

ipl



Issue 29

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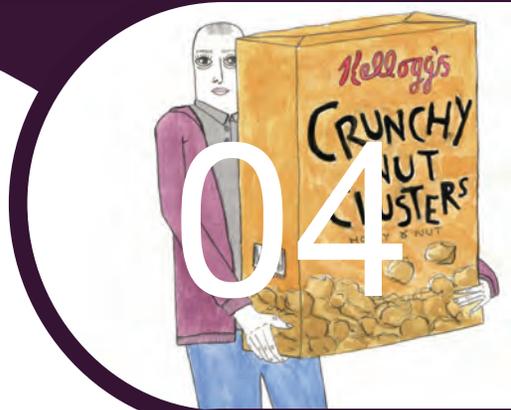
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Sex (in a chatroom), drugs (ecstasy), and rock 'n' roll (OK, not strictly rock 'n' roll but you get the idea). Yeah, this issue of IP1 is packed to the staples with the kind of filthy youth culture that should really be banned. We even suggest that local young visual artists expose themselves on page 28 - I mean, what kind of message is that sending out to the county's youth? For those of you who like your content clean, we've got confessionals with a Street Guru, the diary of a Social Butterfly and people stalking other people on Facebook. Ooh, baby, baby it's a wild world, it's hard to get by just on a copy of IP1 (but it helps).

Howard Freeman



My Petty Crime

Cereal Criminal

Some people sell their soul for eternal life. I sold mine for a box of cereal. It was a quiet mid-week morning and I was alone in the breakfast aisle of a Tesco Metro. I was on a one-man crusade, searching for the greatest cereal on earth:

Kellogg's Crunchy Nut Clusters.

After a brief look around I located the Holy Grail. One box remained. But as I moved to grab it, a man suddenly appeared and asked me if I could pass him a box of the very same cereal.

Incredulous, I turned to face him. Couldn't he see I was reaching for the only box? When I saw he was blind, my initial response was to hand him the cereal. And yet from somewhere the words, 'they don't have any left,' escaped my lips. The dog sniffed. I paused. Were they trained to detect such deception?

Back home, the *Clusters* tasted bitter, sprinkled with shame and guilt. The Grail was mine, but at what price? **AT**

Clutching at Straws

Sitting in cardboard boxes or cylindrical dispensers with open flaps or chutes for easy access, they practically beg to be taken.

Customers are trusted to help themselves to what they need.

But given the chance I always take more. Stealing fistfuls of free straws from fast food outlets is a crime so petty that technically it's not a crime at all. But once, when

I was in my local greasy spoon, happily secreting dozens of straws into my coat pockets, I turned and rather than seeing my friends found myself facing a member of staff instead. We both looked down at the thin white packets in my hands. I wanted to say something flippant like, 'Back off!

You can afford to let a few straws go with your profit margins'. But I held both the moral and legal high ground, I felt too ashamed. The woman made no move to take the straws off me though, and

I still have some left in my kitchen. Any takers? **GKR**

Klepto-j

Milk was all well and good when splashed over a hideously colourful and sugary cereal, but much like vodka (now that I'm all grown up), I could never drink it straight. Therein lay the problem: at 13-years-old, hauling a satchel containing 45 newspapers from one end of the village to the other and back again was thirsty work. And probably a little bit illegal. So, in the years that the notorious Mr Simpson walked the streets a free man, it was another OJ that my tongue twitched for. In a world where sheer white milk dominated the doorsteps, the glassy glimmer of orange was a rare treat. The clementine sheen seemed to activate klepto mode. I'd post the paper, grab the bottle, down the juice, and then if I was feeling particularly anarchic smash the bottle!

Never trust your paperboy – we're like Winona Ryder on wheels. **NW**



Nickin' Fix

Theft? Sure, I'll confess – as a child I had a very restless pair of hands. A pair of hands that were incapable of passing a Pick 'n' Mix counter without diving into plastic pots of saccharine shapes. I would snatch handfuls and fill my face full of *Cola Bottles*, *Jelly Cherries* and *Fizzy Fangs*. A victimless crime, I believed. I mean, oodles of sweeties are dropped and squished, so I always assumed my immoral but satisfying sugar fix would go unnoticed. On the other hand, I can't help but look at the death of Woolworths and feel just a tinge of guilt – masses of their sugary stock did indeed vanish into my mischievous little mouth. **JC**





Ecstasy means different things to different people. To some it's the original designer drug: a super-charged, all-night, feel-good experience in pill form, something Willy Wonka would have invented if he'd hung out with Hunter S. Thompson instead of the Oompa Loompas. To others, the cheerful surface imprint on the pill is merely a thin veneer concealing the deadly compacted powder within. To them it's a serial killer, a terrifying and fatal substance randomly wiping out young lives at frequent intervals. Where does the truth lie? Why do people take ecstasy? How dangerous is it? And how should it be classified in context with other drugs?

Other pseudonyms for ecstasy include 'pills', 'sweeties', 'XTC' or simply 'E'. It's a recreationally-used stimulant that rapidly increases the release of a pleasure-linked neurotransmitter, called serotonin, in your brain. It's not physically addictive, though some users can develop psychological dependence on it.

People take ecstasy for one or both of two main desirable effects. The first is that the drug's effect of inducing euphoria and über-alertness can enable you to party hard well into the early hours, particularly on pills which contain a high level of 'speed' [amphetamine]. The second main effect is that the drug makes you feel incredibly in touch with people and your surroundings. This is often described as being 'loved-up' – feeling a deep emotional connection to other people, even strangers. The culmination of these two main effects can mean rave scenes often look like a bizarre gathering of touchy-feely Energizer bunnies, minus the fur: cuddly and unrelenting.

Kelly, a 19-year-old student in Ipswich, regularly takes ecstasy. "I love it," she said. "I don't really dance a lot, but I

love that an hour after you've dropped [swallowed a pill] you can talk to anyone like they're your best friend. The world would be a lot less violent if everyone was on E instead of drinking."

Of course, what goes up must come down. After the effects of ecstasy have worn off you can often experience paranoia, anxiety and depression-like symptoms, sometimes for days at a time. For some, these 'comedowns' are too much to handle.

Rob, a 23-year-old shop worker from Felixstowe, is a former ecstasy user. He told me, "I used to do pills going out clubbing with my mates every weekend. But the comedowns did my head in after a while. I got sick of feeling shit for days every week. After a while we just started chilling out at each other's places more often."

Is ecstasy really bad for you? Well, regular use can put pressure on your immune system and there are reported links to kidney, liver and heart problems. More seriously, ecstasy is linked to the deaths of around 50 people every year and according to the Office for National Statistics there were 246 deaths involving ecstasy between 2003 and 2007. And yet an estimated 250,000 people take ecstasy in the UK every month. Why do they do it when it's so dangerous?

Well, according to some experts, it isn't. Professor David Nutt, head of the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs (the guys who advise the government on illegal drugs), has said ecstasy is much less harmful than other Class As, such as heroin and cocaine, and should be reclassified. This follows on from research published in 2007 in the scientific journal, *The Lancet*, which proposed a new model for interpreting and clarifying the dangers of different drugs.

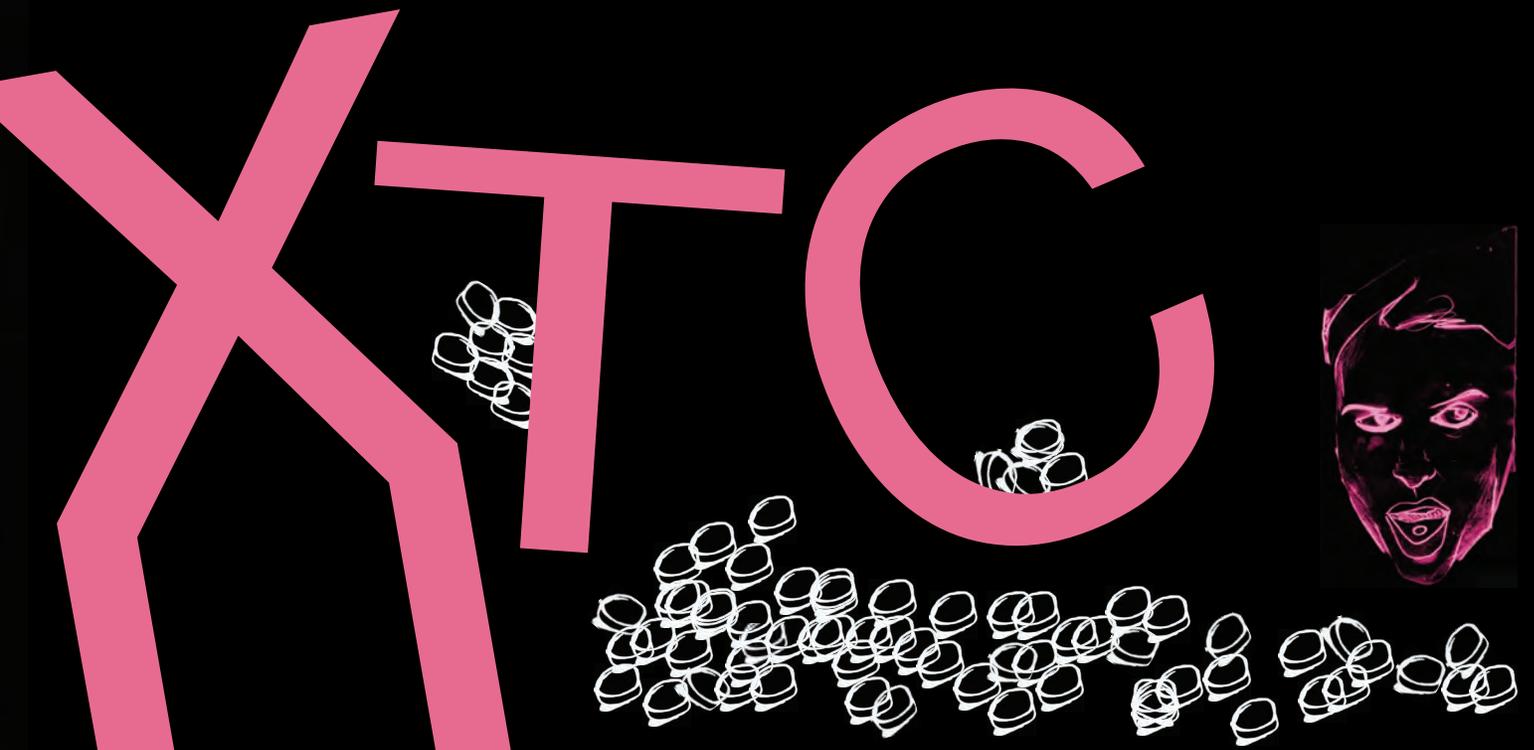
The new model, known as the 'matrix of harm', evaluates drugs on three main criteria: the physical harm to the individual user caused by the drug, the tendency of the drug to induce dependence (addiction), and the effect of drug use on families, communities, and society. The results of applying this theoretical model to legal and illegal drugs proved interesting.

The matrix of harm scale places drugs from left to right from most to least harmful. As you might expect, crack cocaine and heroin are rated the two most dangerous and destructive drugs. But surprisingly, legal drugs like alcohol and tobacco feature prominently on the left and centre respectively, whereas ecstasy is rated as one of the least harmful and shows up on the extreme right.

Chris Lee, Youth Service Manager for the Norfolk and Suffolk drug and alcohol charity NORCAS, sees value in the new model, claiming "The matrix of harm would seem to be a fair way of evaluating the relative harm of drugs." However, he warned, "it does not



XTC



appear to take into account the associated risk-taking behaviours of drug and alcohol use such as unprotected sex and other dangerous activities which are a large part of our work with young people using a harm reduction approach.”

He also pointed out, “With substances such as ecstasy there is no hard and fast rule of knowing what you are actually taking as it could be cut with a seemingly harmless substance, such as aspirin, which many people may be allergic to.”

On the back of the matrix of harm research some scientists have claimed that ecstasy should be legally downgraded to a Class B substance, meaning that possession or sale of it would incur less severe penalties. However, the team behind the matrix of harm research, including Professor Colin Blakemore from Oxford University, have gone to great lengths to state that they are not trying to give the green light for people to take illegal drugs, but are rather trying to emphasise the relative harm of ecstasy compared with other illegal (and legal) drugs.

Last May, Jacqui Smith, the Home Secretary, announced plans to reclassify cannabis as a Class B drug despite the government’s Advisory Council recommending that it should remain a Class C drug; which it was changed to only a few years beforehand. This is confusing. Why have an advisory board and not follow their advice? Won’t constant upgrades and downgrades be rather bewildering?

Chris Lee agrees that shifting the boundaries on drugs can be somewhat mystifying. He said, “In terms of a message to young people, in our experience it doesn’t send any message to young people other than confusion. Young people tend not to choose to use any drug because of its classification. Kelly thinks the Government’s position on

ecstasy is cause for concern. She said, “Everyone keeps saying that if you change a drug like weed from Class B to C, it sends out the message that it’s OK to smoke it. But what if people know that E isn’t that dangerous compared to other drugs? They might think that other Class As or Bs are less dangerous than they are.”

Should ecstasy be reclassified? Probably. Will it be in the near future? Unlikely. Governments are terrified of being seen as soft on issues like crime and drugs, and downgrading ecstasy is not exactly a vote winner.

Chris Lee argues that it is insufficient to merely address ecstasy on its own anyway. “Unless there is a radical shake up of all substances using the matrix of harm I see no real reason to reclassify [ecstasy] as this will only cause confusion with young people,” he said. “It will cost significant amounts of money to reprint the vast amount of literature available when this money could be better spent on providing services to young people and adults who require support around substance misuse.”

Taking ecstasy is potentially very dangerous and the side effects and health risks are significant. But research has shown that it is a much less harmful substance – compared to other drugs – than previously thought. This suggests that the way we classify drugs needs to be drastically changed so that we are able to both classify drugs and educate people on drugs based on their actual harm, and not their perceived harm. These ideas deserve to be discussed in Parliament and in schools and homes all over the country. Talking about relative risks of different drugs still means talking about the risks of drugs, and that is unquestionably a good thing. Not everyone will agree with me, but then ecstasy means different things to different people.

If you are experiencing problems with drugs or alcohol contact NORCAS on 01502 513444 or email youth@norcas.org.uk. For further information and advice about drugs go to: www.talktofrank.com or phone 0800 77 66 00.





with



Right now, someone you've never met is on their own wishing they had someone to talk to. It might be about any number of things: bullies, drugs, alcohol, being in trouble with the police. They're sitting there wondering who might understand. Who might get it. What they need is someone with an open mind who won't judge them. Someone who's been there. Someone who'll listen.

If you've ever felt like that, how much would it have helped to have someone there for you who'd been through the same experience as you? Well, now you can be that person.

Here at JUMP (Junior2adult Unbiased Mentoring Project) we're looking for volunteers aged 16-25 from all backgrounds who've come through challenging times, to mentor and guide 13 to 18-year-olds who are going through them now.

One of our volunteers, 22-year-old Louise, became a mentor as a way of "putting something back into the community" after having a lot of problems in her teens. For Louise, JUMP fills a void in helping young people who might, for example, be getting into trouble with the police. "I came to realise that when a young person comes to the attention of the authorities they are then offered help from the few services available," she said, "but usually by this time they've already got a criminal record. It saddened me to think that a young person has to get to that stage before

support is put in place. It is not usually until that point that the underlying issues are discovered, whether it's down to drugs, alcohol, school, home or family." Louise explained that recently a 15-year-old girl only revealed after multiple meetings that the reason she kept getting arrested was because her stepfather was abusing her at home and she wanted to get out and be taken into care. "If JUMP was around we could have stepped in and helped before it resulted in her getting a criminal record."

If you think that mentoring with JUMP, or any other project, is something you could be into, but you're worried about being a 'mentor', then don't worry. BeMMaD is able to offer full support, including accredited training and recognition from v, the national youth volunteering charity, which is great for your CV and job interviews.

The skills you need to be a mentor are essentially the same qualities you'd bring to any friendship: patience, guidance and understanding. The most important thing is to be a good listener.

One of our professionals will match you up to someone with similar life experiences and interests, so if you're into football, photography or skating then they'll find someone who's into the same stuff. But if you're just into kicking back and eating some pizza while you watch

a movie or hanging out and listening to music, then that's cool too!

Basically, being a mentor is about making time to listen just as you might do for a friend. The only difference is that you might be the only person that really knows what they're going through, which puts you in a unique position to help build their confidence and self-esteem. It's a valuable, rewarding experience; a great way to meet people and make new friends and it could make a huge difference to someone's life.

If you would like to become involved with a mentoring project like JUMP or have an idea for a project in your area, contact the BeMMaD team on 01473 408062 or email info@bemmad.co.uk





Facestalking

On a still, dark night, the clatter of bin lids and the screech of a vagrant cat start the girl abruptly from her dreamless slumber. She pushes her elegant blonde curls from her face and with a pinch and a twist, adjusts her flowing lace nightdress. Drawing back the curtain ever-so-gently, she presses an eye to the window as shadows flicker ominously across the dimly lit lawn. Pulling the silk tight to her slender figure for warmth, the girl edges hurriedly down the staircase, with eyes only for the lock on the mahogany front door. Grasping the chain tightly in her left hand, she slowly slides the lock to within a fraction of the notch... but with a chilling thud is thrown backwards as the door comes careering off its hinges. The man skulks in through the shadows, pinning her to the ground. Her face smeared with blood, the girl pleads hysterically for mercy, but with one powerful motion, he pokes her.

Back in the days of Wes Craven's *Scream*, all that effort would never have culminated in a good poking. Stalking has become something of a lost art in modern day society. Gone are the days when hours, months, even years of groundwork built towards a great crescendo of revenge or gratification.

Today we live in a world where stalkers are no longer fascinating psycho-maniacal freaks like Seymour Parrish in *One Hour Photo*. Nope. Today, they are trendy young things like you or me. The craze I speak of is 'facestalking'.

The Urban Dictionary defines the verb 'to facestalk' as: 'to look at pictures, read profile information, and/or repeatedly check the status of an individual on Facebook. This person can range from a good friend to someone who you have never actually met.'

So many of us are now guilty of a practice that was once deemed to be the trademark of creepy old men. Facebook has spawned a whole new era of lazy stalking.

The Yellow Pages was once the stalkers best friend, but today a whole wealth of information is only a few clicks away. Very few people think to limit access to their Facebook profile, and as a result have no idea who is sifting through their photos, noting down their email address, or in some cases their phone number, address and school. While this may not be as terrifying as watching from your window as a masked assassin saunters up the driveway, there is nothing more disturbing than being hunted down and added by some little freak that you once sat next to for a lesson in R.E.

Have you ever stopped to wonder why these people track you

“So many of us are now guilty of a practice that was once deemed to be the trademark of creepy old men. Facebook has spawned a whole new era of lazy stalking.”

down when they never actually intend to message you or chat? It's because they're watching you. This army of little weirdoes from your school probably idolised you and now they can sit in front of their computer and get excited by your photos. Or worse still, read your status updates and turn up at places you're going. No-one wants to turn around and see the toothy grin of rat boy/girl staring up at them longingly. You're trying to have a night out, not a high school reunion.

Unfortunately that is precisely what Facebook has become. On finishing school, I could name at least 50 people I never wanted to see or hear of again. At the time of writing, I'm probably friends with at least half of them on Facebook. Maybe I'm a weak individual, but I just didn't have it in me to crush their spirit by clicking on the oh-so tempting 'ignore' button. Some callous individuals even toss these degenerates into eternal limbo, leaving them 'pending' and even having their own sneaky perv every now and again.

Facebook is supposed to be a social networking utility, but in reality how many of your 'friends' do you actually talk to? If you've

“Have you ever stopped to wonder why these people track you down when they never actually intend to message you or chat? It's because they're watching you.”

ever wondered why you accepted a friend request from the other 200-odd people, then be afraid. Be very afraid. A poke may not kill you, but an axe-wielding old-school stalker using new-school technology probably would...

" At least
zombies
aren't
sexist! "

The weird but wonderful world according to Sarah. H

If Sarah. H met my mother she would be described as a contrary girl. She loves devils, zombies and worst of all sugar! Judging from her witty photograph *Ohnoes*, I'm sure Sarah. H would argue that sugar-free *Red Bull* is a pussy drink when compared to regular *Red Bull* or coffee, and when it's pitted against the two together it's obviously going to lose in a fight. This was the first work that I saw of Sarah's. Instantly appealing, its funny and quirky plot quickly got me browsing through the rest of her portfolio. And I wasn't disappointed when I came across insightful, honest zombies and the misadventures of a cute little devil called Yeep.

"One Christmas years ago, I was doodling away and ended up drawing a little blue devil, standing in the Arctic. I have no idea why... I guess you could say that he's an accidental character. I really like the idea of turning what most people associate with negative things – a devil figure – into something that's actually quite loveable and human." Even the most devil-fearing amongst us would have to admit that little Yeep is rather sweet, particularly in the endearing and amusing illustration *How do you expect me to swallow that?*

Sarah is young. At only 18 she is still developing her work. But not everyone has been as taken as I am with her efforts

to date. She was told by school teachers that she shouldn't draw cartoons and that she must study 'serious' (or in other words 'deceased') painters. "I came into art classes thinking, 'this is great, I'll finally learn new techniques to apply to my cartoons!' What I really got was the chance to draw trees and research dead painters. Every term I'd ask, 'So when are we going to concentrate on more modern art?' Y'know like cartoons and street art?" At one point I got so annoyed that when we were told to research three classical artists of our choice, I included Jhonen Vasquez, one of my favourites – who specialises in modern dark graphic novels. Another time, I came in with a 'Fuck Censorship' badge on my jacket. My teacher told me to remove it. I found that extremely ironic in an art class."

Good point. Why can't art teachers be more like Neil Buchanan of *Art Attack* or Kirsten O'Brien of *SMart*? They liked cartoons. "I started off watching *SMart* and *Art Attack* religiously and it grew into this love of drawing." They were obviously inspiring, too. Seems art teachers have a lot to learn.

Although she is young, that doesn't mean she is not ambitious. Sarah is looking to set up her own prints website where she can sell her work. "The wondrous world wide web is not

only a fantastic promotional tool but also a great way to make... maybe not a living, but something."

When she does get her first commission, Sarah hopes to see her work in print media rather than in a traditional gallery setting. "Humour's always been a big part of my work. Making others happy makes me happy. I always envisioned my work in magazines, there's something about it that seems more personal and tangible than anything else." And when she does get a commission, would she prefer it to be in photography or illustration? "I like photography in a different way to illustration because you tend to have to work with what you're given; it's all about what's already there. But within that medium there seems to be strict guidelines about what makes people amateurs compared to experts – different cameras, different lenses etc. But with illustration it's about getting the vision you have in your head onto paper, and it's more about the idea than your tools. So, I prefer the extra freedom illustration offers."

Above all though, Sarah thinks you should enjoy your work, "I just feel that if you're enjoying yourself when you create art, it shows through and other people will enjoy it more." It was through enjoying a random daydream that Sarah



created her most popular piece of work. "Accidents like *Imagine*, which I doodled one day in English, turned into [fan-wise] my best piece."

My favourite pieces of Sarah's are *Ohnoes*, *How do you expect me to swallow that?*, and *At least Zombies aren't sexist*, all of which you can also view on her ShowOff profile. Sarah is a big fan of the ShowOff and wants to see more opportunities available locally to inspire young artists. "I think your website - www.ip1zine.com - and ones like it are a huge step forward. It would also be nice to see more workshops and art projects for local artists."

Sarah's plans for the future include exhibiting her work alongside fellow students at New Suffolk College, starting up a weekly web comic and drinking lots of *Red Bull*, the sugary kind - well, she wouldn't want people thinking she was a push-over now would she?



Above from left to right: *Imagine* turned into Sarah's most popular piece. *How do you expect me to swallow that?* - Yeep struggles with the concept of humility.



Left: *Ohnoes* - this cameraphone 'happy slapping' classic depicts the violence inflicted by *Red Bull* bullies.

Below: *At least Zombies aren't sexist*. - No, but they do want to eat you alive.



When over 50 protesters chained themselves to a Stansted runway last December, it wasn't just their direct approach that made the headlines. More than the disruption they caused, and certainly more than the issue they stood for, what struck the media was their age. As *The Sun* put it, they were 'kids'. Given the usual apathetic ASBO collectors, the shock rippling from the front pages was palpable!

Environmentalists have changed. Socks and sandals have been replaced by Converse, or more likely, fairly-traded Ethletic Sneakers. And the feet inside them? They're getting younger and younger. Climate change has been slowly seeping into the national consciousness for years, and now it comes second only to the other dreaded CC, the Credit Crunch, as the topic of the moment.

Shops from M&S to the Co-op are charging for carrier bags and Anya Hindmarsh's infamous 'I'm not a plastic bag' tote nearly caused a riot when it went on sale. The chattering classes have jumped on the eco-friendly bandwagon with enthusiasm, and now no magazine is complete without the obligatory article on what we can do to help the environment (even this one). But for my generation, it feels different. Taught about global warming all the way through school, for us it's a given fact, not something in which we choose to believe. We do not see it as a passing fad.

In 2007, in the most wide-ranging survey of its kind, Forum for the Future asked 50,000 university applicants what they thought the world would be like in 25 years time. 91% believed that climate change will be hitting hard, 60% thought that oil reserves will have run out, and over three-quarters felt that we need to make huge lifestyle changes 'across the board' if human civilisation is to survive the next 100 years. Compare that with the murmur in the bus queue or the indignation of the taxi driver convinced that global warming is a sinister myth designed to kill off the car. As Lily Kember, Plane Stupid's 21 year-old spokesperson put it, 'We're here because our parents' generation has failed us and it's down to young people to stop climate change by whatever peaceful means we have left'. There's a definite sense that the future is ours to live in, and therefore ours to change.

Filling in a survey with good intentions is, however, a very different proposition to following Lily's lead and chaining yourself to an airport fence. Yet a surprising number of those surveyed do more than just talk about or protest march, and 34% would choose to shop in locally owned stores rather than chains. The internet makes it much easier to take action; writing to your local

Green is the

MP is as simple as a few clicks if you go via Oxfam, while you can sign an online petition to save anything from the whale to Stonehenge. There's even the inevitable social networking site, www.footprintfriends.com, where under-18s can share ideas on ways to fight climate change.

Going green has never been more fashionable. But Suffolk does not usually specialise in the latest trends, and the last time I looked, Ipswich was not exactly a hotbed of subversion and protest. So, where are our young campaigners? Cynicism whispers that behind our noble survey answers lies a failure to act. Sure, I'm the proud owner of an M&S Twiggy bag, will say no to carrier bags and (usually) remember to unplug my phone charger, but you're unlikely to find me bedding down in a tent outside Kingsnorth power station any time soon. In truth, climate change is an issue that I can quite easily relegate to the back of my mind for most of the time, surfacing only occasionally as a nagging guilt that soon gets buried in trivia. In spite of the high profile Plane Stupid protests, and the good deeds of the more environmentally-minded of my friends, I comfort myself with the

New

thought that I belong to the majority.

Fortunately for the environment though, it seems that not everyone is as apathetic as me. Mick Allison has been running the Ipswich Greenpeace group since 1984 and believes that young people are beginning to get back on the environmental bandwagon. "My perception is that there seems to be a gap between the over 40s and the mid 20s who don't want to do anything, but now younger people seem to be coming up". He confesses to being "tired of ageing hippies like me. In another 20 years we'll no longer be there". One problem for him is that "unless it's sexy, no one wants to bother to key into issues follow Colchester and Bury St. Edmunds in closing the group after numbers fell too low. But Mick believes that better teaching of environmental awareness in schools is beginning to combat the problem, and now, with "a few young people bobbing around", he hopes to restart the group early this year.

Theoretically then, our environment will be in safe hands: Suffolk is already the sixth best

Black

county in the UK for recycling, and nearly 80% of us are 'very enthusiastic' about doing more with our rubbish than throwing it in the landfill. But if I let my cynical side out for a second, I cannot help but be suspicious of the idea that we bright young things have all been converted to a greener way of life entirely on moral grounds. Mick agrees that although it's easy to feel like you're contributing by signing an online petition or buying a bag, "people get limp" and find it difficult to commit to more positive action. And, according to the same Forum for the Future survey, only 4% of university applicants have ever consciously chosen not to take a flight for environmental reasons, compared with 40% who would choose local produce instead of imports. We may be happy to buy our apples at a farmers' market, but we have no intention of sitting at home making organic cider whilst our friends jet off on exotic gap year trips. Our ethical principles come under pressure on the high street, too. Brave Primark on a Saturday afternoon and at least half the people in there will be under 25 - it takes a stronger person than me to resist a jumper for £2 when a hefty student loan is gathering interest.

Internet-based and fashionable, our newly green conscience developed like most modern trends, ephemeral and soon forgotten. But environmentalists like Mick are hoping that this particular fad will last a lot longer than skinny jeans and Alexandra Burke. After all, it wasn't fashion that made 57 protesters risk arrest at Stansted. Enthusiasm is back in vogue and a better informed generation is looking to take responsibility for the future.

Even making a difference because it's fashionable is better than not making one at all. Particularly as I doubt that we would be so eager to sport our organic cotton bags if they still came in one shade of beige.

Fancy volunteering for Ipswich Greenpeace? Contact Mick on 01473 405387 or mickallison@btinternet.com





IP1 Music Special

With more good music knocking around than you can shake a drum stick at, the Suffolk music scene is audibly buzzing. The ever-increasing national popularity of acts such as Pixelh8, Rosalita and Cheeky Cheeky and the Nosebleeds has inspired a regional renaissance, with venues playing host to a fascinating array of music styles, while bedrooms and garages across the county pulsate with fresh and exciting sounds.

Thoroughly impressed by this revival, we at *IP1* have dipped our rod into the pool of local musical talent, and caught some of the county's biggest fish. Our feature-filled special shines the spotlight on the acoustic wonderfulness of Framlingham's Ed Sheeran, mad sax hell-raisers Elfred & The Uber Peas, Orange unsignedAct finalists SleeperCell, and the cutting melodies of Kesgrave's own No Added Sugar. What's more, to demonstrate the sheer depth of our unique and varied music scene, here's a little nudge in the direction of one-man band extraordinaire GBS Music, 'ladies' favourite' DJ KC, and pulsing dance duo Dreamline.

These guys may be *IP1*'s recommendations, but we have merely scratched the surface of a thriving local music community. So, all you musical types keep up the good work and of course, read on! **NW**



On a chilly evening in McGinty's beer garden I find Ed Sheeran, sipping on a pint of beer. He's due to be headlining tonight's bill at the pub's music venue The Blue Room as a favour for an old friend. But people are waiting until Ed is on before they turn up, so he agrees to play a short set at the start of the gig to warm things up and after a few phone calls the place starts to fill.

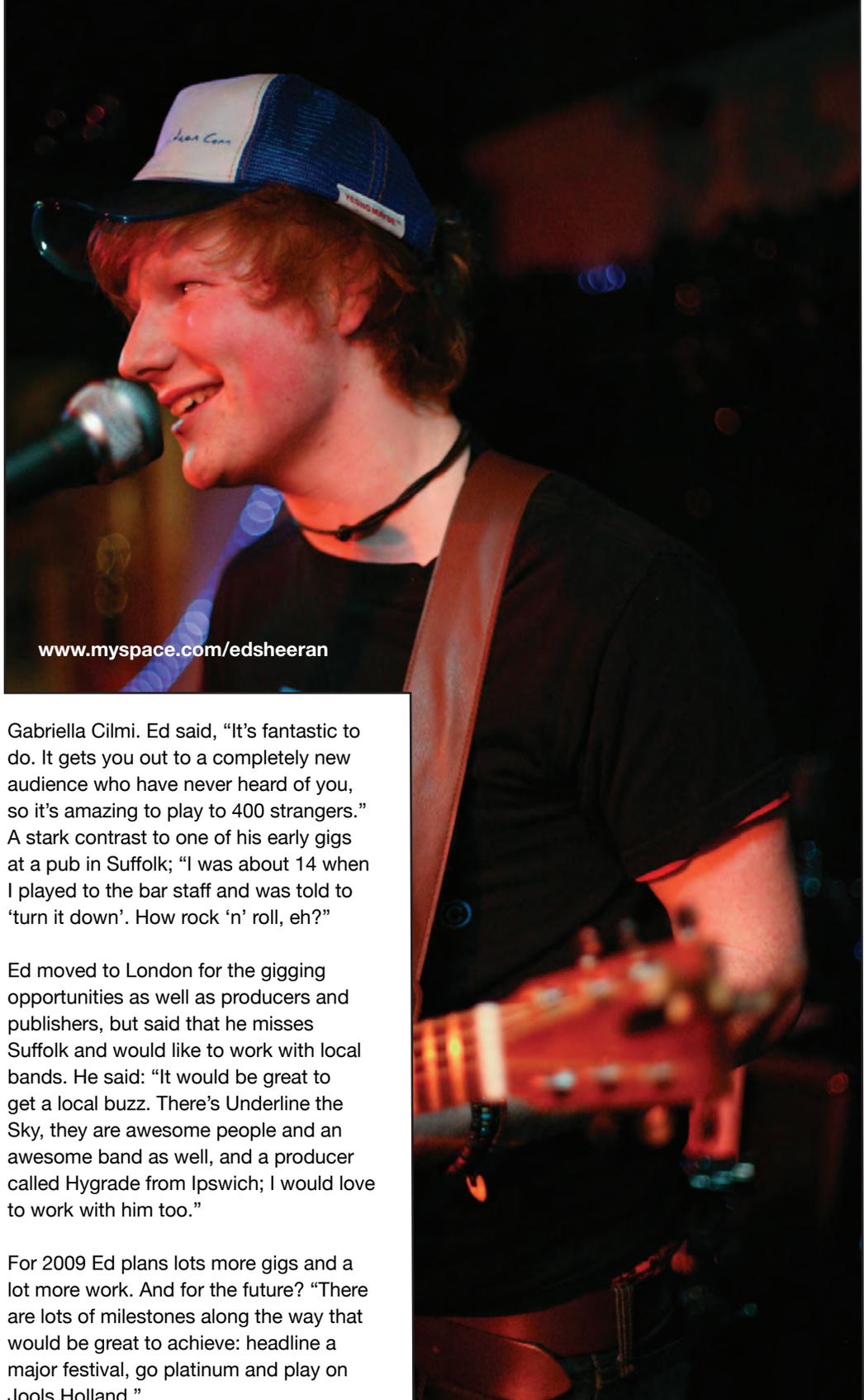
Ed is 17 and grew up and went to school in Framlingham. After a few guitar lessons, and plenty of self-teaching, he started recording his own songs aged 14 and is now working on his third album. In 2008 he was named the 'Next Big Thing' – following in the footsteps of fellow Suffolk bands Rosalita and The Kabeedies.

So what is Ed's music like? In his own words: "It's like soul vocals, hip hop beats and acoustic rhythm on the guitar." Listening to Ed's songs on his MySpace page, they seem quite poppy and polished. But on stage tonight – by his own admission – it's a more "raw, energetic live show." Using loops and samples – and inviting other local artists, including DJ Beehive and Porchy, on stage to sing with him – the songs take on a different style that sets Ed apart as an artist who really can play live.

Ed gave up school to go into music full time; a decision that his family backed. "I think I got all I could out of education. I'm not saying it's the best thing to do for anyone to drop out and pursue music. It was a real gamble; but it did work out and I don't regret it at all. As for a back up, there is no back up. I think that's a good thing because if I work hard enough there's no way to fail. Even if the career I want doesn't happen I could still be a songwriter, sound engineer or A and R scout."

Spending a summer as Nizlopi's (famed for *JCB Song*) guitar tech gave Ed a leg-up into the music industry and taught him about performing live. Ed told me that it was Nizlopi's work ethic that inspired him to set himself the target of performing 200 gigs in 2008. By the end of the year he reached 186 – not bad considering he only set the target in August.

This number includes support slots for Nizlopi and Australian singer-songwriter



Gabriella Cilmi. Ed said, "It's fantastic to do. It gets you out to a completely new audience who have never heard of you, so it's amazing to play to 400 strangers." A stark contrast to one of his early gigs at a pub in Suffolk; "I was about 14 when I played to the bar staff and was told to 'turn it down'. How rock 'n' roll, eh?"

Ed moved to London for the gigging opportunities as well as producers and publishers, but said that he misses Suffolk and would like to work with local bands. He said: "It would be great to get a local buzz. There's Underline the Sky, they are awesome people and an awesome band as well, and a producer called Hygrade from Ipswich; I would love to work with him too."

For 2009 Ed plans lots more gigs and a lot more work. And for the future? "There are lots of milestones along the way that would be great to achieve: headline a major festival, go platinum and play on Jools Holland."

By the end of the night Ed has put a lot into this gig – evident from the sheer amount he is sweating. He's clearly not afraid to work hard, and isn't going to let his age stand in his way. He seems down to earth and a nice guy who isn't afraid to share centre stage with others. He really could be the next big thing. **LB**

Ed Sheeran

Photography: Jen O'Neil



Elfred & The Uber Peas

"My favourite gig is my next gig. Playing rock 'n' roll with your best friends: it doesn't get any better than that!" That's the gospel according to Ben Brown, mop-haired lead singer and guitarist of groovy, messy, excitable pop-punk band Elfred & The Uber Peas.

The rest of the band snigger, but cannot disagree with him: they do spend a lot of time gigging in Colchester, London, and anywhere else that will have them,

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managing to squeeze in uni, a music tech course and trips to the Jobcentre in between.

"You just want to get on stage," he continues, describing his frustration at anything that keeps him from doing what he loves. Then Adam Toms, bassist and backing vocalist, pounces on an opportunity to humiliate his friend and tells me about one of Ben's surreal escapades, revealing that chasing the limelight often involves sacrificing one's dignity.

"It was the day after Ben's birthday, right, and after we had played support for a band called No Picasso at a gig in London, he got really drunk. When No Picasso came on stage, he went down to the front of the crowd, and he ended up leaning over the security barrier and singing into the band's mic. While they were playing!

"My dad tried to pull him back, but he fell forward onto the stage, grabbing the mic. He wouldn't let go. Tears were rolling down his face. When my dad and the lead singer tried to get him to move, he shouted, 'No, they love it!' Then some guy from Celebrity Scissorhands [a BBC reality TV show] dragged him off stage."

When asked to define their sound, the best Elfred & The Uber Peas can come up with is "visceral, groovy jungle beats: hard, but not 'grrr!'" From what I've seen and

heard, it's fast-paced, garage-band punk, with the saxophone's melodies lending a friendlier pop edge. The songs are sharp and poetic and cover all the bases: girls and boys, love, insecurities, adrenaline, anger and inebriation. "Locally, there's nobody doing what we're doing," Adam says, and I think he's right.

Elfred & The Uber Peas have existed, in various guises, since forming in the PE changing room of Manningtree High School in 2001. Matching paisley shirts, a wah-wah pedal and an appreciative tramp heralded their first live appearance on the local music scene, which culminated in attempts to force their then drummer to swap shirts with said tramp.

The intervening years have transformed them: Adam and Ben are the only original members left in the band's current line-up. Having acquired Pete and Erin, in 2006 they came second in a BOTB at live music venue The Twist. It was a sign that their considerable potential was on the cusp of being realised.

Two years on, and Elfred & The Uber Peas have recently featured on a compilation issued by Pushing Pussy Records and are about to make their first EP at London Road Studios, Hertfordshire, hoping to translate the energy they pour into their gigs onto record. Ben hints that a crying, ecstatic, dancing homeless man will be on the sleeve, perhaps to pay tribute to the tramp that was one of their first fans.

Adam and Pete tell me that at some point in the future the band would also like to release something on vinyl, with all the trimmings. "I really want to do it, and drag as many people into it as possible," says Adam, referring to the artwork and other paraphernalia that would come with it, relishing the prospect of crafting something that music lovers would be proud to own.

I ask them where they see themselves in a year's time. Ben replies "no one knows..." then an answer comes to him. "We'll be playing Top of the Pops on Christmas Day 2009, miming along because they don't let you play live. Bring back Top of the Pops!"

I don't think Top of the Pops would be able to cope. **GKR**



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Take Me Home
Ed Sheeran

*You first with a kiss upon my cheek
a goodbye and 'I'll see you tomorrow'
I searched my pocket for my phone
but all I found was a packet of Marlboro*

Ode to a Perv
No Added Sugar

*Did it hurt, little darling, when you fell from
the sky?
If I could rearrange the alphabet I'd put U
and I together!*



No Added Sugar



It's early December and I log-on to No Added Sugar's MySpace page. It informs me that their latest effort *Lifeboat* - written whilst under the influence of strawberry cider - is possibly the best song they've ever written, and that when I hear it I'll understand why. I press play... Three minutes 46 seconds later, and feeling strangely tipsy, I understand.

Twenty or so days and plays of *Lifeboat* later, I meet up with Alex (Guitar and Effects), Tim (Drums and Programming) and Liv (Vocals) at The Steamboat ahead of a support slot they're playing there - their fifth gig. This is pre-Mr. John Ducker (the requisite bass player brought in by the band in January) and they're a polite, unpretentious, easy-to-talk-to trio.

There is a consensus between us over which of No Added Sugar's songs are their best, as Alex confirms *Lifeboat* and *No Second Chances* as his top two, with Liv in agreement. Tim though, gets "a bit bored on *Lifeboat*," and isn't sure.

As *Lifeboat* and *No Second Chances* prove unequivocally, No Added Sugar are 100% natural 'no additives' songwriters. Despite this, the judges at this year's Suffolk Soundwaves contest failed to recognise their talent and the band didn't get through Heat 1. Was it because they were without a bassist back then and sounded shit live, or because Tim gave off too many can't-be-arsed vibes during their performance of *Lifeboat*?

Liv: "No. The audience was awful, by the third song I was nervous, shaking..." "Our music doesn't exactly work on a bunch of old people", elaborates Tim. The truth is No Added Sugar didn't get through because the judges got it wrong. That's not them saying that, that's me saying it.

I ask about local acts they like and discover that they were actually up against two of their favourite local bands in Heat 1: winner of Next Big Thing, Ed Sheeran (see: page 15), who did get through, and The Fuzz, who "were amazing (they were about ten) and who didn't get through either." They also like Dirty Shockwaves (*IP1* issue 28), who also entered the competition and got through Heat 2.

Formed last July, No Added Sugar have written an average of one song a month since then, including the recently penned *Rose, Where's Your Mylo?*, a song inspired by a really lame book that Liv loves called *Not That Sort of Girl* by Mary Wesley. Liv gives us a synopsis of the book: "This girl marries this guy because of security and stuff and she carries on a relationship with someone else for 70 years, and when both their lovers die they get together."

"Sounds horrific, sounds like a 12-year-old girl's book," concludes Tim.

Amused, I ask about their song-writing process and discover that Tim wasn't actually with Alex and Liv when they penned *Lifeboat* under the influence of strawberry cider. So, do Alex and Liv usually come up with the songs? Tim: "It's weird, coz I play guitar as well, and all kinds of what-not, so usually we (Tim and Liv) sit down together." Liv writes the lyrics, that much is clear, and she's a strong lyricist. Her lines are cleverly constructed, displaying a playful sensibility which helps make No Added Sugar's choruses memorable and their verses engaging.

More often than not Liv's lyrics tell a story and feature characters, like the lad on a downer in *No Second Chances* or the funny Mr. Pervy Guy from *Ode to a Pervy*: *I see you're on the pull tonight / got greasy*

hair and your shirt's too tight / got your eye on every girl in sight / whether they're 16 or 65 / it doesn't matter just as long as they're still alive.

Other times they are less poetic and more disposable, like pop should be, yet equally as catchy:

sa-sa-sa-sa-sa-sweeeeeeeeeeeet! / sugar sugar cud ya cud yaaaa / summer fruit me up?

Are they aware that there are a few other bands called No Added Sugar, and that one in particular, a pop punk/ powerpop outfit from Hertfordshire even has the same logo as them [a *Robinson's* cordial label]? Liv pipes up, "Yeah, they stole that!" pointing a finger in the general direction of Hertfordshire. Tim looks panicked: "Someone's nicked our logo?" He is obviously in the dark about a lot of things, and Alex doesn't give me the impression that he knows as much about the finer details of the band either. Unlike Liv, who is the leader of this band on and off stage, I decide.

Liv: "I was thinking of changing our name to No Added China."

Tim: "No Added China?"

Liv: "No, *Made In China*."

"I don't really like that," declares Alex, sipping *Robinson's* cordial from a glass that's made in China. **HF**



SleeperCell

The prize: A record deal with Universal; £60,000 advance, a single released after the series, an album deal and a multi media marketing campaign.

SleeperCell reached the finals of the Orange unsignedAct competition this year and were within a guitar string's breadth of winning the almighty prize. But their route through the competition was plagued with band bust-ups, bitchy judges and one hell of a confidence crisis. The SleeperCell boys (Pat, Kyle, Matt and Rob) spill the beans in their diary spanning the dramatic tour to their exit from one of the hottest competitions in the country.

Leeds - Auditions, Round 1

Pat: "What a day this was. I broke my green wristband and the security guards tried to stop me getting back in after I came back from a trip to the SleeperCell battle bus - 'but, I'm in the band! The Leeds experience really dropped our morale, we did get through and the judges did say we could potentially win, but some of their comments weren't even constructive. Also, they challenged how useful some of our band members were. We actually came away feeling like we'd lost!"

Kyle: "I was incredibly nervous today. It was strange, I'm usually really confident. But according to the other band members I actually was close to passing out."

London - Auditions, Round 2 (acoustic)

Kyle: "We proved the judges wrong about our band in this round; we can play acoustic, even if Rob was a nervous wreck."

Rob: "This was a pretty nerve-racking experience. The other guys were quite comfortable playing acoustic, but I'm a drummer, and I had to play bongos. I'd never played an acoustic gig before but I got talked into doing it. Waiting around was awful. It was cold, and lasted forever. On an unrelated note, I found it quite funny later on when I went to the toilet, and walked in on the lead singer from the Scarlet Harlots who was taking a dump, so that cheered me up!"

After getting through grueling rounds of auditions, SleeperCell finally make it on tour!

Birmingham - Tour

The judges summary was that they only got through by the skin of their teeth, but the fans didn't agree:

[Fan] Legendel: "I was there, and it sounded amazing. The whole crowd was crazy and jumping around. Ok? I was there, I know!"

Matt: "I can't believe the comments we got. It's fair enough, if they didn't like our song or our performance, but to actually try and put a line between our band is unprofessional. Lauren Laverne said 'You sounded like a good high school band' as an insult. Well, what's the difference between a good high school band and a good band? Age. That's all it is."

Cardiff - Tour

The judges were finally impressed by a

performance that really got the crowd going, but still the fans disagree!

[Fan] Alex006: "These are just a good local band...nothing more. They need to go."

Kyle: "I'm really quite angry as we got really good comments, yet we were in the bottom three. We got told we were only seen as a bubblegum pop band like McFly and they [the judges] said it was a bad thing, yet McFly are on the tour! Yet again our confidence dips."

Manchester - Tour

The judges said the song choice was what finally got the guys axed from the competition. Surprise, surprise; the fans disagree!

[Fan] BJ150: "Let's start a 'bring back SleeperCell' campaign! SleeperCell did not deserve to go. They look cool, sing great and the music is terrific. Bring them back. We love them!"

Pat: "We played the song exactly how we wanted to. Unfortunately we didn't get through; it just wasn't what the judges wanted."

Kyle: "We went out of the competition, and I felt awful. It was like everything I had always wanted was achievable from the Orange competition, and it had all been taken away. This was definitely the worst gig. Barnaby [Lead Vocals] had no confidence in us, and the only way we could see us getting through was if one of the other acts was awful. But, after seeing how I personally got portrayed on TV, I've started to become glad we've left the competition. They twisted everything we said."

Back home

What was your best gig? "Cardiff, we really got the crowd going"

What was your worst gig? "Manchester - Barnaby had no confidence in us."

Who'll win? "Tommy Riley"

Who do you want to win? "Hip Parade." LK



GBS Music

Give a boy a keyboard and he'll play it for a day. Give George of GBS Music a keyboard and eight years of lessons and he'll become a musical maestro in the making.

The 15-year-old was brought up in a noisy, music-filled house in Harwich, and since 2007 - with the aid of a keyboard, drum machine, synthesizer, and his brother's recording system - has gone on to create some weird and wonderful music for our ears to enjoy.

GBS Music has produced some fresh and experimental songs, such as *Sit Here And Wait*, where electro-synths and ticking beats merge to create a terrifically raw sound.

George writes and composes everything himself, which is pretty extraordinary stuff for a 15-year-old facing the daunting prospect of sitting dreaded GCSEs. What's more, all the ideas behind his songs were dreamt up by George during train journeys.

George's musical talents were inspired by his brother's old band, Revchild, and US 'rock 'n' soul' band The Dirtbombs, whose performances spurred George on to make his own mark on today's music scene.

Regular visitors to George's ShowOff page have showered the talented songsmith with praise, comparing him to artists such as Kimya Dawson and Belle and Sebastian.

If his previous EP *Let's Go To The Arctic Ocean* is anything to go by, GBS Music looks likely to go from strength to strength in 2009. Upcoming gigs will be played no longer as a one-man-band, but as a two-piece, as George will be bringing in a drummer to help bolster his live sound.

Definitely one (or two) to keep an ear out for! **KW**

DJ KC

At nine-years-old, most children's knowledge of music stretches no further than *Barbie Girl* or *The Crazy Frog Song*. But DJ KC was no ordinary nine year-old.

Even during those tender years, the young prodigy was already DJing at local parties, and by the age of 12 had donned the decks at events all over E.A. under the watchful eye of the successful DJ Prince.

Now 14, KC has a prime time slot on ICR, and is grateful for the help that he has

received from the radio station: "The guys at ICR are fantastic. They've helped me out so much with stuff like promotion and event organisation, as well as getting me some serious gigs for 2009."

During his two years on air, KC has developed his own unique style as a radio host, and has earned particular praise for his ability to mix slow jamz with grime. He puts his success down to playing what the listeners want, particularly the ladies: "I play non-stop floorfillers, which is why the other DJs playing that night get upset (laughs), and my tagline says it all - 'ladies' favourite!'"

Identifying big tunes and floor-fillers is no easy task, but KC received an excellent grounding in music from his parents, who filled his ears with the likes of Bob Marley, Aerosmith and Prince. Now his appetite for the latest recordings is insatiable, "I have a very good source who gets me songs months before they come out (smiles), and for Christmas and birthdays, HMV cards are usually in high amount as presents!"

Young, gifted and ambitious, KC looks to have a bright future. His plans for 2009 include an interview with N-Dubz and other big name artists, a series of high-profile gigs and a professional photo shoot to keep him looking as fresh as he sounds.

It's gonna be a big year, so stay tuned. **NW**





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Dreamline

The great and the good of dance music have often come in pairs. DJ Luck & MC Neat, Basement Jaxx, and Groove Armada have all captivated packed dance floors in recent years and now Ipswich-based twosome Dreamline (Tim Gosden and Simon Robinson) hope to follow in their illustrious footsteps.

Both Gosden and Robinson are no strangers to the Ipswich music scene. Tim

drums for No Added Sugar (see: page 20), while Simon also dons the sticks for indie popsters Dirty Shockwaves (*IP1*, issue 28). Furthermore, both are self-made producers, under the guises of Reflex and Simon Royale, respectively.

The two 17-year-olds clearly possess a keen ear for a beat, and as Simon explains, they bounce off one another to great effect. "We both produce in our own home studios; usually one of us will send an idea to the other and then work on it back and forth, then I [Simon] will go to Tim's and we will work on mixing tracks."

With Tim's Reflex project leaning more towards electro house, and Simon Royale producing tunes in the happy hardcore mould, their differing influences have helped to give Dreamline a fresh but identifiably commercial sound. Both Tim's mastery of flowing piano parts and Simon's penchant for a thudding baseline

are very much apparent in Dreamline's music, particularly on pulsating tracks *Your Voice* and *Open Eyes*.

Several of Dreamline's tunes, including the anthemic *Riding The Light*, feature contributing artists on vocals. As Simon explains, having contacts in the music industry can be crucial for aspiring artists: "Collaborating is a very strong key in the dance industry. Tim does sing quite a few of our newer songs but sometimes it's best to have a female edge on the track. Tim has very good contacts through his Reflex project which is house/electro style, so we get to work with some big name artists."

The Ipswich dance music scene may not appear to be thriving, but Simon expects a bright future for Dreamline. He has every right to be optimistic, as these two talented producers continue to demonstrate that two heads are better than one. **NW**

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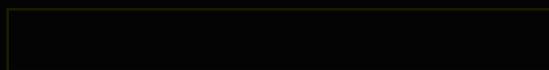




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Monday

Why am I wanting to go out and have fun on a 'school night', as it's so called!? I mean, it just seems to be the busiest day of the bloody week! It's just, who to bring out (as it always seems the mentalists hang around with me) and where to go? Quick decision: Golden Lion, then Fire. Gotta love the combo! Headbang away the night, get home early - why bother going to sleep?!

Tuesday

God, my head hurts! But hey, since when has that stopped me going out?! One prob, not really much to do on a Tuesday. I mean, Pals is open but rather expensive. Could this be a first?! Could I be staying in?! What has my life come to?! I think it's time I invited the rabble round and we had some real fun! Night in with cheap wine and crappy films!

Wednesday

Well, well, well, after a day of cleaning up, I feel rather refreshed! Now, tonight we have plans! Karaoke! We are gonna hit the Rose and Crown! Bit of fun if you ask me. I think we all need a wind-down and I think a pub atmosphere is needed. Don't think I can cope with people that drunk!

Thursday

Now, here is one of my fave nights! Liquid here we come, for a night of cheesy pop and a bit of Pendulum. And of course, they sell hot dogs! I mean how can a night get better?! And if people don't know the moves to *Saturday Night*, they need to be educated! Drink, be merry, and of course, dance like a fool!

Friday

It's always quiet in town on a Friday, and I don't like it! I've got two hours before everyone turns up and we decide where to go. I mean, we've done all the 'normal' clubs, so I think it's time for a bit of really dodgy dancing 70s/80s style! It's like, the perfect club if you ask me: Mojo has it all, with its flashing dancefloor, mirrors absolutely everywhere and the cheesiest music ever! I mean, I know I need cheering up but I feel that this could be the way to go! Oh, and Meghan said she would buy me a kebab; I'm holding her to that!

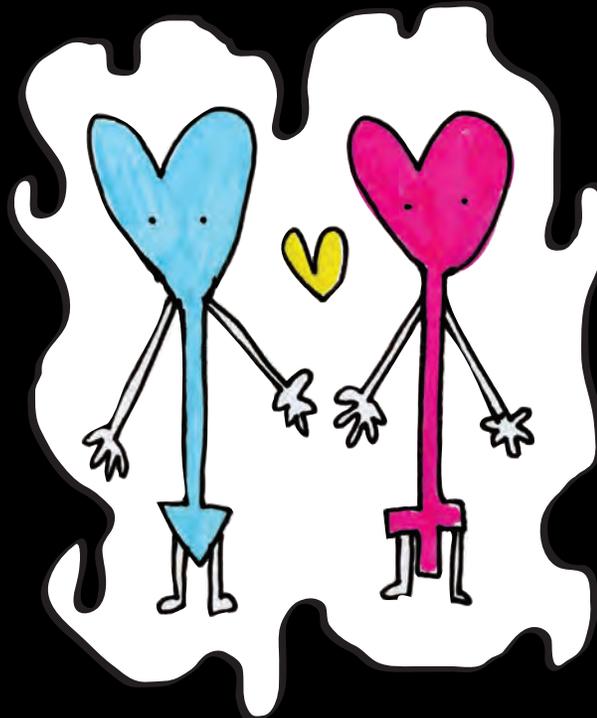
Saturday

Now, this truly is the big day of my week! What to do tho?! I mean seriously, *everything* is open tonight! Spoilt for choice. I suppose we should all meet up somewhere and then decide where to go, that would be easiest, but hey, since when do I do easiest?! The places I always seem to pick are the busiest and there's no hope of getting served, tho the atmosphere will be immense! I mean, check out The Swan, bloody packed but amazing in its own right! And quick thought, why is everything so expensive on a Saturday?! I save my money up and it's still not enough! And here's me thinking the credit crunch was a biscuit. Anyway, plan of action for tonight: I'm hitting the cocktails with a nice *Fishbowl* from Ollies, then onto Pals methinks. RnB really ain't my music but hey, who cares!

Sunday

On the seventh day, God rested. Well, I'm not God so I think tonight we should round up the week! It's so quiet in town normally, unless you go up near the library, kinda weird saying that. To round up my week of events, I think I should go to the places which are actually open, still legendary tho! Edwards then Mojo; perfect combo for a Sunday night. How can I refuse the flashing dance floor and the shiny silver pole?! I never usually go to the same place twice in a week but I think I can make an exception. Just this once.





Sex. It either grabs your attention, or flusters you into turning the page. Should we all be more comfortable talking about sex? Do we care about losing our 'V plates'? Is porn the best educational tool? And should introductory paragraphs just be a series of intriguing questions? *IP1* opened the topic up for discussion online.

At what age is it OK to first have sex? The legal age [16] or when your body has developed?

NATHAN: I think 16 is possibly too high. However, I think if you're 13 and having sex, it really ought to be with someone of a very similar age.

LISA: It doesn't really matter what your age is as long as you're not a child. It just matters how ready you feel. When my mate first had sex she turned to me and said, "Honestly, I could have done that when I was 12."

What age did you and your friends first start having sex?

NATHAN: I was 17. Amongst my mates it was around that age or older. We didn't really socialise that much with girls until we started going out drinking.

RYAN: 17. But I must say, the gay world is quite different.

JOHN: How is the gay world different?

RYAN: We basically get no sex education.

LISA: They're not allowed to teach it.

JOHN: Do you think gay people start having sex at the same age as straight people?

NATHAN: I would've thought that generally gay people would start having sex later because of the difficulties in coming out in the first place.

RYAN: No, I believe it's a lot younger. It seems from when gay people talk about when they had their first sexual experience, the age can be very young.

How do young people learn about sex? Does sex education help?

NATHAN: I learnt more from porn than sex ed.

JOHN: Same here, I learnt from porn.

RYAN: I had to learn on my own and had no support in school.

LISA: I didn't learn from porn, my parents were very informative. Maybe too informative for a four-year-old...

Put the following in order from best to worst for helping young people understand about sex: mates, parents, sex ed and porn.

RYAN: Sex ed in general is terrible, so it's porn, mates, parents, sex ed.

NATHAN: Porn, mates, sex ed, parents.

LISA: Mates, parents, sex ed, porn

JOHN: I think: mates, porn, parents, sex ed.

LISA: So, the guys learn from porn and for girls it might be gossip from their mates. Did anyone have a competition with their friends to lose their 'V plates', as someone I knew called it?

JOHN: I had mates who had sex so I wanted to. It was definitely a competitive/bravado thing in my school. If you had sex you could boast.

NATHAN: We didn't have a competition, but we did rip it out of those mates who were probably still 'sporting the plates'.

RYAN: I went to boarding school, so if you had sex, the whole school knew about it.

Do people care about keeping their virginity?

RYAN: Some people do, as they only ever want to be with one person.

NATHAN: It's more than ever down to religion. I don't think that non-religious types take any pride in it anymore.

JOHN: Did you care? I didn't.

LISA: I think I was unaware of caring or not caring until I got to 16 and thought, 'OK, I'd really better get it over with now!'

RYAN: I think I was pressured into losing it but I was more pressured into having my first kiss, which was at 17 as well. I live a sheltered life!

NATHAN: I didn't particularly want my first to be a munter. That was all I was really bothered about.

What was your first time like?

RYAN: Weird.

JOHN: Same here, I didn't know what was going on.

LISA: Mine was actually nice. Let's just say there were candles.

NATHAN: Mine was fairly nice. I wasn't drunk, which in hindsight I'm kind of pleased about.

Do girls cope better with having sex for the first time?



LISA: I think we know what we are doing more than men. Plus there is less pressure; we don't have to keep anything up for a sustained amount of time.

JOHN: I've always thought that girls deal with sex better than boys - gay or straight.

NATHAN: Plus they don't seem to feel the need to constantly talk about sex with their mates.

LISA: We do actually. But there isn't any pressure really. Well, I didn't feel pressure from my mates but I still didn't want to be the inexperienced one in the crowd. I think we all worry that we will die a virgin!

NATHAN: I didn't realise girls had that sort of peer pressure. I think most lads just blag it when having conversations about sex.

Is there a problem in this country/area with people having sex too young?

LISA: I think people need to calm down about what young people are up to.

NATHAN: I think it depends on your area. In the Kesgrave/Martlesham area it is very rare to see girls knocked up under the age of 20. Ultimately, teen pregnancies and STIs are the main problem with young people having sex. I think that if it were discussed more openly then people wouldn't want it so badly. The fact that it is treated as such a taboo in school just makes kids want it more.

LISA: I think there are people having sex at a very young age, but there are also people who are waiting. And let's face it, it's probably not that we're having sex too young that the authorities are concerned about. It's the fact that sex leads to babies, which leads to people living on housing benefit and income support. All of which is usually why people say there is a 'problem'.

JOHN: I agree. And to educate young people you need to be open and honest. None of us thought sex education was any good, so obviously sex education needs to be more open.

NATHAN: I think it should be really open. Show kids graphic pictures of the good and the bad sides of sex. You have to trust young people to make the right decision. Tell them it can be amazing etc. but also make it clear that STIs and having kids at the age of 13 aren't too much fun.

Please note: Names have been changed to preserve anonymity.

EXPOSE Yourself

You're young, ambitious, and passionate about visual art. As you stand back and take a proper look at the artwork you've sweated, cried and chewed-off your thumbnails over for the past month, you feel in the pit of your stomach that it's good. Really good. You've suspected for some time that you want to have a crack at making the transition from amateur or student artist to card-carrying professional, but the thought of actually doing it makes you feel like you're about to dive into a swimming pool full of jam. You don't know where to begin. What you need is a dose of practical careers advice from people who know what they're talking about. *IP1* invites you to get stuck in.

Art School

Committing time, energy and Student Loan money to exploring your talents and learning new skills by taking a foundation course or degree in your chosen field is an invaluable investment. But there's more to it than that. "Art school is a community. There are always practicing artists milling about. Get into conversations with other artists and ask them to look at your work and offer critique," recommends Edmund Goubert, previous winner of the *Ip-art* Award for Visual Arts. Julia Devonshire, Arts Project Officer at Ipswich Borough Council, adds, "Art school is a great place to mix with people and open up to new experiences. Young artists can find strength in numbers, and if they do things collectively they will grow in confidence and stand a better chance of gaining funding."

Work, Work, Work

Antony Coe, owner of the John Russell Gallery in Ipswich, offers this daunting advice to would-be artists approaching a gallery with a portfolio of work. "Don't walk into an art gallery with only two pieces under your belt. To do a whole show you need at least 50 pieces ready to go. You've got to throw a lot at the wall before it sticks. An artist should start with work, work, work. You have to put the hours in. I don't deal with artists that I don't believe in." It's impossible to predict how people will respond when

you show them what you can do. However, being committed to pursuing your goals and willing to take comments on board will help. "Make a shortlist of your favourite galleries, approach them and ask them how they like to hear from artists. Respond accordingly. If they don't like what you do, that's fine. One of the unique things about being an artist is that you are your own greatest critic," says Phil Robbins, member of Asylum Studios, a co-operative of artists based at Beattwaters Park in Rendlesham.

Master the Web

An artist's website should be their online portfolio, presenting their CV, images of their work and their contact details. "Keeping a blog is another simple way to start building a website. It doesn't have to be complicated," says Julia. Young local artists can also gain exposure by uploading images of their work to the ShowOff on *IP1*'s website (www.ip1zine.com/showoff). Emma Johnson, also a member of Asylum Studios, recommends Axis (www.axisweb.org), a resource run by the Arts Council, and the Artist's Newsletter (www.a-n.co.uk), a trade magazine, as being good places to harvest information about jobs and funding opportunities.

Lend a Hand

"When you're working with artists on projects you can tell which ones have had experience installing art for exhibitions because they show an understanding of gallery space and how best to use it," says Julia. There's no better way to learn how to go about effectively laying claim to a gallery space than to spend time helping an experienced artist do just that – but be prepared to fetch and carry.

If being a visual artist is "a journey with no end and no destination," as Edmund puts it, then you're already well on your way. Make no mistake, living by your paintbrush, pottery wheel, camera, or whatever it is you use, is not easy. But with effort, persistence and skill, it can be done.

JUNE

In three years at university I had lost the cancer-esque football 'bug'. In fact, I'd practically gone into remission. On my return, the prospect of joining my old high school mates in a newly formed team was certainly a notion that I was willing to entertain. That was until I heard the name: Kesgrave Penguins. Kesgrave Fucking Penguins?! It sounded like a crap ice hockey team. I was instantly sceptical.

JULY

I attended the first training session out of curiosity. Five people turned up, three of whom were related, with the other being their next door neighbour. Realising a childhood dream, I declared myself as Manager. A few murmurs of discontent surfaced a week later after a 25-minute cross country run ended with two players lost, stranded and exhausted somewhere amidst the darkening heathland of Martlesham. Never mind, 18 out of 20 wasn't bad.

AUGUST

Jobless and now girlfriend-less, I poured my efforts into the Penguins. I'd spent most of my childhood playing in teams that weren't even good enough to be second best and was determined to make this work. The lads worked hard in training and I gained their respect. And despite Duff labelling me a 'self indulgent twat' at the time, the team even responded fairly well to the news that naturally I would be playing in every game.

SEPTEMBER

Having won all four pre-season friendlies, our ridiculous name was doing the rounds. The local football community was suddenly very aware of Kesgrave Penguins. Disaster struck on the eve of the season, though, as our first choice goalkeeper suffered yet another injury. The big man turned his ankle skateboarding, an ailment to add to a long list that included developing a RSI from opening DVD cases, a webbed toe, arthritis of the hand from a severe gaming addiction and squiffy eyes. We replaced him with a man who at 5'6", in goalkeeping terms, was comparable to the runt of Snow White's entourage.

OCTOBER

After he banged in six goals apiece in successive games, I foolishly nicknamed our leading scorer 'the six machine'. It stuck, but only because Scott himself insisted on adopting the moniker. The players revolted however; rule number one within the club: if you actually like your own nickname, then it's a shit nickname. Just ask Tinkerbell, the Monkey, Bambi and Pig...

NOVEMBER

After receiving a £10 fine for sending the wrong colour form to the league, my organisational skills were called into question. The club was forced to cope without me nonetheless as I flew out to Berlin. Given that on my only previous absence the Penguins drew with E-ON's 3rd team, I was understandably nervous. At the terminal I was a mess. 'What if they don't find the pitch?' 'What if someone scratches Manuel's Lexus in the car park and he goes home crying?' 'What if Gorm 'accidentally' kicks someone in the head again?' We won 3-2, but the flight was as agonising as watching back to back episodes of The Hills while cuddling up on the sofa with Lisa Riley.

DECEMBER

I began to reach breaking point as my phone bill revealed that constant harassment from players and wannabe players had sent me way over my free texts limit. To make matters worse, rumours started to surface from within the dressing room that I had pilfered money from the club's funds to pay off said

(Half) a Year in the Life of a Sunday League

Football Manager



phone bill. The team spirit then took a further dent after a first defeat and a proclamation from fit-again midfielder 'The Mouth', who drunkenly (and completely seriously) stated that he was better than every one of his team mates in every single position. Nice one. Two weeks later he announced his retirement when he realised his knee was still knackered.

JANUARY

With 2008 done and dusted, a joke team, whose ridiculous name was dreamed up by a grown adult hammered on WKD Blue, were sitting pretty with just one defeat in 18 games. This management lark may look easy, but believe me, it's a full-time job.

TELL THE STREET GURU



**I DECIDED IT
WAS PERFECTLY OK
TO THROW A
WATERMELON OFF
THE BALCONY**

**THE TOLIET WAS
A FULL FLIGHT OF
STAIRS AWAY**

Forgive me Street Guru, for I have sinned...

The room had begun to almost pivot on an axis and the 4am repeat of *Crisis on Jimmy's Farm* was fast becoming a distorted blur. The strangled noises of my flatmate and his revolting girlfriend made the ceiling pound and my head throb. She repulsed me. I reached for a glass of water but I already knew it was too late – the puke train had pulled in at Lower Oesophagus Station and was fast approaching Tonguesville. The toilet was a full flight of stairs away and the sink was overflowing with washing up. As I started to gag, I reached out in front of me and wretched like hell... right into one of her boots. I could put it down to a drunken mistake, but the real confession is that I don't even regret it. Forgive me Street Guru. **NW**

Street Guru says: "Oh, dear. You really put your foot in it. Or rather, your flatmate's girlfriend did. I hope the 'guilt train' eventually rolled into Apologyville."

Forgive me Street Guru, for I have sinned...

It was 12 years ago. I was six. One evening I was sat at the kitchen table admiring my new goldfish Delilah whilst scooping out a bowl of ice cream. I was a very altruistic child and decided to share the contents of the bowl with my new pet. I made a quick 'parent check' then poured the partially melted concoction of vanilla ice cream with hundreds and thousands into the tank. Everything was fine until the following morning, when I woke up to the sound of a flushing toilet and some devastating news. Forgive me Street Guru. **SH**

Street Guru says: "Relax, my child. There are plenty more fish in the sea. Delilah went to a better place – the Great Goldfish Bowl in the Sky."

Forgive me Street Guru, for I have sinned...

Recently I converted to the Church of Vegetarianism. I was committed to saving the lives of countless innocent, helpless animals. It is a noble calling. Alas, however, I broke my oath. After only 27 minutes. You see, immediately following my initiation I joined friends for dinner. In a steakhouse. It was the smell that did it. All the sizzling meat. All that delicious flesh. All that temptation.

I lost my faith somewhere between the mixed olives and the starters. Eight BBQ chicken wings, two sausages and a 12oz medium-rare sirloin later it was all over. I feel so guilty. The Prophet, Linda McCartney, was sent to save us from our meat-eating ways. She died for our sins. And now, I am destined to rot in Veggie Hell, tormented forever by every animal that died for my meals. What should I do Street Guru? Am I damned, or can I repent and be saved? Will Prophet Linda still love me though I am a meat-devouring bastard? Forgive me Street Guru. **AT**

Street Guru says: "You are a carnivorous rabid beast! Eat 17 carrots a day for a week and on the seventh day chant aloud the lyrics to *Meat is Murder* by The Smiths."

Forgive me Street Guru, for I have sinned...

What happens in Ibiza stays in Ibiza. What happens in Crete stays in Crete. And what happens in Benidorm, well, stays in Benidorm – right Guru? All I'm saying is I've had my fair share of far away faux pas, influenced by long hot nights and worryingly-neon cocktails. One partial recollection from the beautiful White Isle involved an embarrassingly pointless argument with hotel security about the noise whilst wearing a sea-soaked airhostess fancy dress outfit – with 'cock-pit' printed quite tastelessly on the arse. When I was finally granted entry into my fifth floor room, I decided it would be perfectly OK to throw a watermelon off the balcony – just to, you know, see what happens. Not only that but I thought it would be a good idea to 'rearrange' the furniture: moving the chest of draws to the balcony and hauling my friend's mattress down the corridor. I woke up later on the steps outside with my face resting in the aftermath of the fruit I had previously obliterated. Street Guru, I have no explanation for my actions other than the fact that I was on holiday. Forgive me Street Guru. **JC**

Street Guru says: "Cocktails? Watermelons? Cock-pits? Ibiza truly is the Devil's playground! You are absolved of your sins, but only if you dedicate the rest of your life to the pursuit of furniture removals in which you are so skilled."

Want a review in IP1? Email Leah@ip1zine.com



King Street Swap Meet
The Swan, Ipswich
January 17 2009
Facebook group: King Street Swap Meet

Want to know what summertime across the pond felt like back in the 80s? I can only guess, but I reckon the first King Street Swap Meet of 2009 pretty much fitted the bill, with its classic hip-hop mixed with live illustration from Mr. Millerchip and his illustration crew. The DJs spent the night reminiscing their teenage years and blasting out classics from the likes of the Beastie Boys. When Lou Reed's *Ride Sally Ride* was pumped around The Swan, it almost felt as though I'd been taken back to a time when leg-warmers and perms were a must-have! The impressive illustrations gave the night a quirky feel and with free badges and customised mix-tapes - what was not to like? A plethora of favourite and forgotten songs were played and unique illustrations were drawn, so it's safe to say that King Street Swap Meet at The Swan was definitely the perfect cure to a cold winter's night! **KW**



BenJamyn Goddard
The Transition
£2 at Milsam
www.myspace.com/benjamyn

Is this the first concept album ever to come out of Ipswich? In the fashion of concept albums of old, *The Transition* is split in to two halves. Historically this was just because you had to turn the LP over, but the tradition is continued here for more than just authenticity. On the first half we have songs about life and then as 'the transition' takes place we have songs about death. It's not as preposterously themed as say, Iron Maiden's *Seventh Son of a Seventh Son*, but this is BenJamyn's first effort. Did I mention that this was hip-hop? The music conjures imagery of bleak, gun-crazed urbandom; synthetic beats placed under short menacing keyboard refrains make up the accompaniments. They back the tone of the lyrics well but lack bite or feel. Unfortunately the music is flooded with pitch altered vocal samples. Is it me or is there something of an Alvin and the Chipmunks fetishism going on at the moment? Perhaps they should reunite. No, 2008 was the year and now it's over. It's all a mode but it doesn't do it for me. The lyrics lack maturity and the vocals attitude, but nevertheless this is still an interesting collection. The ambition and planning that has gone in to it is tangible and as far as I can find out, it is the only concept album ever to come out of Ipswich. **JK**



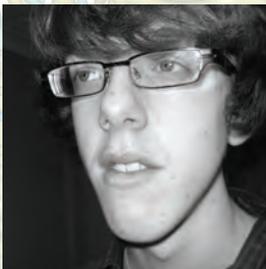
HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU: the fine art of people watching
The Town Hall Galleries, Ipswich
January 23 - March 7 2009
www.visualarts-ipswich.org.uk

When you enter Gallery 1, you see this big pop art cubist-like baby and you ask yourself who's the depressed mum who painted her child in acrylic! And you can't decide whether you like the painting or not. **HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU: the fine art of people watching** features 70 artworks from both local and non-local artists of all ages and it's clear that the artists have spent time watching their [Ipswich] subjects before depicting them. You feel watched by some of those on show. When you sit on the sofa next to the boy and his brick (a film by Arthur Patchin), Nathan and his creator Marnie White look at you out of their frames - two of three photorealistic portraits in the exhibition. The other one, by Derek Chambers, is perhaps the most impressive. You assume *Chinwe Chukwuogo-Roy* is a photo; you have to come very close to see that it is actually an acrylic painting. But you're not just impressed when you come here, you're also amused. Dale Devereux Baker's *Portrait of a young man in Ipswich* makes you laugh. It seems that the boys in town are pigs. I can't say I disagree. **SK**



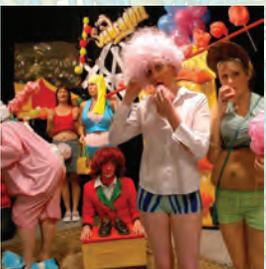
Cellar Door
Something To Believe In
Cellar Door Recordings 2008
www.ip1zine.com/showoff/profile/131

Phonoaesthetically, the phrase 'cellar door' sounds pretty good, at least J. R. R. Tolkien thought so. A bit UNKLE, Massive Attack and even The French in places, this Ipswich solo 'bedroom' artist doesn't sound as good as his name, but nor does he sound like the word 'blog'. Something To Believe In, Cellar Door's first demo release, can seem a bit passé and slow-moving, but outside the world of instant pop satisfaction, these three tracks are essentially a carefully-constructed soundtrack to...well that's up to you. The sort of ambient background that would go down well, and up, in a fancy lift. **HF**



Ben.D
ShowOff, Writing
www.ip1zine.com/showoff/profile/146

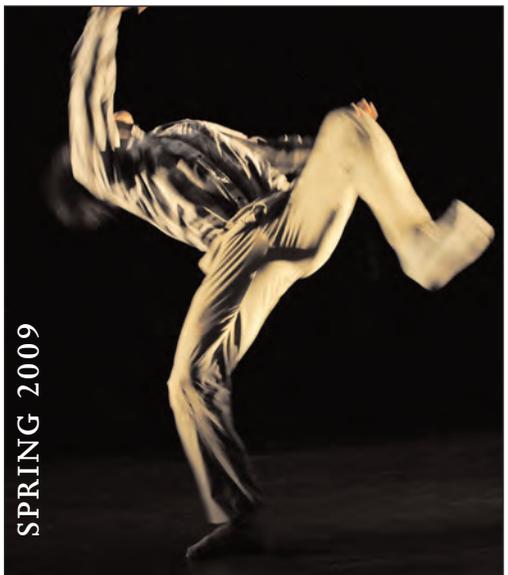
The initial element that struck me in Ben.D's writing was the untainted emotion from which his words appear to have been fashioned. *Part 1* employs lock and key imagery to delve into the idea of being locked inside yourself, asking: 'Will desire spill out and be welcome?' This short but significant piece of poetry is sown with passion and indeed something that I felt I could relate to. The trend continues in Ben.D's other work on the ShowOff, as he uses elaborate imagery to lure the reader into his innermost thoughts before encouraging them to regurgitate said thoughts for themselves. This is done to good effect in *I wake up?* The enforced use of questions: 'Were my eyes closed?' and 'Is this a dream at all?' invite us to connect with the piece on a personal level. Moreover, Ben.D's collection of writing paints a scope of colourful and vivid pictures, all of which possess a distinct outline of sentiment. **JC**



The Tableau Project
The Town Hall Galleries, Ipswich
January 23 – March 8 2009
www.visualarts-ipswich.org.uk

When you leave Gallery 1 and turn right, you come to Gallery 1.1 and The Tableau Project, where Suffolk New College Foundation and National Diploma 2 students have more or less taken famous artworks and reconstructed them photographically. Copies of paintings by Caravaggio and Peter Paul Rubens hang next to their reconstructions; you can also find some by Peter Blake and Eugene Delacroix. The only one I could identify from the photo (and not from the original) was a painting by Auguste Renoir. Even if you don't know *Les Parapluies* you can see that it must be by a French impressionist. Well worth a visit. **SK**

SPRING 2009



Friday 27 – Saturday 28 February 7.30pm

Rambert Dance Company

Rambert make a welcome return with a brand new programme, set to a sensational new score by Howard Goodall. Presented by DanceEast and Aldeburgh Music
Tickets £8 – £22 **Under 18s** £2 off

Saturday 11 April 7.30pm

Tallis in Wonderland

I Fagiolini's new music theatre project: a journey into the magical world of great Renaissance masterpieces that draw the audience into the action. Part of the Aldeburgh Easter Festival
Tickets £12 – £18 **Under 27s** half price

Friday 1 May 8pm

One Evening

A fully staged performance of Beckett's poetry, combined with Schubert songs. Poignant to the extreme, absurd, sometimes bordering on despair. Performed by tenor Michael Padmore, directed by Katie Mitchell.
Tickets £10 – £20 **Under 27s** half price

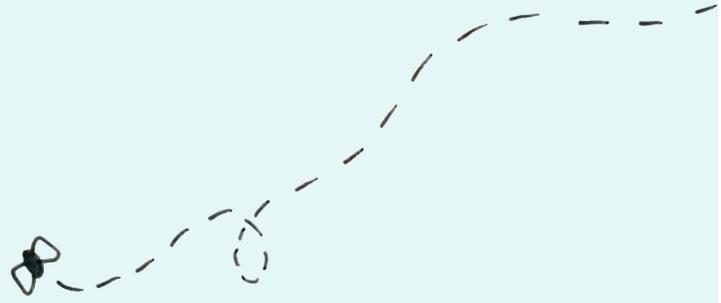
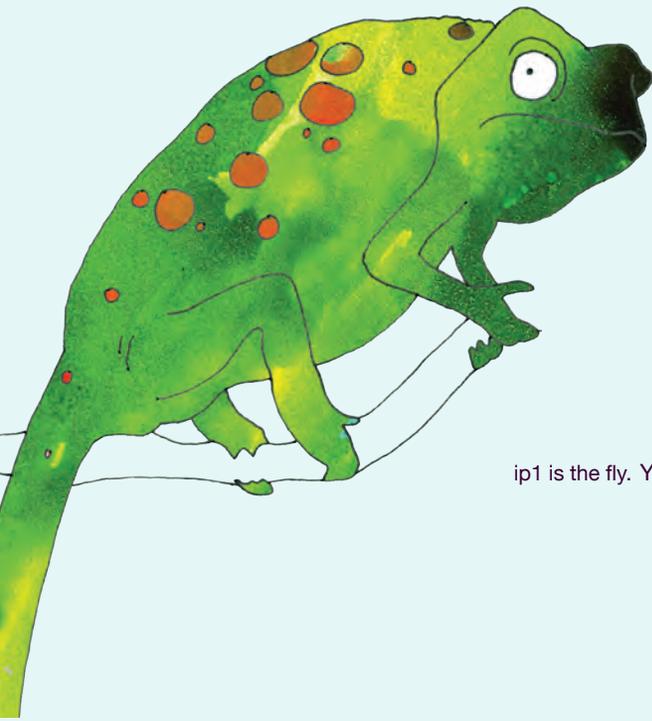
And...

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amiclear?

Suffolk
Chlamydia Screening
Programme



How do you know you don't have Chlamydia?

- Chlamydia is one of the most common sexually transmitted infections (STIs)
- You may not know you have Chlamydia as you may not feel any different or have any symptoms
- About 1 in 10 young people under the age of 25 have chlamydia
- It causes serious long term health problems, even infertility
- It can easily be treated with antibiotics
- You can take part in screening if you are under 25 and have been sexually active

How do I find out about screening?

- Ask the clinic receptionist or nurse for a screening pack
- email: suffolkcso@nhs.net
- Contact the Suffolk Chlamydia Screening Office on **01473 275228**



www.amiclear.com



For more information about STIs visit www.playingsafely.co.uk
or ring for free confidential information and advice on: 0800 567 123

Chlamydia screening and treatment is available free of charge to all sexually active young people aged under 25 years old living in Suffolk. The service is confidential and provided by trained nurses. The Programme is funded by Suffolk PCT as part of the National Chlamydia Screening Programme.
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