



ANYWHERE

Issue 11
GO AWAY

Go is a fanzine about Sheffield.

GO is

TOM COMMON
God Loves South Yorkshire
TOM HYDRO
She was dying while I was dancing
ROY DISCO
Let's do brunch
PAUL V
The word for me is fusion/
But is real change an illusion?

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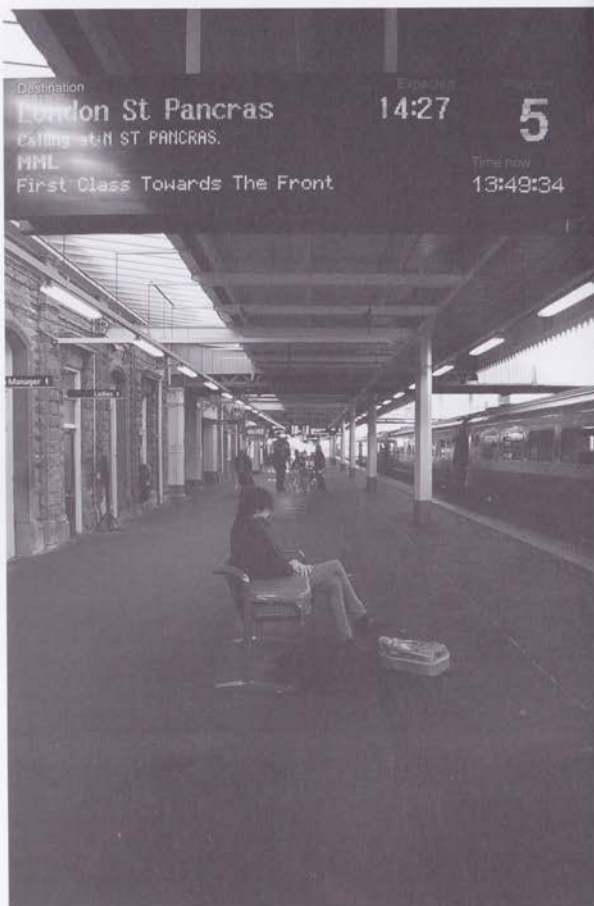
And in memory of Kate Strutt

Issue 11.
Free.

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Issue 11.

This one's been growing on us a long time. Gnawing away. Affecting us every day.

The cliché is: one enormous village. "It's Like One Enormous Village" (quote from every Sheffield Celebrity ever). Once you get here you don't ever leave. People from all over the world, fucked off with cities where you feel like rats in a tumble dryer, find solace in the hills and the peace and the quiet. Like an urban eden. We're told by university propagandists that more people stay in Sheffield than any other city in the country.

And it's true. But to a point. That point is three years after university, when you're still at Norwich Union, when you're still doing admin for the DWP. That point is when your friends leave, when your girlfriend's moved to London, when your boyfriend leaves for Newcastle. That point is when you go to Berlin or Manchester or London and you don't want to come back.

Recently, a lot of people we know and love have started to reach that point.

But equally, this issue is about why people stay. There are a lot of people in this city that never want to leave. Artists and designers and musicians with international profiles. Graduates and locals and people who've moved here to work and fallen in love. People who choose to stay in South Yorks.

We didn't know the answer, couldn't work it out on our own. So we asked everyone else. Here's what they said.

Go Away.



We asked people two questions:

- 1) Do you ever consider leaving Sheffield? Why?
- &
- 2) What makes you stay?

Here's what they said...



Do you ever consider leaving Sheffield? Yes.

Why?

When you're sat in a bar in Helsinki or Ljubljana or Brooklyn or Paris or wherever and you're drunk, with good people, listening to good music and you've eaten good food - or you're getting the night-bus back to Hackney to drink til 4 in the morning while some old fellas do karaoke about teenage love and there's a girl who sounds just like Rod Stewart singing 'Maggie May' and you're in good company and your day's gone well. The market was good, as was the gig and the exhibition; you start thinking 'Why on earth am I still living in Sheffield? This is mint'.

What makes you stay?

When you're sat down the Sheaf View on a Sunday drinking good ale with good friends having shot some good pool at DNR and the Cremorne after drinking litres of Cider at the Cricketers watching punk bands while people make human pyramids and body slam one another jumping off the windowsills and you've eaten in Zeugma twice in one week and you didn't need to catch the bus because you can walk everywhere and you've seen a fox down your street and a squirrel in your garden; you think to yourself 'This is mint'...



I spent a good while thinking about what it is I miss about Sheffield. I left in 2004 and moved to the darkside (Leeds), to study photography. It wasn't that I wanted to leave Sheffield, I just wanted a bit of a change, but didn't want to stray too far...Leeds was the closest place for me.

Sheffield has always been my second home. Although I'd never lived here until I came to University, many weekends were spent in the 'field visiting family...I remember my sister being pecked by a goose in Endcliffe Park, getting chips from 'Two Steps on a Saturday, being amazed at the mountains of snow in Crosspool when walking with my Grandad to get his paper, the radio blasting out Praise or Grumble after the match on a Saturday...my family history is here so I've always been attached to the city.

Moving to Sheffield for me was like moving home, so moving away was heartbreaking. I still get goosebumps when the train rolls in underneath the doubledecker motorway, past the Cooling Towers and the funny tree stands near Meadowhall, and emerges through the tunnels, Park Hill to one side and Roy Disco to the other. An ugly picture in a beautiful frame, my Granny says. I miss the hills, the skies, the terraces, the towerblocks, the trees. But most of all I miss the people. I miss my friends and, odd to say it, I miss the people I



don't even know. Sheffield folk are one of a kind. You're guaranteed a conversation in Sheffield wherever you are, there's always time for the time of day.

I popped back the other weekend and was on the number 3 bus when I overheard the driver's radio, and it summed up everything I love, and miss about Sheffield.

'Watch out for a young lad trying to get on the 474 with an unboxed television. Do not let him board with an unboxed television'.

Fighting crime at a local level.

There you have it. Sheffield's got a great sense of community pride and has had since long before it was a buzz word drawn into policies and flirted with by planners. And that's Sheffield's problem.

Words can do it no justice. It's a place that embeds itself in your heart.



I always loved leaving and loved coming back. The image of the city I take with me is the view from the top of East Bank Rd. You get a fantastic view of concrete blocks sat in a huge grass bowl. When the sun is out and the skies are blue, it's fantastic especially in amongst the green hills.

It's easy to be seduced by places far and away. It's like the photos in the Lunn Poly holiday brochure. I've been to Milan expecting it to look like a Vogue cover and of course it's not like that. There's little there, in fact it's like fucking Chesterfield except it has two huge football teams. And I'm not kidding.

I left because opportunities weren't available in Sheffield, so I went to Manchester and London for the best part of 5 years. Now the city is in the middle of being born again. Like many in Sheffield, I was born from a previous generation who had never left the city, which fuelled the desire to go and do what they never had a chance to do. So make the best of the world they created alongside others and get out there and make it happen with your mates.

Sheffield is apologetic by its very nature due to years of mismanagement and as a result its confidence was eroded. It's very difficult to change an inherent sensibility that isn't receptive to outside influences. The universities have been a catalyst to change



bringing in a lot of people who have settled in the city. And they think it's a great city despite knowing its flaws. I now know more people who have settled in the city than I do locals.

If you pulled back and saw the city from afar, it would look like an ants colony. It's active and it's busy on the ground. There's conflict over the direction of the city, but you can't exist as a whole and strive towards one vision, so clusters are bound to form as a reaction to the masterplans. Which is healthy as it creates alternatives. Forget about the homogenous nature of the city centre and focus on what you can do to contribute as an individual and collectively.

It's easy to bemoan Sheffield, but if you carry on doing that you will be the wanker in the pub who's continually banging on about how great the bars are in London. So realise what you've got, accept it and make it better or forever by the outcast who inevitably will be sat in their own shit come their 70th birthday.



I think we're quite lucky in a way. Most people who move to a different city or come to uni don't find a community like there is in Sheffield. There's a sense of attachment here. A lot of my friends who moved to other cities just went straight home after university, or moved to London. It isn't easy for them to stay.

At the same time, I think that people want to go off and experience something else while they're still young. But I think a lot of the best things about Sheffield you won't appreciate until you move away. It's a bit of a gamble really. To see if anything else is better.



Unfortunately I am one of the ones who are leaving. I've spent my twenties in Sheffield and had a blast and been involved in music for all that time.

My brother was Rob Mitchell from Warp and for my teenage and early twenties warp was part of that social circle. Through Warp-based friends I set up Dropping Science which we ran for 4 years before my partners moved to London with Warp. I felt Sheffield had some interesting scenes at this time with the Imp, nonsense, absynthesis, Lovebytes and c90 gigs running alongside my own, however the leaving of warp seemed to signal the end of that era.

This was a bad time for me as all my mates, my brother and my musical outlet were all removed and I felt Sheffield had a shitty musical time from 2000-2003. It was this period of harshness that drew together remnants of the scene at the time to put something decent on. As a consequence myself, Julin (who ran the electro c90 in the late nineties) and Will (who ran the weird nonsense nights) were drawn together and re-started the c90 parties which we've totally loved doing.

Sadly work is taking me away from here (I don't want to go but there aren't the opportunities for me in my line of work). As well as seeing various scenes build and fall, I feel I don't want to be left in the lonely



times of Sheffield again. Really I'm jumping ship before things disperse.

So overall I love it here and have devoted my twenties and contributed in a small way to the musical climate. I guess I see Sheffield as an excellent training ground for ambitious people rather than a place where long-term careers in music can be built. There is always an ebb and flow with the quality of the musical climate, when its good its ace, when its not its shit.

Dominic.

Birmingham.

I left because natural inertia took me back to Birmingham after Graduation not because I had an overwhelming desire to leave.

I'll always have a soft spot for Sheffers because it's lo-fi, green, hilly, small, misguided, pathetic-in-an-endearing-way, soulful and friendly.



I've thought about moving to London, a few times.

It's fun to go there for a couple of days to do a show or dj or summat, but it's all too crazy really. Everyone's on a mission, almost like they're chasing something, and I don't know what.

I know Sheffield looks wank, and half the people here do my head in, but I do feel at home here. I always get a cool feeling when you come to that turn off the M1, and you see that welcome to Sheffield sign. Fuck London. Can I say that? I just have.



Do you ever consider leaving Sheffield? Why?

Yes I do - because I think I should experience living elsewhere

What makes you stay?

The people I know here, the creative spirit that resides here, the fact that I think Sheffield has a beauty and soul about it that I just really like and get on with - you can really journey through this city and feel elevated and open and free (it's these hills you know) and then suddenly you feel contained and within and part of something (that's the valleys) that's just an experience I love about this city.



I miss the views, because in Sheffield you're never far from feeling like you're on top of the city. In London you're always looking up or bumping into the city. But perhaps that's why I left... in Sheffield you can always see where you are, you know how you relate and fit into the city. In London you don't, and sometimes its good to be confused.

I miss the golden mile, because it actually is golden. Walking past Tesco's in the golden dusk. Great days.

However I never actually left Sheffield...we're in a long distance relationship.



I am staying here in Sheffo at the moment for a lot of reasons - namely that Sheffield is a fandabidozee place to live - it's green and welcoming, with friendly folk, and I like the lo-fi rave ups that my friends facilitate.

Unfortunately, I hate my job (which takes up most of my time) with a passion and wanting to work as a makeup artist means that inevitably Lahhhndahhhhh is the best place to do this. This is why I want to leave. But on the other hand, I have found out that I don't actually like LDN all that much - cue usual ranting re: living expenses, dirt, rude gakky people etc.

So I'm in a bit of a pickle over what to do. But I think it's inevitable that I will leave at some point, as I just can't get a job here doing what I want, and before I know it, I will be middle aged and miserable because I wasted my life on admin.

Why do I think about other places?

Because some times it just seems like a struggle. Sometimes when the magic isn't there, when your favourite places are shutting down, or when there's nothing to do at night, or when the scaffolding comes down, or when you go to other cities and see architecture and beautiful things, that's when it's hard. And this city is just a small city on the edge of the midlands made out of shit buildings and bricks and rain and people who don't care about anything other than their daily commute. That's when Sheffield is just a place.

But then other times, it's a lot more than that. Suddenly, this city isn't what you can touch on the streets. When it starts working again, and you start seeing all your friends on Saturdays, and you go out and end up dancing in someone's front room at four AM, suddenly you see the soul again. Every step you take, every pub table you sit at, you feel like everyone who's ever done anything good in this city is there with you. Every musician, every designer, every friend, every radical. It feels like soup around your ankles. Like a big robot made out of lots of small robots.

When it feels like that, it feels like you're part of a team. A team made up of the best people with the best attitude in the entire world. A team that's lucky enough to live in the best environment in the world. And it makes you feel proud. When it feels like that, I never want to leave.

TOM COMMON



yo

no

Sheffield forum

Still got it. Sample thread title: *Did u see Kerry Katona in Asda?*

The station

Used to be The World's Worst Station, feat. one telly with some train times on it occasionally and a Burger King. Now there's a Café Retarded, a lovely ticket office and possibly the best train information system ever above the counters. But really, this is all about the M&S Simply Food. Hold your head up high, South Yorkshire. You have made it.

In front of the station

A bit better than what was there before, i.e. a car park. Plus those mushroom things are growing on us and the waterfall's lovely. And, at last, our own giant robot tape worm with real-free effect facial.

18 hour party people

This week there has been a place I wanted to go every evening, from Wednesday to Sunday. It's like living in a real city. My liver cannot understand what's going on.

The Rapture

I think everybody here can agree that the party ain't great because the booze is free. Have the Rapture been spending time at church parties in the Cultural Industries Quarter?

Richard Hawley

If anyone else wandered around dressed as the fifties talking about how beautiful Sheffield was and is, you'd call the Mad Police. But Hawley gets away with it. And his crooning is emotional in a way that South Yorkshire masculinity can relate to. By the end of his gig in the City Hall, we were crying, he was crying, everyone was crying.

Rufus Wainwright

I love him

City bits

This is when you walk around Sheffield for a whole day, and you don't buy anything because you're poorer than Africa, but you collect two whole carrier bags worth of ace flyers and free magazines. It piles up in the front room, which pisses off your co-habiting partner. But that's culture, love.

The internet

A massive, endless, pointless conversation with no-one. Good, because it gives you something to do at work. *WoW! love it. MUSIC AND ur really skiny amazing! ur beautiful!* Ten points for anyone who can tell us whose Myspace this is from (hint: not the cooling towers). My Myspace is all about my hobby: Myspace.

2001 info boards

Gigantic metal information boards-come-clocks-come-maps (Innovations catalogue?). Appeared overnight like the obelisks in 2001. They even have photos on them so you can see which direction the map is talking about (genius). People stand and look at them funny, not because they don't get it, but just because here is living proof that Sheffield Council can do a good idea, with enough cash and a bit of style. We were as surprised as anyone.

The weather

Dry out, isn't one?

New year new you

We actually feel positive about the city for the first time in, ooh, six months. Hence a new issue of our hate paper. Other uses include: emergency toilet paper / drink mopper upper.

The Rutland closing

Just say no. This is a brilliant, brilliant pub. It's full of cool Egyptian knock-knacks, bands about to play the Leadmill, the good half of all the poor souls that work in the CIQ, and old men fast asleep in their chairs.

The common cold

Are you ill? Is it winter? ...and then there's a bit of wheezy cough? And loads of dead runway spots? Oh yeah! I've had exactly the same thing!!! So where do we go with this? Start a fucking support group? Get framed?

Smackhead abuse

For the people asking you for money in the street look like they've been knocked about. One guy politely threatening us the other day had his eye pretty much hanging out of its socket. Jesus. Smack's a really good idea.

I'm cleaning Sheffield

Have you seen those new posters in town encouraging people not to fuck their city up? There's one with Mike Skinner holding a dischund and a big bag of shit, and another with a smiling day release man holding a broom shouting *I'M CLEANING SHEFFIELD*. Course you are mate. Well done.

Dumb punks

Sixth form socialists who write mindblowing truth bombs like *Question Authority in toilets*. Wow, thanks guys. Some tits have written *Fuck World Trade in the Grapes*. Fortunately someone else has written *Fuck LAMEOS* underneath it, so we can all sleep easy.

Bus whoring

Bus companies have now taken to branding their buses with inspirational slogans: *IT'S YOUR 88!* The 60 to

Fulwood is now SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

It's not going to work mate. Let's be honest here, Sheffield. The buses are the worst thing in this city. They're shit. There's none in the evening, I can't get anywhere other than town, and it's so overpriced it's like I can't count. The only thing I'm going to shout about is when the driver gets to Hunters Bar, turns off the engine, and says *Right I'm late, so you're all going to have to get off because I'm turning around*.

Male estate agents

Dressed like seventies footballers with massive bouffants and fat ties.

Backlash

Now everyone likes the Arctic Monkeys and all the Cuss boys are chanting at the back of their gigs with their arms round each other's necks like they just won a war. Does this suddenly mean that their songs aren't amazing and he's not a fucking poet? No. So fuck off.

Exciting bankers

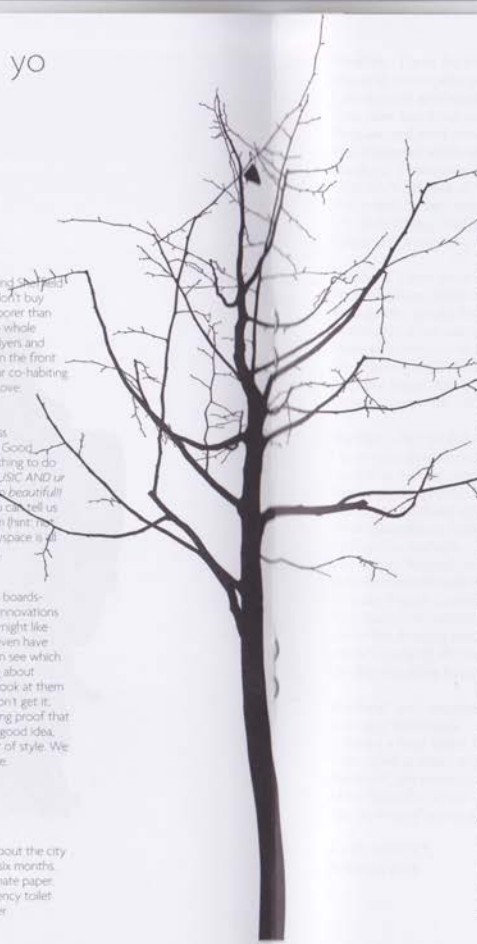
The HSBC opening opposite Virgin is apparently another exciting branch. I know I can barely keep my pants dry with the thought of paying money in and taking money out. Hold me back.

Nu rave clichés

Dead disco death goes to the disco. Death, dead, dead, pull the dead disco, dylexic, dirty disco death electro disco.

In front of the station

The waterfall's lovely. And I quite like the big silver thing. But when it's waterfall + big silver thing + water coming out of the silver thing + neon lights = it's like someone stood outside the station going *TADA!* all the time and waving their hands. I hate to say it, but it's a bit flashy, isn't it?



Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?

Sheffield. Skyline of Lego and cranes
I love you like a worst friend,
You sand-trap of England's golf course,
You Gilded Lilly of the North,
You parochial little darling.

Sheffield. I love your blind faith
In Rejuvenation and Regeneration,
Your willingness to be suckered in
By glossy ads for European shampoo;
Economic Pantene Pro V,
Pay attention now! See
Here comes the science bit....
Two billion rubbed into your cracked crucible,
Rinsed through. Hey Presto!
No more trouble at the pit.
Everything left manageable and clean.
Sheffield. I love your faith in face cream!
Pump priming SME's like collagen
Into the fissures and cracks.
Sheffield. City of crumbling smoke stacks
And abandoned warehouses refurbished as
Still empty call and conference centres.
Sheffield. Waiting tragically in your best dress
For sugar daddy businesses
To pay court on their knees;
And, all the while, Virgin Leeds
Laughs up her sleeves.

Sheffield. I love your dirty urban villages
Your streets, which all run uphill,
I love the cold rain of your summers
After the damp winter's chill,
Your bran barrel, lucky dip mix
Of odd architecture,
The way you slap on the rouge,
Defying any paternalistic lecture
From central government;
A brighter colour every time
You raise another flag ship
IT Training centre.

Sheffield. I love the litter
Blowing down your pedestrian strip
Like confetti at a wake,
Your new build, up market apartment block,
Its glass and steel crescent shape
The desperate smile of an old tart.
Sheffield. I love your heart
Of gold. Your idea of 'luxury'
Still mired in the concept
Of 'Everything with gravy,
Bingo and a two way bet'.

Sheffield. I love your tolerance,
Your stubborn pride in your worst mistakes,
Your public clocks that all run late:
The station clock stopped.
More temperamental still
The clock upon St Mary's Gate,
And the Town Hall Clock, which wilfully
Makes Greenwich Meantime wait.

Sheffield. City of different time zones,
I love your grandiosity,
Your ever willing readiness to dream Great
And ratchet up the council tax
When your dreams go pear shaped:
Your mausoleum Museum
Of Popular Culture,
The empty dugs of its steel drum structure,
And the unfortunate corsage
Of your Winter Gardens
That bunch of cacti in a greenhouse.
I love the droning tone poem
Of cars queuing for the M1 South
On the moulting boa of your ring road.

Sheffield. You impossible, foolish place,
You ugly blind date
I shared a final drink with to commiserate,
Then tried to leave too late.
Sheffield. My unlikely lover at the last;
Most beautiful when looked through
The bottom of a pint glass.

KATE STRUTT,
SPRING 2006

ENCOUNTERS AT THE CRUCIBLE

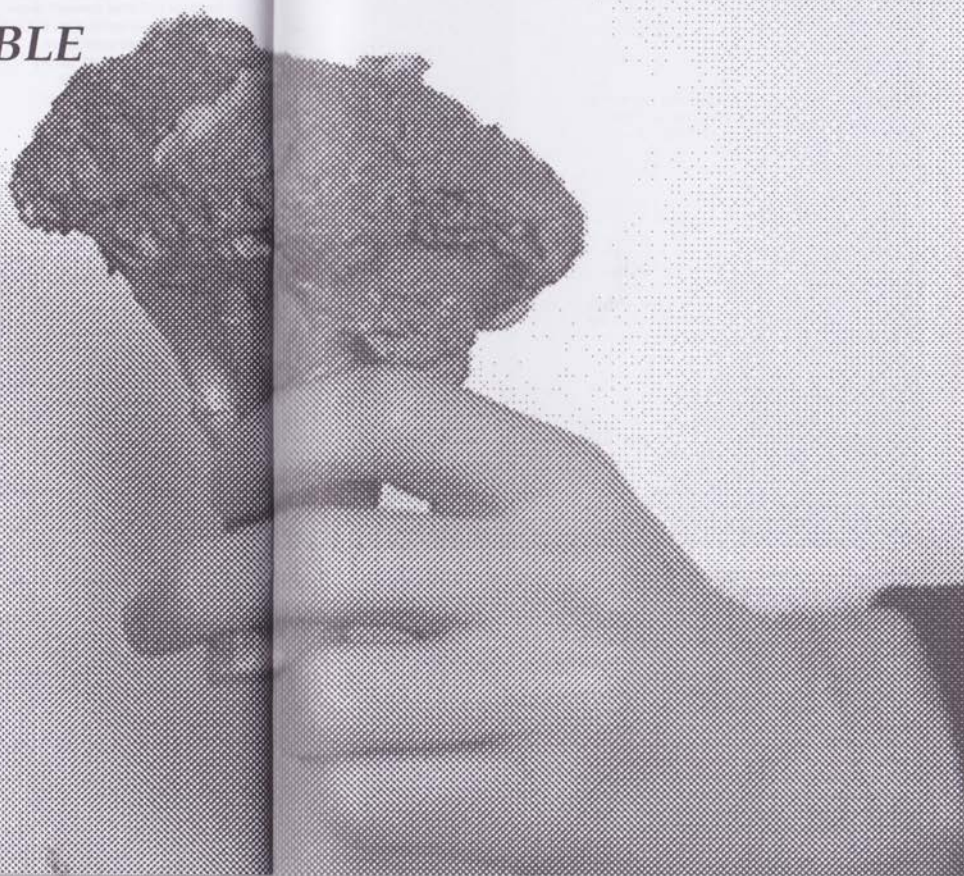
We've talked about Encounters before. They are ace. They take over abandoned shops. Then they invite local people to come in and give their stories and memories of the area, and little pieces of their everyday lives. Out of the resultant heap, Encounters build a picture of what that area means to people.

This time, they're in the old gift shop in the Crucible. So this time, 'local people' means everyone in the city. (Who can't notice a theatre disguised as a bunker?) They're trying to create a snap shot of what the Crucible is, and what it means to Sheffield, before it's refurbished.

We're helping them document it. This is a photo of some fake broccoli that they use on stage.

We need you to come down and talk about your memories of the Crucible and the areas around it. We also need you to come and tell us what you want to happen in that part of town.

The shop is open Wednesdays to Saturdays in February and March, though it's funny times, so look on our website for details.



LONDON.

By Tom Hydro.

The debate continues.

I can't deny it, I'm torn. Maybe it's just me. But don't you wonder whether you're happy where you are? And whether you're missing out on something much more fulfilling, much more exciting, somewhere else? Would the big city be everything you thought it would be?

I like London. Yes you can slag it off all you like for whatever negative cliché you care to mention. But you can't deny its charm. You can feel the buzz and the hope of all the people flocking there to pursue their dream. You have to admire the architecture, a capital full of pomp and circumstance. The fact that it's miles and miles across, that this city has different areas, where most cities just have a city centre. The tubes, and the landmarks, and the most amazing galleries in the world. The sheer number of people.

And it's all there for you. Sometimes you don't want to have to Do It All Yourself, make your own fun all the time. You just want to be somewhere where you can go out any night to a club you want to go to, or go to a shop where there's actually something you might want to buy. However shallow that may sound, however much it contradicts everything we've said before, it's true. Sometimes you do want these things. And sometimes it's amazing to be in the middle of a world city. It feels like you're somewhere. It seduces you.

But maybe that's just the image of London, the mirage you see when you're outside it. Maybe the reality is one of huge expense and long commutes and minding gaps. And maybe all those people are actually a million disparate communities, trying to out do one another.

When you're there for a while, you realise that everyone's living their own London. Toffs in Clapham thinking they're having the best night ever in a wine bar. Trendies in the East in identical customised bullshit thinking they're pushing the boundaries when they're actually pulling pints. Notting Hill types mincing about with their three-wheeled push chairs and buying local. A city with countless caricatures, people who are so worthy of piss-taking that you don't know where to start. Not everyone obviously, but you know what I mean.



And that's London's ultimate downfall. It's all things to all people, but those people isolate themselves from each other. So as much as you're somewhere, part of something bigger, you're alone. And you just don't know where you belong.

Sometimes it feels like a holiday romance. But all the while you know it's not your town.

It all comes together on the train home. The Midland Mainline that takes 4 fucking hours. A time for reflection. Sometimes getting on the train is a relief, as London can be such a ball ache. And sometimes getting off the train at Sheffield is devastating, because it feels like all you've got to come back to is the Lescar and Tesco Metro.



COOLING THE TOWERS: STUDENT EXPO

We've been working with the design students at Sheffield Hallam Uni. They rule.

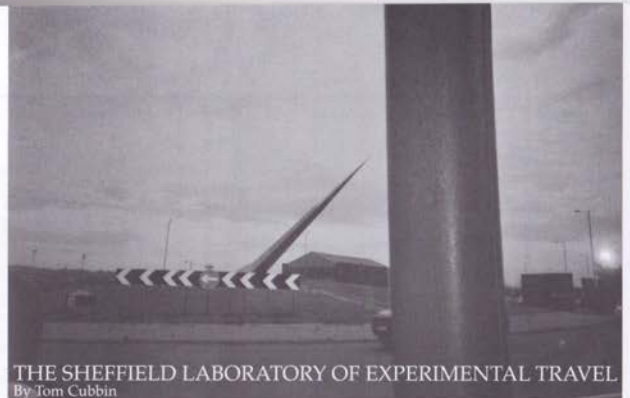
They've been studying design that aims to campaign for something, and they've used the towers as their inspiration.

Some of the students work will be exhibited at **DULO on Cemetery Road**. They're having a launch on **February 15th**. You should go.

PLUS keep your eyes open for these two around the city. Stencils, stickers, badges (we don't want no stinking badges): all popping up to make people think.

WHAT IF?

Of course it's nothing to do with us, anyone we know, or anyone that knows anyone we know. Just so we're clear.



THE SHEFFIELD LABORATORY OF EXPERIMENTAL TRAVEL
By Tom Cubbin

The Sheffield Laboratory of Experimental Travel was founded by me buying cheap flights to Latvia and realising there was nothing there. After reading about Latourex (the French Laboratoire de Tourisme Expérimentale), I developed a plan of action and played my first travel game.

Experimental travel is simply a different way of experiencing our earthly surroundings. Each game normally consists of a set of rules which govern the means of travel, rather than the destination.

For instance: You and your loved one could travel separately to your destination, and then try to find each other without arranging a place to meet. That's Ero-travel. You could pick someone who lives there, phone them up, and ask for a list of 10 places to visit that mean something to them. Or you could get on a bus to the end of the line and spend a day there, holiday in Bents Green or Jordanthorpe. It's up to you how to do it.

The great thing about experimental travel is that we end up visiting places we would never have otherwise seen, or we experience familiar surroundings in a very different way.

The Sheffield Laboratory of Experimental Travel will be escaping to Sheffield regularly. Sheffield is a city which provides infinite opportunities for domestic and inter-galactic anti-tourism. We have a few projects in the pipeline. We've already discovered that Sheffield's ego is just next to John Lewis, thanks to Freudian Travel. Next up, we're going to be sightseeing in Sheffield using a map of Paris. Pack your bags.

OUR NEXT DEPARTURE: Experience the culture and delights of Paris on our walking tour. Meet in front of the (eiffel) Arts Tower at Sheffield uni on Saturday 17th February at 11am.

For more details, run away to www.experimentaltravel.org or email editor@experimentaltravel.org

APPLICATION FORM FOR ENTRY IN 2007 + UCAS

Match your application fee and completed acknowledgement card here with a paperclip

YOU MUST READ HOW TO APPLY BEFORE COMPLETING THE FORM IN BLACK INK

PO Box 67, Chislehurst, Kent GU8 5SD, UK

1 PERSONAL DETAILS

Title: **MC** Male (M) / Female (F) **M** Your Date of Birth: **19 07 1987** Age on 1 September: **19**

Surname/Family name: **STOKY** First given name: **DAVID** Nationality: **UK**

Home Address: **NO SLEEP TIL CROOKESMOOR SHEFFIELD**

Postcode: **S110 1JD** Country: **UK**

Mobile Phone number: **0114 271 1111**

Home Phone number (including STD area code): **0114 271 1111**

email: **FILE@VAST.COM**

Name of applicant (block capitals or type): **D STOKY AND YOU KNOW**

Yeah boy vibe out there is if I want to blow this popsicle stand I've got to get my verbal freak on so ears up UCAS peeps. Had to front on my first choice when I found out Compton don't got a university (Yo Mayor, you got fly producers like Dre but why you ain't got no schooling? That's pretty wack). Anyway, my tutor be telling me you need some Green Card to go out there (I told him straight up I don't deal but I can get my boy Wayne to grease the wheels if that's how they work it). So for now, UK it is - hold up while I show you what we're working with...

1. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

You don't need D-Stroy to tell you London has some hot shit going off. My boy Clev Cleverly still tippin down there & now he's blowing up like niro. J stopped down there to see Jay-Z repping the Royal Albert Hall & yo I'm not frontin when I say that city is B-I-G. Small fish in a big pond ain't my steelo but that's how they roll down there. Plus what's up with the cockney cats? The Teazo boy said he'd put my shit in a "bakery" MTF?

2. BRIGHTON UNIVERSITY

Sticking it out down south, Brighton's doing big things right now -- they got some nasty freestyle nights & I gets word the bouncers don't give an ish if you be up in the club puffing leavers. Never been down with the seaside myself (strictly from the streets you hear) & boy the retirement scene is overpowering. swear I saw Afrika Bambaata getting wheelchair style last time I was there & he's older than my Grandpappy. Can't rep when you're dodging the crinkles yo.

3. UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER

The main Acne (beef update - I keep pushing for some free Fenchurch wear but he don't do shit but tell me to 'buy it from Arc'. Whatever) is big on Leicester & I gotta say props to that pizzace. Hot wax shops, plenty graf & clubs coming out of its ass. Downwise - I heard some crazy gun sits for the 0117 & your boy is man enough to say I'm not down for war unless it's strictly verbal. D-Stroy is all about the Daisy Age and I'm not talking about pushing them up.

4. SALFORD UNIVERSITY

Lots of people be repping on the MCR & since Grand Central Records fell off (no more chin-stroking jazzy shiznit cheers) the level of MCing's gone up. Mad club action & all the heavyweights stop by - I'm peeping Diddy & Snoop at the MEN & you sure don't get that down the Boardwalk. The plate selections in Piccadilly Records & Fat City got me buggin & even the home-los be street. Last time I was there this guy was all up in my grill 'got any change maaaaaaate? I'm all 'yo I be totally Jurassic my man' and he's just laughing like 'allllllllight'. True dat.

5. UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

But when the dust be getting setty I don't know if I can quit this S Yorks bizness. The She-Town glory days might be O to the ver-- older cats like Benjamin tell me about NY Sushi spin OFF the days when Tuesday Club wasn't all Roni Size, old school master-killah MCs like Doyen D (peep his MySpace the boy still going), and chronic by the tree (yo after this summer of raids I'm with MC Ren; Fuck The Po Lis) - but I got my girl Shance (and her freaked out Saxo), maid service at Casa. D-Stroy is icy (messed up sheets? Settle boy Mama D got that game sewn up), and where would I be without my DJ Garth Vader? Answer - nowheresville.

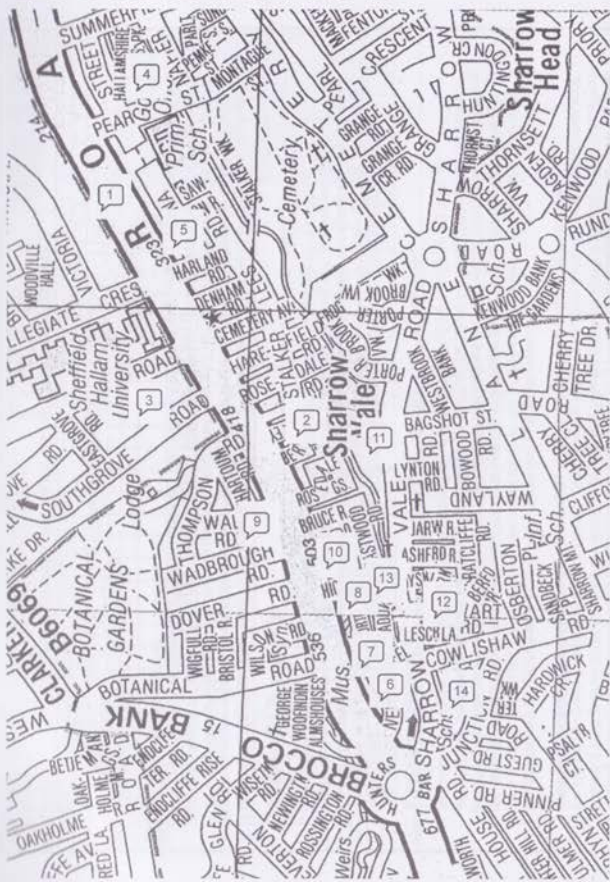
LET'S GO TO EGYPT

Section 7 checked as correct? Yes No

Correct fee and stamped acknowledgement card enclosed? Yes No

Referee's Signature: **FLAVA FLAV X** Date: **1ST FEB 07**

LET'S GO TO ECCY ROAD



- 1 **S10 THIS SIDE, S11 THAT SIDE.** It's a postcode battle: at stake, whose olive oil is most virgin and who's bought most local.
- 2 **TESCO.** Buying local is IMPOSSIBLE on Eccy Road, because for all the organic posturing, no-one supported either of the two greengrocers that used to be on it. So they closed down.
- 3 **THE GROVES.** Sheffield's premier residential address. Downstairs neighbours who broom you after 11 if you're watching the telly too loud, Alsatian Wine Clubs (where you get your German dog pissed and watch strangers fuck it) and nice sized gardens.
- 4 **THE DWP.** Note to unemployed people everywhere: please attempt to get an admin job with the civil service. It was the cushiest, warmest, friendliest year of my life. I got stressed three times in 12 months, and wrote two entire issues of GO on their computers. People complain about it being inefficient, but I don't mind paying a bit of tax so that other young and directionless people can have a year off life.
- 5 **CHAMPS.** Hello, is that the fire brigade? Champs is on fire with everyone trapped inside it. What? You're a bit busy? You've got to sort your internet banking out tonight? Fair enough.
- 6 **SPAR.** Spar is Sheffield's 24 hour economy. Recently equipped with really loud speakers and video screens to cow you into submission. Listening to Bonnie Tyler on a come down makes you buy more Innocent smoothie than a man can drink.
- 7 **HERITAGE MUSEUM.** Meant to be absolutely amazing inside. Opens for half an hour every month. Never been.
- 8 **FAKE POSH RESTUARANTS.** Felcini. 543. Blue Fin. £12 mains on a bed of potatoes rosti and green beans. Parking your Range Rover where you can see it. Feeling smug and metropolitan.
- 9 **STUDENTS.** Just when you think it's all gone to shit, you're walking home one anight and some students have found a microhphone and a speaker, turned up the volume and are leaning out of the windows singing Sexual Healing to everyone who walks by. BA-AABY. I can't hold it much longer.
- 10 **NONNA'S.** Cunts win.
- 11 **ROUND THE BACK.** Sharrowvale Road is much much better. A hardware shop run by an old woman who really deserves to retire by now. A pet shop run by The World's Most Socially Awkward Man. Good pubs. A boss secondhand book shop. An expensive butchers. A good bakers. And a post office. This is what communities should be like. Fuck Tesco. Top marks.
- 12 **THE LESCAR.** Like a demented local drop-in centre in the front. Like an ace drop-out pub in the back. Serves Landlord. Both sides smell faintly of sick. We love it.
- 13 **THE PORTER COTTAGE.** Busy and welcoming like a postcard pub. Downside: you might as well wrap your body and legs in paper, wear some cork on your shoes, and set alight to your hair because if you come out smelling like one massive cigarette. We love it.
- 14 **CAFÉ CERES.** Best café in the known world. Abba and Fleetwood Mac on the stereo. Used to 'work' there. Give Caroline my love. X



Relax.

This issue has helped us. We've realised that it's ok to want other things, to think about other cities. That other places in the world are brilliant. And in those places, you can find things you can't find here. Architecture that makes your heart leap. A thousand places to go at night. Hot German boys and girls.

But it's only when you go to these places that you remember that Sheffield has something you can't find elsewhere, too. It's only then you remember what makes here so special. We don't have shops and bars and architecture, true. But we do have other things. We don't have to say them again. It's an emotional connection. This is a place you can feel part of. A place that feels like home.

You can still love Sheffield if you love those other cities. It doesn't mean you're cheating. They aren't necessarily better or worse. Just a different proposition. And if you do decide to go, you know that Sheffield will always be here for you, waiting.

It's important to go away, because it means you want to come back.

To Absent Friends x

