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Now Then is a platform for independent art, trade, music, writing and local news.

It’s about supporting the things that make a community what it is – creativity, cooperation, collaboration, conscience and consciousness.

Anyone can contribute to the magazine, both online and off, remotely and in person, in support or in opposition – the discussion is what matters.

We want you to write for Now Then. Get involved.

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Original design & layout by Matt Jones.

Enjoy the read.
EDITORIAL.

Dust those snowflakes off your shoulders, pull up a chair, and tuck into another portion of Manchester.

Once again, we hugely appreciate the response to the magazine. That’s everyone who has been involved and supported the magazine on any level, from taking the time to read about your city to writing to advertising with us. On that note, we want to make sure local independents are wary of someone who has seized upon our ethos and twisted it for his own ends, by posing as a Now Then employee and demanding ‘deposits’ or even full payments. If you’re in any doubt whatsoever about who you’re talking to, please contact ian@nowthenmagazine.com before handing over any payment. I suppose the magazine has even proved popular among fraudsters.

So what will they – and you – see within the pages of this issue? We’ve a few political pieces to open up, including some answers from Open Rights Group about our interactions in this digital age. That fits nicely with our first direct foray into new technologies via the magazine, with a pair of QR codes linking to videos of the Mouth Musick mouths featured in Wordlife.

Take a glance to the right for a full content rundown.

Providing the artwork this time is Phlegm, whose work appeared in the very first issue of Now Then in Sheffield five years ago. He’s a new coup for the Manchester edition, though, so feast your eyes on a collection of his intricate illustrations and murals.

Enjoy the read.

IAN.
MORLEY CHEEKS
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OTHER STUFF TO SHARE OR NOT TO SHARE?

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Ewan McColl – Dirty Old Town.

In the 1970s I was taken by my school to visit the docks at Manchester. We went on a boat which weaved between the ships that were scattered throughout the docks, which in those days were seen as an important part of the economy of the city, one which children should know about and value.

Many Manchester families had links with the docks. In my case, my uncle worked there, taking his docker’s hook home at night. Like many dockers he was Irish, and the dock community included people from many ethnic backgrounds, including African. Billy Johnson, for instance, father of boxer and Communist Len Johnson, had worked there in the early 1900s as a pilot escorting boats into the docks, having come from Sierra Leone.

Manchester and Salford docks were opened in 1894 by Queen Victoria. They were part of the newly completed Manchester Ship Canal, which meant that large ships could now navigate through the waterways to Ordsall.

Looking around Salford Quays today, it is hard imagine how the docks once gave employment to thousands of people across Salford, Manchester and Trafford. Distant is the era when dock work was casual and men lined up to be picked for a day’s work, to the heyday of the 1970s when the Transport and General Workers Union had negotiated good employment terms and conditions for its workers.

The docks were the third busiest port in Britain with merchant ships weighing 12,500 tons bringing in a variety of goods to feed the local and national community. Thousands of people worked in the ports, not just dockers and labourers but the crews from the various liners and merchant ships that were constantly visiting the port, as well as customs officials, office staff, canteen workers and cleaners.

In 1982, due to the increasing use of containers and increased trade with the European Common Market, the docks were closed down. In the 1990s the docks became the Salford Quays. This represented the massive change in our economy, from manufacturing to service based.

Dock 6 (now known as Merchants Quay and Clippers Quay) in 1966, but were decommissioned in 1988 when they were moved to their present home.

They have taken on a new life since Alice Darlington has run a one woman campaign to save them from demolition. She said, “It was a great industry, and these cranes are a landmark of that era. Once these cranes have been demolished it will be hard for young people to remember what the docks were all about and how important Salford was as a trading post. The cranes are enormous and represent how important the docks were to the economic health of the nation.”

Cranes were an essential part of the docks, used to load and unload goods. There were over 200 at the height of the working life of the docks. The remaining two cranes are iconic and a landmark in the area, since they were made by Stothert and Pitt and specifically designed with one single column leg for Dock 6. Alice Darlington tried to have the cranes listed by English Heritage, due to their uniqueness, but they refused to do so, and this has been rubberstamped by the Secretary of State.

Darlington said she cannot understand the Labour Mayor Ian Stewart’s refusal to support the campaign to keep the cranes. “I don’t understand why a Labour representative is so against the working class heritage of Salford. If he keeps the cranes it could offer skilled maintenance jobs to local craftspeople, and possibly scope for apprenticeships.”

As Salford Council makes massive cuts to its frontline services, their response to the cranes campaign has been to cite financial reasons. Stewart said, “It would be wrong to spend £1 million on preserving two rusting and dangerous cranes, when the people of Salford are struggling to make ends meet.”

Darlington and other local cranes campaigners, including the Salford Star, challenge the figures and believe that the money for refurbishment has been ringfenced and that they would only need to raise £22,500 from private sources to make up the shortfall from the Council.

The spotlight is now on Salford Council to see if they will demolish the cranes. Darlington is continuing with her e-petition and gathering more support as she takes her paper petitions around the local community. “We are getting lots of support from all parts of the community and the press. The cranes are part of a rich heritage for Salford people and it is important to remember that it was one of the greatest inland ports in the world.”

lipsticksocialist.wordpress.com
epetitions.direct.gov.uk/petitions/45202
The internet era has altered perspectives on many ideas previously considered the norm. It has taken years of trial and error for many traditional businesses to adapt or fail in this cyber age, since the exploits and exploitations of the speculative dot com millionaires. The average person can now quickly access a wealth of information and misinformation. Such freedoms bring many benefits, but unregulated freedom brings a plethora of issues.

Open Rights Group is an organisation seeking to educate policy makers and the public alike in the benefits and pitfalls of new technologies in the digital world. Its Manchester branch hosted a Digital Debate last November, raising several issues with a panel of academics and bye-election candidates, and will stage ORGConNorth, an all-day conference on internet freedom issues, on Saturday 13th April at the Friends Meeting House.

ORG campaigners Peter Bradwell and Ruth Coustick answered our questions.

At the Digital Debate, questions seemed to be dodged, misunderstood and brushed over. Do you think that your aims have been debated properly in public forums? Should politicians and public figures be doing more to research the real issues? Do you feel that they’re being correctly advised?

I think the situation is improving. There are probably two problems we have had getting digital rights views considered properly by policy makers in the UK.

The first relates to expertise, the second to influence in policy making. We can’t expect politicians to understand everything about how technology works and everything about the implications. But we should expect them to be seeking good, expert advice from those who do. The problem initially was that there was not even an awareness of what expertise they needed. I think over time, civil society has got better at trying to make sure the expertise is available and explaining why it is necessary.

The second is that it can be difficult to compete with the lobbying efforts of those who may take opposing views to us. That means there can be an imbalance in the views policy makers hear. I would say that policy makers could do better with open and inclusive policy making that involves a real effort to listen to all the views. This isn’t a new problem, however! But civil society is growing, and policy makers – some more than others – are waking up to the way that their policies affect rights in the digital age.

Amanda Palmer has infamously advocated the idea that musicians should ‘ask’ for payment, rather than demand it. What should people pay for music or other artistic products?

People should pay what is asked for commercially available music, films, books or other cultural goods because those things require time, effort, and inspiration to create.

In my personal opinion, things like friends sending me an mp3 and being able to follow good mp3 blogs have been invaluable ways of discovering new music and have led to significant damage to my bank account as my tastes expand and I find more music or films to buy!

There are some interesting new models involving ‘pay what you want’ requests, or crowd sourcing sites. Different approaches might work for some creators, but maybe not all. It must be hard for a creator to figure out what approach to take. I hope the positions of artists like Amanda Palmer help them take better decisions.

Should internet access to journals and artistic output be controlled? How do you interpret the intellectual property arguments around SOPA and other proposed regulation / legislation?

Our position has been that the enforcement of copyright must respect the rule of law, so it must not ignore other rights such as freedom of expression or privacy, and it should involve proportionate remedies. Too often the approach to enforcement has not been proportionate enough – for example, the current process for blocking access to websites for copyright infringement is insufficient. We would like to see a more rigorous process for establishing whether a site is infringing copyright, and more transparency around what URLs are blocked.

With enforcement online we are talking about the power to deny access to information. That is a significant power and needs careful thought, accompanied by due process. So the question here is not simply: would stopping infringers from accessing site X be an infringement of ‘their’ rights? Instead, the questions are: who is making the decision about what sites or behaviour is a copyright infringement? Who is testing that assertion? And how limited and targeted is the intervention to address that?

We get very concerned about the assumption that private interests can police the internet without regard to due process. It seems to us like a bad idea to give trade associations the power to decide what sites a search engine should delist, for example, or to decide whether a website’s funding should be cut off. It seems entirely insufficient to assume one set of businesses in an industry should be given the power to make those assessments.

Would you use online banking? And similarly with social media – do ever tighter privacy settings to protect users’ accounts disguise and deflect glare away from how the host website uses that data?

There are risks in everything; the key is to have laws that protect citizens from the mistakes and abuses of companies. Data protection laws are being debated, and companies are trying to weaken the protections we need. This is a key campaign issue for ORG.

Which issues do you see with the anonymity of the Internet?

The Internet is nowhere near as anonymous as people think. It takes considerable effort to post and read truly anonymously. What we have, sometimes, are problems with people misbehaving using pseudonyms, but we shouldn’t think that these problems can’t be dealt with, nor should we sacrifice rights to real anonymity, which are vital for whistleblowing and other difficult but vital speech.

What can e-petitions achieve?

I am sure they can achieve mobilisation and give people a voice, but we do need also to reflect on the need for citizen activism to be deepened and nurtured.

Should online terms and conditions be easier to digest? If so, how would you suggest doing this?

There are efforts to simplify terms and conditions. Equally, there are the need also to reflect on the need for citizen activism to be deepened and nurtured.

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What can e-petitions achieve?
ARts & LeIsuRe

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The early 19th Century was a time of radical reform in Manchester, the first industrial town in the world, so sprawling in density, population, squalor, and humanity, yet so cramped that the countryside started at Strangeways. When 60,000 to 80,000 people gathered at St Peter’s Fields on 16th August 1819 to hear orator Henry Hunt speak about parliamentary reform, nervous magistrates fearing rebellion ordered the Yeomanry to advance on the crowd. The savagery of the ensuing chaos reached so far and wide that the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, residing in Italy, locked himself away in solitude while he composed his brilliantly excoriating ‘The Masque Of Anarchy’.

In March of this year, the right-wing, single-issue English Defence League took up space not 200 yards from the site in an attempt to stamp its own mark on the city’s dissenting tradition. This is why they failed.

The roots of Mancunian dissent had been sewn long before Peterloo, and what sets Manchester apart from other provincial towns, and even the capital itself, was not just the shambolic immigrant mix of cheap labour and the damp conditions that made the town the perfect setting for the Industrial Revolution, but the selfless nature of its constantly evolving struggle for equality and fairness. With Manchester it was never ‘us against them’, it was always ‘us and them’, and never was that made more plain than in the support for abolition of the slave trade.

Dissent by its very definition can be uncouth and ignoble. The Victorian put-down, “the Liverpool gentleman and the Manchester man”, was not a phrase coined kindly, but it recognised the distinction between the seemingly gentrified Liverpudlian with its commercial roots in the slave trade and his more belligerent, malcontent brother. But this belligerence wasn’t always in the name of self-interest. Siding with Lincoln’s Unionists to end slavery, Manchester was the first town to lobby parliament to end the trade in human misery. Even when Lincoln placed a blockade on the export of cotton from the Southern slave states, the very commodity responsible for the commercial revolution of the town, the struggle for freedom was by and largely supported despite the cost in jobs, livelihoods, and lives in Manchester and Lancashire.

The mid 19th Century saw Chartist conventions in Manchester and one of the city’s most famous immigrants, Karl Marx, seeking to encourage that revolutionary spirit and carry it across Europe, worked on his Communist Manifesto while in Manchester, aided and abetted by his partner in political dissent, Friedrich Engels. Engels’ own The Condition of the Working Class in England, a work forged more in anger than practical politics, was largely written after visiting the filthy slums of ‘Little Ireland’, off Oxford Road, while the Free Trade Hall, built on the site of Peterloo, was the first and only building in the world to be named not just after a principal, but a radical one.

Not even traditional Christianity was free from this dissent. Just across the Irwell in Salford, the Trinity Church at the corner of Blackfriars Road and Chapel Street gave itself the usually Catholic prefix ‘Sacred’ as an act of religious disobedience towards the Puritans, and in 2012 the historically dissident Cross Street Chapel became the first religious premises in England and Wales to be licensed for civil partnerships.

Maybe there’s a lesson to be learned here. The Chartists failed because they were divisive and the same fate would befall Marx’s revolution wherever it would spread. Slavery was abolished when we worked together and stood side by side. Likewise with universal suffrage, whose silk banners were flown at Peterloo, and Manchester endorsed civil partnerships because we know in our hearts that we are all one.

On 16th August 1819, when the dust had settled on the afternoon of Peterloo, the blood of an estimated 12 dead and over 400 injured was left to dry on the sun-scorched earth of St Peter’s Fields.

Almost 200 years later, four double decker buses ferrying no more than 50 to 60 EDL protestors per bus quietly left Albert Square. The tiny space they had occupied that afternoon was stained not with the blood of dissent, but with the beer and urine of impotent rage and malice. As those few departed, the statue of the great social reformer William Gladstone solemnly pointed towards the nearby site of Peterloo, as if to remind those least noble of our country’s protest movement of Shelley’s salute to true Mancunian dissidence:

“Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number -
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you -
Ye are many — they are few.”
My friend recently rented a cottage in the Peak District and four of us spent a weekend in the idyllic country calm. We arrive armed with an air rifle borrowed from my uncle and a homemade bazooka that shoots oranges and is powered by hairspray. Our aim is to bring home a prize – a rabbit, pigeon, squirrel, anything will do. We aren’t a bloodthirsty lot. None of us would feel entirely comfortable in killing or harming any living creature. And this is just the point. Early in January I set a goal: to kill, cook and eat an animal. If I cannot bring myself to take care of the messy part of eating meat within a year, I will become a vegetarian.

My love of meat is constantly pressured by moral dilemma. As a civilisation we have become inexcusably irresponsible in our production and consumption of food. From GM crops to factory hers, our ethos is selfish and endangering. So here we are, scrambling over valleys, crashing through bracken and heather, stealthily tripping over landscape like flapping bin bags caught in hedgerow.

It was the coldest day recorded in March for 27 years and the rest of the animal kingdom was resolutely tucked away in burrows, nests and silty riverbeds; away from the cold and snow, away from four city twats with a shotgun and an indescribable lack of hunting skill. Deflated, we retired to the valley behind our cottage to shoot discount oranges at each other.

We will not go hungry though. The night before, we found a pub and got talking to the locals about our venture. The landlord offered us a lift home and stopped off at his coop to give us eggs for the morning and – lo and behold – a rooster! Tunnelling down country lanes clutching a three-year-old prize cock in the front seat of a Vauxhall Astra, I began to wonder if my goal was really worth it. Had I set myself up for a fall into vegetarianism?

We offer the landlord a whiskey and once inside we huddle in the kitchen. He pulls out a metal kosh and gives instruction to “come down hard ont’ back o’ t ead, like”. I am drunk, delirious and limp-wristed all at once. I tap Jeremy – I should never have named him – on the back like I am asking for the time. I apply just enough force to send him into a flapping frenzy. Feathers burst forth like shrapnel from a cannon. The landlord grabs the bird from my shaking hands and wrings its neck like a wet flannel. Blood trickles deep red into the kitchen rug, our faces turn white and the kitchen becomes even more cramped with the flapping of a dying bird. The next night we prepare the greatest coq au vin of our lives using a full bottle of £15 Rioja. We figure the old bird deserves a good drink.

We thank the landlord for his kindness; we thank Jeremy for his life by using everything – wings, gizzards, offal. We revel in a hot meal and do not take for granted the life sacrificed for our comfort and nutrition.

Last year our country produced 1.6 million tonnes of poultry. Staggering figures like this just go to show the unnecessary greed we have for meat. If we all were to cut out meat once a week it would dramatically change the state of the environment and the state of our health.

And who knows, if we can bring ourselves to source our meat a little more responsibly, cut down on our intake and question the ethics behind mass production we may even begin to get some of the excitement and gratitude back when sitting down to a succulent roast. As for me and my twisted logic, if by next year the kosh “ain’t come down reet ‘ard,” it’ll be cabbage au vin.

Full article: samuelsamuels.wordpress.com

BEER SUGGESTIONS BY PRIVATEER.
LIVER LITTLE.

For classic British dishes like these, I would personally go for a malty, brown ale that compliments the rich flavour of the liver. ‘Arran Dark’ from Arran Brewery at 4.3% is a particularly good example, being smooth to drink but still satisfyingly heavy.

My other suggestion is a little different, Marble Beers’ ‘Chocolate Marble’, weighing in at 5.5% and sitting somewhere between a mild and a porter, it’s filled with coffee and liquorice notes.
DEVILLED CHICKEN LIVERS.
SERVES 4.

This dish is fresh and light whilst still maintaining a full bodied kick. Chicken livers are a great source of iron and the flavour is a far cry away from the pig’s liver reminiscent of wartime cookery. The trick with this little delicacy is to not overcook. They are best served up pink so don’t worry about the colour.

500g chicken livers, trimmed and galls removed
1 banana shallot, finely diced
4 cloves garlic, finely chopped
1 handful spinach
25ml brandy
75ml white wine
50ml cream
Dash Tabasco
Dash Worcester sauce
Salt & pepper
Squeeze of lemon
Ciabatta cut into squares

Heat a little oil in a pan until nice and hot. Add chicken livers, shallot and garlic. Sauté for one minute.

Add brandy and reduce, keeping the heat on high. Once brandy has nearly disappeared add wine and reduce to half.

Add cream, throw in spinach, and when just wilted add a dash of Tabasco and Worcester sauce, then remove from heat.

Add salt, pepper, and lemon juice to taste.

Pile onto toasted ciabatta and serve immediately.

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CHICKEN LIVER PARFAIT.
SERVES 4.

This dish is simple to make and is so much more rewarding than supermarket pâté. It is a hearty starter or snack, best served with a crusty, white loaf and good chutney.

500g chicken livers, roughly chopped
2 shallots, finely diced
3 cloves garlic, finely chopped
1 sprig thyme
50ml port
150g butter plus 50g for top of parfaits
75ml cream
15ml brandy
Salt & pepper

Heat oil in a pan, add garlic and shallots, and sweat for five minutes.

Add thyme and port. Reduce port to a syrup consistency. Add livers, and fry until soft to touch and still pink on the inside but not raw.

Add butter and cream, removing from heat when butter has melted. Remove thyme and blitz in a food processor until smooth.

Season with salt, pepper, and brandy. If you want the parfait to have a smoother texture, pass through a sieve. Divide the parfait into four ramekins.

Melt the remaining butter and let the milk solids sink to the bottom of the pan. Pour a little butter over the top of each parfait.

Allow to set in the fridge. Bring out of the fridge half an hour before you’re ready to serve in order to bring the parfait up to room temperature.
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CHORLTON MANCHESTER M16 9AN
Your dreams are in your native,
in tongues and encryption other beings can decipher,
It’s yours to conquer, to run, fly, leap, sprint a world that is yours to
belong to

But they, they make sure that pins will follow like reality loaded blow
darts to prick your dream filled balloon
You are your own army and when war is done,
Hope is spilt like the blood of a child’s diluted ambition,
Staining the strings of young philosopher’s hearts,

Your world stands in the loudest silence with no passionate winds or
songs of discovery just that miraculous grey conformity,
That is beat into us with a misoneistic whip, our wounds leaking the
crushed dreams of some unfortunate kid

They stab at your rainbows till the colours leak out to miraculous
hues of blacks, of whites because we don’t live to write,
We live to stamp out army chorus’ in a sea of identical individuality,
In anticipation of us trying to hard they ball and chain our originality

Leave me and Joseph to scribble out visions on the jail cell walls, our
dreams falling on the dead ears of living Pharaohs,
Your imagination is your strongest fruit, nurture is let it grow and
bear fruit so that the generations of next may eat and be inspired

So I told the dictator.
Subliminal virtuosity is porous and it slips through mental locks
unbridled to meet you in arranged matrimony at the altar of your
psyche; then you find your very self, humming to my tunes, you
have grown to love me. They say am crazy call me a loon but am
catch iambic is my pentameter so I come again repeat myself so you
can catch me, you got me. Incarcerate me now and it’s time to flip
verse. See, I have been kicked and pushed, so I reverse, watch the
walls closing in pick up a beat and serve my sentences though bars.

So I told the dictator. Diabetic strong men with peptic ulcers and
gout who bark childish orders at snot-nosed rebel soldiers I told
them it had to halt. So they dropped their guns, lit bonfires to burn
effigies of hate and violence that declared them criminal.

So I told the dictator. I wana neo-colonise your native mind, take
you back and weed those foreign thoughts that have made the now
scarce fruits of your rich soils cursed. Watch your climates climax in
their first subsistence with the insistence that you feed your peoples
hunger for thought.

So I told the dictator call me a traitor and send my brain washed
kin to spill my life then sing me martyr for I am high treason but
you can’t quell my grass roots dissidence shoot the messenger
but deliverance has come. So when you come oppression on your
beret semi-automatic on your right balancing your potbelly I shall
cower but my feet will hold and my fists will fold before I surprise
you gesticulating incessant obscenities in your direction to remind
you of your current state of fodder passed through the intestinal
tracks of male bovines you sit there the flies circle a musky mound
of bullshit.
**REGULAR NIGHTS**

Jackgammon Parlour games evening every Monday
Jackalopenmic Open mic sessions every Wednesday
The Jackalope open deck sessions Fri 5th April & 3rd May
Clear the Decks Sat 13th April & 11th May
Rock n Soul Stew Thurs 18th April & 16th May
Beatdown Fri 19th April & 17th May
Girls with Claws Sat 20th April & 18th May
The Vinyl Countdown live record auction Tues 23rd April & 21st May
Sight and Sound Thurs 25th April & 30th May
Cancion Sat 27th April & 25th May
Blues Deluxe Sun 28th April & 26th May
White Horses Fri 26th April & 31st May
Spoonful Tues 30th April & 28th May

**APRIL LISTINGS**

*Thursday 4th*  
JANGLE UNCHAINED w/Denis Jones and Walk (live)

*Saturday 6th*  
CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING with Stazi and Stuart Faulkner (live)

*Sunday 7th*  
The Fred Loader Band (live)

*Friday 12th*  
OSC (live) Sight and Sound DJs

*Sunday 14th*  
Pete Greenwood, John Stammers, Aidan Smith (live)

*Sunday 21st*  
Death Masks, Ramahackles (live)

**MAY LISTINGS**

*Thursday 2nd*  
Jangle Unchained TBC

*Saturday 4th*  
Chips with Everything TBC

*Sunday 5th*  
Olympian, Avital Raz, Ned ‘The Kids’ Dylan (live)

*Friday 10th*  
Stretch

*Sunday 12th*  
The Junipers (live)
Anyone who thinks taxis to be a luxury is kidding themselves. Anyone who expects the same fare from the same driver for the same route taken a few days before is pulling the wool over their own brain. And anyone who takes a taxi and doesn’t feel anxious about the final price is dead! If you do not fix the price before you set off, then for gawd’s sake, demand they put the clock on. And do check they haven’t, by mistake, set it to the New Year’s Eve tariff! Gits.

Now, my working life takes place at night, like a bat’s. Albeit a bat who runs quizzes, performs songs and drinks heavily. When I do eventually arrive home I continue to lucubrate until Morpheus beckons, demanding dreams with menaces. It is partly due to my nocturnal activities and moving further afield from the city centre that has contributed to this, the exposure of the ‘taximen’, and their grubby little practices, as the hour at which I finish my work often precludes me from making the last bus. I’m very often glad about this, because if a fresher isn’t vomiting where he sits, then there is always some top-notch comedian who spots my ukulele case and says, “I think your guitar’s shrunk, mate!” After riveting my sides back together I cosh them on the winkle.

There are some firms, or at least drivers, that do insist on you booking the car right in front of you through the official channel of their office. The office in question is usually a soiled, squalid, smoky, acrid little box of shame, where swarthy men lie limp and pie-eyed, playing cards without emotion. The man with the best people skills is generally thrust up front behind the filthy glass panels of demarcation, fag in gob, phone in ear, held in place by an ash covered shoulder. Behind him, his support group of backward seconds stare blankly through a fug of boredom. Sometimes you don’t need to go in. Sometimes the taximan allows you into his mobile ghetto, where you call the office from within, quoting his ID number and, in some cases, the era when you’d like to arrive home. Prohibitively expensive they may be, but when you want to leave the stink of the city fast and far behind you, they are very often your only option. There is nothing like the room and silence of a black cab’s interior, providing you have a virtual mute for a driver, that is. And do remember that you have hired them, so if you do have the 1998 All England talking competition semi-finalist at the helm, you are well within your rights to say, “I’d rather not talk, thank you”. Or, as I said once, “I can’t do this,” whilst shutting their little ‘chat flap’. But a loquacious torrent of oral effluvia doesn’t annoy me half as much as the following: slowing down at green lights. No driver in the world does this, except the taximan. When this occurs I immediately become animated and remonstrate until I’m puce in the mind. I’ve lost count of the spurious and indeed specious reasons they give. There is no justification for this whatsoever, and if they are charging by the mile and not by time, they’re loonies. Answers on a postcard to Now Then Magazine as to why, other than to money grab, they do this.

Another activity to which I take issue is when you have more than one stop. Or, in mini cab parlance: a drop. My brother and I very often share a taxi home after our quizzes. The route is virtually identical to the one I would take home anyway, but when I get out, the price very often doesn’t reflect this. It is very often upwards of £3 more. Again, when challenged, there is illogical reasoning. If taximen and indeed taxiwomen could remember to drive as if they didn’t have a fare in the back, there would be fewer arguments and more people hiring them. It’s a complete false economy. And what’s that bleedin’ ‘extras’ light illuminated for?! If it’s a tip they’re after (something I’m more than willing to give), then I wish they’d charge me the correct fare and stop deliberately mishearing me when I say, “Next right, please,” only to continue straight on where there is nowhere to turn round until we reach a lay-by on Oberon.

These problems, issues or terrible practices are becoming endemic. Until they become pandemic I will still have to put up with them. There are still saints out there. Yes, I’ve met them both. You must understand that this has been written exclusively on my experience of taking taxis in Manchester. I know there are many other stories out there. This one is mine. On the plus side, compared to taxi drivers in Prague, Rome and Marrakech, you couldn’t wish for a more balanced, fair-minded, honorable bunch of lads.
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WATCH THIS SPACE!
WRITTEN IN SKIN.
AN EXHIBITION AND EVENT AT CORNERHOUSE.
PREVIEW BY HARRY EDWARD COOKE.

The story of tattooing is one that is ancient and varied since its origins several millennia ago. A Cornerhouse commission entitled Written in Skin offers us a glimpse at what the next chapter of tattooing could potentially be.

Written In Skin is an exploration of an exciting development on the frontier of modern tattooing. The practice called ‘blood-lining’ offers a semi-permanent means for one to express the same artistic or emotive significance that conventional tattooing offers, except that blood-lining will eventually fade and restore the skin to its former self. The desire to mark our skin to denote cultural heritage, or as a means to provide a fleshy scrapbook of tokens of our past experiences is one shared with our primitive forefathers. It may not appear to be so, but tattooing is akin with renowned art forms, such as painting and sculpturing. In fact, before man picked up a paintbrush, man had picked up sharpened chisels to etch away into his skin.

Come 19th May, the Cornerhouse will be transformed into an impromptu tattoo parlour for the afternoon as guests will be invited to watch the events collaborator, Stefanie Elrick, as she willingly yields her skin to become the parchment for the thoughts, words and stories of a collective of international strangers. The exhibition promises to transcend the boundaries that encapsulate literature, art and embodiment of memory. The gesture of recording memory is perhaps one of the most poignant motivations behind humans’ affinity with tattooing. This notion of the recording of experience has been popularised by the exploits of American Pacific sailors in the 20th century, but the origins of which run far deeper and are at the epicentre of the Imperial cultures of Egypt and Greece.

This grandiose tattoo statement is an attempt by the exhibition’s co-founders Loren Fetterman and Stefanie Elrick to symbolically align body art with the physical representation of a person’s acquisition of ‘emotional scars’ in the course of their life. The exhibition promises to restore the ritualistic practise of tattooing whilst remaining true to the context of the 21st Century.

Written In Skin will take place on Sunday 19th May, 11am until 5pm. Free entry.

RAQIB SHAW.
AN EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER ART GALLERY.
REVIEWER – STEFANIE ELRICK.

A jungle of coiled willow skilfully woven around the fences of Manchester Art Gallery leads you into the fantastical world of Raqib Shaw. On the approach down Mosley Road you’ll spy makeshift nests bursting with daffodils amongst twisting tendrils creeping up the stone pillars of the monumental building. This utopian explosion is an unusual sight in the city streets, conjuring up romantic ideals of a lush secret paradise. But those expecting some escapist Eden of innocence inside will be shocked by Raqib’s intense and unsentimental content.

Shaw’s garden covers the foyer where his first sculpture - Narcissus (2009-11), a swan devouring the innards of its tiny man-bat prey - waits to greet you. It’s beautifully brutal and perfectly sculpted, imbued with an intimate cruelty Shaw has worked to perfect. The rest of the work is flamboyant and sometimes horrifying, particularly Adam (2008), a battle between a lobster and a therianthropic birdman, complete with maggot filled crotch, glistening saliva and bleeding pincer wounds on Adam’s wrists. Ambiguous and unapologetic, the imagery hangs in limbo realms between fairytale, mythology and erotic dreamscape.

Bejewelled half-breeds howl at diamante moons. Godlike hybrids pour glittering buckets of organs, eyeballs and entrails over organic debauchery. Twilight forests glint under the light of marbled moons and crowned tiger-kings gaze at the stars, teeth bared and eyes wild. Purple S&M monkeys with ball-gags, whips and chains beat each other on opulent beds. Mermen with a lion’s head, fornicating catfish and flagellating lizard warriors covered in rhinestones engage in epic confrontations and amorous liaisons.

Open until 26th May, this show must be seen to be believed. For art lovers or fans of the bizarre it’s a feast for the eyes and an assault on the accepted.
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### Manchester Events April 2013

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<td><strong>BIG UNIT</strong> + SPECIAL GUESTS</td>
<td>7PM — 10.30PM</td>
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<td><strong>Friday 05 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>TIGER &amp; WOODS (LIVE)</strong></td>
<td>10PM — 4AM</td>
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<td><strong>Saturday 06 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>BICEP (ALL NIGHT LONG) + WILL TRAMP! (BAR)</strong></td>
<td>10PM — 4AM</td>
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<td><strong>Wednesday 10 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>STEVE MASON + SPECIAL GUESTS</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Thursday 11 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>BRITISH SEA POWER + SPECIAL GUESTS</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Friday 12 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>BRITISH SEA POWER + SPECIAL GUESTS</strong></td>
<td>7PM — 10.30PM</td>
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<td><strong>Friday 12 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>MVSON w/ MEDLAR</strong></td>
<td>11PM — 4AM</td>
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<td><strong>Saturday 13 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>SET IN STONE (BOOK LAUNCH)</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Monday 15 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>MURKAGE vs ETON MESSY</strong></td>
<td>10PM — 4AM</td>
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<td><strong>Thursday 18 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>DROP THE MUSTARD</strong></td>
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<td><strong>KATE NASH + SPECIAL GUESTS</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Saturday 20 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>20/20 VISION w/ RALPH LAWSON AND AUDIOJACK</strong></td>
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<td><strong>GOLD TEETH</strong></td>
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<td><strong>Saturday 27 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>GROUP THEARPY COMEDY CLUB</strong></td>
<td>7PM — 10.30PM</td>
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<td><strong>Saturday 27 April</strong></td>
<td><strong>GORILLA CLUB &amp; INVADER MUSIC LINEUP TBC</strong></td>
<td>11PM — 4AM</td>
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**Cinema Live Music Theatre**

**Chapel St. Studios**

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<td><strong>CITY CENTRE SOUL</strong></td>
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<td><strong>April</strong></td>
<td><strong>HOW TO RELAX IN ANDALUCIA</strong></td>
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<td><strong>TWISTED WHEEL</strong></td>
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FRI 26TH - NUFF VIBES
SAT 27TH - RUN & BASS / BASS HEAVY HOUSE
SUN 28TH - MELVYN'S BIG NIGHT OUT
MON 29TH - OPEN MIND

MAY
FRI 3RD - HIT & RUN
SUN 5TH - BIG DADDY KANE / DR SYNTAX
FRI 10TH - RIOT JAZZ
SUN 12TH - VIDEO JAM
THUR 16TH - DELPHIC / ZED BIAS / EGYPTIAN HIP HOP
FRI 17TH - BIZZ ACID HOUSE / NUFF VIBES
SAT 18TH - PUNK INNA JUNGLE
SAT 25TH - MANCHESTER MUSIC
SUN 26TH - MEAT FREE COLLECTIVE / DEEP HOUSE
FRI 31ST - UNDERLAND / CODED RHYTHM

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SUN 2ND FAMILY WOLVES EP LAUNCH
FRI 7TH RIOT JAZZ
SAT 8TH HIT & RUN

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MONDAY 15TH APRIL
RYAN KEEN + SAM BRADLEY
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ASTRA + GUESTS
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+ KESTON COBBLERS CLUB
£12.00 Advance : 7pm - 11pm

TUESDAY 23RD APRIL
MANCHESTER CAMERATA IV
£10.00 Advance : 7pm - 11pm

WEDNESDAY 24TH APRIL
JAMIE N COMMONS + SPECIAL GUESTS
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THURSDAY 25TH APRIL
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We operate on a citizen journalism policy, promoting the independent community and working with each other, rather than for each other, which means we are open to input from all.

We are looking for volunteers to help with various aspects of producing this magazine, including sales and editorial work.

Contact ian@nowthenmagazine.com with a brief history of yourself, plus hopes, dreams and ambitions. Or just tell us a joke and see if we laugh along.
**MANCHESTER MUSIC**

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<td>And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead – Friday 19th</td>
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<td>KMFDM + Sheep On Drugs + Resist + Deadfilmstar – Sunday 21st</td>
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<td>Mallory Knox + Natives + Evarose – Monday 22nd</td>
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<td>Hadouken + Heart Of A Coward + Silent Screams – Wednesday 24th</td>
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<td>Watsky + Dumbfounded – Wednesday 22nd</td>
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<td>The Parov Stelar Band – Thursday 30th – Doors 9pm – 2am 18+</td>
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<td>Camera Obscura – Wednesday 5th</td>
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<td>Mudhoney + Meat Puppets – Friday 7th – Doors 6.30pm</td>
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<td>Snakecharmer + Hell To Pay – Friday 21st</td>
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<td>Highlights for the rest of year</td>
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<td>Wintersun – Wednesday 17th July</td>
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*Please check all times and dates on the website.*
If anyone can answer ‘Yes’ to the question, ‘Have you ever tried hurling a bottle of piss onto a stage only to see it land in the photo pit?’ then I’d like to say you missed my shoulder by three inches. It caught me square on the back of the head.

Not all experiences of being a photographer are so warming, but it does offer opportunity to see developing talent perform. And if I have to pay into a concert only to watch the artist on a big screen, then I’d rather wait for the DVD to come out. The preference is surely to try and get a bit closer, such as being next to the stage. It’s this approach, plus trying to combine the two pleasures of photography and live music, that has led to me knowing the times of the last train/bus home from venues on a wet Wednesday night in January.

Live music snappers have usually served their time by covering band nights at locations more affectionately known as the ‘toilet venues’. Thankfully the facilities are now of a decent standard and this type of venue normally allows greater access to the bands, since they share the facilities with gig goers. A quick tip though: it’s best to avoid asking them a series of questions or ‘Can I have a quick picture?’ just as they have unzipped their flies.

So it was with eager anticipation that I caught a hotly tipped singer at Fagin’s. The place was packed, no photo area cordoned off, but in the absence of any barriers I managed to secure a place amongst the crowd near the front. The lighting was ideal, framing her face beautifully. As she looked across the crowd, enjoying a wonderful set, she seemed to notice the solitary camera lens in the crowd, mine. She posed long enough to allow me to frame the image nicely and I started clicking away. A feeling of wellbeing at having witnessed someone who clearly did have star potential soon faded when I realised that I had forgotten to put any film in the camera. That was the only time I managed to catch Sade in a live venue before her gravity-defying rise to stardom. Fagin’s is now closed.

I suppose that technical hitch similarly ties in with the fact that although I have seen at least two gigs with Coldplay on the line up, I have never seen them play. On the basis that hanging around for over two hours and four bands can be extremely boring, I made the mistake of ignoring the band at the bottom of the listings. Witnessing Travis playing, I did wonder what all the fuss was about, and didn’t bother fighting through the crowd to use up precious film apart from one badly lit, blurry image.

With everyone having a camera, or even a video camera, in their phone, is there a requirement to have a dedicated photographer carrying an expensive set of lenses? Images can be Flickr’d or Instagrammed in the time it takes to press three buttons.

The Radio 1 DJ Mary Ann Hobbs recently captured a visually stunning picture of Radiohead when they played the MEN arena. Wedding celebrations have been recorded on mobile phones so perhaps it’s better to welcome the new technology to the party, recognise its validity, and accept that what matters is the quality of the recorded image, rather than how it is captured. If what you are viewing makes you pause and think, then it’s a successful image. Examining the ‘rabbit in a headlight’ stare of Peter Hook (below) makes the viewer reflect on the nature of the sweet nothing that John Robb has whispered into his ear.

Some performers thrive on the attention. Steve Jones, frontman of Moco, is ever one to be captured in the emotion and adrenalin. Each gig featured Steve departing the stage and attempting to climb a wall, run across the bar or get pushed around the floor on a flight case. At the Retro Club one night, he decided to stand on a table which could have probably withstood his weight. Sat on his shoulders, however, was Elvis (from Valerie). Obviously the table collapsed, beer went flying and the bar staff went running. After Steve.

Rewards can come in various guises though, such as the screensaver on my friend’s phone. It’s a picture I took of him and his bride on their wedding day. “Best picture of the day, mate,” he repeats. Does that mean I won’t get paid? Again?

However, for those people who now say they saw Elbow back in ’99 when they were an unknown entity, at another defunct night titled Gecko, at least I do have a picture to back up my claim.

Now where did I put my waterproof hoodie?
SLIP DISCS SHOWCASE.

20TH MARCH.
KRAAK GALLERY.

REVIEWER – KIERON SUMNER, CHAMAELEO.NET.

Keep your body alert to the echo created by the Slip Discs label around the scene. Greeted on entrance by Tom Rose, one of the four label managers, he said just sit back, relax, and enjoy myself during fellow founder Laurence’s sound test. I was nothing short of dumbfounded by his fusion of what I described in my notes as ‘African jazz beats followed by bhangra electronics sprinkled with synth-technic liquid sounds’. I’m not sure what that means exactly, I just knew it was great.

The first act on was Chaines. Relying on the algorithm of sensations, Chaines sends you into a journey of pleasant despair. Combining the sounds of nature and humanity with deep electronic patterns of sounds and musical instruments, Chaines could have been performing in front of 10 people or 100, there is no doubt that not one of us was distracted. My favourite song by this lady is ‘Speak Gentle Words’, which I felt summed up what I imagined to be Salvador Dalí’s childhood.

Looking nonchalant and in need of a haircut, Aaron Parker was on second. He was my favourite act of the night, with a style very similar to Leftfield, but slowed down, a few bits taken out, a few bits added in. At one point a cello was brought out and he infused its sound with a distinctive rhythm. He seemed to know exactly how to create an emotive response. I looked around the room and no one was seated.

Tom Rose, the guy who greeted me at the door, was on last. It was his song, ‘Berghaus’, that originally sparked my interest in the label. On hearing this live I felt like I was a character from Léon, on acid, in an art exhibition observing a screen with rotating shapes.

The bartender is always a good place to start when looking for another viewpoint; they don’t give a shit. Where we are paying, they are being paid, and this bartender at Kraak Gallery, sporting a very psychedelic t-shirt, was impressed.

Minimal iPhone death metal? Electrotechnic popcorn bubble? Anti-pop? As we move into a post-genre era for music, with old artists trying something new and new artists trying to do better, Slip Discs is a label to look out for if you are interested in dysphonic music.

HOLY OTHER.

21ST MARCH.
ISLINGTON MILL.

REVIEWER – CHARLES VEYS.

A short walk from the thriving centre of Manchester, set on the outer ring of Salford, lays a derelict area of abandoned textile factories forgotten after the Second World War. Within this unused patch is a hidden diamond in the rough, in the form of Islington Mill. This deserted cotton-spinning mill was picked up in 2001 by St Martin’s Fashion graduate Bill Campbell who set about transforming the shell into an art-house centre providing galleries and accommodation to the open-minded. Today the arts club boasts one of the best sound systems in Manchester and who better to put that to the test than Holy Other.

With an inciting warm-up schedule comprising of Bearcubs, Tourist and WIFE, the stage was not so metaphorically set for the main act. Just under a year since the grand ‘unveiling’, Holy Other, yet to reveal his real name, did not relinquish his air of mystery. Shrouded now by a bank of fog and backlit by EMN’s kaleidoscopic graphics, the unmistakable rumble of submerged bass topped with ghostly vocals pierced the air.

Holy Other’s latest album, Hold, came out last year and it was quite honestly indefinable. The original deep-set tones were refreshing and led to a meditative audio experience. Frankly I was sceptical as to the live reproduction of this artwork, but with hindsight I was very wrong. Everything from the venue to the warm-up acts were set up perfectly, even the arctic twist on a spring night created an atmosphere. The elated mood of the crowd after WIFE’s rather energetic performance was channelled almost instantaneously into something that can only be described as potential.

Psychedelic loops interlaced with soothing melodies, both enclosed with subsonic bass, connected the audience via a wire of emotion transmitting a story. I’d like to say his tracks tell a colourful and exotic tale with a fairytale ending, but then I’d be lying. The black and white imagery projected behind him aids the portrayal of the tragically bleak mood, with the smoke-filled basement of an old cotton mill acting as a fitting stage to a sound that at times is industrial. The cocktail of each of these factors prepared expertly by Future Everything displayed a very real insight into the future of electronic music and this digital age.

The true meaning behind the music, along with its creator, will remain a mystery for now.
NANCY ELIZABETH.

28TH MARCH.
TEDX. MANCHESTER MUSEUM.
REVIEWER – NANCY ELIZABETH.

Someone from the university got in touch, asking if I’d be interested in coming to play at a TEDx event in Manchester Museum. TED is a not-for-profit organisation devoted to “Ideas Worth Spreading”. It started out in 1984, in California, as a smallish conference, bringing together people from three worlds: technology, entertainment and design. Since then it has broadened its reach, becoming a world-renowned and extensive organisation. A TEDx event in simply a TED event that has been organised by an independent body, in collaboration with TED. In this case, The University of Manchester. I thought it sounded interesting. I’m always up for a new experience, so I said yes.

On arrival at the museum, I wandered through an array of stuffed animals and ancient coins. If you have never been to the Manchester Museum, you must go. I have to say, I was pretty excited at the prospect of playing my music amongst these beguiling artefacts. Alas, as I explored further, I realised that the room in which I would be playing was a medium-sized conference room at the back of all of that.

It was a very civilised affair. There was coffee on arrival, and then a mixture of people took the platform to talk about interesting things. One man talked about the art of playing the Tabla, another about the inner working of a brain-scanning machine, one man about the future of university education. I must say, I learned a lot.

Then it came to my turn. I’d been asked not only to play music, but also to talk about my creative process as a writer. This terrified me. I felt like I was about to get up in front of a jury to try and justify my entire existence.

In fact, it was nothing like that. I chatted to the audience in a relaxed manner about how I had ended up playing music, and how I came to write it. A potted history of my creative life, and a few songs. Then there was a little gathering of people in the bar, and we all chatted and shared ideas. It was a most enjoyable and informative day. I’m very grateful to the organisers for inviting me along to be involved in the event, even though I didn’t get to play my music amongst the stuffed antelopes.

LISTINGS

RECOMMENDED BY NOW THEN.

LEHERETTE.
12TH APRIL / ROADHOUSE / £3-£6.

Having already invited Gilles Peterson and Werkha earlier this year, So Flute have met their own high benchmark once more by bringing Ninja Tune electronic duo Letherette to the party. They’ll head up the monthly jive, with resident DJs living up to the St Germain track of their name by joining the dots between soul, funk, jazz and electronica.

ABBATOIR BLUES LABEL LAUNCH.
13TH APRIL / THE CASTLE HOTEL / £2.50.

Not content to showcase the local blues uprising via their regular live events, Abattoir Blues woke up this mornin’ and decided to start putting their favourite bands out on record. Hence, this launch day.

GARY MCCLURE.
18TH APRIL / KRAAK / £4.

The ex-Working For A Nuclear Free City guitarist steps out again, shorn of the synthy electronic angles protracted by his old cohorts, and concentrated towards the acid-folk, psych-rock elements. The gig launches his debut solo LP, Wreaths, on Edwyn Collins’ AED Records.

EMANCIPATOR.
19TH APRIL / MINT LOUNGE / £5.

Hit & Run has branched off on a slight tangent from their Monday night drum and bass / hip hop / dubstep bookings for this one. The Canadian beats ‘n’ strings samplist and Loci Records founder parks his tour moped in Manchester as part of an EU wander.

EXTRA LOVE EP LAUNCH.
20TH APRIL / ANTPERP MANSION / £4-£7.

The multi-limbed dub reggae colossus that is Extra Love bring their long-awaited new EP and general good times to Rusholme’s Antwerp Mansion, with reliable vibe selectors Dub Smugglers keeping the floor grooving.

DIE HEXEN.
9TH MAY / DULCIMER / £4.

Fever Ray and Planningtonrock sound-a-like Die Hexen tops new promoter/blogger Tru Luv’s fourth show. Think genres of ambient, electronic, indie, and smart-talking blog Hipster Runoff’s coined chillwave. Bristolian ivory tinker /please/ and Egyptian Hip Hop side project Bernard + Edith support.

MAGIC ARM.
17TH MAY / CHERHAM’S SCHOOL OF MUSIC / £6 ADV.

Having been talked up by Sam Beam (Iron & Wine), Steve Lamacq and Ed Droste (Grizzly Bear) in his time, Magic Arm has laid low following his debut LP in 2009. This occasion marks the release of his second LP. The loop-pedal friendly folk-pop music-maker reappears in the rarely public venue of Chetham’s School of Music’s Baronial Hall, supported by Nancy Elizabeth and her piano.

GALAXIANS.
24TH MAY / FUEL CAFE / £3.

Recently retired promoters Bad Uncle couldn’t stay away for long. Their alt-indie-and-beyond taste-making is welcomed back with open arms and opener ears. Galaxians’ funky disco house tops a strong looking bill.
BONOBO.

THE NORTH BORDERS.

NINJA TUNE.

REVIEWER – STEFANIE ELRICK.

Bonobo’s The North Borders, three years in the making, sees this phenomenal beat-weaver return with fresh offerings of audio bliss. Graceful and fluid, it ebbs and flows in quasi-classical form, weaving harps, strings, flutes and chimes across a soundscape of crisp percussion and loops. The pace is, as always, set to post-euphoric afterglow, but without ever feeling particularly downtempo; a subtle ambience complemented by the vocals of guests Grey Reverend, Sjerdene, Erykah Badu and Cornelia.

‘First Fires’ sets the tone for the album, a wistful love song with sweeping violins that counter Reverend’s smooth and understated voice. The single ‘Cirrus’ is an upbeat and hypnotic loop of chimed rhythms and the album’s showpiece. Paired with Cyriak’s delightfully kitsch work, a tongue-in-cheek show-reel descending into consumerist chaos, its video showcases the visual equivalent of the looping technique perfected by Bonobo. It’s a synesthetic marriage made in trip-glitch heaven.

‘Heaven for a Sinner’, with the High Priestess of Soul Erykah Badu’s unearthly vocals, skips adroitly between shuffling electro-two-step and plucked harp and glockenspiel melodies. This fusion of contrasting mechanisms typifies Bonobo’s idiosyncratic style. In ‘Towers’, lush samples shudder around Sjerdene’s deliciously airy voice, only to swell into a chorus of videogame bleeps. ‘Ten Tigers’ jitters and swoons across digital space with stuttering typewriter clicks that transition stylishly into a string symphony. ‘Pieces’ is crunchy yet smooth and meanders around the honeyed sound of Cornelia’s part lullaby, part sing-song playground rhymes.

This ability to switch pace and suture a complex cross-section of styles has always been Bonobo’s forte, making previous albums such as Black Sands and Animal Magic as potent and enduring as they are. The North Borders sees this unmistakable technique become a surge of seamless energy that he supplies with unbroken ease.

Never in a rush to prove himself, Bonobo has taken the time to perfect his art. This album is effortlessly beautiful and utterly complex. Fitting behind a facade of simplicity it conceals the real expertise of its creator.

Cyril Snear's album launch show is on 13th April at Deaf Institute.

CYRIL SNEAR.

RIOT OF COLOUR.

WEATHERFACE RECORDS.

REVIEWER – ALEX LYNHAM.

It’s been a long time coming, but Cyril Snear’s hotly-anticipated second album is finally here. Setting the tone with a caustic political soliloquy, the record explodes to life on opener proper, ‘Annex 1’, before swerving into the Tool-esque metallic groove of ‘How Presidential of You’. The true ambitiousness of this record isn’t immediately obvious. It’s not until the expansive ‘Multiple Mono’ and ‘Fifty Four’ that this truly hits home. At times more beholden to the post-rock canon, they nevertheless pack a terrific punch, thrillingly sharp melodies, and enough smarts to leave little doubt as to why these newcomers are so often mentioned in the same breath as the departed Oceansize.

‘Butterflies’ is a more accessible, shorter cut, and it’s here that the subtle percussive ornamentations of drummer Nick Roe really shine. While tracks like ‘Annex 1’ leave the rest of the band very much at the fore, it’s often on the more concise, ostensibly simpler passages that the Snear rhythm section is most effectively showcased. A late highlight comes in the form of ‘Professor Metcalfe In The Living Room With The Truth’, a more easily classifiable modern progressive rock track boasting a spine-tingling eastern-influenced lead motif at its crescendo. This comes sandwiched between two tracks that epitomise the versatility of this album – ‘Focus’ and ‘The Weight’. Slow burning tracks both, they marry Cyril Snear’s flirting with math rock to their natural knack for atmospherics. The result, naturally, is brilliant; the execution flawless.

It should hardly be surprising, given the amount of thought and effort that’s clearly gone into it, that this LP is so good. Nevertheless it represents a gauntlet thrown down at the feet of the scene. Manchester: 2013 currently belongs to Cyril Snear – this record dares you to disagree.
Robert John.
THE LIAR.
DOGFACE RECORDS.
REVIEWER – SAMUEL BUCKLEY.

Too melodic to be just rock, too contemplated in arrangement to be just blues and too good not to be shared; Robert John’s debut solo album holds the essence of all the above but is a breath of fresh air in the overcrowded male singer-songwriter genre. What first strikes you is the pace. The instrumentation is ever changing, from funky wah-wah to brassy acoustic picking; country style snare-led beats to marching rolls; unpredictable but progressing naturally.

His gruff singing style, dare I say it, reminds me of Jim Morrison, and is often joined by well-placed harmonies that only add to the rich instrumentation. It’s hard to pick a highlight. The production, the high quality recording and overall construction makes this record a singular piece of work. Oh and finishing with a live track – nice touch, Rob.

Yes Blythe.
KEEP THE FAITH.
BAPTISTS & BOOTLEGGERS.
REVIEWER – IAN PENNINGTON.

The Manchester based found sounds and cassette tape manipulator Yes Blythe has had this one sitting in the vaults for some time, but it’s now ready to see the cold light of day. If cold light it does meet, then it’ll be in complementary company. Like a Jean Luc Godard film soundtrack, it sombrely edges past the decay of sparsely arranged piano lilts, traffic sequences inspired by the musique concrète movement, and joltingly tumultuous blares.

Founded in 2011 as a platform built to offer avant-garde musings on various formats for free, Baptists & Bootleggers has so far succeeded in presenting the work of musicians, wordsmiths and artists via intriguingly packaged artefacts. Keep The Faith is no different; the hand-stitched booklet is a keeper in a world of throwaways, and its simple yet pastoral appearance even analogous with the unnerving anti-rhythms encased within.

Akron/Family.
SUB VERSES.
DEAD OCEANS.
REVIEWER – DAVE FIRTH.

Akron/Family’s seventh LP is their most polished to date, replacing the brittle acoustic psychedelia of previous albums with a much heavier, reverb drenched sound. Their longstanding proximity to Swans’ Michael Gira has manifested in a more visceral take on Americana, but tempered by sunshine vocals and a sense of innocence that their mentor has rarely allowed himself. Akron/Family stitch together a patchwork cloak of style and influences and wear it proudly as they watch the sun melt into the desert horizon.

They seem to be having fun, but occasionally their genre explorations slip in to the realms of derivative imitation rather than inspired pastiche. However, Randall Dunn’s elegant production holds things together and the album’s at its most beautiful when the band gives him the space to work his magic. In these moments, drifting away with the slide guitar, we’re in the desert too.
Chris Corsano. 
ARE YOU READY TO PLAY CRICKET? 
INTERVIEW BY IAN PENNINGTON.

Chris Corsano may have made his name by working with other musicians – notably Björk, Ben Chasny, Thurston Moore, Kim Gordon – but his solo guise holds an equal allure. Last month, the drummer’s methods and performance stunned the watchful Bay Horse basement into silent fascination. He bowed a makeshift single-string tautened across his floor tom, preceding an arsenal of pans, lids, wooden blocks and tubes, all added to his drum kit to enhance a phenomenal sticks speed and unbounded range of nonlinear, improvisational dexterity.

Beforehand, he spoke to Now Then about concept albums, collaborations and his time living in Manchester.

**You can tell that you’re immersed in your music when you play. How do you feel when performing?**

It’s indescribable. When you try to describe it you’re reducing it to one thing when there’s a whole lot of other stuff going on. Like when you break up from a relationship and try to describe to your friends what went wrong, you say it over and over until that becomes the problem with the relationship… not that I’m going through a breakup on stage or anything!

You could look at it as layers where part of me is conscious and doing the practical, mundane stuff, like, “Hey, I just dropped this stick; I need to pick it up,” then thinking long-range as in, “Where do I want this to go?” I had to pack a suitcase to get here, but from the moment I start playing to the moment I finish, I don’t know what’s gonna happen. But I have ideas about what could happen.

**Some of your albums have been based on certain concepts – do you think that helps in a sense to hinge the music?**

With any kind of concept stuff I do the concept comes after, when I say, “What do I have?” Through editing you try to make something cohesive, but not too samey. When it comes to artwork and titles, that’s when I’ll put down an after-the-fact to acknowledge that it’s a smaller product. But I don’t go in with a lot of very conscious academic forethought. It’s “What do I have?” Through editing you try to make something cohesive, With any kind of concept stuff I do the concept comes after, when I say, “What do I have?” Through editing you try to make something cohesive,

**What made you want to perform solo rather than in bands?**

That’s up to them to decide…

It’s terrible, right? The trick is to see something that you admire and can’t do it, but you can’t because he already does it in such a great way that’s better than anybody else is going to be able to do it because he pours so much into it. So, maybe what I learned from watching him is to do it in your own way as fiercely as possible. Also, Adris Hoyos. At first I quickly tried to move back from it, but it’s hard because her playing became so ingrained in me.

**Is it right to say you recorded The Young Cricketer here, and was your location linked to choosing the cricket theme?**

That’s a perfect example of context / concept, because it was presented by having a record then titles coming after the fact. I was in a charity shop in Northenden and there was this book called The Young Cricketer, written by Richie Benaud’s dad. It had tons of great pictures and I knew, me, art, and it just sort of spoke to me. I found titles based on this quiz that you were supposed to take. Are You Ready To Play Cricket?, and saw it as a good metaphor for being an American growing up playing baseball, then getting over here and trying to watch cricket and understand what the hell was going on. I never really cracked the code, it’s like two countries separated by a common language, as the saying goes. But there wasn’t a deep cricket concept involved unfortunately.

From the time you lived over here, you shared bills with Voice of the Seven Woods (Rick Tomlinson), Nancy Cunlliffe, Denis Jones… Jack Rose was over for one as well. Do you keep in touch with any of those guys, and do you have any lasting friendships or collaborations from the area?**

Rick’s here tonight – Voice of the Seven Thunders as he’s called now. I met him through Rick Myers, who’s now in the States but lived in Northenden, and we were subletting his house, so that’s where I recorded The Young Cricketer. Touring is really good for keeping in touch with people. Since you mentioned Jack Rose, that was my first real tour around the UK and it was under his wing. It’s a tragic loss, but that opened the door for me in so many ways, tailing Jack around and seeing him perform night after night was life-changing.

I started working a lot with Mick Flower then, in Leeds, and met some people here. Not to play with; just going to their shows. Weirdly, I hardly ever play where I live, so that I can still look people in the face when I walk down the street! But the first time Mick and I played in Manchester was in a tiny upstairs room in a house in Levenshulme. It was packed and really fun and the spirit of all the folk there was great.

**What would be your dream collaboration, out of anything you haven’t done yet?**

I don’t do a lot of anticipation or striving of this or that. But the ones I’ve done? I mean, playing with Mick is an absolute dream, and Pat Flaherty. If it’s not a dream collaboration, I just stop doing it. I feel lucky to be playing with people whose music I listen to anyway. Maybe there’s a little bit – through the nature of life or whatever – that becomes about status, like “I really want to play with this hotshot.” Some of my best collaborations did come with ‘hotshots’ and others came with people that nobody knows. It’s not necessarily down to individuals being great, it’s more down to the chemistry; the people in the room making the thing.

There’re people I admire and respect – Ornette Coleman, of course, who wouldn’t want to play with someone like him? But what if we got together and it didn’t work? I feel like it introduces a barrier to a very direct level of communication, thinking that this is my idol or whatever.

**In terms of your drumming, do you look at other drummers and think, “I could learn something there,” because I guess a lot of people could learn from your drumming as well…?**

Yeah, someone might look at me and learn something because they hate what they do, or find out that they don’t want to do it and what I did was terrible, right? The trick is to see something that you admire and can’t do yet, but not get tricked into trying to ape it. Like, when I first saw Brian (Chippendale) from Lightning Bolt. He saw it in a way that nobody else did and it’s compelling and physically amazing, and you think “I want to do that,” but you can’t because he already does it in such a great way that’s better than anybody else is going to be able to do it because he pours so much into it. So, maybe what I learned from watching him is to do it in your own way as fiercely as possible. Also, Adris Hoyos. At first I quickly tried to move back from it, but it’s hard because her playing became so ingrained in me.

**How has your ambition changed over the years?**

Well, I have a lot of stuff I haven’t gotten around to, but I’m pretty lazy. I know I ended up on a lot of records, but they’re usually somebody else’s doing. Even from the beginning, I just wanted to play with people that I liked and I’ve been lucky enough to do that, so I guess my ambition is to just keep doing that.

cor-sano.com
RUTHERFORD AND SON.

REVIEWER – ALEX KLINEBERG.

Mr Rutherford is a Northern industrialist made good. A working man who has built his glassworks company up from nothing. But times are changing. Business is poor, and in couple of years he knows he will be finished.

The action takes place in the Rutherford home. We only need to peek into their living room to see the entire drama of their lives play out. The stifling world of Edwardian patriarchy is vividly captured. The women sit around knitting, bickering, worrying and preparing meals. The men make the world go round.

Nicholas Shaw gives a fantastic performance as John Rutherford Jr. He is an idealistic, poetic boy – he could have stepped out of the pages of a Chekhov play. His father is a bully. Mr Rutherford has made his family miserable. His mantra in life is ‘work, work, work’. Nothing else is apparent in his world. But he is getting old. He needs an heir, someone who can take on his flagging business and carry it into the late industrial age. His son claims to have a formula that will reduce production costs. The battle between father and son over this formula spirals into a Greek tragedy.

Barrie Rutter, the artistic director of Northern Broadsides, gives a stunning performance as John Rutherford Jr. He is an idealistic, poetic boy – he could have stepped out of the pages of Chekhov play. His father is a bully. Mr Rutherford has made his family miserable. His mantra in life is ‘work, work, work’. Nothing else is apparent in his world. But he is getting old. He needs an heir, someone who can take on his flagging business and carry it into the late industrial age. His son claims to have a formula that will reduce production costs. The battle between father and son over this formula spirals into a Greek tragedy.

The play was written in 1912 by Githa Sowbery, a sadly overlooked dramatist. She was a woman in a man’s world. Her play became a sensation over night. She could gainfully be compared to Ibsen or Chekhov. Her play is every bit as brilliant and intense as *A Doll’s House.* It may even surpass it. If any dramatist deserves a second look today, it is Sowbery.

Northern Broadsides is the perfect company to bring this play back to life. For 20 years they have been at the cutting edge of theatre, and they have put the North into an all-too-southern discipline. What’s more, they have coaxed director Jonathan Miller – of *Beyond The Fringe* fame – out of retirement. It is a rare chance to see an old master at work.

THE BLUE ROOM.

26TH MARCH / LASS O’GOWRIE.

REVIEWER – ANDREW ANDERSON.

The sound of locked lips, heavy breathing in ears, the look of skin pulled taut by reaching fingers. These are the things we think of when we think of passion. David Hare’s *The Blue Room* puts us right among these sensory stimulants, giving a cross-class look at passion and attraction in the form of a two-person play.

Each scene in The Blue Room involves a pairing, be it a taxi driver and a prostitute or a poet and a model, and explores the sexuality between them. It makes for both entertaining and difficult viewing, as the intimacy is humorously revealing but awkwardly personal. It shows lust for what it is; overpowering, enthralling and often illogical.

Playing multiple characters in such a play is a tricky task. You have to change roles quickly, and create realistic sexual chemistry between each pairing. Thankfully, Phil Barwood and Paida Noel managed to do so. Noel in particular was excellent, and she is one of those actors who you like to watch doing nothing; an eyebrow raised here, a tilt of the head there – it all adds up. With so much material to get through there were of course slips and mistakes, but these are the sorts of things that are ironed out during a run.

The direction also poses problems, as scenes and characters change very quickly. By using a minimal set these transitions were achieved with little fuss, and by positioning the actors to face the audience as they dressed it invoked a sense of emptiness preceding the passion. By putting the players among the audience, director Megan Marie Griffith made the sound and touch of the lovers very close, creating an almost voyeuristic experience that suited the subject matter.

The Blue Room sets out to deal with passion and sexuality, showing that these are universal traits. However, the men in the play are more often than not forceful, domineering and manipulative. This is the strength of Hare’s work, in that it forces us to look at our own lusts and longings, and see them in a new, unflattering light. The production is strong on all fronts and while it is a little rough around the edges, is still a gem.

northern-broadsides.co.uk

This review relates to the production at Viaduct Theatre, Halifax. Rutherford and Son is touring the country and visits The Lowry from 16th-20th April.
PRESENTING A DOCUMENTARY À LA MODE CAN EVEN BE CONSIDERED EASY.

FINDING A SUBJECT WORTH COVERING CAN OFTEN BE THE HARDEST PART.

EMPHASISE A THEORY.

OVER HEARTS AND MINDS, EVIDENCE CAN BE SELECTED TO SERVE PURPOSE AND PROLIFERATION OF THE OPPOSING VIEW (SEE JOHN PILGER), OR BANKROLLED TO WIN MADE WITH A SET VIEWPOINT IN MIND AS A COUNTERBALANCE TO MAINSTREAM.

YOU THINK, AND POSSIBLY EVEN TO ACT UPON THOSE THOUGHTS. WHETHER ONE OF THE KEYS WITH DOCUMENTARY FILMS IS THAT THEY OFTEN EXIST TO MAKE

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WE HAVE A HEALTHY GROUND FOR FILM NIGHTS. THE COFFEE CRANKS COOPERATIVE HAVE RECENTLY TAKEN ROOT AT POP UP BIKES (ON RED BANK ARCHES) FOR THEIR BIKE-FRIENDLY SHORT VIDEO EVENINGS, FONT BAR AND JOSHUA BROOKS REGULARLY WIND DOWN THE PROJECTION SCREENS, AND 3MT AND BLACK LION HOST A RANGE OF SCREENINGS FOR ANORAKS AND DABBLERS ALIKE.

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WHEN THE RECEPTION EXPOSED INSIDE JOB TOOK HOME THE GOLDEN STATUETTE FROM 2011’S OSCARS, MEDIA-MADE BUZZ PHRASES SUCH AS ‘CREDIT CRUNCH’ WERE STILL WRITHING ON THE PUBLIC’S LIPS. BUT MAYBE THAT’S HARSH; IT IS A DOCUMENTARY THAT NEEDED TO BE MADE, SO WAS SUCCESSFULLY DELIVERED. EVEN SO, SHINING A LIGHT ON THE LESS REPUTED NEWS FROM LOCAL TO INTERNATIONAL IS A TRICKIER PROSPECT.

30 años de oscuridad (30 Years of Darkness). Screened as part of Cornerhouse’s ¡VIVA! Festival last month, is one film that tries to take on a story that was literally hidden away for many years. It interweaves accounts from the descendants of the exiled moles who feared for their lives having seen their political comrades of the Spanish Civil War executed under Franco’s regime, alongside the same animated techniques of story telling as Waltz with Bashir and Persepolis, depicting wartime and oppressive hardship. Although existing to inform, the film is more engaging with the graphic dramatisations of narrated events.

Manchester Film Co-op have long been curators of themed film series, tackling topics as diverse as revolution, sustainable futures, surveillance and sexuality, with its latest screening, Chasing Ice, connected to Manchester Climate Week. The nomadic group set up at MERCi in Ancoats for the film that follows nature photographer James Balog’s work, culminating in a stunning time lapse sequence depicting the regression of glaciers over a five-year period. The Co-op’s stated aims to “inform, educate and inspire” take shape within the post-film discussions, which – other than to present important yet little known films – is the most valuable asset of independently-run film nights, compared with hyper-budgeted multiplexes.

Likewise, the local universities are obliged to inform, in theory, and do uphold that to a certain extent via long-running societies. University of Manchester based Open Media’s selection of political documentaries has always been eye-opening, while Manchester Metropolitan University’s offerings are labelled under the Trauma Film banner and often dip into the archives for curios and obscurities. Both are open to students and the public alike.

Like any historian worth their salt, the documentary viewer must remain vigilant and be prepared to interpret rather than just consume. Documentary films will always have an agenda, much the same as any drama carrying the almost defunct tag “based on a true story”. Take, for example, the recent TV documentary series People Like Us, which belittled Harpurhey’s residents and edited more than a year’s worth of film into its predetermined and manipulative message across six episodes, presumably taking its lead from the fictional serial Shameless. Of course, reality TV has made its name by creating overdramatic caricatures. Local residents have resolved to work cooperatively to produce their own series of short films to redress the balance, provisionally named The Harpurhey Project.

Another example of this is Una Vida sin palabras (A Life Without Words), another of those screened at ¡VIVA! Festival. The film depicts the work of a sign language teacher, Tomas, assigned to tutor the three deaf, grownup offspring of a family based in rural Nicaragua. Tomas’s basic aim is to teach them conventional sign language. Her relationships with the trio slowly develop against a backdrop of long pauses and the area’s natural ambience, but then the film, suddenly and unexpectedly, displays her gradual loss of hope until, finally, the credits roll.

Again, it was the post-screening discussion that illuminated the film’s pros and cons, albeit in similarly open-ended fashion to that of good philosophical prose. The input of a Nicaraguan national and a couple of deaf viewers were particularly pertinent, but there remained many unanswered questions; where exactly is the film shot, did the family ask for the tutor’s help, what was the unfilmed teaching progress, were the main subjects of the film advised of the camera crew intrusion and how, and over what duration of time did the film crew record? If anything, the subtitled film displays just how much meaning can be lost in any form of translation.

Sometimes the feature length documentary format raises more questions than it answers, but in the debate and discussion it provokes, it is invaluable to shaping more rounded and informed views of the world around us.

SheffieldDocFest.com
coffeecrankscoop.org.uk
Cornerhouse.org
ManchesterFilm.coop
Facebook.com/groups/uomopenmedia
HSSR.mmu.ac.uk/trauma

WELL DOCUMENTED.

IAN PENNINGTON.

WHEN I SIT DOWN TO WATCH A FILM, MOST OF THE TIME I NOT ONLY WANT TO BE ENTERTAINED BUT ALSO INFORMED. SURE, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN IN EXHAUSTED STUPOR OR HUNGER OVER SELF-LOATHING ANY MOVING IMAGES WILL DO, BUT IT’S NOT TRUE THAT YOU CAN OFTEN FEEL WORSE AFTER THAT SACCHARINE INJECTION OF PLASTIC FEELGOOD MELLOWS, AND YOUR HEAD STILL HURTS?

IT MIGHT EVEN BE ARGUED THAT THERE’S A FORM OF ENTERTAINMENT WITHIN INFORMATION (IN PARTICULAR, SEE THE MockumentARY. OR EVEN THE ROCKUMENTARY. OR MELD THE TWO AND SETTLE DOWN TO WATCH This Is Spinal Tap). BUT IN A WORLD OF IMMEDIATE NEWSCASTING DISPLAYED TO ENTERTAIN, THE DOCUMENTARY CAN PLAY THE ROLE OF STEPPING BACK AND SENSIBLY WEIGHING UP THE SNIPPETS OF TRUTH AMID SENSATIONALIST HYSTERIA. FEATURE LENGTH DOCUMENTARIES ARE EVERYWHERE. OVER THE PENNINES, THERE’S THE INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED DOC/FEST, BUT CLOSER TO HOME THERE ARE MANY INFORMATIVE FILM NIGHTS.

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THE SPIRIT OF ’45.
REVIEWER – JOSEPH BARRATT.

It’s hard to imagine now, but there was a time when the principles of unity, collectivity and generosity strongly underpinned both our society and our national politics. It was a time when the needs of the many outweighed the needs of the few, common ownership in production benefitted all, and community spirit eclipsed individual selfishness. All these aspects combined led Ken Loach, one of Britain’s most respected filmmakers, to name his recent film documenting this period The Spirit of ’45.

The film candidly reveals how the people of Britain emerged from the chaos of war with a renewed sense of optimism, yearning for a freer, fairer society than the interwar years. In one of the most striking pieces of archive footage, Churchill is seen being booed by a large crowd, with chants for “Labour” loudly ringing out. In the 1945 election the crowd got their wish, and a landslide majority presented the Labour party with the chance to make radical reforms to health, housing, welfare and industry, which were so desperately needed.

Loach not only documents the nature of this reform in expert detail, but also manages to perfectly balance it with the stories of those individuals whose lives were affected by the changes. One former miner, Ray Davies, recounts harrowing tales of how private, profit-driven ownership of the mines led to the death of one of his closest friends. Ray revealed how hardened miners turned into blubering wrecks on hearing of Labour’s victory and the promised safer working conditions to follow.

But much of this was to fall apart when Margaret Thatcher came to power in 1979. It was a move which led to the dismantling of collective structures, the destruction of the welfare state and the displacement of local communities. It was poignant to witness this regressive process in the new cinema at a once dilapidated miners’ social club in Moston, now a fully functioning community arts centre. A chorus of pantomime boos rang out around the audience as her image was projected onto the screen. While she may have left government some time ago, her destructive legacy still lives on, and there are many local communities, like the one in Moston, still trying to recover from the damage she inflicted.

Ultimately, The Spirit of ’45 is a call to arms for the people in this country who value a model of society which favours co-operation over competition. Loach has created an emotive, evocative and educational film which packs a strong political punch. Whether it is the strong left hook to enforce a knockout blow, only time will tell.

thespiritof45.com
smallcinema.re-dock.org

screenstockport.co.uk/filmfestival2013.html
MUSIC FESTIVALS.
SOUNDFROMTHEOTHERCITY.COM.
CHORLTONARTSFESTIVAL.COM.
CLOUDSPOTTING.ORG.UK.

Believe it or not, we're already encroaching on festival season once more. The big budget blockbusters both home and abroad will surely be tempting again, but here are a few of our favourites located closer to home.

Bank Holiday weekends are prime time to sample what you've missed on all those two-day weekends, and Sounds From The Other City has made the first Sunday of May its own in recent years. Although last year’s festival perhaps wasn’t as busy as hoped, they’ve regrouped to pull another stellar bill out of the hat and onto Salford’s Chapel Street stretch. Do you want our picks of the bunch? Go on then: Great Waves, Die Hexen, most of the Hey! Manchester stage, most of the This City Is Ours vs Mind On Fire stage, Gnod, Slip Discs’ stage. Plus the Underachievers Please Try Harder promotional swansong, and typically outside the box thinking by MCR Scenewipe for their MCR SceneSkype music-meets-webcam experiment. In fact, to coin a cliché, there’s pretty much something for everyone.

Travelling due south, the second Bank Holiday of May belongs to the ever-expanding Chorlton Arts Festival weekender. Esben and the Witch, Ghosting Season, Toy, former Slits singer Viv Albertine, The Jeffrey Lewis & Peter Stampfel Band, and Hallé Soloists all line up over the long weekend, but outside of this the whole town is engulfed for ten days (17th-26th May) by a multitude of arts, crafts, performances and creative treats.

A little further into the future, and slightly further afield, Cloudspotting (26th-28th July) has been quietly amassing an eyebrow raising line-up. The Ribble Valley three-dayer takes on a similar setting and ethos to the recently dormant Imploding Inevitable Festival, transporting many of Manchester’s finest up to the Lancashire countryside. Invitees range from Red Deer Club Records affiliates Jess Bryant, Sara Lowes, Literature Thieves and Jonnie Common, to Switchflicker’s folk-tronic balladeer Magic Arm, and Manchester folk rock supergroup Tokolosh. Hang around on the Sunday to catch King Creosote performing amongst The Earlies for a festival exclusive grand finale.

ALEs Of greater Manchester.
MARBLEBEERS.COM.
OUTSTANDINGBEERS.CO.UK.
TWITTER.COM/PRIVATEERBEERS.
FIRSTCHOPBREWINGARM.COM.

Perhaps when Boddingtons moved to China it was the best thing that ever happened for our city, because since then our beer has just got better and better. I lose count of the number of breweries popping up and find it hard to keep up with the great, flavoursome beers they are all producing. From stalwarts like Marble and Outstanding to newcomers such as Privateer and First Chop Brewing Arm, this city is holding its head firmly out of the glass in terms of taste, variety and general quality of real ale.

Privateer, for example, is situated on Temperance Street (the perfectly named location) and has only been going for five months, but is already taking the city by storm with its American hop based session beer (no beer is above 4.7%). Across their three main brews and one exclusively brewed for Sandbar (Tarantular), owner Matt and head brewer Pete seem to have got the balance right in selection and taste.

Then of course there is Marble – these days with a worldwide reputation distributing as far as America and giving this city once famed for music a new badge of honour.

The First Chop Brewing Arm is situated in Bury right now but is growing and will be moving its brewing premises to Salford very soon. If you haven’t already sampled the earthy delights of this brew then keep your eyes peeled as it starts to flood into bars across the city, including Electrik in Chorlton.

Oh, and sample The Hope Inn on the A6 for a brand new pint, Fool Hardy ale is brewed right there on the premises. You can smell tomorrow’s hops brewing from the cellar below. Other delights come from Red Willow, Brightside, Hornbeam, Bootleg, Ringway, Quantum... this list could get a little long, best not to take up too much drinking time. Just get your coat on and get to the pub. I promise you won’t be disappointed.
THE EIGHTH DAY.
111 OXFORD ROAD, M1.
EIGHTH-DAY.CO.UK.

This co-operatively run store has kept hungry folk and their bellies happy for the past 30 years, having been originally born from the aftermath of free-thinking 1960s counter-culture. Nowadays, its location on Oxford Road makes it the perfect spot for workers on their lunch break and cinema and theatres goers looking for an early bite before a show.

Not only is the Eighth Day shop brimming with fresh and varied produce, refined selections of organic and vegan friendly health foods and hard-to-find specialist ingredients but it is also home to one of Manchester’s tastiest and most creative vegetarian eateries. Both upstairs and downstairs, the co-op members are knowledgeable and friendly, giving a personal touch in a city centre environment. If you are in a rush you can always visit the deli counter upstairs which serves up a range of fresh pastries, salads, sweets and savouries for those on the go.

EIGHT-DAY.CO.UK.

ART EXHIBITIONS.
EXAMPLEMAGAZINE.COM.
MYSPACE.COM/SKETCHCITY.
AWOL-STUDIOS.CO.UK.

Manchester hip hop specialist Example Magazine turns four this month, and is celebrating by taking some of their key contributors into the offline realm for a photo showcase at 2022NQ, launching 11th April. The event features some acts whose exposure has been indebted to the website over the years, with Skittles and Sparkz on the mics, plus Konny Kon, Metrodome, and more sharing the decks. Prints by Air Adam, Gary Brown (see pages 5 and 19 in this issue), Jody Hartley, Al Baker, and website founder James Mernagh will stay on the walls until the end of the month.

Elsewhere, you can catch the reminiscent Sketch City exhibition at the Self Made Gallery in Bench’s basement until 21st April. The paint on the live art installations from its launch weekend will have dried by now, but will remain alongside canvasses and framed work by some of the area’s finest street artists. And up at Hope Mill, AWOL are hosting another open studio evening to show residents’ work on 17th May.

BATTERY PARK JUICE BAR.
615 WILBRAHAM ROAD, M21.

En route from four banks crossroads in Chorlton in the direction of Stretford, there’s a light-coloured, welcoming café deli that catches your eye. Inside, the walls are adorned with the work of local artists whose etchings, sketches and photos are rotated periodically, including paintings by the street art inspired James C Lamond. Then you reach the chalkboard menu, on which is jotted an appetising wealth of smoothies, baked potatoes, homemade cakes and plenty more, but my advice is to try the salmon and cream cheese bagel if you fancy a real treat.

ENVIRONATION FESTIVAL 2013.
PLATT FIELDS, M14.
ENVIRONATION.WORDPRESS.COM.

Environation has been uniting Manchester’s environmentally conscious charities, co-ops and volunteer groups since 2010, and this year’s festival is their third foray onto Platt Fields. Unlike last year’s festival, the space will be unmarred by the excessive footfall of Parklife festival, clearing the way for local groups such as Manchester Friends of the Earth, Action For Sustainable Living, The Kindling Trust and various cycling groups.

The community event provides opportunity for discussion and debate in its outdoor forum space, alongside arts, crafts, theatre, and music, using the Pow Wow Pedal Power’s four cycle generator to power the amplification. Open to all and free to attend, the festival takes place all afternoon on Saturday 25th May, preceded by a fundraising event on 19th April at Night and Day Café.

THE TEENAGE MARKET.
STOCKPORT MARKET HALL, SK1.

Conceived and developed in 2012 by current Stockport Young Citizen of the Year, Tom Barratt, The Teenage Market was created in order to provide a platform for young entrepreneurs.

The event not only acts as a helping hand to young creatives overlooked by many employers unwilling to take on paid interns or training costs, but also seeks to revitalise the Stockport market place that last year was reported to have the highest vacancy rate of large town centres, with over 30%. The Teenage Market’s main success is in offering young people the chance to bring their creative ideas to life, which gained widespread interest and support, including that of DJ, tea entrepreneur and Stockport resident Andy Carly, aka Mr Scruff.

ANTWERP MANSION.
RUSHOLME GROVE, M14.
ANTWERPMANSION.COM.

It’s been a long and winding road since this derelict former Conservative club was first envisaged as the arts mansion of today. Countless volunteers have given up countless hours en route to building something that south Manchester has craved. It’s not quite there yet, with wires protruding and warmth at a premium in the winter, but we’re not holding that against them. After all, the electricity created among revellers on their packed clubnights and eclectic gigs is enough to warm the soul, even with the body freezing. Summer’s around the corner, meaning BBQs, outdoor graffiti workshops and live art. It still retains a mystique of being hidden behind the Curry Mile, but that’s no excuse for not visiting. If you’ve not found it yet, then why not?
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8. PRIVATEER BEERS
9. WR AUDIO
10. GORILLA
11. THE EIGHTH DAY SHOP & CAFÉ
12. DEAF INSTITUTE
13. MANCHESTER ACADEMY 1, 2, 3 & CLUB
14. THE HILLARY STEP
15. BATTERY PARK JUICE BAR
16. OUT OF THE BLUE
17. ÉPICERIE LUDO
18. SACRED ART TATTOOS
19. KEN FOSTER’S CYCLE LOGIC
20. THE JACKALOPE
21. KAGYU LING BUDDHIST CENTRE
22. POST OFFICE DELI (POD)
23. ANTWERP MANSION
24. MORLEY CHEEK’S
25. FUEL CAFE BAR
26. THE HOPE INN / FOOL HARDY
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[ ] = REAL ALE HOUSES & BREWERIES
[ ] = VIDEO JAM VENUES