

ShowOff

ip1

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Summer Festivals
Gully Regiment
Kimbo
7 Deadly Sins
Unemployment

Free
issue 30





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Published: May 2009

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When I was a little boy, I was a right
show-off. Everywhere I went and
every new face I encountered was an
opportunity for me to display my talents
(namely making tricks with my yo-yo and
moonwalking like Michael Jackson).

Oh, how times have changed. Nowadays
I can't yo-yo to save my life and my
moonwalking days are definitely
numbered – I just can't pull a crowd like
I used to.

Deep down inside me my longing to
show-off burns brightly, though. In the
quiet of the night as I sit at my computer
making things, I occasionally look up -
as if to the moon - and wonder if a place
for me to show-off exists out there in the
big and crazy world wide web.

A place where fabulous creative
stars from my area like Kimbo, Gully
Regiment, Reb Capper, Wilco, Underline
The Sky, Bass Piratez and Lightforce all
hang out virtually in a blissful state of
cool.

If such a place existed, I would call it the
ShowOff.

Howard Freeman



Thanks:





Win tickets to Festinho by answering the following question: What was the Tudor name for Ipswich?

To enter go to www.ip1zine.com/competition



Summer Festivals

Two Suffolk festivals were nominated in The UK Festival Awards last year: Latitude for Best Line-up, Best Medium-sized Festival and an Innovation Award, and the lesser-known Festinho in the **Best Toilet** category. Hardly a clean sweep, but it does at least show that local festivals

hold their own when it comes to things as important as going for a poo in comfort.

So, is Suffolk a hotbed for festival craziness? No, of course not. But it sure is five pints of *Aspall's* and a rave tent better than it was a few years ago.

IP1 raises a glass to Suffolk festivals with our **Hats Off** guide to the best this summer.

Alongside this you will find our writers' own **festival frolics**. Read about drunken bums and upset tums throughout this guide!

SWANFEST

The Swan, Ipswich
July 3 – 5

Swanfest is fast becoming a festival not to be missed. The 2009 line-up is nearly established with confirmed acts including: Stig of The Dump with Dr Syntax plus DJ Manipulate, Angry Vs The Bear, The Kabeedies, Man From Reno and Mancini and The Creepers. As well as that stonking collection of sounds, The Swan has dug out some DJ's to make you drool. Long-standing Swanites Uprock and Jimmy Green will be playing as well as a host of others such as Onion, Ben Marr, King Street Swap Meet, Ill Bill and The Regular Slots!

And if that's not enough to whet your rave whistle, there is even a pyjama party and a free breakfast. Vodka jelly on toast anyone? So, get ready to shake out your sleeping bags and dust off your PJs because if nothing else you'll go home with a story to tell.

3

The Graham Oldham Artists Gallery, Electric House,
Ipswich
June 6 – 14, 10am – 6pm daily

Lielow and Sketch illustrators collective present their first exhibition: 3.

For a week The Graham Oldham Artists Gallery in Electric House will be home to ten selected artists each showing three pieces of work.

There has been no restraint placed on artists to work within a certain theme or medium, so expect a diverse and untamed viewing experience second to none.

Mixing it up in the exhibition there will be illustrators, graffiti artists, painters, makers, movers and shakers, bakers and maybe the odd Quaker as well.

Lielow and Sketch have also teamed up with the musical talents of DJ Fingerprint and The Coca-Cola Kid who will be supplying sounds for the private view (available to buy as a mix CD soundtrack throughout the exhibition).

So get yourself down there, get your groove on, and enter the visual vortex that is 3.

Hats Off because...

The Swan is a local pioneer in the promotion of independent live music across the genres, and for a few beans you get three days of partying at Ipswich's headquarters of cool.

www.wegotickets.com



Nipped in the bud

Sprawled out on the grass, I couldn't have cared less about Spiritualized's epic performance, despite them being one of my favourite bands ever. I was having too much fun engaged in frivolous conversation with a hot and very friendly girl I'd just met. Had a house been on fire, we would have been inside it, laughing and joking away as burning rafters fell from the ceiling – we were getting on that well.

Before long I'd taken the plunge with my thickly coated tongue and we were snogging and groping away like a pair of loved-up tramps. Disgusting, but only to those who were watching.

In rapid-fire fashion, it was off to my tent with the fair maiden for a bit of underwear peeling and hopefully intercourse.

The intercourse, however, did not transpire.

To this day I don't know if I overreacted, but as soon as my rancid mouth detected her breast, I bolted. My tongue had touched something strange – this was no ordinary nipple. In fact, it was more like a man's belly button, adorned with dark, wiry hairs.

Leaving the poor girl alone in my tent wondering exactly what she'd done wrong, I ran and ran and never looked back. **HF**

Hats Off because...

It's a rare treat in Ipswich that we have an independent exhibition devised and managed by passionate young local artists. It's free, and all roads lead back to IP1.

www.lielowandsketch.co.uk



FESTINHO

Kentwell Hall

Long Melford, Suffolk

4-6 SEPTEMBER 2009

"Everything they say is true. Small, intimate festivals don't get any better than Festinho - BRILLIANT!!

OK Magazine

Disco Shed / Kids field / Massage

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Outdoor stages / Family camping

An intimate, friendly festival in a magical setting, a delicious cocktail of eclectic music, sunny Brazilian vibes, a laid-back feel and most of all knowing that every penny goes directly to help Brazilian street kids transform their lives.

Early line-up announcements:

The Fontanas, Anoushka Lucas, The Jon Kennedy Band, James Yuill, Carnival Collective, Nancy Wallace, Dollboy, Emily Davies, Kirsty Hawkshaw, AGT Rave Crew, Lindy Layton, Mixmaster Morris, Pete Lawrence, Jon Kennedy, Dr Em & Funky Jim plus more!

WeGotTickets.com

Adult camping £60 / Adult non camping £45
Under 14s free with adult / Sunday day ticket TBC

www.festinho.com

All profits go to the Action for Brazil's Children Trust - www.abctrust.org.uk



The popular 3-day festival extravaganza of LOCAL live music is back...

FRIDAY 31st FOOT STOMPING FRIDAY!

An evening of music guaranteed to get your feet moving!
Top local bands performing plus the fantastic...

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Showcasing some of today's best local rock and pop bands!
Plus, bringing us a taste of the golden years...

The Wild Oats

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2009 Hachfest
LIVE, LOCAL & LOUD!

Mutimer's Meadow, Hacheston
Friday 31st July - Sunday 2nd August 2009

For the latest Festival news and ticket info, please visit
WWW.HACHFEST.CO.UK

All profits from this event are donated to local charities!



EXHIBITION

www.lielowandsketch.co.uk

62nd Aldeburgh Festival and Snape Proms

Aldeburgh / Snape
June 12 – 28

Ever heard the assumption that mathematicians should be naturally good at music? I didn't buy it either, but apparently there is something in it. Marcus du Sautoy, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Oxford and recently seen on BBC 2's *Horizon* reveals the surprising fact that music has stimulated some fundamental mathematical discoveries in his lecture. He also explores how mathematicians and musicians are drawn to the same patterns and structures to create their art. So, if you want to get musical and geeky all at the same time then this could be the one for you. Pixelh8?

Hot on the heels of Aldeburgh Festival is Snape Proms. If you're not the calculating type and you fancy something a bit more passionate, then Alex Wilson could be the guy. Mali Latino mixes fiery Latin dance pattern with traditional rhythms from Mali.

Lastly, if you go to anything at the Proms, make it Faster Than Sound's one-off event *Touch*. This once full day festival is diminishing faster than sound and if you don't catch it this year then you may never get the chance. *Touch* is inspired by the historic Aldeburgh coastline and uses only locally-sourced sounds and images. Sounds good enough to eat.

Latitude

Henham Park, Southwold
July 16 – 19

When Festival Republic MD Melvin Benn plumped for the unusual cocktail of multi-coloured sheep and plenty of *Pimms*, he probably questioned his leverage for success. Now, four years on, he is certain to be smiling with satisfaction knowing he was onto a winner.

Latitude and its killer cocktail is back. But if in the past you've felt you've seen far too much of the booze tent and not enough of the choonz tent, then you have my sympathy.

This year it's time to come out and support local acoustic musicians Ruby and her Whorses and Mister Christopher who will be strumming their way up to Southwold this summer.

Of course you might also be interested to know that Spiritualized, Doves, Editors, Royal Shakespeare Company, Mark Billingham, Simon Armitage, Ed Byrne, Sean Hughes, and the cheesetastic Guilty Pleasures will also feature. Word on the street is that this year's line-up is pants/amazing (delete as appropriate).

Hats Off because...

It's the one time of year when classical doesn't conform. This festival continues to push back the boundaries, explore new terrain and summon the interest of national broadsheet critics across the board. Oh, and for the impromptu beach parties.

www.aldeburgh.co.uk



Booty Love

I'm the one you've slept in, lost then found, vomited in and drunk from.

I've traveled here, there and everywhere. I've seen lots of mud, baby wipes, bog roll, bottles, broken sunglasses, things I don't want to remember and tents this weekend (my favourite was the flowered one in orange field). Half the time, you've choked me with your cheese-stinking feet or let your friend do me even more damage.

But other times you've taken me away from the campfire smoke or the crap-covered toilets, to the happy folk, who you sing, laugh, eat, drink and dance with. You've taken me through all the fields and crowds and grass so that I too could listen to the music and sing along to the songs.

I'm the Wellington of Reading and here in this cupboard I shall sit crumpled under sharp stilettos and lumpy trainers until next year, when once again, we shall embark on the fabulous journey that is the summer festival. **MB**

Hats Off because...

Latitude single-handedly put Suffolk on the festival map and has given festival-goers around the land an event that rightly pays as much attention to music as it does to theatre, comedy, literature, film, et al.

www.latitudefestival.co.uk



Hats Off because...

The ethos of Hachfest is to showcase local musicians and performers while raising money for local charities. Incidentally, that last bit about raising money for charity is one of the things that puts the 'Great' into the British summer festival.

www.hachfest.co.uk

In tents mistake

Do you know how many green two-man tents there are in festival camping fields? Loads. Which makes my faux-crime forgivable. Maybe.

I had stumbled towards the veritable perfumery of Glastonbury's communal 'drop' toilets which, had they been found by Bob Geldof in Africa, would surely have been condemned as a humanitarian crisis rather than some middle-class people mucking about.

I was intoxicated with that unique summer cocktail of post-indie-anthem euphoria and a couple of litres of rather formidable pear cider, and as I haphazardly made my way back to my tent, I somehow became lost in the hazy ether of smoke and excitable conversation. I took a few wrong turns but eventually came across a lovely green tent that looked right, and clambered inside.

The piercing screams of the girl I cuddled up to that was not my girlfriend still haunt me to this day. The momentary change of the jovial pass-it-on campfire cry of 'bollocks!' to 'rape!' was not pleasant.

I no longer drink pear cider. **AT**



Hachfest

Hacheston
July 31 – August 2

Hooray for a good old-fashioned field festival; three days of grass, mud and music!

This year's line-up of local talent includes grunge group I Know Jack who also played the festival in 08, raucous indie band British Standard, The Marvelous and Friendly Misunderstood Rabbits.

Throughout the weekend there will be a mixture of covers and original artists from all music genres. So, expect some *Mustang Sally* and a whole lot of dodgy dancing! You know you love it.

Hachfest is a non-profit-making event and all the money raised goes to the nominated charities and/or is re-invested into the next year's event. In 2008, Hachfest donated a whopping £8500 to local charities. Hachfest is always looking for volunteers, so if you fancy doing something for a good cause whilst getting a suntan then check out the website.



**WIN
TICKETS TO
FESTINHO!**

See page 04 for details

Festinho

Kentwell Hall, Long Melford.
September 4 – 6

All I remember about Kentwell Hall was being dragged there as a child by my school. My mum, bless her, spent hours making me a period costume out of very itchy curtain material. For those of you who don't know, people at Kentwell Hall like to dress up as Tudors (don't ask me why)...thankfully you won't need to don your mum's curtains or claim you're from *Gypswich* to get into Festinho.

Festinho is a delicious brew of eclectic music and sunny Brazilian vibes and all profits go to the ABC Trust, which helps Brazilian street kids.

You'll find the cream of up-and-coming talent alongside more famous names across all musical genres, as well as art spaces, film screenings and plenty of Brazilian flavour with capoeira, samba and percussion workshops and demos. If that all gets a bit tiring, grab a perfect *Caipirinha* from the cocktail bar and kick back in a hammock, or bliss out to a massage in the Body and Soul space. When night falls, get lost in the mirrorballs and light installations of the Feel Good Woods – you'll find the Disco Shed hidden in a glade, keeping the shedonists dancing all night long. Or just cosy up by the campfire and get some tasty locally-sourced food from the BBQ.

I'm looking forward to seeing world musical unifiers The Fontanas, star-to-be (surely) Anoushka Lucas, Suffolk's queen of the English-tradition Nancy Wallace, Old-skool acid-heads AGT Rave Cru and godfather of ambient Mixmaster Morris.



Hats Off because...

Festinho is that perfect little festival that you don't want to tell everyone about – because you want to keep it to yourself... that's why we're telling half of Suffolk about it!

www.festinho.com



Wee found it funny

Peeing into an empty pint cup is neither big nor clever, but at festivals it can be something of a necessity. Hidden from the scorching sun under the shade of the Concrete Jungle tent, my friend Carl unashamedly unloaded his burden while we shielded him from the accusing glances of our fellow festival-goers. Having stopped agonisingly short of the brim, Carl carefully placed his simmering man juice a good few yards away – none of us wanted pee-stained Converse, now did we? Minutes later, Carl started giggling excitably as a spaced-out teenager began eyeing up his urine sample. By the time the skinny Kurt Cobain look-alike drew the pint to his nose for a smell, we were practically in tears just a matter of yards away. Amazingly, Carl's fresh liquid waste passed the sniff test and our intrepid young metal-head wolfed down a healthy mouthful of the sterile yellow stuff. Incredulous to our laughter, and looking neither surprised nor disgusted, the blonde kid turned to his mate and offered him a sip too! I've since been told that urine can be a cure for bad skin, so maybe the pock-marked little mosher knew what he was doing after all! **NW**



No holes barred

What's the worst thing that can happen to you at a festival? You pass out drunk in your own vomit? Lose all your mates and end up in the Hare Krishna tent eating lentils, singing and slowly going out of your mind?

Actually, it's neither of these things.

Far more horrible is contracting food poisoning: Full-on shakes, projectile vomiting and shitting – simultaneously! Plus (the girls will understand), being on your period!

This was to be my fate for my first trip to Glastonbury. Aged 16, I had skipped my school prom in favour of green fields, sunshine, music, theatre and time away from my parents. Or so I'd hoped. The stomach cramps and dizzy spells started as soon I got through the gates and by the next morning I was deliberating between vomiting in a ditch or the long-drop toilets. That weekend I saw more of the hospital tent than any other.

Eight years on I still blame the South Mimms service station muffin for my downfall.

But hey, at least it didn't rain! **LK**



GOLLY! WHAT A PARTY!

Friday 15 – Saturday 16 May 7.30pm

Bern:Ballett

Visiting the UK for the first time, the Swiss company presents a mixed bill of exciting creations by the most talked about young choreographers.

Tickets £8 – £18 **Under 18s** £2 off

Presented by DanceEast and Aldeburgh Music

Monday 15 June, Wednesday 17 June

Semper Dowland & The Corridor

With music by the Elizabethan master John Dowland and the modern master Harrison Birtwistle, this is an exciting new music theatre double bill.

Tickets £10 – £28 **Under 27s** half price

Saturday 22 August

Faster Than Sound

A week-long audio-visual residency to create The Suffolk Symphony from scratch, using only locally sourced sounds and images... this is the concert. For more information on how to get involved visit www.fasterthansound.com

And...

62nd Aldeburgh Festival Feel the Festival spirit: the beach, Snape Maltings Concert Hall, a great variety of music – try it out!

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Kimbo is introducing his cute pantheon of characters to the masses by putting them on T-shirts. Rifling through his humorous, trippy designs, I ask him about his short-lived graffiti career that sparked fury in the local media and set him on the road to becoming an illustrator. “Looking back, I don’t know how I was so daring. I just went out at 2 o’clock in the morning on my own, into the centre of town and started spraying my stencils. But I don’t think I’d do that now.”

He was 14, and it was the first time he’d been involved in anything to do with graffiti. He was motivated by his own amusement and a sense of mischief, but the response he provoked would have a big impact on the direction of his future work.

“I was just a kid having a bit of fun, but I got quite a lot of stick from people, saying I wasn’t putting any effort in, just copying other designs. That spurred me on to do my own character designs, and that’s probably when I first started coming up with characters and stuff like that.”

Five years on and Kim’s designs are instantly recognisable. They generally revolve around a character that is composed of vibrant blocks and swirls of colour and outlined in black, sometimes with an exclamation in a speech bubble that helps to explain the expression on their face. Each character is humanoid but features a fantastical or surreal element, hinting that their otherwise bright and crazy little world does have a dark undertone.

Kim’s favourite is *Cloud Boy* who floats in the sky atop a giant cloud. “They [the characters] usually come from an idea that I’ve thought of. Or, like the x-ray specs, that I saw in this old advert from a comic where you can send away tokens to get x-ray specs. They’re all different ideas from pop culture or my imagination... I was always quite easily influenced. I’ve got an open-minded way of working – slapdash, using anything I find.”

Kim is remarkably down-to-earth and unpretentious about his work, considering he has completed a foundation art course at Suffolk New College and hopes to study illustration at





“ I like to collage as well - sticking things on to canvas and making marks, not really knowing what I'm doing at the time but just coming up with something, just putting them together. ”

university, both of which are fine excuses to spout nonsense that sails over the heads of the uninitiated. We talk about the process of creating T-shirt designs and he doesn't seem to mind when I joke that anyone can do it. He scans drawings in using *Photoshop*, uses *Illustrator* to mark out the black outlines, and fills them in with colour – “simple”, as he puts it.

I ask him whether or not he aims to air his views or address topical concerns through his art, and his response is refreshingly honest. “It's not too much commentary really; it feeds off it [the state of the world]. I don't profess to know anything or have any sort of higher opinions. I don't really bother trying to express myself too much through my work. I do I suppose, in a way it's expressing myself, but I don't overly try and make a point with it.”

Kim admits that part of the reason he is concentrating on going into the clothing business is to make money, but at the same time he tells me designing a decent T-shirt is one of his ambitions, and he has only recently come up with something worth printing.

He thinks that T-shirts are a great place to display his characters and tells me that tees are such a fashion staple that they fade into the background, which focuses attention on the design and turns wearers into walking canvases. Describing his designs, he says, “They're quite colourful

and not too complicated, with a bit of humour. I don't really like that fashion; the 80s revival – I went into Topman the other day and I was blown away by all the colours and crazy patterns. I don't really want to do that sort of thing. Just something simple – my style.”

He then looks down at his battered trainers and remembers they are from Topman.

Kim is far too easygoing to be a ruthless entrepreneur. When I ask him about his business plan, I learn that essentially it involves blagging his brother's tax rebate, using it to print some T-shirts, selling them, and using the profits to print more.

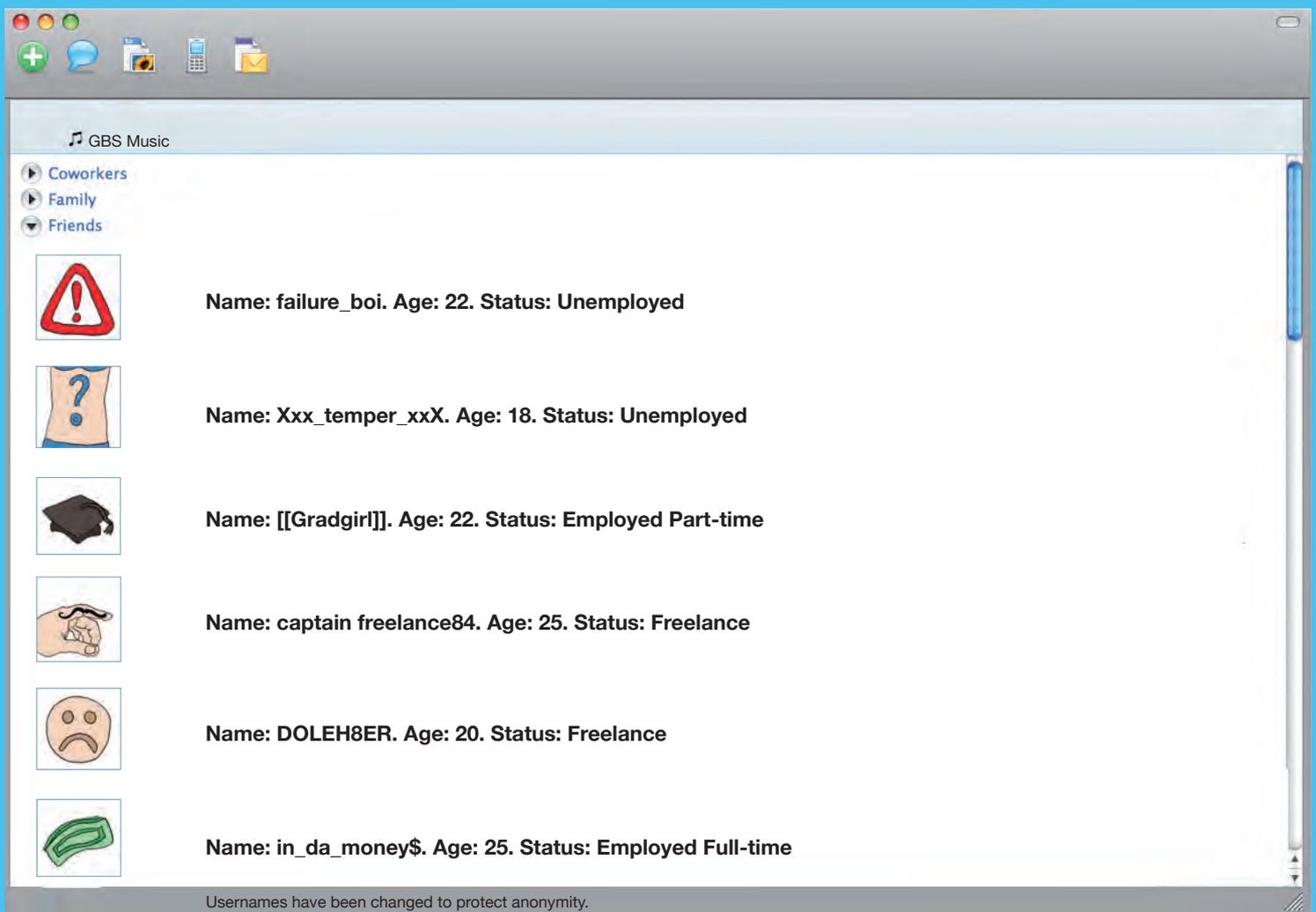
Though T-shirts are his latest venture, he has plenty more ideas up his sleeve. “I think characters could make the most money, that's why I've been focusing on them, but I used to do a lot more painting than I do now and I'm probably going to get back into that, once I'm at university. I like to collage as well - sticking things on to canvas and making marks, not really knowing what I'm doing at the time but just coming up with something, just putting them together.”

Look out for Kimbo's beautifully put-together T-shirts on a cool person near you soon.

www.ip1zine.com/showoff/profile/161

Unemployment in a Chatroom

Jobs, eh? We've all got one, haven't we? Hmm. Except that we don't. Unemployment in the UK is now over two million, prompting us to wonder how young people are being affected during the recession. What's it like to struggle to find the jobs we want? Are we 'above' going on the dole? And do we really want to just sit around watching *Neighbours* all day? IP1 set up a chatroom to find out...



For those of you who are unemployed, what has stopped you finding the job you want? Or any job for that matter?



failure_boi: A combination of things, really. Mainly a lack of experience, a mickey mouse degree from a shit university and a severe lack of start-up cash preventing me from moving away.



[[Gradgirl]]: I finished uni last year looking to get a job in the creative industries, but have had trouble getting my break with not having much experience.



Captain Freelance84: I see a lot of people my age working jobs they don't really like and not taking advantage of their talents, so this is why I'm trying to be self-employed or at least find a more interesting career path.

Do you think young people have unrealistic impressions of finding a good job when they leave school/college/university?



[[Gradgirl]]: I definitely went into my degree thinking that I'd have a job at the end of it. I soon realised it wasn't going to be like that.



failure_boi: Three years ago before I started uni, I was probably arrogant enough to think that I was more than good enough to walk straight into a job post-uni. I think that young people now start further education knowing there are very few guarantees of work when they graduate.



In_da_money\$: I think a lot of people are encouraged to study to a higher level and leave education with lots of debt and no real idea of what they want to do.

Do you think the Current Economic Climate© has affected your employment opportunities?



failure_boi: I hate that phrase! But yes, of course it's had an impact. It was always going to be tough finding a career job, but the recession has meant that even bar work and short-term jobs have totally dried up.



Captain Freelance84: Yes, I used to get freelance work regularly and now I don't. Some other members of my family have found the same thing.



[[Gradgirl]]: Yes. Now more people with more experience are out of work that I have to compete with, and less people are likely to employ someone who will cost them to train up.



Xxx_temper_xxX: There were a lot more temp jobs about a year ago.

Is there a stigma attached to 'going on the dole'?



Xxx_temper_xxX: Yes of course, because so many people claim it that don't deserve it. And, of course, you feel lazy.



failure_boi: I'm currently on the dole and to be honest that was quite a big step for me as I felt pretty dirty applying for it, despite having been out of work for several months. Some people think they are 'above the dole' and to be honest for a long time I was one of them.



[[Gradgirl]]: Definitely. You get that 'parasite on society' thing that people go on about, and plenty of snide comments off friends saying that's their hard earned tax money.



failure_boi: It felt like an admittance of defeat. Walking into the office for the interview, I felt like a complete failure.



DOLEH8ER: I hated the dole. I managed about a week before I just went and got some shit job. I spent my one week's dole money on a jacket – then I lost it.

What about the positive aspects to being unemployed, e.g. living outside of the 'bubble' and the freedom that brings?



Xxx_temper_xxX: The freedom is nice...for the first week! I'm climbing the walls now.



In_da_money\$: I found that when I had nothing to do, any little job became a big event that day, like posting a letter, writing some emails or phoning someone. I would actually mentally tick them off as things done that day.



failure_boi: It must be said, being unemployed or working a few hours can be a good laugh when you have several friends in the same situation. But personally, I don't like the feeling of waking up and realising I have nothing to achieve or do.



Xxx_temper_xxX: Yeah, I'm the same - I like routine or things fall out of place and don't seem fun.

It seems having no job, routine or money is a bit rubbish. Do people have the wrong impression that all young people out of work are just sitting around getting drunk/stoned and watching *Neighbours* all day?



Xxx_temper_xxX: Ha ha, yes, I had a bit of an obsession with *Neighbours* at one point...Yeah, there's certainly an impression but I don't think it's true with everybody.



failure_boi: Many presume that people who are out of work just spend their entire week bumming around. It's simply not like that – there is such a thing as too much free time and too much sleep. Neither are healthy and both are bloody depressing!



Do these guys look approachable? Peer mentors at the MMaD conference.



Bright young mentors celebrate at the MMaD conference



Mentors from the Lowestoft 'JUMP' project. How high?

BeMMaD

at the

5th annual MMaD Conference

No one has an easy ride in life. Everyone worries or suffers from time to time, and here in Suffolk it is no different. It's during these difficult times that you'd have to be crazy not to want *BeMMaD* (*Befriending and Mentoring Making a Difference*) and Suffolk's heroic young mentors on your side.

But 'what's *BeMMaD*?' and 'what exactly is a mentor?' I hear you ask! Well, in a nutshell, *BeMMaD* is a v-funded project that seeks to encourage the work of young volunteers in Suffolk, with their aim being to get help and support to those who need it most. So, to answer the second question, that's what mentoring is all about – offering advice, guidance and encouragement to people in need.

The 5th annual MMaD Conference (*MMaD 5*), held in February, highlighted the terrific work that is being done by young volunteers across Suffolk to offer a friendly ear to others. The event, co-ordinated by *BeMMaD* Project Manager, Maria Mason, acted as both a training aid to current mentors and an inspiration to future volunteers, and as she explains, the event is of great benefit to the young helpers. "They're all taking part in a mentoring scheme in their respective organisations

or schools. We put these annual conferences on to bring them together from different settings so that they can do a bit of extra training like they did this morning, and they get the opportunity to mix with mentors from other schools to see how other schemes run."

Plenty of laughs were shared amongst the group throughout the day, as Maria and her team emphasised the importance of breaking down social boundaries and connecting with people. While mentoring and befriending can be incredibly fun and rewarding, there is undoubtedly a serious side to helping people through their problems; a side that was very much apparent in a moving and powerful performance from actor Michael Clarke that really struck a chord with the audience.

While well-established organisations such as JUMP showed their support by turning out for the event, this meeting of mentors demonstrated that mentoring *is* making a difference all over Suffolk in schools and colleges. Many of the young people who came along to the conference set aside their free time in order to offer guidance and support to others. Jade from Beyton Middle School explained how she goes

about helping her mentee. "It's about being a friend to someone...we don't mind if they come up to us during lunch to talk. Giving them a spare 20 minutes can really help."

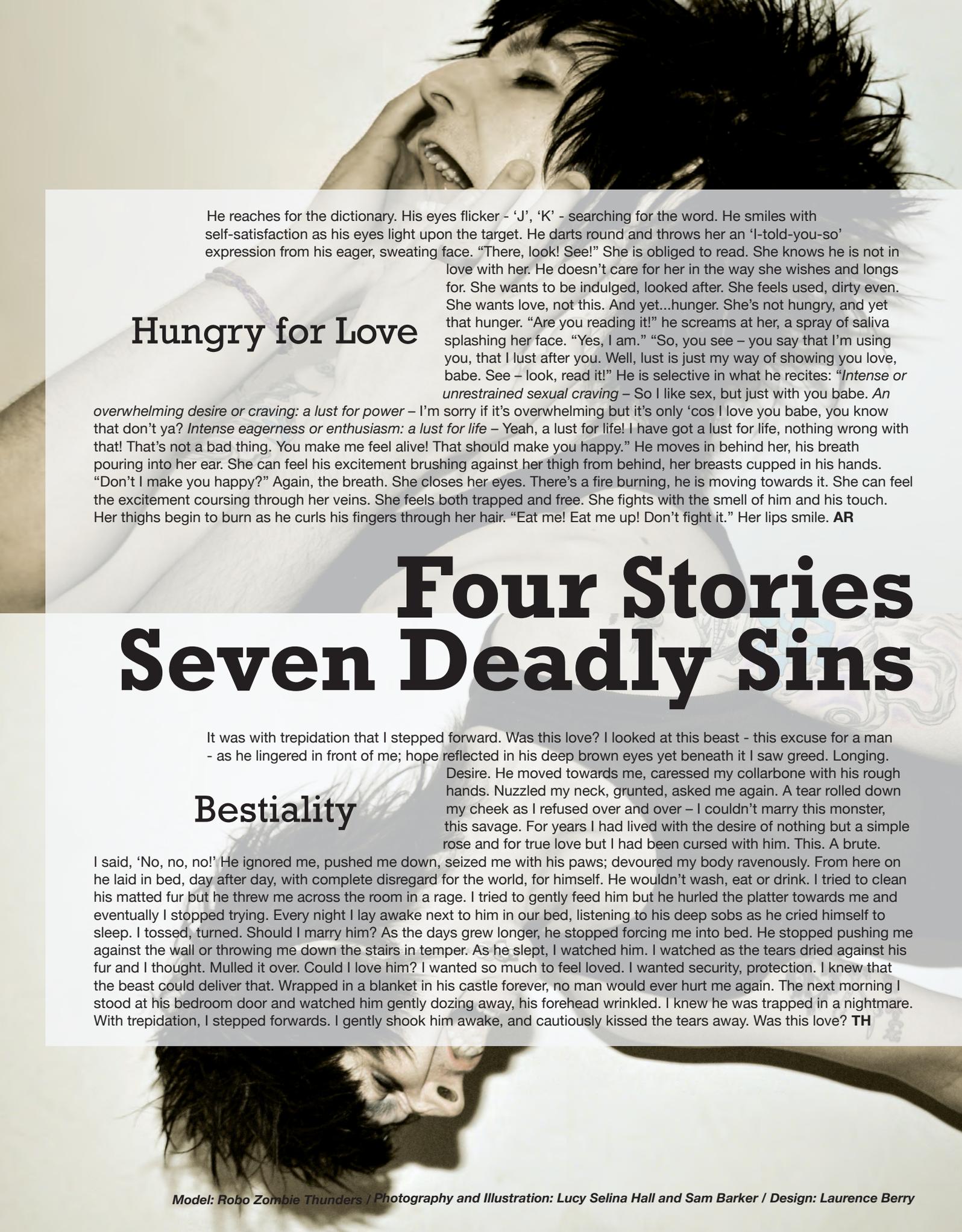
The 100+ volunteers who attended *MMaD 5* certainly showed their passion for mentoring, and amongst them there is a genuine belief that mentors in Suffolk can really make a big difference to the lives of those experiencing troubles, strife or stress. Maria Mason is quick to point out that the youthful vigour of *MMaD 5* not only signals a bright future for mentoring in Suffolk, but also shows that mentoring is producing fantastic results right now. "They are absolutely making a difference. It's not a case of 'can they' – we know they are making a difference, and there is all sorts of evidence out there to prove it. Mentoring is working as we speak, and it will keep on growing."

Mentoring in Suffolk is simply a fantastic volunteering opportunity. The smiles on the faces of those who attended *MMaD 5* were plain to see, and a testament to the reward that comes from giving your time to help others. If you feel that you have an ear to lend or wise words to pass on, then mentoring is very much for you!



If you would like to get involved in a mentoring project, contact the BeMMaD team on 01473 408062 or email info@bemmاد.co.uk





Hungry for Love

He reaches for the dictionary. His eyes flicker - 'J', 'K' - searching for the word. He smiles with self-satisfaction as his eyes light upon the target. He darts round and throws her an 'I-told-you-so' expression from his eager, sweating face. "There, look! See!" She is obliged to read. She knows he is not in love with her. He doesn't care for her in the way she wishes and longs for. She wants to be indulged, looked after. She feels used, dirty even. She wants love, not this. And yet...hunger. She's not hungry, and yet that hunger. "Are you reading it!" he screams at her, a spray of saliva splashing her face. "Yes, I am." "So, you see - you say that I'm using you, that I lust after you. Well, lust is just my way of showing you love, babe. See - look, read it!" He is selective in what he recites: "*Intense or unrestrained sexual craving* - So I like sex, but just with you babe. An

overwhelming desire or craving: a lust for power - I'm sorry if it's overwhelming but it's only 'cos I love you babe, you know that don't ya? *Intense eagerness or enthusiasm: a lust for life* - Yeah, a lust for life! I have got a lust for life, nothing wrong with that! That's not a bad thing. You make me feel alive! That should make you happy." He moves in behind her, his breath pouring into her ear. She can feel his excitement brushing against her thigh from behind, her breasts cupped in his hands. "Don't I make you happy?" Again, the breath. She closes her eyes. There's a fire burning, he is moving towards it. She can feel the excitement coursing through her veins. She feels both trapped and free. She fights with the smell of him and his touch. Her thighs begin to burn as he curls his fingers through her hair. "Eat me! Eat me up! Don't fight it." Her lips smile. **AR**

Four Stories Seven Deadly Sins

Bestiality

It was with trepidation that I stepped forward. Was this love? I looked at this beast - this excuse for a man - as he lingered in front of me; hope reflected in his deep brown eyes yet beneath it I saw greed. Longing.

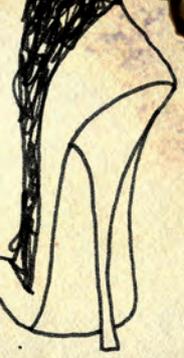
Desire. He moved towards me, caressed my collarbone with his rough hands. Nuzzled my neck, grunted, asked me again. A tear rolled down my cheek as I refused over and over - I couldn't marry this monster, this savage. For years I had lived with the desire of nothing but a simple rose and for true love but I had been cursed with him. This. A brute.

I said, 'No, no, no!' He ignored me, pushed me down, seized me with his paws; devoured my body ravenously. From here on he laid in bed, day after day, with complete disregard for the world, for himself. He wouldn't wash, eat or drink. I tried to clean his matted fur but he threw me across the room in a rage. I tried to gently feed him but he hurled the platter towards me and eventually I stopped trying. Every night I lay awake next to him in our bed, listening to his deep sobs as he cried himself to sleep. I tossed, turned. Should I marry him? As the days grew longer, he stopped forcing me into bed. He stopped pushing me against the wall or throwing me down the stairs in temper. As he slept, I watched him. I watched as the tears dried against his fur and I thought. Muller it over. Could I love him? I wanted so much to feel loved. I wanted security, protection. I knew that the beast could deliver that. Wrapped in a blanket in his castle forever, no man would ever hurt me again. The next morning I stood at his bedroom door and watched him gently dozing away, his forehead wrinkled. I knew he was trapped in a nightmare. With trepidation, I stepped forwards. I gently shook him awake, and cautiously kissed the tears away. Was this love? **TH**

Hand of the Artist - 6

margin, logarithm - 4

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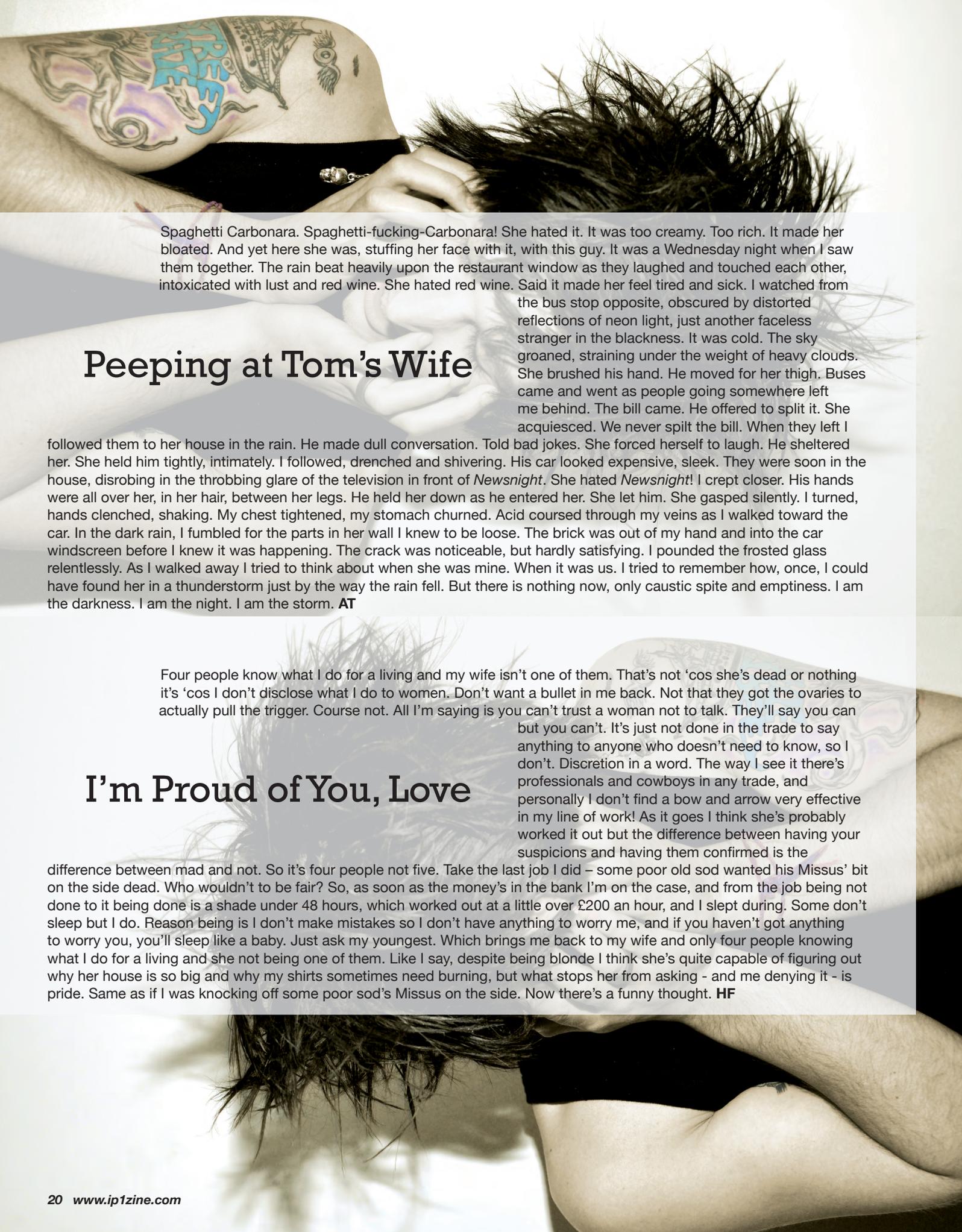


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Handwritten scribbles in red ink.







Spaghetti Carbonara. Spaghetti-fucking-Carbonara! She hated it. It was too creamy. Too rich. It made her bloated. And yet here she was, stuffing her face with it, with this guy. It was a Wednesday night when I saw them together. The rain beat heavily upon the restaurant window as they laughed and touched each other, intoxicated with lust and red wine. She hated red wine. Said it made her feel tired and sick. I watched from

Peeping at Tom's Wife

the bus stop opposite, obscured by distorted reflections of neon light, just another faceless stranger in the blackness. It was cold. The sky groaned, straining under the weight of heavy clouds. She brushed his hand. He moved for her thigh. Buses came and went as people going somewhere left me behind. The bill came. He offered to split it. She acquiesced. We never spilt the bill. When they left I followed them to her house in the rain. He made dull conversation. Told bad jokes. She forced herself to laugh. He sheltered her. She held him tightly, intimately. I followed, drenched and shivering. His car looked expensive, sleek. They were soon in the house, disrobing in the throbbing glare of the television in front of *Newsnight*. She hated *Newsnight*! I crept closer. His hands were all over her, in her hair, between her legs. He held her down as he entered her. She let him. She gasped silently. I turned, hands clenched, shaking. My chest tightened, my stomach churned. Acid coursed through my veins as I walked toward the car. In the dark rain, I fumbled for the parts in her wall I knew to be loose. The brick was out of my hand and into the car windscreen before I knew it was happening. The crack was noticeable, but hardly satisfying. I pounded the frosted glass relentlessly. As I walked away I tried to think about when she was mine. When it was us. I tried to remember how, once, I could have found her in a thunderstorm just by the way the rain fell. But there is nothing now, only caustic spite and emptiness. I am the darkness. I am the night. I am the storm. **AT**

Four people know what I do for a living and my wife isn't one of them. That's not 'cos she's dead or nothing it's 'cos I don't disclose what I do to women. Don't want a bullet in me back. Not that they got the ovaries to actually pull the trigger. Course not. All I'm saying is you can't trust a woman not to talk. They'll say you can

I'm Proud of You, Love

but you can't. It's just not done in the trade to say anything to anyone who doesn't need to know, so I don't. Discretion in a word. The way I see it there's professionals and cowboys in any trade, and personally I don't find a bow and arrow very effective in my line of work! As it goes I think she's probably worked it out but the difference between having your suspicions and having them confirmed is the difference between mad and not. So it's four people not five. Take the last job I did – some poor old sod wanted his Missus' bit on the side dead. Who wouldn't be fair? So, as soon as the money's in the bank I'm on the case, and from the job being not done to it being done is a shade under 48 hours, which worked out at a little over £200 an hour, and I slept during. Some don't sleep but I do. Reason being is I don't make mistakes so I don't have anything to worry me, and if you haven't got anything to worry you, you'll sleep like a baby. Just ask my youngest. Which brings me back to my wife and only four people knowing what I do for a living and she not being one of them. Like I say, despite being blonde I think she's quite capable of figuring out why her house is so big and why my shirts sometimes need burning, but what stops her from asking - and me denying it - is pride. Same as if I was knocking off some poor sod's Missus on the side. Now there's a funny thought. **HF**

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In Plain Clothes

Whether you're a hardened coke-peddling criminal or a little goody two-shoes, we've all come into contact with the police at one time or another.

But while British army troops are lauded as heroes for policing the streets of Afghanistan, our local officers and sergeants are often derided for keeping the peace back home.

So what is our problem with the police? And if their lot is all that bad, then why do young people keep on enrolling?

I put on my best plain clothes to do some interrogating...



The police are very much an opinion divider. Traditionally, local bobbies, particularly in a rural area like Suffolk, are viewed as friendly assets to the community. However, with modern day pressures on the police force to hit targets, it seems to many as if a wave and a smile from your local officer is a relic from a bygone era. Policing is more stressful and fast-paced than ever, and it appears that the change of emphasis has not gone unnoticed by the general public.

Many Suffolk residents feel that the police don't seem to have their priorities right, a view shared by Craig from Woodbridge. "They seem too tied up with their targets and dealing with 'easy' crime like speeding, littering etc. I think more and more are becoming target chasers rather than community-servers, as they should be."

But surely this isn't the fault of your everyday police officer? Aren't they just responding to orders from the top? "Sure" agrees Craig. "But the point is that it affects their mentality. If they're aiming to hit targets then every crime, every witness, every criminal – they all just become statistics. The personal touch seems to have gone."

Officers clearly have to develop a thick skin, particularly when patrolling the streets of towns and cities. However, the detachment and coldness of some bobbies is a concern for local young people. "I find the police generally helpful but also arrogant and detached from reality" says Sophie from Ipswich.

In many respects, the police simply can't win; they fight a losing battle against public perception every single day. In a society where complaining is something of a national pastime, we will always find something wrong with the service the police provide, with those who commit common crime on a regular basis being most vocal in their discontent. But what is more concerning is the growing dissatisfaction amongst the seemingly law-abiding middle classes. Elliott from Ipswich explains the problem: "Those who view themselves as law-abiding folk resent being fined for going 35mph in a 30 limit, when they perceive real crimes such as burglaries and muggings not being pursued with the same level of effort and attention."

“

IT ANGERS ME WHEN I SEE
FOUR POLICE OFFICERS
STANDING IN ONE PLACE
WITH A SPEED GUN –
WHAT'S THE POINT?

”

While there is nothing malicious about speeding, it can of course cost lives. But are traffic crimes taking up too much police time? Brett from Kesgrave, who is on the verge of entering the police force, believes that police time and resources are frittered away all too easily. "On *Police Interceptors* [Channel 5 reality cop show] the other week, they were chasing these two kids around a field – they were driving some dirt cross bikes. And they had a helicopter out after them and all these cars and what did they get? A warning! The money it's cost them for that helicopter to be out is just a fucking disgrace." Brett isn't alone in voicing such an opinion, with many members of the public left unimpressed by the way officers use their time. "It angers me when I see four police officers standing in one place with a speed gun – what's the point?" asks Craig.

For all the whinging, most sane-minded individuals would accept that without a police force, the streets of Suffolk would be awash with anarchy and chaos. But police officers receive no fanfare and little recognition, so why are young people in Suffolk continuing to apply for the force?

Brett insists that there is one particularly notable reason for young people to join the force: money. "The way things are [the recession] has probably forced me into a different career [the police]. Personally, it took for me to do another job to see the attraction in joining the police. Everyone knows about the good police pensions and the solid pay scale."

Brett recalls that during his training, a Sergeant informed him that no-one has ever been made [mandatorily] redundant from the police. With the economy struggling, that is a precious assurance.

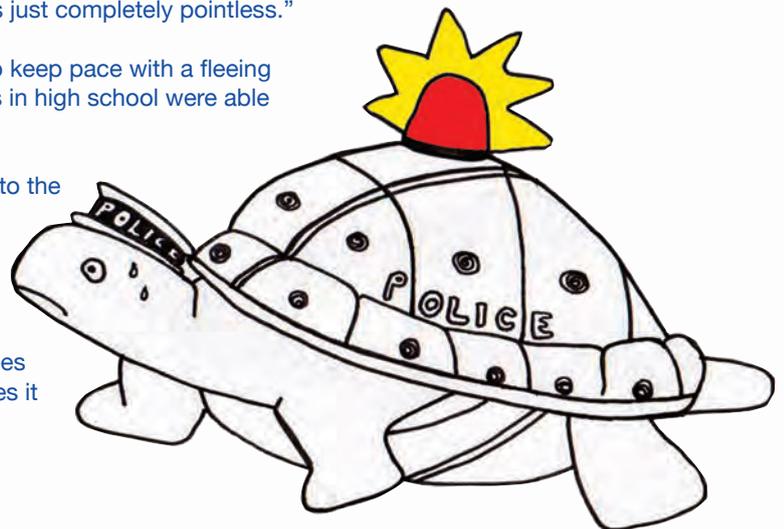
But does this make joining the police force something of a last resort? Are the latest wave of policemen and women interested in doing something for society, or are they simply after a solid wage? Fiona recently left the area to join London's Metropolitan Police due to a desire to "police the community". She believes that a new era of young police officers can only have a positive impact, no matter what their intentions. "I can only see it as a good thing as hopefully we would gain some more respect and trust from the younger generations if we represented all ages of the community in our police forces."

So as well as being well paid, what else makes policing an attractive proposition for young people? Chris, a Suffolk PC, believes that while there is still a dangerous element to the job, policing the streets is slowly becoming less of an intimidating task. "The job is probably physically safer these days. You're now less likely to be on your own somewhere dark and lonely coming up against serious head cases who just want to do harm."

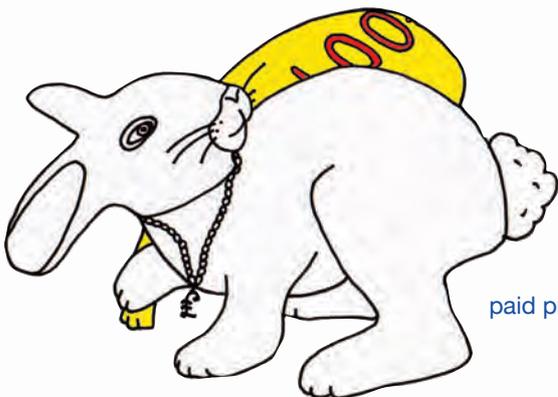
This is all well and good, but the application process is known for being a particularly drawn out affair. You'd think it safe to assume that the lengthy selection process would ensure that only the very best make the grade, but Brett believes the assessments are deeply flawed. "All the emphasis is put on your day one, which is all your major academic assessments, and that's not impossible but it's quite challenging. The rest of the assessments they do are basically just a joke though. The fitness test is level 5.4 on the bleep test and then you've got to push and pull 35kg, which is just completely pointless."

So, if you ever see an out-of-breath police officer struggling to keep pace with a fleeing criminal, you now know why. Even the most out-of-shape kids in high school were able to manage 5.4 on the bleep test.

In some respects then, if you can handle the wait, making it into the force isn't all that tough, particularly as you need no specific academic qualifications to apply. However, Brett is concerned that positive discrimination and quotas have made it easier for some than for others. "They give certain people a support day, where you go in for a day and you run through the entire assessment and they help you prepare. It's women with degrees and people from ethnic backgrounds who get invited – it makes it so much harder as a white male to get through."



While the aforementioned are fairly valid reasons to apply for the force, Suffolk PC Chris is keen to dispel one particular myth about he and his colleagues. "Contrary to popular belief, I didn't join because I was bullied as a youngster!" he asserts irritably. "That's what all the regulars believe. 'I bet you were bullied at school' they say. That's the only reason they can think of that someone might join the police instead of being 'normal' like them and drinking four cans of *Tennent's Super* while watching *Jeremy Kyle*." Sure, the police may not be the most popular paid professionals, but maybe the moral of this story is: if you can't beat them, join them.



Gully Regiment

Mixing various MCs, producers, crews and other contributors, Ipswich's Gully Regiment have come together from all over the place, a bit like in *Terminator 2* when all the liquid metal comes together to form Robert Patrick. While they may not want to terminate you, core members Slicer, Makker and King Mystro are nevertheless currently serving up an unrelenting feast of grime and garage. **Andrew Tipp** spoke to Mystro about his crew, whether the tabloids are right about knives and grime, how he feels about Princess Diana, and whether he prefers gangster movies to Disney fairytales.



AT: Hello King Mystro.

KM: Easy, mate.

AT: I've listened to some of your stuff. I particularly like *Get Down On It*, which has some nice beats over a great Jamaican steel drum hook, and *Karma* has a really cool old school hip-hop feel to it, with a funky Jurassic 5 type piano line....

KM: Well, thanks for liking it first off.

AT: No problem. There are elements of garage, hip-hop, grime and more in your music. Which do you feel most comfortable in? And do you each bring something different?

KM: All three of us have come from spitting over garage, like back in the day! And then we started off spitting over grime tracks. Then we thought we were better than just sticking to da same tempo...same type of tunes, so we started experimenting with a lot of other different types of tunes and different speeds.

AT: How long have you been around on the Ipswich scene? And what do you hope to make out of Gully Regiment? Is the idea to do it full-time and make money out of music? Or is it just a passion project?

KM: We've all been around for quite a bit, like anyone involved in

da scene round Ips' will know about us; we all came from different crews from back in the day. Slice was with Dungeon, who were one of the biggest at da time, I was with Xplosive and Makker was with Hood Patrol. We all just kinda came together naturally, really. And as for the money – we've made a few pennies along the way, mainly from CDs, but it's hard out here. There are only a few MCs in the whole scene who make any mentionable money and they are almost all in London and have backing. Out here it's all graft so we just have to be happy that people hear and like our music first off, otherwise there would be no point.

AT: What axe do you like to grind – Social stuff? Girls? Politics?

KM: There's the party/girly tunes like *Get Down On It* for people to dance to. Then there's the deeper stuff too coz we're not just any dumb road youts who don't know what's going on around us! Granted, Ipswich ain't the worst place to grow up but there is a lot of things we've seen and been around, and we try and portray a lot of that in our music.

AT: What do you think of the national grime/garage scene? Who should I be listening to?

KM: Obviously there's da best ones like Wiley, Skepta - GHETTO! – who's probably my favourite MC, to be fair. My boy Makker is



someone you need to watch out for. He puts in a lot of work, he's got a couple of CDs about to drop soon. I'll make sure you get a listen.

AT: Thanks. Have you seen that actor Joaquin Phoenix has apparently given up acting to be a hip-hop MC?

KM: Ahh, no way!

AT: Do you think actors should stay out of music?

KM: He should, yeah. I suppose if he's got something to say then, yeah, let him carry on I guess, but if he's just gonna come out with all dat, 'I'm rich, I got 10 yachts' rubbish then he needs to stick to his movie set!

AT: Are you into movies?

KM: Yeah, I'm a big movie fan to be fair. I like my English films, innit?

AT: There's the old cliché that hip-hop/garage/grime musicians are into gangster films. True?

KM: Hmm, yeah well I wouldn't say it's just grime musicians or whatever but the type of people who I know and chill with and have grown up around – obviously we're into them kinda movies! It's often a lot that you can relate to, or if it's all the high rolling type movies then that's what a lot of people like to aspire to, even if that does sound a bit bad.

AT: So... *Scarface* or *Goodfellas*?

KM: Haha, *Scarface*! I like *Goodfellas* – it's up there – but *Scarface* is like top three, innit? In everyone's pile as well, not just mine?

AT: What about *Enchanted*? Seen it?

KM: You know what? I have, haha! My niece had it on before.

AT: It's classic Disney, and Amy Adams is lovely.

KM: Yeah, I like bits of it anyway. I weren't really paying much

attention, to be fair!

AT: Seriously, she's properly lovely.

KM: Yeah, I've seen it, man.

AT: Well, watch it again! Pretending to be the tabloid press for a minute, is a lot of violent crime, e.g. knife crime, influenced by urban music?

KM: No, no, no, no, no, no.

AT: It's a complex situation, right?

KM: It's the other way around; the crime and the drugs and all the bad stuff in the world that a lot of people have to see and put up with, is what influences a lot of music. It's never the other way around. That is such a stupid thing for apparently intelligent people to say.

AT: Are people who blame movies and music wholesale for violence just looking for an easy target?

KM: Well, it's not the music or the movies if you know what I mean – it's reality! A lot of reality is portrayed in music and films, that's what these people should be looking at...not just that these people are saying shoot someone or they've got a gun; so all these other people wanna go get a gun and shoot somebody. It was about way before the music, man.

AT: Right on. We're doing an article on T-shirts. What looks good on the discerning gentleman's tee?

KM: A Newcastle United badge, haha.

AT: Football fan? The 'Toon'?

KM: Yeahhh – no Canaries or red 'n' white stripes.

AT: You're a Geordie, like PJ and Duncan like?

KM: My mum's a Geordie.

AT: Like Spuggy?

KM: Yeah.

AT: You like different music genres, right?

KM: Yup.

AT: Marvin Gaye or Al Green?

KM: Big Al. I got a tune with a sample of his in, actually.

AT: Muse or Radiohead?

KM: Over my head...

AT: Fair enough. Prince or Michael Jackson?

KM: Michael Jackson, easy.

AT: Lady Sovereign or Lady Diana?

KM: Lady Diana every time – dat Sovereign chick, she's waste!

AT: The Daily Express salutes you, sir! Blimey. Well, I've enjoyed chatting to you, King Mystro. Last question: If I google Gully Regiment in three years what will I find?

KM: A lot of music I hope...and plenty of T-shirts, haha. And a news story saying how three lads from IP1 made it to the top of the charts!

AT: You never know...

www.ip1zine.com/showoff/profile/198



EXPOSE

Yourself

You keep receipts because they come in handy for jotting down flashes of inspiration; you have RSI from hours of feverish typing; and if J.K. Rowling comes up in conversation you immediately respond by saying, 'Bet I could write the next Harry Potter.' You want to live by your pen, but what makes you think you can do it? Reading this article won't guarantee everything you write will turn to gold, but it is going to expose you to some practical advice direct from people in the know, on what you can do to improve your skills and get your work noticed.

Exercise Your Writing Muscles

That's the metaphor writers use when they want to tell you to get off your arse. Laura Stimson, Live Literature Coordinator for New Writing Live (www.newwritinglive.org) and creative writing postgraduate student, describes the reasoning behind it: "Put simply, the more you write the better you get; the more you understand what works and what doesn't, the more you allow yourself time to experiment and make mistakes." Fitting in time to write can be difficult, but Laura recommends that you "work around your own schedule. If Sunday morning is your only free time then start setting it aside for writing time. Be strict with yourself." Michael Laskey, poet and editor of Smiths Knoll poetry magazine says, "All you need is a love of writing. The satisfaction has to be in doing it." If you get a kick out of writing, you won't need an excuse.

Join Forces

Hammering out words can be a solitary occupation, but making the effort to meet others in the same boat could breathe new life into your work. "Going to a creative writing class is a very good start because it makes you write and you get feedback from the tutor and all your fellow students, and ideas to work from," says Peppy Barlow, a playwright who teaches creative writing at the Ipswich Institute. "There are all sorts of basic tips about how to write, and if you want to write for money you need to know the tricks of the trade – the techniques for various forms of writing." Reading out your work can also be a revelation. Michael Laskey says, "Do open mic nights. You can feel the audience reacting, you hear them respond. It's immediate feedback."

Approach an Agent or Publisher

Nathan Hamilton, poet and editor of Egg Box Publishing says, "Do

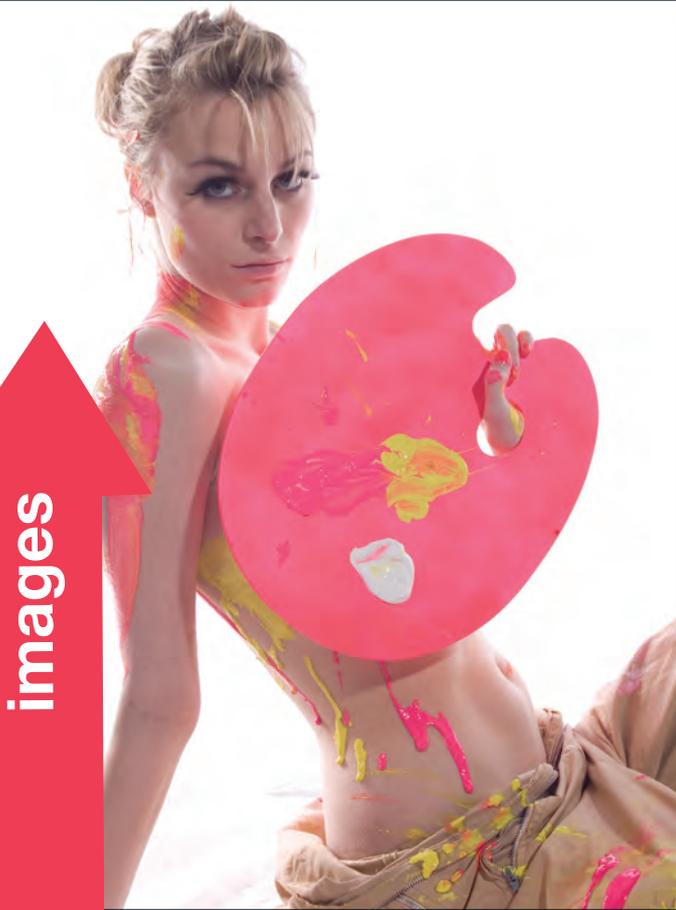
your research. Find an individual agent or publishing house that is relevant to what you write. It is no good sending your sci-fi horror novel to an agent who specialises in children's literature, for example. Is there a writer you admire, or to whom you are similar in approach, style or tone? If so, who is their agency or publisher? They could be sympathetic to your work. Once you have found the place, find out who would be best to get your manuscript in front of and send it to them, not 'the commissioning department' or 'the editor'. These people have so much to read, the last thing you want to do is give them an excuse to drop your manuscript in the bin! Check the submission guidelines too."

Show-off Online

While you're waiting for your collection of essays to be rescued from the slush pile, why not harness the power of the Net? Laura Stimson says, "Blogging is a great place to start; it's a free, easy way of putting your thoughts down. There are also a number of online writing forums, so find one you like. Both IP1's ShowOff (www.ip1zine.com/showoff) and ABC Tales (www.abctales.com) are brilliant places to start." Tony Cook, Chief Executive of ABC Tales says, "If writers only show friends and family their work, they'll just get the response - 'oh, that's great!' – which isn't helpful. At ABC Tales writers can get genuine constructive criticism from other people in the same situation as them. The whole atmosphere is encouraging and empowering. It's a massive community where people can meet others who think in the same way as them and write in the same genre. It's not the whole picture, but it's an important part of it."

Spread Your Word

Michael Laskey says, "I don't think being a self-promoter helps. It's a load of bollocks. It's a publisher's job to promote. I don't think poets have time for that." In an ideal world, perhaps all good poets, novelists and playwrights would have access to people willing to champion them. But until that world materialises, you'll have to dirty your hands to get your work noticed. Get your scribbles out there by entering competitions and sending articles, short stories or poems to magazines, newspapers and journals. As Nathan Hamilton says, this kind of thing "is important for getting noticed and building a reputation – you have to be in it to win it."



images



music

www.ip1zine.com/showoff



writing



film

Last Choice

"Then I saw them. A pair of size 8 *Little Miss Chatterbox* knickers, just like—
They were mine!"

Holidays are meant to be idyllic fun, but when Jemma booked one for 90 quid it was more than her knickers that got in a twist!

It all started to go wrong the moment we arrived at that Spanish airport. Even within the aromatic blend of fast food, BO and industrial floor polish, I could smell trouble.

"Jemma, where's your case? We've been waiting ages!"

The vacant luggage belt slowly laboured round, showing nothing but a pushchair and unclaimed Burberry holdall. Becoming impatient, I looked around to make a complaint. Then I saw them. A pair of size 8 *Little Miss Chatterbox* knickers, just like—
They were mine!

Mortified, I snatched them up before noticing the parade of my intimates that followed: girl boxers, lacy thongs, and slinky French-cut pieces all screamed for attention from my fellow passengers.

It wasn't long before the grand finale of my split case came tumbling in, hurling its content in various directions. Shit.

Being a typical girl, I'd taken hours indulging in the sequence of pack, unpack, decide-again-what-to-pack, take-out-stuff-not-to-pack, try-to-shut-case, etc. Yet, all my effort had quite evidently been wasted.

And so I spent my first hour on the island of Majorca sitting atop a pile of clothes crying. My friends tried to help out but we could only get so far with our beginner's holiday Spanish and the most assistance

we got was a roll of duct tape from a lady selling miniature bulls in the Duty Free. To round it all off, the coach had departed after being far too impatient to hang around waiting for me to reconstruct my case. That was our transfer - the vital one First Choice had promised us - and our hotel was three hours away. As the thought of walking set in, the tears got worse. I quickly dissolved into hysterics.

Fortunately, it was my hysteria that rescued us from a week stuck in Arrivals. The holiday company had no other choice but to look after us, and we were jammed in a sweaty mini-bus with 20 German tourists simultaneously crooning what could only have been the holiday company's jingle. Surreal. After an arduous journey involving a one-and-a-half-hour detour to drop off our companions, 'Genießen Sie die Sonne mit Feiertagen, die vieler Spaß sind!' (Enjoy the sunny holidays which are lots of fun!) was drilled deep into my consciousness.

The mood was bleak as we arrived at Su Tropical (the 'n' was missing and did not look like it was going to be replaced any time soon.) Aesthetically, there was no problem with the room: four single beds, a small kitchen area, and a bathroom. There was even a TV. But the smell...the smell was indescribable. It was like death. In a sewer.

The first couple of days were spent avoiding surfaces and refusing to eat. However, by day three we had all given-in to the deep-fat fried buffet and bargain cocktails that the hotel served. Aside

from potential heart failure, the buffet was nothing to worry about - it was the ridiculous amount of alcohol in the drinks that proved lethal. A few *Fishbowls* down and we had successfully managed to get to the brink of being paralytic for less than £8.

Under the influence, a game of hide and seek became the best idea ever - running up and down the stairs, playing in the lifts and exploring the basements.

The basements were an adventure I now regret. Using a mobile phone screen as the only source of light, I tumbled 360 degrees over a crate of Pepsi cans, landing in a mass pile of rodent poo. Then I caught sight of the creatures themselves - pointy little noses and malicious eyes - I was compelled to be sick, but alas in my sodden state I had no motivation to move. I was stuck. Under a pile of cans, face first in rat crap and my own vomit. And to top it all off - my phone had run out of battery.

And so the week went on and not a lot improved. Each of the seven days brought its own catastrophe with all of us proceeding to be ill, get lost and run out of money. But the anguish eventually came to an end, and after several near-death experiences (hotel kitchen fire / being violently pushed into the pool backwards / almost getting hit by a quad bike etc), we arrived back in Stansted in one piece.

Watching the luggage belt, I caught sight of the remainder of my case and swore to myself I would never book another holiday for less than £100 again.

FOOTBALL UND BIER



the canvas, blah, blah...

The Germans, on the other hand, just replied with the typical things: Brits are nice, drink tea, drive on the left side of the road and have the Queen...and eat fish and chips.

I found these answers very unsatisfying so I asked the two most sarcastic Germans I know about the English. They proved that not all Germans are serious: "English are red-haired or gay" said Sylvia at once. 'The Conservative party never went beyond the 80s', 'The Bush-suppository'

in the Second World War, doesn't seem to have much effect on young people. There was just one comment on this subject: 'I think there is still an element of hostility between English and German people about the war, although I personally think that's stupid.'

Our generation is leaving old traditions and hang-ups about the past behind. We should try to make the best of our future as we grow into an international community and enjoy intercultural exchanges.

All cultural stereotypes are good for a laugh

THE ENGLISH ARE RED-HAIRED OR GAY AND GERMANS ARE DIRECT AND HUMOURLESS

I asked my English and German friends what they thought of each other. The answers were quite revealing.

The English knew more about us [Germans] than I thought – at least the ones I asked did. My German friends just gave general answers and used stereotypes. I thought it would be the other way round.

The English think that Germans are hardworking, direct and serious. That we are good at engineering, don't understand sarcasm, and take art very seriously.

That's all true: German people seem to love their work more than their families. They get to the point quickly (sometimes even abruptly), and take life much more seriously than you.

And the point about taking art very seriously – that's the reason why Germans don't understand irony or sarcasm in art and why they interpret artworks in unnecessary detail.

Germans can't just say a painting is great. They have to see parabolas, which stand for eternity, in everything. So the artist representing the circle of life through his sculpture or his eternal soul is laid bare on

and 'Set Ireland free' were some of their political comments. That and 'Yorkshire Pudding is made of meat.'

Ok, so the Germans have no idea about English food, but they at least know something more about British politics than just 'Brown is their Prime Minister.' (The English don't seem to know much about German politics. All they gave me was Angela Merkel and one person knew that Germany is a Democratic Republic.)

But I wasn't just looking for differences, I also wanted to discover what similarities the English and Germans have. And there are two big ones, which belong together: We all love watching 22 men chasing a ball while drinking our favourite drink – football and beer.

Saturdays in Ipswich and Dortmund are the same: thousands of fans making the pilgrimage to their stadiums – oceans of blue-and-white or black-and-yellow fellows drinking even bigger oceans of beer while cheering their team. It's something that's both typically English and typically German.

To sum up; the old vendetta, which people say dominates the relationship between our nations because of the happenings

but don't seem to have a real effect on our views. All our crankiness makes us amiable and fascinating.

But if you ask me you are the more likable people.





MY NAME IS FIONA AND I CAN SWIM



After reaching the giddy heights of my 50m swimming badge back in 1999, I have spent the last decade avoiding anything more than a bit of paddling and the occasional water-fight. But a month ago I finally decided that not being able to swim would no longer do. I was going to tackle this head on, boost my self-confidence, get toned, buy a bikini and perhaps turn into Rebecca Adlington. I was going to book swimming lessons.

Lesson one: vanity has no place in a swimming pool, at least not in Ipswich. As I struggled into my fifth swimsuit in as many minutes, I realised finding one that didn't either cut my legs in half or optimistically 'support' my clearly inadequate figure with enough padding to make Jordan blush, would be difficult at best. Sacrificing a beautiful polka dot Topshop bikini on the grounds of potential indecency, I instead settled for a practical navy Speedo and a healthy dose of denial.

Perhaps it was the strength of the Lycra, but by the time I arrived at Fore Street for my first lesson, I felt like I had reverted back to a nervous nine-year-old still struggling to doggy paddle.

Hit by a wave of chlorine, I was once again in a damp changing room – hair caught in the vicious snap of my hat elastic. I tried to ignore the loud splashes of the Super Kids in the class before mine. Alien-like in matching hats and goggles, they raced from one end of the pool to the other without a second thought. The instructor's voice rang out above the noise, rasping and high-pitched, distorted by the water. I hurried into a cubicle and hastily shut the door. Safely inside, I tried to conquer my nerves, reminding myself that I was 22-years-old, and that no one was going to yell 'Keep the froggy up' as I floundered on my back in a fetching frog swimsuit.

Apparently, most of the other swimmers would be older, and that was fine. I was quite content to learn a leisurely breaststroke with my new friends Barbara and Brenda. Grandchildren, flower arranging, even the menopause. Absolutely fine. After a year of temping, I'd got those down to a fine art.

So, as I edged gingerly out of the changing room, I was looking for an array of M&S swimsuits, with earrings and a dash

of lipstick. I was less prepared for a Graham. And a Wesley. A Graham and a Wesley for whom 60 was, I think, a distant memory. I introduced myself, feeling distinctly young and, well, female. "Nice to meet you Veronica", Graham boomed. "Fiona", I corrected. "Pardon dear?" I gave up, smiled, and asked him about his grandchildren.

We slipped into the shallow end and Chris, our instructor, asked us to do a couple of widths to show off our 'skills'. After one width of problem-free backstroke, I was feeling confident. I knew the basics. I could kick, and vaguely wave my arms about, and even put my head under the water.

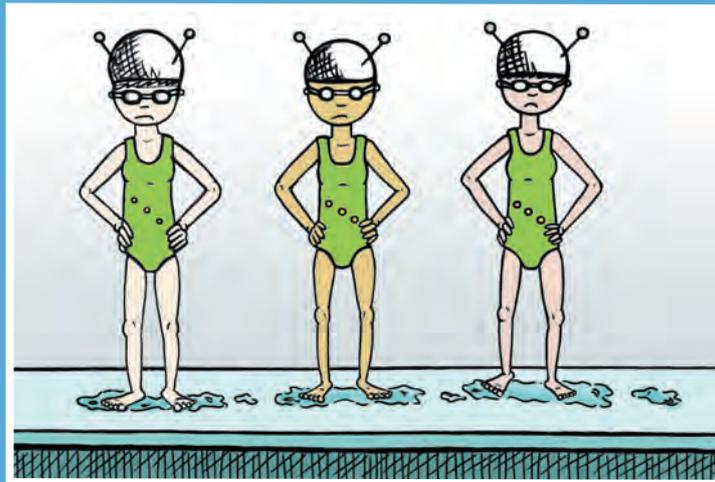
Unfortunately though, I couldn't quite cope with breathing. One of the few skills that I thought even I surely couldn't lose, it nevertheless abandoned me halfway across my second width. The effort of coordinating my arms with my legs whilst convincing myself that I wasn't going to drown, meant I simply forgot to breathe. Chris smiled, and I realised I might need eight lessons after all.

By week three, I had learnt how to breathe. Equipped with a pair of goggles, I may have resembled the frog on my year two swimsuit, but at least I was happy. I could open my eyes, Graham had paid me the highest of compliments ('do you work

for BT?') and I still hadn't had to use the floats arrayed by the side of the pool.

That was until we started on the breaststroke. Even in my heady 50m days I struggled with it; circling my arms and hoping no one was paying too much attention to my feet. But today, we'd be tackling those frog legs. Try as I might, I couldn't make my legs follow Chris' neat circles, and I ended up sinking. More accurately, sinking backwards. I stopped. Then Graham came up beside me with a stately breaststroke. "Come on Veronica!" And I did something I had never done in a school swimming lesson – I got the giggles. He shouted again: "You can do it, Veronica!"

I adjusted my goggles. I snapped my Lycra. I took a deep breath, and I did.



REVIEWS



Obsolete?
National Museum of Computing, Bletchley Park,
March 20 - 21, 2009
www.pixelh8.co.uk

Matthew Applegate a.k.a Pixelh8 is a renowned chiptune artist hailing from Ipswich, who recently took on the challenge of creating an engaging musical composition entitled *Obsolete?* using old-school computing machinery that many deem to be totally outdated. Here, Matt recounts his experiences.

In my everyday life I reprogram vintage computers circa 1980 to 1994 to make music. I was very fortunate to be given the opportunity to work with some of the oldest and rarest computers in the world at the National Museum of Computing, Bletchley Park – the WWII code-breaking centre.

The overall aim of the piece was to question whether or not people could be entertained and engaged by machines that have been discarded and outmoded and are generally considered to be obsolete. This forms a large part of my ethos as a designer, a musician and a software engineer, and it was an excellent project to be involved in.

My role was to give the machines and the museum a voice by piecing together several mini-narratives, which eventually formed 12 short pieces of music. The pieces travelled through the history of concepts such as mathematics, logic and code-breaking audibly as well as visually. I used Morse code based rhythms, which were overlaid to encipher rhythms, Baudot coding sequences that were randomly generated visually, and even made different micro computers work together to form musical harmonies.

I couldn't possibly say if the project was good or bad in terms of the audience perception or success as a whole, but it was good for me as a musician and was a wonderful opportunity to work with these machines and the dedicated volunteers at the historic National Museum of Computing. It has now made me think even more about the machines that we already have and what we could do with them if we put our minds to it.

The only downside to a project like this is the question that follows it – 'What next?' How can I possibly top this in terms of my work as a chiptune musician? I am not sure, but I am sure I will think of something! **MA**



Alice Letman
ShowOff, Photography
www.ip1zine.com/showoff/profile/51

When browsing through the photography on Alice's profile, I found myself trying to imagine the story behind the masks. Refreshing simplicity stamps her work with an ambiguity that leaves many of your questions unanswered, giving her photographs an endearing feeling of mystery. Her Holga photos and exam pieces in particular

convey this concept, creating the desired effect of an element of surrealism through the use of a black and white 120 Holga film, which adds a superbly grainy and distorted effect to the edges of the photos. The trend continues in Alice's other work on her ShowOff profile as she uses bold and striking imagery but leaves the story behind the photo to the imagination. Each image has clearly been well thought through and her use of lighting and composition creates a unique mood in each of her remarkable pieces. **AS**



Suffolk Soundwaves Album Launch Party
Seckford Theatre, Woodbridge; April 4, 2009
www.myspace.com/suffolksoundwaves

What's the best way to host the album launch party for Sounds of the East Coast II – an album showing off the musical talent in Suffolk? A battle of the bands of course!

The musical merriment was held at the swanky Seckford Theatre in Woodbridge School, providing something of a homecoming for headliners The Cheek (formerly Cheeky Cheeky and the Nosebleeds) as ex-students at the school. All the bands playing on the night had battled it out over recent months for a place on the illustrious album. So, everyone's a winner, right? Wrong. A BOTB is a competition after all.

The first band onto the stage was 4-piece Axis. The first slot is always the hardest to fill but they made their mark with strong guitar riffs and powerful lyrics. Second band Mainstream Daydream made a statement not only with their pop-rock sound and matching attitude but also with singer Tommy Jonson's interesting choice of clothing. 3-piece Fick as Fieves brought an air of funk and soul to the night with their fun and fantastic music, with Hey Zuuz following suit with

Reb Capper
ShowOff, Music
www.ip1zine.com/showoff/profile/116

Reb Capper is a singer/songwriter based in Suffolk. Her first song *Focus* is a glimpse into a scene of unrequited love played out in a wistful Hispanic melancholy; the flamenco style guitars are played with an incredible lightness of touch and subtlety, this complements the vocal



an acoustic set which was a change from anything else heard on the night. Their unbelievable female vocals, soft guitar and drum rhythms created a much appreciated, feel-good set.

Next up, singer/songwriter Bernadette provided the audience with sweet melodies and meaningful lyrics. Her vocals - a refined combination of Lily Allen's style and Alicia Keys' soul - brought a sweet breath of fresh air to the evening. Containz Nutz followed with a rock-filled set and Silk and Steel then impressed with their 80's inspired metal which made leather, big hair and cowboy boots cool again! The Dirty Shockwaves proved the perfect teen indie band of the night complete with an energetic set and unique vocals from frontman Tom.

Talented teen and overall winner Ed Sheeran, literally a one-man-band, impressed the audience with amazing lyrics and diverse vocals, captivating the crowd the minute his set began.

Finally, headliners The Cheek brought a real vigour to their set, complete with guitar solos designed to impress. They certainly proved what real music is built from – talent, attitude and one hell of a lot of energy! **KW**

narrative and melody perfectly. Reb Capper's folk influence is more manifest on second track *Sunshine For You*. This song drifts from an intro of bird song, chimes and brilliantly layered vocals into a song that experiments with Floydian guitars and even broken beats. It's eclectic and at times beguiling. Reb's songwriting talent is clearly evident on both tracks but it is her vocals that really impress; putting her a cut above the local crop of female solo artists. **JK**





Wilco – DVD Destruction
ShowOff, Film
www.ip1zine.com/showoff/profile/197

Some of you may have snapped a disappointing DVD in half; others may have thrown the offending object out of your window like a Frisbee. However, either method pails in comparison with the efforts of filmmakers Nick and Tom, who demonstrate three rather novel and amusing ways of destroying old DVDs in their short film *DVD Destruction*. While the

concept is fairly straightforward, Nick and Tom show an acute eye for detail and often it is the fine nuances of their idea that draw a smile to your face. The dire 1998 film *Lost in Space* becomes 'lost at sea' as it floats away on a shoe box vessel, while *Flight 93* floats away fastened to a clutch of colourful helium balloons. Lastly, as a grand finale, the pair shoot distinctly average war film *Saints & Soldiers* to smithereens. It's damn funny stuff, although it would be deeply unprofessional of me to recommend that you try it at home. But if you do, make sure you film it! **NW**

From 15 Stories High
Underline The Sky
www.ip1zine.com/showoff/profile/244

Pop punk from across the pond tends to dominate the iPods of Ipswich's fringed and pierced individuals. Quite why British bands have never really managed to corner the market in this most catchy of genres is up for debate, but *Underline The Sky's* infectious tunes are starting to infiltrate the Ipswich scene. In vocalist

Bronwyn Cooper, they possess a great front, with her unique voice breathing life into guitar work that is occasionally a little uninspiring. As a combination, it undoubtedly works though, with the lively drum bashing of Tom Hicks lending a real sense of momentum to UTS's choruses. The end result is a catchy sound that sits somewhere in between Boston's *Boys Like Girls* and the more recent offerings of veteran pop-punkers *New Found Glory*, which in this reviewer's opinion, can only be a good thing! **NW**

Bass Piratez
ShowOff, Music
www.ip1zine.com/showoff/profile/204

Like every good pirate, Matt Pope knows how to pillage from the wealthy of the high musical seas in order to boast a collection of cool, revamped tunes, that he can pass off as his own. Has he really improved them, though? This is the main question that hovers over my lips while I'm listening to his happy hardcore

remixes of songs such as Baby Alice's *Pina Colada Boy*. Sure, it's fun novelty pop, but that was the case even before it was 'Bass Pirated'. My belief is that Matt is a talented young man. He has mastered and produced these remixes well. However, he hasn't brought much originality to the songs. He'll put this right though, and when he starts playing locally I'm sure he will pull a crowd. After all, who can resist happy dance music in the summer? I know I can't – let's go to the disco! **LK**

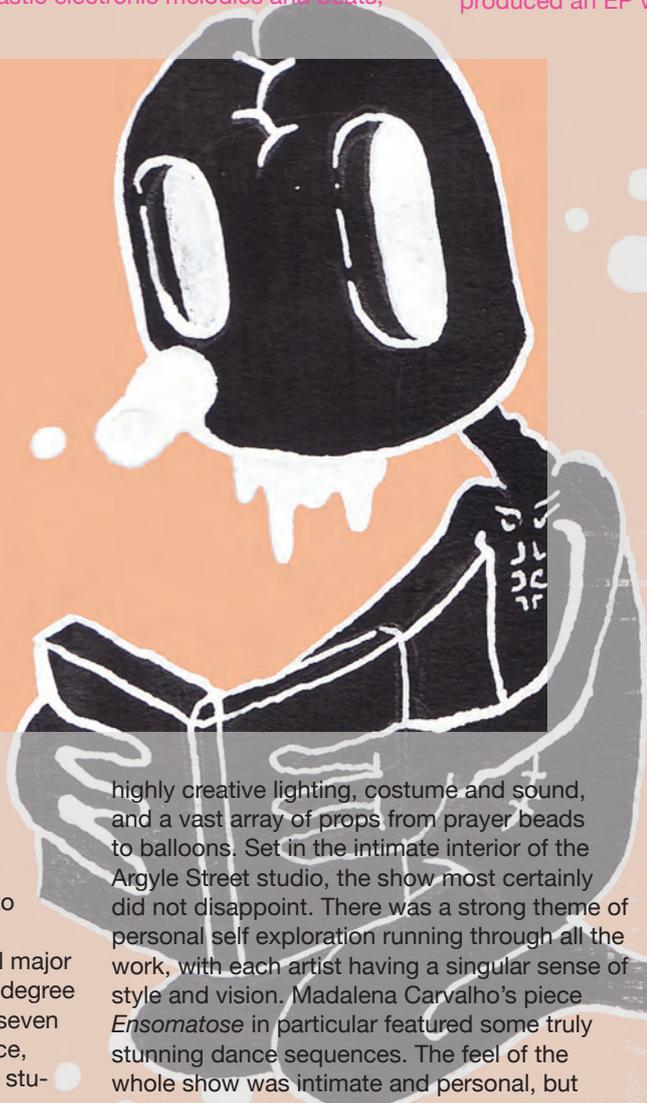




A Dream In Motion
Lightforce
www.ip1zine.com/showoff/profile/218

If you thought Ipswich wasn't big enough for two renowned chiptune artists, let alone three, then you better shift up and make some space, because Lightforce is here to crash the electronic party. Following up his debut EP *Our Little Adventure*, Danny Hall has produced a little gem with his latest mini-album *A Dream In Motion*. The five track EP bounds with enthusiastic electronic melodies and beats,

no more so than in lead track *Aerostars*. The opener immediately alludes to Lightforce's astrological theme, weaving euphoric imagery with its crescendos and refrains. Track three, *Lunar 100*, is an altogether dirtier, darker and deeper proposition and demonstrates the vast range of moods that can be generated purely through the pinging and whirring of electronic beats. Hall's flirtation with all things astrological gives the EP a sense of purpose, and by combining the simplicity of chiptune with a trance/electronica vibe, he has produced an EP well worthy of acclaim. **NW**



Exit.Stage.Left.
Argyle Street Studio, Ipswich
www.ucs.ac.uk

Love, sexuality, self - what does it mean to exist? Many questions were creatively interpreted and realised at this year's final major show from the third year Performing Arts degree students at UCS. The show was a set of seven performance installations combining dance, song and spoken word. What's more, the students experimented with video installation panels projected onto screens,

highly creative lighting, costume and sound, and a vast array of props from prayer beads to balloons. Set in the intimate interior of the Argyle Street studio, the show most certainly did not disappoint. There was a strong theme of personal self exploration running through all the work, with each artist having a singular sense of style and vision. Madalena Carvalho's piece *Ensomatose* in particular featured some truly stunning dance sequences. The feel of the whole show was intimate and personal, but highly polished and convincing – a real triumph.

IB



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



Chlamydia screening and treatment is available free of charge to all sexually active young people aged 16-25 who are registered with a GP. The programme is confidential and provided by trained nurses. The programme is funded by Suffolk PCT as part of the National Chlamydia Screening Programme. © Suffolk PCT 2006 All Rights Reserved. Designed by SSSC(NHS) 2006

suffolk
LOCAL AREA AGREEMENT

NHS

Suffolk
Primary Care Trust

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

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