

DEAD



Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Now comes rest.



ISSUE 10

GO is a fanzine about Sheffield, the best city in the world.

You can find GO here:

Rare and Racy,
Showroom,
Grapes,
Washington,
Syd and Mall,
Green Room,
Dulo,
The Scar,
Record C,
Forever

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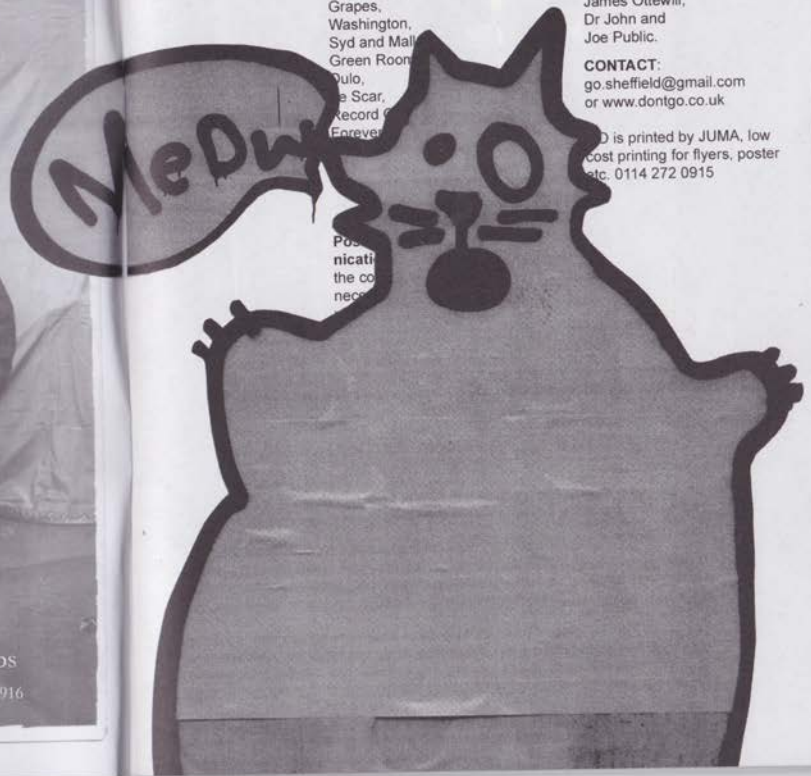
DEAD

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GO is printed by JUMA, low
cost printing for flyers, poster
etc. 0114 272 0915





INTRO

Back from the dead. It's been a while.

This issue was going to be about dead space in Sheffield. You know, all those factories you walk past with the shutters down, with plyboard nailed over the windows. The space where a garage forecourt once was that's been cordoned off for two years. The offices with white washed windows. The holes in the bottom of the city-living apartments where there should be a 'vibrant mixed use development' but where, in fact, there's nothing. This issue was going to be about all the pieces of Sheffield that are still unused, empty, missing. It was going to be about the potential of this city.

But then we realised something. We realised that the people in charge of this city can't do it, can't use this potential. The new Sheffield they're building is equally dead, bland, generic. Every crap retail scheme they present you with, every artists impression that leaves you feeling cheated, every building they unveil with a glossy TA-DAA which is an embarrassment to architects everywhere, it just confirms this. They haven't got any ideas for this city, and they aren't going to have any. They really believe that what they are building at the moment is a European City of Distinction. They aren't interested in the potential.

So it became a call to resist. RESIST. The time for complaining, for alternatives, is over. It's up to us. We realised that the only way this is going to happen, the only way we can build the Sheffield we want, a city of music and creativity and great places to go, is if we do it ourselves. We can't wait for them to do it for us, because they aren't going to.

This issue is about what could happen if we reused the dead space, and how we can do it. The different ways you can put your ideas into action, with examples of how it's been done, and how it's failed, too. We've concentrated on dead factories, because that's what we see all around us, and they're the easiest to use. But there are other places too, offices and old clubs, that you could use. We have to get into the dead space now, grow the city we want in the cracks.

This city is the best city in the world. But they're killing it. So do something.

This city is all about producing. Making things. It's been churning things out for two hundred years, and it's making no claim to have done anything else. That's why, everywhere you look, there's factories. Along the canal, round John Street, behind the station. Between West Street and the Moor. Walk down from town to Neepsend, through West Bar, on to Hillsborough. Factories are the one thing that link this disparate city of ours together, the one constant. And a lot of them are dead.

We love them. These factories are beautiful, perhaps the only good architecture that this city has left. Inside, they're a completely different world. Machines and pieces of discarded metal sit covered in grease. The smell is fucking weird, just something you're not used to anymore: industry. And there's the ghosts of the people too. Not real bed-sheet ghosts, it's just that you can feel the city's past around you. See the rooms that used to hum, the benches with six inch grooves where people worked on them, every day, for a century. See the bits and pieces people have left behind, calendars from 1986, posters of old triumphant football teams. The ghosts of this city, the greatest industrial city in the world.

But the real reason we love them is the potential. Twenty years ago, rows and rows of empty factories must have looked like the end of the world. But today, to us, they look like the start of something. Cheap, dirty, empty space to do our thing.

The reason we've concentrated on factories in this big dead city of ours is simple. They are the last, great hope for our city. If Sheffield really wants to become the vibrant, creative, beautiful city that our leaders claim, it has to happen here, in these works, in these courtyards. If they really want a 'Distinctive City of European Significance', it's these factories that could make us distinct. If they were all reused, if every dead factory had a vibrant new use, we'd have the most amazing city in the world. This is exactly how Berlin became an amazing place: reusing empty buildings in the wake of everyone fucking off to the West. There are enough interesting people in this city to do this.

And right now is the best chance to make something of them, live in them, work in them, make something in them, that will last, that will put Sheffield's name in people's heads again. But this is the last chance too. Because if we don't, they'll all go like Butcher Works, just another set of luxury apartments, too expensive for us to even think about. Or they'll be flattened. Not in ten years, not in five years, but next month.

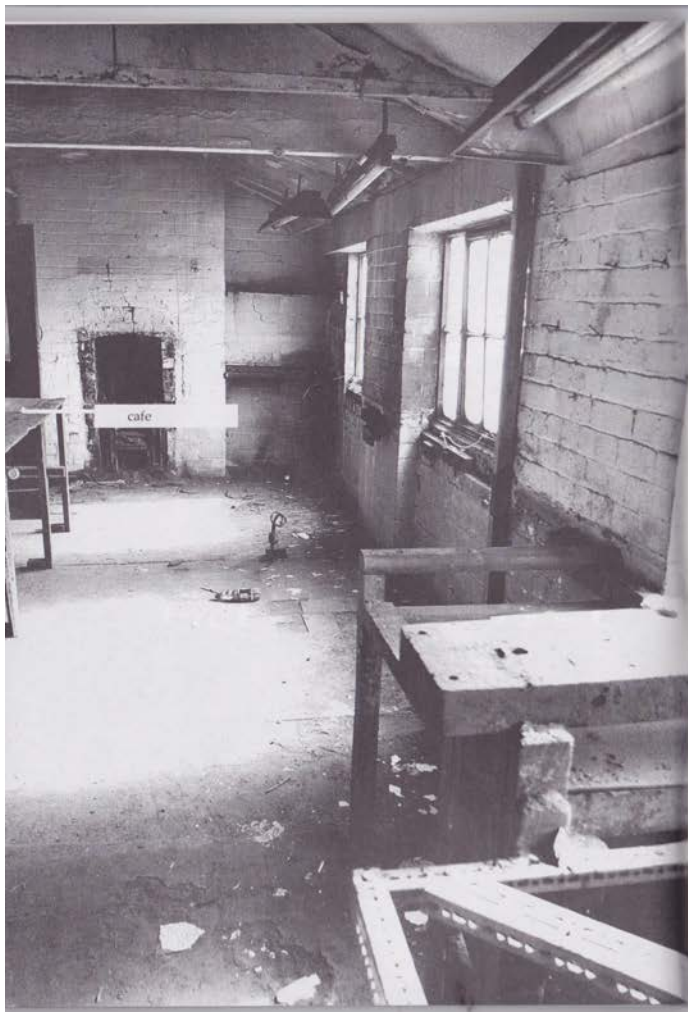
The problem is, how? Who do you phone up? How do you get the money together to turn it into a set of rehearsal rooms, or a recording studio, or a fanzine centre? What's the best way to do it? Over the next few pages, we'll have a look at the different ways this has happened. And how it hasn't, what's failed and why. I always used to think it was just a case of waiting for someone else to do it for you. But we've realised otherwise.

Tom Common.

outdoor cinema

DEAD FACTORIES





STAG WORKS

There are places like Stag all over the city. Kenilworth Works, Portland Works, Lion Works, Bruce Works, and about a hundred others that we don't know about. Old cutlery works with little rooms, now filled up with bands and artists and independents. Falling down, in need of quite a large amount of love and care. But dead, dead cool places to be.

Unfortunately, they're not very sustainable. Artists and bands make areas cool, which make them desirable, which gets property developers interested. There's nothing to stop developers buying up the whole place and turning everyone out, in favour of students or posh flats.

This is why the Stag Works project is ace. The Little Sheffield Development Trust is trying to lease the building, to provide affordable studio space for bands and related music industry types (record labels, producers, that sort of thing). A music factory. It won't be too wanky or flash, just good, safe, and with a bit of character. It's harder than it should be for them to find the money, and it's quite a long process. But if they're successful, it will be amazing.

SYD & MALLORYS

This is what we're talking about. There's a stairway next to The Howard, Sunday morning mock-tudor come down pub of choice. Go up there, and there's a shop, selling handmade one-offs, no mass products, no slave labour. But not at stupid-o prices either, nor in an atmosphere of reverential East London Dazed and Confusedness. There's fanzines too, and other people's stuff: Phlegm's t-shirts, Kev Grey. Boss shit that you can buy without feeling like a trendy.

When they found this place, it was being used as a big bin. Upstairs, they'd even built a fake wall at one end of the room, just so they could pile it with bin bags full of charity shop clothes behind it. How's that for dead space? After they'd got rid of the rubbish, all they did was paint the walls white, strip the floors, and whack a few sofas in. No spotlights, no stainless steel extractor fans, no Modernist chairs. No espresso machines.

PLEASE NOTE. This shop is advertising in our fanzine. But we aren't writing about them because of that. We're writing about them because they're doing something really amazing, reusing dead space quickly, cheaply. Because this is how shopping and clubs and bars could be in our city: not in massive, mixed use bunkers, but slotted in here and there, filling in the gaps built in the wreckage, organic. A new city of independents growing in the cracks.

Anyway. We don't want to get all Exposed. Dat's why we're donatin the fee of dis ad to Great Ormond Street 'ospital.



TRAFALGAR WORKS (left)

Trafalgar Works is just another beautiful old empty factory. A top floor with no windows that's full of pigeons. A fantastic courtyard. Staircases rotting away. We think it could be amazing. There's the frame of an old building around the back that's the perfect size for a secret café. The windows are huge and great for cheap studios, artists, musicians, producers. You could have a raised lawn in the centre for sunny days and acid nights. Up on the right, there's a whole floor missing. We think you could put a big glass box up there, the coolest office in the city.

Trafalgar works could be like the Custard Factory in Birmingham, independent bars and clubs and shops and galleries. Or you could even extend Division Street down there, to make up for all the space we've lost to Starbucks and Subway, for the Sumos and the Magnas and the Mujs.

But it's going to be pulled down. Instead, they're going to build a massive car park for the New Retail Quarter. Our city doesn't need beautiful buildings or heritage. Just retail.

LOVE FACTORY

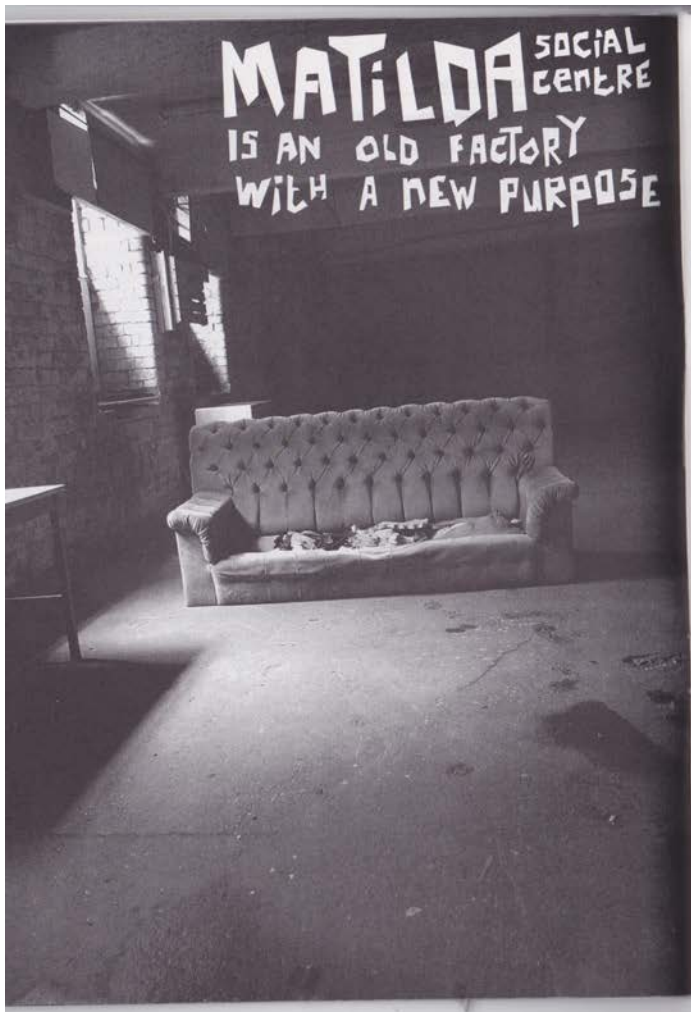
The Love Factory was a beautiful space next to Dulo. Our friend found it, and gave about a year of her life to turning it into something amazing. Not the hippy, squatty ex factory cliché you normally find. Pink windows, white walls, nice floorboards, old fireplaces, old sewing machines. And they produced some brilliant things, on a small scale: local underwear, beauty products. She rented the rooms to her friends, but it was difficult to pay the rent.

Out of nowhere, the landlord filed for bankruptcy and put the building up for sale. They managed to raise the asking price from friends and savings, £100 000. But the landlord put the price up to £200 000 and sold it to one of his associates. They desperately needed some help to make a go of it, but no-one in the council, or Yorkshire Forward, or anyone actually gives people with good ideas the money they need. Now the landlord has sublet the whole thing to the mechanic downstairs. That's the end of the Love Factory.

GOODBYE STAG WORKS

When we started GO, we were offered a desk in Stag Works, with a computer, for not very much rent. That's where our love affair with factories really began. Without Stag Works, and factories like them, we wouldn't have been able to do what we do, and nor would a thousand others. Projects like theirs need help. If agencies like Creative Sheffield and Yorkshire Forward just put some money into these projects, rather than creating endless strategies and glossy documents, they could achieve their aims for Sheffield in an instant. So why don't they?

We're leaving Stag at the end of the month, because we need more space. Thanks to all the people here, Bozz and Alan and Mark and G and Duncan. We really want to come back one day. I promised myself I wouldn't cry.



Down past Gatecrasher on Matilda Street, it's run by people who are trying to provide the space to do something different, outside of the mainstream. This applies to musicians, artists, activists or whoever needs room. It's 'a space for ordinary people to get creative and make something fantastic happen'. It's run on a collective basis, not for profit, and it's pretty cool.

The building is amazing. A warren of rooms, with the kind of in-one-door-and-out-another set up that Scooby Doo used to such effect when escaping from ghosts. Downstairs, in the basement, there's an amazing gig space set up. Before you descend, there's a tiled old furnace room on your right which is basically the perfect sized venue for all kinds of bassy heaviness. Go up here or through there and there's a meeting room, a computer lab, an office. In the front of the building is a new gallery space for artists. And right at the top are four or five beautiful spaces for artists to work. Rooms given over to an Argentinean anarchist, a man working with alternative technology, or cartoonists doing massive poster boards. Then there's the kitchen, which is the sort of post-industrial chic that readers of City Magazine think about as they're drifting off to sleep.

There's a lot of different stuff happening at Matilda, and it's difficult to understand at first. It's run by lots of different collectives, all doing their thing: a gig space collective puts bands on downstairs, the art collective runs the studios and puts on exhibitions. Other active collectives are the cafe group, the hacklab, who reuse old computers a bit like Access Space down the road, and the building collective, who keep the building standing. All the collectives come together to decide who needs what space, and collectively manage the building at meetings on Mondays.

The legal situation is just as complex. Matilda exists because there's a long term tenant upstairs, who isn't going anywhere. The building was sold from underneath him, to Hallam University, allegedly on the promise that they'd move their Psalter Lane campus there. Instead, they sold the site to Yorkshire Forward, who allegedly paid less than the tenant offered. All this information can be seen plastered on posters around the building. The tenant offered access to the empty building to some people he knew who needed a space to organise protests against the G8 meeting last year. The activists stayed and Matilda was born.

So is this a model for using old factories, for doing something in them that doesn't turn into wankyness,

that doesn't lead to selling out and focussing on money and drugs and lifestyle? Can it work, without going down this route?

The best thing is how it feels. Matilda doesn't feel like a squat. It feels really friendly, clean, beautifully done. This is partly a reflection of the legal situation. As Mozaz said, 'everything we do here we do as legal as we can. At every gig there's three or four people who know where the fire exits are.' The collective politics are slow, and there are personal differences between people, but that's nothing new really. Most people just seem to lump the politics for the chance of doing something in the space: the activism has turned into creative work to a degree.

As an art space, it works well. The studios upstairs are just beautiful, and there's less commercial pressure which means people who couldn't afford to work anywhere else can do so here. As a gig-space, too, it's a lifeline for less commercial scenes and bands. The gigs are limited, because they don't want to attract undue attention, but when they go off they really go off. Authentic Sheffield basement techno experiences like C90 are just awesome in that environment.

The issue of access is an important one. You and I couldn't do what we want to do in the Leadmill, say, as we can't have the £10,000. They're private spaces and we can't do shit there. So places like Matilda are really important, because they give us a chance. We went when they opened a new gallery space, by a couple of Hallam art students. They said they couldn't have afforded to have the show anywhere else.

But then, Matilda isn't open to everyone, either. Though it's founded on the idea that it's accessible to everyone, in practice it's accessible to people who fit the anarcho-punk ideals. If you're a gangsta wannabe with a savn off nova, or a gatecrasher girl with orange skin and white shorts, or an indie kid into tight jeans and irony, you might not feel welcome. Unless you're part of the hardcore/anarcho-punk scene, it isn't very obvious how to get involved: there's no obvious point of contact. It isn't physically that accessible, either. You can't walk down to Matilda after a swift eight pints in the Rutland and just go in, because it's often closed. To be fair, this is because they haven't got a license, and a gig every night would mean that to the police they were an unlicensed venue, no matter what Marxist aphorisms are to hand. They're looking at a cafe at the moment, which would be a natural start to the process. But it's still tricky.

The money stuff is dead confused. Matilda is run by volunteers; they've put loads of time and effort into sorting this building out, finding the materials to build the stages in skips, doing it all themselves, asking for no help from the regeneration bastards. So they don't want you or I coming in, putting a night on, and earning two hundred quid out of it. It doesn't have to be loss making, so long as it's not about profit. That's fucking cool. But at the same time it's limiting. It means that if you want to do something at Matilda, it has to be part time, so that you can earn a wage to pay for your house/kids/gas/food, or you have to go on the dole. It's that same old fucking choice again: get a job, live like a human, and try to do what you do outside of your 9 to 5, or be fucking poor and do it during the day. Can't we make a living out of the things we love? Can't we be artisans? You can't do something in the mainstream, which will change lots of people's lives. Only a few.

The biggest issue that Matilda seems to face are the restrictions that they've put on themselves as an organisation. It doesn't matter at the end of the day about money; you can get round that, do your commercial work somewhere else, whatever. But it's the fact that there's so much empty space, so many nights with nothing on, so much potential that probably won't get used. They're bound by the logic of being outside the mainstream. When we were there, someone was asking to put on freeform avant garde performances, probably to be attended by five people. That person couldn't do something at the Leadmill, or anywhere else. But by the same token, that doesn't mean it isn't shit. It seemed like the guys organising the gig space had to say yes. High aims of non-commercial space and free expression collide with shit music nights attended by ten obscurest and rooms full of people playing minesweeper on reclaimed computers. It seems like there's a potential here to create a really good, alternative culture factory. But if it's just for hardcore punk gigs or non-commercial jazz, that potential won't reach many people.

But despite these questions, it's still amazing to have a space like Matilda. And the future for Matilda is going to be really interesting. If they can find a way to consolidate what they do, to get a license to put nights up every night, to dance til 2, to open the place up with a café or something, and maybe to run it as a cooperative, with managers and paid workers and direction, then they might be onto a fucking winner. As it stands, they already have a brilliant space to create something outside of the mainstream. But that means it won't ever affect that many people.

I think Matilda is ace. Like many of the people we spoke to, I find the politics frustrating and inspiring at the same time. I think it's really important to show people alternatives to normal development, to wanky bars and shit bland clubs, and I think it's really important to do this off your own back. The people who have done it deserve supporting; they really believe in Matilda, and if they get kicked out, we should be there protesting for them. And it's worth saying that it's places like this that make the city cool, and attractive to people, where the culture comes from. The bands in this city at the moment will get the attention of a lot more people than the new Cafe Rouge in the town centre. The council would do well to remember that before they make any decisions about Matilda.

Matilda is another way of doing it, of reusing these spaces, and they've proved that they can. Maybe it isn't the way I'd do it, but I'm glad it's there. And you've got to love the anarchists, because at least they're asking some good questions.

"Be reasonable: demand the impossible!"

Thanks to Mozz, Helena, Sarah and everyone else who showed us round and talked to us about Matilda.

Tom Common.



yo^{yo}



undercrackers

yo

• junk mail with from spam people with names like truro wilkins or drabe supreme and subject lines like **'DON'T BE INADEQUATE any more!'** & 'don't expose your intimate life' it's good advice, i wish i'd taken it. • parp-pa-parp parp! bt's new text a landline service is possibly the best joke i've ever heard of. pick it up and it does a little **MEDIAEVAL TRUMPET NOISE** then tom haver reads the message in his funny baritone. messages i've received so far include 'get down and get with it' and 'has anyone got any veras? lovely'. absolute, absolute, **ABSOLUTE GENIUS**. • outside perceptions of the city. london media companies phoning up and saying 'which side of the city is the best to meet up?' our city hasn't got any sides love. how about we meet you **OUTSIDE VIRGIN** like every other fucker? • remote control bin in endcliffe park causing absolute havoc. children literally dieing with delight as it stops, then starts moving around again. **CHOMPING** towards them. **BORED** people come up with some amazing things. • leopold sq. look at them posters (posers?) - the place is going to be filled by people from 90s Euro house videos. i'm in! Just let me get my **GOLD COWBOY** hat. • sheffield city council having the audacity to sum up their approach to public art with the new sculpture outside saint paul's place: giant **STEEL BALLS**. • the little foxies. i love to see the little foxies but have not seen them since the making season. the mummy foxie is called a vixent. The baby foxies are called muffins and the daddy foxie is called **DAD FOX**. he is double bad. • london road health and safety. they're building lots down there at the moment, and it's mostly independents, which is good. but standards are a bit dubious. **SOMEONE LEFT** a saw on the pavement the other day. • happy hardcore. bonkers 13 new double album of insanity hard core you know the score come on take me higher !!!! • **MOUSTACHES**. when warp was massive all the techno-philes had beards. now c90 is packed with upper lip slippers.

• tesco on ecclesall road. big enough to feed three thousand people in 4x4s (note to tesco: drive through?) but no recycling. sorry for **BEING A HIPPIY**, but it isn't really good enough is it? • nightclub confusion. a woman: excuse me, do you know where bed is? me: they've **KNOCKED IT DOWN LOVE**. woman: but where is it? me: it's demolished. gone. woman: is it on london road? shall i get a taxi? me: **NO**. • the great 'assist-dog scam: yes, yes so craig the yorkie helps out with snapping at the grandkids and takes the blame for the farts but that and a fluoro-coat with **'ASSIST DOG'** written on it does not mean he should be allowed on the tram. people like you, you're worse than robbers. • cafe rouge in the peace gardens: a **POTENTIAL TOURIST** browses the internet for city break ideas, 'hey there's a cafe rouge in the centre of sheff, and a haha, and an all bar one, wow, let's go!' Or we could just go to croydon. whatever. • hot snack. **JAZZ BASTARDS**. • nationwide poster ads: a simpering fool with a fist-friendly face complains (or boasts!) 'well, it's tough at the top, isn't it?' and this to get us to go and work in a call centre for £12k a year. where the 'top' is. **NEIN DANKE** mein host - gimme the job of the idiot who approved this witless piece of shit, i'll do it for half what he's on, alright? • club nme: the very best indie tunes! **FIND US IN GRIMSBY**, thorpe arch, darley dale, hull, stockport, Carlisle, aberdeen, shrewsbury, lincoln, stoke, clapham, bourne mouth, telford, wolverhampton. plus, new in sheffield! • whistles. i really thought we'd left whistles in 1995 along with **OVERSIZED DUMMIES** and the phrase 'are you a mosher or a raver?' but no. fargate has gone whistle crazy. evidently the blowing a whistle joke has still got it. • 5pm closing: well that was a **NICE** day at work, not, i'm off to relax in my city centre. a visit to the minellium galleries maybe. or a stroll through the winter gardens. oh. bollocks. **SHEFFIELD IS SHUT**.

no



OUTSIDE NOW!!!

no
no
no
THE LOT O' YER



Here come new ideas

When we started, we were super positive about this city, and its future. We were asking wouldn't it be great if Sheffield was this, why don't we do this or that. We thought that it was a brilliant time for the city, that the next few years would be Sheffield's time, our chance to turn into something amazing.

But the people who are leading this city, they don't have a single idea for Sheffield, not a clue about what they want the city to be. They're doing nothing to make it stand out. Under them, Sheffield will continue to be an ugly, middle rate city, that doesn't have anything different or interesting to offer the world. That doesn't stand out for any reason. All of our initial hopes are starting to peel away.

It seems pretty obvious that Sheffield **COULD** be an amazing city, known around the world. A green city, synonymous with our amazing environment, sustainable. Or a design city, known for graphics and products, for making brilliant things. Or just creative, a city that reused its buildings, that had parties in empty offices, that was a place to start and do something good. All these things we're already doing. We'd just need to push it to the fore.

But we've realised something. We can't keep on saying Sheffield could be amazing, Sheffield could be amazing, over and over again, when every new building is disappointing and there's no imagination, no vision that could change what Sheffield means. We've realised that good ideas aren't enough anymore, because no-one listens to them.

They get us in and speak to us and nod. Or they make us speak at regeneration debates and treat you like Luke Skywalker afterwards, the last great hope of Sheffield's future. But then they still don't come up with anything good. Nothing changes. Development is still bland and shit, low quality, obvious and cheap. The buildings are horrible, truly horrible, the squares are rubbish. The shops look cheap, the bars are fake. There's nothing beautiful at all except the hills. Sheffield city council truly believe that a variety of bricks on the floor outside City Hall make Sheffield a vibrant European city. That's the sort of idiocy we're up against. Good ideas don't mean shit.

But don't worry. We aren't giving up yet. We've realised that the only way to change things in this city is to do it yourself. This issue is all about this realization. The people in charge, Sheffield First, Sheffield One, they only know economics. They don't know shit about what makes a city special. They can't do it. So we have to. We have to get in the factories now, before they flatten them. We have to do the interesting things we want to see. Whether we do it as anarcho-syndicalists or independents or with property developers, the important thing is that we do it.

So if you want a good record shop in the city, do it. If you need some space for your band, take it. If you want to practice your art, draw it. If you want to see the city become something amazing, something utterly, unutterably unique, something that people flock to, something that you can be completely and totally proud of, then do it. Occupy. Don't let them tell you that you're wrong. Don't let them tell you that you can't, that you shouldn't be in here, that we should leave it to them. Don't let them tell you, 'be young and shut up'. They've done it in other places, in other times, in Berlin, in Paris. We can do it here. We can make this city special. Occupy. Occupy. Occupy.



Europa Distincta
SHEFFIELD
Growing in the cracks



Officiis Emptioris
Castle Square
A bit brown



Fabrigatus Semi-detached
Pearl Works
Soggy roof, nice view



Utrix amula
Old Charity Shops
Paint Oceans of the Thirdly



DEAD LIST

Here's a list. A starter for ten. Not just factories, but offices too, old civic buildings, and wasteland. We're not suggesting that you bend a credit card into an L shape, slide it into a yale lock and then give it a shove. We're not advocating that you should cut the padlock off and put your own one on. We do not want you to let yourselves in and take advantage. That's criminal. But maybe, just maybe, having all these spaces sitting there waiting for the right time to knock them down and make a packet is criminal too.

Offices above Castle Square.

You know the ones, opposite TJ Hughes, with a green tinge to it. They look a bit cheap. You could do anything in here, from real office space to rehearsal rooms. Basically, old factories are fucking OVER: in thirty years time, it will be the old offices that people are colonizing. In Germany, they've created a club inside an old sixties office block. But they're cool in Germany so they can do that sort of shit.

Pearl Works, Arundel Lane

A little shed shaped factory next to Hallam uni. It's a sweetie this one. It's brilliant that right here, in the middle of the city, soon to be covered in sky-scrapers and mega car parks like out of Judge Dredd, there's a little, dilapidated old works. We think this should be a post-industrial semi detached, split down the middle, for two happy families living in the shadow of the city. There's a bit at the other end where the roof's falling in a little, but don't worry, that can be a rustic walled garden. Sweet.

Anonymous Charity Shop, Cumberland St.

You know those charity shops that aren't even for a proper charity, like Helping Holmfirth or Sheffield Gerbil Protection Brigade or St Anne's Hospice League? This was one of them. Now it's empty. Turn it into a fanzine/poster/magazine café, and paint up the windows with graffiti on the inside so they can't do anything about it.

DILITATION

Abandoni: Dilation
Office World
Red paint, large floorpans



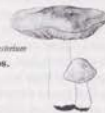
Dull Summer
Rockingham House.
Prep. Min M. Dunder



Eye-Texas
Garage Forecourt
All this potential



Car Park Transmutation
Russel Bros.
Wanted Beauty



Office World, Eyre Street.

Pretty apocalyptic looking shed shop at the top of Eyre Street. Abandoned for a better future when Staples took it over about a year ago. The digital clock is still going, but keeping some sort of mad future time. This would be perfect for a Sheffield Street Art Centre. A paste up pad, the wall inside could be divided into twenty spaces, allocated to the twenty best artists in Sheffield, pasted with posters, filled with amazing illustration and mad poetry. In the middle, you could have a spray-can café, selling pentel markers, spray paint and a brew. People would come from all over to hang out and be part of it, to learn. Style magazine editors would burst into tears.

Rockingham House Social Security.

Massive ex-dole office on Charter Row, behind the Moor. A beige building made out of metal at the front, at the back there's an ironically named cheap superstore called What Everyone Wants. Both empty. The old Social Security logo is still above the door. I think a party in a dole office would probably be the coolest thing that Sheffield could EVER do. Maybe even get Maggie on the decks.

Garage forecourt on Ecclesall Road.

I remember when there was a Texaco here and the woman working there was fucking rude. It was knocked down about two years ago. But absolutely nothing has happened since. First off, it should be a poster gallery: Remove all the fences and put new ggg/art/stupid posters up on a weekly basis. Then replace the concrete floor with turf. Finally get one of those wicked shipping containers and have a coffee shop out of it. Boom.

Russell Bros. Machine Knives, Syndey Street.

Opposite Niche. This low, flat modern factory is beautiful. One of the nicest in the city. It's got one enormous long window, about fifty metres of glass, which would be perfect for something visual. We think it should be Sheffield's Bauhaus, a school for all the brilliant, independent, non-London designers in this city to teach a new generation of kids to do it. Currently, it's being used as an enormous fucking car park.

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SQUATTING

by Joe Public

There's about 4 things in the world that are so good that I can't believe they're legal, and squatting is one of them. The others are salvia, reading entire books without buying them in Waterstones and tea with three sugars, since you ask. Plenty of people think that squatting is illegal and even more think that it doesn't matter either way because only jakeys do it anyway, but neither of these things are true. Squatting isn't a criminal offence, just unlawful, which means it's dead fun but you can't be arrested for it. It's only a civil matter between the land owner and you, pretty much like trespass (which also means you can't get nicked for trespassing as long as you don't damage anything or get in anyone's way, so stop reading now and finally go and look around all those awesome empty factories out of town instead).

The more visible squats are social centres and big projects, that tend to have more people working on them and are open to events and anyone who's interested. Sheffield's got Matilda at the moment, which should be around for a while longer, but on the whole squatted social centres are reasonably short lived because they're so visible and piss off the owners and police. These places are amazing from a DIY perspective, because you have much more freedom to run events, without the pressure of having to make a profit or attract thousands of people. Matilda has had about 3 gigs or events a week for the last few, and there's an art gallery and studios, food, meetings, free internet access and a free shop too. These things are kind of social centre stalwarts, but you get some more unexpected things too. I went to a squat in Leeds that had a dressing up room with racks and racks of ridiculous clothes and a dungeon. But then, that's a queer squat and they're all in complex polyamorous relationships with each other and having loads of sex, so it's only to be expected.

The more visible squats are social centres and big projects, that tend to have more people working on them and are open to events and anyone who's interested. Sheffield's got Matilda at the moment, which should be around for a while longer, but on the whole squatted social centres are reasonably short lived because they're so visible and piss off the owners and police. These places are amazing from a DIY perspective, because you have much more freedom to run events, without the pressure of having to make a profit or attract thousands of people. Matilda has had about 3 gigs or events a week for the last few, and there's an art gallery and studios, food, meetings, free internet access and a free shop too. These things are kind of social centre stalwarts, but you get some more unexpected things too. I went to a squat in Leeds that had a dressing up room with racks and racks of ridiculous clothes and a dungeon. But then, that's a queer squat and they're all in complex polyamorous relationships with each other and having loads of sex, so it's only to be expected.

There are two things that you need for a good squat – nice people and luck. You need to trust and like the people you're working on a place with, and it helps if they're going to get things done and have interesting ideas. Luck is the wildcard, a divine but fickle idol to the squatter who must be respected and allowed for, because it is luck who decides whether a squat is ace or dull. Our squatted house would have been there much longer if an ex-resident hadn't decided to take a look at his old house, realised that there were squatters inside and phoned the council. But then the Ramparts squat in London has been there for 18 months and counting because the landlord of the building is in prison. I've been to a squat that lasted 2 weeks and one that was held for so long that the squatters now legally own the place. Some friends came to crack a squat with an angle-grinder and bolt-croppers but instead found that the key to the Stix (the metal sheeting put over windows of empty buildings to secure them) had been left in the keyhole, so they just let themselves in.

Others turned to corner to find that the building they'd made detailed plans to squat had been demolished. It's how it goes, it's luck and things can fuck up but they can also be incredible. How else could a queer-core performance band wearing nothing but tit tape and hotpants play a gig in a nunnery?

Squatting is the only way this could have happened, because you have much more freedom to run events, without the pressure of having to make a profit or attract thousands of people. Matilda has had about 3 gigs or events a week for the last few, and there's an art gallery and studios, food, meetings, free internet access and a free shop too. These things are kind of social centre stalwarts, but you get some more unexpected things too. I went to a squat in Leeds that had a dressing up room with racks and racks of ridiculous clothes and a dungeon. But then, that's a queer squat and they're all in complex polyamorous relationships with each other and having loads of sex, so it's only to be expected.

Ignore stale ideas of how squats should be, and what kind of people should work in them – squatting is just the act of occupying an abandoned building, nothing more. From experience, the people most likely to get it sorted to do this are anarchists, punks or indeed, anarcho-punks, but there is nothing at all to stop there being an indie squat, with two acoustic gigs on every night, a cream tea café and a big picture of Morrissey painted on the outside of the building. You could occupy a huge empty warehouse to build a replica of The Moor and all its shops, then staff them with cats and let people look round in exchange for cat food. Or maybe just move into a squat, fix it up nice and use the time that you'd otherwise be working to pay rent to write an autobiography of that fella who walks up and down Fargate wearing a fluoro vest with 'Seek Ye The Lord' printed on the back, waving a placard and the Bible.

I don't know, you work it out. Squatting is just a way of creating space for yourself; there's no proscribed activity once you're in. It's really not that hard once you've got some mates to help out, and it beats watching TV. I'll give you all the help I can if you email me, or look at www.squatter.org.uk. Or just ignore all of this and stay satisfied with mainstream club nights and spending all your time working to pay rent – either way.

DÉCOR: DO IT YOURSELF!

a Dr Jon prescription

So there I am, having trawled the 'trose as a good doctor should, standing on London Road, reading the wise words of Jarvis Cocker stuck artlessly on a wall, and it just seems obvious: our scenery is far too important to entrust to the authorities: they generally fuck it up, often by committee.

Take that new silver tapeworm out the front of the station, for example. Or that fucking tank by the Millennium Galleries. There are exceptions, like the man out the front of the Winter Gardens. But on the whole, them with power don't do enough, and they don't do good enough. We are forced to do it ourselves.

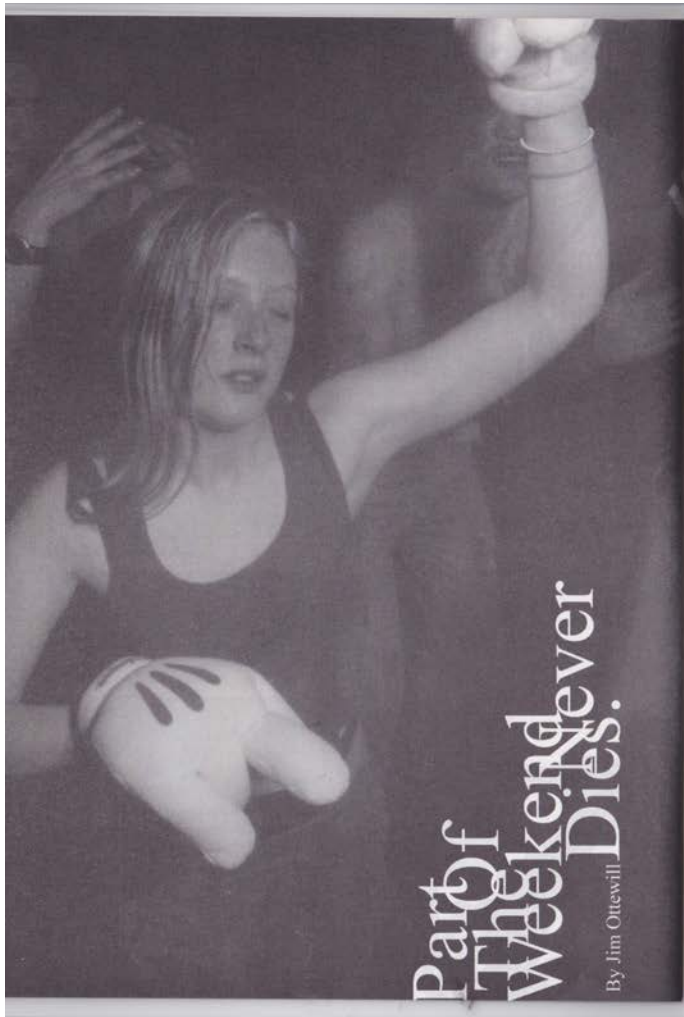
Almost all graffiti is utter shite, it's true. Mostly just arrogant twats scrawling stupid nicknames in massive letters. Usually in places that'd be better left alone, or certainly no worse. But it doesn't have to be that way. There's been some right good grassroots stuff in this city recently – cartoon murals around Dulo, lost odd gloves on park railings, the Arts Tower daffodil, some smart-arse subvertising, T-Rex trainers over telephone wires, a public piano on the pavement, PROPER bleedin ART.

And you, yes you, can get in and help out. You don't have to run a club night to put pictures up around town, you know. And guerilla art doesn't require the genius of Banksy, just a little thought. If you can't draw, find someone who can. Or just get pictures off t'Internet. Or don't use pictures at all: make paper lantern sculptures, sound installations, whatever.

But don't leave ugly traces: clean up after yourself, or avoid making a mess in the first place. The point is to beautify, after all. And it's easy: loads of shops let you put stuff in their windows for very little cash, workplace noticeboards are asking for it, and great big advertising billboards are fair game in anyone's language, as indeed are disused petrol stations and wastelands in general.

So let's get on with it, and see a thousand flowers bloom this summer and jostle for our attention. And while we're at it, can someone please do something about those cooling towers? Oh, yeah, right ...





Part of Weekend Dies.

By Jim Ottewill

There's something to be said for staying up all night. The post pill-popping silliness is a funny time, when you and your chums get that little bit closer and more than a little bit daft. Words pop out that should have always remained locked away, basic human rituals such as urinating in the correct vessel are discarded, the envelope is pushed. You'll no doubt want to continue in this manner, and push the party train as far as it's going to go. But the pubs don't open for another four hours, and everyone knows that if you go home you'll pass out on the sofa and wet your pants.

To keep yourself going on a sunny morning I'd recommend the cemetery near the Vine boozier on Cemetery Road. The graveyard that verges on Cemetery Road is a massive playground for loons and dog walkers alike. You can bond over a massive a fatty and a mongrel. Who would have thought that a plot of land set aside to conceal the dead could become such a bubbling hive of potential friendship and heady, stupid times?

Five reasons why the General Cemetery is The Place to be on a comedown/if you're dead.

1. Booze

Dawn comes up, and it's only a blink away from the opening of the offices. Then they start to pop up like alcoholic oases in a sober desert of normality. Little glimmers of relief in this potentially paranoid time. This gives you a state-sanctioned opportunity to prolong your chemical party. Sharrow General Cemetery is close to quite a few of these little fun shops, although I wouldn't recommend Oddbins on Sharrow Lane. Even being 'on one' does not mean you're gonna give them the best part of a mortgage for a 4 pack of pissy lager. Ecclesall Road's Spar is open 24 hours and is within mooching distance of the cemetery. Piece of piss.

2. You may find love

Cos cemeteries are full of rotten bodies it's usually pretty quiet and you can do your thing in there without fear of interruption (whatever your 'thing' maybe). As a result, the General Cemetery attracts Sharrow's weirdos like a drippy shit gets hungry flies. Take our man Jim. He draws bunnies and cute pigs to adorn cards and likes to wear one glove as a homage to Mark E Smith. With his long mod hair and perpetual grimace, he could resemble a lovely lady if the night was black enough. One winter's day he was snapping away in the cemetery with his camera when an old fella in a mac approached him. 'Fancy a wank mate?' 'I've already had one' was the sensible reply. It wasn't his lucky day cos he'd already sorted himself out. But if you're feeling a little lonely why not put your hair up, wear summat a little saucy and get on down there. Keep your eyes peeled for the macs and the gloves.

3. You can release a little frustration

If the comedown isn't as smooth as desired, you might get a bit tense. In the summer the surrounding park is overflowing with Guardian reading dread heads and if things aren't going your way you should get on their trip. They may have more drugs. If they don't you can give them shit to make yourself feel a little better. They've got their poi (possibly flaming), the shit dub, the shit hash, the cider; basically, the essential components of the toolbox of any new nighties hippy. However these are also their weaknesses. Use your imagination but there's plenty you can do to sock it to these tossers. Get a mate to distract them (using a flower/poem/can of cider), give them a good kick in the nads (if they're a bloke), kick them in the fanny (if they're a she), nab the cider and hash and shit on the stereo. You get the picture.

4. You'll fit in.

After a hard evening partying like it's 1998 and trance is still massive, you're not going to look your best. Hells teeth, I've been there in a terrible state. Rolling around on the floor, snapping back into consciousness surrounded by strangers, knowing dick-all about the last 8 hours with my jaw round my ankles and a reffer the size of Ben Nevis in an inexplicably filthy paw. This is good, because it means that passing respectable citizens won't instantly recognize you as a pilled up dance monger, but might initially mistake you for the living dead. The terror that your wizened, pigeon titted frame provokes is a life line. It gives you valuable seconds to do one before the children at that school on the other side of the river go and tell their teacher, and the rozzers start their Sunday shift as they mean to go on.

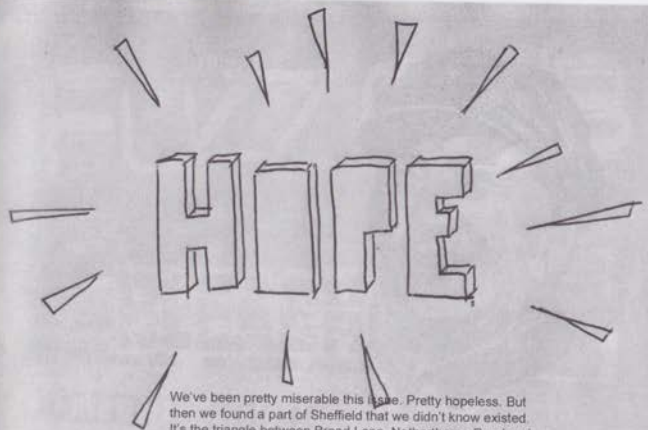
5. It's a sham

It's not an actual graveyard, with groups of understandably upset people tending the last resting place of their loved ones. So the sight of you actually dancing on a grave, top off. Orangeboom in one hand and imaginary glowstick in the other, or even worse, bugging it like it's a puppy, won't make anyone burst into tears. All the people in this graveyard died so long ago that no-one living knows who they are. This provides Carte Blanche for godless drug head behaviour, and also something interesting to think about if your brain gets all metaphysical.

con trib ute

GO is always open to contributions. If you have something you want to say about the city, or you want to write/design/draw something but you don't know what, get in touch. It's good to talk.

www.dontgo.co.uk
go.sheffield@gmail.com



We've been pretty miserable this issue. Pretty hopeless. But then we found a part of Sheffield that we didn't know existed. It's the triangle between Broad Lane, Netherthorpe Road and West Bar. The roads go up and downhill at the same time, over hills you didn't even know existed. It doesn't have a name yet, doesn't appear on any maps. Walking around it was like that bit in Star Wars where Luke Skywalker fucks off to fight his dad and Ben Kenobi says: "That boy was our only hope" And Yoda says "No. There is another."

Because it doesn't matter how sterile they make the city centre, how many wipe clean thirty storey buildings they build, how much the wind whips around the empty plazas at the bottom of financial skyscrapers. It doesn't matter that they'd laminate the pavements if they could. Down here, it's all to play for. Sheffield can still snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

There's no map I'm afraid. Because there's nothing there at the moment, really. A few garages occupied by men sitting round in overalls or standing over machines that they told you had gone to China. Still the smell of glue and metal. An old furnace from the eighteenth century. A massive church with a congregation of about ten. An isolated few new building projects, mostly shit as ever. And loads of twentieth century dead factories.

To wander round here yourself, and be inspired, meet your friends for an afternoon brew in the Grapes/Fagans, then cross over Broad Lane, turn left up hill at Footprints, and just start walking. We're still in love with this city.



THIS IS OUR TIME

This is our chance. We are the young. The buildings are there, empty. You can do it anyway you want: squat, share the rent between your friends, get someone rich to invest. You haven't got any commitments, you don't have to feed kids or pay a mortgage. Go into your overdraft, borrow a couple of hundred quid off your grandparents if they've got it, save it up if you need it. Or just break in somewhere until you're told to go. This city is your city, you make it special. So politely, respectfully, co-operatively break the fuck in. Take it back. Resist.

This summer, for three months, take a risk. We have to put out our own city guides, create our own tourist office, our own tours. We have to repaint the streets ourselves, redesign the city ourselves. Break into empty office blocks and set up your band hq. Build a park on that old garage next to tesco. Photocopy lifesize pictures of Kate Moss and fly post them. Show films in old factories, have parties in abandoned nursery schools. Race bikes. Do fanzines. Write books. Let all the different ideas come pouring out, and flood the city.

This summer, let Sheffield bloom.

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When exactly do you mean?
See I've already waited too long
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