

MUSE.

12.02.2013

And then they came for me

Marc Schatzberger escaped the clutches of the Nazis, thanks to a daring rescue mission. We hear his story.



Fashion.

The fashion team take you on a whirlwind tour of beauty trends on the catwalk and in the shops.

Music.

We talk to Bastille frontman, Dan Smith, about his rapid rise to fame.

Arts.

What does Hedonism look like to you? Gení Carreras on *Philographics*.

Film.

We talk to the directors of the Monty Python studied *A Liar's Autobiography*.

M14

So much more than man's best friend? We talk to the UK's first pet registrar.



M12. The Muse Shoot takes beauty to the max. Grab a slice of the fun with *The Sweetest Thing*.



M14. The UK's only **dog registrar** tells us the truth about puppy love, and who's spending £20,000 on their pet's big day...



M20. The owner of **Xing**, The Shambles own health food store, talks wraps, baps and fruity smoothies.

Arts.

M4. A picture tells a thousand words. We hear from **Genís Carreras** about his collection of '-ism' posters.

M6. Artistic practicality. We look into the 1920s **Brahaus movement**.

Fashion.

M8. This week's all about beauty. We talk to make-up model **Emi Dixon**, and find out what's on trend in catwalk beauty.

Music.

M16. Radio 1 favourite **Bastille** explains his route to fame... via a recording studio in a broom cupboard.

M17. The latest addition to York's night-life, **Vanderground** is in the spotlight.

Film.

M18. James Tyas looks at '**Something a little bit different**'. Hold onto your hat; the Python's are back.

Food & Drink.

M21. **The Naked Baker** celebrates Valentine cuisine with a recipe for heart-shaped Linzer biscuits.

M21. Helena Parker tells you the ingredients that will boost the old libido.

Image Credits.

Cover: Boutmuet

M3: Courtesy of Camilla Long

Cartoons (M2 & M24) : Brandon Seager

Muzzy's Musings...

The JB Morals

A silver orchard of apple-macs sat on laps,
The habitat of avid chats for gossip girls who perch in circles
To whisper the graphic acts of one friends
Post-Willow 'massive lapse' in a flat in Halifax.

The section of key texts steadily collects its fines
Will lend for a second, and leave you in debt for life.
The mouth of 'intelligent return' stays open extra wide
Feeding on battered books, shoved upon its black tongue.
Spitting out receipts that no one reads or keeps.

Clotted with debates of STOPPED and SPOTTED
One says its not a joke, the other jotted notes of besotted blokes
Who through cyberspace could hide their face
And write their poetically finest phrase like..
"Oi your well fit"

A place where seats are lost,
If you rest on your laurels
And anything goes
For as everything shows,
There's no such thing as JB Morals.



Camilla Long.

Sunday Times Columnist.

I loved interviewing Imelda Marcos, as well as the great glittering He-Moob himself - Simon Cowell. I met Imelda in Manila. She had an enormous pink diamond stuck to the front of her dress and spoke for 5.5 hours (about 3% made sense). She insisted she had given up shoes and only had a few traditional Filipino pairs, but when I asked to go to the loo I "got lost" in the back of her apartment and found a rack the size of a small HGV groaning with Manolos and Jimmys. When I went back the next day, she wept.

If I wasn't a journalist I'd be a psychotherapist. I'm so nosy!

Feminism? Vive la Revolution!

This year, I resolved to be fashionable, or at least wear clothes that don't make me look like Liz Hurley's depressed Peruvian cleaner, but when I spoke to an editor he said that the latest thing was "Kate Moss redux" with a "Big Bird meets Olive Oyl vibe" on the foot. When I asked him to clarify, he whispered, "basically, bollocks". So I've been working "bollocks" for most of January and I can tell you it's going just fine.

Mary Beard is a victim of horrible misogyny - what I want to know is why people feel they can attack her like that. If we understand that, we might be able to tackle the problem in general.

I am strongly pro-boob. I don't believe in telling any woman to shut up or cover up, and this includes the women in The Sun. If people think the paper's coverage is



one-note, then campaign for better coverage of women in general. No one would tell women to stop wearing bikinis or going to the beach because the Mail is constantly cooing over their impressive

"I am strongly pro-boob"

curves, so don't tell women who earn their living out of their boobs to go home and get another job. The more we demonise women's bodies the less we celebrate womanhood.

I have just finished watch-

ing all 13 episodes of House of Cards. It's fantastic. Kevin Spacey must have the most menacing man-tan in all of political drama. Robin Wright is the ultimate political wife - gorgeous and scheming.

My ultimate guests for dinner would include Nero, although I think he'd be a bit like David Brent. Same goes for Oliver Cromwell. The problem is that most great historical figures - Elizabeth I, Karl Lagerfeld - would be terrible at smalltalk, so perhaps I'll just say Homer, because I'd quite like to know who he was, and Jimmy Savile, because there are a few questions outstanding.

Interview by Tom Witherow

The Lonely Smoker

Rose Troup Buchanan

The problem with Valentine's Day isn't the fact that it is a horrible corporate invention, designed to make anyone who's alone drink themselves into the alley next to Willow, and anyone who is in a relationship to suddenly develop a strong empathy for the actions of Sid Vicious. No, the most horrible aspect of Valentine's Day is that you cannot escape it.

In two days time it will be the big event. Personally, I feel as if I am battening down the hatches in preparation for a zombie apocalypse; there's a lot of red splashed about, people are/will be moaning and groaning, and a few corporations have stepped in and made a killing.

Ironically, I should love Valentine's Day. It is one of the few occasions of the year when my particularly sarcastic, embittered, and general malcontent with the world is not only accepted, but fanatically embraced by every lonely single person within a five mile radius. As my friends unload their collective love-life regrets (bearing in mind none of us have yet entered our mid-twenties), and wail in stereotyped sonar about the misfortunes of our existence, I get to roll out Malboros like a Catholic priest dispensing absolutions after the weekend.

Valentine's Day, or VD as I feel it should be known, both for its practicalities and the knowledge that come February 15th the local sexual health clinic will suddenly have a much broader clientele thanks to Willow and one pound shots, is Catholic in its concept. Whichever camp you're in, whatever place you're at, VD is a sure-fire way to ensure you feel guilty about something.

It's a minefield. Normal people, who have formerly harboured standard and acceptable expectations of the opposite sex, suddenly start planning dates in a manner tactically akin to Hitler's meanderings around Russia, and with equally unfortunate consequences. Girls, having previously been perfectly content with a couple of drinks, morph into sulking harpies whose shrill protestations of "I don't want anything special" would be labelled poor acting on *Made in Chelsea*.

Smoking outside Willow the other night - always a great place for pondering life's more profound questions - I considered the macabre mating rituals which were presently taking place above the glorified tackiness of La Senza. We are not a generation who should do Valentines.

We have liberated ourselves from the conventions and traditions of our parents, and with that emancipation we've elected to get drunk, behave crudely, and throw up over someone's shoulder after getting with them.

The collected horror stories of my friends' dating history are testament to our disqualification from VD. My favourite was the tale of a friend who after being taken for a civilised cup of tea (earl grey) was then invited along to river to a spot where dogging was going on. After that, as she said, it all got a bit "weird." Or another who was taken Salsa dancing, in a barn, in the depths of Devon for Valentines. Also a bit weird.

As my relationship history resembles nothing so much as a collection of empty cigarette packets and a penchant for reduced price whisky, my experience on the whole 'dating' front is limited. The real problem with VD is then perhaps less what you are required to do, and more that it requires you to think. For me this means that the week of February 14th is usually inordinately more expensive than any other period of the year. Being the dispenser of comfort and addictive tar to my friends can have its occasional draw-backs, chiefly expense.

However, if all this talk of smoking and drinking and thinking about VD is making you miserable, I have a solution. In a truly spectacular choice of date (who says academics don't know how to have fun?) the philosophy department is kindly putting on a lecture called: "Emotional (self-)regulation" on February 14th. (The Bowland auditorium 6.30 p.m.)

I'll be the one smoking outside.



ARTS.

Visual Philosophy

Graphic designer
Genís Carreras
talks to Dominic
Falcão about trans-
lating ‘-isms’ into
evocative pictures

Genís Carreras is a graphic designer in his early twenties and author of the “philographics” series, a project which attempts to capture abstract philosophical ideas in colour and shape. Some of his other work is stunning. Having seen this breadth and ambition, I wanted to get an idea of what direction he was heading in.

Currently, his work on ‘philographics’ involves designing new theories, testing prototypes and getting in touch with publishers. I can imagine the end result: a fantastic, colourful book capturing the essence of philosophy in geometric shapes. “So far I’ve designed 48 theories and I have between 30 and 40 more on the way. The idea is to cover all the ‘isms’ and turn the book into a useful (and beautiful) visual dictionary of philosophy.” This is certainly one way to shed light on this dry and abstract subject.

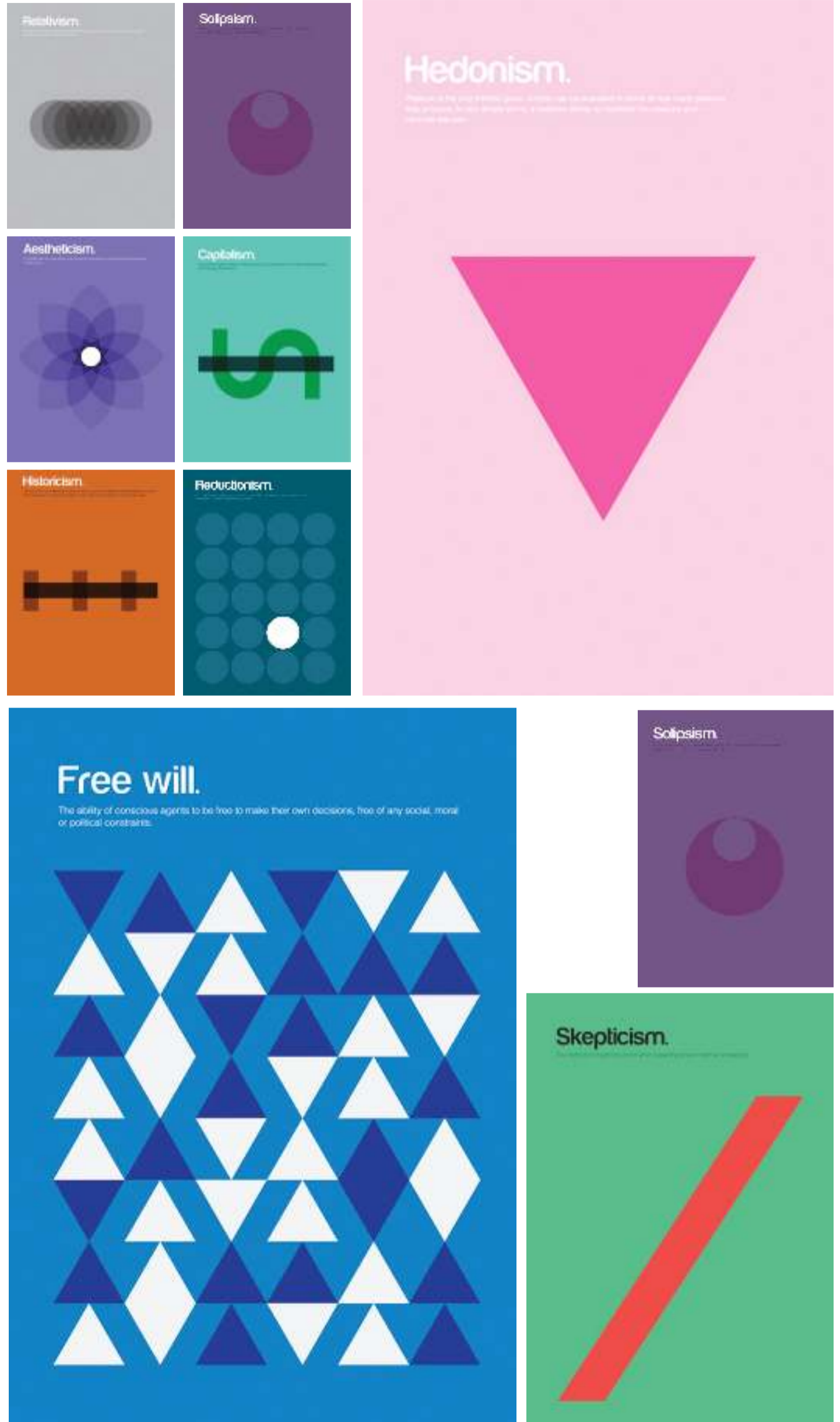
One thing that surprised me when I first came across Genís is how shapes (particularly, Utilitarianism, Dogma, Realism, Empiricism, and Idealism) with no obvious connection with their subject matter were somehow made to connect with ideas that are so complex to express in words, and yet so simple when put into images.

Genís explains, “to create the visuals I used different techniques depending on the theory: some of them can be explained with a visual metaphor, like the domino effect in Determinism, but most of them need to be explained in a more abstract level, like Empiricism and its reference to the senses and perception. With colour, like music, you can communicate a lot of information and it can be understood instantly and instinctively.”

But that fluid explanation surely glosses over a rocky transition from words to image? “The hardest ones are those I haven’t made yet and now I’m starting to face. Some theories, like Post-constructivism or Functionalism, are very dense and harder to boil down. I might leave them out of the book if I’m not happy enough with the outcome.” Yes, I can imagine why Functionalism might pose a problem, but even as I think about it I have some intuitions as to what direction his formulation might take.

I am no art critic, nor philosopher, and part of my fascination comes from the fact I’ve never really come across a project like this, and struggle to pin down a genre. Genís explains: “I’m very influenced by the Swiss graphic designers from the 60s, the layouts of Josef-Müller Brockmann and the use of colour by Max Bill. I also admire the work of contemporary designers like Noma Bar and Olly Moss.”

Digging a little, I find in Broackman the sim-



plicity, the geometric shapes, the bright colours of Genís. In Max Bill (with a name like an expensive night out...) I find pure abstraction. But no time for an art history lesson – it's time to dig into the contentious issue.

I initially found it implausible that someone who cites Nietzsche as inspiration and also comments on the importance of subjectivity and interpretation for consumers of the Philographics project could also aspire to capture some core of meaning in his work that would connect with similar patterns in the intuitions and thought processes of onlookers.

Was there a conflict between finding solace in Nietzsche and the advocacy of a crystalline distillation of philosophical thought? "I think there are universal ideas no matter our culture or education, but there's not a universal way to communicate them."

Maybe using simple shapes and colours can be a way to overcome some of these barriers."

Ah. He is adding to pluralism of delivery techniques, and Nietzsche in turn contributes to the pluralism of philosophical ideas.

But how does Genís deal with controversy when it arises? In a previous interview, he noted that "some people associate the pink triangle of Hedonism with an homosexual icon while others see a part of the female body". This has sparked minor criticism from feminists, who argue that it implies female sexuality is somehow implicated in the idea

of hedonism, and from the LGBTQ community who resent the possible implications of the connection. Whilst insisting on freedom of interpretation is of course his prerogative, I asked him to elaborate on his inspiration for this particular symbol; "All I can say is that I like having a sense of humour in what I do, and this poster is one example of it. I see this design as a very contained representation of physical pleasure and not as an attack on anyone."

design speak, to get jobs without a portfolio. Genís's designs stand at odds with this trend and are maybe even threatened by it, his designs possibly made vulnerable by being penetrating and thoughtful.

I leave the observation open and am rewarded by a feisty reply: "I think it's a normal thing that responds to a specific demand and we shouldn't be worried about it. At the end of the day, businesses pay exactly for what they get, an amateur design that makes them look like amateur businesses."

So what does the future hold for the graphics industry? "I can see minimalism and simplicity getting more and more popular in branding and digital. In a fast-changing world with too much information and messages, I think it's a good way to be efficient, transparent and honest, while standing out from the rest."

I finish the interview by turning to introspection, and with a guilty surge realise we have spoken very little about the man himself. I manage only to tease these final retiring observations "Hm... in ten years time I see myself going back to Catalonia, having my own small studio in Barcelona and probably with kids!" He chuckles. A future as simple as the work he's producing. **M**

Prints can be bought at <http://society6.com/gen6/prints>, and the whole collection can be founds at : www.Geniscarreras.com.

"With colour, like music, you can communicate a lot of information, and it can be understood instantly and instinctively"

Of course, this is only my vision and everyone has their own. But I'm sorry if anyone feels offended, because my intention was the opposite." We find a defense of light-heartedness, you can tell that Genís is really the gently sensitive type, though I'm not won over by it.

There's also been noise from graphic designers at the rise of low-cost, "skin deep" crowd-sourcing graphic design sites like 99designs, which provide only a very short brief to give new designers a chance let their

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In Defence of Twilight, sort of

Poppy Bullard

I don't like vampires.
I don't like werewolves.

In fact, it's probably safe to say that on the list of people who are least likely to enjoy reading the *Twilight* series, I would be beaten only by the deceased. They aren't romantic; they are archaic, provincial, Romanian bollocks.

My total aversion to all things Kristen Stewart was, however, somewhat tested after the cinematic release of *Breaking Dawn*. Cringing to the attention-fueled griping of a girl that the *Guardian* ranked #4 in 'Most Pathetic Female Film Characters of All Time', I overheard an earth-shattering whisper: "well, you see the books are really very interesting because the author is actually a Mormon". This suggested that, in spite of my unbridled loathing, a book about vampires might have some sort of literary significance. How disappointing.

Having chewed, swallowed, digested and painfully excreted my pride, I decided that *Twilight* would be worth a read, if only for culturally enlightening purposes. I gingerly opened the first page, expecting to have to painstakingly sift through hundreds of pages of text to find the subtlest of allusions to Mormonism. Fortunately for me, subtlety is not one of Meyer's strongest attributes and the preface is a direct quote from Genesis:

"But of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." (2:17)

Brilliant - If all the references to Mormonism are this explicit I shall have absolutely no problem ascertaining the reasons why Bella is such a drippy waste of femininity. And I don't. From the first chapter onward, it becomes clear that Mormonism is not necessarily the driving force within the novel, but behind the novel.

Bella spends at least 98% of the first few chapters trying exceptionally hard to have no friends and remain enigmatically miserable, but this isn't because she an aspiring Lord Byron, it is just a manifestation of the preface: a self-afflicted purgatory that conforms to all of Meyer's Mormon ideals.

No, Bella shall not be tempted by any fruits from the tree of knowledge - especially those reputed rotten fruits of friendship, laughter, or happiness, because Bella herself isn't a Mormon, but her actions are, however, governed by its idealised lifestyle.

Mormonism is also the reason *Twilight* is not called 50 Shades of Vampire. When Edward's desire to touch each other becomes unbearable, the overwhelming sexual tension is handily dispersed into a far less exciting bodily necessity: hunger. Edward likes to be near Bella because she smells delicious, and when lurking in shadows and being pasty gets a little bit tiring, he would quite like to eat her, not that it's, y'know, personal or anything.

So whilst we all sit at home wistfully hoping that one of them would just man-up and take their trousers off, we should channel our frustration away from Edward and towards Meyer who is only attempting to create a novel that conforms to her cultural beliefs.

So don't blame Bella. As much as she's a complete disgrace to the female sex, has the decision-making capacity of Winnie-the-Pooh and the personality of a damp tea-towel, she's only fulfilling the authorial Mormon obligations of Meyer. It isn't her fault, she is just a puppet.

“A new guild of craftsmen, without the snobbery”

Franziska Hintze

Sometimes, as much as it may surprise, art doesn't have solely deal with the high and mighty functions of the 'soul', or attempt to explore notions of 'immediate experiencing' or 'historical dimension'. It is often forgotten that art can also have a much more functional side. A movement from the 1920s exemplifies this perfectly, subordinating design to functionality. The holistic approach of the Bauhaus Movement was to reintegrate art as functional design in all aspects of life.

Why this is an artistic approach in itself

will become clear, if we look at the compelling story of struggle that this movement underwent. Walter Gropius founded the Bauhaus School in the German town of Weimar in 1919. His concept was twofold. On the one hand he wanted to develop a fruitful system of education that formed versatile artists proficient in photography, painting, architecture and design. On the other, he aimed at a vague utopia: Reshaping human consciousness through art.

This intention seems to match that of the expressionists. However, one can perceive the emotional overkill stemming from expressionism, since Gropius was looking for a rational, not an ecstatic solution. He pursued the



goal that every object of daily life should display harmony between function and design and made his students consider cutlery, furniture and architecture under new angles. Even already renowned artists like Klee and Kandinsky joined the school and began to consider the social connotation of art.

Thanks to his "science" of design, Gropius blazed the trail for his successor, the new director of the Bauhaus that had in the meantime moved to Dessau. H.Mayer focused on design of furniture for industrial mass production.

Thanks to earnings from sales of innovative designs developed by students and professors, the school became self-sufficient for the first time and students began to sell their concepts: M.Breuer invented the Bauhaus style chair, the "Wassily Chair", that soon went into production. The second and last move of the school to Berlin under the 3rd director and well known architect Mies van der Rohe was accompanied by a shift to architecture and we can still contemplate the functional, clear features of the Weissenhof settlement in Stuttgart whose construction was lead-managed by Rohe.

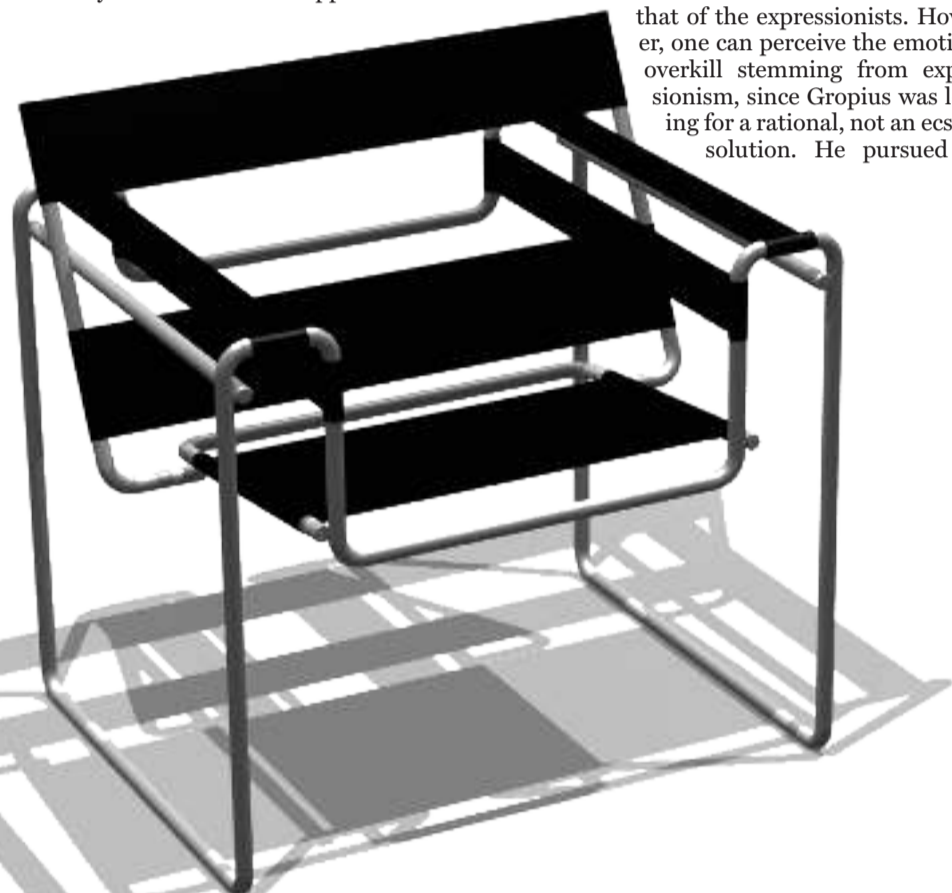
The movement was shaped by quarrels among the art directors within the school, and by political opposition from the right. The cosmopolitan language of the clear geometric forms became its downfall. The movement had always been struggling with allegations of being left-wing and once Hitler had come to power, he considered the movement "degenerate" and "un-German". The Bauhaus was closed in 1933 and most of the artists moved to the United States where they could thrive.

Once Hitler had come to power, he considered the movement "degenerate" and "un-German"

Considering all the opposition the Bauhaus encountered, it is remarkable that our notion of "modernity" is inevitably connected to the clear, rational forms in concrete and steel. The look

of our cities and interior is unthinkable without the Bauhaus.

Mixing mass production with expressionist concepts is a bold project and most tensions within the school are due to this acrobatic pretension. In my eyes the Bauhaus reconceptualised art in two ways: firstly it raised functionality to a genuine purpose of art and secondly its way of struggle and eventual worldwide success is a piece of art itself. The next time you sit in a Wassily Chair, you will remember...



Students and the Arts: Central Hall Music Society

I arrived to meet Alex Wilson and Nick Armfield, committee members and codirectors of this year's musical, behind a queue of razzmatazz-lovers acquiring tickets for West Side Story. They both appear surprisingly chipper given that the interview confirmation arrived in my inbox at 4.30 am, after an "all-night tech run".

Central Hall Musical Society operates almost antithetically to other performance societies, such as DramaSoc. Where DramaSoc may have a play weekly during term, CHMS focuses its energy into one annual opus. But they don't rest on their laurels. "We want to make this the destination musical society" Nick tells me. At the moment their membership mostly exists from within the talent pool of performers, but they are looking to expand, and broaden their public appearance. "One of our biggest things this year is to move it away from being a society based around one thing a year, which is definitely what we are the moment". Yet in attempting to become more inclusive, there is always a fine line to be trodden between quantity and quality. "Certainly whilst we want everyone to audition, there is a very high level of production, which is what we're there to do. But we do want everyone to be involved in the society; just because you don't necessarily sing as well as the next person doesn't mean you can't help in some way".

It seems as though CHMS are committed to maintaining



a high standard of performance, whilst encouraging those who may not necessarily want to perform to become involved. "We want to create a program of events open to all people, which will mean that anyone, not just people who want to watch musicals, can be involved... The show's going on at the moment so you can talk to any one of us and there's also a committee

meeting every Wednesday. So you can get involved in the annual musical, but also get involved in the elections" urges Nick.

It is quite clear that all of this is purely administrative – the vision of the society is far from the imminent realisation of the pair's theatrical vision. It is not until I enquire about their personal relationship to CHMS that their eyes light up, and it becomes clear why the weeks of arduous work are worthwhile. "I think the best thing will be opening night, with an audience, to see something you've worked on for a year – we've worked a whole year on this show – it's huge", Alex glances at Nick, who quickly agrees. "I think that the best thing is having a cast of 35, an orchestra of 20, and a production team of 15. So many people, and yet every single one does their job to the highest level possible. They all care, which is what I like. It's not just us coming up with an idea and trying to make them do it, people are invested in this show. The way that everyone puts themselves at the front of the line going "yeah, I'm going to do this. I'm going to do this to the best of my ability", more than likely at the expense of their course. It's the way that everyone takes it on and says "I'm going to give this 100%", which I just love."

Musicals often have the tendency to perpetrate themselves as frivolous and insubstantial, but behind the entertainment value there is hard work, and lots of it.

Interview by Poppy |

Portrait of an Author: Vladimir Nabokov

60 years on from the shocking 'Lolita', Nabokov's radical experiment continues to intrigue and repulse.

Anwen Baker

Vladimir Nabokov was a prolific author in his time, writing novels such as *Pale Fire* and *Bend Sinister*, but his most famous and most controversial is, undeniably, *Lolita*. It is not only Nabokov's most notorious and enduring work, it is one of the best-selling novels of the 20th century and an icon of popular culture.

Humbert Humbert, the protagonist and narrator of *Lolita*, finds himself drawn to pre-pubescent girls, "nymphets" as he calls them. He becomes infatuated with the 12-year-old Dolores Haze, his landlady's daughter, and constructs an elaborate plan to seduce her. With the death of Lolita's mother, they set out on a journey across the U.S, embarking upon a destructive relationship.

Lolita has incited controversy since its publication in 1955 and continues to do so even now. Only last week, the Nabokov Museum - now a museum dedicated to his life and works - in St Petersburg, Nabokov's childhood home, was broken into and vandalised. A window was smashed and the word 'paedophile' was spray painted on the walls. Last October, a one man stage show based on *Lolita*, scheduled to premiere in St Petersburg, was cancelled when the theatre director began to receive threatening notes. The production eventually went ahead in December, but the organiser of the show was beaten by three unidentified attackers.

These are just the latest in a long series of attacks against this iconic work and the man who created it. Upon its publication, *Lolita* was banned in many countries including France, Belgium and Argentina. John Gordon, editor of the *Sunday Ex-*



press, called it "sheer unrestrained pornography".

Why has *Lolita* endured and why does it continue to incite such consternation? The subject matter is undeniably controversial; particularly now, at a time when society is more preoccupied than ever with child abuse and more aware than ever of its consequences. But to state that *Lolita* is simply about paedophilia is too simplistic. It is the story of an obsessive love and its tragic consequences, the destruction of a young girl's childhood.

It is due to Nabokov's diabolical wit and, as he himself described it, his "love affair with the English language" that *Lolita* manages to be more than its simply disturbing narrative.

Thanks to Nabokov's superb style, Humbert, a character who should be hateful, is complex and almost pitiful. He is at once grotesque, funny and utterly tragic. We learn that he does feel some remorse; at one point he hears children playing outside and recoils at the idea that he has robbed *Lolita* of her childhood.

Lolita is not a moral tale, as Nabokov himself pointed out many times. He makes no attempt to force the reader to empathise or identify with any of the characters, feeling instead that the structure and language of a novel were far more important. It's thanks to this, and to Nabokov's seductive prose, that more than 60 years later, *Lolita* remains as dark, as sharp, and as disturbingly beautiful as ever.

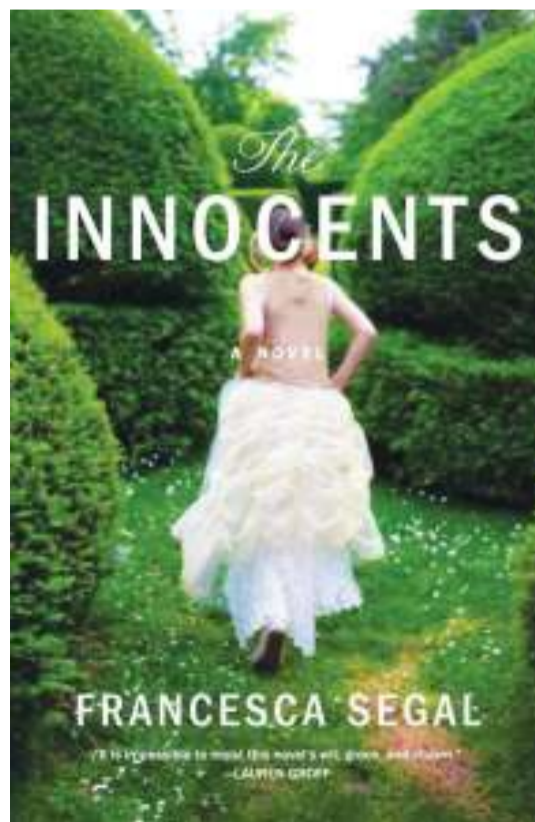
Review: The Innocents

Author: Francesca Segal
Review: Laura Simpson

Winner of the Costa First Novel Award 2012 and runner up for the Costa Book of the Year 2013, *The Innocents* is a clever take on Edith Wharton's successful tale, *The Age of Innocence*. Francesca Segal's debut adapts Wharton's account of the 1870s scandal within the New York elites, into a modern-day London setting.

Segal draws subtle parallels between the tight knit upper-class society of nineteenth century New York and the present day insular London Jewish community. Criticised by some for being an average regurgitation of a classic, for a first book, Segal far surpasses this assessment. This intriguing insight into the Jewish life of London is an ironic twist on Wharton's classic, transforming what has been viewed by some as an anti-Semitic novel into a distinctly Jewish novel. Her tender rendition of characters creates real, likeable figures and integrates historical context throughout, for instance a Holocaust victim features as a central character. Her attempt to include references to the current economic recession, although somewhat half hearted, also sets this novel apart from its source of inspiration.

This novel is delicately written, an honest depiction of loyalty and temptation, proving an easy read for all. It leaves the reader pondering over the significance of individual choice and decision. Yet, this book fails to hold true substance and direction. The rich detail Segal provides, gives the reader an illuminative insight into Jewish culture and everyday life but beyond this, the novel is lacking. Segal's gradual build up of suspense fails to reach a climax in the book's final stages, and fails to make the leap



from a good novel to an excellent one. Overall, as a first novel, its beautifully descriptive style and successful attempt to recreate a classic explains why *The Innocents* was awarded the 2012 Costa First Novel Award, but in regards to this year's Book of the Year Award, it is evident why this novel failed to win.

Review: Pulphead

Author: John Jeremiah Sullivan
Review: Alex Bryan



story that is identifiably his.

His flexibility also shows his apparent journalistic flair. Other than being mistaken for a paedophile on a Christian teen forum, Sullivan has an uncanny ability to get people to trust him and confide in him. Nowhere is this more evident than in *The Last Wailer*, in which Sullivan not only meets the notoriously guarded Bunny Wailer (of The Wailers), but ends up smoking marijuana and eating guinep in his back garden while Wailer treats him to an A capella performance of 'Let Him Go'.

Insofar as there can be a common thread in a selection of essays, Sullivan's love of the American South is a constant presence through *Pulphead*. This is manifested mainly in stories about his own life, one of which, about Sullivan's time living with nonagenarian southern writer Andrew Lytle, particularly shows the deep reverence in which Sullivan holds the culture of his native land. One can almost feel the deep frustration Sullivan has with the popular image of the South as the land of guns, Nascar and the clinically obese. He is certainly successful in presenting both mainstream (Axl Rose) and obscure (Mississippian cave-dwelling death cults) examples of how the South is not only heterogeneous but also culturally fertile.

The essays are long enough to tell a story, but not so long that they drag. Theoretically, the diversity and length of the essays means that if you don't like an essay you can skip it and start the next one instead. But Sullivan's writing is so compelling that even if you didn't know or care about the stars of former American reality TV show *Real World*, his humour and his ability to create an interesting narrative will keep you reading.

Pulphead has a strong claim to be the most entertaining volume of pop culture essays to be compiled in recent years. Outrageously well written, hilarious, and easy to read, it will open the eyes of any reader to the reality of American life.

In truth though, the real show on display here is Sullivan; a true master of modern essay-writing.

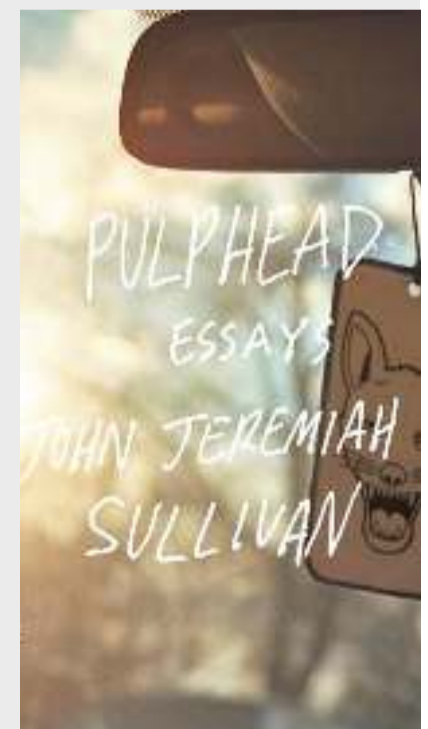
In November, whilst lazily browsing the internet in the perpetual Sunday that follows an essay deadline, I came across a tweet with a link to an article written by John Jeremiah Sullivan. Having seen another tweet (I didn't do much work last term) from Laurie Penny a few weeks previously strongly recommending Sullivan's *Pulphead*, I decided to read the article and see what all the fuss was about.

The 25 minutes or so I spent reading that article - though down to sheer length it should be referred to as an essay - shook me. Not only because of the terrifying subject matter, which Sullivan uncovers and reveals with consummate skill. Nor because of Sullivan's wit or the unexpected twist at the end. Mainly, I was shaken because I had just read another one which had surpassed and revolutionised my expectations firstly for magazine articles, then for extended essays, and finally, for writing as an art in itself.

I bought *Pulphead* the next day.

My initial fear that the other essays in the collection wouldn't live up to the standard set by *Violence of the Lambs* was quickly swept aside. One only needs to read the first paragraph of the first essay - *Upon this Rock* - to realise this is an unusually gifted writer writing an unusual book (though that realisation should probably occur when noticing the police mugshot of a young, skinny Axl Rose inexplicably placed opposite the title page). It is unlikely that there are any other books which encompass the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, the life of the deranged polymath Rafinesque, Disneyworld, collectors of early American blues records and the possibility of an impending animal uprising in one volume.

And yet Sullivan manages to find a novel perspective on all of these widely diverse topics. This shows firstly his ability to write in his own voice. Throughout *Pulphead*, which spans 15 long essays, Sullivan's distinctive narration never wavers, and indeed after a few essays the reader feels as though they are getting an insight into Sullivan as much as the subject matter. He writes as the blues guitarists of his native south once played, his technical proficiency freeing him to tell us a



A Hair Raising Tale

India Block interviews high fashion hair model **Emi Dixon** about crazy colour jobs and being a super-stylist's muse.

India Block: How did you get into hair modelling?

Emi Dixon: They basically scout you in the same way that they scout fashion models. They hang out outside places like the Oxford Circus Topshop, looking for people with quite radical hair - people who look like they'd be open to experimentation. Since I've started modelling I've had more people approach me asking me to cut my hair because I obviously look open to it.

IB: What qualities does a good hair model need?

ED: Short hair is better because it grows out faster and it's better for dyeing. You have to be very chilled; we get given seriously high fashion haircuts. They're only really particular about you having a long neck. I'm lucky because I've got quite a long one, plus my hair is really short so that helps. They tell you not to be concerned about how you look - all the focus is on the hair.

IB: Do you have any choice about what gets done to your hair?

ED: You do get asked about your preferences, but they definitely don't think about the fact you have to walk around with it after! That's definitely one of the worse parts of the job; you get a cool haircut and the photos turn out amazingly...then you have to walk out and go to work with a blue afro!

IB: So, what is the best part of the job?

ED: It definitely has its perks - I don't just get free haircuts, I get paid for it. It doesn't feel like work. You just get to sit there for hours whilst someone plays with your hair. The catering is always amazing too. It's like being pampered for a whole day. They paint your nails and bring you food. It's much better than being a clothes model; it's much more personal. You're not just a clothes rail - your hair is attached to your head so if they want to keep cutting your hair they have to be nice to you!

IB: Is it often the same person who cuts your hair, then?

ED: One of the creative directors of Vidal Sassoon, Silvia, contacted me and asked me to be her Muse. She's one of the most creative people I've ever met. She can make my hair go from totally floppy to an afro in under an hour. Now she calls me up whenever she needs me. If I let someone else cut my hair she gets upset.

IB: What sort of jobs do you get booked for?

ED: It works like high fashion, but the collections involve hair instead of clothes. We do live shows six months before each season, as well as photo shoots for the website. Sometimes we have to do presentations - the only way to describe it is as a dance routine really. The models that get booked for that are quite different, they're being booked for their bodies so they're more serious than the ones booked for the photo shoots.

IB: What are the people who are styling your hair like?

ED: They are obsessed with hair! It takes about 20 years to get as good as the people who cut my hair, so they have to love it. They aren't normal hairdressers - they have much more free range than anyone working in a conventional salon. It's incredibly technical; they measure your head and skull so they can work out what styles you would suit.

IB: Is it just one person at a time working on your hair?

ED: Not necessarily. The dye-



ing team is completely separate. A colourist would never cut hair. They bring out separate collections of colours. But often they will work together as a duo. I was booked for an event called Salon Live where all the hair industry companies do presentations. I was a model for a colourist that time so my hair was cut the day before and then all the focus was on the colour. I had a tri-colour job that took ages but it looked amazing.

IB: So what is your favourite type of hair modelling work?

The shoots are much more fun. We have fashion designers and makeup artists who come in to collaborate. It's very intensely organised. The hair team confer with them, but it's all based on the hair collection. You get to wear really exciting designer clothes and get your makeup done properly. They do your eyebrows too - no waxing them though, they love to draw them on, the bigger the better. One girl I was with at the last shoot got given pink eyebrows to match her hair. I hope she doesn't have a job interview or anything like that soon!

IB: Finally, have you been given any really out-there cuts or colours?

ED: Two seasons ago it was on trend to have orange hair, that wasn't good! The last three seasons I got a lot of 'puffball' styles. This season it's all very avant-garde, very dark and asymmetrical, which I like a lot more. There's a lot of focus on the crown - I currently have a purple square dyed into mine, which I really quite like.



What's in Your Makeup Bag?

Rachel Thompson - Fashion Writer

My makeup bag consists mainly of Benefit, Rimmel London and Maybelline products. I'm not really one for loads of foundation and blusher, in truth I hardly wear it in the day, but the Benefit 'pore-fessional' is a brilliant cover up/brightener that makes me look alive but not coloured in. I tend to 'work the eyes' - I use brow brushes, eye liquid liners and a number of mascaras; Bad gal has to be the most effective and my favourite. I have recently have fallen in love with the Topshop crayons, they are so easy to use and come in a range of colours; dramatic without the effort.



Francesca Butcher - Deputy Fashion Editor

I adore Clarins' timeless Beauty Flash Balm. It smells and feels great and makes you look radiant. It doesn't cover pores, but it provides a smooth base and allows your foundation to glide on. Benefit's Brow Zings is just perfect, it has brilliant tweezers, shaping wax, powder to set and brushes all in an adorable compact - for me it's a must. I love to 'glow': this doesn't mean pink disco-esque glitter but something more like Bobby Brown's Shimmer Brick. It comes in a range of shades, from pink hues to warm browns, and provides a subtle yet flattering colour and shimmer.



Get the Look...Catwalk Beauty



CARA DELEVINGNE
CHANEL



JOURDAN DUNN - ISSA



17 EYESHADOW. £3.99

SMASHBOX EYELINER. £16

When the latest collections hit the catwalk, all eyes are usually fixated on the clothes themselves, not the models' makeup. But if your budget can't stretch to ready-to-wear, taking beauty inspiration from the runway is one of the best ways to name-check your favourite label without breaking the bank. You don't need to be a makeup artist or have a vast stash of designer makeup products; these Spring/Summer '13 beauty looks from the catwalk are all easily recreated with a few choice High Street makeup products.

Cara Delevingne's look for the Chanel's show is a great example of a makeup combo that can be touched up for a quick fix for a day-to-night routine. To recreate the look, sweep the eyelids with 17's 'Wild Metallic' Cream Eyeshadow (£3.99), adding another layer for a more dramatic look. For creating an easy smudgy flick, Rimmel's 'Scandaleyes' waterproof kohl eyeliner pencil (£3.99) is fool proof. Cara's strong brows really complement the look, so to keep yours fixed

in place all day invest in the beauty blogger's favourite: a clear brow gel for MAC (£28).

To reference Jourdan Dunn's pretty, sixties-inspired look for Issa, you'll need to perfect your liquid eyeliner technique. Even a complete beginner can master the tricky double flick with Smashbox's 'Limitless' Waterproof Liquid Eyeliner Pen (£16); literally a felt tip for your face, and so easy to use. For a pretty peachy pout with staying power, try and get your hands on Rimmel's latest smash hit, the 'Apocalips Lip' Lacquer in 'Luna' (£5.99).

For a more dramatic take for dressing-up, reference Tian Yi's showstopper eyes at the Dior show. For a base colour with a super-vibrant pigment that will stay fixed all night, use Maybelline's 'Colour Tattoo 24Hr' gel-cream eyeshadow in 'Turquoise Forever' (£4). The diamanté embellishments can be found in any decent craft shop; to attach them without harming the delicate skin around your eyes, use a good false eyelash glue. If you want to add the lashes as well for an even bigger impact, Eylure's 'Naturalites' (£5.35) will give your peepers added drama without looking too outlandishly fake. -India



TIAN YI
DIOR



MAYBELLINE GEL-CREAM EYE-SHADOW. £4

Lick Your Lips

The darkness of winter lips is coming to an end and lipsticks are taking inspiration from candied fruits, from the like of YSL to High Street brands - the colours all round are fresh and sweet. These sugar-sweet lip colours are somewhere between glosses and balms, providing layers of colour with added shine.

DIOR SERUM DE ROUGE. £25

Dior 'Serum de Rouge' in 'Petal' embodies the glossy trend. It's as girlish and flirty as lipsticks come, and is an absolute necessity for spring. Don't think of it as a beauty product, think of it as a way to accessorise your LBD. You're basically buying a new jacket, so it's positively inexpensive.



BOBBI BROWN LIPSTICK. £18

Shying somewhat away from the glossy berry inspired colours is Bobbi Brown's new range of lipstick shades. These creamy, semi matte lipsticks give lips instant polish with a rich, full coverage. The Hollywood red is candy bright, but without the sickly sweet look. With 30 shades to choose from, your new spring lipstick awaits.

TOPSHOP LIPSTICK. £9

Tangerine is this spring's freshest shade. Topshop's 'Enchanted' lipstick collection has a multiple of shades, but for extra pop this spring choose charmed for the value price of £9. Guilt-free on-trend summer lips for a complete steal.

- Rachel Thompson



Fashion Wins All Round

Francesca Butcher
DEPUTY FASHION EDITOR

The past few weeks have been full of fashion wins of all kinds, from Vogue's Fashion Fund to Naomi Campbell's *Telegraph* court case. Last November, *the Daily Telegraph* published an article with the headline 'Elephant polo at Campbell's party criticised'. The newspaper reported that the supermodel was organising an elephant polo tournament for her partner Vladislav Doronin's 50th birthday party, in Jodhpur. The article flooded the internet and prompted strong criticism from animal rights groups, with protests gathered outside the party venue. She even upset the Indian government; apparently they wrote to Campbell's representatives to express their concern for Miss Campbell's party plans. However, this London lady is known for being no shrinking violet and so she took on the paper in a lengthy legal battle. Campbell claimed that the article was false and affected her reputation. She came out on top and was rewarded 'substantial' libel damages and an apology. Campbell has now accepted the newspapers' apology in a win for one of British and international fashion's most famous faces.

It's not only the elephants in India that can rest easy this month, as it's been confirmed that from 11 March cosmetics tested on animals can not be sold within the European Union. The ban will affect all toiletries, every-

thing from your Dior lipstick to your Tesco Value toothpaste. If any of the toiletries ingredients have been tested on animals they will not be being sold in the EU. The ban was proposed all the way back in 2009, so it has been a long time coming, but better late than never and a sure win for fluffy bunnies everywhere (and, more likely, rats and mice too).

Moving from legal cases to fashion awards, the winner of the H&M's 2013 Design Award was announced on 29 February as Minju Kim. The South Korean design student won over a prestigious judging panel that included Jonathan Saunders, and was victorious over seven other students from across Europe, including Maia Bergman from Central Saint Martins. Kim's delightfully creative collection won her €50,000 and the chance to sell pieces from her collection in selected H&M stores for autumn 2013.

Back in Britain, the British Fashion Council (BFC)/Vogue Designer Fashion Fund have announced their winner: the footwear master, Nicholas Kirkwood. It's British fashion's 'richest prize', started in 2008 by BFC chairman Harold Tillman and funded by some of Britain's most famous names; Burberry, Marks & Spencer, Paul Smith, Harrods and, of course, Vogue. Each year a judging panel made up of some of the finest in the business get together to choose a worthy winner of £200,000 and access to a selection of the most influential mentors in the world. The idea behind the fund is to discover Britain's most promising talent and take it from an established business based in Britain to global super-stardom. Nicholas Kirkwood was up against tough competition, fighting against a shortlist comprising of Mary Katrantzou and Peter Pilotto amongst others. Past winners include the print-loving, master of colour Jonathan Saunders and the phenomenal Mr Christopher Kane. Kirkwood can be proud to join a list of the best of British. Kirkwood said he was 'thrilled' and that the fund would enable him to 'develop his plans globally'. A wonderful win for fashion, and a huge congratulations to all the winners this past few weeks.





The F**k it Philosophy

John Parkin, author of the notorious "F**k it" books talks to Laura Hughes about work, life, love, loss and saying "fuck it" to all three.



Above: A class at the Masseria Hotel in Puglia, Italy, where 'Fuck it' breaks are held. Below: a seafront view of the town.



PHOTO CREDIT: WWW.THEFUCKITLIFE.COM

“The C word’s twice as shocking,
but not half as flexible.”



To ‘fuck it’ is to let go and give into the flow of life - to stop worrying and reject what is causing you pain. “The word ‘Fuck’ is truly beautiful because it is slang for having sex. ‘Fuck off’ is really ‘Go and have sex,’ which is not really an insult but a good suggestion. To say “fuck It” feels good. To follow your impulses, ignore what everyone is telling you and just go your own way.

John C. Parkin is the UK’s bestselling ‘wisdom’ teacher. His *F**k It* books have an anarchist heart and are available in 22 languages across the globe. As well as running ‘F**k It Retreats’ with his wife Gaia from Italy, he wanders the world using his inspiring ‘F**k It’ words and his powerful ‘F**k It’ Music to help people let go.

John’s philosophy offers a spiritual means of finding peace, but without chanting, meditating, wearing sandals or eating pulses. In John’s novel, he equates saying ‘fuck it’ with a spiritual act. I wondered though why this was, as the phrase ‘to fuck someone over’ surely has negative connotations? “In eastern traditions, letting go, giving up on attachments and going with the flow are spiritual acts. Saying ‘fuck it’ does the

same thing. When we let go and relax, we fall back into a more meditative and ‘spiritual’ state. Other expressions using ‘fuck’ can have negative connotations, of course. Saying ‘fuck it’ has mainly positive connotations and effects for people.”

Why does fuck still have this power to shock and intimidate? “It’s astonishing that this very old word still has such power. It seems that overuse, even in the media, has not overruled its power to shock. Why? Well, there’s a particular harshness to the word itself: the sound created is harsh and aggressive in itself. And I suspect that we need certain words in our language to be able to use that we know will shock others if we use them, so we’re hanging onto this one for dear life. After all, there’s only really one other word to rival the f word, and that’s the c word, and though it’s twice as shocking, it’s not half as flexible.” The words ‘fuck it’ packs an impressive punch, and the phrase taps into the philosophy of pure anarchy.

Could it be argued that saying “fuck it”, is sometimes the easy way out of a situation? We can’t just fuck our degrees, decide not to pay the rent and ditch a hysterical friend? “I certainly hope that saying fuck it is (usually) an easy way out

of a difficult situation. That would be great. The question is whether the consequences of that choice create more difficulty or not. Saying “fuck it” is powerful, but it’s not consequence-free. If doing a degree is a living nightmare, and you’d much prefer to be out working, but the only reason you’re sticking it out is because your parents want you to, then it’s worth considering what to do. If paying the rent is dropping you further into debt, or forcing you to do a job you despise, then maybe it’s worth looking at other accommodation options. And if a hysterical friend is driving you hysterical, what can you do that will relieve you but not make the situation worse? The truth is, we always have a choice. If we know that, and we’re conscious (i.e. we look at the whole situation, including the consequences of what we do), then saying ‘fuck it’ can help us on our way, and make things easier (and there’s rarely harm in making things easier, for ourselves, or others).”

How did John get into this stream of thought and how has it changed his life? “I studied and practiced various systems of philosophical and spiritual discipline for years. 10 years ago, I realized that our profanity ‘fuck it’ is a beautiful shortcut for many of the techniques and ideas used in those disciplines. It’s changed my life in many ways: I let go more easily, I relax more quickly, I am generally more relaxed, I trust things will work out more, I have more courage and go for things more readily. I do follow my ‘flow’, slowing down when I feel like it, but also speeding up and really applying myself when I feel like it too. I’m happier, healthier, wealthier and hopefully wiser too!”

In John’s book, he explores the antagonistic concepts of fear and love. Concluding the opposite of love is not hate, but fear. “If you have a high libido you have an openness and lust for life. In fear we retreat and block ourselves off from certain experiences we think might cause us pain.” He spoke about the agony of young love (no, really). I humoured him and asked what words John would use as encouragement to a suffering student? “Our hearts mend. The world hasn’t ended yet, even though it sometimes feels it’s about to. Everyone looks back and aches to be young again, even if our hearts ached when we were young. Saying ‘fuck it’ is also about embracing life, AS IT IS, even when it feels painful. We embrace it, and one day it will be time to let go and move on.” Saying “fuck it” to pain is to say “fuck it” to fear.

John says it’s safe to feel pain, to play the game of affirmations and tell yourself, ‘I am safe no matter what I am feeling.’ The process of cracking fear has a real momentum; when you respond to pain you are only acting out a conditioned response. And all conditioned responses are reversible. When you encounter any pain, counter your immediate response by just saying “fuck it”. We spend so much of our lives wrapped up and held back by the fear of how others perceive us. If John could give a student a line of life advice what would it be? “Students, pensioners, mid-life-crisis-ridden men and women, and everyone else on this beautiful planet would all benefit from saying this, like a mantra: ‘Fuck it to what others think of me’. We must follow our hearts (with the help of our heads), and take the best of what others might say, but say ‘fuck it’ when it’s holding us back from our gilded paths through life.”

What was John’s attitude towards dieting and self-discipline, because it could be argued these are necessary for a ‘healthy’ lifestyle? “My attitude, as you’d expect, is to say ‘fuck it’ and do what you fancy. We all know the consequences of leading a terrible lifestyle over the long-term (and the short-term actually). We all know too what it takes to ‘force’ yourself to eat well and exercise at the gym. When you take away that sense of obligation from someone, and invite them to do what they fancy, then you get an unexpected response (over the long-term): people (including myself) often end up leading a healthier life than they were living when they felt obliged to do so.”

I wanted to know what advice John would offer to someone who hated their career, and is a student on the fringe of the real world. If we all said “fuck it” and did what we wanted, surely industries would collapse and the world would come to a standstill? “We should all try to do what we love in life. Otherwise what’s it all for? A graduate in our current society (current recession excepted) is in a privileged position: not just to step into the best career and attract the highest salary, but to spend their lives doing something (and usually many things) they love. Please, find ways to DO WHAT YOU LOVE. As for industries, and their possible collapse: 1. Who cares? (they don’t care for you), 2. There are many people who actually love their job in ‘industry’, in every area of industry, no matter how barmy that seems, 3. There are enough suckers out there who’ll waste the rest of their precious lives doing stuff they hate to let you off the hook, if you’re worried about that.”

John talks in his novel *F**k it*, about the ability of the mind to elicit a spontaneous sense of freedom. Why would John encourage someone to come to one of his retreats? “Everyone that comes to one of our F**k It Retreats in Italy knows that it’s the right thing to do. They usually have very little choice in the matter: they just feel a pull, so they come. Then they leave more relaxed, having made lots of great new friends, and with a new sense of how to approach life, from the perspective of freedom, f**k it freedom.” **M**

THE SWEETEST THING



GEORGIA (LEFT) WEARS: NAILS - NAIL ROCK FROU FROU IN BEARS, £5.99. LIPS - ESTEE LAUDER PURE COLOR LONG LASTING CRYSTAL LIPSTICK IN CRYSTAL ORCHID SHIMMER. £19.50. EYES - BARRY M BLINK PRECISION EYE LINER, £4.59

How's the healthy eating resolution coming along? Blown to smithereines? Well, say hello to nails covered in candy, apple pies and Fondant-Fancy-coloured teddies, guaranteed to keep the most insatiable sweet tooth, temporarily, at bay.

For the more virtuous amongst us, how about fruit salad? Well, the geniuses at Nail Rock have once again come up with the most ingenious nail art to satisfy all sugar cravings, in the form of these Frou Frou appliques.

Simply apply two coats of varnish and drop the appliques onto still-wet nails, for a set of nails that are too cute to comprehend!



LAURA (LEFT) WEARS: NAILS - NAIL ROCK FROU FROU IN FRUIT BURST, £5.99. LIPS - ESTEE LAUDER PURE COLOR SHEER MATTE LIPSTICK IN ROCK CANDY. £19.50. EYES - BARRY M BLINK PRECISION EYE LINER, £4.59. HATTIE WEARS NAIL ROCK FROU FROU IN THANKS GIVING.





BOTTOM: NAIL ROCK FROU FROU IN FRUIT BURST, £5.99
MIDDLE: NAIL ROCK SEEING SPOTS YELLOW, £6.65
CREATIVE DIRECTOR: MIRANDA LARBI
PHOTOGRAPHER: PETROC TAYLOR
MODELS: HATTIE MOIR, LAURA HIGHTON, GEORGIA
OCTAVIA, ABI BARBER

Every dog has its Day

The UK's only animal registrar, **Ann Clark** talks to Fiona Parker about blushing bunny brides, lesbian cats and the £20,000 doggie wedding.

February 14th has a tendency to split the nation into those with a significant other and those with a significant none. But for those of us who will not be booking a meal for two on that special day, there is always the possibility of celebrating the love of others, or even of another species...

We are a nation of animal lovers and Ann Clark is no exception: "I've always loved animals and I've always dressed animals – right from being a small girl. You know when you're a child and you have a dream, well mine was to have about twenty or thirty cats in the house."

Perhaps thankfully, the twenty or thirty cats have never quite appeared, but after her fiftieth birthday, Ann stumbled onto a scene which would force her to see love and life in a 25-year career in something completely different. "I was driving past this shop in Liverpool where there were all these white balloons, little strollers, little animal outfits, and there were two Chihuahuas who had just got married – they were having champagne and there was a pink limousine waiting outside. I thought, wow, that's a really, really good idea. So I drove back home and I said to my partner, "Right, you know, we've got our cattery, and we've built that, can you build me something to do with animal weddings?"

Ann Clark is one of a kind. Perhaps unsurprisingly she is currently the only animal registrar in Britain and runs Kitz-Katz, her business, from her home in Desborough, alongside her cattery. Ann has registered marriages for everything from two rabbits, whose marriage was attended by over 75 guests, to an affluent pair of Essex born-and-bred dogs. No expense spared, their owners splashed out over £20,000 on their 'special day'.

Within months of her sighting of the love-struck Liverpool couple, a pagoda had been erected in the Clarkes' garden in Desborough, and Anne, with personalised vows in hand and wearing her new dog collar – the vicar variety that is – was preparing for her first service. However, the relationship between Jack Russells Scooby and Scrappy soon displaced any second thoughts that the vicar might have been having. "They were absolutely, totally devoted to each other. When the bridegroom was being taken down the aisle, he was pulling on his owner's lead. His bride was down the bottom, behind a tree, and he wanted to get back to her, because when they go out for walks, they share the same lead. I don't think I've ever seen two animals as in love – they really were inseparable."

As Scooby and Scrappy began their new life together, word of the animal vicar began to spread and before long, Ann was pencilling in dozens of bookings. Every wedding is different and Ann works tirelessly to make each couple's day is personal and memorable. "We've got photographers, we've got a limousine company if they want it and we've got caterers. We have somebody who does bakes cakes which the dogs can eat, and then obviously we make cakes for the humans as well."

On occasions, Ann's efforts have led her to some near-misses. "There was one particular wedding when I was standing on the bridge and I had a secret tail on, so after I had said, "Please stand for your bride and groom", I said, "Woof!" and asked the canine guests to wag their tails. As I turned round to wag the tail I was wearing, I lost my footing and I only just managed to stop myself from falling into the pond."

The business became something more than a laughing matter when a certain Essex girl, and Diva Dogs boutique owner, Louise Harris, asked Ann to ensure that her dog's special day was as extravagant as the life she was accustomed to. £20,000 was spent on the wedding with Lola, Louise's Yorkshire terrier, wearing £1,000 of the total budget in the form of a diamond-encrusted bridal gown. A further £400 was required to cover the costs of the security team for the event. Ann





Above: The venue for Ann's weddings. Inset: Pampered pooches and regal rabbits, are they victims of their owners' eccentricities?

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF ANN CLARKE

could not believe the scale of the event. "I already knew that Louise was very flamboyant, she was very outgoing. As well as her Diva Dogs Boutique she does the collars for the dogs in TOWIE (*The Only Way is Essex*) and she does a lot of work on television."

"But I was gobsmacked with that wedding, it was absolutely unbelievable. She really pushed the boat out, they had a doggy crèche there, they had dancers, they had a chocolate fountain, they had everything." Sadly, the two newlyweds were fated to learn that having "everything" would not be enough to hold their marriage together. All involved were reminded of the importance of pre-nuptial agreements in such cases, when the dream wedding was followed by a far from amicable divorce. "Both parties of both dogs emailed me virtually at the same time and asked about the divorce proceedings. There were political problems between the owners."

Ann has had to learn the hard way that a dream wedding does not always precede a happy ending. The vow of "Till death do us part" has somewhat more resonance for newlyweds who can expect little more than a decade, if that, of married life. Among her bereaved, Ann can count a widowed cat and Lottie, a dog who now grieves for her lesbian lover, a terrier known as Madame La Nine. These two dogs were the only couple that Ann has brought together by means of a civil partnership ceremony.

As a result of her experience, Ann is beginning to learn which animals are easier to wed than others. "We had two cats get married. When you have your normal moggie, and they're okay in their own habitat, but you try and get them to sit still and do the wedding and you know, it doesn't work, they get quite stressed, so we had to perform the service fairly quickly."

For Ann, it is important to maintain a light-hearted tone throughout every service. "You can't take this too seriously, and I don't think anybody takes it too seriously. I've not got any kind of official licence and I won't have a cross up. I wear a vicar's collar, but I won't have anything else religious around. If somebody asked for a cross for their animal's wedding, I would say no."

Despite Ann's religious sensitivity, however, she has not escaped her critics. "I've received hate mail in the past. They've said all kinds of things. Apparently I'm sick, I need to get a life and that I've got to be crazy to do this. At the end of the day there are people who are going to think that. But from my point of view it's my business and I'm performing a service that somebody requires. Everybody's got a right to think whatever they want to think but at the end of the day, it's fun, I'm enjoying what I do and I'm not hurting anybody. I think if I was

"At the end of the day, it's not just humans who are in love, is it?"

marrying humans to animals then that would be a problem."

The motives for continuing to serve as an animal registrar, for Ann, are clear. "I am very privileged to see so many animals celebrate their love, because, at the end of the day, it's not just humans who are in love, is it? Turtle doves and swans, they mate for life, don't they?" Ann always does her best to ensure that the unique love shared between two rather inarticulate individuals is put into words on their big day. "I write personal vows for each couple and I base these on meetings with the animals which are organised before the ceremony."

Although the animals are the recipients of the majority of the attention at Ann's weddings, many of the bipedal guests enjoy the romantic summer afternoons as well. "I had one chap who said to me, at one of the weddings, he told me, 'I have never had a Sunday afternoon in years where I've smiled from beginning to end.' That was absolutely brilliant."

It is responses such as these which motivate Ann to look forward to the future of her business, and there is a lot to look forward to. "I really want to look into doing christenings and there are a number of individual weddings that I am also really excited about. There's even a possibility that we're going to have an Elvis-themed wedding."

It is the institution of marriage which Ann is so fascinated by. She believes that we are witnessing a period of time in which the religious foundations of marriage are being deconstructed, giving more couples freedom to claim it as their own. It is, in effect becoming malleable to suit the purposes of individual couples. "I think you should be able to marry whoever you want to marry. As long as it's legal, there shouldn't be a problem."

In 2011, the royal wedding attracted 24.5 million viewers on terrestrial television alone. The New York Times estimates that the true number of viewers must have come close to three billion. To conclude our interview, I asked Ann why she believes that we all love weddings so much.

"Well, we all like a good party! We all like a good cry and we all like to feel sentimental. If you've got a human, or an animal, in marriage – you want to show their love and share it with everybody. For lots of people, it renews their marriage, everybody's got a funny story about their wedding, and it just adds to that feel good factor. You feel good, you dress up, you feel happy, you feel happy whether you're going to the wedding of an animal or a human being. I guess we all like a bit of romance!"

Indeed one imagines that for Ann, "all" will include a wider range of 'lovers' than most of us ever thought, or probably ever will think, exist...M

Abbey Road, via a broom cupboard...

Bastille frontman Dan Smith talks with Francesca Donovan about their first 12-track, his love of David Lynch, and his fear of performing.



There's a preconceived persona "musos" like to attach to the frontmen of rock bands. We are almost innately programmed to conjure up images of Mick Jagger's coquettish confidence, Brandon Flowers' flamboyant style, Axl Rose's unadulterated arrogance. The romanticised idea that the confident guy with buckets of sex appeal struts around on stage, while the creative genius shies away from the limelight is more than just a notion – it is standard procedure.

Dan Smith, frontman and the brain behind Bastille – happily – breaks the mould. He makes no attempt to hide his unease when performing to the mass crowds Bastille persistently draw to their shows, saying that he's "not a particularly confident person... If you found getting up on stage in front of 1000 people normal, and you weren't freaked out by it, there's definitely something wrong with you".

But that's not to say he has a nervous disposition: playing music on stage comes easily to Dan – it is the intermission between songs when he is "expected to say something interesting, funny or worthwhile" when the pressure is really on. In the half hour that he animatedly chats for, though, I get the overwhelming impression that Dan is a modest, introspective character who doesn't take praise easily or nonchalantly. He is a self-confessed pessimist, inferring the weakness in the interview and proclaiming it in his lyrics: "How am I going to be an optimist about this?" Perhaps the flood of critical acclaim Dan's quartet has received is ghosted by recollections of "recording in a broom cupboard with a mate" – a far cry from The Beatles Room at Abbey Road Studios, where Bastille finished the production of *Bad Blood*, the new album, which will be released on the 4th of March; "from one extreme to the other" as Dan puts it. "When we started out we had to work very hard and I don't feel like anything's been handed to us on a plate" says Smith, upholding the fact that, despite the influx of indie bands into the popular music scene, it is not always plain sailing for those

trying to write, record, produce and play their music while holding down jobs, studying for degrees and resorting to "borrowing our friends' mums cars" to tour.

Against the odds, perhaps, Bastille were doubtless one of the huge successes of 2012. With support and backing from influential names at Radio 1 like Sara Cox and Nick Grimshaw, they have sold out three UK tours, played some of the biggest festivals worldwide, racked up over 6 million hits on YouTube and collected a dedicated fan base. (And when 'Flaws/Icarus' was included in the

pire Weekend rely heavily on the traditional guitar based indie paradigm, Bastille has developed a sound encompassing distortion, layered vocals, strings and complex beats to more than make up for the so-called loss, and in doing so has redefined the parameters of the genre. Dan's vocal has an interesting and distinguishable tone – extricating the band from the tidal wave of middle-of-the-road electro-pop sounds that are so commonly heard today and setting the bar high for lyrical talent to come.

Each of the twelve songs on *Bad Blood*

hour of musical entrapment. While writing, Dan "never set about to write personal songs, I kind of see most of them as stories or conversations." In doing so, he has constructed songs that are really about something, as opposed to the lyrical contemplations of abstract notions that are musically in vogue. Smith simply "wanted to gesture towards a mood or feeling" and is grateful that this approach leaves his work open to interpretation, upon which he mused "I guess that's the point, isn't it?" The flawless electronic melodies and heady mix of bass, drum and ethereal tones are musically playful – attracting an energetic crowd at live shows who "are generally fucking awesome and just wanna jump around and stuff".

A multi-faceted talent, Dan is also somewhat of a visual artist, the creative influence behind much of the video accompaniments released in conjunction with his songs. A keen David Lynch fan, he even dedicated one of the tracks, 'Laura Palmer', to the dead girl from cult 90s show, *Twin Peaks*. When asked about the importance of visuals in the music business he effusively replied that "nowadays, the opportunity presents itself to provide something visual alongside your music – why wouldn't you try and use that to create an engaging aesthetic that can add another enigmatic dimension to the songs?"

On the morning we spoke, Dan and his bandmates were just about to embark on their UK tour in support of *Two Door Cinema Club*, followed by a sixteen date headlining tour. Go and see them while the venues are intimate. You'd be a fool not to, as I suspect the next time Bastille get round to playing a live tour, they'll be appearing in front of the bright lights of the UK's biggest stages. **M**

"Our audiences are generally just fucking awesome and wanna jump around a lot..."

soundtrack of an episode of *Made in Chelsea*, Bastille knew they had well and truly made it...) Dan's excitement at this astronomic rise to prominence is palpable: "We are so lucky. It's so much fun!"

Bastille's success is justly based on the music the quartet, driven by Dan himself, have created. The band has effortlessly settled into a signature style of upbeat, anthemic melodies, exquisitely juxtaposed with lyrical sentiment. None of the four members are versed in guitar playing, a fact that is not at all to their disadvantage. Where other indie rock bands like Friendly Fires and Vam-

captures the spirit of youth culture. A sense of nostalgia in tracks like 'Weight of Living Part II' and 'These Streets' crescendos into the questioning chorus lines of 'Things We Lost in the Fire', 'Pompeii' and 'Oblivion': "Are you going to age with grace?"

These are songs that reflect the modern disillusion and anxieties held by a myriad of young people today, expressing fear of responsibility, growing up and, as in 'Get Home', getting yourself safely back to bed after a particularly heavy night; it's an honest album. An album that is mature for a young writer who seems to bear all in just under an

REVERB.

Frank Zappa

"Most rock journalism is people who can't write, interviewing people who can't talk, for people who can't read."

In The Spotlight: Vanderground

Rory Foster ventures down into Vanderground to sample some house on ice.

My main dislike of clubs stems from the nauseating volume of their music. Having been to a gig or two in my lifetime I'm used to dealing with large quantities of sound being hurled in my direction, however the problem I have with a club is that I occasionally want to talk to whoever I'm with without freezing outside with the smokers. Perhaps I should shift the blame to my snobby distaste for the music played, or my entire body being somewhat unbalanced by the average price for a pint, but I'm sure there must be quite a few places around where I can refrain from resorting to sign language during the night yet have a little jig about every now and again.

Vanderground is one night that appears tailored to put my concerns at rest. Fusing the popularity of the new "Pork sound" with a slightly less sweaty and intense atmosphere that it sometimes accompanies, it's not quite a club night, nor is it a gentle drink with some tunes. Treading the line between the two, Vanderground offers those who have fallen down the EDM rabbit hole a night off from dealing with the morning after whilst providing that shot of decent music that gets them through the week 'till the next big night.

Run by third-year students Tor Richards and Roseanna Brear, their mission was "to do something a little bit different...to approach a House night from a slightly different angle". Picking up on the niche in the market for "a more chilled vibe", the pair "booked a room, booked the best DJs we know and tried to



PHOTO CREDIT: AGATHA TORRANCE

create a space where people can hang, enjoy the sound, dance if they want, and sit and chat if they don't". Whether by chance or careful consideration, the room they got magnifies the smooth vibes.

Anyone who has ventured to Fibbers knows that when busy, it can get a little bit claustrophobic in that little black room. With Vanderground, this is not an option: situated underground the main Kuda Gladiator ring/dancefloor, it's decked out to chill. The Polynesian theme of the Tiki Bar room commands rum-based cocktails, a dark orange glow to all surfaces and as much bamboo as physically possi-

dancing can be had without smashing into everyone around you.

Out of the crop I have sampled, and with the clientele ranging from those who have got lost trying to find Kuda's toilet, to the regular faces, VdG is by far the easiest to enjoy if you're not actually a die-hard fan of the music. Loud enough to dance to but holding enough back so you can hold a conversation sitting in the van, ultimately, it's refreshing not having the tunes crammed down your throat. Not to say that there was anything wrong with the music itself; the DJs present were a cocktail of what York offers in substantial talent: Residents Kit Munro and Harry Jones. Both started over at Bangers and Mash and Milli Vanilli respectively before making the move across town (we know it's just so you're closer to Willow lads). They also had special guests in the form of Sikh and Destroy (It's a Bass Thing) and Ramzi Meh (Breakz) to sweeten the deal.

You have to wonder how long this golden age of York nightlife will last, or whether we'll have an inversion of a Bloc 2012-esque implosion; too many nights with not enough people to fill them.

For the time being however Vanderground is yet another shining example of a student-led night making waves in a city which once had little to say for itself. And if the night's too chilled for your liking, you can always risk venturing upstairs.

"Vanderground offers those who have fallen down the EDM rabbit hole a night off from the morning after and a shot of decent music to get them through the week"

ble, whilst the centrepiece of a VW camper van painted with alarming tribal masks just gives you one more reason not go too crazy with your nightlife supplements. Once you're down there it's a deceptively large space with enough room so that any

I've never really had a problem with Reading and Leeds, but...

Chris Morris

Leeds Festival didn't sell out last year. Leeds Festival didn't sell out the year before that, nor the year before that. Reading Festival sold out a handful of days before the event itself last year. And the same the year before, and the year before that. Worrying times, in a market dubbed by almost all those in the industry as either 'saturated' or 'shrinking'.

But it's not surprising, though: as the tastes of the audience change, so too must the line-up posters. Take the last few T in the Parks - Beyonce, Coldplay and Swedish House Mafia played alongside the likes of The Stone Roses, Foo Fighters and Kasabian. The event sold out within hours in consecutive years. Or, take the two-day V Festival ("T in the Park Lite") exactly the same ticket price as Leeds, exactly the same ticket response as T.

It's a point that's been mentioned more than once: fewer people care about guitar music than five or six years ago, and EDM's basically taken over your Top 40; Reading and Leeds have failed to understand that. Clearly, with the amount of commercialisation and higher ticket prices/less acts to pay, T and V will

always display a much more stacked line-up than the August Bank Holiday resident festival. But it's the lack of imagination that gets me.

So, this year, things got a bit different: the weekend got an entirely new red and yellow branding and, more importantly, the first acts were announced as early as November, with the second batch coming last Monday. Eminem was a step in the right direction - a step that gave a clear message of intent - as was the introduction of the three-day Dance Stage and Radio 1Xtra tent. Hopefully, this year won't see Azealia Banks classed as Dance headliner, though.

But if they're going to do it, they need to go all the way. There's no middle ground here.

A handful of electronic acts with (still) the world's biggest rapper mixed with a mass of metal and indie may not entice any more than previous years. Last Monday's announcement was very guitar-based: Biffy finally get their headline slot, System of a Down and BMTH add to Deftones to appease those at the heavier end of the spectrum and Jake Bugg joins Alt-J in offering something new and refreshing.

Will I be running to the phone to grab a ticket? I don't like Biffy Clyro. I saw Eminem two years ago. But there's enough there already to keep my interest until Announcement 3 and, given that my application for Glasto failed so miserably last year (trying to convince your mum that a festival ticket justifies arriving late to your first day at university is inadvisable), it's a definite maybe.

Reviews.



THE SAVOY BALLROOM
The Duchess, York
Fliss Turner
Friday, 1st January

The quandary I feared in writing this review is the point of contention critics must dispel: bias. In the first instance, I truly love The Duchess. Miles away from home it allows me to indulge in a hint of nostalgia. Friday evening the place held hostage to students, punks and gentlemen in ill-cut suits alike. The meagre crowd standing before The Savoy Ballroom signify why I so love this band. This is the second predicament I was to face that evening in abandoning all bias. You do not need to fit a certain manner of individual to love this band, and that, to me, signifies great music.

Despite the cry of my bank account as I handed over £12 at the door, despite the grumpy disposition of my post-hangover gloom and the sheer force of which the

disgruntled barmaid threw me my change, I haven't enjoyed a night like this in a very long time. The Savoy's set led forth a night of fun and dancing which mirrored the extraordinary energy with which they perform. These guys have a sense of cool and exuberance which I fail to aspire to every day.

Opening with 'Knitters Curse' the tone of the evening was set for the night with the regalement of a friend who, whenever she knitted something for a guy, would promptly find herself lacking a boyfriend (needless to say, that scarf I've been knitting has since been left untouched). With thrilling harmony, concise energy and husky vocals, my night was filled with laughter offset by their often satirically melancholy lyrics.

A personal favourite of mine, 'Maps', once again originated from the quirky antics of a friend who collected maps and happened upon a competition in which she won stacks of maps signed by the likes of Ben Fogle. Another song has been founded after a hotel in which we were advised to avoid "unless drugs and hookers are your thing".

Oh, how I could go on, but my word count denies me of that pleasure. There's truly something of this band which shivers through me from my toes to end in one hell of a smile.

The fact of the matter is, I can't help but love them for what they are and all they try not to be.



BIFFY CLYRO

Opposites
14th Floor Records
Isaac BD

Having not released a record since 2009's *Only Revolutions* graced our shelves, it came as something of a surprise when, in January of last year, it was announced that the band was working on a full-blown double album. Perhaps they were just making up for lost time, continuing to follow a biennial release schedule or, just maybe, this was a sign of something more exciting. Needless to say the prospect was divisive amongst fans; a double album is notoriously hit or miss, often alienating the less hardcore of an artist's following. The concept, too, was ambitious: *The Sand At the Core of Our Bones* would focus on the deterioration of relationships; *The Land at the End of Our Toes* would detail the aftermath, the picking up of the pieces.

The album, presumably the first of the titularly opposing

halves (although quite why they decided on the name escapes me, there being precious little difference between the two), begins with fire in its eyes. By the third track, 'Sounds Like Balloons', the bizarre combination of guitar and harp strumming becomes a little unnerving. The first CD flits mechanically between Reading-readied rock anthem and a more interesting, quieter vibe. The problem is that it's so easy to spot. Only in 'Little Hospitals' is there evidenced any attempt to combine the two genres which dichotomise the album and, at times, it can be a little predictable in a 'the last was loud, the next will be quiet' sort of way.

Literally, the whole thing is unremarkable. I thought it might just have been me, but was pleased to find that *The Telegraph* picked up on the same bizarre bit of nonsensical pop-rhyme that I'd found troublesome: "Where are you at?" asks Mr Clyro. "Is it trumpet or tap?", he continues; "Are you glued to the wall by this terrible snap?" he intones. Why no, Biffy, I'm not. I'm afraid I don't have the slightest idea what you're talking about.

I think that this will be received with no small degree of ambivalence: to fans of the Scottish rockers, this may well be the magnum opus for which they spent the last four years pleading with a deity; to others amongst us who aren't quite as taken with them, it was a bit of a struggle. Whilst the feat is admirable in its monumental size, the lack of consistency undermines its every turn.

Something completely different

James Tyas talks to the directors of *A Liar's Autobiography: The Untrue Story of Graham Chapman*

Come awards season, the cinema-going public have become used to, and somewhat jaded with, the glut of big-budget biopics vying for Oscars glory: last year, we had the lacklustre J. Edgar and *The Iron Lady*. 2013 has seen the release of the slightly better, but no less earnest, *Lincoln* and *Hitchcock*. It's fair to say, then, that Ben Timlett, Bill Jones (son of erstwhile Python Terry Jones), and Jeff Simpson's new feature *A Liar's Autobiography: The Untrue Story of Monty Python's Graham Chapman* comes as something of an antidote to the stifling seriousness of the current crop of biopics on offer; "We call it 'an animated, fabricated bio-pic'. It's Graham Chapman (best remembered as The Dead One from *Monty Python*) narrating his semi-fictionalised life story, with animated visuals and four of the other Pythons providing the voices of other characters. Oh, and Cameron Diaz as Sigmund Freud."

A Liar's Autobiography, based on Chapman's 1980's memoirs of the same title, is made up of a series of charmingly surreal, animated vignettes following Chapman's life. From growing up through wartime, through his difficult teenage years as a disillusioned, prodigious loner, onto his years spent in L.A at the height of his fame struggling with his alcoholism. Using seventeen different animation styles provided by fourteen separate studios and "dozens of interns," the directors went about reinterpreting the events described in the book visually. They tell me about the famous *Monty Python* sketch from Hollywood Bowl where Graham is in a wrestling ring, in a one-man wrestling match, recommending to "look it up on YouTube, it's an amazing piece of physical comedy."

"We've re-done that sketch with a rather extreme form of animation, because we saw it as a metaphor for Graham wrestling his demons." For any *Monty Python*-related animated film you would suppose that the inimitable animation style of Terry Gilliam would loom large but the directors were determined to assure that this wasn't the case. "We asked all the animators NOT to do a homage to Terry Gilliam. Gilliam had his own style, and we wanted ours to be different. The average age of our animators is 28, which was the same age he was when he started. We want to find the next generation of Gilliams."

The film draws largely from the recordings Chapman made of his aforementioned memoirs, and this is the ingenious way in which he is able to star in the film from beyond the grave. With the obstreperous and somewhat disjointed nature of the source material in mind, it would be fair to assume that it wouldn't be something that would easily lend itself to a narratively coherent on-



screen reinterpretation. The directors seem well aware of this too, playing up the disorderly and bizzare elements. Indeed, this approach seems only fitting in documentary the man's fascinatingly strange life. For the directorial trio, whose working relationship was more straightforward than you'd expect "there was always a 'two against one' decision

est to Graham said they never really knew who he was. And our interpretation of the book and also the film, is that it's Graham's search for self-knowledge. That's why he brings in Sigmund Freud to help him interpret a dream, for example - although, of course, Freud completely messes it up, and he ends up no wiser." The film's title gives some indication that the

Python project: "It's a Graham Chapman project, but the others all respect and enjoy his writing. Terry (Jones) and Mike (Palin) said it was quite spooky to be performing lines with Graham again. The only challenge was getting dates for the recordings. Terry J and Mike P did theirs together, as the mum and dad. Terry (Gilliam) came in solo, and was very nervous, but brilliant. And John Cleese was in St Lucia writing his book, so we got him in to a local studio, and directed him over Skype."

Getting them all in the film wasn't difficult, but deciding which characters they voiced proved to be slightly more problematic; "They all wanted to do David Frost, as they can all do a mean Frost but in the end we gave the role to John."

The former Pythons aren't the only vocal talents on display in the film though. They jokingly tell me that there was one person they had their heart set on to voice Sigmund Freud. "There was obviously only one choice to play the founding father of modern psychoanalysis, and that was Cameron Diaz, despite the fact that she's done it hundreds of times before. So we wrote to her and said, 'sorry about the typecasting, but if you can do the role one more time, it would be great'. She was fantastic, and we told her she should do more voiceover work for animation." M

"This isn't a Monty Python project. It's a Graham Chapman project"

making process. If there'd been just two, there would have been fights", the attraction to telling Chapman's story were obvious. "Graham Chapman was a man who was openly gay, but secretly alcoholic - that would be an interesting story whatever his profession, if he'd been a painter or playwright or football player. The fact that he was a Python adds a whole other dimension of surrealism and humour to the story."

With Chapman being notoriously the most inscrutable of all the Pythons depicting the story of his life was always going to be challenging. The directors agree: "even those clos-

events depicted might not be completely reliable. The directors claim that "Although it's 'A liar's Autobiography', and Graham delights in teasing us with what's true and what isn't - there's actually a surprising amount of truth in it, in that many of the stories are based on real events, which Graham has then embellished."

For long-time *Monty Python* devotees, *A Liar's Autobiography's* brand of surreal humour will delight, but even more excitingly, this is the first time since Chapman's untimely death in 1989, that all the Pythons have worked together on one project. But the directors are keen to stress that this isn't a *Monty*



How Harmful is Film Violence?

In light of recent controversy surrounding *Django Unchained*, **Alfie Packham** thinks it's all a fuss about nothing.

Dear cinema-going reader, I have a challenge for you. For one year, you must become a 'film-vegetarian'. No, this does not mean replacing the meat in your diet with a DVD (although that would probably taste the same as Quorn anyway). This does mean the total avoidance of all films with ANY scene where someone is shot with a gun.

For those who accept, you have a difficult task ahead of you. 2013 has already been a tough time for film-vegetarians, with January's riddled releases of *Gangster Squad*, *Bullet to the Head* and of course Quentin Tarantino's latest gory outing *Django Unchained*.

Since 1992, with his debut *Reservoir Dogs*, Tarantino has regularly come under fire (if you'll pardon the gun - I mean pun... I'll stop now) for his penchant for scenes of bloody violence. Twenty years later, the director recently defended *Django Unchained* by upholding his usual response in an interview with Krishnan Guru-Murthy of Channel 4; "It's a movie, it's a fantasy. It's not real life." This is a very fair observation. The joy of films is their potential to create detailed fictional worlds and show audiences anything they want. But when it comes to entertainment from violence, how thin is the line between the screen and reality?

Tarantino "slightly lost it", in Guru-Murthy's words, when pressed on his enjoyment in fictional violence. While he may have over-

reacted, I'm with Quentin on this one. I too would be upset if implicitly accused that, because I like a good shoot-out, I am therefore a prospective gun-wielding psychopath just waiting for his moment.

In another interview, the US Radio network NPR asked if his enjoyment of violent films had lessened after the killings at a Connecticut elementary school. His reply was: "Would I watch a kung fu movie three days after the Sandy Hook massacre? Would I watch a kung fu movie? Maybe, 'cause they have nothing to do with each other." Right behind you, Big Q.

There is no denying that gun violence is a real problem in the real world. December's tragic shootings in Newtown (after which the US premiere of *Django Unchained* was postponed) were a stark reminder of this. The reflex calls for censorship on films and video games with their depictions of similar violence is understandable, and to be expected. But rather than blaming the film industry, what about considering issues of mental health? Or the US government-sanctioned ownership of weaponry maybe?

I would not say that all control over film violence is a bad thing - far from it. Back in Britain, action was recently taken by the BBFC to adjust its policies on censoring scenes with sexual assault, rape and sadistic violence in films. This was decided after the indication of



research that there was public concern over this, so sure, a tightening in these rules should not be problem.

But when we talk about the film violence we enjoy, we don't tend to mean sadistic sexual assault. It's fisticuffs. It's guns. It's explosions. The film industry is obsessed with this kind of violence, but it is an obsession justified by a demand from the public. In a survey by the Hollywood Reporter asking consumers about movie violence, 46 per cent of respondents said Hollywood should make fewer movies that feature violence and killing, while 48 per cent said the violent content should remain the same. (Perhaps unsurprisingly, men were half as likely as women to say Hollywood should make fewer violent films - maybe we should calm it down, fellas.) With no majority going either way, and with only 6 per cent believing that there should be more violent movies made, this suggests that audiences are not becoming more depraved in their movie tastes.

What certainly is changing at the cinema is progress in technology. This doesn't show signs of slowing down either, as filmmakers

are unlikely to waste the new opportunities that increased frame rates and retina-producing 3D stereoscopy has brought them.

Whatever your stance on blood and guts on the big screen, there is minimal proof that film violence is harmful to anybody. The two real dangers of film violence are firstly, that with its continued use, a good shoot-out simply won't be as much fun anymore. Once exciting final showdowns will descend into loud clichés, as audiences will expect more yet see the same, again and again. Secondly, the flip-side. Film violence could provoke increased censorship which would simultaneously limit freedom of expression and audiences' entertainment.

Violence is to the film industry what sexism is to a Lynx advert, what alcohol is to British culture. We know it's bad, but that's why we like it - and it is utterly essential. Then again, I am speaking with the bias of a blood-thirsty Tarantino fan. If you're not convinced, let me remind you that there are plenty of other, non-violent films out there to see. You could even take the challenge and become a film-vegetarian.

"Violence is to the film industry what sexism is to a Lynx advert... It is utterly essential."

Hyde Park on Hudson

Director: Roger Michell
Review: Mary O'Connor



On reading a *Sunday Times* interview with the fearless Olivia Williams, (the woman who was given the colossal task of playing the remarkable lady who was Eleanor Roosevelt), I expected *Hyde Park on Hudson* to be replete with 'Eleanor worship'. But to my disappointment, the first lady's achievements in civil rights and international relations were not even acknowledged; instead she was reduced to a mere side figure.

The film captures a weekend in 1939, on which King George VI and Queen Elizabeth are paying their first royal visit to the President, an event interestingly narrated from the perspective of one of FDR's closest confidantes, Daisy. At times, Laura Linney's portrayal of Daisy was characterised by a quiet humility and sadness, given voice through some beautiful long shots of the doors closing on her as she gazed longingly at the President in his office. Other than these occasional glimmers of pity, the powerful emotional currency that should have been integral to Linney's portrayal was lacklustre, not quite convincing me of the loneliness and unhappiness I imagine somebody in her position would have felt.

The loveable characters of George VI



and Queen Elizabeth provided a welcome relief from all the in-house back-biting. Samuel West and Olivia Colman played the two young monarchs to perfection as their frantic concerns about eating hotdogs and reluctance to reveal themselves in the swimming pool were both believable and hilarious. Speaking of the film's central figure, Bill Murray got the balance exactly right. Although a manipulating and rather difficult character, it was almost impossible to dislike him, as the rogue-ish charmer with a twinkle in his eye.

Hyde Park on Hudson, although graced with an able cast, let itself down because of the choice to focus on the salacious gossip and intrigues going on within the President's household, rather than the more weighty political and social issues which were hyped up at the beginning.

Hitchcock

Director: Sacha Gervasi
Review: Steven Roberts



Hitchcock is a pleasant ride, but it shouldn't be: Gervasi aspired to haunt us with the sinister workings of one of the sharpest minds in film-making, but this version of Alfred Hitchcock (Hopkins) was caught between a genuinely likeable father figure and closet schizophrenic. The contrast seemed unintended and its deliverance clunky rather than subtle. For a film of 98 minutes, Gervasi perhaps tries to explore too many of his potentially interesting ideas about the pressures on a visionary's mind, and ultimately does too little.

The most awkward plotline is Hitchcock's hallucinatory befriending of the Wisconsin murderer Ed Gein, who inspired Robert Bloch's novel *Psycho*. Gein probably symbolizes bloodlust and possessiveness, but it's cheap horror.

In Hitchcock's supposed obsession for his leading ladies, which his wife Alma (Mirren) claims is so destructive to their own relationship, Hitchcock comes across as cheeky rather than darkly controlling. He peeps through spy holes, pinches candy corn and cracks flirtatious jokes. We really know his marriage is safe. Alma is too faithful, and if anything too prudish, for the side



story about a fellow screenwriter's advances on her to go anywhere disquieting.

It's a shame Gervasi didn't dedicate more of his film to the set of *Psycho*. When shooting the long close up of a guilty Janet Leigh driving to escape a suspicious policeman, the director's sexual anxieties are unraveled in his eagerness to provoke the right reaction from the actress and get the perfect cut. This portal into his mind certainly more interesting than scenes of a domesticated Hitchcock. "We've mortgaged our house!" says Alma to her husband, but their economic hardship is near invisible.

I'll probably remember this as pleasant viewing, perhaps a marital comedy with some excellent one-liners. But when we are invited to the set of *Psycho*, the film intermittently gives way to an otherwise stifled drama of great intrigue.

Giving you some Xing

*Amadea Ng unearths
the food revolution
in York, starting with
health store Xing.*

Simon Long and Pete Biller never believed in juices until they spent a year abroad in the States whilst pursuing business degrees at the University of Hull. They were fascinated by the American smoothie bar concept, “well-presented, clean, accessible for all. It wasn’t about being vegetarian, it just made you feel better”. After they graduated in 2006, they took their business expertise and their newfound love for smoothies and created Xing.

What began as a mobile bar outside the school gym developed into a permanent shop on one of UK’s most iconic streets, the Shambles in 2009. Initially a juice bar “that replicated the smoothie bar concept that worked at Uni.” But smoothies were only popular in summer, and there was a need to reinvent their business model. Simon saw the gap in the local market for “natural food, free from all the additives of processed food” and went on to start serving hot food such as stews, soups and ‘wrappinis’.

Xing stands out from other shops in York with its simple menu, featuring only one vegetarian soup and one hearty meal daily. Each dish is lovingly prepared every morning using the freshest ingredients from scratch, even the harissa paste is homemade.

While the menu does not offer too much variety, it never fails to take one’s taste buds on the proverbial world tour, with flavours from Southeast Asia, to the Mediterranean and South America being incorporated into every unique dish. Simon is often inspired by his travels, and is constantly “experimenting to get a feel, to learn what flavours go together” to create delicious, hearty meals for all.

“It’s a real challenge to use fresh ingredients and remain price competitive”, but Simon remains committed to fresh, quality

produce. Xing sources locally as much as possible, with fresh fruits, vegetables, meats and breads from Yorkshire producers. The bread at Xing is supplied by two Yorkshire bakeries, Bluebird Bakery and Via Vecchia, the Italian ‘mystery bakery’ in the Shambles.

Their mission to debunk the myth that “healthy stuff tastes awful” took an unexpected turn in 2007 when they were invited into a local primary school in Hull to con-

“Focus, and know your limits. We just do what we know, and we’re good at it.”

duct a healthy living workshop. While it was a short session, it certainly left an impact on the children, as the school received letters of complaints from parents the next day that had children asking for smoothie makers and fruit instead of the regular crisps.

The Xing team received positive feedback from every school they went to. Many of whom said that it was the most enjoyable class they have ever taken. But Simon understood that in order for students to change their lifestyles and diets, there had to be “a permanent exam-

ple of healthy living and enterprise for young people”. And so, student-run smoothie bars in secondary schools were set up in deprived areas around the region.

While schools encouraged Xing enterprise and healthy living workshops, most were reluctant to implement student-run smoothie bars due to “higher risk of insurance” and labour laws. The Archbishop Sentamu Academy in Hull was the first school that took up the

challenge to allow students to run their own smoothie bars, responsible for everything from stocktaking and staff rotas. Students are given the opportunity to take on responsibilities that they hadn’t been exposed to previously.

Simon shared the personal satisfaction and joy he derived from these ventures, and attributed the success to the students alone. “The impact on these young lives have been tremendous, not only for their CV but in building their confidence and discipline.”

Xing is also increasingly popular amongst the York residents for its Juice Diet, inspired by Jason Vale’s 7lbs in 7days diet. It might seem crazy to some, since “there’s probably not a day since you were one that you haven’t eaten”. But Simon assured me that contrary to popular belief, it is not a crash diet.

Each participant of the juice fast goes through over 8 pineapples, 70 apples, 8 cucumbers and multiple avocados in a week. There’s certainly no lack of nutrients. It is simply a time for your digestive system to recuperate while consuming the best vitamins and minerals, and all through a straw.

7 days might seem like a long shot, but Xing also offers 3 and 5 day cleanses, each with 6 juices and smoothies daily. Over 150 people have done the juice fast with Xing despite its seemingly hefty price tag, with one particular 6-5-9 cabbie swearing by it because he claims the juice fast allows him to earn more as he is now able to concentrate longer at the wheel.

Simon’s tip to aspiring business owners: “Focus, and know your limits. We just do what we know, and we’re good at it.” **M**

Follow @xingsmoothies and Facebook.com/xinghealth for latest menu updates. Students get 10% off all juice diets.



IMAGE COURTESY OF XING

The Recipe: Xing’s Mayalsian Chicken Curry

To make curry paste, put two garlic cloves, one red chilli, a lemon grass stalk, 2cm fresh ginger and two shallots in a food processor or blender to form a paste. Or get the elbow grease out and use a pestle and mortar.

Next, heat the oil in a large heavy-based pan. Tip in the curry paste and stir over a low heat for 5 mins.

Add the onions and let them gently sweat for 5 mins until they go clear.

Add the coconut milk, lime leaves, cinnamon stick, star anise, stock, sugar, soy and fish sauces and turn up heat to bring to the boil. Reduce the heat back down to a simmer and cook gently for 1 hour to let the flavours come together. (It will

- 500 g chicken breast, cut into bite sized pieces
- 4 kaffir lime leaves
- 1 cinnamon stick
- 2 star anise
- 400 ml coconut milk
- 100 ml chicken stock
- 1 teaspoon palm sugar (or brown sugar)
- 1 tablespoon light soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon fish sauce
- 200 g green beans, trimmed
- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- Coriander leaves, roughly chopped

taste very harsh straight away. Don’t panic. After an hour it’s lovely!).

Add the chicken, tomatoes and beans and cook for 10 - 15 mins until the chicken is cooked all the way through. Check a couple of pieces by pulling them apart. You don’t want any pink meat inside.

Add salt and pepper to taste, and serve with a scattering of coriander leaves over the curry, and a bit of rice.

The best place to buy these ingredients is one of the asian supermarkets around the town; the closest one is Freshways on Hull Road. It’s much cheaper to get all the spices, and you’re much more likely to find them.

The Spanish Train: Feel the heat

PHOTO CREDIT: ASH-RLY



I am not a big celebrator of Valentine's Day but one thing that I do like to do is cook a meal for everyone I love. Valentine's Day is also about experimentation (no euphemism intended), so I decided to come up with a recipe that throws some different ingredients from Europe together.

This chorizo and goat's cheese puff pastry tart includes ingredients mostly from Italy and Spain, places I associate with romance and good food, with strong flavours. Served with Spanish potatoes, this well-rounded meal is perfect for sharing over a glass of wine (or several).

Puff pastry is a very versatile type of pastry to use in a dish. Whilst it is originally from Muslim Spain, way back before the European Spaniards went castanet-ing down to southern Spain, it is now more commonly known to be from France due to the popularity of French patisseries.

Puff pastry is made up of many layers of dough separated by butter. Whilst baking in the oven the water between the layers turns into steam and puffs up each sheet of dough before evaporating in the oven, leaving a crispy, layered pastry shell ready for your savoury or sweet filling.

The most important thing to do with this recipe is use ingredients that the people eating

this love. There is no strict recipe or amount needed for any ingredient. Eat it with your hands and mop up all the lovely juices with the pastry. Eat the flaky bits with the fluffy potatoes. Use it for leftovers the next day (just pop it in the oven), which will be extremely useful for when your date goes well...

Here's a sumptuous chorizo and goat's cheese tart served with Spanish potatoes. It serves 4, or 2 with leftovers for the next day.

- 1 pack of ready-rolled puff pastry
- 200g cured chorizo sausage
- 4 tbsp tomato purée
- 1/2 Spanish (white) onion, chopped
- 4 tbsp mixed herbs (thyme, oregano)
- 1 handful of baby spinach leaves
- 100g goat's cheese

For the potatoes, heat your oven to 180°C. Mix oil, 1.5tbsp tomato purée, 1tsp paprika, and 1tsp oregano together and then toss 200g of potatoes thoroughly in it.

Squash a clove of garlic in its skin with the flat of a knife and place on an aluminum-lined baking tray with the potatoes. Season well and drizzle with more olive oil. It is what those Spaniards love, after all.

Roast for 40 minutes, tossing halfway

through, until the potatoes are crispy and fluffy. Serve with the parsley scattered over.

While the potatoes are roasting, get started on the tart.

Turn your oven up to 200°C /gas 7. Unroll a pack of ready-rolled puff pastry (because actually making it takes forever and a day) and lay on a baking sheet lined with baking parchment.

Lightly mark a 1cm border with a knife on all 4 sides of the pastry (to allow for the border to puff up) and then prick the base all over with a fork. Spread tomato purée on the base. Like a classy pizza, just better.

Slice the chorizo into medium-sized slices with a sharp knife. Spread the chopped onion, baby spinach, chorizo slices and herbs on top of the pastry (in that order), within the border.

Crumble the goat's cheese over and season with pepper. Drizzle olive oil over the filling and brush some of the oil over the border.

Put the tart in the oven for 15-20 minutes until it's golden brown, and the pastry is crispy, and has risen on the outside.

Whip it out of the oven as your gorgeous date arrives, like a domestic goddess or potentially perfect house-husband, and get ready to catch them as they swoon at the delicious smell engulfing them. *Sunaina Suri*

Looking for Love Potions

Helena Parker



PHOTO CREDIT: RCOSEN12

You may have noticed a very minor theme of Valentine's Day running through this edition. You may also have observed in daily life that Valentine's conveniently revolves around food. Chocolate, heart-shaped biscuits, chocolate roses, sugar mice (for the less mature of us), going out for dinner, you name it, it's been done.

I also find it interesting that food is used in a subtle way so as to boost libido. Oysters, avocado, asparagus, nutmeg, take your pick.

However I generally find these foods are far more effort than they are worth. Take oysters, for example. Once you've smashed them on the floor, broken a couple of flimsy knives and finally managed to prise them open using an iron and a bike lock, the romantic and sexual undertones vibe you carefully fostered with rose petals and music and whatnot has scattered into the four winds. Plus you have inedible oysters. Fail on both counts.

So I decided to avoid the logistical nightmare of food, and turn instead to drinks. What could be easier than a simple cocktail for two? In amongst the plethora of sexual enhancement drinks with such charming names as 'Horny Goat Weed' and 'Rabbit Habbit', lie some interesting discoveries. Like, for example, who knew that ginseng was a form of aphrodisiac?

Red wine, interestingly, is also an aphrodisiac when drunk in moderation – other than relaxing you it increases blood flow and gets rid of those tiresome inhibitions. 'In moderation' being the key bit there; we all know what perils lie in too much alcohol before sex.

Aniseed works too, but this is not an excuse for the Willow-eager among us – Sambuca of the quality found in that particular establishment may make you feel like the sexiest goddess on earth, but only until you look at the photos the next day.

Almonds are also a notorious aphrodisiac – slip some amaretto into your hot chocolate (also a turn-on) and see the effects unfold.

Whether or not drinks flavoured like these foods do actually have the same effect or not, I cannot vouch for. But if you chink the red wine glasses together this Thursday over your avocado, asparagus and nutmeg dish, and find a mysterious bottle of amaretto nestling in the cupboard to go with the chocolate fondant, perhaps you've got your night made.

Or alternatively, just go out for dinner like everyone else.

The Naked Baker: Linzer Cookies

Fe Morizet

As Valentine's Day approaches, so too does that panic as you wonder what on earth you are going to buy for that one person you want to impress. Linzer cookies make the perfect treat for this. They're heart-shaped, pink, and adorably yummy.

The Linzertorte is believed to have originated in the City of Linz, Austria in the early 1700s. Traditionally this torte consisted of a crust made with flour, ground nuts (traditionally almonds), sugar, egg yolks, spices and lemon zest, that was filled with black currant preserves and then topped with a lattice crust. Linzer cookies use the same ingredients as a Linzertorte, but they are presented in the cutest of ways.

While there are many heart-shaped cookies in the world of baking, these have a warm and sweet surprise in the middle to warm the coldest of hearts this chilly Northern February.

The baked cookies are quite crisp, (also easy to overcook), but once they are filled with jam they start to soften to be sweet, adding the perfect homemade touch to make your loved one crumble. If it doesn't, clearly they're just not good enough (the person, not the cookies).



The Recipe

- 260g plain flour
- 1/2 tsp ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp salt
- Zest of one small lemon
- 225g unsalted butter
- 150g granulated sugar
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 2 egg yolks
- Icing Sugar
- 1/2 cup Blackcurrant Jam

Preheat oven to 180C. Sift together the flour, cinnamon, salt, and lemon zest in a large bowl.

In another bowl, beat the butter and 100g of sugar until light and fluffy (about 2-3 minutes). Beat in the vanilla extract and egg yolks. Finally, add the two mixtures together.

For a ball with the dough, wrap, and refrigerate until firm (30-60 minutes).

On a lightly floured surface roll out the dough and using a heart shaped cookie-cutter, cut out the cookies.

On half of the heart-shaped cookies, cut out a little heart shape on the inside.

Place in the oven for 12 minutes until golden brown, and give time for the cookies to cool before assembling.

Spread a thin layer of jam on the bottom surface of the full cookies. Place the cutout cookie on top and gently sandwich them together. Lightly dust the tops with icing sugar, and edible glitter for the girls.

And then they came for me



PHOTO CREDITS: ABOVE: ELEEPHOTOGRAPHY; BOTTOM: CHRISTOPHER AGATHANGELO.

Holocaust survivor and York resident **Marc Schatzberger** talks to George Wood about his rescue, emotions and confrontation with the ‘incomprehensible subject’.

2 711 concrete slabs, or “stelae”, cover a 4.7 acre public site that stands one block away from the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, Germany. Walking through this “Field of Stelae” becomes increasingly uncomfortable; paths twist and slope, and what seemed an orderly, banal site turns out to be a disorientating and uneasy experience to walk through. There is only one plaque on this public site, and it reads “Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe”.

At first glimpse, this site seems unremarkable, barely adequate in commemorating one of the worst human atrocities of all time. But, as designer of the memorial Peter Eisenman once said, “The enormity and scale of the horror of the Holocaust is such that any attempt to represent it by traditional means is inevitably inadequate”.

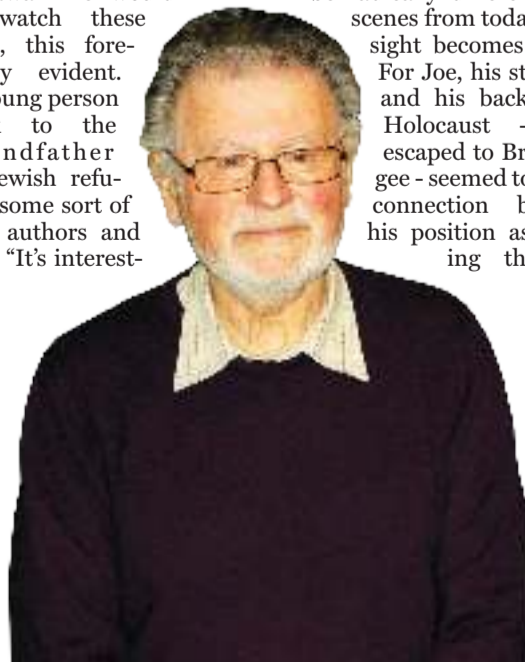
Joe Lichtenstein, a Theatre, Film and Television student who put on a play in York as part of the Holocaust Memorial Day, seems to agree, “Peter Weiss put the Frankfurt Trial on stage, but said you cannot represent the Holocaust on stage... It’s just impossible to even think about doing it.” His rendition of *Smoke of Home* at the University of York’s own memorial event last month was unique in its portrayal of the Holocaust. Written by Jewish prisoners in the Theresienstadt concentration camp, the play “is an allegory that compares the situation to the Thirty Years War”.

Premiering in the UK at York’s memorial event, this performance draws on research by Dr Lisa Peschel, whose historical investigation on Theresienstadt has revealed that great artistic works created by prisoners have survived the suffering and deprivation of this Jewish ghetto. According to Peschel, these pieces of art capture “the hopes, dreams and fears of their Czech- and Austrian-Jewish authors”, including the dream to

“return to their homes – the homes they remembered from before the war, from before Hitler”.

But where *Smoke of Home* differs from other plays of the time is in its foresight of its two young authors, Zdenek Eliáš and Jirí Stein, who realised that “even if they survived, postwar life would be radically different”.

I watch these scenes from today’s hindsight becomes shockingly evident. For Joe, his stance as a young person and his background link to the Holocaust - Joe’s grandfather a Jewish refugee - seemed to generate some sort of connection between the authors and his position as directing that I’m



twenty-one, and the authors were twenty-one when they wrote it. So I feel like I’m sharing something.”

Exploring this answer further, I asked how far his grandfather’s experiences and his Jewish family background have shaped the person he identifies himself as now. “Having a father who is always dealing with being the son of a Holocaust survivor, I’m kind of having to deal with being the son of the son of being a Holocaust survivor... I feel that it’s a huge part of my life - part of my existence is that history, but I’m not sure. At the moment, in my early twenties, I’m discovering and working out how much this means to me, to have an identity which is connected with it.”

Joe’s grandfather survived the Holocaust through the Kindertransport, a rescue mission established by the British government prior to the Second World War which found refuge for 10,000 predominantly Jewish children in the United Kingdom. Describing him as a “moving forward kind-of guy”, Joe admitted that his grandfather “doesn’t really talk about [his experiences] very much”. Given that despite surviving the Holocaust, Kindertransportees were still torn from their homes and families, this is understandable. Nevertheless, Marc Schatzberger, Kindertransportee and York resident, was willing to share his experiences at the University’s memorial service.

Marc’s story begins in his birthplace of Vienna, as an only child of Jewish parents. He spoke of the situation in Austria following the country’s annexation with Germany: “Before I left, there had been a period of uncertainty and instability, because the whole Jewish population of Vienna was in a state of flux: people wanting to come out, people waiting for visas, people waiting for permits, people being carted away to con-

centration camps and others being left behind. All of this was instrumental in making one feel very insecure." I wondered how far Marc was aware of such events at the time, but at the age of twelve it was clear he could never forget such experiences. "[I was] aware of a lot of things... aware of the fact that I would be without my parents for the first time, aware that all the things that were familiar to me were left behind, and all the things that were ahead were unfamiliar, including the language."

Marc's experiences of coming to England were recounted through two postcards that his parents had left in Switzerland before being deported to concentration camps. The first was written on the train that took Marc away from Vienna on the 3rd June 1939. For a boy of 12 years, the brave face that Marc puts on here for his parents is remarkable - the opening line of his postcard reads: "So now your boy is gone too. Can't be helped. I'm having a good time." Interestingly, the postcard is signed by "Wolfe", rather than by Marc. "My birth certificate actually says Wolfgang Marc Schatzberger. When I came to England, the name Wolfe, or Wolfie as English people pronounce it, was a bit awkward, so they decided it should be Wilf, and from Wilf it became Will, and from Will it became Bill. At that point, I thought enough is enough. I'll use my other name, so that's how I became Marc."

The second postcard that Marc presented, which was sent two months later, was equally positive. Written in a children's refugee hostel in Margate, Kent, the postcard describes Marc as having one of his parents' "famous moments", or "a sort of very bad mood... dispelled immediately by the arrival of [his parents'] dear letter". The tone of his postcard was light and humorous, as Marc spoke of buying a dart at a threepence (which, as a boy, he described as a "sort of throwing arrow" and "a popular folks' sport here"), as well as eating apples all day. Incidentally, the apples referred to the times when Marc and the other Kindertransportees he was with would help a local farmer with his harvest. "Kent, being the garden of England, there were loads of apples, and they were delicious. I hadn't eaten apples like that ever since." But it was the strength of Marc's character in keeping up his parents' spirits despite his own troubles that was truly astounding: "It pleased me to know that you think of me as a tough guy. I've always wanted to avoid becoming a softy, and I think I managed that by my

"I've not sort of wanted to delve and delve and delve like some people who sit and think how tragic their life has been and so on. Yes it has been tragic, but we move on."

own efforts, because I think you rather spoil me."

The pause that Marc gave after reading out these two postcards in the memorial service indicated he was nearing the end of his testimony. "My parents had finally achieved permission to come to England in mid-September. War broke out in early September. I never saw them again."

When I talked to Joe about representing the Holocaust on stage, he spoke of the "unbelievably incomprehensible" nature of the subject that makes it so difficult to portray. It is the stories by survivors such as Marc which transform the vast and unimaginable enormity of the Holocaust into more relatable, personal tragedies. Yet films, books and plays about the Holocaust continue to be produced, and when asked about how he perceives such works, Marc acknowledged that his emotional response

is ultimately defined by his family: "I escaped the Holocaust because of being here, but inevitably, I transferred emotions on the Holocaust to my father and mother, and my uncle and aunt, who together went to their deaths in Auschwitz. Everything that I see, like *The Boy In The Striped Pyjamas*, I transfer in my thinking, not to me, but to them."

But the response I received when I asked whether or not he kept in contact with other Kindertransportees such as himself was surprising. "I'm not into navel-gazing, I've not sort of wanted to delve and delve and delve like some people who sit and think of nothing else, how tragic their life has been and so on. Yes it has been tragic, but we move on. So that attitude, which I probably have to a fault, means that I have not actually sought to be in contact with people that I met in a refugee hostel and so on." The resilience that shone through Marc's postcards as a child hasn't seemed to have faded. Marc settled into a country which was once a foreign land to him, and had most of his education here, as well as his family, which now grows into a fourth generation. He admits that when he does go back to Vienna, he feels "fairly comfortable there, which may seem strange", but emphasises that, in terms of identity, he feels "totally British".

However, Marc's testimony of his experiences as a Kindertransportee and survivor of the Holocaust continues to serve an important purpose. His story is one of many here in York; Ella Seligman, student president of the Jewish Society, reminded attendees of the University's memorial service that there is "almost no European Jew whose family is unaffected by the Holocaust, and each has their own personal pain". In Ella's family, 84 members were "identified by name as being killed in the Holocaust". But it is the legacy of the Jewish peoples' survival through this genocide, characterised by individuals such as Marc Schatzberger, that "should encourage us never to allow morality to sink so low again". For young people today, in relation to commemorating and understanding the Holocaust, Ella identified that "reducing injustice and hatred starts with treating each other with equality, humanity and tolerance".

And as for Marc, he finished his testimony with the following: "There are thousands of stories like [mine], different in detail, similar in essentials. That's why we are here. It's why we remember the Holocaust as a horrible example of what persecution and race hatred can lead to." **M**

"Labour makes you free": Theresienstadt ghetto, where the play, *Smoke at Home* was originally written in Czech



CABBIES' CORNER

WE ASKED JOHN WHETHER HE KNEW ANY LONELY HEARTS THIS VALENTINE'S DAY. WE'RE NOT SURE HE UNDERSTOOD QUITE WHAT WE MEANT.



“ She told me she hadn't seen her neighbours in weeks. Turned out one was dead and the other was in prison... ”

John
Driving cabs for 10 years

Tea and Troubles.

Dear Sophie,

Q. I want to dress up for my boyfriend on Valentine's Day to spice things up a bit. Could you recommend a costume?

A. Dress up as a janitor. I've heard that's very in vogue on the kinky fancy dress scene recently, especially with a toilet brush as a prop instead of a whip. I expect your boyfriend likes banal toilet humour anyway so it should go down well. Maybe blindfold him with toilet paper, and incorporate flushing noises into your strip routine. Then fashion nipple tassels out of your mop head, and use your broom in a Gangnam style dance. Put a 'Caution: Cleaning' outside the bedroom door and he'll be on Cloud Nine.

Q. How can I tell the girl opposite me in the library that plucking out your hair then eating it at your desk is really distracting?

A. Buy her a burger. Evidently, she's hungry. Failing that, buy her a hat so she can't even reach her hair. You are not alone in your distraction, there is an endemic of revolting behaviour at the moment, but it is being seen to. The JB Morrell is soon to be offering master classes in personal hygiene and public decorum so let's hope she goes to that. In fact, the University is also launch-



ing a new York Award in GBALD (Good Behaviour at Library Desk). The 'bald' was no pun intended.

Q. I need to dump my girlfriend on Valentine's Day because I'm in love with another girl who I'd rather spend the day with. How can I do it?

Do it in Waitrose. Say you need to go to pick up some provisions. Then have it out in the dairy aisle. It's always best to have a big confrontation in a public place, on neutral ground, so that things don't get too heated. It's a spacious supermarket so you should be able to escape fairly easily and what's more the staff are extremely attentive and always very keen to help if you need it, which you probably will. If I could recommend offering her the consolation that quinoa is on special offer at the moment: aisle 4.

THE STUDENT NOTEBOOK

MARY O'CONNOR

Naughty Step: Is it me or is Facebook like a spoiled child? Never satisfied with being at the centre of our daily lives begging our nurturing love and care, it continues to make a ruckus to get our attention, with its new notification 'ping' continuing this trend of toddler tantrums. In the past, that quiet and humble little red globe would let me reach out to that blessed person in cyberspace, who genuinely thought I would like to see yet another video of a Slow Loris performing the apparently impossible - no, not by eating a rice ball, kids, far more skilled than that, this time 'Sonya' the Slow Loris eats a banana! Miracles do happen. Now, being robbed of the quiet surprise of those notifications, every time Facebook pings its irritating doorbell sound, I embark upon the long trek downstairs to see which unfortunate is at the door. Sadly, I'm disappointed to realise that no one has run the gauntlet of Tang Hall to sojourn our humble abode, it's just the narky 'ping' of Facebook. I find it is like mounting the bull at Reflex, you know, before you get on it that you'll fall off in less than a minute, in probably the most undignified and unladylike manner given the badly-chosen-what-on-earth-would-mother-say skirt that you're wearing; but the air of invincibility that your drunken state has given you, convinces you that you are now Billy the Kid, bull-rider extraordinaire. Ditto Facebook - I'm sat there waiting for that 'ping' on a witty status and inevitably, nothing happens. But, all this is inferior to the bigger question: Why a ping? And WHY NOT Boris Johnson's plummy

tones enunciating 'wiff-waff'? I think I know which one most of us would prefer.

Conclusions - leaping to them. Two very wise friends say I am afflicted with a particular problem - the rare condition known as 'conclusion leaping.' Up until recently, I vehemently denied such a diagnosis, but then one of a number of events occurred, which has made me more open to this view. The sign came when I voluntarily went on a proper night out to Willow. Not the kind where I left after a painful 45 minutes, but the real deal - the all-night marathon. Up until that evening, I thought Willow was York's cesspit, containing only those people who had been submerged in liquid sunshine and then covered in the sickliest type of sugar; people, who if I was forced to spend more than 5 minutes with, I would seriously consider amputating a part of my body. I won't go as far as to say that I've had an epiphany when it comes to Willow, but for that single night, Willow was akin to a comfort blanket as I danced unreservedly in my drunken stupor with people who do simply love life and the big W, of course.

Survivor: The years of booty-shakin' and her invaluable lessons on being a 'strong, independent woman' certainly indebted me to her, so I must come hastily to Queen B's defence against all those 'neigh'-sayers (an appropriate pun at the moment...) who have been attacking her choice of outfit at the Superbowl, on the grounds of animal rights. An animal rights

group have blasted Beyoncé for her handmade bodysuit which was apparently made from 'python, iguana and cow.' Predictability, as the nature of fame goes, no matter who you are, or the contribution you have made to the world (Beyoncé has pioneered the music industry as a leading female soul singer as well as working with innumerable charities including founding the Hurricane Katrina Survivor Foundation) you won't escape criticism from any kind of slip-up. Can any of us (except those exceptional individuals who can pass up the crisp, oaky and frankly divine smell of a leather handbag) say that we've never worn something that has an animal by-product in it? On a more serious note, I sympathise with Beyoncé, I really do. Whilst she is apparently being chased by the ghosts of iguanas, snakes and goodness knows what else her outfit was made of, I think back to a time in first year, when I ill-advisedly (and drunkenly it must be said) invaded a duck's nest to be chased by a terrifyingly rapid little bugger (who must be the Usain Bolt of the Duck world), who caused me to spring at least 10 feet into the air (I admit this is an exaggeration, but it was certainly very high) and make a screeching sound that probably only dolphins could hear. And the worse thing is, it's on video. I just hope it won't turn up on You've Been Framed in my lifetime. Wait 'til I'm dead, guys.

