

7  
*Sheffield is beautiful*

A SUMMER PICTURE SPESH





HOUSE  
HIPHOP  
SOUL

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L'ADVERT

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

**TOM COMMON**

Was I any different when you taught me?

**TOM HYDRO**

Can you hear the drums fernando?

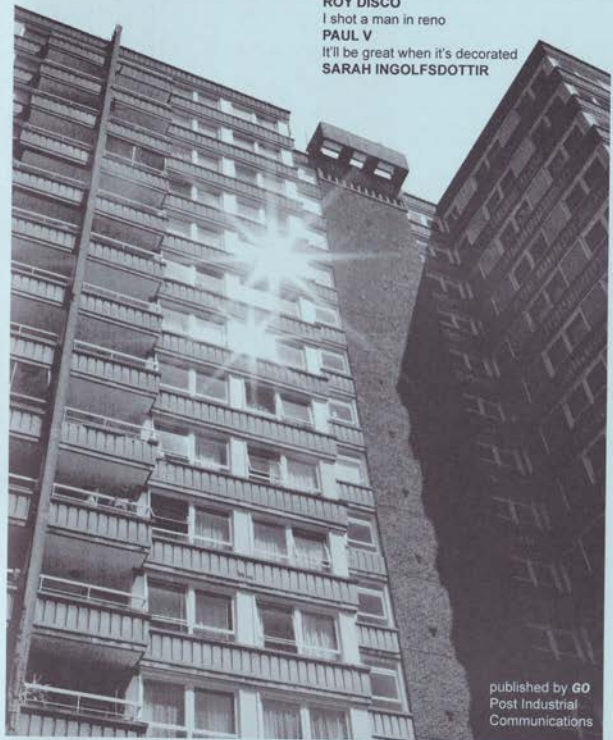
**ROY DISCO**

I shot a man in reno

**PAUL V**

It'll be great when it's decorated

**SARAH INGOLFSDOTTIR**



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Post Industrial  
Communications

## BEAUTIFUL

Sheffield is an ugly city, everyone agrees. There are a few beautiful bits, some greenery, but it's mostly like the city's pulled a face and the wind has changed. Everyone's agreed so that's that. But all it needs to be beautiful is for you to believe it's true. See the pretty bits first, learn where to look, and our city is as gorgeous as the rest. It's all in the details.

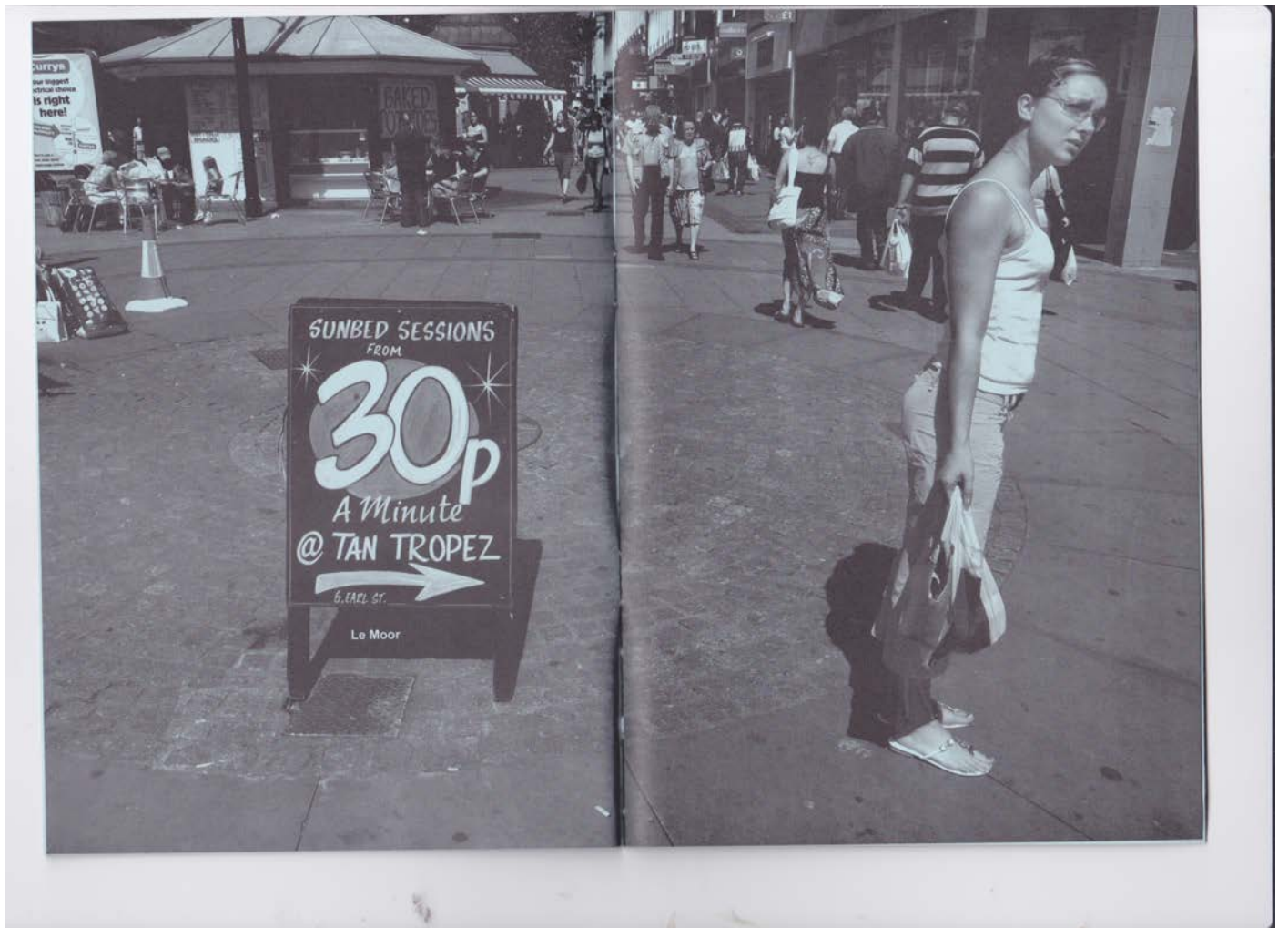
And this time, we're not just talking about post-industrial beauty. Not just trying to convince you that Forgemasters is prettier than Paris. Sheffield has old-people-pleasing beauty too. The trees, the greenery, Nether Edge. The views off Meersbrook Park and beneath the transmitter in Crosspool. The Cathedral, Paradise Square, Ball Street bridge, Mappin Street. The library.

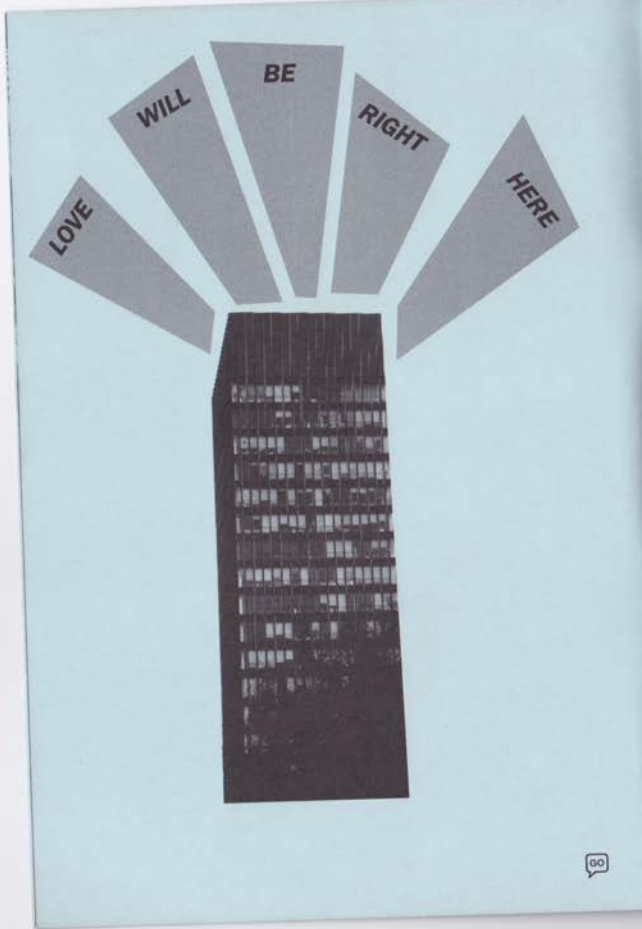
Plus, look up: Sheffield is beautiful in the summer because the sky is always doing something amazing. When it's clear it's blue and tall. Stand at the bottom of London Road in the evening and the shit buildings reflect an orange glow. Watch some sort of death fighter go high over head and it leaves ribbons. Where it meets the hills it shines. That's why it's on blue paper. Technicolour.

This is a photo special. The photos are taken by **Andy Brown**.  
[www.envioustime.co.uk](http://www.envioustime.co.uk)  
We love Sheffield forever.

PEACE







**CONTRIBUTE**

*If you have something to say about this stupid city and you can write/draw better than your average city living listings magazine, drop us an electronic letter >>>>>*

**[go.sheffield@gmail.com](mailto:go.sheffield@gmail.com)**

**DON'T GO**

*GO has got a new website. Look at it shine. Sheffield is still going off like a peach in the sun. We'll be updating this regularly. Plus all our back issues are now on-line.*

**[www.dontgo.co.uk](http://www.dontgo.co.uk)**



no

**SHEAF HOUSE** This is more of a sink to floor hands in air no. A victory of idiocy over beauty, of small minds and property development over big ideas. And they've built St Paul's place instead. If they aren't going to listen to what anyone has to say, I might as well cut out my tongue, write FUCK YOU on it, and send it to them in a jiffy bag.

**FIRST BUSES** Raising prices whilst cutting services is the worst joke I've ever heard. The only thing that would make me hate First Buses more is if the 97 turned up (ha) and Margaret Thatcher was driving. Can I get a Geoff Boycott?

**WASPS** are like flying shits. They out-fox me at every turn. I get obsessed. I once spent half an hour chasing one around. I hate them. If I was a wasp, I'd kill myself.

**DEVONSHIRE CHIPPY** Reminds me of Terminator 2 when Arnie reaches out to John Connor and says "come with me if you want to live", only substitute "come with me" for "avoid the fishcakes".

**UNICYCLES** Honestly hippies, it looks like hard work being 'creative' all the time. Seeing someone commute on a unicycle is like being punched right in the logic. I want to run up to them and say this through a megaphone. "LOOK HOW HARD IT IS. GET A FUCKING BIKE YOU TWAT". What do they do when it's in having its chakras realigned? Hop everywhere?

**UPHILL** Yes, I've just got on a bike for the first time since Galaxians came out. Come on council, get it sorted, this uphill stuff is holding back the green revolution.

**FUNKY DEEP HOUSE**, deep housey funk, house grooves from the deep edge of funky soul, etc. etc. Stop it. There's already a very good word for this sort of thing: MUZAK.

**SOUTH YORKSHIRE** Honestly, you miss it when you're away. The pubs and the parks and the shitty roads and the hills. The light evenings with nothing to do.

**HOME SATURDAYS** Sheffield's a terrible city. The shopping is crap and there's no good jobs (there's no good jobs anywhere dickheads). But walk around it on a sunny Saturday and you couldn't ask for much more. No pressure, green spaces, so many fucking cool kids. You don't need a Quayside and a new shopping centre to justify where you live.

**POLICE ON BIKES** It's hard to hold onto your Repressive Arm of the Bourgeoisie when the police turn up looking like the Tour de France de law enforcement. They're so happy.

**SUPERHEROES** Another summer another raft of poorly-dressed idiots to believe in. If Sheffield had superheroes they'd be Litter Man, Ugly Boy and The Bus Strike.

**BEES** Industrious and funny looking like a busy woman that works in Asda. Bees rule because they just get on with it and seem so fucking ~~so~~ZZEN.

**THE SEASIDE** it's the Rhyll Deal. Anybody? No? just me?

**WALKING UP ABBEYDALE ROAD** AND IT'S SO HOT that the tarmac bubbles and you have to sit down because you feel stupid.

**DRINKING OUTSIDE** (like in a park or something). It must be good being a homeless alcy in the summer, because for a couple of weekends you get to hang out with other drunk people in parks, and no-one has a leg to stand on.

**ENDCLIFFE PARK** Much as I resent Hunters Bar for being the last resting place of trend munching shit heads, Endcliffe Park is one of the best (not a patch on Graves obviously, but then Graves is bigger than Africa). Norfolk Park doesn't have ducks.

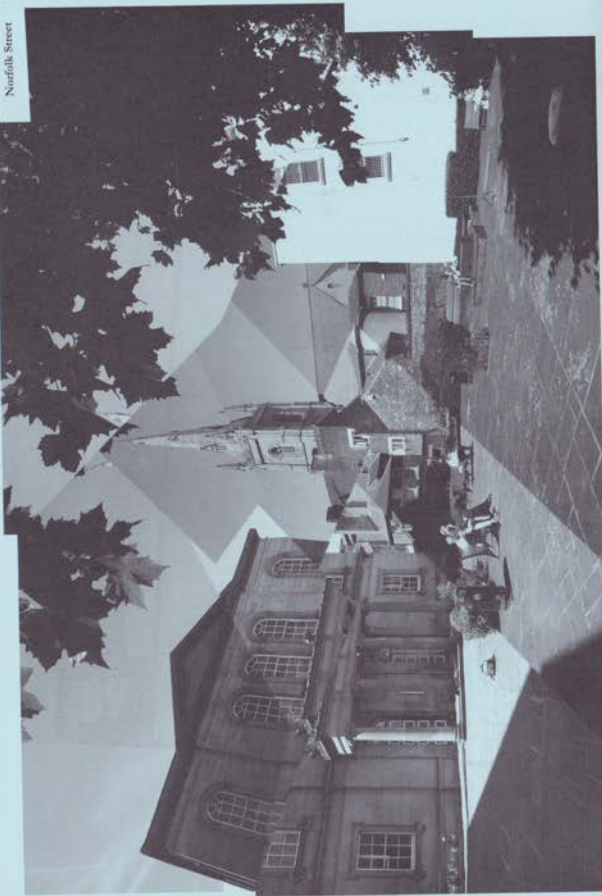
**DEV GREEN** Get yourself some chip shop action (see Devonshire Chippy) and a can of pop/spesh, and sit yourself down. Give or take the odd tramp, it's a tasty urban picnic.

**BEER GARDENS** You know it's just a yard, and that the word garden is really quite hopeful, but isn't it nice to sit out though? Oh it is. Try the Rutland in town: they serve loopy beer Deuchars and their beer garden is more like a beer park.

**BUDDLEIA** The big bush with loads of pointy purple flower spikes all over it right about now. It loves crumbling concrete and bashed-in buildings so it just loves Sheffield. Get it on the coat of arms instead of the wheat or whatever it is.



yo



SQUARES

Sheffield's beauty is modest, hidden round corners, out of view. Nowhere is this more true than our squares. Where ever you are in the city, there's a little piece of quiet space nearby to sit down and think: ain't so bad. Try these.

Norfolk Street courtyard. The quietest place in the city. A sun dial and a big old unitarian chapel, plus an ace statue of a woman on a chair. Due to current building work, the main entrance is out of action and people are too stupid to work out how to get in. Nice place to eat that M & S sandwich.

Tudor Square. Sitting here in the summer, there's always about four thousand children milling around on school trips. It makes you smile as you remember when life was cool and you got to jump around with only the hood of your coat on, like you were a poor superhero called C & A boy.

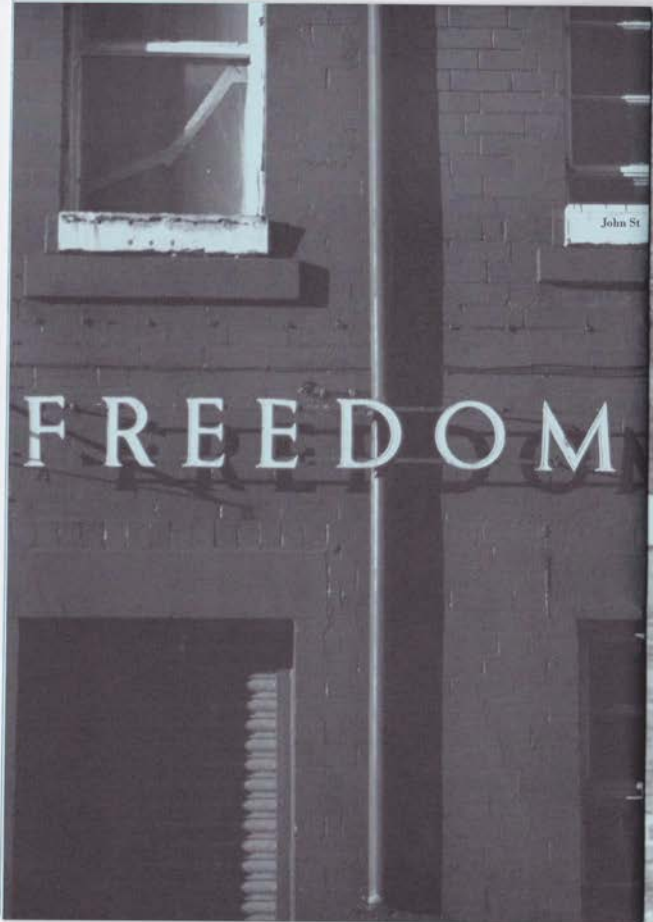
Winter Gardens. Smells like your airing cupboard used to. It's a place people can go and sit for free, and eat their lunch, or talk, or run around laughing. There's no hurry, no stress, not much fear or violence. It's beautiful and about to be hidden forever by ugliness. Basically, the Winter Gardens = Sheffield.

Peace Gardens. I take the peace gardens for granted because they've been here ever since I have. But they're the shit: super high fountains, big green spaces packed with burning people in the summer, near enough to somerfields for an ice cream. And look at the beautiful architecture too! They are really spoiling us.

Roxy. The Roxy is dead and the Odeon is surrounded by underpasses that stink of piss. But between them there's this concrete garden with raised lawns. When the sun gets really hot, it bounces off the white tiles and everything goes dreamy like the acid trip in easy rider.

Sharrow Cemetery. Not technically a square, but the powers that be have had the good sense to bulldoze the graves of paupers (true) and grass over the top. The result is a pleasant place to sit and eat your eccy road sandwiches, drinking coffee and fantasising over Orlando Bloom like dirty bored office workers do. Check out the paths which are part paved with fragments of gravestones.

Paradise Square. Behind the cathedral is a georgian square in the heart of the ugly 60s sheffield that everyone hates. John 'The Methodist' Wesley used to preach here. Of course, today it's a car park for rich lawyers, which is exactly what's supposed to happen in European Cafe Culture cities.



this photo by  
Sarah Ingolfsdottir



# Nether Edge

Nether Edge is like the dead-cool, eccentric older brother of Sheffield's other residential suburbs. Originally a trendy city living spot for the Victorian well off, the mansions were built with steel money, and it was the first suburb to have a tram to the city centre. Then it went hippy, and some of the mansions fell down around squatters and students. It's a mix of posh hippies, social workers and drum bangers. The Working Classes, black and white. It's pretty zen.

Today, some of the streets are palatial, whilst others are flooded with litter and houses hanging in pieces. This combined with the trees hanging down and the lack of traffic gives the impression that the whole place has been left to slowly, gently rot. It's like a dream. Plus the name sounds like you're referring to your bits. I admit, I've just left Nether Edge so I'm feeling a bit emotional about it. But you would too, if you lived there. It's Sheffield all over. Quality of life. Tom Common



Badgers. We don't want no stinking badgers

George Wostenholm. He bought Nether Edge and built it like Boston. He's the one that planted all them trees. Well done George.

The Gil. Despite having their entire suburb commandeered for a summit on the best way to beat people upside the head, the brave people of Nether Edge weren't to be daunted. Make Trade Fair banners appeared everywhere, and the whole place looked like a Model Coldplay Village. So fucking these capitalists.

Nighttime. Ignore what you see on Street Crime UK. Nether Edge after about nine is just dead. There's no-one there. No noise. No ASBOs. It veers between creepy in the winter and peaceful in the summer.

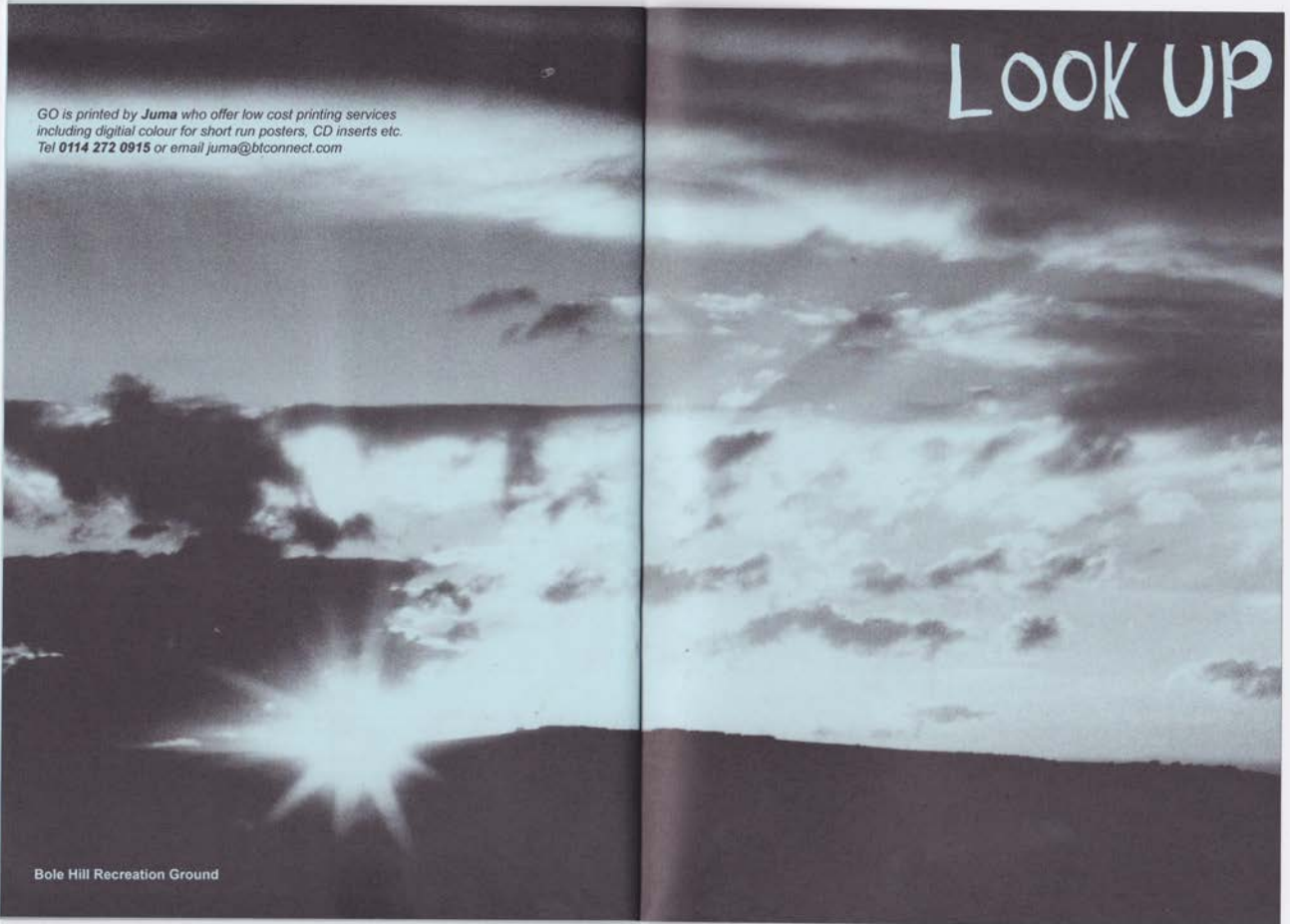
Animals. Animals I have seen in Nether Edge include three foxes, an assortment of owls, and a badger. That's right, a badger. Man. It was pretty grumpy looking.

- 9 Caff no 9. Brilliant. Smells like pipes. If Bob Dylan was in Sheffield saying amazing things and being all moody, he'd get on the 22 and get off at Caff No 9. They'd ask him how he was going and he'd say "I'm going just fine". Because Caff No 9 is out of a different time, when people still wandered about and life was a bit slower than it is today. The people in No 9 haven't ever worked at William Hill or on the phones at Jobcentre plus, you know?
- 1 Springleigh. On Randle Road there's an old house. It looks like the set of a thriller. One naked light bulb is always on. The windows are boarded up. The garden has gone mad. Get out.
- 3 Chelsea Park. I don't know why it's called that either, but I bet you didn't know that one of the cosiest parks in Sheffield even existed until now. It's cool for sitting in the summer, and it's on a hill to upset ball games. There's an amazing carving in some trees too. Now if I could just find a way in.
- 8 Brincliffe Edge: this is it. My old morning walk circuit. This little scrub of wood almost reaches from Ecclesall road to Abbeydale road, and it's a super cool hangout. Plus if the apocalypse ever comes, I'm going to go all out Robin Hood on your ass and live up here with the squirrels. Let's see me feel guilty about not getting a graduate job then.
- 6 Allotments. Being old ain't so bad. These old people are the coolest mothers in the world because they can grow shit all day long, and not even the council can stop them.
- 4 Zed on the edge: they're so committed to a green tomorrow that they wrap every single item of expensive organic produce in cling film. Take that environmental degradation! Every single carrot. Plus the staff have a go at you if you show signs of being reactionary, like wearing a t-shirt that isn't sack-cloth. Peace and love.
- 5 The newsagent. BNP-nazis get upset that asian-run corner shops do better than those run by white people. But it's just that traditional newsagents refuse to open after 5:15. This paper shop closes at 4 every day I swear down.
- 7 Turners. Turners is a bakers that smells so amazing in the morning that I'd often find myself eating an ice finger on the way to work, before the sugar rush sent me west at 11 and I fell asleep.
- 2 The old hospital. From a workhouse to a hospital and now a luxury city living think pad 'for the life you lead'. The old hospital bits look alright, though I'd be worried about waking up in a Victorian hospital bed timewarp. But the new bits look like a PFI junior school.
- 10 Pops. Lots of peculiar shaped vegetables, milk in bottles and a wide selection of ex rental VHS. Pops is THE general store to cater for global economic meltdown. When the power cuts start, we'll all be shopping in places like this. I like it.
- 11 The Union. Judges who spew bile about the binge drinking animals that make up our cretinous working classes deny that this sort of pub exists. This is friendly, warm and peaceful. Goodnight.

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# LOOK UP

Bole Hill Recreation Ground





Heeley City Farm