Book of the Year prize in 1995, *Behind the Scenes at the Museum*. Furthermore, sisters Margaret Drabble and A S Byatt were educated in York, the Yorkshire countryside a setting for some of Byatt's novels, including *Possession*, winner of the Booker Prize in 1990.

The University has also added to York's literary links. Jung Chang, author of *Wild Swans*, studied linguistics at the University, being the first person from the Republic of China to receive a PhD in England from York in 1982. A fellow graduate, Graham Swift, also became a writer, *Waterland* being his most notable work.

The city has also proved to be a haven for writers. Jack Mapanje, having been an exile in the city after being forced to leave his native Malawi, was arrested in 1987 due to his first book of poems, *Chameleons and Gods*, which was banned due to its political critique. He was released in 1991, and afterwards came to the UK, where at the University he was awarded a fellowship. In 1994 he returned to Malawi.

A profusion of texts and writers have flourished from inside York's fertile domain, Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* was born in York in 1623 among many of its offspring. The multifaceted contribution of this small but mighty city to literature is overwhelming, from a refuge for writers, to a form of literary inspiration and publication. York never fails to impress with its rich and varied literary history from time past, time present, and assuredly time future.



YORKFESTIVALS

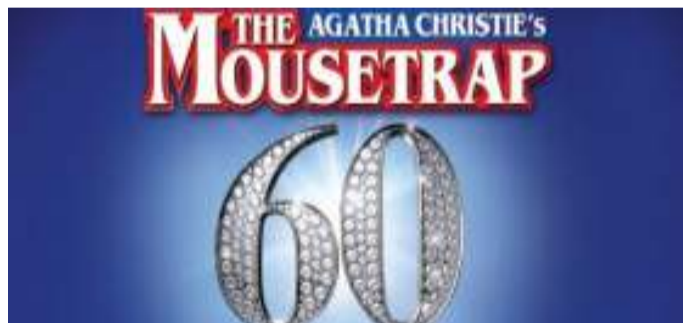
Get Your Fix

The Mousetrap, by Agatha Christie

Grand Opera House, York

Celebrating 60 years of continuous run, the world's longest-running play launches its first ever national tour.

Mon 6th - Sat 11th May



The Browning Version

Drama Barn

Terrence Ratigan's celebrated work comes to campus

Fri 10th May - Sun 12th May



Jordan Licht



Sean Lock Live

York Barbican

The comedian and his purple van alight for a one-off show

12th May, 8pm



iShandy

York Theatre Royal

Comedy, surrealism and Tristram Shandy come together in YTR's latest offering

Ends Sat 11 May

Oil is Thicker than Canvas:

Should multinational corporations sponsor art galleries?

Poppy Bullard

On Monday 22nd April, a small group of protesters, equipped with handheld video cameras, walked around the Tate whispering small sections of the court transcript from BP's Deepwater Horizon trial, which they recorded. Their presence as political activists was virtually undetectable, and yet this is an annual event: a stance against BP's continuing sponsorship of the Tate gallery. By chance, or well-timed coincidence it would seem, on the 24th April, Maria Miller (the Conservative Culture Secretary) made a speech which encouraged the art world to evaluate its economic value, and to assess itself based on economic output rather than artistic merit. These two entities have inadvertently pitted themselves against one another in a 'cold war' of ideology. The conservative capitalists and the small group of liberal idealists have been firing politically-laden, policy-missiles indirectly into each other's spheres of influence.

On the one hand, the liberals have every right to protest against the public image of BP. Their track record as do-gooders for society is less than negligible, in fact, it wouldn't be unreasonable to suggest that their public image is one of destruction, exploitation and natural carelessness. The image of corporate irresponsibility is not one which the protesters want art to be 'tarred' with (if you'll excuse the pun). In much the same way that fans were outraged by McDonalds sponsoring the 2012 Olympics, the idea that the Tate might be linked to a company which caused an unprecedented level of natural damage is, for many, a distasteful image. Yet their protest begs the question: what alternative are they suggesting? If the Tate, and every other gallery which relies on a network of donations, were to source their income from elsewhere, under the current funding, either the Arts Council would be unable to support vast network of galleries (resulting in closure), or the Arts Council would expand exponentially, depriving other government sectors of much needed funds.

This is where Ms Miller's ideas play into force. The art world must find a means to expand their economic potential. Of course, a simply superb idea: in order to minimise government input into a sector which can only ever contribute to society on a qualitative basis (and who wants qualitative when you can have quantitative?!), why not let it fund itself? Sadly Miller's ball-bustingly conservative idea is conveniently neglecting to consider the most basic understanding of art. Art primarily exists for itself, and galleries are effectively the home of creative catharsis. Commercialising art is almost a contradiction in terms, or at least, would result in the creation of something which would act as a polar opposite to art: a product. Ms Miller is right to suggest that the Arts Council (and most government departments) must cut their budgets in order to aid the ailing economy, but to suggest that the art world has the capacity to be economically self-sufficient is narrow-minded. So what are independent galleries to do? Look for sponsorship from willing corporations? Hang on just a second...

The little bit of the Venn Diagram where art and economics intersect will perpetually remain a catch-22. Relying on sponsorship from exterior companies will inextricably link the company and the art, yet, incumbent with financial freedom is the creative freedom for art to exist for itself. Art and economics were two entities that were never designed to be mixed, and yet art remains dependent on the deeply politicised economic game.



The Demystification of Molière

Molière's work is French, dense, and 400 years old. Poppy Bullard explains why the new translations of his work, by poet Roger McGough, are keeping the magic alive.

It's easy to forget that the words Classical Literature weren't invented to refer to all things English. At the mere mention of the words "great playwright", Mr Shakespeare saunters to the forefront of the English imagination, quill in hand, and curls rucked to perfection. His characters have even taken on their own global presence; Romeo and Juliet have become universal currency for moronic teenage romance, sorry, 'star-crossed lovers', and there is no character with a darker past than Othello, the original wife-beater. Move further ahead and we, in England, feel we are the homeland of a plethora of genres and playwrights - from tragedy to farce to obscurist fantasies.

Yet, loath as we are to admit it, Shakespeare was not the only man to present hours of immaculately tailored iambic pentameters. Even more catastrophically, Oscar Wilde was not alone in his merciless mockery of the upper classes. In fact, if Oscar Wilde and William Shakespeare had a love-child, he would probably be Molière - one of the most estab-

lished French playwrights of all time, whose work has just been beautifully re-mastered by a much more contemporary wordsmith, Roger McGough. Dubbed as McGoughiere (or #McGoughiere, as is the official slogan), the Liverpudlian author, poet, playwright and performer has painstakingly taken on the seemingly insurmountable task of rejuvenating some of these 17th century texts.

France in the 1600s was a world of the complete bourgeoisie. King Louis XIV was a man of high fashion, style and decadence, and Molière's infamy lies in his unrelenting ability to gently satirise virtually every area of 17th century France that the King made stylish. His farcical chef-d'oeuvre (that's 'masterpiece' to you and me) *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (or *The Bourgeois Gentleman*) quite plainly pokes fun at the simply ridiculous fashionable attire of the age (namely ribbons - a man was just not a real man if he didn't have a dazzling array of small ribbons adorning his every garment), and his most famous piece *Le Tartuffe* defies his Jesuit education and caricatures

religious impropriety. His wonderful aping of society may be drawn parallel with Oscar Wilde, but Molière's pieces, though doused in lashings of farcical humour, are not quite as outrageous as Wilde's and at their core is a grounding in human emotion.

This ability to both mock and endear gives Molière a timelessness which makes his resurrection all the more welcome. The task lies, however, in shedding the 17th century texts in a 21st century light, whilst retaining the inexorably French *je ne sais quoi*. There are dozens of pre-existing translations of Molière, but McGough wanted to take the verse, and allow each of the characters to shine through the daunting, intricately crafted verse. In an interview with *The Guardian*, McGough said that "I wanted the audience to focus more on what an actor is saying rather than on how it is being said, I sought to give each character a different voice, whether elegant, bombastic or cheeky, by varying line lengths, rhythm and rhyme".

Most recently McGough has taken on the

challenge of *Le Misanthrope* (or *The Cantankerous Lover*), which is one of the most famous, and least farcical, of Molière's plays, which satirises the hypocritical and false behaviour of the upper classes. As his hardest challenge yet, McGough realised that "adapting *Le Misanthrope* was never going to be easy, though: this time, all those witty servant girls, broad elements of farce and implausible happy endings were thin on the ground". But despite the discrepancies between the pervasive image of farce, and the more gritty reality, *Le Misanthrope* has been an unremitting success which is now touring the country (and playing at York's own Theatre Royal from 21st-25th May).

This success, as with so many of Molière's plays, rests in his ability to maintain a focus on human nature, and though many productions are a rip-roaringly raucous affair, at their heart is always a message about honesty and faithfulness, keeping Molière a perpetually relevant playwright, with as much of a claim to the canon as Shakespeare himself.



Portrait of an Artist: Pamela Howard

Jordan Licht enters the idiosyncratic world of Pamela Howard, a constant presence in the world of art and theatre design since the 1960s

Since the 1960s Pamela Howard has graced the world of theatre as an inspiring example of an artist who has continued to evolve and broaden their horizons. Throughout her long-spanning and exceptionally diverse career, Howard has defied definition time and time again. As well as being one of the most internationally respected theatre designers, she's also branched out into the arena of education, serving as a professor in renowned art and theatre departments around the world, and notably as course director for theatre design at Central St. Martins. Howard is also a published writer and the author of the bestselling work *What is Scenography?* And with an already overflowing portfolio, Howard has recently expanded her influence into the field of theatre directing and opera, and is showing no signs of slowing down.

In fact, Howard, now in her 60s, is accelerating at full force. As if to illustrate the upwards trajectory of her career, Howard recently designed and directed a production of *The excursion of Mr Broucek to the Moon*, which describes how a Czech man, bored with the limitations of the world, dreams he escapes to the moon, where he meets people that are vaguely familiar to his life in Prague. This uncanny feeling of meeting people one already knows is a theme that permeates Howard's work, and is obvious as soon as one takes a glimpse at the character designs she has created over the years.

Take the character sketch for Fyokla, the bossy marriage broker, or Podkolyosin, a 'reluctant suitor', protagonists in her recent production *The Marriage*. One has a

distinct feeling of déjà vu, these characters are strangely familiar to us all. This all makes sense when noting that these characters are all modelled on people from Howard's past – the weird uncle, the bossy aunt, the nutty professor, all have their place in Howard's kaleidoscopic world. Glimpsing at her designs, one can't help but see a similarity between Howard herself and the fruits of her imagination – draped in flowing woollen fabrics, and intriguing jewellery, with a burning mound of red hair, Howard looks akin to one of her own curious creations. Alien-looking figures with pinched, sheepish faces, peer out of their little microcosms, huddling in odd formations, looking a little unstable on their spindly feet but, at the same time firmly rooted in their unique environment, where the rules of symmetry and geometry are loose and evasive.

In Howard's designs, life's absurdities, quirks, and impossibilities come to the foreground in vivid fashion, as we see the world through her idiosyncratic lens. A flying pig in a maid's apron, an army of street cleaners, a shaman smoking bubbles out of a pipe, all seem oddly natural and indigenous to this bizarre landscape.

The overwhelming feature of Howard's work is its vitality. Each of her drawings is infused with a life of its own, every character acknowledges you; staring, glaring or teasing you from the page, inviting a discourse or a momentary recognition. And there is something undeniably funny about her creations. Absorbed in their own absurd little world, we have no choice but to play by their, and I guess ultimately her, rules.

Review: Life After Life

Author: Kate Atkinson
Review: Rosemary Collins

Kate Atkinson has written both acclaimed literary fiction (the Whitbread Award-winning *Behind the Scenes at the Museum*) and the bestselling Jackson Brodie detective series, but the same preoccupations reappear throughout her work. Recurring hidden ties that connect people, the ability of small details to drastically alter lives and the particular dangers and discrimination women face in society. Her latest novel, *Life After Life*, explores all these themes using an audacious premise that's essentially *Groundhog Day* amplified: a woman lives not one day, but a whole life, over and over.

Ursula Todd, Atkinson's protagonist, is born on a snowy night in 1910 – beyond that, there are infinite possibilities. In the first chapter, the doctor doesn't arrive in time and she dies being born. But she then gets a second chance when the narrative splits out into an alternative story where the doctor saves her. Ursula continues to die in her childhood – by drowning, by falling out of the window, four times in the 1918 Spanish flu epidemic. Each death fragments the story again, at which point Atkinson presents an alternative life where she survives to face new problems.

Even when Ursula lives to adulthood, every decision she makes – whether or not to go to university, let her brother's friend kiss her, travel to Germany as Hitler seizes power – carries different possibilities and dangers. She begins to be haunted by déjà vu – which in her case becomes a useful instinct that guides her away from previous mistakes, and even helps her change history.

Atkinson does a brilliant job of keeping her baroque narrative of parallel and overlapping timelines flowing without confusion or stagnation. For example, to reduce the repetitiveness of returning to Ursula's birth at the start of each new life, she draws on anecdotes of each of the new characters that

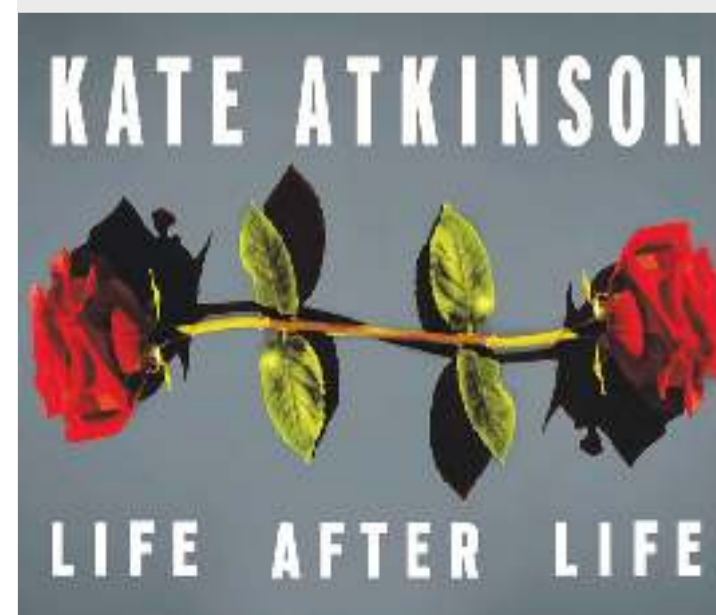
are introduced in the new settings, to build snapshots of all the different lives that connect, however tangentially, with her heroine's.

Despite the fantastic premise, Atkinson builds a convincing fictional world through lyrical prose – she describes baby Ursula's perception of the changing seasons as “the sharp promise of spring, the flattening of the buds, the indolent heat of summer, the mould and mushroom of autumn” – and enough period research to make the setting convincing without overwhelming the reader. Her dialogue is realistic and often very funny – for instance, when Ursula's sister Pamela describes their sister-in-law as “quite violently Christian considering she's C of E.”

Unfortunately, the characters of *Life After Life* aren't as vivid as the setting. It makes some sense for Ursula to be a character who's hard to get a grip on: in Emily Dickinson's words, she “dwells in possibility.” Her personal qualities vary in order to affect and be affected by the circumstances of each narrative – for example, in one version she doesn't have the assertiveness to fight off her brother's friend, and in another she does.

However, the minor characters are either one-dimensional or none-dimensional. The servants in Ursula's childhood home are salt-of-the-earth stereotypes who would shame Downton Abbey. Ursula's different husbands and lovers in varying contexts range from a pompous womaniser to an abusive monster, with no complexity beyond their unpleasantness. Meanwhile, the sympathetic characters, like her beloved family, are so bland that it's hard to understand the strength of her love for them.

However, even enacted by flat characters, *Life After Life's* boldly experimental narrative is worth reading, for its skilful construction and the questions it raises about how all of us end up living our lives and none



FASHION.

Wayne's World

Fiona Parker talks to Street Style photographer, blogger, and fashion outsider **Wayne Tippets** about his magpie antics, the Jamaican Dancehall scene, and capturing that all important "wow" moment.

When I ask Wayne what he wants, he answers in a tone which marks him out as one of those individuals who have wanted the same thing for most of their lives. "I want them to go "Wow". Wayne Tippets is the author of the street style blog, *Street Style Aesthetica*. He updates the website daily with images of celebrities and anonymities alike, who are subjects of the photographs which aim to capture that all-important "wow" moment.

But what merits a "wow"? It is a response to the incredulous, to the outstanding and to the awe-inspiring. Wayne's life incites such an exclamation of wonder in its own right. His work has been published in best-selling magazines such as *UK Cosmopolitan*, *Grazia* and *GQ*, to name but a few; he annually photographs at the fashion weeks in Paris, London and Milan; he recently visited ten cities around the world in five days as part of a campaign for TK Maxx. He describes his maverick approach to work as akin to the movements of an eclectic bird: "You know magpies grab anything that glitters – and I think you really have to dive because you have to assess things very, very quickly... but you don't quite know what you have seen."

What perhaps is the most "wow"-inducing aspect of Wayne's life is that despite being constantly courted by the superpowers of the fashion world, he does not truly feel affiliated



with it. When I ask him about his favourite designers his response takes me by surprise. "I don't know enough about fashion, I'm just someone who has an eye for style, I like to think I'm a fashion outsider and I'm happy that way."

But if Wayne truly feels that he is a fashion outsider, then where does he really feel at home? When did he begin to take photographs? At 24, Wayne was a social worker at a children's home in Clapham, when he heard about a radical new American-styled course at North East London Polytechnic (now East London University) and decided to go back to college. "I did a course called the School for Independence Studies – you designed your own syllabus. I studied documentary photography and started taking photographs in the street." After graduating from college, Wayne became a London and mainly Camden-based street photographer before moving abroad.

Wayne arrived in Jamaica as a part-time teacher and part-time photographer of what he describes as "black and white stuff". It was not long before he was seduced out of the teaching profession by the courageous and outrageous colour scheme of Jamaican Dancehall. "The Jamaican girls were amazing. I used to call it ghetto couture! They'd make their own costumes and turn up in these amazing outfits. I realised that there were some incredible ideas going on. I was looking for inventiveness and originality. I'd already started my Dancehall work in 1986 and in 1993 I quit my teaching job." There were no fashion blogs at the time, there was no, as Wayne describes it, "obvious motivation". "It was just having an interest really, and feeling excited by that subject and feeling that, yeah, the real fashion was on the street."

But what exactly was the Dancehall scene? For Wayne, it was a social movement before it became simply a fashion trend. "It was just a reggae explosion, Dancehall was topping the charts at the beginning of the '90s, it was the first time since Bob Marley that reggae music had gone international. Reggae was on the commercial stage and there was a fusion with hip-hop and artists like Jay Z who was also having a big time. It was a fantastic time for Jamaican music and out of it came the phenomenon of the Dancehall girl and these outrageous outfits."

But was this explosion short-lived, did any of the high-end designers pick up on the colours as loud as the voices who wanted to be heard, and, over twenty years on, did Wayne believe Dancehall has left any kind of legacy? "These ideas were being picked up by Versace, by all sorts of fashion designers around the world at the time. Christian Dior's statuesque heel with the leopard print sole, that's so ghetto in a way. Ghetto glam – it's almost in bad taste, but it's done in a way that is great and outrageous. I think that Lady Gaga totally, totally, is influenced by Jamaican Dancehall!"

On returning from Jamaica, Wayne returned back to "the real world" and it was not until November 2008, that *Street Style Aesthetica* came into being. For some time previously

Wayne's work had been updated onto a domain, waynetippets.com, but Wayne himself had not had autonomy over the website and relied on other people to update it regularly. Eventually, a friend who had a keen interest on the newly born Wordpress offered to install it onto his domain. "It did suit me. I was doing my own thing and I wasn't supplying somebody else's site."

So what is a regular day for Wayne, if the term "regular" can ever sit comfortably beside his name? "On a day I'm taking maybe 500 pictures a day. You have to pre-visualise and approach it very quickly in your mind. It's a matrix almost – you have to make a decision very quickly and when you take a picture you have already pre-visualised it. You know how it's going to look as a finished project – it's something you just learn from instinct. I'll cut that down to about 100 useable pictures, but it takes time. If I'm in Paris, I'm taking pictures, selling them to two agencies and then I'm blogging. So that is basically all day shooting, all night processing and then re-touching, key-wording, sending these images out and then deciding what will go on my blog, which will be one or two pictures that will reflect what I've done that day... It's a case of getting the right balance between a picture which really is creatively exciting to look at and finding one which contains an individual statement about that person... The images either work or they don't really."

But why does Wayne hold onto his self-appointed status as "a fashion outsider" when so much of his world documents it? The ugliest members of the family of fashion, can, in Wayne's opinion, be scouted

around Somerset House, clawing at the closed doors as the London Fashion Week shows take place inside. "There's this huge proportion of people who go to Somerset House and they dress just to be photographed. I spend as little time there as possible. Somebody can wear something outrageous and extravagant but they have to look like they're wearing it and it's not wearing them."

If these false images only bring about bad photography, when and how can Wayne ever work harmoniously with fashion? For Wayne, it is the narrative and the fantasy which drives him to document. "I think that when I'm doing my best street style photography it's with an editorial edge, so I'm looking for something which has a story and fashion really is about the story. People who go out to buy the magazines and clothes, they're buying into that by reading that and enjoying that, they're buying into the fantasy, the story, they're putting themselves in it. It is a story."

I begin to see how Wayne's art has been shaped by the vast variety of his experiences and influences. The authenticity of the Jamaican Dancehall scene has given him that all important eye for sifting through the flotsam of the sometimes esoteric and self-congratulatory world of fashion. Perhaps Wayne's decision to stay on the outside looking in allows him to narrate most effectively and reliably from behind the lens.



"Lady Gaga totally, totally is influenced by Jamaican Dancehall!"

Get the Look...Catwalk Jewellery



MEADHAM KIRCHHOFF SS/13

Show stopping jewellery pieces were the way to go on the runway this Spring/Summer 2013, and the trend has made its way firmly onto the highstreet. Bold looks can be found in most of your favourite high street stores, just think the bigger the better. Meadham Kirchoff showed the most out there styles in their usual surreal way, costume-esque designs flounced down the catwalk topped with gloriously shiny and extraordinarily large earrings.



ZARA PEARL CHOKER, £19.99

Edward Meadham and Benjamin Kirchoff showed the perfect way to wear your chandelier necklace and doorknocker earrings; over a Minnie Mouse t-shirt. The Disney icons popped up in shows all across S/S 13, even Marc Jacobs. This out there jewellery is the perfect way to finish off any graphic t-shirt, which have become a fashion staple with the firm return of all things 90s. ASOS have a vast range of knock out earrings and statement necklaces to match. The blue necklace and blue bug earrings from ASOS are perfect for capturing the Meadham Kirchoff look. Blue is the colour to buy now to wear now and to wear later, it was the

colour of the Autumn/Winter 13/14 catwalks.

You might have seen in Rihanna's latest Instagram snaps that she has been wearing a rather grand pearl necklace recently. The extravagant piece has come straight off the SS13 Chanel catwalk. It is a wonderful update of the classic Chanel pearl necklace, and a classy way to wear the show stopping jewellery trend. Zara have created a take on the infinitely desirable Chanel pearls and at £19.99 are a sheer fraction of what you would be paying for the real thing.

Meadham Kirchoff and Chanel were not the only designers to show larger-than-life bling. Dinner plate sized earrings were seen as simple silver hoops at Balmain, graphic, silver and stone embellished at Etro, and tasseled at Versace. Plastic was a popular material with Plexiglas cuffs, chokers, belts and bodices adorned with gem covered bees dominating the Alexander McQueen runway. Plastic fantastic was seen at Dior and Givenchy too. Perspex jewellery can be picked up at Topshop and Asos to name just a few. Dolce & Gabbana steered clear of modern plastic and headed back to their Sicilian roots for some spectacular bright, raffia and pom-pom laden earrings and necklaces. The jewellery had an almost ethnic feel, a trend the highstreet has picked up on and you can grab your OTT jewellery from Topshop et al. -Francesca Butcher



DOLCE AND GABBANA SS/13



ASOS BLUE EARRINGS, £18



CHANEL SS/13

come a fashion staple with the firm return of all things 90s. ASOS have a vast range of knock out earrings and statement necklaces to match. The blue necklace and blue bug earrings from ASOS are perfect for capturing the Meadham Kirchoff look. Blue is the colour to buy now to wear now and to wear later, it was the

Man-Repelling Rocks

So, the sun is finally out and it's relatively warm - that means joy for those of us who are chomping at the bit to get our milky pins out and over-excitement for those who salivate at the thought of seeing acres of exposed skin. Solution? Crack out some spectacularly large pieces of statement jewellery to refract temporarily-blinding light into the eyes of those who you'd rather left you alone, and don in the evening in the hope of seducing more tasteful suiters. The bigger the better, be it slung round your neck or weighing down your index finger (which also could be useful in dealing with the library staff when they remove your possessions from your desk - just saying). Possibly the greatest thing about statement jewellery is that you can throw on any old rag and still look like you put some effort - and let's face it, when there's gin to be drunk in the evening sun, there is no time to faff around deciding what to wear. See S/S'13 collections from Dolce&Gabbana, Gucci and Etro for inspiration - big, bold and bombastic.

SPLURGE: TOM BINNS EARRINGS.

£237, net-a-porter.com. Giving another level to telling undesirables not to touch what they can't afford. Quite frankly what student can afford these neon bad boys? One thing I do know however is they'd look bloody great with grey robes so you'd better start working out what it's going to take for a parent to send you a pair in time for graduation.



SAVE: ASOS NECKLACE.

£85, asos.com. Since when did ASOS become the vanguard of Neo-Baroque costume jewellery? Enough gems to cause a migraine and probably heavy enough to cause some real damage should it hit anyone whilst spinning on a dance floor. I have no idea what kind of neckline you'd wear with this piece of body-furniture so I'm going to say maybe don't have one at all; come the holidays, it could be worn aboard a yacht paired with a good swim suit - more to create SOS sun signals that anything else. Lipstick awaits.



STEAL: TOPSHOP CUFF

£18.50, topshop.com. This fun yet violent-looking bracelet is not only loud enough to brighten even the duller library day, but is quite sharp - good for prodding yourself to stay awake during long revision sessions or jabbing others to keep them away from you.

- Miranda Larbi



All That Glitters

India Block
FASHION EDITOR

As you might have noticed by now, there's been something of a sparkly theme to this edition. Our very own Muse Editor, Tom Witherow, tried his hand at directing our shoot; take a look at the beautiful spread to get some inspiration on layering up your necklaces to stunning effect (wet-look hair and smoky eyes optional, but definitely on point.) Fashion Deputies Fran and Miranda show you how to get your paws on catwalk bling for a fraction of the price; and handpick serious show-piece jewellery for every budget. Even our feature interviewee, renowned street style snapper Wayne Tippetts, admits to magpie tendencies.

Shiny things have fascinated humankind since the dawn of ages; jewels and precious metals have been prized not only for their beauty and rarity, but also for their enduring legacies.

Jewellery often blurs the line between art and artefact, as at home in a museum cabinet or a gallery. Art's infamous grown up enfant terrible, Damien Hirst, made his name with a platinum skull encrusted with 8,601 flawless diamonds. It's this single piece that got me excited about art for the first time.

Jewels, and the jewellery that they are cut and set into, have histories that are truly fascinating. Diamonds might well be a girl's best friend, but they are an anthropology nerd's dream.

My favourite famous gems include the Koh-i-Noh and the Hope Diamond. The

Koh-i-Noh (Persian for "mountain of light") was once thought to be the largest diamond in the world. It has a particularly bloody history as the spoils of countless wars, culminating in its being set into the crown of our own Queen Elizabeth II. The Hope Diamond is actually supposed to be cursed in its own right, may have been worn by the doomed Marie Antoinette, and glows a creepy red in the dark.

Of course, jewellery is often famous through association with those who have worn it. Actress Elizabeth Taylor was probably Hollywood's most iconic wearer of sparkly rocks; the Christie's auction of her entire jewel collection came to the eye-watering total of £74,196,480. Julianne Moore, '30 Rock' fame, recently wore £6m of Taylor's old rocks to a red carpet event, bringing casual accessorising to a whole new level.

When Lindsay Lohan played Taylor in the so-bad-it-was-good 'Liz and Dick', it was the jewels - including a replica of the 33-carat Krupp Diamond - that helped her look the part (sadly, they couldn't help out on the acting front.) It's perhaps one of life's little ironies that Lohan herself has run into trouble with the law for being light-fingered around expensive jewellery.

Don't make Lilo's mistake, instead take our fashion advice and pick up some bling-tastic high street bargains that pack a punch without breaking the bank. When it comes to sparkly things, more is definitely more.



A Tattoo is for Life

Saira Hunjan talks to Fiona Parker about tattooing Kate Moss, celebrating death and why ink is the new food of the soul.

“Are you tattooed?” There is something in Saira Hunjan’s first question, which makes me feel slightly ill at ease, yet I can’t immediately place it. My instant guess was that I had not expected to be the one answering the questions today. Or perhaps instead, this discomfort was caused by Saira Hunjan herself? Known as “the girl with the golden needles”, her name has sat on the same lines as Valerie Vargas and Claudia de Sabe and, if the rumours are to be believed, she is also the personal tattoo artist of Kate Moss.

At long last, I understand why the very phrase “Are you tattooed?” derailed me. It is simply a matter of phrasing. I would have said: “Do you have any tattoos?” After all, we tend to think of tattoos as commodities which we have paid for. To say “Are you tattooed?” is akin to saying “Are you baptised?” It suggests that the act itself offers a permanent way of distinguishing one person from another. Saira, who follows no particular faith, believes like most Christians, that the body and the soul are two separate entities. However, as our conversation progresses, it soon becomes clear that Saira hopes to break down the same boundaries in a much more alternative way, that is, through the medium of ink.

Saira’s passion for decorating the body began at a very young age. Saira’s traditional Indian upbringing was certainly a departure from the culturally clichéd story of the adolescent artist blagging their way into a studio by way of their sister’s stolen driving licence. Her family were determined to provide for their children in the heart of South London, and growing up against this rich cultural background allowed her to see tattooing in its most tender and organic form. “It was henna – I was always working with it as a kid, whether I was doing my own or designing and drawing for my sisters. Wherever I went as a little girl, I went there with henna on my hands.”

Then Saira reaches into her leather satchel and pulls out a dozen photographs, half of which are black and white and look to be far older than Saira herself, while the other half are glossy and new with the sleek shine of “last summer’s snaps”. I lean over to look at three pictures she has fanned out between her fingers. “Last year when I was in India I travelled to go and meet a lot of the tribal gypsies. The Rabari women were my biggest source of inspiration when I was pretty young and I remember spending hours looking at these pictures.”

The first photograph is a headshot of a girl in her late teens holding a chicken on her hips and smiling wildly at the camera. It takes me a while to see it, but once I notice the dark patterns on the young girl’s throat I see the same intricate designs on the various women in all three photographs. In a deep-red sari, a middle-aged woman reveals an arm sleeved with zig-zags, spots and stars, while the skin on an old woman’s foot appears to be chequered by a series of spots. “I remember thinking I want to look like them when I grow up. They are so strong, hardworking and beautiful.”

But an admiration for the Rabari tattoos is a less-than-comfortable experience once the viewer understands the context behind the photographs. “I don’t think they were very happy about being tattooed. A lot of it was probably forced upon them by an elder in the community when they entered into womanhood, or when they were about to get married. I know two or three women here in London out of that culture who have those tattoos and they completely cover up. If they see you looking at the patterns they are embarrassed, as they were forced into having them, it wasn’t what they wanted.” I’m interested to know whether this information has affected Saira’s love for the decorated Rabari skin. She pauses and a row of teeth pull down her bottom lip; she is carefully considering her next response. “Obviously it upsets me that they weren’t done by consent, but I can’t control my feelings for the tattoos themselves. They are what make the women stand out and they make them gorgeous.”

For many Rabari women, tattooing is a violent act. However, this view is by no means unique to them. This is brought to mind as Saira tells me about clients “pulling whites” shortly after walking into her busy London studio and being asked, over the sound of buzzing guns, to reveal the flesh they wish to raise up in sacrifice. “What annoys me is the way the media use the term “branded”. It takes the sacredness out of the





whole ceremony of getting tattooed. It's not a violent branding. It's just about embracing your own personal history, who you think you are and what you want at that time of your life." Does that mean you can narrate an edited personal history through your tattoos? Can you pick the moments of your life you loved and freely forget the bad times? "If you've left that part of your life and it was hard to deal with, then a reminder of it could be harsh. But there is also that aspect of non-attachment to it where you say "You know what, that was then", it shows you have moved on."

Saira tells me about the good times of her early life. These are memories of being spellbound by her father's art school-trained right hand which brought Marilyn Monroe and Elvis Presley to life on paper with only a biro. She remembers back to hiding several Japanese chrysanthemums from him under the cuffs of her school jumper, and of her genuine enthusiasm to "see what the Hammersmith Biker conventions were all about," a world that a number of her colleagues from her first studio were a part of. Then she tells me the story of one tattoo she does not like to think about. "This guy came in and wanted his wife's name" - was this the classic kiss of death scenario? "I don't know whether they are still together or not, she can't have been very pleased when he came home with her name spelt wrong. Luckily I had the piece of paper to prove it was his mistake and not mine!"

As I look at other photographs of Saira's hands, which include images of bleeding hearts, beheaded women and skulls in all their forms - some even with butterfly wings, I wonder just how Saira's attitude to death influences her tattooing. "I remember quite a lot of my family members dying and there being open coffins. We were all face to face with the harsh reality of death and people really mourning." Encountering the UK's contrastingly private attitude towards death, Saira became interested in other cultures which saw death as something that should be spoken of in a less restrained fashion.

"I went to Mexico a few years ago to find where they celebrate the Day of the Dead. It was a beautiful experience, it really was. They celebrate it for maybe three days and they go to the graveyard - the whole place is lit with all of these candles! They sing at their relatives' graves, they take offerings there and they dream! It's so lovely to embrace it like that, you know - because death will happen to us all and why not just face it."

By tattooing Londoners, Saira hopes to penetrate the UK with the spirit of seeing death in a completely different light. "I just wanted to twist these images of skulls, weird women and stuff so I can say "you know what, it's ok". We've just got to

“There is such an exchange of energies. People don't realise what they are giving off when they get a tattoo.”

make it really beautiful!"

As I notice how much time has already passed, I realise I had not yet even mentioned Saira's rumoured celebrity client, Kate Moss. "She's actually a good friend of mine. One day she called me up and said she wanted to get tattooed so I went over. Of course, she went on to use them in her Topshop collection." Saira has been claiming since 2007 to have drawn the swallows on Kate's lower back, the same tattoos which Kate attributed to the then late Lucian Freud in 2012. I didn't want to jump to any conclusions, but as Saira's waiting list had been up to two years in the past, the idea was certainly feasible. If Saira really did tattoo Kate, I wanted to know exactly what it was like to decorate such legendary skin.

"We hung out and stuff that evening - you know, there was quite a lot of other people there, some other friends. She's typical, she's lovely and you know when it comes to tattooing famous people like that you just treat them like everybody else, they want to be treated the same." But what is "the same"? How exactly do relationships work between Saira and clients like Kate? Saira told me that tattooing Kate gave her the same thrills as tattooing anybody else. "There is such an exchange of energies. People don't realise what they are giving off when they get a tattoo. There's a lot of trust involved and I've made a lot of really great friendships through tattooing clients. It's a really intimate experience."

At 32, the woman who has been tattooing for over half her life has taken a break from the bright lights of London and is currently living in South Wales. "I've slowed down a bit and I'm focussing on my fine art at the moment" - she holds up two beautifully decorated miniature Mexican coffins. "I am better off here in countryside where I am surrounded by the trees and the animals; it's very grounding for me and I just get on with stuff. If I need to tattoo, I will travel to London, but I'm trying to give myself a break at the moment."

As she says all of this, she gazes down at her own decorated skin and traces her finger along the dark swirling patterns on her right shoulder. And as she raises her head from glancing down at the intricate lines which colour her fingers - "they were really painful, they made my eyes water" - I catch a rare sight of the delicate designs on her throat. I realise that I had completely forgotten to ask about her personal relationship with her own tattoos. "They feel like my real skin and they are a way for me to express and show what is truly beautiful." It is obvious that for Saira tattoos depict moments in a person's life, decades of cultural heritage and fragments of the soul itself. I doubt this lady will be putting her needles down for long. **M**

THE STATEMENT PIECE

HANNAH WEARS: TOPSHOP FLAT
RECTANGLE CHAIN NECKLACE,
£10; TOPSHOP MESH CLAMP
BRACELETS £12.50 EACH; BOX
COLLAR NECKLACE £15



LIZZIE WEARS, TOP-
SHOP GOLD Y-NECK
TORQUE NECKLACE,
£15; BANGLES AND
RING: MODELS-OWN



AIMEE WEARS:
AMAZON-STYLE
FREEDOM
NECKLACE £45;
GOLD CAGE
BRACELET £8.50



CREATIVE DIRECTOR: TOM WITHEROW
PHOTOGRAPHER: AGATHA TORRANCE
MODELS, FROM LEFT: AIMEE NAZ-
ROO, LIZZIE LYNCH, HANNAH PARKER
MAKE-UP AND HAIR: FRANCESCA
BUTCHER AND INDIA BLOCK
SHIRTS: MODELS-OWN
THANKS TO ORILLO PRODUCTIONS



A Post-Revolution

Ayat Mneina talks to Laura Hughes about the Libyan Youth Movement, how Gaddafi crushed student dreams and why the future of New Libya lies in the hands of the young.

On January 4th 2011, a young Tunisian fruit vendor named Mohammed Bouazizi set himself on fire. He sparked the youth into a revolution that spread from Tunisia to Egypt, Yemen, Syria, Libya and Bahrain. Libya's youth led the revolution, sacrificed their lives for their story and took charge of their own history.

"The Libyan youth have achieved in two years what other countries have taken decades to do, due to their sheer will. Libya, in our opinion, is truly in a state of chaos, or disorganised flux. Security is almost nonexistent and the citizens are becoming extremely impatient waiting for change, but at the same time are resistant to change."

Ayat Mneina, now works for the Libyan Youth Movement (LYM), a non politically affiliated and non government organisation. The LYM hope to help support the development of the democratic process both on a societal level and on a greater national level. The New Libya offers no monetary or physical support for the LYM, besides a figurative free 'space' to explore their ambitions.

"Currently, there are no restrictions which allow us to attempt to contribute to society in our own way. However, there are limited opportunities for growth from New Libya as the government has a long way to go yet and recognising the role of civil society is something that will come with time."

Critics have attempted to deconstruct the demographic. Commentators say Libyan Youth movement are marginalised because of lack of experience, skills and direction. I was told this lack of direction is an advantage: "With Libya still in flux, I don't think it's wise for us to decide on a specific goal; our flexibility is a strength. We wish to try to serve a function that is needed and will adapt to that function as it changes with time. As for lack of skills, most of us are expats (in LYM) and we believe that we have new skills and perspectives to offer Libya even if it is simply our living in democratic countries."

Everyone including professionals and the government lack skills. "Coming out of Libya where the former regime was only an institution constructed to support Gaddafi, no foundations of a real country were laid and thus those even working for the regime did not develop transferable skills that New Libya could benefit from and this is a real problem."

Ayat told me life under Gaddafi was dismal. "Imagine being a young person at the start of your life, when you look to the future with hopes and dreams of everything you wish to see, do



LIBYAN YOUTH MOVEMENT FACEBOOK PAGE



“You grow up seeing your parents silent about the conditions around you. They wish to protect us from the regime’s wrath.”

and achieve. Now imagine that you really had no potential, not because you lacked the intellectual faculty to achieve anything, but because you were being held prisoner in your own country by a strange man who had more control on your life than you could ever hope to have.

“This man, that no one seems to challenge, decides what you do with your time, the condition of your school and what is in your curriculum including his deranged social ‘revolutionary’ theories written on pages bound between two covers entitled the Green Book which completely dismantled the country as your parents and grandparents knew it.”

Free enterprise was banned, as was freedom to organise and freedom of expression. Gaddafi’s behaviour abroad meant his citizens were subject to strict economic sanctions for over a decade. This meant little to no movement outside the country and a complete dependence on government imports. Libya’s leader centralised business and commerce to the capital. Whilst his people were rendered immobile, Gaddafi violently silenced dissent.

Young people in Libya grew up hearing their parents’ stories of university friends hung publicly on campuses for spreading dissent against the regime. A Libya, “where public executions of any political dissidents were heavily enforced to terrorise an entire country into silence, where thousands of young people were executed, disappeared or imprisoned without trial. You grow up seeing your parents silent about the conditions around you, not because they don’t wish to change anything, but because they wish to protect you from the regime’s wrath.”

Gaddafi’s revolutionary committees and guards ran each neighbourhood. The country ran through rampant corruption and nepotism, “that a new development project would be announced and cancelled before physical supplies reached their destination as contractors, guards and everyone else in the long line of bureaucracy got their large cut leaving nothing for Libyan neighbourhoods, children and people.”

The country’s water and electricity services were desperately inadequate. “Healthcare was not health care but health kill. Healthcare facilities were poorly stocked, health standards severely lacking, leaving everyone to scramble to neighbouring countries on their own expense if any health ailment were to hit.

University students sent abroad to study, had to bend over backwards for a shot to leave Libya and most were granted these scholarships through connections they had with the government.

Imagine everyone around you, apart from maybe your own close family and friends, seemed to uphold the conditions you lived in and seemed to support the regime. Now imagine no free press and very heavily monitored information reaching you inside the country, everything appears hopeless. Now imagine, you start to receive satellite channels and you begin to learn about the conditions which people in neighbouring countries are living under, some worse off than you but most are living in better conditions.

Though limited access to the internet, Libya’s youth glimpsed and began to learn of how young people lived in the West. “How freedom of expression and idea exchange are upheld and respected, and how young people can have the potential to do more than just playing by the rules to survive. These are the ingredients and the elements that lead to the Arab Spring. Growing despair and frustration with the conditions they lived under and the hope and will to achieve something better.”

Was his downfall the result of foreign intervention and did the Libyan Youth support a continuation of foreign assistance and advice to Libya? Gaddafi’s downfall was the result of a climax reached by the Libyan people for their tolerance of his regime: “people were in a situation to speak out and stand up against him. However, the success of the revolution did heavily rely on foreign intervention. The Libyans would have been more than willing to stand up against him without interven-

tion, they just wouldn’t have survived to live beyond it.”

Yes, the LYM believe the continuation of foreign assistance and advice is vital for Libya’s development. Libya needs the expertise and skill set already present abroad and needs to harness this knowledge and apply it in Libya. “There is no sense trying to rework everything from scratch (or reinvent the wheel) when it has already been successfully established. Libya is now more fragile than ever and the contribution of its friends and allies during this period will help settle the country and begin a stable process forward.”

The post revolution reality is that Libya continues to be a heavily subsidised state. Government handouts are used to mask the lack of true employment opportunities, job security, and dismal wages. Can Libya expect real change with its existing economy in such a poor state? “No. Unless a real economic reform takes place and a true framework for change is set up, Libya will proceed as it did under the regime.

“Libya now has the opportunity to create a country where checks and balances are included in its development, where corruption is heavily discouraged, where new avenues of technology are explored diversifying our assets and ensuring our long term sustainability (as oil resources are finite), where citizens are included in the economic paradigm.”

Some young people are turning to radicalised extremists because of lack of opportunities and alternatives. These are the “feelings and realities” of these young people. From the vantage point of someone who wishes to take advantage of young people for whatever agenda they may have, the condition of some young people today is prime for their taking.

“They take them under their wing, begin to brainwash them, sewing new ideas into their heads, and in the end are able to control them. Libya now is on a very fine line, if it quickly develops into a land of opportunity where young people are sought after and supported with an abundance of opportunity, those with ulterior agendas will have a tough time finding anyone to radicalise.” M

The Original Handsome Devil

Frank Carter's career is like no other. The former Gallows and now Pure Love vocalist tells Chris Morris why he thinks he's a changed man.

There's something about The Duchess: there are only so many venues that can get away with painting their walls jet black and seating merch vendors behind a slice of MDF reminiscent of a DIY pasting table adjacent to the stage. Likewise, there are only so many bands that can get away with moving the entirety of their gear – sound-guy included – over the barrier and marshalling their audience to form a circle pit around them as they play. Frank Carter's new band, Pure Love, is one of them.

Meeting Frank and Jim Carroll, lead guitarist, in what we'll (loosely) refer to as a green room, began as a pretty surreal experience. Entering into a desolate Duchess – but for a couple of roadies – through the rear entrance and taken quickly through the venue by their tour manager (and, as it later turned out, aforementioned sound-guy), I come across the pair sat on a beaten sofa with various band members and hangers-on littered about the place. Needless to say, perching on a stool across from a Brooklyn-raised rocker and Frank Carter himself was one of the more intimidating experiences of my 19-and-three-quarter years.

But Frank Carter's turned over a new leaf, now: he said so himself. Playing to the Radio 1/NME stage crowd at last summer's Leeds festival, he proclaimed: "My name's Frank Carter, and I'm a changed man" with a contented grin across his face. Naturally, I ask for him to expand on this; to provide the context behind the rhetoric. "My outlook on life changed before I started Pure Love, and then it changed again and multiple times in the past couple of years", Frank explains, clearly considering how recent times have changed and shaped him as an individual. "I'm the happiest I've ever been now. I'm excited about life."

Crucially, it's a change that seems to come across the spectrum of his life, from the everyday emotions through to his feelings and position within a band; although, when so much of one is devoted to the other, it becomes difficult to separate the two. But even if no words were spoken in the course of our conversation and only intonation and body language were registered, the sense of escapism and achievement at the birth of Pure Love would still be clear. Luckily, they

were. "It's the first time I feel really valuable; I feel like I do a good job and I'm giving my best performances."

But he goes on to make it clear that his current happiness isn't a polar opposite to a once-sad life. "I wasn't sad before. I was young. Everyone grows up and you start to realise what's important in life and, if you're like me, you start hunting those things down." It's almost as if the name 'Pure Love' gives Frank more than just a catchy header for his new project. Elaborating further, an even rosier picture is painted on the differences between past and present. "I quit my old band, started this one and met my wife. Life's good, man. Life's fucking brilliant."

After this, it feels necessary to lead onto some further exploration of Frank's past; to gain some more comparison of then and now; to see if Carter v2 really is different. Pressing on details of the ending of Frank's Gallows, he speaks of how his final show with the band was "great - a relief".

This is where our new-found friendship stalls. In hindsight, I was really pushing my luck to ask for more. And, if it wasn't already, his stance soon became clear. "Come on, man. I don't want to talk about this shit. I've talked enough about Gallows for a fucking lifetime."

"I just wanna talk about all the cool stuff in life like love, and sex, and death..."

A follow-up on future collaborations with other artists evoked further emotion. "You need to be careful with collaborations – you might end up releasing a cover on a major label and that's the only song they put out... speaking from experience."

Clearly, Frank's got a lot to put lyrics to, and his style's never really changed all that much: "I'm writing the same way I've only ever known". Referring to Pure Love's now-



famous line "I'm so sick of singing about hate/ it's never gonna make a change" (but refusing to actually say it), he gives an impression of a long-standing unease during his previous project. "There's that one line, in fact, that everyone picks up on, but that's just the way it is. I wrote years ago. You know what line it is." But these lyrics convey a clear difference in character and meaning. He goes on: "It's not like I couldn't use them before, they just never found their place".

tracks 'She', 'Burning Love' and 'Bury My Bones' prove this point in name alone. But it's not as one-dimensional as it might appear. Going on, Frank's philosophical side forces its way out: "I wanna talk about all the mysteries that we search for as human beings – all the things we wanna understand and probably never will. That's all I wanna write about."

Pure Love's roots lay much deeper than when the band formed a couple of years ago. Between the decision to start the project, their first show and the release of a debut album, almost two years passed. "There's songs on there that go back eight years, so the album's almost ten years old already" Frank explains, supporting Jim's claim that "there's music on there taken from years and years ago". The pair agree that it's "compiled by the music [they] grew up loving", and that, semi-jokingly, "they all have a bit of the classics in them".

At this stage, I'm rather confident our friendship is suitably patched-up. With little time with the pair left, my attention turns to the more light-hearted subject of social networking. "It blows my mind that nowadays we've got a Twitter, a Facebook, an Instagram and still kids are like 'oh, howcomes I didn't know you guys were playing last night?' and it's like, I don't know, because we've been talking about it for six fucking months." After all the other differences he's been through in life, there's a certain edge to Frank Carter that'll never change. M

REVERB.

Lil Wayne

"Have I ever hired a photographer to photograph an event? Sorry, sir, no, I'm a superstar...!"

Hang Around an Inkwell

Independent Record Store Day draws out the dustiest corners of the music world. Hatti Linnell and Alex Osborne speak to **Paul Lowman** of the Inkwell about setting up his own store.

Paul Lowman opened the Inkwell 18 months ago in an effort to bring something new to York's music scene. After a few years of post-uni drifting, it was time to make a decision about where to go next, having considered opening a record store for some time.

"I thought it would be good for York to have a place like this, and that it would be worth giving it a shot. I couldn't care less about being my own boss, but forcing myself to embrace responsibility was important. My wife had our daughter Dorothy slap bang in the middle of opening the shop, but I thought if I didn't do it now, I wouldn't be able to take that risk and see if I could step up to the challenge."

Sadly, with the rise of internet purchasing comes the familiar closure of independent stores. In the last ten years, the UK has seen more than 70% of its independent record stores close. If anything, though, the Inkwell was opened specifically to target this, offering all the charm and attention to detail that Amazon and iTunes can't. "I think sometimes record shops can feel a bit like a warehouse, and while some people might say I've gone for style over substance, I feel that nice stock should be presented equally nicely. I also think that a sense of community is really important. It just happens that I'm the guy on the other side of the counter. People that come here are fans, and really, I'm just a fan too, so if I can share that with people



PHOTO CREDIT: ANDY GAINES

then we're maximising everything the internet can't offer."

Although it's sometimes difficult to keep up with big corporations, Paul's confident that independent stores can keep up. "People who are still passionate about music and books are very motivated consumers, and will make a point of seeking out stores like this. As long as you keep getting good stock for good prices,

"People that come here are fans, and really, I'm just a fan too. We're maximising everything the internet can't offer."

then customers will keep coming. In many ways we benefit from that in a sense, because our customers really care about what they buy and from where."

Each year, Independent Record Store Day encourages stores to host bands and sell some of the thousands of sought-after special releases available on the day in order to celebrate the unique experience of shopping at an independent shop. The Inkwell hosted both Mark Wynn and ...And the Hangnails and had almost completely sold out of all special stock by 3pm. "One particular favourite that we managed to get was Shangri La's 'Walking in the Sand'. Mark's been

incredibly supportive of the shop and had played here before. He's a great acoustic singer songwriter, he does sort of kitchen sink stuff, and then ...And the Hangnails are Black Keys-y blues rock - it was great to have such loud, rocky music in the shop. I think bands like to play gigs in places like this because it makes a change from the normal pub scene."

Despite all the doom and gloom surrounding the record store industry, there are plenty of reasons that it remains appealing to people like Paul. "I get to think on things I'm passionate about in a million different ways every day. Before having the shop I was obviously really in to music and pop culture in general, but now I'm exposed to the dustiest corners of those worlds all the time. I find new and interesting things every day, which is

amazing. I've loved meeting loads of different kinds of customer; 95% of people who come here are really cool. Not like they're Lou Reed or something, but just pleasant people to deal with. It's not always the easiest job but it's always a pleasure."

While exploring all these corners of the music world, there are bound to be some hidden gems found among the masses. "I'm lucky, I find exciting things all the time, but my best find is The Osmonds' *Crazy Horses* LP. Nothing on it sounds like The Osmonds, it's like Led Zeppelin. Finding interesting, great music regardless of value and collectability is the main thing, though."

and smiles. However as more people started joining in on the fun it all started to change. Not so much at the stages themselves - which apart from perhaps the Bison stage were all perfectly sized for their expected capacities - instead, slowly but surely queues started emerging around the festival. By early evening beer, food and relieving oneself became a mission I only associate with unpleasant places like airports, conferences and French service stations.

What was perhaps most painful about this services shortage was that, once you got what you desired, it was so good. The range and quality of food on offer was some of the best I've experienced at any festival. The facilities were clean and well-stocked and the extensive range of ales at very reasonable prices meant that the bars should have been cleaning up. But due to a simple miscalculation of supply and demand it wasn't quite as mutually satisfying as it should have been.

signposting was to follow the stream of girls who couldn't decide whether YO1 dress code was all-out glasto or a rather flowery Bangers and Mash. This eventually took me through the gates of the racecourse itself and into a surprisingly large grassy enclosure which would prove more than capable of holding the crowds, and much to everyone's angst, could have comfortably held a few extra bars and food outlets too.

For the first few hours it was business as usual. A steady stream of people entering the grounds come 2pm meant a decent crowd jiggled along to The Marzec Group's reliable grooves on a slightly behind schedule afternoon. DJ Yoda really got people moving to a fantastic combination of bass and classics (nothing makes me lose my shit faster than Toto's 'Africa'), whilst all around the festival a wonderful blend of genres was making sure there was something for all ages represented.

So far nothing but sunshine

The YO1 "Queue-pocalypse"

Rory Foster

If I learnt one thing from YO1 festival, it's that when queuing reaches a certain saturation society breaks down completely, replacing all conceptions of manners and tolerance with pure desire. Not the lesson I was expecting to learn from York's premier music festival's second carnation, but nevertheless, I feel my jostling abilities have significantly improved over the last 12 hours thanks to what was an enjoyable experience, only slightly spoilt by what will probably be remembered as the "queue-pocalypse" of 2013.

YO1's website described the location of the Knavesmire with: "if you're from York, you'll know where it is. Kind of." Surprisingly, this proved insufficient for locating the festival; a rather better system of

Live at the Inkwell.



MARK WYNN

THE INKWELL,
YORK
Saturday, 20th April
Hatti Linnell

On the sunny afternoon that was Record Store Day at the Inkwell, Mark Wynn played an engaging, short set featuring a fresh selection of old and new music. A long time supporter of the store, it was especially nice to see play someone so clearly invested in the local music scene. Wynn, who defines himself as a 'York based mumbler of song and speil', delves into the rarely-explored category of spoken word music, tricky territory which has mainly been presided over by Scroobius Pip for the past five years. His lyrics are of the kitchen sink variety, and as a result his music bring a fresh sound unlike anyone else's.

Wynn's live performance was a little hit-and-miss and it was obvious that he was a little affected by nerves in the intimate setting of the shop. He's a great guitar player with a singing voice to match but I felt that sometimes the spoken word elements are to the detriment of the music overall.

There were an extraordinary number of pauses in the acoustic guitar background but this often went so quickly that it was difficult to understand or appreciate Wynn's lyrical creativity. Some of his songs are enjoyable but there were points where the spoken-word element became irritating. He engaged effectively with the crowd during songs, but his humour often missed the mark a little or was overdone, leaving the audience with an element of discomfort. A lot of the time it felt like Wynn was speaking only to himself.

Wynn is really good on record (his new split vinyl EP with The Sorry Kisses was released on Record Store Day), so I think it may have been nerves that made the gig a little awkward and underwhelming. Wynn's style isn't really to my taste. Either way, an artist worth watching; but for those who enjoy his music, he is definitely worth a watch and will be supporting both Dick Valentine and Beans on Toast at Fibbers in May.



...AND THE HANGNAILS

THE INKWELL,
YORK
Saturday, 20th April
Alex Osborne

Bluesy garage punk duo ... And the Hangnails are going to be big. Combining crashing percussion with impressively powerful riffs, The Inkwell was literally drowned in sound throughout their set. The band closed Record Store Day's proceedings by leaving the audience's ears ringing in the best way possible: by merit of a great live performance.

The band have hit press with rave reviews for support acts alongside the likes of Wet Nuns and Deap Valley - 'current' doesn't quite cut where those guys are at. With a lack of live performances this year, a sneaky listing at the Inkwell provided a unique opportunity.

Martyn Fillingham's vocals were suitably sultry and

strong, from the gritty musings of 'Yours' to the closing 'Alt Bro', which felt distinctively more rock and roll than any other band I've heard of the same genre for a long time. There are lashings of Modest Mouse and The Strokes to be heard here, but with unique twists that come through great variance of tone and mashing up of styles.

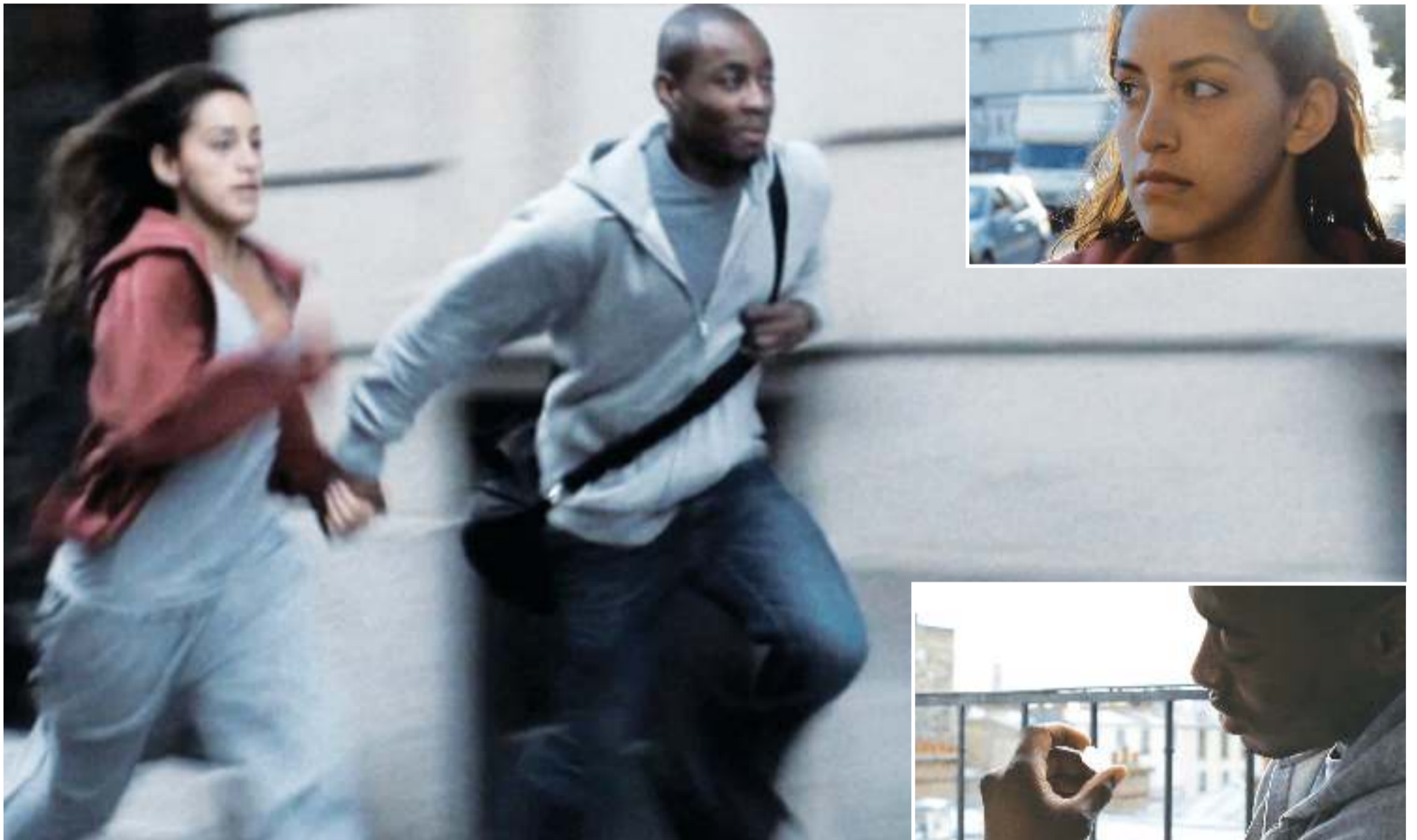
Each track blended amazing technical skill with developmental patches and great breakdowns. The clarity of tracks like 'Yours' was only amplified by honest lyrics and unashamed, classic riffs that were never predictable. ...And the Hangnails have managed to create their own brand and forge a notably original sound despite the thousands of bands that take a shot at blues-rock.

'Wah' was another stand-out track that again emphasised the band's notable ability to keep their style fresh. Each track played built up, there was always somewhere to go with the tune, rather than the standard 'we can play guitars really fast for a long time' sort of approach.

The gig was made extra-special by its intimacy, as the band played from the back of the shop and called out for requests. The two make for a really endearing duo; their friendship and inter-song chats only added to this. There's nothing better than watching a band play in the midst of an enthusiast audience, and in this case, people seemed to really know and love the duo's work.

FILM.

Gambling on a Fifty Pence stake



Harry Lambert talks to upcoming director **Eric Kolelas** about ambition, Aesthetica and the importance of artistic communities

“I’m a young black man in London... this way maybe they can focus on what the film’s really about”, actor-director Eric Kolelas tells me as we meet to discuss his first film, *Fifty Pence*. We are in London on the cusp of summer, debating the thought that shooting anywhere else is inconceivable. Not wanting to be typecast, Kolelas set the eleven-minute short in Paris, the city where he grew up.

It was a chance to escape the stereotyping that his background can foster. “The way people speak to me changes”, he tells me, when they realise he hasn’t made a ‘hood’ film. Kolelas has elsewhere stated, “There are [black] films where black people are dealing with ‘black’ issues, but those issues aren’t the only ones black people have to deal with” (Gapers Block). But its basis was not so deliberate. The idea began when Kolelas, then an aspiring actor, came across some footage of Paris on the internet.

The simplicity of the shots, and the atmosphere they created, inspired him, and it is what makes *Fifty Pence* arresting. It’s a tale of one man’s attempt to gain redemption, and settle his innermost values, after being told to ‘deliver’ a girl for a Mafioso. The plot revolves around the line, “No matter how much you win or lose, always leave with something you came with.” But all this grew out of an aesthetic pursuit. Speaking to Kolelas is an insight into the way shorts can be made, at first more art than story.

The film was selected for screening at Aesthetica Film Festival in York, under the drama category, and featured at festivals in London, Chicago, Paris and Barcelona.

Fifty Pence is ambiguous, as Kolelas intended. “With lots of scenes there’s two ways to read it, and it’s the same with the ending ... people from different backgrounds see differ-

ent stories”.

For Kolelas it all started at school, where he stumbled upon media studies as a fourth A-level. “Doing media studies was the best thing that could have happened” – it turned out to really just be a chance to study film, something he used to have little interest in. After studying film at university he chose the perils of a career in acting, otherwise, “I was going to be so frustrated being a studio engineer for people [who were] doing what I wanted to be doing”. He’s since been in *Eastenders* and music videos for Magnetic Man and Ed

“I’m a big sci-fi guy, I’m in pain that I’m not at Iron Man right now”

Sheeran, but most importantly, stars as Darren in *Fifty Pence*.

Speaking on his current schedule, “You can have a month when it’s back to back, and then a month and it’s nothing”. But Kolelas seems not to mind, he’s hard at work in post-production on a second feature. It’s a story of two brothers and their dysfunctional relationship – a tale which the Milibands recently confirmed never gets old – and he’s written a third script.

Like most, he encounters big studio filmmaking from a vertiginous distance. “I’m a big sci-fi guy, I’m in pain I’m not

at Iron Man right now”. Kolelas wants to make one, but “I’m not going to unless it can be a good one”, and that costs. He recalls a sci-fi drama which did well at Sundance 2011, and comes up with a solution. “Have you heard of *Another Earth*?” The only special effect they have is a second Earth in the sky. “It’s cheaper”, he laughs.

It’s an important consideration for Kolelas, who self-financed *Fifty Pence*. His story is a window into the beginnings of a world one usually only sees the end of the big-budget studio picture or the critically acclaimed indie. He hopes the film, and these two successors, will help him sidestep the countless other aspirants.

He talks amusingly about touring the festivals; Chicago’s ‘clean’, and he liked York (the place had a sense of history). “I thought I’d go there (Chicago) and big directors would come. None of that happened”, he deadpans. But “it made a big difference me being there, and being able to talk to people.

“Maybe one day”, he says wryly, “a plumber who saw it might be fixing the sink of a big film director”.

The short now lives on Vimeo, where he welcomes the constructiveness of criticism. It’s a “more relevant” audience than YouTube, full of other aspiring film-makers; he recruited the crew for *Fifty Pence* through it.

We discuss the need for artistic communities, I say film-making seems an independent existence. Aesthetica Film Festival might counteract this, having grown out of a surplus of submissions to a film competition, and then bringing these directors from all round the globe together. They attend alongside important industry figures, and re-attend. But Kolelas shrugs and agrees.

“I think that’s the case in almost everything”.

Is crowd-funding the future of independent Film?

Zach Braff is using crowdfunding website Kickstarter to finance his latest feature. James Tyas asks whether it is the way forward.

When news first broke that Zach Braff was attempting to raise \$2m using Kickstarter to solicit the public to fund a new feature film my first instinct was that it was going to be a bit of a disaster. It's 2013. Almost nine years have passed since the release of his first film as writer/director: the slightly dated, 'quirky' indie comedy *Garden State* which featured the high water mark for cringeworthy dialogue with Natalie Portman's immortal line: "You need to hear this one song by The Shins. It'll change your life." I thought it would be fair to assume that there couldn't really be an audience out there craving what would effectively be *Garden State 2*.

Well, it turns out there actually is. At the time of writing, Braff has already exceeded his target figure and has currently raised \$2,384,186 from 31,905 backers and still has 24 days left to raise even more for his project entitled *Wish I Was Here*. Unsurprisingly, the multimillionaire ex-*Scrubs* actor's foray into the world of crowd-funding has proved to be somewhat divisive and caused an inevitable internet backlash. In his video pitch for *Wish I Was Here*, which featured comedic turns from both Jim Parsons of *The Big Bang Theory* fame and Donald Faison (Turk from *Scrubs*), Braff cited the overwhelming success of the *Veronica Mars* movie project Kickstart-

er. Indeed, the mystery teen drama TV show's producer Rob Thomas set the ball rolling for high profile projects funded by the public when he broke various records by convincing over 90,000 backers to raise nearly \$6m.

Braff's argument for forgoing traditional financing routes was that it allows him a greater degree of creative freedom. Braff wrote that "It would have involved making a lot of sacrifices I think would have ultimately hurt the film." Basically, if he had to get the money men involved they wouldn't allow him to cast the actors he wanted, they fiddle with the script and generally not let him get his own way. While wanting creative freedom is valid, Braff's claims seem to be slightly disingenuous at best and at worst, lies. To illustrate his point in his pitch video, Braff claimed that studios would contend his choice to cast Jim Parsons in his film. You can never be sure of these things but would a studio really have a problem with Braff casting one of the most recognizable and successful sitcom actors of recent times? Hmm.

Back in 2004, *Garden State* was very successful and managed to turn a healthy profit and Braff is currently trying to raise a mere \$2m. As a point of comparison, one of the year's relatively low-budget films, *Side Effects*



“Expecting Braff to self-finance his project because we know that he’s moneyed does seem a little bit churlish...”

cost \$30 million. Like comedian Louie CK, who was allowed full creative control over his eponymous television show in virtue of the production costs being so low, Braff would have also probably been allowed to do as he pleased with the small budget making it a very low risk proposition for a studio.

More generally, while reducing the amount of middle men in any creative endeavour is undoubtedly a good thing, the romantic notion that crowd-funding sites are wresting away control of what is shown in our cinemas from the studio-bosses and giving it to the people might not be quite the virtue it seems. The main beneficiaries of the democracy of the internet have been Psy and Baueer. If crowdsourcing does represent the future, it is highly implausible that cinemas are going to be showing wall to wall *Eternal Sunshine of a Spotless Minds*. At least 90% of all output will be as terrible as it has always been.

Expecting Braff to self-finance his project because we know that he's moneyed does seem a bit churlish and you do wonder whether if another, more respected and widely-liked filmmaker had done the same thing whether it would have caused the same level of contro-

versy. Whether Braff's project will instigate even more high-profile actors and directors to hijack Kickstarter in order to finance their upcoming projects and act to divert money and attention away from more worthy projects by unknown filmmakers who genuinely don't have any other options open to them apart from crowdfunding; or whether it alerts peoples attention to Kickstarter and encourages them to donate to those smaller projects is, at present, purely speculative.

What is annoying is that the people who put money into Braff's project are donors rather than investors meaning that if *Wish I Was Here* does become a massive box office hit, they will see none of the actual profits from the film they allowed to be made. The perks that Braff is offering for pledges are on a sliding scale: if you pledge \$20 you'll "be the first to hear the soundtrack... before it's released, via a streaming link," and if you pledge \$10,000 you are awarded the privilege of a walk on role. I assume that both these options are highly appealing to someone, somewhere, but then studio execs would certainly expect a monetary return on their investment, so one has to ask, why shouldn't the public too?



Iron Man 3

Director: Shane Black
Review: Alfie Packham



After five years and three films to date, we have seen Tony Stark as Iron Man go through the ups (*Iron Man*) and the downs (*Iron Man 2*), on his way to joining and generally taking the piss out of his fellow supers in *Avengers Assemble*. On the journey we have witnessed the one Avenger worth listening to grow from reckless weapons inventor to well-matured superhero. So, with all original ideas likely to be exhausted

by this fourth outing, the question moving on to *Iron Man 3* is what can yet another film about Stark have left to offer us?

"Lots" is the answer given by Shane Black's new approach to the franchise, as he goes somewhere left unexplored since the cave antics of Iron Man's first film: to literally strip the hero down and scrutinise the bloke behind the body armour. From a solemn opening voiceover, we find that Stark is not quite the confident "genius, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist" he once was, owing to his stressful run-in with Loki's alien invasion last April. An anxious mood follows panic attacks, terrorism from the Mandarin (Kingsley), and a rough patch with girlfriend Pepper Potts (Paltrow), all feeding doubt as to the resilience of Tony Stark's cocky façade.

But this unusual moping soon proves to be a red herring. Even as dejected Stark befriends a lonely child complete with a standard fatherless sob-story, any schmaltz is thankfully sidestepped by witticisms delivered expertly (as ever) by Robert Downey Jr. The actor's deadpan performance has defined the franchise while even coming to typify Marvel films at large, and it is this familiar joviality which comes to the fore in Black's script. A comical tone is therefore set by one-liners and slapstick moments which consistently yield laughs throughout.

This trade-off of sternness for humour does come with its price, however, as the movie consequently suffers from a lack of threat. Although action scenes enjoy increased dynamism through Tony Stark's suit upgrades (even with little worthwhile use of 3D opportunities), this is problematic for audiences, since they work to diminish the closeness - and thus the excitement - of close scrapes. Typical of many a Marvel film, we never believe that the protagonist is in real danger. We simply wait for Iron Man to win the inevitable hero-villain showdown, as he shows off his bigger guns and new unpiloted suit-avatars.

It comes as a surprise, then, that the core asset of *Iron Man 3* is the element of surprise. Unlike its *Avengers* predecessor, this is not a film designed to appease the hordes of wheezing nerds. When dealing with Iron Man's quintessential comic book nemesis, the Mandarin, Shane Black reshapes the potentially racist stereotyping of the villain's

old-style image, aligning him with more realistic modern terrorism à la Bin Laden. In a fan-boy provoking move aided by Ben Kingsley's sweeping acting talent, Black goes on to alter the baddie's character arc with unexpected plot twists, to refreshingly entertaining effect.

Meanwhile, characters on the good side have also been tweaked. Pepper Potts, who has always refused to play damsel-in-distress, nonetheless enjoys a welcome promotion from "whiny girlfriend-secretary". In her more positive and occasionally kick-ass new role, Iron Man shows increasing reliance on Pepper in a few life-threatening situations, neatly replacing the missing chemistry of her and Stark's steady relationship.

Then again, this change seems an all-too-conscious effort to challenge what is still quite clearly an (Iron) man's world - so don't expect Potts to be donning a suit of her own any time soon.

In spite of Tony Stark's imminent return for an *Avengers* sequel, this instalment's conclusion feels like the last of Iron Man as we know him. Both the film's individual roller-coaster plot and the series' wider narrative cycle are resolved, as a chain of tied loose ends leave a sense of satisfying closure at the credits.

Where earlier Iron Man films have brought action and witty wisecracks the third stands out bringing these and more. You won't cry, but you'll laugh as Shane Black's paid-off risks ensure that *Iron Man 3* both surpasses and surprises.

FOOD AND
DRINK.

Abandon hope, all ye who taste the hot sauce.

Dr Burnörrium, the owner of Britain's only hot sauce emporium, talks to Mary O'Connor about revenge, Chilli and Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory.

Everyone has met or lived with that "LAD" who insists on providing the pre-drink space for his motley crew, (whilst you're sitting cowering in absolute terror next door) and proceeds to recreate a scene somewhere between a Dothraki wedding and a stampede of heavily drugged gorillas.

You realise fairly rapidly that your evenings of planned productivity has been unceremoniously foiled. But, never fear, unadulterated revenge can be yours with the help of Dr Burnörrium's range of hot sauces.

Having just launched his "Psycho Serum", which measures a burning 6.4 million scovilles, (and sold out within the first two weeks of sales) Dr Burnörrium, aka Nick Moore, proves that revenge, or any other food, for that matter is a dish best served scorching hot. Psycho Serum, he warns, is not intended to be used as a condiment, but rather as a cooking additive. Taking it neat, would, he says, be akin to "licking the surface of the fucking sun." Roll up, ladies and gentleman, roll up.

Moore, a Motörhead and umlaut enthusiast, owns Britain's only Hot Sauce Emporium, which is located in St Nicholas Market, Bristol. His love affair with chilli began as a 17 year old going to the pub with his friends and trying his first Vindaloo curry. With his taste for still-hotter products growing, the hot sauce revolution in America in the early 1990s was the perfect opportunity for him to expand his chilli horizons.

After trying products like Blair Lazar's "Death Sauce", he decided to pursue a career in creating and selling hot sauces, all while staying true to his original American influences, as he explains "in the shop we sell about 300 products and about 90% of those are American."

His own creations differ very little from the American masters, as he tells me "three of our own sauces that we do are made with 70%

chilli... You are getting the flavour of the chilli, you can't get any purer. There are no fancy-pants, superfluous ingredients that shouldn't be in there in my opinion." Whilst he holds the USA title as "the best hot sauce makers in the world", Moore also gives a nod to Belize, the home of a brand called Marie Sharp, who "started over her kitchen sink 30 years ago and her sauces are absolutely incredible."

Dr Burnörrium certainly keeps me on my toes, as he takes charge of asking the questions, "Let me ask you a question. Have you ever walked into a place and just thought 'wow'?" This apparently, is the reaction he gets fairly regularly from customers who stumble across the shop for the first time.

His customers aren't the only ones who are taken aback, as Moore admits, even after four years of running his emporium, that he is still surprised by the broad range of people who come in.

He reveals, "my youngest customer is 8 or 9 years old. He comes in with his dad, and they come in once a month. He doesn't buy the mad, bad hot sauces, but he does buy ones with a reasonable amount of heat level, round about the Tabasco kind of level."

In the past, Moore has been accused of being something of a wine ponce when it comes to hot sauce. I can tell he might take this more as a compliment, since as a self-confessed 'purist' Moore reveals that "I will not sell a product until I've tasted it...It has got to be a damn good sauce and pass with my approval. I am very strict." For Moore to stock a particular sauce in his Emporium there has to be the perfect balance between flavour and heat. As he explains, Capsaicin extract is the chemical



IMAGE COURTESY OF DR BURNÖRIUM

"Taking it neat would, he says, be akin to "licking the surface of the fucking sun."

that makes a chilli pepper hot, and this can be added to "a natural heat hot sauce" to take it to "unimaginable" levels of heat, to create a sauce of "enhanced heat." This has to be done in a very delicate manner to ensure heat doesn't overpower flavour, and vice versa.

Moore admits himself that he has "one foot either side of the line between genius and insanity", but I do wonder whether this is the case with every hot sauce enthusiast. Moore explains that it is more to do with the science behind pain, rather than the need to be committed to a mental institution: "when something hot hits your tongue, it sets off receptors in your brain and trigger endorphins to try and cope with the pain, which as a result make you feel quite good. It's the same effect when people go to the gym or run marathons; you get that buzzy feeling. That's why people crave chilli. Your body will eventually become tolerant to the level of heat, so to get that same

feeling you have to go hotter and hotter, and that's why people become addicted."

Moore confesses that he has chilli with every meal, except breakfast, which he skips. He also has a clear position on the beloved English tradition of the Sunday Roast: hatred. His preferred dish is perhaps less surprising: curry.

With hot sauce tasting rapidly becoming an extreme sport, Dr Burnörrium is the guy supplying the fun. But his wicked streak doesn't stop there, as he reveals his hopes for the future: "If I could, I would open a hot sauce emporium on a high street that would blow your fucking mind, because it would be the chilli head equivalent of Willy Wonka's fucking Chocolate Factory. I'd have little dwarves in there as well, I would love to employ a couple of dwarves...If I had that whole thing, you'd certainly go fucking 'wow' when you walked in, wouldn't you?"

To answer his question: Yes, I believe I would.

Hot Chilli Chicken Wings

Cut the wings at the two joints and discard the wing tips. They add very little to anything and generally just get in the way. If you want to, you can keep them and use in a chicken stock.

Mix all the remaining ingredients for the marinade. Put wings in a flat container and cover with marinade. Turn wings to coat all surfaces.

Cover container and refrigerate overnight, or for at least 2 hours. This allows the flavours to soak into the chicken, and also tenderises the meat.

Line a baking pan with baking paper. Drain marinade off the wings, reserving the marinade, and place in one layer in

Ingredients

- 12 chicken wings
- 1 teaspoon crushed ginger
- 1 teaspoon crushed garlic
- ¼ cup finely minced fresh chillies (optional)
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- Chilli sauce/Tabasco (as much as you feel happy with)

the pan. Bake at 200°C for 30 minutes. Remove from the oven, and drain off liquid.

Brush wings with reserved marinade or, for more intense heat, brush with full-strength chilli sauce. Not Dr Burnörrium's sauce though. No one wants to lick the sun.

Bake for an additional 30 minutes or until crisp. Serve immediately, with potatoes and greens, and a side of yoghurt or maybe cream cheese for those with a less fortified palate. Prepare for chilli symptoms by having tissues within reach.

Tip: you can also add creme fraiche into the wings while cooking to cool the sauce slightly should you have been over-enthusiastic with your chillies.

Jordan: The Land of Milk and Honey

PHOTO CREDIT: ELLIE SWIRE



The Lost City of Petra, Jordan

The Elixirs of Success

Sunaina Suri



PHOTO CREDIT: MEZZOBLUE

I have an issue with not understanding menus. Call me picky, but I like to know exactly what is in something before I order it - no shocks or surprises.

So when, having sat down with my family for a meal while on a recent trip to Jordan, I was presented with a menu of about four or five dishes, all written in Arabic, I was a little nervous about what to expect. Communicate with the waiter? Not an option either, really.

What to do? Take the risk and be presented with a plate of raw chicken heart? Mistranslate and get boiled lamb intestine rather than the anticipated salad?

I need not have worried! Like its Arab and Levantine neighbours, Jordanian cuisine is a rich blend of vegetables, meats, fish and spices; food in Jordan is as much a sign of hospitality and pride as it is culture.

And while it would be impossible to write in detail about all of the dishes, there are some which stand out as particularly memorable.

Any meal in Jordan would not be complete without an appetizer of warm flat bread served with hummus or a similar aubergine dip known as baba ghanoub, followed by an assortment of mezze-style salads and snacks - fatoosh, falafel, stuffed vegetables (mahashi) and patties. No raw unidentifiables yet.

For the main course, grilled chicken and fish are popular, though it is lamb mansaf, hailed as Jordan's national dish, which deserves special mention.

A recipe which includes fragrant rice and pieces of cooked lamb marinated in spices and plain yoghurt (jameed), topped off with golden raisins and roasted nuts, mansaf is delicious and impressive ('mansaf' means 'explosion' in Arabic).

Mansaf is quite a fiddly dish to make at home, but if you have the time and patience, it is well worth the effort! It is also likely to impress flatmates no end as you reveal that you actually learnt something whilst away. Constructive holiday? What?

Lamb Mansaf

- 1 pot plain yoghurt
- 1 egg white
- 2 tsp corn flour
- 60g butter,
- 1 onion, chopped
- Tumeric
- Cinnamon
- Raisins

Nuts (pine, peanuts, or almonds)

Blend the yoghurt, egg white and flour in a pan by stirring continually in the same direction. Maintain the same direction of stirring throughout, as changing will cause the yoghurt to curdle. This can be quite tricky - take care not to overheat.

Heat the yoghurt mixture until it begins to boil then lower the heat and leave to simmer until it thickens.

Meanwhile, place the lamb in a pan and cover with cold water. Bring slowly to boil, skimming the surface to remove particles.

Cover and boil gently for 30 minutes, adding salt and pepper.

In a separate frying pan, cook the onions and then half the nuts in butter until golden brown, stirring in the spices. Add the mixture to the boiling lamb.

After the lamb has been cooking for 1 hour, remove the lid and let the liquid reduce until it only half-covers the lamb. Add the yoghurt sauce and cook on a low heat until the lamb is tender and the sauce is thick.

Serve with basmati rice and any leftover yoghurt sauce, sprinkling the remaining nuts and raisins over the top. And if you want to eat mansaf the traditional way, serve from a large bowl, using your fingers to dip the lamb in the yoghurt.

Ellie Swire

The Naked Baker: Piñata Cake

Fe Morizet

If you ask a Mexican what a piñata is, they won't come straight back to you with cake. A piñata itself is usually the centre piece of a party; a multi-coloured, papier maché construction filled with sweets or small toys.

However, we're not making inedible things here. What would be the point in that? Introducing, therefore, a showstopping cake. Rather than papier maché, you use sponge cake, and make the whole thing edible! No throwing it on the ground though.

Here, the first cut of the cake will reveal the surprise of candies and treats inside. The cake is baked first, and the candies are added to the cooled cake, so there's no danger of melting inside. As a relatively new recipe, there may not be much history behind it, but it is a lot of fun.

The Recipe

- 175 g self-raising flour
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 3 large eggs
- 175 g caster sugar
- 175 g butter, room temperature
- ½ teaspoon vanilla extract
- An assortment of sweets
- Two large pyrex bowls



Measure the flour and baking powder into a sieve and sift into a bowl, holding the sieve quite high. Add all the other sponge ingredients to the bowl and whisk everything together until you have a smooth mixture.

Grease and cover the two oven-safe bowls with flour. Divide the mixture between the two bowls (or tins), and place on the centre shelf of the oven. It will take 30-35 minutes to cook.

Remove from the oven and after about 30 seconds loosen the edges by sliding a palette knife all round, then turn them out onto a wire cooling tray.

Gently scoop out the inside of both cakes with a spoon, going down a few inches. Be careful not to puncture the cake on the sides or bottom. Place the crumbled cake pieces in a separate bowl and save (they can be used to make cake pops later). Repeat with other cake. You will be left with two, hollowed out cakes.

Place one cake on a plate facing up. Apply butter icing all around, and on the edge to act as a seal, and fill the hole with assorted sweets. Now carefully place the other cake on top making sure to line up the edges.

Cover the rest of the cake with frosting, and place it in the fridge for 15 minutes to chill.

Advisory note: Hide from housemates or birthday person; you will have none left if they find it.

What makes a drink a brainpower aiding, IQ enhancing, lovely provider of knowledge? What is the science behind those elixirs of life? Can we actually pass our exams just by drinking coffee? Here are some facts on drinks we consume frequently, to aid you in your studying.

Firstly, alcohol. According to the Journal of Clinical Investigation, drinking alcohol can boost brain energy. Acetate, a chemical normally found in vinegar, is what the body gets as leftovers after breaking down the alcohol. This is broken down into the bloodstream and travels to the brain, improving memory, energy and stamina.

So, drinking alcohol 7 days a week might not be such a bad thing. Since alcohol in excess kills brain cells, moderation is key (until that last exam is over. Cells regrow in time for the next exams, right?). According to some surveys, red wine is the choice of the intelligent, as it is rich in resveratrol, which is a flavonoid that boosts blood flow in the brain.

Grape juice and cranberry juice are also rich in resveratrol. These juices could also keep you from infections as they contain vital nutrients that aid in the treatment of heart disease, cancer, urinary tract, bladder and kidney infections.

Green tea is another great. It contains polyphenols, which are powerful antioxidants that protect against free radicals that can damage brain cells. Green tea also enhances memory and helps keep your mind alert.

Caffeine is problematic. Coffee can make you feel alert, but will make you feel irritable if you drink too much. Energy drinks keep you awake as well, but do not keep you focused as they have too much caffeine in them. Stick to better sleeping patterns to keep you awake. Food Standards Australia New Zealand claims you can get anxious after having 3 milligrams of caffeine per kilogram of body weight. Read the label and do the maths.

Milk, surprisingly. Milk has vitamin D, which we also get from the sun. This boosts brainpower, according to studies done on Alzheimer's disease.

Last up: water. According to *Psychology Today*, brain cells are efficient only when hydrated enough. Short-term, long-term memory and alertness are all dependent on hydration from water. We take water for granted - but if you're not trooping to the library water fountains every hour (and then, one imagines, the toilets...) then it's your concentration that's going to suffer.

The Orillo Edition



Kate Frater from Orillo Productions talks to Mary O'Connor about the best kept secrets, teapot cocktails and everyday miracles

“We want people to be curious about Orillo, and explore what it is in their own way.”
‘Curious’, I certainly was. On entering the neatly tucked away studio (a stone’s throw from the hipster hangout of Bison Coffee) I soon realised the immensity of the Aladdin’s cave I had stumbled into; and that was even before I spoke to Kate Frater, one of Orillo Production’s six-strong team. A profusion of vibrant, abstract canvases adorned the exposed-brickwork of the walls, with the open space of the room itself filled with the incandescence of the several clusters of light bulbs that dangled artfully from the ceiling.
It would be wrong to assume that this is just an edgy kid’s paradise, as I learn from Kate, everything about Orillo Productions, including the space, has a very personal, human touch, “When we first came, it was completely derelict, so we

did it all ourselves. It took us about four or five months, every day after work, just scraping the walls and sanding the floors.” The bar, which has been our saving source of (alcoholic) beverages throughout the day, is another feature which echoes the Orillo personality. Kate explains that the bar top was made of cut stone from a disused quarry on her dad’s farm, and I notice that ‘Orillo’ has been delicately engraved into the side - a quirk which became the centre of discussion at one of their very first launch parties.

Orillo Productions, like the booming Bohemian space it now to boasts, has been lovingly and painstakingly nurtured into a successful media production company. Starting off as the brainchild of four Film and Television students from York St John University, Orillo got its first commercial contract due to the entrepreneurialism of one of its directors, Keenan,

who, after pulling some strings in the marketing department, followed Jack Wills, around the USA with a video camera. It was hardly glamorous sleeping from sofa to sofa, but it is obvious that this was just a small sacrifice for the fruit his efforts would yield. Kate excitedly reveals that after he sent his edited footage to Jack Wills “they loved it, so he shot another one at the Boathouse, and from then on, Jack Wills became our main big clients.” A far cry from his days of sofa surfing, Keenan has somewhat moved up in the world. Apart from filming in the USA, he has been to Hong Kong no less than ten times in the past two years.

Kate is keen to stress that staying “true to their roots” is the heart, soul, and driving force of Orillo Productions. Whilst they pursue some commercialised ventures, working with multinational organisations like Ducatti and Rolex, it is



PHOTOS COURTESY OF ORILLO PRODUCTIONS

“We want to promote talented people coming out of university, who can follow their dream of tap dancing or carpentry, or whatever they want to do.”

obvious that the most rewarding work for them comes from ‘humanity’-based stories.

Love146, a charity that raises money and awareness for trafficked children across Europe and the UK are the subject of Orillo’s latest filmic exploits. As Kate tells me their story, and how the team came to be involved, I understand exactly why the Orillo passion for their work seems inextinguishable. “The guy who started the charity was over in Croatia... He went to where you could traffic these kids, and he said that there was a window in the building, but it was one way, you could see them, but they couldn’t see you.

He said he was stood with these less than savoury looking men and they brought in these girls and lined them up. He noticed that there was this one girl with a tattoo on her that was number 146. The other girls were looking straight at them, this one girl, she was looking at something else, and she had the blindest stare in her eyes. She didn’t even look human anymore. He said that that moment struck him so deeply that he called his charity Love 146 for this little girl.”

Orillo’s directors are following a campaign attached to Love146 on the road, an initiative called ‘Run for Love’, “There’s these three guys who joined the charity and they call themselves ‘Run For Love’ and they’re running 30 marathons in 30 days. They started in Odessa, and they’re finishing in Croatia. Every day they’re running 30 miles a day, and we have a guy who is cycling alongside filming them, and then he’ll go ahead to try and get them accommodation.”

Kate joined the team on graduating from York St John,

and helped create the events side of Orillo Productions, with the concept of the Secret Cinema and the accompanying pop-up bars. You might think cinema and associate it with eating stale popcorn, slumped in a lumpy, grime-covered chair, behind a six-foot coughing giant. Orillo, as you may have guessed, offer a slightly different, even ‘off-the-wall’ experience when it comes to cinema. Think watching *Jaws* in a swimming pool. If the risk of being the supper of the blockbuster’s big fish wasn’t enough to excite you, the Orillos have bigger and better plans in mind.

“We’ve got another cinema on 21st June and we’d like to play *Hook*. We’re actually hoping to do a collaboration with Papakata (a York based company which provides tents and teepees for large scale events) and use their huge teepees to create a *Lost Boys* theme, with loads of bright food.” On the theme of food, their upcoming third birthday provides many a student dream: they want to throw a “quirky” party, with, quite simply, champagne and hotdogs.

As they found with the overwhelming popularity of one of their first cinema events, held at the museum gardens, “people don’t want to pay to just go to the cinema. They want an event.” With this in mind, the bars used dainty (and cocktail-filled!) teapots and teacups to water the crowds. But the team’s newest project involves creating and marketing their own brand of vodka, in a bid to push their pop-up bars even further.

Instead of wanting to rival other leading brands like Absolut and Chase, Orillo Limited, (the name of the vodka

wing of the company) is going to be aimed at fostering a very personal connection between the individual and the vodka. Before this starts to sound like a twisted scene from an AA session gone wrong, Kate explains the refreshing thinking behind this objective: “we’re aiming to sell it like a lifestyle, like we want to have a swing-top on it, so when you go for a meal round someone’s house, instead of taking a bottle of wine, you’d take the vodka for the middle of the table.” Bottoms up, kids. Or whatever ‘cheers’ is in Russian...

In marketing the vodka, the group’s roots in film are ever-present, “we’re going to do a video once a month, following someone really talented.” Being suffused in atmosphere of creativity breeds more of the same, “so say we meet an amazing carpenter, and we give him the vodka for a month, for him to do what he wants with it, he might then make a box for it, so it would be the Carpenter Edition. So each edition of the vodka will have batch #1 and 2 and so on, so by the time you reach a hundred, you’ll be able to see how much it’s changed.” Much like their own journey of taking a risk to pursue their passions, Kate speaks for Orillo in saying, “we want to promote people coming out of university, talented people, who can follow their dream of tap dancing or carpentry or whatever they want to do.”

The first thing Kate revealed was her wish for people to explore Orillo completely in their own way. After spending just an afternoon there, I couldn’t help but feel that I had been well and truly bitten by the Orillo bug. Or maybe I had one too many teapot cocktails...M

CABBIES' CORNER

JEFF'S JOB DRIVING A 7-SEATER TAXI APPEARS TO HAVE TAKEN ITS TOLL ON HIS SPORTING CAREER...



“I used to play rugby myself, but I sure never got the chance to play at a place like Huntington. Lucky boys!”

Jeff
Driving cabs for 5 years

Tea and Troubles.

Dear Sophie,

My boyfriend wants to do a threesome, which I would quite like to try. But, the other girl he wants us to do it with is Spanish, and doesn't speak a word of English. How can we avoid any awkwardness?

Hire a translator. A threesome can be very complicated and you wouldn't want any misunderstandings. Although I've never heard of translators being used in romantic situations before, I'm sure it would work. You might look into hiring one who specialises in anatomy as doing the wrong thing to the wrong part of the body could be somewhat uncomfortable. Perhaps go through a few 'key words' before the evening begins with signs and pictures, and you shouldn't run into any trouble. Suerte chicos!

My housemate is addicted to Farmville. She has installed a direct cable into the wireless hub so that she can plough her crops quicker, but our connection is now really slow. What can we do?

Buy her cigarettes. She's going to need to develop another addiction to stop her playing Farmville so much, and, I've heard, nicotine is highly effective. It's not really healthy for someone to be obsessed with video games, especially when they involve animals, so I'm sure she'd gain from improving her social life. Perhaps start off by offering her a cigarette after a meal and she'll soon be hooked. I can't see the attraction of moving chickens around a computer

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M24
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screen, so I'm sure it won't take long for her to prefer puffing to ploughing.

I've signed up to the York marathon along with some of my friends but now I've realised that I couldn't possibly run 26 bloody miles. How can I get out of doing it?

Hay fever. Two simple words, and people will understand immediately. High pollen count can be a nuclear reaction waiting to happen and you don't want to inflict that kind of sneezing on your fellow runners. Say you've always had it, and you've been very sensitive about people knowing, and that you've never wanted it to stop you doing anything. Indeed, acknowledge that some people run the marathon with one leg, one arm, visual impairments, you name it, all in the name of charity. But hay fever, is a different kind of battle. No matter how much Piriton you've got, you may win one battle, but you will never win the war; you can never run away from pollen.

THE STUDENT NOTEBOOK

MARTIN SPURR

As with any sporting weekend this year's Roses has engulfed campus. From the frantic stewards running from each event to the next to the baffling Lancaster tradition of dying one's hair blonde - how this helps any sporting attribute is beyond belief, apart from giving their opponents a good chuckle. As York advanced towards victory the relentless matches drew in avid followers. Though this may be a case of anything's-better-than-revision rather than a new found love for ultimate frisbee.

Yet every major sporting event has the same effect. And even in York's own little bubble there's no doubt this year's Roses will do the same. The enthusiasm non-sporty people find grows and grows until they are out there running 5km every day before breakfast. Or at least for a few days. During the two weeks of Wimbledon every tennis court is booked up, after

the Olympics every athletics club was full, and during the Tour de France numerous cyclists clog up the roads. These are the fair-weather sportsmen and women who blow the dust away on their tennis racket in the summer, or dig out their two sizes too small running shoes from when they were at school. These men and women laugh at year-long gym memberships, chortle at months of training and completely ignore any real sporting etiquette. And although it pains me to say it, I find myself turning into such a person.

Why I thought it was a good idea to run the 10km fun run this weekend despite not having run for several years astounds me. The only fun part is the pint of beer waiting at the end of it, the elixir of life for any unfit athlete. The determination to keep going was only to be found in the knowledge that the decadent

Charles pub was not too far away: a well deserved treat after avoiding the temptation to deviate from the set route. But my new found enthusiasm for sport did not stop at running. The start of the Giro d'Italia spurred me on to sign up for a 52-mile bike ride for Project Snowball with the ever delightful Jane Grenville as my only current companion, and that's only for 26 of those miles. Why? Who knows. Will this new sporting prowess continue? Unlikely. For the fair-weather sportsman or woman it's not the legacy or longevity that counts. It's not important if the Olympics inspired a generation, as long as for the two weeks after every sports club was full to the brim with keen, enthusiastic and naive participants. So whilst I survived the 'fun' run and haven't pulled out of the bike ride to date, the real question is which sport will ignite my interest next? Just anything but the MMA.

