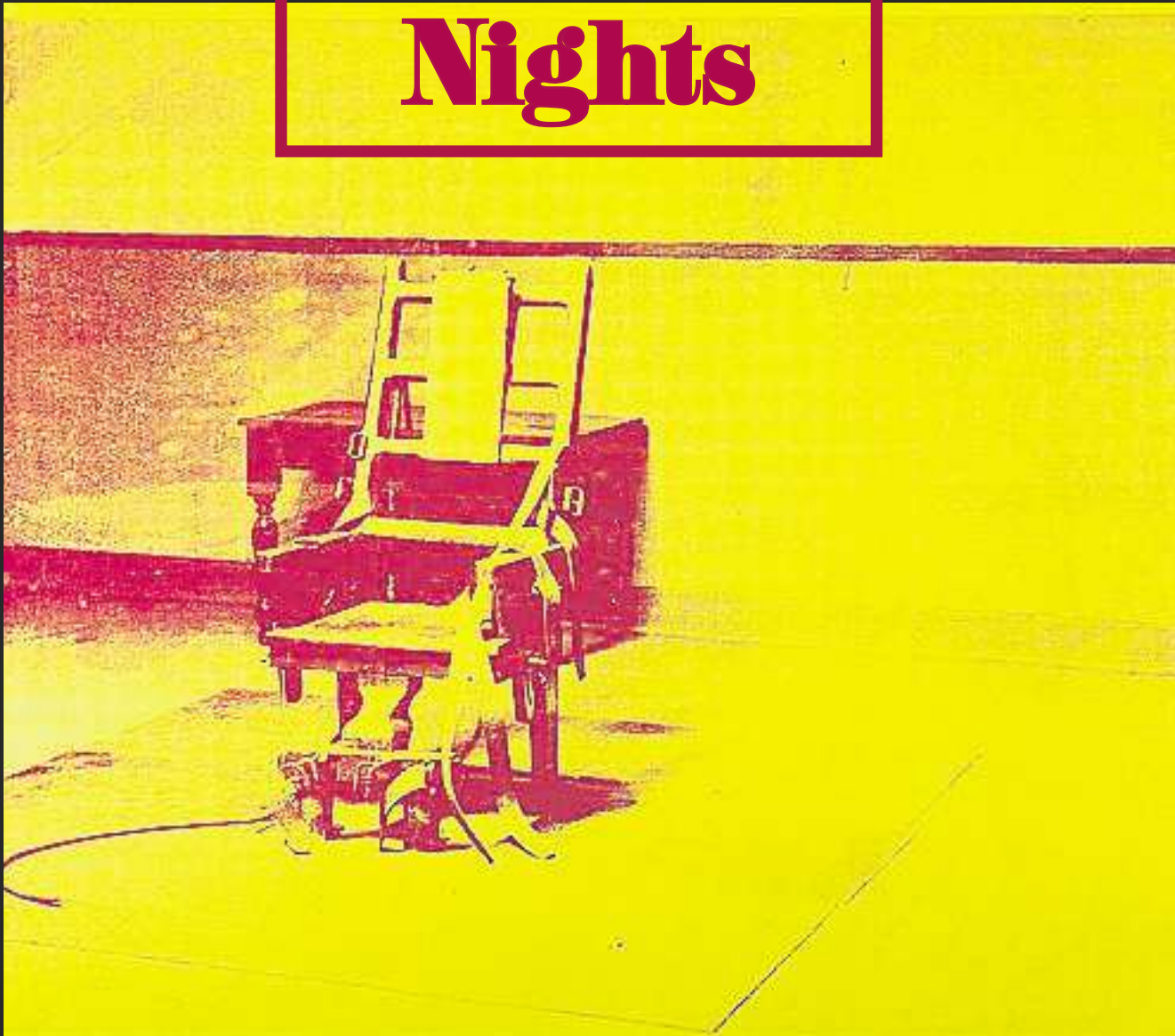


In The Middle

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Electric Nights



Music • Clubs • Fashion • Arts • Lifestyle and Culture • Society

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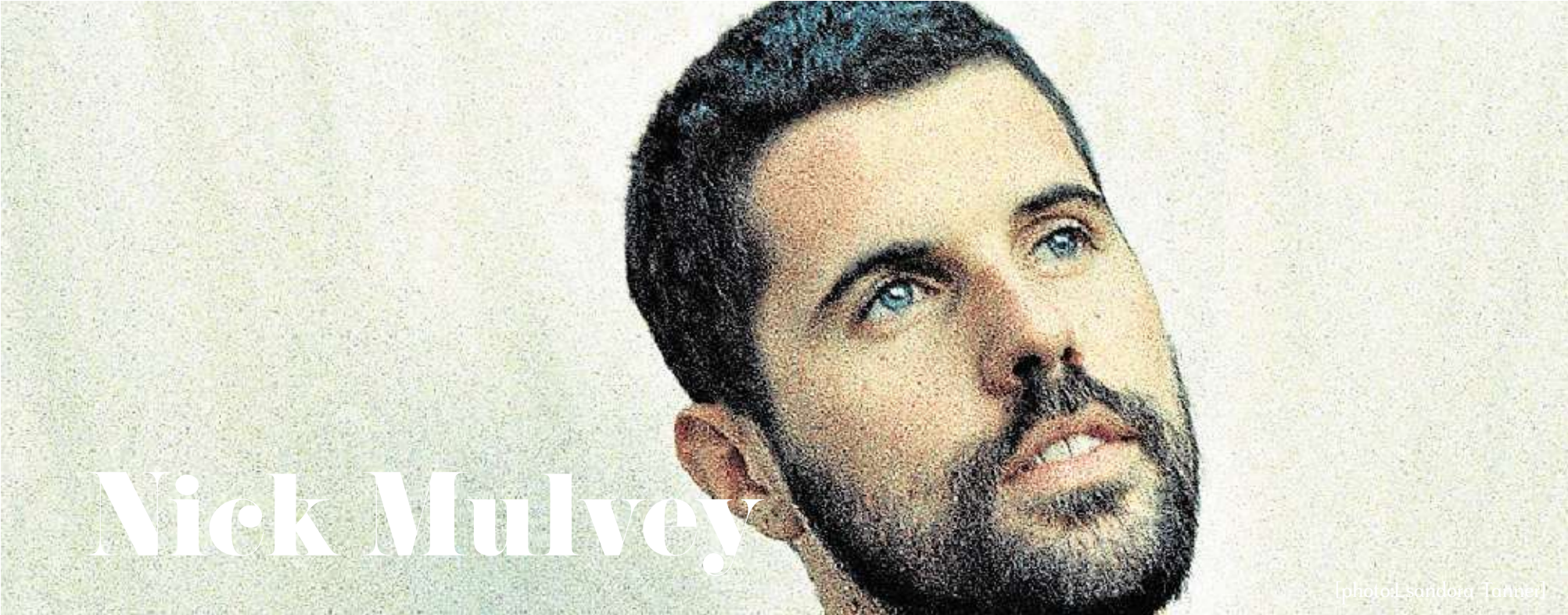
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[photo: sandora Tanner]

Mercury nominated Nick Mulvey played Leeds' own Brudenell Social Club last week as part of his current UK tour promoting his first studio album, *First Mind*. Illustrating his diversity as a musician, 29-year-old Mulvey performed both solo and with his four piece band, captivating the audience in both forms. What struck me about Nick was the sheer ease he seems to feel on stage, as if --excuse the cliché-- he was born to perform. His fingers stretch incomprehensible distances across the frets of his guitar, making every guitarist in the room squirm. Stopping at the beginning of a song to correct the tuning of his guitar, Nick jokes with the audience: "if you're gonna do it, you might as well do it right". This perfectly illustrates Nick's dedication and search for perfection as an artist. Before the gig, I caught up with Nick to learn more about how he arrived where he is today.

The same ease that Nick displays on stage is echoed in his casual stroll over and genuine politeness.

"We're having a blast, a really special time," the musician remarks on his time touring with a band after months of solo live performance, "I got to the point where I really wanted to develop it into a band, that's how I made the record." Calling his fellow band mates "brothers", Nick appears to be more than grateful to be sharing his musical experience not only with his band, but also with the audience who support him: "I snapped a string for the first time on stage two nights ago and somehow it turned into this really special moment. I was in a new place with this crescendo and the audience were there with me."

So how did this easygoing musician come to be nominated for the Mercury prize this year? As a child, Nick "just wanted to make a lot of noise and racket" and picked up the drums. This developed into the jazz piano as a teenager, "I thought I was a bit sophisticated", he laughs. Nick didn't begin playing the guitar until he was 15 and bored on a family holiday. "I found the guitar very easy immediately," Nick admits, "I liked the guitar because it was a combination of the drums and piano: the right hand was like the drums and the left hand was like the piano and the harmony".

Nick's first guitar teacher, Frank Harrison let Nick explore his own creativity whilst teaching him the basics in order to shape and mould his playing. Other people who have shaped Nick's creative flare include greats of the 60's American song book; Paul Simon and Bob Dylan, plus the Malian maestro Ali Farka Touré. He cannot forget Uncle Jeremy, "a big inspiration".

Contrary to most modern artists, Nick has a wide range of musical experience. He studied world music at the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS) and developed his guitar skills in Cuba. "The more obscure the better," is one of Nick's mantras.

His studies very much reflect through his music and style of guitar playing. "It meant I started to play very rhythmically and very repetitively," he tells me. "If I get a little unit of music, I do it, I do it and I keep doing it."

Seeing his passion it isn't hard to see why Nick has been nominated for the Mercury prize this year. But seeing his humbleness, it's clear it isn't all about winning for Nick, the nomination itself speaking more than the prize. "It's like the outside world nudging me and saying 'you're doing ok'."

From picking up those drums to releasing his first solo album, Nick's journey has been an ever evolving and exciting one. "Growing as a person you start to have your own voice and all those things combine to become the middle point, which is you."

So what's next for Nick? "A lot of America next year. There's an appetite over there for what I'm doing. And after the tour a holiday, did you want my calendar or my vision?" The musician's determination lies in his opportunism. "I'm amazed all the time, and that really excites me." [Stasi Roe]

"I'm amazed all the time, and that really excites me"

Gig Guide

Saturday 1st November
That Fucking Tank at Brudenell Social Club, £5
Leeds duo, responsible for Recon Festival and a mighty racket.

Sunday 2nd November
The Antlers at Belgrave Music Hall, £13
The saddest bunch of kids you could imagine.

Necro Deathmort at Wharf Chambers, £3.30
Making appropriate sounds for a band with death in their name three times.

Monday 3rd November
Superfood at Brudenell Social Club, £9
Feast on the sounds of the popular and young.

Tuesday 4th November
UML Presents: Strange Parade, £2
UML DJs play literally anything. Some make music too.

The Wailers at O2 Academy, £19.50
Bob Marley's old band keeping his spirit alive the only way they know how.

Wednesday 5th November
Space Dimension Controller at Wire, £8
Back in West Yorkshire after playing FUSE's Vernal Equinox Party for more grooving.



Sivu

[photo: Vita Hewison]

Sivu is no ordinary singer-songwriter. He changed his name 'James Page' to work on material under the name 'Sivu'. His surname in Finnish, and now already has a selection of EPs and a newly released album to this name. From shooting one of his videos using a MRI scanner to collaborating with producers and photographers, Sivu's work is proving unique and is capturing the full attention of those who discover it.

Something On High, a collection of Sivu's past releases and some newer tracks was released on Monday 13th October. He describes the album as a "progression", allowing you to follow his journey as an artist over the last two years. The album varies between personal subjects, such as 'Better Man Than He' – a song written to help a friend suffering with depression, to areas where he is more detached from himself. "Originally I didn't want to write about me at all and I wanted to take the focus away from me completely, but unintentionally as I kept going through the record and writing it, it did become more about things that were happening in my life". Although his favourite track from the album keeps changing, at the moment this is 'Feel Something' which begins the album, due to it being the most recently written.

Sivu worked on 'Something On High' with Charlie Andrew, a producer who has most famously collaborated with the likes of Alt-J and Nick Mulvey. "I met him a couple of years ago. I used to be a session musician so I used to play bass for other bands, I met him in the studio one day and we got on really well." Rather than working to a short time limit, the album was put together gradually by the pair over the last two years. "We never had six weeks to make an album, every couple of months we would go in and do a couple of tracks together and that's kind of how the album came out, we just stumbled our way through it rather than having a set amount of time." Sivu has also been working with Vita Hewison over this time, who created the album artwork using film. He explains how Vita's method of developing two images together creates the effect of the images being merged together as one, and how this has been a continuous

theme throughout the singles' artwork as well as the album.

Despite being in bands while growing up, Sivu never planned on being a musician. "It was never really a conscious thing, it just happened" he admits. "My whole circle of friends was through bands and playing music so I don't think I had much of a choice really. I just went with it and luckily I found my feet."

Although Sivu has not played many headline shows, he has secured support slots with Rae Morris and Benjamin Francis Leftwich in the past, and is now embarking on a large UK tour with Nick Mulvey. Rather than playing with his full band, Sivu has been playing these support shows solo, which he describes as "daunting", despite it being a rewarding experience: "It's quite enjoyable, when you can win a crowd over in a support slot it's always a bit more special, it almost feels like you've achieved a lot more".

However he adds that headline shows bring their own rewards. "Nothing beats coming to a gig where people know your songs and have come to see you play".

As well as touring, festival season is an important part of the

year for artists. It has proved eventful for Sivu, who played dates of varying sizes around the country, including Reading & Leeds and Bestival. Despite finding it difficult playing as a smaller artist at bigger festivals and not expecting big crowds, he seemed surprised by the turn out. "I guess it's kind of swings and roundabouts at the moment. Leeds was quite quiet but then Reading was really busy", showing how varied shows can be for an up-and-coming musician.

His plans for 2015 are simple: growth. "The plan is this year to get the album out then, next year focus on building my own headline stuff, I think that would be really good. And have another record out by the end of next year, I'd be very happy if we could do that." After the response to his debut album and live performances, there's no doubt that Sivu will be one to watch over the coming years. [Catherine Dowie]

"I didn't want to write about me at all. I wanted to take the focus away from me completely"

Thursday 6th November
The Juan Maclean at Belgrave Music Hall, £12
LCD Soundsystem affiliates refuse to stop partying.

Shabazz Palaces at Brudenell Social Club, £7
Proggy hip-hop. Never expected to type that.

Friday 7th November
La Roux at Leeds Beckett Union, £17.50
Back with a new sound, a new album, and a new haircut.

Saturday 8th November
Nathan Fake/Wesley Matsell at Belgrave Music Hal, £8
IN/ON/UP/DOWN version 3.

Monday 10th November
Adult Jazz at Belgrave Music Hall, £7.50
Not adults, not jazz. Melancholic atmospheres out of Leeds.

Tuesday 11th November
Ty Segall at Brudenell Social Club, £7
The critic's champion of fuzzy garage rock set to cause havok in the people's pub.

Friday 14th November
Tama Sumo at Wire, £7
After closing Louche's final Leeds do, the Berghain Resident is back to play potentially anything. [Daoud Al-Janabi/Oliver Walkden/Andrew Kemp]



I Forget Where We Were by Ben Howard

A slap in the face, the kind that rips you from some sedated slumber and presents you with absolute clarity. That's what hits you 3 minutes and 27 seconds into the haunting experience of Ben Howard's new album, *I Forget Where We Were*, leaving you with its ghostly imprint branded deep within your consciousness.

It is perfectly easy to listen to the album without acknowledging a single lyric, such is the undulating nature of Howard's musical craft, a masterpiece that carries you, breathless, between the low vocal rolls in 'She Treats Me Well' and the raw screams erupting from 'End Of The Affair'. Adding to this rich texture are soulful harmonies, intricate melodies and bittersweet guitar

licks that reverberate long past the album's conclusion, characteristics evident as you drift into the penultimate track, 'Conrad', a beautiful example of modern song writing.

Whilst maintaining the acoustic integrity of Howard's debut album, *Every Kingdom*, *I Forget Where We Were* experiments with lucid pedal notes and a heavier use of electric guitar riffs that punch through the album's flowing discourse before rippling along your nervous system. This effect mirrors the fluidity with which the songs melt into one, emphasising the cohesive beauty of this album. Each song is a captivating journey that makes you forget where you were at the end of its predecessor, until you find yourself in an entirely different place, an undiscovered state of mind. And because of the endless layers, each listen surrenders new secrets amongst countless destinations. But whatever road you take during *I Forget Where We Were* it is unlikely you will hit a dead end, because, armed with a guitar and a liquid voice of smooth gravel, Ben Howard illustrates the peaks of paradise. [Robert Cairns]

Content Nausea by Parkay Quarts



Touted as an "in-between-albums-album", *Content Nausea* is the work of Andrew Savage and Austin Brown of Parquet Courts. Parkay Quarts isn't a side-project to extol some demons that wouldn't fly in the band, but more of a passing of the time for two members. There has been no dramatic falling out; one of the absent members is completing a maths degree whilst the other absentee is starting a family.

It's still an impressive album however, "Everyday it starts" is 90% wild guitar solo in the middle minutes of the song with the other 10% being the deadpan vocals that open and close it. The title track chugs with wild-west guitars before breaking into a spoken word piece with a noodling guitar

in the background and a repetitive 2 chord pattern keeping time. There's even a surprising saxophone in the tuneful "Pretty Machines".

Content Nausea is another example of the controlled dissonance that Parquet Courts have made their name from. Whilst not wildly different from the band's last release, it's still an enjoyable listen. It's the sound of New York punk and Texas country all wrapped up into one cohesive whole. Nowhere is this more apparent than on "Uncast Shadows", the album closer, which is described by the band as "two men tragically colliding in the Deep South". The ballad is a slower than the band's usual output, and rings with melancholic guitar riffs over Savage's morose grumbling. If the country influence wasn't obvious already, the "These Boots Were Made For Walking" cover (stop cringing, it's actually good) makes it plain to see.

If *Content Nausea* is what half the band produces in two weeks on a basic four track recorder, the outlook for the next proper album is very bright indeed. [Alex Fowler]

Wonder Where We Land by SBTRKT



"I got a baseball bat, never hit a homerun" croons Vampire Weekend's Ezra Koenig over *Wonder Where We Land*'s lead single 'NEW DORP, NEW YORK'. As a metaphor, this couldn't be more fitting for the follow up to the outstanding debut that Aaron Jerome, better known as SBTRKT, slipped into the mainstream. Jerome bears a weapon much more potent than a baseball bat: an arsenal of talented guests who, in theory, should be putting *Wonder Where We Land* at the front of the queue for the Mercury Prize.

Unfortunately, that never quite proves the case, and instead SBTRKT has delivered an album divided by homeruns and strike-outs. Raury's fast paced wit is rife in the murky trap-tinged city dweller 'Higher', which is instantly bought down by the

unimaginative church bell interlude of 'Day 5'. Similarly Sampha lays down his trademark smoother-than-cheese-fondue vocals on glitchy 'Temporary View', only to instantly be marred by the longest 3-minute pop song you can ever endure on the monotonous 'NEW DORP, NEW YORK', a track so minimal it crosses dangerously into lacking territory. Jessie Ware lends her delicate vocals to album highlight 'Problem (Solved)', a track so endearingly romantic and sleek you'd be excused for stripping down naked and jumping on a chaise lounge. The house piano spooned over 'Everybody Knows' and the arpeggio laden 'Lantern' are the only odes to the self titled debut album, and even those feel like a solemn salute as Jerome turns his back and heads towards the big city sounds.

Wonder Where We Land is so frustratingly diverse it ultimately ends up incoherent. Although there are some exceptional moments that could rival those that made SBTRKT so noteworthy, the tumultuous track-listing will painfully land album attempt number two straight in the bargain buckets. [Dom Edge]



[photo: Roisin1321]

How To Dress Well

Belgrave Music Hall

26/09/14

"Why is that just your face on the cover?" someone sharply asks Tom Krell during the improvised Q and A session he jokingly throws in the midst of his emphatic performance at noticeably packed Belgrave. "Cause it's just me... I write all the music. Don't mind them, they're just my friends who help me play live", answers Tom facetiously waving his bandmates away, and in such a charming manner that if you didn't know that Krell was essentially the only person behind the How to Dress Well project, you wouldn't be able to tell whether or not he's just cheeky.

That session revealed quite a few other things, among which there was a sincere confession that he and his childhood friend, who also played drums that night, were in an emo band about 8-10 years ago. Sure, it might have been yet another joke, judging by how much Tom was "pranking" that night. However, that particular episode seems truthful enough, especially considering how Krell and his band managed to establish a resolute emotional connection with the audience that night, and were able to successfully translate the message that is often so palpable in his distinct glitch-R&B music.

After performing 'My Precious Love' from his latest record, showcasing his undeniably impressive vocal skills, Tom stops to announce that he personally rates his voice "6 out of 10" that night, complaining about feeling grumpy, jetlagged and exhausted from being in the middle of a long international tour - making him seem almost like a pop diva who's grown tired of waiting for their next Grammy. However, How to Dress Well occupies a Grammy-free, experimental, and frankly more heartfelt segment of music. And such captivating performances prove that he is doing quite a good job at that. [Stepan Nilov]

Onra

HiFi

24/10/2014

For four months last year I lived with a Chinese family in Shanghai, and for four months I was surrounded by the unique tones of Chinese children's learning development songs. Safely back in Leeds, I had imagined this period of musical surreality had ended. It turns out I was wrong.

"I'm going to start by playing my Chinese shit", came Onra's introductory call, before taking to his array of MPCs and a Kaoss Pad to recreate favourites from his *Chinoiseries* LP. Packed with a unique combination of J.Dilla style beats and East Asian melodies, he moved the crowd with ease and quickly built a frenzied atmosphere, aided by a typically enthusiastic HiFi audience. As the distinctive brass of 'The Anthem' kicked in, provoking loud cheers as everyone acknowledged one of his most popular tracks, something played on my mind. A memory stirred. Then it hit. As the vocal kicked in, I was transported back to the family car where I'd heard the original sample on loop this time last year, the kids singing along as the father drove erratically through the busy roads of the Chinese metropolis.

Strange personal anecdotes aside, Onra's experimental hip-hop makes for a really fun performance, albeit with the odd suspect transition between his less than conventional tracks. Though it was his Asian explorations that earned him his fame, the feel-good disco banger 'Keep On Loving Me' was the highlight, with its undeniably catchy sing-along vocals. He's a charismatic man and a talented musician, and it would be unfair to say that the niche idea behind his *Chinoiseries* success is the sole reason behind his popularity, but Chinese kids' songs in a club? That's memorable. [Andrew Kemp]

Just A Little... Shy FX Canal Mills

DJ Set Review

Last weekend, the dark and dingy Canal Mills warehouse was transformed into a colourful Kingston carnival for the return of Just A Little. Bunting dangled from the ceiling, the lights shone bright, and there was a general buzz of excitement from the crowd in anticipation of Shy FX and Prince Fatty. For a few hours we forgot about the freezing GMT October, and were transported into a tropical haven of jungle benevolence.

Shy FX performed an exclusive Reggae set, elevated on the higher-than-usual stage, and rightly so for the pioneer of D&B himself. Opening with the 2013 hit, *Soon Come*, the bass jiggled through the audience like jelly, grooving through everyone's inhibitions and creating a relaxed atmosphere. This was soon to be switched up a notch, transporting us back to the 90s with Jungle classic, *Original Nuttah*. Twenty years down the line, the 1994 track stands the test of time, and just goes to show that Shy FX is still as present as ever.

As the set continued, he teased with a silence that felt like a year, before surprising the audience with UB40's mellow, mellifluous *Red Red Wine*. Another classic shortly followed; Jungle Is Massive. This got a particularly warm reception, and you'd have been hard pushed to find a single person in the building that wasn't skanking.

He closed with his latest offering, a remix of Sam Smith's *Stay With Me*. Although great, it felt rather premature. With a discography of someone who's been in the business over two decades, it would have been nice to hear an extended show of material, rather than a condensed hour long set. However, short and sweet is still appreciated nonetheless.

[Hannah Ng]

Weekly Chart



Shelley Fisher
I'll Leave You Girl
[Tramp]

Another week, another '60s reissue; this time an excellent funk jam with tight breaks and vocals underpinned by a strong horns section.



Mic Mills
Dubby Little Fruit
[Untzz Twelve Inch]

Australian producer Mic Mills splashes vibrant arpeggiated synths over a sparse house beat as pads build to an atmospheric crescendo.



Zennor
Tin
[Trilogy Tapes]

Hefty electro drums propel a simple but effective melody on this track from Peverelist and Andy Mac's EP for The Trilogy Tapes.



Bruce
Trip
[Hessle Audio]

Muffled atmospheric and tape hiss build a paranoid fug which unfolds over twisting percussion and bleeps.



Kode 9 & The Spaceape
Chasing The Beast
[Hyperdub]

Discordant pads and tough, skittering beats provide the perfect to the frenetic and anxious vocals delivered by dubstep veteran Spaceape (RIP.)



In The Middle with Flux

We sat down with the founder of Flux to have a chat about how the club night and music brand came about and their plans for the future.

The story behind how Flux came about is certainly more endearing than the majority of fame or money-hungry student club nights. In their third year and desperate to put their minds to something that was not their dissertations, the Flux boys organised a party to raise money for a friend's RAG project. Recognising their genuine flair and a demand for their music, the idea to start a club night was born. Nevertheless, this decision was made in a very different Leeds musical context than that of today. It may be hard to imagine but a few years ago House and Disco was barely represented on the Leeds scene and were instead overshadowed by constant Dubstep and Drum & Bass nights. They recognised the need to inject some different sounds into the clubbing scene and provide something new and exciting. They wanted to create a night all about the music, more specifically the dream combination of House, Disco, Techno and World Music. The relationship between these four genres is represented in the Flux logo – each corner of the cross refers to a type of music. Who knew? As DJs themselves, they also wanted their night to be a platform for new and up and coming talented Leeds-based artists.

The ethos behind Flux remains apparent three years on. Young Leeds-based artists are being given residencies and the opportunity to prove their talent to the huge music-lead crowds who attend Flux every time. This sense of renewal and growth within the music talent is definitely one of the main elements which make Flux so special. An example of its success is the incredible

Dan Shake, the first DJ from outside Detroit to be signed to Moodymann's infamous label *Mahogany Music*. Two of their other residents, Voyeur and Aartekt, are also now signed to record labels and continue to go from strength to strength, showing Flux's potential to nurture new talent and provide a stepping stone in to the scene. Flux also adopts a similar approach with bookings, priding themselves on booking forward thinking and fresh talent. Notable examples of this include Leeds debuts from Todd Terje and Kink to name just a few. Alongside this, more respected and legendary favourites such as Rahaan and DJ Kon can also often be seen at Flux.

Now that Flux has nabbed the Friday Beaver Works spot instead of Wednesdays, they have big plans to improve and expand. The new room means that more focus can be given to a wider range of music across 3 main rooms instead of 2, and a bigger capacity means a bigger budget for even bigger and better DJs and live acts. But what else have the Flux boys got in mind? Well they have been confirmed for a host of quality festivals next summer, namely Secret Garden Party, Beacons, Dimensions and Garden Festival. They will also be hosting a stage at the Austrian Snowbombing Festival in April. There is also a new and visually pleasing Flux website on the way, which contains music news, charts, reviews and interesting features.

Most excitingly, however, are the whispers of a Flux record label. This new venture, which simply translates the strong Flux

ethos from club night to record label format, would certainly be a challenge for all those involved, but would confirm Flux's centrality to the Leeds music scene for many years to come. It would of course focus on nurturing Leeds talent, and the boys would have the opportunity to showcase this sound around the country.

So do they have any advice for those out there tempted to start a club night? "Only do it if you're in it for the music, then you'll have the best chance of succeeding". In a musical context, which is as high quality as that in Leeds, keeping integrity is the only way to stick around for long. And having heard their exciting plans and ideas for the future, it is safe to say that Flux is not going anywhere.

Check out their website <http://www.fluxmusic.net/>

[Maddie Davison]

Jog on.

Designers dropped six inches at fashion week this year as New Balances replaced stilettos on the catwalks. This fashion phenomenon proves that trainers are clearly here to stay (and your feet will love you). We've witnessed the rise of the sports luxe aesthetic; our wardrobes abound with mesh fabrics, jogger-style silhouettes and hi-tech fabrics. The freshest take for this season? Go old-school.

Ace the athleisure trend with Fred Perry pleats, gingham detailing and sporty separates, styled with a 'just off centre court' air. Classic shapes such as the Varsity jacket arrive in vamped up colours, complete with racing stripes and iconic trefoils. Toughen up a tennis skirt with a Mod touch; 6-hole Doc Martins boots will become your best friend. Sports heroes encourage a 'go for gold' attitude, but don't shy away from silver. Shiny plimsolls will give you wings around campus; pair them with a minimal outfit to accentuate slick leg lines. Game, set and match.



Up

*Lauren wears: Adidas Originals Archive Sweater £45,
Urban Outfitters Tennis Skirt £18,
Doc Martins 6-hole Boots £115, Stylist's own Cycling Shorts*

Modelled by Lauren Emina-Bougaard, Maddy Foord and Dom Moffitt

Photographed by Alice Greenfield. Styled by Claire McQue and Tiffany Grous in collaboration with Adidas Originals.



Right

Lauren wears: Adidas Originals Firebird Track Jacket £55, TK-Maxx White Mesh Top £12.

Left

Maddy wears: Whistles Sweater £40, Orelia Necklaces £10, Adidas Originals Giraffe-print Jumpsuit £65, Schuh Silver Platform Plimsolls £28

Down

Maddy wears: H&M Black mesh Top £15.99, Adidas Sports Bra £22, Topshop Culottes £50, Nike Black Trainers £70

Down

Dom wears: Ark Teal Jacket £34.99, Adidas Originals T-Shirt from Best Vintage £25





Million-Dollar Selfie

Who's in the line up?

A million dollars is a slight exaggeration, but when posting a selfie wins you £200 worth of Adidas Originals Clothing you could be forgiven for thinking Christmas has come early. You will, no doubt, have seen certain students kitted out head to toe in Adidas, running around campus toting life sized Instagram frames and yelling about 'AllinForLeeds' hashtags. This was part of Adidas' latest competition 'Be in The Line Up' where entrants tweeted or uploaded a selfie on Instagram showcasing their best street style with the hashtag #allinforleeds.

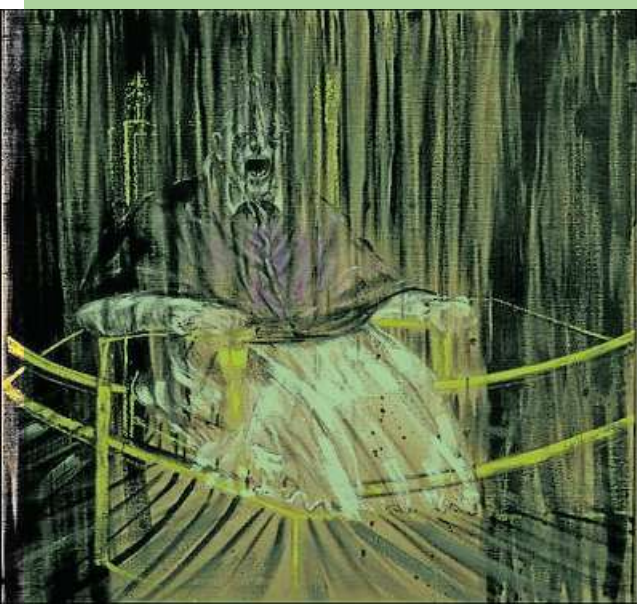
As judges of the competition *In The Middle's* Style Editors headed down to the Adidas store to meet the five winners whilst they picked out their Originals outfits. Competition winner Josie snapped up the red and white archived sweater, while the boys went for the Swiss-style winter coat and classic Gazelle training shoes. Sophie made a beeline for the fluoro Rita Ora sweater and leopard print trainers, topping off her outfit with a neon yellow bum-bag. Sophie justified her choices by their suitability for a night out at Beaverworks! This is why we love Adidas Originals; it is a collection that is bang in line with the student aesthetic, transitioning perfectly from day wear, to the gym and even nights out. It's fashionable, comfortable and reassuringly affordable (when you add in the 20% in-store discount). We salute you if you manage to say no.

[Winners: Alex, Josephine and Miranda]



Paintriflying

Melissa Baksh explores five freaky paintings that will send a shiver down your spine



1

Study after Velázquez's Portrait of Pope Innocent X, Francis Bacon. 1953

This eerie work shows a distorted version of the Portrait of Innocent X painted by Diego Velázquez in 1650. In a style typical of Bacon, this piece uses a layering of one image upon another; the pleated curtains of the backdrop, which seem to silence the scream, are rendered transparent and appear to fall uncannily through the Pope's face. The work is highly charged with raw and animal energy, with the harsh vertical lines reminiscent of clawing. Ultimately, it is the involuntary and almost feral scream of the Pope what catches our eye here and draws us into the deep and nightmarish space of the painting.

2

The Sin, Franz Ritter von Stuck. 1893

Von Stuck, as a Symbolist painter, was highly interested in the interior worlds of the self, as well as the Femme Fatale figure. This particular painting explores the nature of sin and temptation. Here, the embodiment of sin is the nude woman who undoubtedly carries connotations of Eve in the Garden of Eden. She appears to look directly out at the viewer in a particularly uncanny way, engaging the viewer as if they are also complicit in the unfolding of a chilling narrative. The serpent entwined around her body, with its gruesome gargoyle-like face, half sheathed in darkness, almost goes unnoticed.



3

Saturn Devouring His Son, Francisco Goya. c. 1819–1823

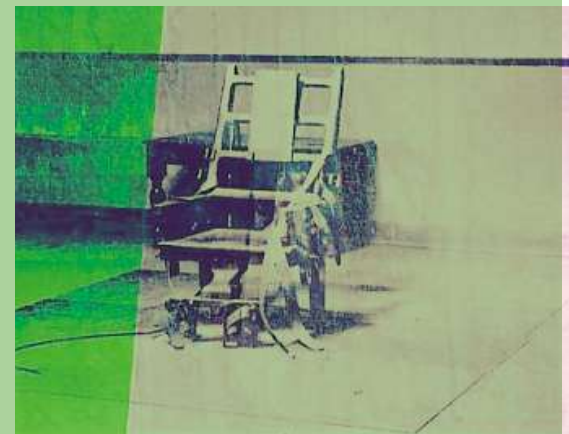
The most conventionally frightening piece of the lot. The work is part of a series called the 'Black Paintings', which Goya painted directly onto the walls of his villa, and refer to the mental state of the artist during the end of his life. It is unsurprising then, that the series portrays morbid and fantastical imagery, and this painting is no exception to the rule. The piece shows Saturn, of Roman mythology, who, in fear that his children would one day overthrow him, feasting upon on his son at his birth. Satan's piercing eyes are manic and wild here as he callously munches upon his own seed's left arm.

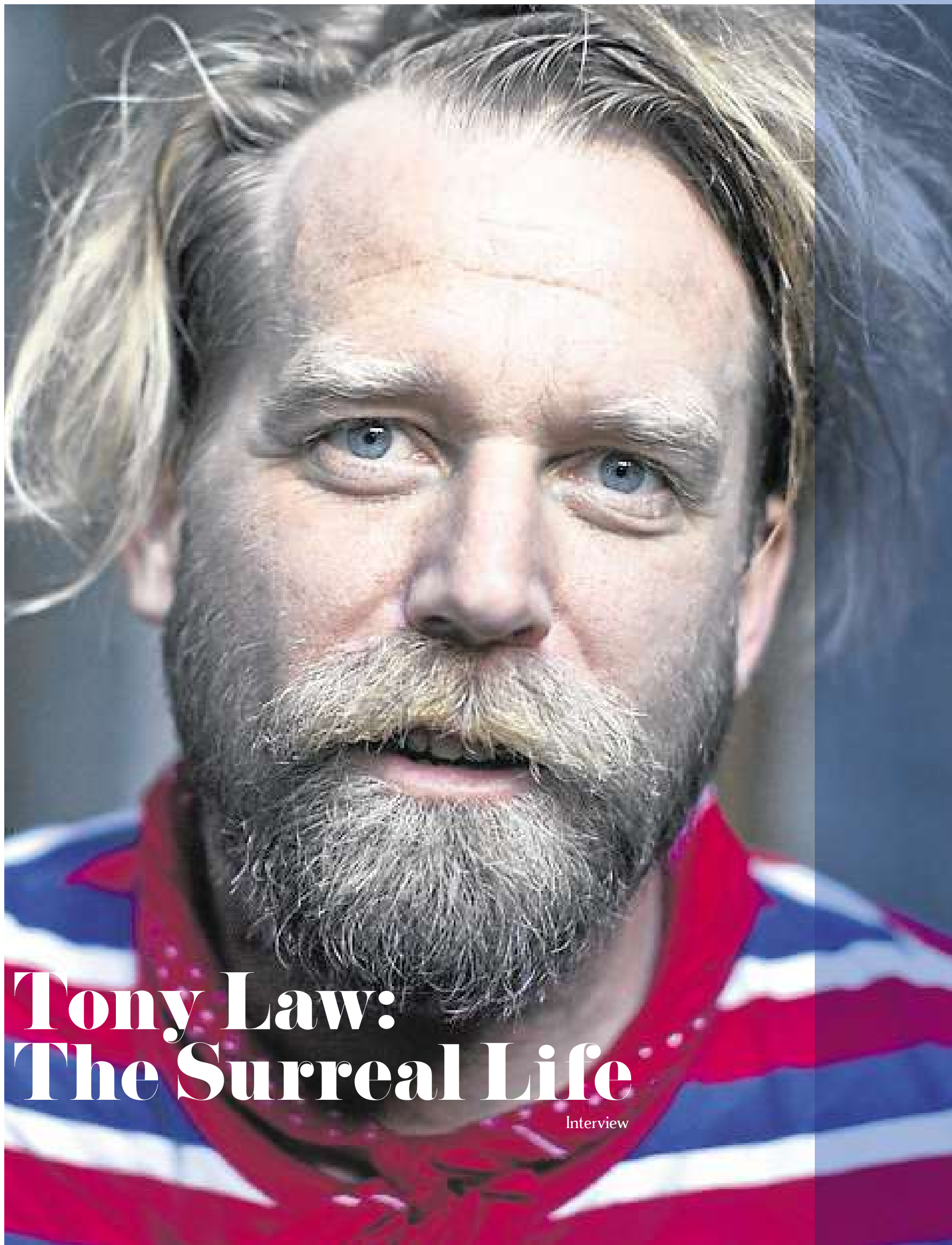


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Big Electric Chair, Andy Warhol. 1967

Notably more famous for his Pop Art pictures of Campbell's Soup Cans, Andy Warhol's art certainly had a darker side. *Big Electric Chair* is part of a series based on a photograph of the former execution chamber at Sing Sing prison, New York. If art is, as Warhol famously mused, "what you can get away with", then this image of an unoccupied electric chair serves to reflect upon controversy surrounding the death penalty in 1960s America, but still resonates strongly today as a poignant metaphor for the brutal reduction of life to death. Warhol took an interest in the macabre and also produced artworks featuring police photographs of suicides and car accidents.





Tony Law: The Surreal Life

Interview

Beth Galey caught up with Edinburgh Festival favourite and *Nevermind the Buzzcocks* guest Tony Law to chat comedy, music, and unitards.

I've been waiting for Canadian comedian Tony Law to call for around twenty minutes now. He's had a whole day of interviews and it's not surprising that he's running a little late. Known for his style of comedy often described as 'surrealist,' the idea of him having a slightly chaotic day of speaking to journalists seems appropriate.

'I don't know about surrealist comedy,' he says when I finally get hold of him. In keeping with his seemingly chaotic style, he's in a taxi on the way to Manchester train station, taking interviews whilst flitting between cities on tour. 'I'd say it's more absurdist. Life is absurd, it really is, and all of my comedy still comes from everyday situations, like dealing with children and people who judge you. I see that the path to truth is through absurdity to a certain extent.'

This may be the case, but it doesn't stop him from frequently being billed under the words 'alternative comedy.' This year at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, in which his set *Enter the Tonezone* was one of the most popular shows, 'alternative' was how he was frequently described. 'Yeah, I think it's the other people who make the categories for you; you just do what you do, and they'll put you in a neat little box. I don't actively try and be different.'

Nevertheless, this is how he frequently appears to be; if you've seen Law on any British panel shows recently, it becomes

clear pretty quickly that he's one of the more manic panellists. On a recent episode of *Never Mind the Buzzcocks*, he was on a team with Noel Fielding and Paloma Faith. Neither of whom are known for their calm

**“I love England,
The rain and gloom
appeals to me as
much as the sun
does.”**

demeanour, but I think it's fair to say he out-weirded them both.

'I like *Never Mind the Buzzcocks*. They have no scripts on that show, they don't want you to prepare anything at all, and it's a dream for me. Some of the other panel shows are a bit more rigid, and there's far more pressure for you to be consistently funny, like you need to prove yourself. I hate that kind of pressure, I just freeze up. But with the others, they just want a personality to run with, and I come and provide that.'

Part of that personality that is so popular on the panel shows is his very distinctive look; he started off wearing a unitard, and then moved into wearing a neckerchief with crazy, blonde Viking hair with a bushy beard and moustache. 'Oh, I'm back into the unitard

now,' he laughs. 'I love getting into a costume and transforming, so I can just go out and have fun, be confident and loud.' We take a quick pause as he gets out of the taxi and pays the taxi driver. There's some scuffling and a lot of background noise as he makes his way into the train station, adding to the strong sense that he's always on the go.

This chaotic feeling is a far cry from his upbringing; raised in Alberta, Canada on a farm, he moved to England aged eighteen after being heavily influenced by British rock and roll as a child (particularly The Who and Led Zeppelin). 'I had a great upbringing, but I wanted to get out,' he says. 'I love England, the rain and gloom appeals to me as much as the sun does. In fact, I prefer people who live in the rain, they're not as excessively happy all the time. They don't always feel the need to say they're doing great, and when they are it's a bit more genuine. I can trust them more, there's a positive honesty to it.'

And on that note, as he realises he's on the wrong platform and doesn't want to go to Plymouth but Sheffield, I leave him so he has time enough to grab a cigarette before he gets his train. The chaotic persona may be part of who he is on stage, but it appears it does spill into his everyday life too. After all, it's what inspires his comedy.

Tony Law is playing at City Varieties Music Hall on the 11th of November.



Leeds Icons: Thackery Medical Museum

Although it doesn't have a very catchy name, The Thackray Medical Museum is a building as rich in history as its horror stories. Due to its days as a workhouse (subject to two major outbreaks of cholera) and its use as a military hospital during the First World War, the museum has been the site of an unsettling number of deaths. Many people therefore claim the museum to be a site of paranormal activity, with visitors often reporting ghost sightings. Most chillingly, there have been reports of inexplicable sounds of children's laughter and footsteps pacing the corridors.

The Grade II listed building houses a 'real-life' Victorian street complete, somewhat unfortunately, with smells and sounds. Visitors are encouraged to help eight characters make choices to determine their survival amongst infested rats and poor sanitation. The museum also boasts an operating theatre, where videos explain to disturbed visitors the reality of surgery before anaesthesia.

One of the ultimate chilling muse-sees in the museum's collection is Mary Bateman. Mary once inscribed 'CRIST [sic] IS COMING' on eggs in acid, before reinserting them back inside her hens. Once they were laid for the second time, pandemonium ensued with people believing that Doomsday had come. Mary committed many such hoaxes, resulting in her nickname 'The Yorkshire Witch' and her eventual execution in 1809. Her skeleton is displayed in the museum today. [Simika Nayyar] [Image by Danny Wilson]



The Babadook

The Babadook will scare you, but it might not do so in the way you expect.

As a 'monster in the closet' flick, it is easily the equal of recent favourites *The Conjuring*, *Sinister* and *Insidious*, however it also manages to be unlike them, eschewing formulaic jumps for a hidden subtle menace. There is no scene where an expert arrives to diagnose beleaguered mother Amelia and her son Samuel's supernatural threat; instead – much to the film's credit – the titular creature remains in the shadows, its origins mysterious. Any brief glimpses we are given of the actual Babadook reveal a fantastically conceived monster, equal parts *Nosferatu* and *Eraserhead*. The children's book that ushers this malevolent presence into the fraught pair's lives too is beautifully designed, like something out of Tim Burton's darkest nightmares. It's no surprise that rumours of its imminent publication abound.

Beyond the creepiness however, the film harbours a deeper form of terror less prevalent in modern horror cinema. The fear of what happens when life crushes you from all sides. Without revealing too much of the plot, *The Babadook* goes to disturbing lengths to reveal the monster we are capable of becoming when we are driven to lash out; to blame someone for our circumstances. Essie Davis and Noah Wiseman are fantastic leads and remain utterly convincing as mother and son as the film moves into darker and darker territory.

Both moving and terrifying, *The Babadook* aims much higher than the average Halloween scare fest and succeeds on every level. Not content to merely offer supernatural shocks, it is shrouded in a more intimate fear that we can all relate to. It is this fear that stays under your skin when the credits roll and makes *The Babadook* easily one of the best horror movies of recent years. [Peter Brearley]



Photo: FX

Freaks and Geeks

American Horror Story

American Horror Story's fourth season, *Freak Show*, will be the last to feature actress Jessica Lange, who has played a major part in the series since its premiere in 2011. While her departure will be a huge loss to the show, it seems Murphy and his co-creator Brad Falchuk are giving her a fitting send-off by making *Freak Show* one of their most polished seasons yet, which should help to lure back viewers who may have gone off the series after the mixed success of its third season, *Coven*. Lange plays Elsa Mars, the owner of one of the last remaining freak shows in 1950s America and a bitter failed actress, whose mix of campy charm, sinister threat and occasional poignancy seems to perfectly encapsulate the tone of the episode.

I was wary of a horror story featuring a freak show, assuming that it would exploit the shock value of its physically disabled cast members at the expense of good writing, but the show mostly avoids abusing this cheap and offensive cliché. While a couple of moments felt like a veiled excuse to gawp at the weirdness of deformed bodies, the real horror of the episode comes from outside the confines of the freak show, in the form of the murderous Twisty the Clown who, despite the scary clown trope being over-used, manages to be genuinely terrifying. In this episode his motivations seem inexplicable and his storyline separate from that of the freak show, apart from a few small, tense scenes which show him lurking on the fringes, which set the stage for what promises to be an interesting confrontation. The fact that Twisty seems to be a totally human menace makes a change from previous seasons of *American Horror Story*, which focused on supernatural terror, and so far it's paying off massively.

The spectacular musical performance of David Bowie's *Life on Mars* halfway through the episode proves that *American Horror Story* is far from giving up its trademark over-the-top extravagance or willingness to suspend realism for the sake of effect. However, in contrast to the fast pace of previous seasons, this first episode of *Freak Show* concentrated on slow build-up, with a few recurring actors such as Emma Roberts yet to make their appearance. This not only means the show relies less on jump scares – good news for twitchy viewers – but also meant the characters and their relationships to each other could be explored in depth. The close bond between the freak show performers, which is depicted both in endearing subtle moments and some far darker scenes in which the outside world threatens to impose, is a particular highlight. Another success of the show is the character of Dandy, played excellently by new actor Finn Wittrock, who proves that the "normal" people of Jupiter are often far more disturbed than the "freaks" they marginalise.

Overall, the episode was a fantastic, visually excellent foundation for the rest of the season, which combined horror, black humour and social commentary without spreading itself too thin. If *Freak Show* maintains the precedent set here, it might be the best season of *American Horror Story* yet. [Victoria Munro]

The Big Bang Theory Back With a Bang?

When *Friends* was taken off E4 back in 2011, who would have guessed that a quirky American comedy that centres around the lives of a group of young physicists would take its spot with the channel showing constant, but incredibly popular, repeats and new episodes of the show.

The Big Bang Theory was certainly a surprising hit and is now one of the most popular comedy shows currently running. With loveable characters, a quirky sense of humour and story-lines to make you laugh and cry, it has everything you could possibly want from a comedy show. Despite the show being in its eight season with the actors now earning a ridiculous \$1m per episode, it still retains all the loveable qualities it has always had and is just as entertaining as ever.

Sheldon Cooper, fresh from his trip across America, has changed his area of study from string theory to dark matter allowing us to see his more vulnerable side as he tries to cope with change. Penny and Leonard have finally settled down and are cuter than ever, and no longer annoying now that they are engaged. Stuart is a brilliant addition, Amy is as funny as ever and Raj shockingly has a girlfriend, something he can't quite understand himself.

Charming, funny, emotional and entertaining, *The Big Bang Theory* is not only bigger but maybe even better than it has ever been before. [Emily Murray]

Out With a Whimper?

After seven seasons of science jokes and *Star Wars* fangirling, you'd think the folks at *The Big Bang Theory* would hang up their lab coats and call it a day. But alas, season eight returns and brings with it not even one atom of originality.

The irritating thing about *The Big Bang Theory* is that it had potential. If it went in the direction of *The Inbetweeners*, for example, it could have been a great underdog comedy that finally gave voice to a group that is often marginalized on TV. People are tired of shows about dudes named Chad who have great hair and lots of sex; we want losers.

Sadly, *Big Bang* is missing one crucial element of the sitcom formula: humour. What it lacks in wit and irreverence, it makes up for with a wealth of offensive pseudo-jokes. A key trope is 'Penny-the-dumb-blonde'; her lack of college education makes her a prime target for raucous studio laughter. Season eight opens with her fumbling through a job interview and blurting out that she used to wash cars wearing a bikini, because apparently if you're not book-smart, you're resigned to a life of crippling failure. Let's not forget Raj, the token minority, who is constantly berated for his gentle nature and lilting accent, and Sheldon, whose asexuality has been a running gag since the show's inception. How ironic that a show about intelligent people has to reduce itself to banal stereotypes. [Melissa Gitari]

Stranger than Fan Fiction

Can you imagine Harry Potter falling in love with Voldemort? Edward Cullen in med school? Or even Joffrey Lannister as the troublesome teenager into heavy metal? If so you might have a bright future in fan fiction.

With so many screens and pixels vying for our attention many people are asking, what exactly does it mean to read in the digital age? Fan fiction is the 21st century's answer to the novel. With the death of publishing comes the strange yet social-media-savvy rebirth of fiction. Fresh from the depths of the internet comes a genre merging pop culture with teen fiction that the mainstream media is gobbling up.

The biggest fan fiction 'success' story has been *Fifty Shades of Grey*. The trilogy was originally based on characters from *Twilight* – with an obvious side of BDSM – and has sold more than 100 million copies. The fact that it has set the record for the fastest-selling paperback of all time is slightly worrying. Even worse, it has sold more copies on Amazon than the entire Harry Potter series combined, making E.L. James Amazon's best-selling author.

The latest hit comes from 25-year-old Texan, Anna Todd, who found inspiration in teenage-heartthrob Harry Styles and started writing her erotica novel, *After*. Now over 2,500 pages in, she has signed a six-figure publishing contract for the books to go into print, and Paramount Pictures have acquired screen rights. Cue the despair for humanity. One reader wrote: "This fanfic will make u hate and love Harry at the same time," if that doesn't put you off, I don't know what will.

Fan fiction dates back decades. Pre-Internet fans of sci-fi and fantasy franchises, such as *Star Trek* and *Star Wars*, would often write work based on iconic figures. Some have even won Pulitzer Prizes and risen to stardom. There is a certain appeal in wanting to live on with a group of characters, or a fictional world, crafting new story lines long after the original ones have run out. Yet it seems that the fan fictions receiving the most media attention give well-written pieces a bad name.

Most fan fiction authors have little to no prior writing experience. Anyone can be an overnight success these days. The formula is simple: introduce your favourite celebrity or fictional character; make sure it's a steamy romance with a few clichés thrown in; include a sex scene at least every twenty pages or so with some descriptive words here and there but not to the extent of literary-masterpiece. A cheque and film-rights would be appreciated sharpish. [Sarah Nevard]



He's not the Messiah

Russell Brand's Revolution

Take the best of Che Guevara, Gandhi and Malcolm X and you have in no way described Russell Brand – the nation's favourite former addict turned Christ-like revolutionary. Only better, because he wears Raybans and knows about Bikram Yoga. He's the man who wants to change our political system for the better by telling us to ignore it.

Russell has just released a book, *Revolution*. No wait, more like his political manifesto. Actually let's just call it what it is – the Holy Brandble, his radical call to arms for the lost youth of today. Imagine him whipping the masses into a fervour, everyone stopping to listen to his genius; the young remove their hoods, the workers undo their ties, the people draw a collective breath as the smell of revolution ripples through the air: "DON'T VOTE" he cries "ITS ALL THE SAME ANYWAY".

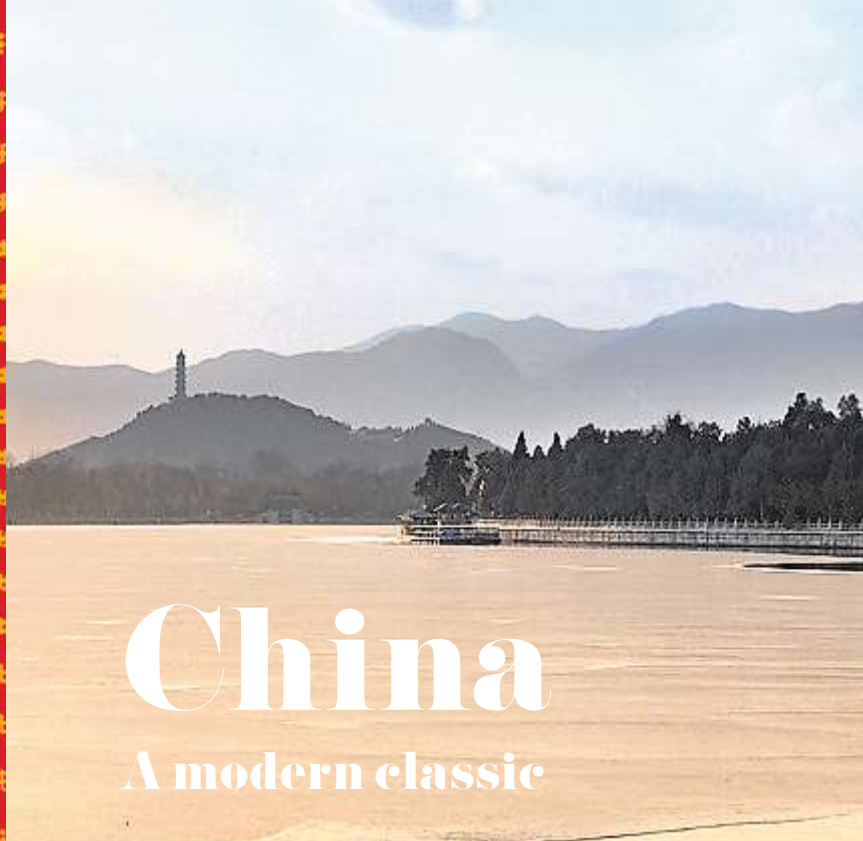
Well thanks a lot Russell. What a brilliant plan; political change through total disengagement. This is what we've had recently, Katy Perry's ex banging on to us about how politicians are basically Dementors in suits inhaling the nations soul one expenses claim at a time.

Russell writes "I have never voted. Like most people I am utterly disenchanted by politics ... I regard politicians as frauds and liars and the current political system as nothing more than a bureaucratic means for furthering the augmentation and advantages of economic elites". Could this be the man we've all been waiting for in politics – a real person with real beliefs who's not trying to pull the wool over our eyes? The short answer – no. Brand is just another celebrity with a book to flog.

We do need change – starting with greater social representation amongst our MPs. A few less Oxbridge educated WASPs dominating parliament. But change isn't accomplished by ignoring politics, it's accomplished by challenging it. The legalisations of gay marriage, the minimum wage, free health care, peace in Europe for 70 years, free education and the very fact you're reading these words of your own free will are all monuments to what can be achieved when politics and the people harmonise.

I like Russell Brand, I like his style; he came, he saw, he conquered. He's a charismatic guy but in the end he's all mouth and tight trousers. His opinions are stylistic and ostentatious, but basically delivered on a tidal wave of inanity ultimately designed to sell you a product.

Here's a riddle for Russ – elderly people are consistently the most reliable voters. Every election they turn out in their droves, and it's their vote could make it or break it for a party's campaign. For young people it's the complete opposite. Their voting pattern is low and unreliable. This past four years young people have had their EMA taken away, free bus passes revoked and university fees tripled, whilst the elderly have kept their free bus passes amongst other privileges. I'm sure there's a common denominator in there somewhere. If only Russell could figure that one out for us. Maybe it's in his book? [Rod Ardehali]



China

A modern classic

Stretching from the plains of Mongolia down to the warm climates of South-East Asia and with a long, proud history. China has a huge amount to offer for any tourist up for an adventure.

Beijing

This city of 20 million is the true definition of a metropolis. Spend your time in Beijing visiting the indoor markets – the best for ‘real’ branded products, where haggling is a difficult but rewarding game – and getting lost amongst the towering skyscrapers. Tiananmen Square and the Forbidden City provide insights into the lengthy, turbulent past of ancient and modern China. Whilst other historical sites including the Summer Palace and the Ming tombs should not be missed. Take a trip to the Temple of Heaven too; dotted with religious buildings, this 15th century park still attracts both tourists and locals.

If you have enough time, get your fix of the Great Wall at the Huangya Pass near Tianjin, where a military barracks that doubles as a hotel is a scenic – if basic – place to sleep. The more touristy part of the wall is located at Badaling, where the view of watchtowers snaking away over the hills is simply unparalleled.

Xi'an

Located in Shaanxi province, Xi'an is an extraordinary, modern city. Explore the Great Mosque, shop in the muslim quarter and visit the remarkable terracotta warrior collection – that is when you're not high street shopping and tasting local food. In the city centre, the drum and bell towers and big goose pagoda are definite must-sees, and a hidden gem lies in the small wild goose pagoda, a place of peace and contemplation tucked away from the frenzied lifestyle outside. The temple is at the heart of a scenic park, where burning incense, calming lakes and a local painting shop all meld together to create a serene, uplifting atmosphere.

Tongchuan

Approximately 65km north of Xi'an is the town of Tongchuan, which remains relatively unknown to tourists. In the evenings, the broad town square becomes a hive of activity – from tai chi to ballroom dancing, live orchestra to chinese opera and even open air aerobics, this plaza becomes a lively hub as soon as the sun sets. Fan dancers, street vendors, and rollerblading circuits play their part in making this unexplored town an unforgettable one.

During daylight hours make sure to visit Yuhua mountain and palace, as well as helping to support a village-run nature park known as 'Shenshe Fragrant Valley Wetland'. It's a newly established reserve located on the town's outskirts, and is a rare example of eco-tourism in a country dominated by industrialisation.

[Natalie Cherry]



Don't call me a “Girl Gamer”

Photo: Andy Enero

You may be aware of “Gamergate” – that social booby trap currently disguising itself as a serious debate – or you may not be. The important thing you need to know about it is this; various women who are involved in the gaming industry on various levels have been made to feel threatened, intimidated and unsafe because of their gender. This isn't just an issue that affects women. This is an issue that concerns anyone who might want to enjoy one of the world's most popular hobbies without having to worry about the politics of their body.

With all this bad press going around it's no wonder some people are starting to feel nervous about identifying as a “Gamer”, and even more so when it comes to using the dreaded “Girl Gamer” tag. What I want to suggest is that these terms are part of the problem; they're not useful and they never have been. The title “Gamer” seems to imply, rather oddly, that there is a special way of appreciating games that makes them different from other forms of media. When you add to this the supposed existence of “Girl Gamers” you start to claim there are also gendered ways of experiencing games, creating this doubled sense of “otherness” that is specific to the games industry.

If it's true that I am a “Girl Gamer”, and my experiences of games are somehow different to other players whose nipples don't serve a biological purpose, then am I also a “Girl Movier” a “Girl Musicer” and a “Girl Reader”? No, I'm not – because my gender does nothing to change how I experience and appreciate different forms of entertainment. Not to mention this gendered way of identifying “Gamers” only seems to flow one way. I have never once heard any of the following remarked to my male friends: “Oh, so would you say you're a Boy Gamer?”, “wow, that's so cool! I've never met a Boy Gamer before”, “you're pretty good at this game for a boy!”

What's with “girl” anyway? If I'm anything at all I'm a “Woman Gamer”. I didn't go through the emotional-rollercoaster-come-biological-horror-movie that is puberty to be called “Girl”. This kind of infantilization that video game fans continue to impose on themselves is a contributing factor to why some women struggle to be taken seriously within the industry.

Thankfully, I have found that most of my female friends have had overwhelmingly positive experiences with games and the wider gaming community. I have never encountered any of the negative kinds of experiences reported by women like Felicia Day and Zoe Quinn – nor do I believe that these stories are representative of the gaming community on the whole. However, I do feel that by doing away with the idea of “Girl Gamers”, and with it the rather absurd idea that there is some secondary splinter-group of incendiary female gaming enthusiasts, would do wonders for ensuring the next generation of fans experience games in a more equal and unprejudiced way.

I personally do not choose to identify as a “Girl Gamer”, partly because it acknowledges a difference between me and other players, and partly because it's just kind of tacky. The words “Girl Gamer” seem more at home printed on the front of a cheap, sweat-shop made t-shirt than they do within my understanding of who I am and what I have to offer. This is not about being ashamed of your gender or afraid of how people will respond to it, it's about respecting yourself enough to not let your gender define you. If you really think the most interesting thing about you or anyone else is their ability to press multi-colored buttons on a plastic controller while in possession of a uterus then you really need to think about expanding your horizons. I don't know, maybe go inter-railing or something.

[Anna Turner]



Photo: Just Grand!

Just Grand!

Take a step back in time

Upon entering the cozy corner that is Just Grand!, I had the feeling of travelling back in time to the 1950s. The beautiful décor was incredibly detailed, from the little dolls to the porcelain tea pots, from the vinyl records used as menu holders to the mismatched old-fashioned chairs – the ambience was perfect. The soothing music made you feel like you were no longer in the city centre of modern day Leeds, but somewhere in Victorian London instead.

The smiling owner and employees instantly made us feel at home. The menu selection was incredibly diverse and surprisingly inexpensive. On a cold rainy day, Just Grand! will warm you up with your chosen tea from the wide selection on offer. I chose the Bombay Chai, an elaborate mixture of spices that really transforms the regular afternoon tea, whilst my companion went for a classic Earl Grey. Both were served in adorable pink, china teapots and matching cups.

Next came the difficult choice of choosing the cake. The selection varies daily, with all the cakes homemade and freshly baked. I decided to try the apple and blueberry cake, whilst my companion went for the super-moist orange sponge. Both were incredibly soft and light, with fresh fruit flavours oozing from within. The selection includes

some gluten free options, such as flapjacks, which were equally delicious.

But it's not all sweets and desserts – Just Grand! also offers a variety of sandwiches, and a soup of the day. For all those hungry students, they have a special Monday deal – buy a sandwich or a soup and get a free cup of tea or coffee; an entire meal for £4.50 or less.

For more special occasions, I suggest ordering an Afternoon Tea package – a selection of four sandwiches, a freshly baked scone, a slice of cake and unlimited tea for just £11.95. Or perhaps the Gentleman's Afternoon Tea – Voakes' pork pie, pickle, crisps, a selection of four sandwiches and a pale ale or bitter. Offering a slightly more manly twist on your usual afternoon tea, these vintage tearooms really have something for everyone.

If you are looking for a break from the routine of the boring, packaged sandwiches and cardboard coffee cups that constitute your student life, Just Grand! has exactly what you need. With its adorable design, quiet environment and truly exquisite food, the tearooms are definitely worth the trip. *[Sofia Dedyukhina]*

Chocaholic Mousse Cake

Layering velvety mousse over rich, moist chocolate cake, there is no better way to indulge yourself this weekend.

Ingredients

Cake

- 3 large eggs
- 110g unsalted butter, diced
- 170g dark chocolate
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
- 65g granulated white sugar

Chocolate Mousse

- 90g chocolate
- 160ml single cream
- 10g granulated white sugar

Method

Preheat your oven to 180 degrees. Grease the pan with the butter and then line it with the parchment paper. Separate your eggs, putting the yolks in one bowl and the whites in another. In a heatproof bowl over a simmering pan of water, melt the butter and the chocolate for the cake together. Then put aside to cool before whisking in the egg yolks and vanilla extract. In the bowl with the egg whites, whip in the cream of tartar until soft peaks form. Then, slowly add the granulated white sugar, still whisking the mix. Then gently fold the egg whites into the cake batter just until blended. Pour the mixture into the prepared tin, and bake for 20 minutes. Once the cake is set, remove from the oven and leave to cool on wire rack.

Meanwhile, melt the chocolate for the mousse in a bowl over a simmering pan of water, as before, and allow to cool to room temperature. In another bowl, whip the cream with the sugar until soft peaks form. Then fold about a quarter of the mixture into the melted chocolate. Repeat in stages until all the cream is mixed into the chocolate. Gently spoon the mousse onto each of the chocolate cupcakes and decorate as you please. *[Emily Willson]*



Million Pound Makeover

Leeds University Boat Club show off their new boat house and explain why you should join their society.

A brand-new one million pound boat house has got Leeds University Boat Club very excited. After a year of work, the house located at Thwaites Mill in Stourton has finally opened.

For years, the club have been using a facility in York for training and storing the boats. In order to be able to train, the rowers had to leave Leeds at a painful 6am and the travel time and cost of train tickets limited the number of training sessions the society could organise per week.

Much to the delight of the club's members, the new boat house will save time and money for all involved with the society. It gives the team the ability to schedule flexible training times and allows them to gain

more experience on the water.

Rob Wadsworth, Head of Sports, told *In The Middle* that he hoped the new facility would encourage more students to join and make life a lot easier for those already involved. He said: "I am really excited to have something in the city." Wadsworth also added that he hoped the new facilities would bring the student society and city team, Leeds Rowing Club, closer together as they will share storage and training.

Needless to say, the club's members are really pleased with the new facility. They told *In The Middle* that the journey to the boat house along the canal takes only thirty minutes on a bike and allows them to warm up before rowing.

Leeds University Boat Club Profile

About: They welcome all abilities and there are four different areas you can take part in. Whether you want to take part in competitions or just have a splash on the water, they can cater to all.

Where: Land-based training takes place on a Monday in the Edge Sport Hall 2 from 5pm – 6.30pm and on a Thursday in Cromer Terrace from 6.30pm – 8pm. Everyone is welcome to these fast paced circuit sessions aimed at improving core strength.

Special Events: LUUBC Boathouse Celebration Ball on the 15th November

Interesting fact: The team beat Leeds Met at Varsity with a score of 2-1 this year.

Contact: luubcenquiries@hotmail.com if you're interested in getting involved.

Beginner's Guide to Yoga

Yoga Society's Social Secretary Alice Loveys Jervoise, explains what the different styles of Yoga really mean.

Intimidated by the complex sounding-names? This handy guide from The Yoga Society explains some of the different types of yoga to help you choose which is best for you. Whichever style you choose, you're sure to feel the amazing health benefits yoga has to offer.

Ashtanga Yoga:

If you want to work up a sweat, build strength and tone, then this is the class for you. This class will take you through a series of sun salutations to build incredible strength, flexibility and endurance for the body. It will also give you a sense of stillness in your mind. This is an energetic class that literally warms you up, creating heat from within. This enables your body to stretch and open up.

Vinyasa Flow:

Vinyasa Yoga encompasses a sequence of postures and stretches designed to release tension through movement, as well as building strength. This style of yoga

synchronises movement with breathing.

Kundalini Yoga:

Known as the "yoga of awareness". This practice focuses on awakening kundalini energy in the body through a series of meditation, breathing exercises, chanting and yoga postures. It is a gentler class, although still provides a good workout for the body and mind.

Rocket Yoga:

Rocket yoga is practiced to lively music at an energetic pace. It is slow enough to ensure you have the correct alignment, but quick enough to get the heart pumping and achieve a real work out for your whole body. As with Ashtanga Yoga, you flow from one posture to the next using the breath to relax your minds.

All information and regular updates are posted on the 'LUU Yoga Society' Facebook page. See you on the mat.

Yoga Society Profile

About: With over 480 members, the Yoga Society has grown rapidly since it was set up 4 years ago. It puts on classes everyday at the University, which are all taught by professional teachers from the best studios around Leeds. They have a light-hearted, fun approach to yoga. Classes are open to all levels, so beginners are welcome to come to class at any time within the term. They promise to have you touching your toes withing a few sessions.

Special events:

Yoga hold regular socials, such as monthly superfood afternoon teas in the Hidden Cafe and hot yoga workshops on the weekend.

Membership:

£5 for the year, with classes costing an additional £3 for students and £5 for non-students. They are easily the cheapest place to practise yoga in Leeds. All equipment is provided, so you can just turn up to each class, and there's no need to book.

If you fancy a go, contact luuyoga@gmail.com for more information.

Calendar Events

31st October	1st November	2nd November	3rd November	4th November	5th November	6th November
3-6pm	9am-4:30pm	10am-3pm	7:30-9:30pm	10am-3:15pm	5-9pm	12pm onwards
STAR Bike Project <i>Velocampus bike hub, free.</i> Learn some basic bike maintenance skills for DIY repairs.	Learn to Kitesurf <i>Meet at the Parkinson steps, £5.</i> Head to the beach and cruise on a land-board.	Horse Riding <i>Meet at Parkinson steps, £20.</i> Whether you're an avid rider or have never seen a horse, trot down to this session.	'Around the World in 6 rounds' Pub Quiz <i>Faversham, £1.</i> Join the RAG team and challenge your friends.	RAG Fair <i>Union Foyer, free.</i> Think Freshers Fair but RAG themed. Find out about all their campaigns, hitches, challenges and soicals.	FIFA Tournament. <i>Baines Wing SR 1.13.</i> It's time to leave the sofa and join RAG testing your gaming skills. Competition will be in heats with the final on Sunday.	Abseil down Michael Sadler Building with RAG. <i>Outside Michael Sadler.</i> Raise money and test your head for heights.
7-9pm	7-10pm	8:30am-7pm	5:30-7:30pm	8pm-1am	6:30-8:30pm	7pm onwards
Women's Cricket GIAG <i>Edge Sports Hall 1a, free.</i> Whether you're curious about cricket or a connoisseur, join the team for some fun.	Big Band Jam Session. <i>Old Bar, free.</i> Take your band out of your parent's garage or just come to enjoy others perform.	Gliding with AvSoc. <i>Meet at Parkinson steps, £29.</i> This is your chance to take to the skies and belt out Nelly Furtado's "I'm like a bird".	Iftaar Food Night. <i>Riley Smith Hall.</i> Join ISoc for some good food and celebrating as Muslims break their fast.	Strange Parade. <i>Wharf Chambers, £2.</i> Join the Union Music Library team and DJ your own set. No skill required.	Gaming and Tech Night. <i>Common room, free.</i> Bring your own consoles and join a LAN, or play on some different games.	RAG's Take Me Out. <i>Terrace.</i> Enjoy some cheeky puns and matchmaking. All in the name of charity.

[Carina Derhalli and Maddy Keating]

Society Snaps



Her Campus Pamper Evening.
Students enjoy the royal treatment with a manicure
[photos: Will Stanley]



RAG raised a massive £1,638.83 for Breast Cancer Campaign from bucket shaking in London.
[photos: Nicole Moses]



Columns



Jen Pritchard

I've realised the British Halloween is the destroyer of dreams

When I first realised that I'd accidentally booked to go home for

Halloween I was gutted. It's my last year as a student in Leeds, and I've been fostering grand plans about magnificent house parties since last June. Someone somewhere in Leeds must be having a huge, dedicated Halloween party like they do in the States. Decorations, games, themed nibbles, amazing

Halloweiner

costumes; the whole hog. I'd already set out costume blueprints for how I would top last year's effort of Slutty Stalin (moustache, suspenders, questionable good taste and you're there.)

And then my sister pointed out that I'd got my dates mixed up and I'd be spending Halloween at home with my family and none of my friends in a town where every single person will go to Wetherspoons dressed as a "zombie school kid". That's not a costume. That's just your actual school uniform. Demonstrably you're too young to get served. Stop it.

My costumes are overwhelmingly based on taking something and doing a slutty version of it, so my ideas so far consisted of Dr. Alan Grant off Jurassic Park but in stockings and heels, a sexy interpretation of the Spider Head from John Carpenter's *The Thing*, and "Michael Portillo: Dominatrix". None of these would go down well in front of my Dad, and what would be the point if I'm not even going out? Halloween was ruined.

But then I realised that, however witty and subversive I think my costumes are, people rarely get it. Actually, more often than not, everyone's just a bit weirded out. And then when I came to think of it, Halloween never really goes as well as I want it to. In fact, Halloween is generally a bit shit.

Brits just don't have the dedication, enthusiasm and access to realistic imitations of severed limbs that they have in America. Also, as far as I'm aware, it's written into the Constitution that you have to be gratuitously celebrating something at all times or the Indians will reclaim your homestead or something.

That combined with the fact that all the Halloween activities I romanticise are deeply problematic in reality. Trick or Treating is just disturbing the homes of your neighbours, demanding sweets while doing literally nothing to deserve it. Apple-bobbing? It's a bucket of other peoples' snot and spit and you're eating food out of it. I like pumpkins, pumpkins are relatively inoffensive. But the second an inanimate object has a face I fall in love with it, and experience a terrible melancholia when it inevitably rots and gets thrown away.

So maybe home will actually be the perfect place for me this Halloween. My Dad will be audibly and hilariously rude about the neighbourhood children and their parents as they come to the door. We'll force my Mum to dress up like a bed sheet ghost and laugh at her as she struggles to manoeuvre around the house. My sister and I will watch horror films and then not be able to go to sleep because we're both inconceivably cowardly and have overactive imaginations (there is a murderer in the toilet and if I wee alone it will cut my head off.) It will be lame, for sure. But at least this way I might be able to convince my Mum to make me a pumpkin pie while I enviously scroll through Instagram.



Ellie Parkes

At a drinks party once, a friend informed me of my 'threehead'.

"So I have a 'fourhead', see?" She placed her hand on the skin between her hairline and the tops of her eyebrows. "But yours only fits three fingers." I was unsure how to respond.

"Right... does that mean something?"

We were soon talking about the seeming coincidence that so many of the beauty elite possess globular face-space enough to fit an epic poem (Rihanna, Angelina Jolie, Tyra Banks, for example),

Low-Brow

where Steven Gerard and I would struggle to host a shopping list.

Two others arrived and also sized me up, standing back to look at my forehead, nodding in agreement. This was not a defect I had considered before, and I added it internally to the list of things I frequently curse my parents for giving/failing to give me. "I'll just finish chewing this breadstick if you want to check my teeth as well? Someone could lead me round the room by my scarf whilst everyone bids, if that makes things easier?"

Since the Middle Ages in Europe, traditionally women shaved, pumiced, or plucked their eyebrows, and often shaved some of their hairline, in order to achieve the beauty standard of a wide, high forehead. In fact some claim this to be the real reason for Elizabeth I's expansive noggin, rather than the smallpox, wig chafing or baldness rumours about poor old Bess that many ascribe it to.

A large bonce for a long time was also considered the physical indicator of intelligence as well as elegance, which accounts for the 'big head, big brains' distinction we still use, even if in jest. But this was before the pseudoscience of 'phrenology' (the discernment of characteristics from measurements of the human skull), was discredited and declared downright disconcerting, when the Nazis took it on as scientific justification for racist physiognomy and Aryanism.

The expressions 'high-brow' and 'low-brow' are a hangover from this unsavoury school of thought that we still use a lot today. The theory went that a bigger brow housed a larger brain, and therefore had a capacity to appreciate trickier and better things – like theatre, opera, classical philosophy, good whiskey

and art house cinema.

And although I do sometimes seriously consider the possibility there might only be a very limited space in my skull (especially around exam time) and I do take a preposterous degree of pleasure from One Direction songs, Taylor Swift, Twilight and the Hunger Games series, I can't say I could ever bring myself to believe those things could have all been predetermined at birth and labelled in the shape of my face.

As well as housing a whole host of practical features (eyes and nose to name just two), or acting merely as canvases for beauty, faces also make up a complex web of myriad genetic combinations.

Nowadays, we have generally dismissed the old technique of physiognomy, yet it is only human to try to 'read' each other's faces, for emotions, for attractiveness and for character. Recent furore over Renée Zellweger's alleged plastic surgery showed just how tetchy we get about people altering the face they were born with. But if we all agree that the shape of the mask has no correlation to the inner person, then what was it that upset people so much?



“I don’t miss home as much as I thought I would, and I feel more at home in Leeds than I ever did at home. I speak to my family more as well, now that I’m here. It’s definitely brought us closer.” - Jade

Humans of Leeds
humansofleeds.tumblr.com