

MUSE.

09/10/12

A Real Love Story

Camila Batmanghelidjh, founder of Kids Company, talks about neuroplasticity

The Pride of the North

How Gay Pride in York is changing perceptions

Freshers' Week 1964

What the crazy kids of York were up to in the Sixties



Muse.



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Image Credits.

Cover: Kate Treadwell, Kids Company
Photoshoot: All photos credit to the marvellous Agatha Torrance



Do you want to reinvent yourself?

Sophie Rose Walker

New starts don't come gift-wrapped. I wish they did, as it would make it a hell of a lot easier both to spot and seize them by the balls. The lack of packaging begs the question, what is a new start anyway? I recently bought a knife specially designed for cutting ridged vegetables, and it's changed my Ratatouille incontrovertibly. But that's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about full-blown, cataclysmic identity overhaul. Exactly the sort you might consider during Freshers Week. And exactly the sort you should wholeheartedly avoid.

If I've learnt anything from a menagerie of painful, awkwardly British experiences it is, 'don't be fooled'. Taking up larping because you quite like men with beards, or joining Muggle Soc because you are convinced that the reason you've never really fitted into the Muggle world is because you are, and al-

ways have been, a wizard.

Don't get me wrong, I'm all for trying new things. But just not as a means to escaping acceptance of who you really are. If there's one thing that grates my nerves, it's that personal reinvention is all around us. "Buy this Herbal Essence shampoo and you will become an unrecognizable, sensual goddess immediately on stepping out of the shower. Eat exactly seven and a half Goji berries, and you will have the energy of Michael Phelps."

I can sadly tell you that Chanel no. 5 does not turn you into Keira Knightly on the back of a motorbike in Paris, no matter how much you try. New starts - new 'you's' - don't come gift-wrapped. We're so used to things being delivered in boxes, we don't know how to look for things anymore, because we don't need to; things are looking for us.

But Freshers' Week seems to be

the sneaky exception. It's the new start that gets delivered in a seven-

"You should wholeheartedly avoid identity overhaul during Freshers. A 'new you' will never work."

day-sized box, with a wristband and a bar crawl t-shirt. But that's it. The rest is up to you.

Not even the most unrelenting fresher should have to handle that kind of pressure: to have made, at the end of seven days, new friends, a new hobby, and a new you. I certainly failed miserably fulfilling that brief, but what's just so fine, is that now as a sagging, middle-aged, gin-

drinking third year, I have come to realise that the task was never going to be completed anyway.

If there's something you don't like about yourself, like having a monobrow, then use a new start to change, to pluck it right out of your life. But becoming someone entirely new is a totally unfeasible proposition, because it just won't work.

Maybe it's true what they say: things don't change. People like consistency. I remember one girl in my flat dying her hair dark brown for her new start at York, even though all the pictures on her bedroom wall were of her with platinum blonde hair. Surely she realised we could see Old and New, and that that was somewhat unsettling? It's only bloody hair colour I hear you cry. Well, at least it's not changing your name, which is surprisingly common, at least on Facebook anyway.

I feel for the likes of JK Row-

ing, not because she's changed her name, but because her first book to be published post-Potter is rubbish, apparently. *A Casual Vacancy*, which has been slated for its lack of sympathy to her already devoted fanbase, has been both a challenge and a let down to them. Why do it JK? Why go and reinvent your writing career in the vain hope of people instantly thinking you've become an entirely different writer? If the new goods aren't even better than the old, it's a new start wasted, and a dignity damaged.

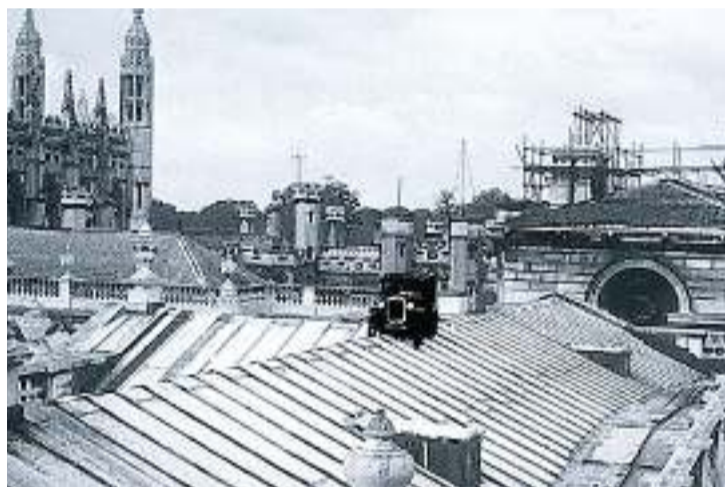
I have always stood by the fact that the greatest wisdom in life can only be offered by cab drivers, because there's no fuss involved. A wise cabby once said to me during a lift at an ungodly hour of the morning that, "One of the greatest lessons you can learn, is that most people, most of the time, genuinely like you for who you are." So who needs gift wrap?

Great Student Pranks

Think your Freshers Week is pretty wild? These students knew how to make an impression. *Nouse* runs down our favourite student pranks from over the decades.



In July 2008 MIT students hacked into a road sign supposed to be warning motorists about a closed road, which started to show a variety of non-traffic related content



In 1958, twelve Cambridge students winched an Austin Seven onto the Senate House roof, remaining anonymous for 50 years.



In 2004 20 Yale students donned fictitious 'Harvard Pep Squad' t-shirts and convinced 1800 Harvard supporters to spell out: 'We Suck'. Ouch.

Cambridge had to pay thousands in 2009 to remove four Santa hats students had placed at the top of King's College chapel



MIT students struck again on the tenth anniversary of 9/11 when they installed red, white, and blue lights on a nearby landmark building.



York Uni Iconic Gigs by Numbers.

Under **£100**. The price paid by the University to book Jimi Hendrix in February 1967

1 day's notice was given by Paul McCartney to the Student Union when he played in the early 1970s.

5 tickets were sold for Del Amitri, when they played Derwent Dining Room. They made the top 10 the following week.

Fleetwood Mac played Central Hall in 1970. The band were too stoned to play and an audience too stoned to notice.

Over **2000** watched The Kinks in Central Hall in 1974. Health and safety fire restrictions?

6 is the number of Boomtown Rats that played in York, in one of the most controversial gigs ever...

The Lonely Smoker

Rose Troup Buchanan

The flooding of York was a sign. It was a sign from God. It was His attempt to wash away the great filthy mass of humanity, commonly referred to as 'freshers'. However, as with so much of God's initially fantastic ideas (Adam and Eve, Jacob and Isaac, that whole business with a tower) the execution was less than perfect.

I've spent the last two years of my time huddled miserably under an eave attempting to suck nicotine into my decaying lungs, whilst sheltering from the uniquely Yorkshire combination of wind and icicle-like rain. Frankly, the latest biblical piss-down was less than welcomed.

Thanks to God deciding not to check the University of York's e:vision schedule (omnipresent my arse), he was unaware the extravangza known colloquially as "Freshers' Fortnight" starts a good two -three weeks after every other university in Britain.

So whilst he was bang on target for the rest of the country, our University's Oxbridge ambitions, and the fact they like to extract as much money as possible from you whilst simultaneously teaching you for the shortest possible amount of time, meant that God missed the bowl by two weeks. Thus not only was I miserably wet and cold, I was also denied the satisfaction of seeing a bunch of confused 18 year-olds drenched and chilled to the bone thanks to Yorkshire weather.

Me O, Freshers 1.

I have a lot against freshers. The premise of Freshers Week is a degrading, dehumanising exercise in exorbitant spending and utterly pointless Facebook grandstanding. No, actually, I don't want to know that you've been out every night so far and are "suffering from the worst hangover ever!!! #YOLO #Freshers'12". On a side note, I'd like to point out to all the idiots out there using hashtags on Facebook that they are FOR TWITTER.

I'd love for someone to do a survey on the estimated spike in the number of photos uploaded during freshers week. Or fortnight, or whatever it is that YUSU are calling the exercise this year. Someone explain to me the point of going into a venue, paying for a drink, and then proceeding to stand (let's be honest, you haven't actually danced anywhere this week, because each club has been so full of students you've felt more like a sardine than a human being) and have your picture taken. You don't talk to people, you just compare flash

techniques and exposure. Then, when you've finally exceeded your cameras memory, you walk home with your friendly teletubbie (currently masquerading as something called a 'STYC') and proceed to upload everything, complete with in-jokes, and copious references to all your new best friends.

Of course it can be enjoyable. I know a number of my friends have spent the last two weeks gearing themselves up in preparation for one final fling at the grubby allure of youth. And I mean that literally, not figuratively. One friend (male) responded to my inquiry about whether he was looking forward to freshers' week with: "Freshers mayhem ... yeeeeehhhhhhh!!!! Sick!" Bearing in mind he's a third year, and his next statement was, "you know what's a huge tune? Jamelia Superstar" I think you get an idea of the average mental age of those who enjoy the week.

It's obvious I'm pretty jealous. Despite preferring to gouge out my own eyes with a spoon than endure Freshers' Week again, I'd give almost anything to have my first year again. Once you get over the pure hideousness that is Freshers' Week, and start meeting the people who you actually have something in common with (rather than bond over the fact your drinking a similarly fluorescent coloured cocktail) you start having a pretty great time.

With this in mind, I have one and only one piece of advice to offer first years currently going through the tribulation of freshers: go hang with the smokers. I'm not advocating smoking (keep your hair on YUSU), but if you feel like engaging in a conversation and making a connection based on similar interests rather than shared saliva, head for the smokers area.



A Real Love Story



Camila Batmanghelidjh, Founder and Director of the charity Kids Company, speaks to **Sophie Rose Walker** about how neuropsychology has helped her work with victims of abuse and neglect.

“80 per cent of youth-offending programmes are failing.” When you think about how incredibly high that figure is, you’d think you’d feel moved and motivated enough to ask why. But as Camila Batmanghelidjh discovered, asking why is not enough. Her work with troubled youth has radically revolutionised the way we perceive the effects of abuse, violence and neglect, and shown that almost everything we thought we knew about those things, were entirely misguided. She also happens to have one of the most amazing wardrobes in Britain.

“Having founded my first charity, Place2B, which offers counselling to children in schools, I became very curious about a group of children and young people who were horrified at the thought of the school holidays”, says Camila. “They worried about not being protected or fed because their parents were either too chaotic or were actively mistreating them. So sixteen years ago I found myself underneath some railway arches, about to set up my second charity, Kids Company.”

Camila Batmanghelidjh was born in Tehran to an Iranian father and a Belgian mother. As supporters of the Shah, her family came under threat during the 1979 revolution, so at the age of eleven, Camila and her sister fled to England to attend Sherbourne boarding school. Her father was imprisoned in Iran and the trauma of this led to her sister committing suicide. So, it comes as no surprise that Camila is not immune to understanding the gravity of trauma, upheaval and emotional instability for a child.

Today, Kids Company supports 36,000 children with a programme of resilience and psychosocial care, as well as education. “Our 600 staff and 11,000 volunteers have worked together to create an extraordinary community which operates as a parental function, meeting children’s needs from the very basic to the aspirational,” says Camila, who does not have any children of her own.

“Our programmes are delivered through 47 schools, three street-level centres and a post-fourteen education facility.” But is this not another failing youth-offending programme? The statistics don’t even overwhelmingly suggest otherwise, they confirm, left, right and centre that Camila and her colleagues are getting it right.

“91% of the young people who were not in education or employment when they arrived at Kids Company have since been returned to it”, begins Camila, as if starting a very practical shopping list. Her modesty is baffling. She continues, “83% of teachers describe children improving in educational attainment as a direct result of Kids Company interventions. 94% of kids reduced or stopped altogether their substance misuse. 90% of kids arriving at our centres have benefitted from improved accommodation or provisions. 89% of our young people improved their anger management as a result of our therapeutic interventions.”

You can’t help but refuse to see these statistics in the context of merely hard work; there must be another reason for the success, aside from the dynamic leadership of Camila herself.

Being a shrewd but compassionate businesswoman has been the engine behind Kids Company becoming a success, and has meant they’ve raised over £50 million since it began in 1996. Indeed, Camila cites her subjects as “the most challenging clients” as if they enter into this business deal, and are contractually obliged to see the results. Challenging they may be, but they were the reason for the success Camila points out, “it was their honesty in describing both the nature of the trauma they were exposed to and their defensive strategies for coping that guided our workers towards the delivery of Kids Company’s care model.”

“The children kept telling us that they couldn’t calm down; that they were unable to sleep due to night terrors and hyper-agitation. They tried to control their rage responses by using illegal substances. They described how, when they harmed themselves or others, they felt soothed.”

Exposing the truth about what was going on for so many children was the catalyst for Camila seeking the foundation of her work to be empirical and scientific. “It was the consistency and clarity of their descriptions which made me seek out the country’s best neuro-psychiatrists and clinicians. Gathered under the umbrella of www.kidspaceofmind.com and supported by generous donors, we managed to conceptualise a research portfolio which involved Cambridge University, the Institute of Psychiatry, UCL, the Tavistock Clinic Portman NHS trust, and a number of other creative and intellectually rigorous departments, each with their own brief to take an aspect of the children’s experiences and illuminate the clinical



ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF CAMILA BATMANGHELDJH AT THE KIDS COMPANY

cal drivers.”

Camila explains the drive to seek an appropriate clinical narrative in relation to these children's difficulties stemmed from the fact that she felt upset at how unjustly they were being treated by the public and the media. “It felt as if child hatred had been unleashed, with the public sometimes describing the kids as ‘vermin’, as if they were worthy of extermination.” She continues, but with little bitterness, “I had learnt otherwise. Spending time with the children every day, I saw how courageous and dignified they were, how much endurance they exercised in the face of unbearable maltreatment.”

I wonder how frank this extraordinary lady would be about the experiences of the children she deals with every day, but she is not immune to the horrors of the truth. “Imagine being gang-raped in your family home, burnt with irons, hit with belts, left in the snow without your clothes, having the barrel of a gun shoved down your throat or tortured with searing cigarette lighters.”

The stupid and obvious reaction is to be amazed that this sort of abuse is as widespread as it is, and as frequent. Camila agrees that, “it wasn't just one assault but a barrage of them that had delivered the children to the desire no longer to be

haps the latter is the most shocking statistic of all. It's unassuming, and doesn't wreak of abuse, but perhaps that's why it's so unsettling; it expects you to read between the lines. If a child doesn't own underwear, what can we presume about the kind of nurturing they are, or aren't receiving?”

Camila draws light on some even more alarming details “it is not unusual to find rats in the fridge, or animal and human faeces in children's beds. Indeed, firearms, machetes and knives are as common in these households as paper doilies and net curtains in other houses.” Much of Kids Company's work is to show that these conditions are conducive to neurological damage, and the term for this is Neuroplasticity; the brain's development is directly affected by the experiences it is exposed to.

Fundamentally, the essence of the research demonstrates that children who have been chronically exposed to conditions of maltreatment have brain development deviations, which mirror the disturbances of war veterans who suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder (Dr Eamon McCrory, UCL).

“It is not just violent abuse that delivers assaults to the brain: constant negation, lack of tenderness, interest and

violence generates damage to the brain, hampering a sense of personal agency, will we be able to formulate programmes of reparation to genuinely meet the needs of the most vulnerable. And society shows it; between 75 per cent and 80 per cent of young people held in custody reoffend within two years; the average age that prostitutes start working in the sex industry is twelve years old; 3.5 million children are living with substance-abusing parents whose lives are unpredictable and chaotic.

Yet in spite of this, Camila argues that, “barely any political manifestos talk about the 1.5 million children in Britain who are being abused and neglected every year. Could it be that the politicians aren't paying attention because kids don't vote? It is regrettable that it took the riots of the summer to demonstrate to the public the impact of neglect and violence. You need to contain a lot of hate to be able to kick in shop windows with your legs and turn cars over.”

She continues with what sounds like the most original agenda to be pushed politically, “climate change is an important campaign on the political agenda. I would argue that an equally alarming concern is the emotional climate to which our most vulnerable children are exposed, often subsequently

“What kind of a society have we created, where a young man tattoos a tear on the side of his face, hoping that people will believe he's murdered someone?”

victims, but to possess the potency of perpetrators of violence. They yearned to leave humiliation behind and perversely gain status by making other people fear them.”

As she speaks, I'm starting to understand how complicated it is, and how that complexity has been overlooked. “Their violence was pathetically defensive, an attempt to evacuate tension in order to achieve calm as well as sustain a reputation for violence. Those who are feared on the streets are less likely to get attacked, so revenge and reputation are important prerequisites for safety.” She stops, and considers darkly, in spite of her dazzling turquoise and fuchsia headscarf, “what kind of a society have we created, where a young man tattoos a tear on the side of his face, hoping that people will believe he has murdered someone?”

In the last three years, the extensive research has continued and has produced some shocking data. 84% of children and young people who go to Kids Company experienced homelessness; 82% were misusing substances; 1/3 didn't have a bed; 18% did not own a single pair of underpants. Per-

nurture for children can be equally damaging,” explains Dr Eamon McCrory. “With overdriven emotional repertoires and underdeveloped regulatory mechanisms, vulnerable children struggle to calm down, maintain concentration and sustain an integrated vision of the self in the future. Terror responses dominate, shattering the capacity for mindfulness and the ability to modify their emotional responses.”

What this means is that children and young people are exquisitely sensitive and predominantly driven through emotionally enhanced processes, making the maltreated brain less efficient in its ability to communicate.

The findings of the research are geared towards Kids Company's work, but they have an extensive impact on social issues nationally. They show that with lack of care, mindfulness is diminished and impulsive survival dominates. The physiological alert response is the primary driver of violence. How the violence expresses itself and what weapons are used gets determined by the cultural environments children negotiate every day. Only when we understand that environmental

recycling the negativity in victimising themselves and others.”

“Communities are systemic: if some members are enduring significant harm, the darkness of that shadow will fall on those who are in the light. I dream of a day when our decision-makers wake up to the moral and societal imperative of protecting children who are being harmed.”

It is perhaps this level of insight and perceptiveness about the importance of psychology in understanding deviation, that sets Kids Company's work years ahead of other charities.

“Our scientific research into the neuro-developmental repercussions of abuse is intended to make the truth more visible through scanning machines.” The leaves me rather a clinical image, but for all the research, who could be fooled that there is really only one thing that's important in this story.

“Ultimately, recovery is about the provision of unrelenting love because it is nurture, attachment and protection which will impact positively the neuro-developmental trajectory. I guess, in short, it is about evidencing the potency of love.” **M**



The Original Freshers

Has Freshers week at York always been the same? **Bella Foxwell** talks to the trendsetting freshers of the 60s to find out.

Since the university first opened its doors in 1963, there have been five decades of Freshers' weeks, each one as hazy and comical as the last. This momentous week is one of the few chances in your lifetime where you can be utterly reckless and totally responsibility-free. No nagging from parents, no curfews, no restrictions. You can down as many test tubes of vodka as your heart desires, jump off bridges, roll down Clifford's Tower. Do things that a respectable employee would never dream of...

The question is, has Freshers' week at the University of York always been the same? What has changed since its first year in 1963? Clive Emsley, who is now a Professor of History at the Open University, was one of the original York Freshers' and explains the ways in which his experience was a little different.

"I don't really recall a separate 'week'. We had to set up all of the societies from scratch and make it up as we went along. There were about 200 undergraduates, mostly, I think, from single-sex grammar schools. I can't be sure but the gender balance seemed about 50/50 so living and working with members of the opposite sex was 'different' for all of those of us who came straight from school. There were no halls of residence (until 1965) so everyone lived in digs, usually in the centre of York."

Even though it was the 60s, it wasn't quite as sordid as you might think. "There was an air of innocence about many of us – even if it was the 1960s. Sex, drugs and rock'n'roll were still relatively new for late teenagers in 1963. That might shock the Freshers' of today!" For entertainment, Clive wasn't drinking at his local each night, instead he was visiting cinemas, the Theatre Royal and Saturday night discos at Heslington. "I don't recall people being out every night or drinking heavily, even at weekends. One or two people got legless, but I don't recall it as a regular occurrence."

Nicholas Wapshott, an inspiration for many undergraduates at York University since working for *The Times* and *The New York Sun*, and helping to launch *The Daily Beast*, was a Freshers' student during the 1970s. Nicholas' first week was characterised by a rush to sign up for societies: "I signed up for the DramaSoc, YSTV, Radio York and Nouse and took part in all of them every year. I went to the Edinburgh Fringe twice. The radio station was a bit spotty in those days, and the Physics department kept telling us to keep the noise down, which was an inhibition. I wrote for Nouse when I knew the editor and didn't when I didn't. Just like real journalism."

To this end, he urges incoming Freshers to follow his lead: "Sign up to everything you think you may be interested in and more. No one holds you to it, but the societies need the numbers to get their funding." And what about his top tips for those crazy all-nighters? "Don't get too intoxicated too early in the evening. There's a long night ahead of you and some people can't make up their minds what they want to do, 'should I go or should I stay', until the early hours. Then it's best to be sober enough to act. And try any and everything. There is an old saying you should try everything except Morris Dancing and sodomy. As your undergraduate days are a time when no one much cares what you do or did – unless like Cameron and Osborne you act like prats in the Bullingdon Club and get photographed doing it – my advice is to try everything. Including Morris Dancing."

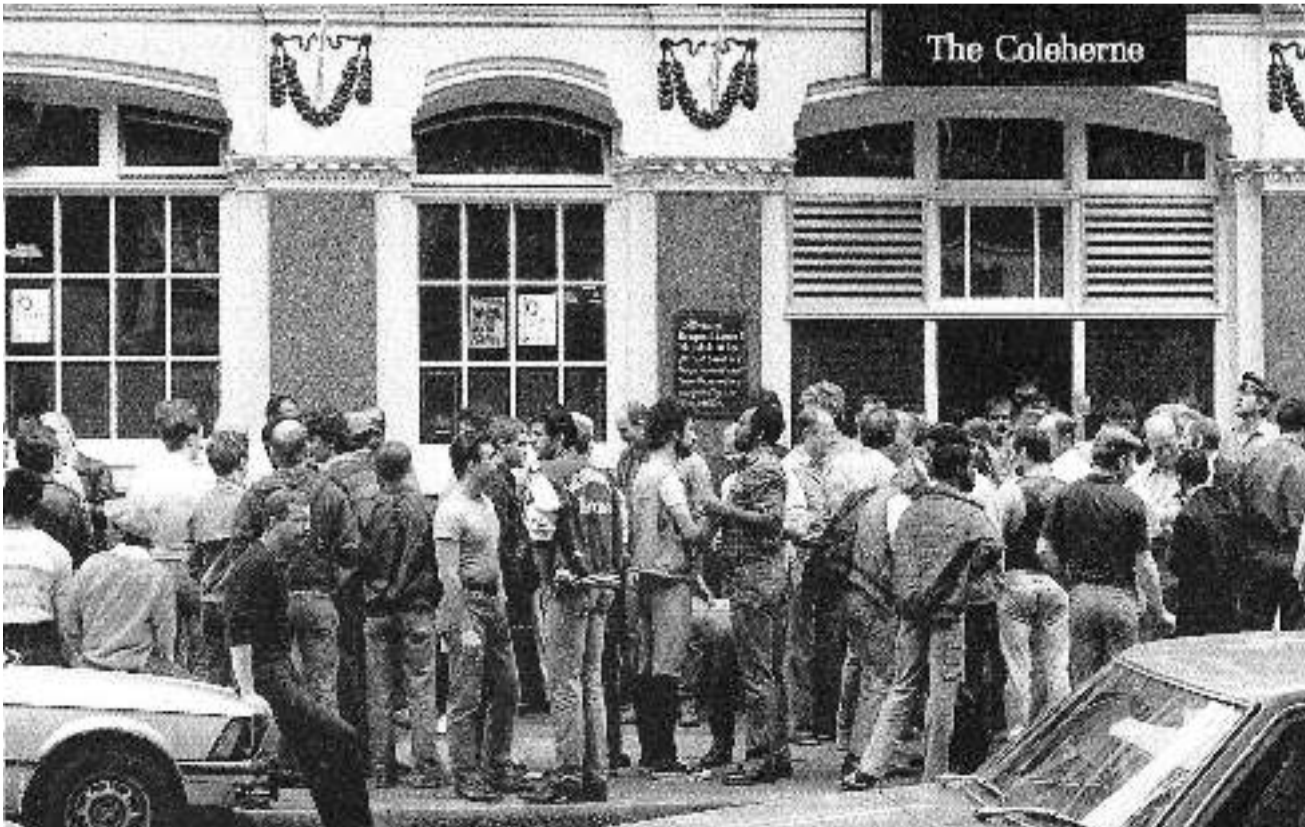
And if drinking yourself into oblivion isn't your cup of tea, then fear not, because Nicholas found other ways of amusing himself back in the day. In the same way that York now offers movie nights and relaxed alternatives to sweaty Ziggy's, Nicholas "made a point of finding a nice place to live because I would prefer to hang out with people I like at home."



ALL PHOTO CREDITS: PETER REDFORD, FELBRIDGE ARCHIVES



Scenes from York lectures above, and students in 1979 outside various favourite haunts.



I rented an enormous TV, which was strange for a student in those days, and we watched old movies and chilled. Jumping around at a disco was not my idea of a good night out."

But don't for a second think that Nicholas' time at university was anything but fun. There was not many Freshers that had such a laugh selling ice cream outside of the film nights at Central Hall – something we are most definitely in need of now. "With my pal Ed Gillespie, now manager of Cheltenham Racecourse, I ran an ice-cream business, selling lickable treats at the film nights at Central Hall and the discos and concerts in the dining rooms. It was fun to do and highly lucrative. We used to sing out, "Whose-ah Wants-ah Tutti-Fruits" in mock Italian accents (think Chico Marx) that I guess would be considered politically incorrect today."

Nicholas' lasting piece of advice, "What happens in York, stays in York", most definitely applies to Freshers' child of the 90s, Horatio Clare. His room was on the top floor of Derwent, overlooking Heslington Hall, and he told of how he first met his fellow students in a corridor queue where they were all signing up for registration. "There was a frightening-looking skinhead called Eric who became a firm friend later due to shared interests in marijuana and women. I met my fellow English students in a large lecture theatre, where the then head of the department, Professor Jacques Berthoud, informed us that firstly, if we did not read for pleasure outside the course we were missing half the point, and secondly, we would never be more immortal than we were then. I established that there was only one really stunning girl doing English in our year and resolved to sleep with her as soon as possible. Irish Jo, as we called her, resisted all my advances, told me I was a laughable fool, and became a great friend."

You meet the weirdest and most wonderful people at university – people you would never dare to mix with usually, and for Horatio, in the 90s, this was no different. "The best friend I made lived two doors down the corridor, a third year with big hair and massive socks, a Yorkshire man called Richard, who knew how to make tea, loved all the music I did

“There is an old saying you should try everything except Morris Dancing and sodomy”

and then some, and took a long, long time to dress in vintage clothes. He was incredibly well read, something of a stoner himself and was obsessed by Neighbours to the exclusion of his degree, which in any case he had lost interest in, since he was going to be an actor. In fact he is now a very successful and quite famous actor called Richard Coyle. I thank the Lord that we were put on the same corridor as he is one of the people I love most in the world."

Unlike Nicholas, Horatio didn't sign up to a single society and although he was lucky enough to be put on the same floor as Richard, one of his regrets is that he didn't make more of an effort to go out and make new friends. This realisation came after one funny moment during Freshers' Week: "I found myself with two friends walking by a lake over which a huge building like a spaceship hovered darkly. We were all stoned. I was delighted. 'Wow! I cried, Look at this! Wow!' 'You idiot', said my friend, 'that's Central Hall! Don't tell me this is the first you've seen of it?' 'It certainly is the first I've seen of it', I said, 'Wow!' 'Christ', he said, 'you have been here a week. That is truly pathetic. You are a debauched son of a bitch.' Reader, that was true. My advice to any Fresher would be: Do not hide in your room smoking dope." His other advice is invaluable, too. "Do not worry if you do not make great friends in the first week, you certainly will. Everyone does. You don't need to sign up for everything, but do sign up for something, at least. Before you do drinking, eat a fatty chop. Or eat something with carbs and fats in it - the more the better, you will still be going strong when everyone else is being sick. Before you go to sleep drink a lot of water. Eat. Don't necessarily sleep with the girl/boy across the corridor, as you will have to live together for the next year. And if you go to university with a girl/boyfriend at another university, ask yourself, is it really, really worth it?"

"Turn off the television, grab your new friends and head down to the pub for an evening of laughter and interesting conversation with people you may know for the rest of your lives." Listen up and make it the best Freshers' week yet. **M**



The Pride of the North

For decades the North of England lagged behind in the bid for gay equality. **Stefan Roberts and Tom Witherow** finds out what's changed

In 1967 gay men and women in the UK could only have dreamed that the gay movement would be in the position it is today. This was the year of the Monkees and the handheld calculator. Billie Jean King won Wimbledon. But in 2012 gay men have celebrated this year as the year when consensual sex between two men became legal.

It is hardly possible for homosexuals starting at the University of York in 2012, a year which saw a UK-wide government survey into the popularity of gay marriage, and an Olympics celebrating world diversity, to imagine the circumstances under which men were to live prior to 1962, and the terrible fear which shadowed most of their lives.

Many were forced into sham marriages, committing themselves and their wives to lifetimes of unhappiness, which often produced children born into desperately unhappy households. Unmarried gay men often found employment difficult or impossible, having to combat rumours of being a 'confirmed bachelor', halting any possibility of career progression and often leading to the loss of their job.

Today, the international attitude towards homosexuality seems to be changing more quickly than even the earliest campaigners for equality could have hoped. Even nations that have deeply ingrained religious values and conservative governments are now embracing a more liberal attitude towards

acceptance of homosexuality.

However, in the UK the movement towards sexual equality is still not complete. King saw the passing of the Civil Rights Act, but he could not stop racism.

Attitudes towards the gay community have shifted dramatically, even over the last ten years. Julian Rudd, Vice Chair of York Pride, attempts to shed light onto the key change-makers. For him, legislation has been a key driving force in changing people's attitudes towards gays: "I think that some of the things in the last couple of years have really made a difference. With the civil partnership stuff I thought all of a sudden it was possible and it was visible that people of the same sex could marry."

"It was visible". Placing gays in the public eye – in the street, on your television, in the media – is, in Julian's opinion, central to there being a whole new generation who see homosexuality as part of human life: something natural and normal. "I have three godchildren and each one of those has grown up knowing that I'm gay. They've seen me with my partner and that is a very normal part of their life. That isn't something that would have happened a long time ago. To me there's nothing stronger than people growing up with gays, knowing people and that just people being part of life. It being embedded from the start is how we'd all wish it to be."

Julian has a host of experiences to highlight the problems that gays have faced in the past, and that reformed legislation has rectified: "The government before the last Labour government introduced Clause 28. I do remember terribly clearly what it felt like to think that if I asked my teacher whether it was okay that I was starting to feel things towards other lads, they wouldn't have been able to say yes. They couldn't reassure me or they might have lost their job."

It is this ability to be truly 'out' that has allowed change to filter so fast. Where being gay was once, by necessity, a private affair, it increasingly has grown to shape people's identity: "A lot of gay people have gone through that journey – oh this is something that I'll keep quiet, it's a private thing. It's nobody else's business. Through to getting a little older and thinking no I can't live my life in that way." And this is one area where Pride organisations are so key, and this is no more important than in smaller cities such as York. Julian sees York Pride as a driving force of gay social life, organising social events in bars and clubs.

Organisations such as Pride and the Gay & Lesbian Foundation in Manchester, which now has the largest gay population outside London, are now central to gay communities in the north, but one can't forget that the movement in the north was slow to grow. For many years London, and 'satellite' cit-



Pictures from the first York Pride march, held in July



PHOTO CREDIT, LEFT AND ABOVE: CHIPPYREV

ies such as Brighton, dominated British gay culture. “London was always the easiest place in the UK to get lost in, to live your life without anybody else noticing. You could be gay in London and not have bigoted people at your front door every day,” Julian says. “I’m not saying that there weren’t gay bars in other cities, and people weren’t meeting - they were. But, in terms of where it was acceptable, London was leading.”

And Brighton? “Brighton in so many ways is just London by the sea anyway!”

I was interested in whether celebrity culture was an important driver in people’s attitudes towards the gay community, for example Graham Norton or Alan Carr. Julian was adamant that these do not have much of a bearing: “There’s always been celebrity poofs of one variety or another going back to Kenneth Williams, people have recognised gay people and they’ve been celebrated, but they’ve been mocked as well. I suspect that the celebrity side of it has a lot less to do with it than just people’s experience of gay lives.”

He goes on to de-bunk the idea that football has a significant impact on perceptions, “Manchester is one of the top football centres of the world and it’s still got the most significant community of gay life in the north of England by a long, long way.” Gay life is easy to stereotype, as Julian admits, forgiving me as I suggest that open gay communities were more likely to form in areas disposed to the arts, “you do get a lot of gay people associated with the arts, but you also get a lot of gay people being farmers or builders. I think it’s easy to stereotype. It partly goes back to whom you know. In manual work and other areas it’s not so easy for them to be openly gay.”

And so we return to the central point that it is the individual’s exposure to the gay community that determines his or her attitude to it.

Julian tells me about his experience of being gay in the North with remarkable honesty; York, it appears, isn’t the centre of middle-class liberalism you might expect. “York is in

many respects still quite rural and drudgy in its ways. That is reflected in the approach of local people.” This ‘approach’ can come about in quite an overt manner, Julian describes one example where a marcher at York’s first Pride march, which took place in July, was sent a letter to his workplace outlining how wrong he was and how wrong Pride was for York.

“York’s just another northern town, this one happens to have tourism, religion and some pretty buildings. But actually get out into the suburbs where people live and you could be in Leeds or Hull - it’s not that different.” But Julian has mostly had only good experiences in York, “My ex-partner and I were regularly in a pub in Heworth. It’s a very blokey pub, and when they found out we were gay you could just see the jaws

dictators in tyrannical states attempting to change a fundamental staple of society.

“I think it’s fairly unusual for anybody under 50 for it to play that bigger part. I think for my parent’s generation it would be very different,” Julian comments. The Archbishop’s comments drew widespread opposition from the gay community, which Julian echoes: “What he was clearly doing was essentially a stall-out for his next potential job. A man who in many respects is massively principled has just driven so far away from those principles just for a bit of politicking in the Anglican church.”

But if religion isn’t important in crafting people’s views, were his comments in fact significant? “It’s significant for the church in that those who aren’t closely involved with the Church will now think that it is even less relevant than before and more out of touch with society. I think it actually did them harm.”

In the UK, the challenges presented for the gay community are no longer for legality, or for an end to discrimination, but for equality in marriage - something that couldn’t even have been a dream for the first gay rights campaigners. But the message from Julian is clear: legislative battles have been won and attitudes are changing, as gays and the gay community enter everyday life, but there is still a way to go. Homophobia is an element that many men still have to live with even so long after the 1967 Sexual

Offences Act.

“It’s hateful and shameful. It remains there. There are quite a few younger people, in their late teens and early twenties, who are terrified about their friends finding out that they’re gay. I think bloody hell, despite the progress there are still people whose lives are completely taken up by this issue. I have no doubt that York needs a constant push, constant reminders. There’s still a lot of work to do essentially.” **M**

“I have no doubt that York needs this constant push, constant reminders. There’s still a lot of work to do.”

hitting the floor. Since then we’ve had quite a lot of piss taking - at the end of the night we’re always asked whether we’re going to go out the back door! But it’s a laugh and I’ve only once encountered prejudice, for the most part it’s curiosity.”

The declining role of religion in UK society also has a key role. In York, controversy was sparked earlier this year when the Archbishop spoke out forcefully against the government’s gay marriage proposals, likening the action to the works of

My Daughter, The Terrorist

COURTESY OF BEATE ARNSTEAD



The Sri Lankan civil war was notorious for the atrocities committed. **Laura Hughes** finds out why the war left some women without any choice but to sign up.

Destroyed women or monstrous and crazed terrorists? For Beate Arnstead these suicide bombers are victims of war. Women from the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam (LTTE) fought since the 1970s for an independent Tamil state. In Sri Lanka's devastating civil war, these rebel women were prepared to sacrifice their lives as suicide bombers. Despite CNN and the BBC's failed attempts to access these "crazy women", Beate was determined to find the women behind the bombs.

Beate Arnstead is the director of the documentary *My Daughter the Terrorist*, which led the first foreign film crew into the guerrilla territory of Sri Lanka's Tamil Tigers. *My Daughter the Terrorist* won the award for Best International Feature-length Documentary in 2007 and secured Beate a place on Sri Lanka's blacklist. Beate had provided a platform for the condemned voices of female suicide bombers. The documentary called for an international audience to bear witness to one of the most professional guerrilla organisations in the world.

Beate currently serves on the advisory panel of the charity 'Sri Lanka Campaign for Peace and Justice,' a global non-partisan movement appealing for an end to human rights abuses in Sri Lanka, the repeal of anti-terror regulations, and a credible war crimes enquiry. In April 2011, the United Nations alleged that both the LTTE and Sri Lankan Government committed vast atrocities during the war. The Government denounced the report as biased, and in March 2012, the UN Human Rights Council, was forced to adopt a resolution urging Sri Lanka to investigate war crimes, which Sri Lanka claims usurps the country's sovereignty. The charity also seeks to protect the rights of Sri Lanka's journalists. Since 2005, 34 journalists have been murdered, yet not a single murderer has been sent to prison, and up to 25 journalists a year are fleeing the country. The war in Sri Lanka is not over and journalists are still fighting.

Journalists are forced to write under pseudonyms, regularly receive threats and knowingly sacrifice their lives for a story. Sri Lanka is a country with a history of contested iden-

ties, and it is not political apathy, but terror, that secures Mahinda Rajapaksa his de facto dictatorship. As a journalist, if you cross the line you risk never getting back behind it. An editor's loyalty to their staff and conscience makes criticism a complex and delicate balancing act. Even if Sri Lankans accept that the political system is in disarray – the risk of abduction and abuse often outweighs the merits of telling a story that doesn't want to be heard. Journalists continue to risk their lives smuggling information to the UN, aid agencies or the international press. Uncomfortable questions put journalists' lives in uncomfortable positions.

On this tropical island of serendipity, during Sri Lanka's twenty-six year civil war, more than 70,000 lives were lost and hundreds of thousands displaced. The LTTE are a militant organisation, who fought the government for an independent Tamil state. The war was brought to an end in May 2009 when the Sri Lankan army defeated the Tamil Tigers. Among the uniformed soldiers of the Tamil Tigers are the Black Tigers, an elite platoon of suicide bombers. Beate's documenta-



PHOTO CREDIT: AMBRETT

ry tells the story of two female Black Tigers, twenty-four year old girls, Dharsika and Puhachudar. Women prepared to tie mines to their chests and sacrifice their stories for a cause.

"I became interested in what kind of women were volunteering for such missions and found little research." When trying to find out, she was repeatedly told "that these destroyed women were just mad and dangerous." I asked if Beate had been able to feel maternal towards girls the world were condemning as terrorists. "I spoke to lots of women, many of whom didn't have any alternative. Their parents were in refugee camps, they were displaced, starved or sick and they didn't have anything. These women have seen nothing but war." When watching the documentary it is hard to remove yourself from the courage of these culprits of terror. It is difficult to remember that these girls have committed monstrous acts of murder. The girls' laughter drowns their rifles stuttering, and their tears are wiped away by smiles, as they tell Beate of their terrible stories.

Beate Arnstead told me she was looking to make a film we wouldn't normally see. No one had previously accessed Sri Lanka's Northern war zone and Beate explained she had found very little understanding of the Tigers besides documentation of their crimes. Some of the LTTE's most infamous crimes include the death of President Premadasa and the murder of Indian premier Rajiv Gandhi. Beate explained that her "Norwegian nationality and the temporary ceasefire made it possible to go to areas in the North held by the LTTE." Norway has played a central role in peace negotiations and in 2000, the Sri Lankan government and LTTE, had invited Norway to take the role of facilitator in the peace process. "The Tigers favoured Norwegians at that time."

"I started just travelling to war-affected areas. When you live in Colombo you see the war with different eyes than you see it from the LTTE controlled areas of the island. I was amazed that the world interpreted the war through these eyes of the officials in Sri Lanka. When I finally went up there it was not that difficult to see the war through Tamil eyes." Beate admitted the trips were a revelation and that she had found a completely different angle to the conflict. "I didn't want to talk to any politicians or hear their viewpoint because politicians are politicians. I had time and I just want to meet the civilian population and to see how they lived and how they coped. I was really impressed at how welcoming they were and how they survived and managed their suffering. They really appreciated that I had come out to their homes and

"It's better that my daughter dies with a gun in her hand than is killed or raped."

wanted to talk to them."

The crew had to go through LTTE officials and a contact in the political wing. Beate's documentary takes an intimate look at female soldiers and their families. "I found it very easy to talk to them. I said I didn't want to talk politics and we skipped all that. We could talk to each other as normal people and look one another in the eye. We could talk poetry, literature and share experiences. I found it both inspiring and amazing to talk to them."

So why were these women suicide bombers, soldiers and killers? Beate was reluctant to use the word 'brainwash' as it stirred negative connotations. "Most of the women had been born in war and had seen nothing but war, tremendous losses and destruction. All had personal stories. Not all Tiger recruitments were enforced - this only started after the brutal Indian peace keeping forces arrived. I spoke to three generations of women in Jaffna. A grandmother who lost her husband and a mother who lost her daughter, I met generations of women who had just suffered loss."

Many households, which had lost men in war, were now headed by women. They told Beate: "We have to survive by ourselves and fight for ourselves because there aren't enough men." They had to protect themselves. The LTTE lost control of Jaffna in October 1987 to an Indian peacekeeping force (the IPKF). One mother talked of how the Indian peacekeeping forces regarded their Tamil daughters as 'such beauties.' Having watched the soldiers lust after their daughters and their subsequent sexual exploitation, many mothers preferred that their daughter be armed than abused. One mother told Beate: "it is better that my daughter dies with a gun in her

hand than is killed or raped." These women couldn't trust the government or the Indian soldiers; they turned to the LTTE for protection.

One female soldier's mother in the film talks of how children exposed to violence are emptied of emotion. For Beate, these girls and these women become numb. "These children have seen so much horror and this explains why some can kill and not feel anything. But this doesn't mean you can't feel sorry for them. These are true victims." Armed in full combat they "would giggle and were crazy to see my makeup and clothes. These were normal girls who would think about boys and dream of children. In one way they were very childish and at the same time they could swing into this survival mode. It was as though they put a shell on their body."

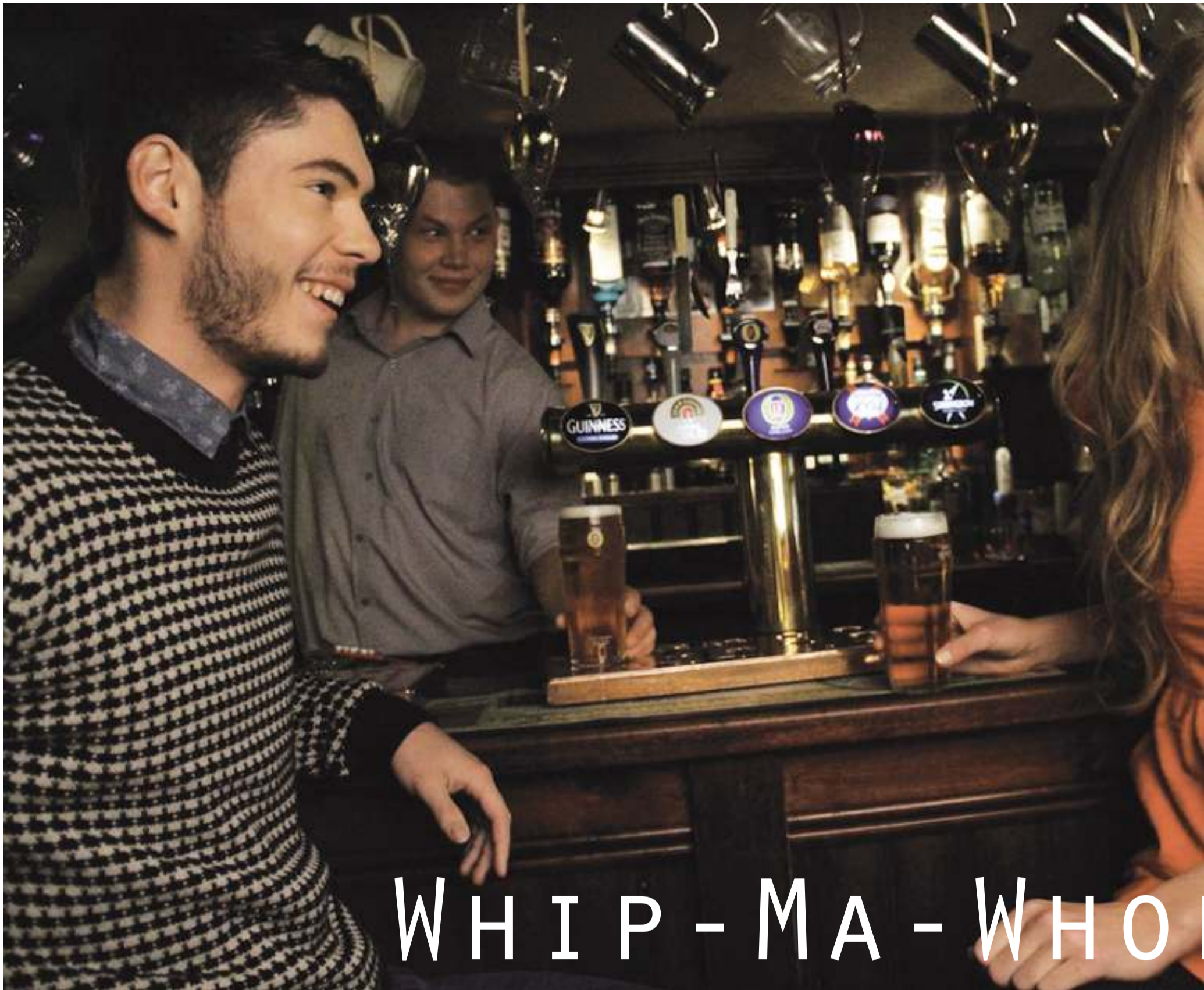
The response from the Sri Lankan Government to Beate's documentary was damning. While Western film festivals celebrated the human face Beate had brought to the conflict - officials in Sri Lanka branded it LTTE propaganda. Beate herself was called a terrorist, her information was placed on Sri Lanka's Defense Ministry's website and she was accused of creating a documentary "glorifying suicide bombers."

It was claimed that the crew were financially supported by a terrorist organisation and attempts were made to block the films screening in Russia and at a film festival in the United States.

Morten Dae, the producer of the documentary, received death threats, after the Government of Sri Lanka failed to block the film's screening at this Full Frame Documentary Festival. Morten was told he had blood on his hands and received threats warning him to "take care of himself and his family."

There is a quote by Martin Luther King that comes in my mind with respect to all the horrifying happenings in Sri Lanka: "We shall have to repent in this generation, not so much for the evil deeds of the wicked, but of the appalling silence of the good people." This documentary is a compelling castigation of war and of the horrors and carnage it creates.

The whereabouts of Dharsika and Puhachudar today are unknown. With the war over I wondered what had become of ex-LTTE. Beate told me: "They have very difficult lives but it is not possible to do proper research. Many fled to India and the UK and the majority will hide their background. Some will live in hiding in fear of being extradited. Their condition depends on where they are and how they can cope with their past. I don't know." **M**



WHIP - MA - WHO



BERT AND SIMON THE FISHMONGERS, AT YORK MARKET



GUY THE BARMAN, AT THE GOLDEN FLEECE PUB



TO WELCOME YOU TO YORK, THE NOUSE FASHION TEAM DECIDED TO GO OUT INTO THE BUSH AND SHOW YOU, WITH THE HELP OF OUR GORGEOUS MODELS, KARL, AUSTE AND ALICE, SOME OF THE BEST HAUNTS. AND WE MANAGED TO SNEAK IN SOME RATHER BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN LOOKS TOO. THE SHOOT IS NAMED AFTER OUR FAVOURITE ALLEY IN YORK, WHIP-MA-WHOP-MA GATE, KNOWN FOR ITS' FLOGGING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE LOVELIEST PEOPLE MUST BE THANKED: LAURA AND BECKY AT WHISTLES (FOR THE GIRLS), CHRIS AND CALLUM AT URBAN OUTFITTERS (FOR THE BOYS) SUE AT ESTEE LAUDER IN BOOTS, SARAH AND HER GIRLS AT BANG HAIR, PETE AND BOB THE TAXI DRIVERS, GUY AND THE WONDERFUL STAFF AT THE GOLDEN FLEECE PUB, THE FANTASTIC DARREN LOVATT, MANAGER OF THE MARKET, AND DRAKES CHIPPY FOR THE BEST CHIPS, AND THE CHEEKIEST SMILE WE'VE EVER SEEN. THE STARS OF THE SHOW WERE THE UNDOUBTEDLY, MRS ALLEN AND MRS WARD, 88 YEAR OLD SISTERS WHOM WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING.

THE PEOPLE ARE WHAT MAKE THIS CITY, ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE YOU...

MUSE EDITOR: SOPHIE ROSE WALKER
 FASHION EDITOR: MIRANDA LARBI
 PHOTOGRAPHER: AGATHA TORRANCE



BELOW, JAMIE. OPPOSITE, MRS WARD & MRS ALLEN





DRAKES FISH & CHIP RESTAURANT



Fashion.

Richard Kilroy: The Force of Illustration

One of contemporary fashion illustration's pivotal figures speaks to **Benjamin Burns**



COURTESY OF RICHARD KILROY

In the early twentieth century, illustration married with fashion to become a respected art form in itself. However, photography served as the other woman and, for a time, she won; but who said fashion had to be monogamous anyway. The industry is once again enchanted by the inherent skill of illustration, and the unique signature left by its creators.

Richard Kilroy is a central focus of this enchantment. Two years after graduating, he has been commissioned by Vman, Topshop, Onitsuka Tiger and

Dior—a pivotal figure in the initial rise of fashion illustration. As if this weren't enough, Kilroy single handedly creates Decoy, a newspaper which provides a medium for "discussion and exposure on illustration within the fashion industry".

How do you feel about the relationship between fashion photography and illustration?

Photography inspires illustration, and vice versa, but people see photography as illustration's nemesis. Photography is of course the main medium: no-one is

going to look at an illustration and say "I want to buy that piece". What people are going to see though is an artist's inspired interpretation of a piece. Illustration thereby creates a narrative of desire in the viewer's mind, and sells brand image. Illustration thereby creates a narrative of desire in the viewer's mind, and sells brand image. Richard Gray's work for Alexander McQueen is the perfect example of this.

Is it fair to say that fashion illustration is undergoing a revival?

Fashion illustration has always been around, and continues to flourish, just not in the medium that we once knew: it's used for exhibitions, campaigns, articles and more.

How long has it taken for you to hone your skill?

The day you think you've achieved your skill is the day you start to become lazy! In the broadest sense, I've been drawing from early childhood. Through A-levels, I became more focused. I studied the likes of Alphonse Mucha, and have always loved the loose line work and roughness of Julie Verhoeven, as well as the incredible detail of George Stavrinos. Then halfway through uni I decided to pick up a pencil and see if I was capable of photorealism...I'm still very happy with my first attempt!

How did your style develop—the marriage of simplicity with photo-realism?

Well, my fear of becoming a human photocopier with no room to explore, and my love of illustrators who create so much suggestion through expressive line-like Gruau and Dowton. I also wanted to energise my illustration by finding a middle ground between abstract simplicity and dense detail.

Who has inspired your work?

My holy trinity of illustrators are David Downton, Richard Gray and Julie Verhoeven. Fantastically, I've met them all,

and have had the fortune to have Gray and Verhoeven produce originals for Decoy. Beyond this, I have far too many influences to list!

Your illustrations tend to be of menswear. Is this a conscious decision?

I still don't consider myself a menswear illustrator, I usually just draw my favourite looks and the hottest models! But menswear is going through so much progression that I find it hugely inspiring. I'm dying to interpret the proportions of Juun. J, then there's Raf Simons, who is legendary, and Lou Dalton.

Being chosen to produce work for the exhibition 'Dior Illustrated: Rene Gruau And The Line Of Beauty' is a huge achievement. How did it come about?

I received a call out of the blue from Somerset House, who told me that I'd been chosen. It was possibly the most surreal conversation of my life - I hadn't even graduated yet! When I was sent a book of Gruau's work, I was blown away. The exhibition has helped to remind people of his importance, and it's inspired me to return to looser, more fluid elements.

What inspired you to create Decoy?

Decoy was a university project, inspired by zine culture and a disappointment at the lack of promotion of fashion illustrators. I can't believe the names that have been onboard, and have become good friends with a few of them. The next issue will be magazine form, and I'm aiming to stock it at select stores.

Do you have anything exciting coming up?

Yes! As well as new work, I'm writing a large volume book overviewing the best of contemporary fashion illustrators, which will be released internationally in 2013. The plans for issue 4 of Decoy are coming along nicely, and I've been asked to assist tutoring menswear students at the RCA...daunting but exciting!

Juun.J Turning Up The Volume on Menswear by Benjamin Maxwell Burns

It is a thing far too uncommon in menswear: a house that manages to navigate the treacherous path between ingenuity and wearability. South Korean designer Juun. J, who debuted his first collection in 2009, has achieved just this by marrying what is now a signature use of atypical volume, shape and fabric with commercial success.

The designer's AW12 collection demonstrates exactly how this seamless union has been achieved.

Presented as the uniform of a 'World War One Cyber Army', timeless classics



such as the military trench coat are given a progressive twist, and the routine crew-neck is overhauled by neoprene composition and overstated volume.

By breaking the rules of the most restrained and functional clothing, the collection challenges the potential wearer in a way that is user-friendly. A fusion of heritage and modernity is repeated in the label's recently debuted SS13 collection, which exaggerates the 40's silhouette through a considered use of volume and proportion.



Wide trousers, presenting a needed challenge to the omnipresent slim silhouette, refresh fitted jackets, and outerwear has billowing shoulders. A muted colour palette allows the tailoring to feature and plays obstacle to an unsophisticated, clownish edge. Again, the wearer is challenged, but not assaulted. With his two most recent collections marking the work of a menswear designer with the potential to become as pivotal as the likes of Raf Simons, Juun. J continues to galvanise the industry, where many designers fail, and is amassing loyal fans in doing so.



Campus Style Icon



PHOTO CREDIT: AGATHA TORRANCE

Barnaby Spink
3rd Year, Economics and Politics

1. Four words to describe your style?

Try-hard-nouveau-riche.

2. Who do you take inspiration from?

Prince Charles/Charles Ryder from *Brideshead Revisited*/Hugh Grant in *Notting Hill*/Prince George from *Blackadder III*/Bertie Wooster from *Jeeves and Wooster*.

3. In which case, if you won the jackpot, I'm sure it wouldn't go very far...but where would you blow it anyway?

Saville Row for a couple of suits and then what ever is left on shirts, colourful cords and a dressing gown from Jermyn Street.

4. The item of clothing that you couldn't be without?

My red and blue checked shirt that I had made at my tailor (I live in Asia so it's very cheap) when I was 13 which I loved so much that when the collar and cuffs wore through I found the same material and had new ones put on despite them coming half way up my arm.

5. How touching and also resourceful. Got any campus fashion pet-hates?

BORING TROUSERS! (To avoid boring trousers come along to the Caledonian Society). Why limit yourself to a shade of blue when trousers come in a spectrum of colours.

6. Very true. Any more words of advice for us?

The Cavalry Officers Mess is a great place for style tips. Don't be afraid to wait until the end of season sales as every thing will be half the price.

Miranda Larbi
FASHION EDITOR

The Hot List



Say goodbye to boring nails! The geniuses at Nail Rock - the folks who stole the shows last month at David Koma and Meadham Kirchhoff with their bombastic nail designs, have created a collection of 3D bubble metallic wraps for you to hide those dry, malnourished nails under. Simply apply the stickers and file down. The best bit? Yours for £7.50. A party on your hands.

NARS are paying homage to the king of reinvention and beauty, Andy Warhol, with their new limited edition collection, due out 1st of November. Varnishes and pencils may come in the artist's signature pop-tastic hues, but the real stars of the collection are the Warhol Eye Shadow Palettes, which see two of his iconic artworks, 'Flowers 1964' and 'Self Portrait 1966' in cosmetic powder form. Almost too divine to use.



Jo Malone has just released their newest fragrance, Blackberry & Bay. This is the smell to demand for Christmas to remind you of your wistful childhood or perhaps to totally re-imagine your city upbringing. Fantastically fresh yet sensual, it's perfect in perfume or candle form [the latter especially if you wake up with hangover blues and the remnants of last night all over your room].



Buns are back! Before you start having flashbacks to the days of knee-length kilts and tedious ties, we're talking chic, simple chignons here. Take inspiration from Diane Von Furstenberg with a modern side-parting or Rick Owen's braided creations. When the skies look as precarious as they do right now, this hair style is your saviour.



A/W'12 sees the return of the Goth. As the nights creep in ever earlier and the days of summer seem a distant memory, it's time to unleash your inner vamp. Llamasqua's matte finish lipstick in Grawl, a rich mahogany brown, is the perfect accessory for both pale and tanned skin, giving a 90s kick to a modern look.

Miranda Larbi



Face the Term in Jacquard

Miranda Larbi
FASHION EDITOR

October is a fresh start for us all - whether we're returning, resolute on being sober from now on in all lectures, or beginning our lives at York, focused merely on making it through till Christmas. Either way, the beginning of term tends to determine how the year is going to pan out.

If like me, the idea of actually having to work this year has had you in something of a sweat before arriving back, then the time has come to face your demons. My degree thus far has been a rather weak battle between my social life and the library, (which tends to serve as a period of reflection on the night before...) but now in my final year, I'm preparing to put aside my obscene Blue Fly habit and actually settle down to study. It's not going to be easy - I had started to think that cocktails should be counted as my five a day. No, this year is set to be a shock to the system, which is why I've got to start as I mean to go on.

My poster boy for this plan of action is fashion's flavour of the moment, Raf Simons, who last month, made his Dior debut at Paris Fashion Week to rapturous applause, having stamped his minimalist signature (so well loved at Jil Sander) on the french powerhouse. His first ready-to-wear collection for Dior has sent ripples of excitement through the fashion crowd and set the season off with a bang. To all those making their debuts at York, I hope you do the same, and the easiest way to make an explosive entrance is with your wardrobe.

We Brits are the best at dressing for A/W, primarily because the UK seems to be in a perennial winter, with 'decadent yet practical dressing' being the watchwords for a season when it could pelt it down at any time (it is York after all). I personally admire the 'don't give a damn' attitude of freshers who trudge around the corridors in their patterned, flannel pyjamas but be warned that 99% of people will presume that you reek of tequila and are having a generally bad time. If you like your patterns but you don't have the time to pick out three separate pieces of clothing, then a gift from the heavens has been delivered in jacquard packaging. Once again, the 70s are back in vogue (honestly, sometimes seems as though the fashion industry is on an ever revolving merry-go-round) and this time we see a renaissance in the form of pearlescent jacquard twin sets and explosively patterned suits, which fortunately, feature heavily on the high street in various loan-friendly guises. Topshop and M&S have a number of blazer/trouser combinations to suit all tastes - from the mild and pretty to the quite frankly, bombastic. Either way, once donned in one of these playful yet smart sets, there is no doubt that you'll feel ready to face the world...or a seminar for which you haven't prepared; dressing smartly is like dressing in armour.

Why wear one piece of fantastic print when you could wear two or three? The best bit is that patterned suits can be worn anytime. 9.15am sees the wearer bowling into the first lecture of the year, and the same outfit can be worn out later that evening - simply ditch your pencil case and grab your ID.

So there we have it - time-saving, image-making two-pieces which should help get you in the mood to do some serious study...or some serious partying. Either way it's about giving your all and making an impression. In the same vane, if I'm already dressed for a drink during the day, maybe I will have time to have one or two Purple Rains an evening...



Arts.

Flexing Her Lyrical Muscles

Kate Tempest, poet, lyricist and rapper talks to **Mary O'Connor** about being invisible and why all you need is love.

It all starts with a warehouse. A warehouse overflowing with people, electric anticipation – and testosterone. Two rappers strut forward, egos abundant and free style in a battle of wit, humour and originality, dancing lyrical pirouettes far beyond our mere mortal comprehension. There can only be one victor. A hush comes over the crowd. A young, bespectacled girl with ginger hair, sporting a rather oversized coat, is pushed onto the stage. She speaks her rap aloud to the listeners. Once invisible and out-of-place, this unassuming girl moves her audience to feel shock and disbelief. They feel awe. This is the moment that the wordsmith known as Kate Tempest, began.

On speaking to the 26-year old poet, one could deduce pretty quickly that she possesses an indomitable fortitude. Refusing to conform to notions of her being merely a 'gimmick', Tempest sought to harness the 'weird, burning passion' she felt when performing, and make a successful career as a spoken word artist. And that she did. Starting out in a largely male dominated musical arena, Tempest began her career recording hip-hop and rap. We linger here for a while, as she tells me of the misconceptions surrounding female artists in the profession, her words laced by her renowned gravelly tones, saying "I had all this stuff I wanted to say, but people assume that if you're a girl and you want to write poetry it's going to be about certain other stuff...that you can't talk about higher stuff."

And how did Tempest overcome the ignorance surrounding her talent? "I was just pig-headed I suppose," she chortles. Being 'pig-headed' certainly paid off however, as she went on to feature in bands, play at festivals, including Glastonbury and Latitude, and work with other artists like Scroobius Pip. Spreading herself over other areas, was, for Tempest, the key to success, as she imparts her own view of things, saying "I still find to this day that if you put yourself into a particular scene, like saying 'I want to be in hip hop or theatre' then you're really limiting yourself, you're not demanding the best from your talent." Kate's enthusiasm to explore other platforms endures to this day, as she continues to be the lead vocalist of alternative hip hop band 'Sound of Rum' since 2008.

Using music as her springboard,



PHOTO CREDIT: SUMMERHALL

Tempest went on to conquer other spoken terrains, including poetry and play writing, armed with her 'page and pen' which I later learn are sacred and 'safe' objects for her. In York, Tempest is a familiar figure, as her play called *Wasted*, written for the theatre company Paines Plough, was performed at the Theatre Royal earlier this year. *Wasted* was Tempest's first play, which she described as a "completely mental" but "exciting" process.

At this point, I wonder at Tempest's creative method, intrigued by her description of her style as 'schizophrenic' – and, like I expected, she derives material from the most unexpected of places. She breaks into a fit of laughter in our mocking of the 'artsy fartsy' types, when she reveals (sarcastically) sources of inspiration, "And just the sky – though I'm not immune to being moved by the wind blowing through a tree or whatever!"

As influences go, Tempest has many, from Virginia Woolf and William Blake to William Shakespeare. Tempest

"I had all this stuff I wanted to say, but people assume that if you're a girl and you want to write poetry, you can't talk about higher stuff."

has a great admiration for the Bard especially, though it hasn't always been the case. When she attended school, and later studied an English degree at Goldsmith College, she felt poetry had become dead to her, as she explained "I thought he was the most boring thing ever." Tempest is strong in her belief that "in the romantic days, poets like Wordsworth and Blake would read their poetry to other people. Blake enchanted his wife with his poetry. By its very nature, poetry is something that's felt and spoken in the mouth." It took Kate to see a production of *Richard III*, and "find Shakespeare on [her] own terms" to become completely enamoured with him. His influence is clear in her works

such as *My Shakespeare* and her spoken word synopsis of the play *The Merchant of Venice*. Interestingly, Tempest reveals that she sees no distinction between the 'rhymes spit by rappers' and the words of the classical authors like Blake, saying "I just find great work that really speaks to me...If something's amazing, then it's amazing. I don't make much distinction beyond that."

Tempest's career as a professional spoken-word poet involves travelling, with her words taking her across the globe. She describes a time in Latvia, where in spite of her innate ability to leave her audiences speechless, she too, was blown away, as she recounted, "in Latvia there was this incredible, old, Russian Soviet era warehouse and it was derelict, absolutely massive and they had all these art installations throughout this building and all this crazy stuff going on, like a massive room full of people to listen to poetry." Tempest continues to be surprised on a day to day basis, as she reveals her shock at the amount of people who turned out at the Old Vic theatre when she was promoting her new book of poetry, "Everything Speaks in its Own Way".

It is a year of firsts for Kate Tempest, having just written her first play, and produced a book of poems, she has also written her first epic narrative, called *Brand New Ancients*, in collaboration with Battersea Arts Centre. Having been in performance since 4th September, the work is, in Tempest's own words, "a big long story about three people from the same part of town. It's trying to align the old gods from mythology with us humans now, and trying to say there's no good or evil, there's no black or white."

In spite of her astounding success and international acclaim, Tempest proves herself to be gloriously human when I ask what the most important things in her life are. I am, I must admit, rather surprised at her response. "Love" she says. Love? The woman whose lyrical ferocity has assaulted and captivated thousands, even millions, treasures love above all. And why? "Because you've got to make sure you've got space to love rather than just chasing a career all the time. In the wider world, I have all these ideas about it, but actually it just boils down to having enough heart to love." I'm tempted to argue, but something tells me I'd lose.

In Pictures: Pre-Raphaelites: Victorian Avant-Garde at the Tate Exhibition 12 September 2012 - 13 January 2013



Ophelia by Sir John Millais (1851-2)



Laus Veneris by Edward Coley Burne-Jones (1873-1878)



Chatterton by Henry Wallis (1856)



Lady Lilith by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1866-68)

The Naked Truth

As the celebrations of revolutionary artist Gustav Klimt are in full swing, **Femke Gow** takes a look at why he has become one of the most adored rebels of our time.

Gustav Klimt, one of the art world's original rebels, is at the centre of global celebrations, as art lovers gather in their thousands to mark the master's 150th anniversary from this summer until the end of the year. As a founding member and president of the Vienna Secession movement, he strived to shock the public with his overtly sexual, sinuous paintings. Klimt's contribution to this radical movement was pivotal in inspiring a number of artists, including his protégé, Egon Schiele, to veer from the traditional and somewhat archaic style that dominated Austrian Art at that time.

Klimt's work and achievements were such that they sent global shockwaves, as seen by a number of countries paying tribute to his legacy. In London, celebrations were out in full force, including "Klimt Illustrated", which I had the pleasure of viewing.

Hosted by the Lazarides art gallery in Soho, the exhibition was made up of the works of nine internationally renowned street artists who produced Klimt-inspired pieces, in front of a live audience in London's Grosvenor Gardens on the 21st of August. In the spirit of Vienna's rich cultural diversity, the event was freely open to the public, with the aim of showcasing the city's modern art scene and imperial heritage. The event was said by one London magazine to be a "superb parallel universe that would make you feel like flying straight to Vienna to see Klimt's original paintings."

Echoes of Klimt's unique panache resonate in each of the works, often through the imitation of his outline shape of the figures depicted in "The Kiss". The artists added something of themselves to their pieces, but held true to the "curves, spirals, mystical whirlpools and bright assorted shapes" of Klimt's work, that one French art critic, Gilles Neret, dubbed as the rebel master's artistic hook, with the purpose of "enticing the viewer towards the depths of the unconscious and the labyrinths of the mind".

One piece even included a telescope piercing into a landscape painting, giving acknowledgement to Klimt's own practice of viewing scenes through a telescope as his way of escaping the hectic city of Vienna and the turmoil of World War I. The showcase was an extraordinary testimony to Klimt's bravery and determination to break down restricting societal norms through expressive Art, for which modern artists owe a great deal.

As well as the post humorous lessons he has been able to teach many a modern artist, during his lifetime, Klimt mentored a number of younger artists, with a great deal of his time focused on Schiele, who too had "had



Klimt's last studio in Feldmühlgasse, Vienna

enough of censorship", as put by Gilles Neret. Klimt and Schiele wanted to be free of state interference, wanting to escape the claustrophobic rigour of Vienna. In his support of Schiele, Klimt bought some of the young artist's drawings, introduced him to potential patrons and brought him to the Wiener Werkstätte, the major art workshop connected with the Secession.

His guidance led Schiele to found the "New Art Group", which connected other disillusioned students of the traditional Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. Klimt's influence on Schiele's life is typical of the encouragement that he gave to other artists like him, striving to deviate from the norm in a time where nothing but conformity was acceptable.

Quite naturally, Klimt's artistic style was met with an icy reception by those who wanted to uphold the more orthodox pillars of Vienna's art scene. Despite this, at the turn of the century, Klimt fell into a "Golden Phase" (1899-1910), where his work was positively received and most known for his use of gold leaf. During this period, he created "The Kiss" and was greatly inspired by his trips to Vienna and Ravenna.

Departing from the tortured artist cliché, Klimt lived a simple life, involving little more than a robe, sandals and a paintbrush. He avoided personal scandal and public affairs, advising anyone who wished to know anything about him to "look at [his] paintings". One of his final paintings, "Death and Life", created in 1911, won first prize at the world exhibitions in Rome, demonstrating the progression of his work as viewed by the public and his momentous impact on global artistry.

Klimt's colourful artistic career is still celebrated 150 years on. The city of Vienna held various exhibitions and remembrances to demonstrate the influence that Klimt's work continues to hold over modern day artists.

The Belvedere, home to the largest

collection of Klimt's paintings, is hosting "Masterpieces in Focus: 150 years of Gustav Klimt", curated by Dr. Stephan Koja, author of *Gustav Klimt Landscapes* (2002). The exhibition explores each year of his life, including all negative and positive public receptions of his work.

At the turn of the century Klimt's work has become much more than a mere visual medium. For the general public who secretly shared his desire to break away from structure and regimented order, his work stood for change and the possibility of social liberation.

The most recent insight into Klimt's life and artwork can be found in his last standing studio in the 13th district of Vienna, Feldmühlgasse, which recently underwent renovation for the first time since 1918. The abandoned studio is where he created most of his works during the last six years of his life. It still contains two of his paintings, "The Bride" and "Lady with a fan", just resting on their easels. A fascinating insight into some of the strange patterns in his paintings was realised on closer observation of some of the unusual gowns discovered around the room and curtains covering the northern facing windows.

Klimt's studio has now been reopened, after almost 15 years of political struggle. Various plans including secret demolition schemes kept cropping up in order for the property to be sold to Russian developers.

Thankfully, in 2009, the property was declared a national monument, keeping Klimt's last surviving studio safe from any plans of destruction. Dr. Felizitas Schreier, president of the Klimt Memorial Society, describes Klimt as a "star painter", and thanks to the protection of a building that serves as a glimpse into the master's artistic mind, "we may actually have more understanding of his work and life in Vienna".



Best Book

Merivel, A Man Of His Time Rose Tremain

The well known grumble of the sequel being the bane of the literary world has truly seen its day. Rose Tremain's exciting new work, *Merivel, A Man of His Time* follows the eponymous Sir Robert, physician to the spaniels of King Charles II, returns enamoured of his exploits in *Restoration*, Tremain's earlier 1989 work.

Following the restoration of his estates at Bidnold, Norfolk, and his position beside the King, Merivel's adventures are advanced sixteen years, yet the 58 year old continues to enjoy the typical pursuits of youth, debauchery and gluttony abundance, on his road to self-discovery. Slowly however, the reader can begin to see a maturation in his ebullient and self-deceiving character. He progresses well with his daughter, cementing their relationship as she grows, where he must eventually allow her to leave Norfolk for the charm of Stuart Whitehall. The same ripening can be seen in his attitude towards the King, as he makes his pride known as the royal nears the stage of his reign Merivel never thought would come.

The reader sees the splendour of Versailles, Paris, and Neuchatel in Switzerland, as well as the familiar terrains of Norfolk and early-modern London, as Sir Robert seeks fulfilment beyond his body and purse. And, in the pursuit of knowledge and the satiation of his soul's thirst, he is (mostly) faithful to his new loves – a treatise on the souls of animals, to

whom he has always felt a natural affinity, and the beautiful and nourishing Swiss botanist, Louise de Flamanville, nee de Saint Maurice Neuchatel.

As always with Tremain, her new book is masterfully written. Not least, many unexpected and thrilling events take place, including an early version of 'playing the Beast' on the move (as Sir Robert succumbs to his desire while in a carriage across France), a duel in the garden of a Swiss chateau, and the rescue of a small spaniel from a rather large bear named Clarendon. Also, the exploration of feelings the reader would otherwise merely guess at are squarely planted on the page in startling clarity and pathos. Joining Merivel again has been a privilege, but then, reading the novels of Rose Tremain has always been exactly that. Her words are crisp, her notions are fresh, and the delicate touch she shows her characters is both poignant and cathartic. A triumph.



Editor's Favourite

Dodger
Terry Pratchett

The author of *The Amazing Maurice* proves he is still going strong in spite of being diagnosed with Alzheimer's. Written over a period of nine months, the book introduces the eponymous hero, who is a veritable sewer-dweller living in the decadence of Dickensian

London. Dodger is known widely in rather unsavoury circles and less so in the more sophisticated communities. This soon changes when he does a good deed in rescuing a young girl from a beating; suddenly everybody wants to know him. Pratchett really leaves the story open to multiple narratives which makes it a very engaging read. The author's writing style is as impressively sharp as ever, with some great characterisation of Dodger. Highly recommended.

Editor's Picks.

Mary O'Connor

Friday 5th October – Saturday 27th October, various times. York Theatre Royal
The Guinea Pig Club

Written by Susan Watkins, the play tells the story of the renowned plastic surgeon Archibald McIndoe. McIndoe comes out of his disillusioned state fixing the noses of Hollywood stars, to become a surgeon for the badly burned soldiers of WW2, in his attempts to make the men 'whole again.' Tipped to be an excellent show.

Saturday 13 October 7.30pm, one night only.
The Stanley and Audrey Burton Theatre, Leeds
Vigour

African and contemporary dance performance choreographed by Keisha Grant. With a cast of female dancers, exploring the cultural and personal experiences that come out of our understanding of the world around us. Don't miss out on the other dance performances going on in Leeds at the moment at the Stanley and Audrey Burton Theatre.

Music.

Wet, Wetter, Wettest

The Deep South, facial hair and festivals: Death-blues duo Wet Nuns tell **Alex Swadling** what it's like.

“We sound like Satan wanking off a unicorn on the back of an earwig, whilst having its face eaten off by a Floridian crack-head,” the ever-conservative South Alabaman band, Wet Nuns once proclaimed. To be honest, the hillbilly dyad didn't actually say this directly to me... and they're not really from South Alabama either, but let's not split hairs here. Despite Terence Trent D'Barndance and Wired Earp losing their accents and remembering that they actually live in Sheffield, guitarist Rob and drummer Alexis have been gaining increasingly more recognition. Even so, I'd personally appreciate a new gimmick. “We're currently learning to talk and play all of our songs backwards. Just for you” Rob assures me, whose facial hair currently appears to be in competition with Alexis'.

After winning NME's annual “ip dip” competition, Wet Nuns have since been ordained as one of the magazine's sacrosanct bands for 2012, and rightly so. Unpretentious and uncontrived, the hairy pair's onstage badinage (see above) is charmingly silly and adds to their already engaging and innovative sound, not to mention their silly likeable faces.

“I don't have a fucking clue what we were trying to do when we started this band. Have a laugh I think. We chose our stupid name off a massive list of equally stupid names without thinking anyone would really hear it anyway. We got our first gig by chance; it got out of control really,” Rob reveals. And while Wet Nuns may have loosely categorised their music as what they like to call “Death-blues”, their penchant for adopting different sounds and genres has made them stand out as a band. “Genre tagging is pretty tiresome from the end of the creator. It makes sense as to why people do it, but at our end it's as though despite however much creative originality you pour into something, someone always comes along and writes you off into a ‘category’ with loads of other stuff,” Rob explains. “It's just a bit annoying. Especially the ‘stoner’ label – neither of us smoke weed.” Alexis then adds firmly, “it's never crossed our minds to try and be original, because if we did, we'd be frauds.”

With or without an ‘erbal muse (although they do admit to being under the influence of “women, whisky, death and Enya”) Wet Nuns still dabble plenty. “I think we just put into our music what we like. We make music that we'd listen to.” Is there a specific genre you're especially eager to play with? “Most of them. We always try and add some kind of new element into whatever we make. Nothing's out of the question really – unless it's fucking shit, like dubstep or something.”



WET NUNS FACEBOOK PAGE

Wet Nuns are hungry.

While neither member are from Sheffield, Wet Nuns were born and raised in the Steel City's thriving and tight-knit music scene: “It's a small city and everyone knows each other, which means people can be quite harsh on bands (often behind their backs). I suppose this helps bands make sure they're pretty good before they go out and play for others. We didn't really do that.” They grin. “Sound-wise I don't think Sheffield really figures in what we do. I suppose when we started we were trying to sound like we weren't from Sheffield. Now, I don't think we care.”

To not end up hidden and buried away in the mass of different bands is

those things or problem solving your way around those limitations. Like Viagra.”

On the subject, what the band lack in flesh they certainly make up for on stage, which is often littered with the odd severed foot or skull. And watching any one of their many impressive horror-inspired music videos, it's easy to see that Wet Nuns have a taste for the macabre.

Their creativity has not gone unnoticed or unappreciated and the video for the single ‘Heavens Below’ is now one of the most watched and wanked over videos on NME. Thanks to the internet, a lot of gigging, talent and earthy sex ap-

“Try and collect as much money and poon-tang as possible on the way.”

a feat in itself, but in some ways what is really striking and impressive about Wet Nuns is their two-man set up and the unholy sound and stage presence they're still able to create.

“Alexis physically abuses me constantly,” Rob gravely confirms when I question the power distribution between them. “It's not so much a power struggle; he just fully wears the trousers.” Do you ever wish there were extra limbs in the band; do you get limb-envy? “Is this a penis question? Obviously being a two-piece there are limitations, but I love that. It's all about embracing

peal, Wet Nuns are finally on their first full UK tour and have also rightfully been welcomed onto the festival circuit, playing at Bestival and on the ‘BBC Introducing’ stage at Reading/Leeds festival this summer.

“I think we went down alright. Though, I can quote two tweets from festivals: ‘Wet Nuns do stoner-blues-punk, I don't’ and ‘Wet Nuns are shit’” I'd like to correct that tweet: Wet Nuns are *the* shit and their ability to adapt to the bigger festival stages after playing at almost entirely small intimate venues is impressive.

“I think maybe a year or so ago we wouldn't have known how to deal with such big stages but you just have to run around a bit more, fill the space. It has definitely had an impact on the way I approach ‘stage presence’ or whatever you want to call it.”

Stage presence and boredom prevention are no concern for them – they've got plenty of both. While Rob and his hair frolic about the stage together, Alexis, after a bit of drumming, usually likes to get his tats and tits out like a gnarly ex-convict leprechaun. It's all wonderful. Alongside NME and the festival coordinators, Wet Nuns' fan base includes fellow Sheffield band Arctic Monkeys as their fans, of which drummer Matt Helders has remixed some of the band's single and was also seen on Jonathan Ross' chat show donning a Wet Nuns shirt, which is promising predicament to say the least.

So what now? “We always have stupid ideas of bands we could do on the side. We'd like to release some Palmetta stuff” Rob continues, referring to their side project, punk band Palmetta Handerson. “Maybe next year we'll try and get some of that kind of stuff going, but the ultimate plan is to get as famous like the Arctic Monkeys and then everyone will hate us. And try and collect as much money and poon-tang as possible on the way. And of course look really cool the whole time. Wear sunglasses inside and the like.” Any regrets so far? “So far I don't really regret anything. Alexis probably regrets all of it.”

REVERB.

“R.Kelly is a terrible person... he's a terrible piece of shit, a horrible person, really bad all round. Let's get rid of him.”

Stories from the Sea

Yachting, the Netherlands, and Marc Bolan: **Sam Briggs** whips up a maritime cocktail with up-and-coming dream folk outfit Pale Seas.

It was JFK who once said that “we are tied to the ocean”. As a long term source of inspiration, the sea has provided centuries of artists with a muse – from poets to painters to, apparently, politicians. Catching up with Jacob Scott and Graham Poole from Pale Seas at the London leg of their new single launch, it is clear that much of their inspiration could be aligned to this marine tradition. No pressure then.

Asked about this influence on the band, Scott replies, “It’s a massive influence on all of us, unconsciously. We were all born by the sea. I love the sea.” With two members of the band named after seaside towns (Drummer Zealah adding to Graham’s surname) and stories about childhood hospital trips after sand in the eyes curtailed swimming lessons, the influence on the band’s personality is apparent.

“I live near one of the biggest yachting communities in the country,” Scott continues, “the sort of place they’d where 300 years ago they’d have burned you for being a witch. They’d probably just shout stuff at you now. I couldn’t give a shit about yachting...but I like the look of it. Once you’re born near the sea, you can’t be away from it for too long”.

Despite the suitability of the band’s name to both their ethereal, elusive music and their personal influences, the band started life under a difference moniker. “We were called Netherlands for about 4 months,” elaborates Poole, “but a weird hip hop band had taken it in Brooklyn.” “I couldn’t think of a genre for them. If anything doesn’t sound like I think it should, I just call it hip hop.” adds Scott. “We stopped getting tagged as Dutch after that though. We had quite a big crowd!”

Their latest single “Bodies/My Own Mind” is a perfect introduction to the band’s atmospheric blend of driving, intimate folk music. That they manage to elude simple categorisation



could stem from their attention to “being honest to yourself. When we write a song with a bit that we think sounds like something, we’ll just take it out...I can’t listen to the Beatles because they’ve written every song I want to write!” Scathing of publications with falsified and slapdash approaches, both speak of their appreciation of tiny blogs and considered opinions in musical media. “Some have just taken a stab in the dark though – clearly pulled a sickie and not listened to it. We got called Britpop – what a fucking idiot! And like Coldplay as well – that’s a real kick in the balls isn’t it,” jokes Scott. “I don’t mind as long as people put as much thought into it as we have our music. Apparently NME just look at YouTube breakdowns, and if there’s nothing from the 18-24s, they can fuck off”.

Quoting a friend, Scott adds – “Musicians are like horses, but songwriters are like unicorns”. He talks about the need to “be very appreciative of all music if you write your own,” and even becoming “so appreciative I stopped listening to music altogether!” However, he does trace his songwriting lineage through his Mum’s love of Marc Bolan, his time spent as “the guy who used to love scurrying onstage to move my friend’s stuff when he played in assembly”, and the 16 year old

semi-incarnation of Pale Seas – formed over a love of bands like Television Personalities. “We thought we were gonna be great because we had the same interests. Didn’t work out that way...”

Neither are keen on some parts of the industry and its “red herrings” – acknowledging that they’ve been “really lucky with hype. [It’s] a curse! I wouldn’t want it” – and the sale of the EMI, the last British label. “Only the music industry could come up with that. You think you’d just leave it out of respect!” Much more rewarding would be played in a Wes Anderson film (“because he’s got such a good taste in music”) and following in the steps of bands like Grizzly Bear or Arcade Fire. As Scott says, “They’ve constantly proved themselves by writing good songs...you can’t say they’ve sold out. They’re very true to themselves [...] At the moment, I just go on what my Mum’s saying,” he laughs. “I’m still at home, I pay 20 quid a week and often don’t. Saying that, I owe my Dad 40 quid! And it’s recorded now so I’ll have to pay him!”

Nothing about Pale Seas is rushed. From songs that sound like desperate clutches at passing dreams to their ever increasing ripples of their success, the band are content to ride their own wave with their distinctive brand of genuine charm.

Wild Beasts, the band impressed. Catch them whilst you can this term. They play in the Wednesday of Freshers’ Week, on the 10th October.

By Rory Foster



Local Spotlight.

It’s rare for a band both as young and student orientated as The Marzec Group to be full of such a high level of talent. All nine members of the band, featuring a full brass section, live electronics and saxophone, possess such a technical level of skill, creativity, and knowledge of the genres they play within, that they frequently come up with exhilarating live shows and new sounds.

Led by Luke Marzec (clue’s in the name), whose keyboard and saxophone parts lead the improvisational nature of the band’s melding of jazz and dub, the band have proven their worth repeatedly both on campus, and further afield. Recent sets have included their headline show at Fibbers last term, a support slot with the Dub Pistols, and a slot

at Skipton’s Beacons festival, as well as an excellent last minute addition to York’s very own YO1 festival last summer.

Recorded material is slightly thin on the ground currently, but the band are looking to capture the energy of their live show in their first release, overseen by Harry Jones, electronics wizard and leader of the brass section. They can, however, be seen playing in a live Jools Holland style broadcast from YSTV.

Drummer Phil Jones told us about the excellent reception the band have received. “We’ve only been going for under a year now, but we’ve had a really good reaction at the live shows. We just want to make people dance!”

And dance they do. Even at Beacons, amongst such high quality acts as Roots Manuva and

Reviews.

Artist: SBTRKT Curates...
Date: 6th October
Venue: Warehouse Project
Review: Rory Foster

★★★★★

Manchester’s Warehouse Project has yet again assembled the most celebrated and new purveyors of electronic music for three months worth of top acts. This offering, curated by SBTRKT, features Hudson Mohawke and Lumice’s TNGHT, a DJ set from Caribou, showing off his new material as Daphni, and a live performance from Four Tet amongst many others.

The Warehouse Project is special because, for tonight at least, there was no filler. An incredible soundsystem in each of the rooms only helped fuel some huge sets: Koreless and Disclosure got the ball rolling, with the former setting the stage for TNGHT to blow everyone away with some of the biggest tracks this year.

The only disappointment of the night would be SBTRKT. The instrumentals sounded great and got people dancing, but the best known tunes were either played with the

Artist: Alt-J
Date: 7th September
Venue: Bestival, Isle of Wight
Review: Rory Foster

★★★★★

Bestival is typically seen as the last big festival on the ‘circuit’ so to speak, but is also one of the first to get the ball rolling on artists, trying to lure away those thinking of some of the June/July offerings with their diverse lineup of indie rock, classic performers and cutting-edge DJs. But, with early bookings comes slightly bizarre stage choices, and Alt-J, one of this summer’s breakthrough acts, found out about this first hand.

Booked to play the rather small ‘Replay’ stage despite their recent Mercury Prize nomination, Alt-J were hidden half way through a packed Friday, yet 20 minutes before the start the tent was full. Five minutes before the start people were crammed all the way back to the Pieminister tent.

When Alt-J finally crept out from behind the stage, it was fair to say that even the band themselves;



vocalist missing, or Sampha attempting a performance which sounds a little like karaoke; his beautiful but relatively weak voice means he cannot compete with the booming track behind him.

After the sad demise of this year’s Bloc festival, it’s refreshing to see how a big multi-room club night should be run. Hundreds of bars, ample space to cool off and lots of luminous orange jacket angels made for an excellent and stress free night.

There are more projects coming up over the new few months which should entice, whatever your electronic tastes. Our picks include the 9th of November headlined by Flying Lotus, Jamie XX, showcases by Hesse and Deviation, a live show from Animal Collective and an Orbital headliner. If it’s anything like what we’ve sampled, you’ll have a blast.



were not expecting the horde that turned up to see them.

Rather than ruining the experience, the small stage made for an excellent and intimate performance, at least for those that could see all the way to the front. A rattle through of favourites ‘Tessellate’, ‘Fitzpleasure’ and ‘Breezeblocks’ allowed the audience to prove their dedication, echoing all the words back without fail.

I haven’t seen such crazed adoration of a band since Mumford & Sons made a rare appearance in Belgium two years ago. Lots of triangle symbols in the air, lots of iPhones recording every second, and plenty of lighters during ‘Matilda’. All in all, Alt-J are very unlikely to be regretting their slightly undersized stage, as the people there are unlikely to forget it.

Nouse Playlist.

Fresher Tips playlist

Rory Foster, Sam Briggs & Laura Hughes

With October rearing it’s wet and wintry head, it’s time to once again welcome some new blood to our uni. Our little list of tunes spell out how to make the first weeks in your new home slightly less terrifying.

‘Learning to Cope’ - Feint

Sometimes having to cook, clean and study can get a little bit too much. Some of us work through it, others decide to neglect two out of three.

Express Yourself - N.W.A

But not too much. Nobody likes the weird kid.

I Was Young When I Left Home - Bob Dylan

You’ve left home. You’re young. Deal with it Bob.

Swingin’ Party - Kindness

Keys in the bowl.

Best of Friends - Palma Violets

Enjoy them whilst you can. You’ll hate them soon.

Let’s Get It On - Marvin Gaye

Thanks Marvin. But don’t be too free with your love. Unless you’re in Derwent.

New Country - The Walkmen

One for the international students.

Film.

My Brother The Devil

The 56th BFI London Film Festival takes place this October, and **James Tyas** speaks to Sally El Hosaini, Director of one of the most hotly tipped urban dramas to premiere.

In recent years, British cineastes have been beset by a spate of urban council estate dramas such as *Kidulthood*, *Sket* and *Shank*. Audiences could be forgiven of growing somewhat weary of the genre that seems overly reliant on sensationalism and the use of the same hackneyed tropes. Often, their greatest failing is that they give little or no insight into what life is actually like for the often misunderstood sector of society that they portray. Having already won prizes at Berlin and Sundance, and premiering at the 56th London Film Festival, *My Brother The Devil* is a much weightier proposition.

"There are a lot of urban dramas and when you hear that something is set in Hackney you automatically assume that it will be similar to them. The aim of the film was to do something more interesting and make something that was honest and real. In that way my film could possibly be seen as a reaction to other urban dramas because I don't like them. I find them a bit sensational." *My Brother The Devil* is the story of charismatic drug-dealer Rashid (James Floyd) and his teenage sibling, the bright but naive Mo (Fady Elsayed) and their involvement in and subsequent efforts to break free from the local gang culture within their Hackney estate. One of the most striking things about *My Brother The Devil* is how incredibly authentic the world it inhabits is and how emotionally nuanced the characters are. This is the result of half a decade worth of research for Sally El Hosaini: "I've lived on a council estate in Hackney myself for five years so I feel qualified to show it." One of the ways in which El Hosaini achieved this authenticity was through the use of non-actors. "One of the great advantages of working with non-actors is that they know the world inside out and the language. Ayman Hamdouchi who plays Repo in the film was my script editor."

The performances from rising star James Floyd, as Rashid, has rightfully garnered a great deal of praise but his involvement in the film was never a certainty. "Originally, I didn't want to have an actor for James' role but for someone to go on the trajectory that Rashid does they couldn't be from the world of the film. We did an audition and it was apparent that [James] had done



James Floyd and Fady Elsayed as Rashid and Mo in *My Brother the Devil*

much more work than anyone else. I needed someone who wasn't going to stand out as an actor and blend in with all the other non-actors and someone who was going to go method. Luckily, James likes working that way and I felt that he was someone who was going to

"It was authentic. The boys were non-actors and they know the world."

be prepared to immerse himself in the world of the film so he got to know a lot of the boys who were involved in gangs and he spent five months living and just soaking it up so that he could give an authentic performance."

My Brother The Devil is El Hosaini's debut feature but it is so accomplished that it feels like the work of a far more seasoned film-maker. The extent of her ambition are on display when she talks about her influences: "I'm really influenced by Terrence Malick. In pre-production we watched a lot of his films as well as Gus Van Sant's *Paranoid Park*." The influence of these lauded American auteurs can be seen in *My Brother The Devil* in the meditative, almost poetic, way the film is shot, aided by Stuart Earl's superbly reflective score. As opposed to the unimaginative, this'll do

nature in which many British urban dramas are shot, *My Brother The Devil* is visually stunning, even winning the cinematography award in the World Cinema Dramatic Competition at Sundance. "One of the great things about cinema is the aesthetic and how you remember it

and I spent a lot of time with my director of photography and production designer working out the way we would shoot it." Forgoing the typically grimy aesthetic of many films of a similar setting, El Hosaini chose to use a more subjective colour palette, which at points bursts with colour.

Indeed, nothing in the film is black and white: El Hosaini poses questions that she doesn't necessarily have answers to and refrains from direct polemic, leaving the viewer to come to their own conclusion. "With every film you hope will make an audience think and change their perception. No matter what you do everything is a political choice in a way. Even making a film about this is in some way a political statement but ultimately the film is the story of the brothers and that is the heart of my film."



Do I like this?

Elle Hoppe
FILM EDITOR

Stephen Chbosky's recent *The Perks of Being a Wallflower* is an amazing example of a film with an enticing trailer. Who doesn't love a coming of age story featuring Emma Watson, the Harry Potter goddess? It turns out, me. The premise was good and it was by no means painful to watch but themes were swept over so rapidly without much explanation. After leaving the cinema and reading other reviews "BEST DRAMA/ LOVE STORY..... GO AND SEE IT" and writing my own, I didn't see anyone mentioning the traumatic bonding between the protagonist Charlie and his Aunt Helen. Luckily Google had the answer to 'Did Aunt Helen molest Charlie?' and I hadn't made it up in my head. In the ladies' later on, swelling reviews of Emma Watson's acting ability and believable accent surrounded me. I seemed to be the only non-American in there and the only one that thought she sounded awful and had such little character development that there was no way I could even begin to judge her acting skills past 'she was a bit rubbish'.

Later that evening, whilst eating the remainder of my pick and mix in bed, I thought back to previous films where I have felt a little unsure on my opinion and realised that sitting through *Bicycle Thieves* was actually quite hard and whilst I felt it was essential to watch and is understandably a landmark in filmmaking, it's not actually a film I would be able to wax lyrical about in the pub.

In fact, I'm pretty sure I have the film's plot mixed up with other classics in my brain. After my Amazon DVD delivery arrived in the post the other day and I opened it up, trying to decide between which Scorsese or Polanski 'Must See' I should put on first, it came to me. Don't bother, you're tired, just watch *Bridesmaids* for the twenty-seventh time, it doesn't matter that you know every.single.line, you know you like it. And I loved it. Naturally.

I can't be the only one to not have enjoyed *Avatar* and I maintain that good special effects are no excuse for bad storylines. Seriously, were you actually blown away or were you just quite impressed by how cool it looked? Maybe I don't even like Emma Watson in *Harry Potter*? Maybe I don't even like *Harry Potter*? I don't know because we're so influenced by outside opinion. We're told that certain films are classics and I can hear my mum voice saying 'you will like it', the way she does with weird food and awkward drinks parties. I now can't think of any films I actually like.

Reviews.

Film: *Holy Motors*
Director: Leos Carax
Starring: Eva Mendes, Denis Lavant
Runtime: 115 mins
Review: James Tyas

★★★★★

Holy Motors, much like Leos Carax, its amateur director, is a bundle of contradictions: it is, at once, both nostalgic yet always forward-looking; Carax despises digital cameras, calling them "computers, not cameras," yet used them to shoot the film. He also claims this film is not about cinema yet he visually references everything from Jean Cocteau's *La Belle Et La Bête* to Pixar's *Cars*. Kylie Minogue also makes a surprise ap-

pearance in a role that pays homage to Jean Seberg. The film, forgoing any semblance of narrative structure, follows 'Monsieur Oscar' (Denis Lavant) on his bizarre journey through the streets of Paris in a stretch limousine. Carrying out a series of 'assignments,' we see him transform himself into a series of guises including a corporate businessman; an incomprehensible flower-eating grotesque; a female street beggar; and a doting husband to his wife, who is played by an actual chimpanzee. The purpose of these performances and who they are for remains unknown to the audience. *Holy Motors* is an exhilarating fever dream of a film and while it isn't for everyone, it is imbued with a sense of boundless invention which is a commodity that is all too rare in cinema today.

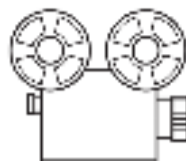
Film: *Looper*
Director: Rian Johnson
Starring: Bruce Willis, Emily Blunt
Runtime: 118 mins
Review: Elle Hoppe

★★★

After all the hype and waiting, *Looper* turned out to be a bit of a disappointment. It was not as complex as anticipated and was relatively unfocused. Johnson dealt with time travel in an interesting way and created good character profiles but the plot was too predictable and the pace lagged at moments (less action than predicted). The world and time imagined was creative and we were delivered history and under-

standing of *Looper* life effectively so the potential was definitely there but perhaps dealing with so many different elements of sci-fi can be too much for one narrative. Joseph Gordon-Levitt's prosthetics proved unnecessary and distracting. The audience is instantly aware of the relationship between him and Bruce Willis so why patronise us? It would have been far more believable without the make-up. Less is always more. Having said that, his mannerisms were perfected and the two characters mirrored nicely. Emily Blunt was as spectacular as ever, bringing a lot to her role but that shouldn't cover for the flaws elsewhere. Overall, excellent performances by the main characters, and a lot of promise; it's just a shame about the lack of concentration.

Food & Drink.



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

The Experiment. Ratatouille

In about a week and half, the perennial onset of freshers' flu will take away our senses of smell, taste, and general wellbeing. The 50 per cent off Dominos, late night Effies and college canteen chips-with-everything ethos will all come back to haunt our stomachs, serving as a reminder that bland food can have an almighty hand in numbing our taste buds.

Ratatouille is a traditional French dish from Provence, and it's the perfect recipe to blast away illness. A hot, warming dish made with late summer vegetables, early October is the last chance to make it. It's a straightforward mix of aubergines, courgettes, peppers and tomatoes. It's so simple, there's space for additional aromatics such as basil, thyme or marjoram. This version includes an onion and raisin side which makes the recipe all that much better, and I've also added fresh chilli to give colds a kick.

The best way to cook Ratatouille is in the oven, but cooking it on the hob is quicker and less messy. It can be eaten with pasta or bread, but the protein in couscous makes it a good meat substitute. Couscous is an ingredient that should become synonymous with university meals, because it's cheaper than basmati rice and is ready in an instant. Chick peas, hot smoked paprika and harissa can be added to give the Southern French dish a more North African feel. This recipe serves two, and if given a go you'll find that health is only five fruit and vegetables away.

The method:

1. Chop up the aubergine, courgette, pepper and half an onion into large chunks and place them aside in separate bowls.



HANA TERAIE-WOOD

Hana Teraie-Wood

2. Heat a pan with a liberal amount of oil and fry off the aubergines until soft. Set aside in a large bowl and repeat with the courgette and pepper and set aside.
3. Fry the chopped onion in a good amount of oil, and add the chilli, garlic and basil/thyme to the pan.
4. When you can smell the aroma of the garlic and thyme, add in the rest of the vegetables, along with the sugar and vinegar.
5. Tip in the tomatoes and simmer for 10 minutes.
6. In the meantime, thinly slice an onion and fry with a liberal amount of oil on a medium heat with the raisins until caramelised.

For the couscous:

1. Pour 150g couscous into a bowl, and cover by about 2cm with boiling water.
2. Cover immediately and leave to steam for 3-5 minutes.

Ingredients:

- 1 aubergine
- 1 courgette
- 1 red or yellow pepper
- 1 or 2 onions
- Olive oil
- 2 cloves of garlic, crushed
- 2 tbsp raisins
- Fresh chilli, chopped
- 1 to 2 tsp sugar
- Splash of vinegar, any kind
- 2 skinned and chopped tomatoes, or a tin of chopped tomatoes
- Fresh basil, but preferably thyme, dried or fresh
- Couscous

The Experiment. Irish Coffee

Hana Teraie-Wood

This is a drink to get you through a tough seminar, or perhaps to give aid once it's over. It's a mix of hot coffee, sugar and whisky, topped with a delectable layer of double cream. If made correctly, it should make you feel warm, drunk and satisfied.

This version uses scotch instead of the traditional Irish whiskey, purely because the latter tends to be more expensive. But what makes the coffee is leaving the layer of cream untouched, no mixing or muddling is allowed. Just drink through it with a stiff upper lip.



Ingredients:

- Shot of whisky
- Tsp of brown sugar
- Freshly brewed hot coffee
- Double cream



1. Put the sugar and shot of whisky into a small cup.
2. Pour some freshly brewed coffee near to the brim of the cup, and stir.
3. Pour the cream over the back of a tea spoon and into the cup, until a thick layer of cream forms.
4. Drink and be merry.



HANA TERAIE-WOOD

The Review. Jamie's Italian

Walking into the historic Lendal Cellars - which now houses a recent addition to Jamie Oliver's Empire - is an underwhelming assault on the senses. Despite the rich enchanting atmosphere and a menu as gutsy as the naked chef himself, the portions are just not worth the prices.

Jamie's Italian is set over two floors in a deliciously eccentric old Tudor wine cellar. The old features, open kitchen and long Italian table create a real buzz which taps into that fabulous Italian family vibe. Jamie's Italian is charming, but for hungry students on a budget it's just not the accessible and affordable place it promises to be.

The pace picked up after waiting a good fifteen minutes to be served and the staff were warm and attentive. There's an original cocktail menu, and a dear £6.50 will get you a gin and Earl Grey martini, which is a gin-based cocktail infused with Earl Grey syrup, fresh lemon, apple juice and Angostura bitters.

The four of us went for a litre of the house red which, at £20 was the best value for money item on the menu. Jamie's is all about presentation; the wine is served in a 'pichet' and the an-



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tipasti and burgers come out on rustic wooden platters.

The menu is bursting with Italian specialities, spiced up with a dollop of Jamie's gastronomic enthusiasm and style. Crispy risotto balls of smoked mozzarella and porcini arancini, large juicy green olives served on ice, fish baked in a bag with clams, and turkey Milanese stuffed with prosciutto and

Address:
Lendal Cellars
Price Range:
£15-20



Laura Hughes

fontina are a handful of highlights on the menu. I went for the *Beautiful bruschetta*, with pea & mint ripple, grilled asparagus, smashed broad beans, mint and chilli, and smoky mozzarella. It was delicious and melted in the mouth, but it was only a slither in size, so not worth £8.95. Risotto should cling to the cutlery. Jamie's wild truffle risotto, finely minced with butter and Parmesan, was undercooked and uninspiring. The desperately small serving of ravioli primavera, stuffed with smashed new-season peas, mint and ricotta, in a silky asparagus sauce with mascarpone, was light and creamy. The monachelle puttanesca: a seashell pasta with tomato sauce, capers, chilli, anchovies and olives, was slightly salty but it slipped down nicely.

If only all the food had tasted as tantalising as it looked. The Jamie's Italian menu is simple but slick and the ingredients are fresh, sourced locally, or come from Italy itself. Fresh pasta is made from scratch on site every day and the atmosphere in the restaurant is spot on. Unfortunately the food is nothing extraordinary and the character in the presentation is not enough to justify spending £7 on a few pieces of pasta.

The Final Say.

Date me, I'm a fresher

Joshua Boswell

I'm going out. The girls are competing for mirror space, deliberating over bags, fawning over each other's dresses. The boys: attempting maximum preparation, with minimum conspicuousness. Did you use hair product? No? Well neither did I.

And so the games begin. There will be losers. Some may fall by the wayside. Some may not even make it to Willow. But the chosen few, those of iron belly and silver tongue, will claim their prize. By 3am, we rat-arsed revellers will be coupling up and grabbing the nearest taxi back to seal the deal in bodily fluids.

Yet the awkward morning will bring only shame, regret, and disapproving looks from assorted waterfowl. The whole sordid endeavour was focused on reaching this one soulless climax, which in the chilly Yorkshire morning is little more than a blurred memory.

And as I think back on it, I ask myself: where was the fun? Was it in the coup de grace, with the room spinning and the blood thumping in my ears, as a gruesome cocktail sloshed around in my stomach? Or was it in the thrilling chase of the preceding hours, when mystery and desire still filled the air?

Indiscriminate, obligation-free sex is one of the main pursuits of a fresher, a hobby officially recognised by the university some years ago, kindly catered for by zero-weighting most first year marks. And I thoroughly endorse this indulgence. But it seems that in a desperate effort to reach that mate goal, a lot of the fun that can be had along the way is neglected.

Apart from a brief hollering of names into each other's ears at the edge of a crowded dance floor, the period between meeting and rutting is often devoid of any kind of personal connection, condensed into a mere spate of grinding and clumsy snogging.

meeting and rutting is often devoid of any kind of personal connection, condensed into a mere spate of grinding and clumsy snogging.

But so much enjoyment can be had in the build up to the big O. First, gauging each other's interest, whilst feigning disinterest yourself. Throwing in a cheeky but nonchalant complement or two, pausing with eye contact for just that little bit too long. The thrill of the first touch - always ostensibly innocent: an arm, a hand, the small of the back - but always loaded with meaning. And then there are the conversational games to play. Do you accentuate your shared interests, or flirtatiously spar over your differences? How will you walk the titillating tightrope between flattery and insult? And just how will you get into their pants?

These exciting nuances are lost when we throw ourselves together, like demolition ball to brick, smashed. But there is an alternative, one rarely considered by either sex on the club-night treadmill: Dating.

A date can be one of the most erotically charged experiences us young things engage in. Many of us shy away from the perceived formality of it, but if we embrace that structure, and revel in the ability to prolong the chase, the rewards are boundless. The question then becomes not the mercenary 'your place or my place?' but 'will this picnic in the museum gardens end in a cheeky kiss?'

Quaint? Perhaps. But I guarantee you the frisson and the rush will be all the greater. A moonlit walk down to Rowntrees Park, with its suspension bridge all lit up in blue, is so much more memorable than a night drowned in similarly fluorescent Salvation shots.

But fear not, randy fresher, for there will be fornication. How could there not be, after allowing those sexual undercurrents to tug, tease, and swell for so long? And what's more, the sex will be all the better. Something that rarely kindles in a drunken pass, but can hardly fail to smoulder over the course of a few evenings - a connection with the other person - leads to passionate, playful, proper sex.

So the next time your loins are burning for some bright-eyed slice who's caught your thoughts, do it the old fashioned way, and pick them up at eight.

CABBY'S CORNER

IT'S A WELL KNOWN FACT THAT THE BEST ADVICE COMES FROM A CABBY. SO WE ASKED LOCAL CABBY, PETE, WHAT HIS ADVICE TO FRESHERS WOULD BE. THANKS PETE.

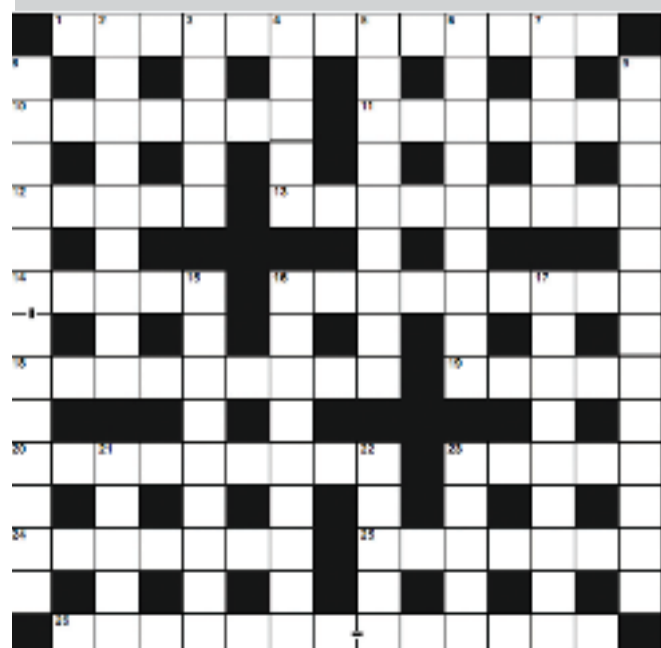


The shoes! I've never been able to work out why girls will go out in these ridiculous high heels but then they always end up in the cab barefoot! 🙄

PETE, POCKLINGTON
CABBY FOR 9 YEARS



The Nouse Crossword



Across

- 1 Forecast a blue shiver that's indicative of wind (8,5)
- 10 Angle round wing (7)
- 11 Spear animal almost repeatedly (7)
- 12 Quantity of drink fired soldier (5)
- 13 Part of sentence to come before about '99 (9)
- 14 Like ancient characters, old police cover Ulster? (5)
- 16 Cheese cooked, then swallowed, by girl student (9)
- 18 Choice about time for work (9)
- 19 Point taken by doctor, in a manner of speaking (5)
- 20 Quality of steps seen to develop (9)
- 23 Parent with fruit (5)
- 24 Eastern riot could be serious (7)
- 25 Gold coin tossed to duck in river (7)
- 26 Bike shop or rogue banker? (7-6)

Down

- 2 Exit scene transforming

life (9)

- 3 It's frequently passed in an old city in Spain (5)
- 4 Admit to cry of pain re-buffing witticism? (3,2)
- 5 Drama sent off to one in business (9)
- 6 Ring in copper polished and protected (9)
- 7 Sayings of one involved in gaolbreak (5)
- 8 Fair adventure with posh car and dirty British ship? (6-7)
- 9 Kitchen expert allows leaning mixer (7,6)
- 15 Enamel work almost on a par with title holder (9)
- 16 Piece rent asunder where there was disturbance below (9)
- 17 Onion ring helps hearing (9)
- 21 It's in the garden, near the house (5)
- 22 Find fault, namely, with the elderly (5)

The Nouse Sudoku

3	7			1		9		
	9		5			4		
4				2				8
	8					1		
6			9		3			7
		3					6	
	2			6				9
		9			5		1	
7		1				8		3

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