

POETRY

ART  
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ILLUSTRATION

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REVIEWS

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THE ART OF COOKING  
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# ZINE

ISSUE 3 - EASTER 2010

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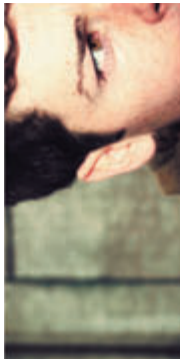
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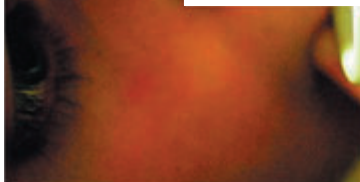


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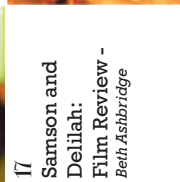


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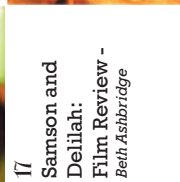
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## THE EDITOR

Jo Ashbridge

"I know now that there is no one thing that is true - it is all true."

Ernest Hemingway

## THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

Chrystal Ding

I have been curious about people all my life, but took to indulging in a spot of healthy photographic voyeurism 3 years ago and haven't stopped since. My subjects range from close friends to strangers in the street. Personal work aside, I photograph gigs and plays, write, make music and pictures, and spend a sizeable chunk of my time doing English at Selwyn. Just like with most things in life, my best photographs happen by accident.

Greg Storrar

Consider image as nothing and imagination as everything, then try to imagine nothing as an image of everything. Samuel L. Jackson suggested this to me during a vivid dream in which I was trapped in a box with Schrödinger's cat awaiting to be poisoned. Upon awaking, I came to the conclusion that this was somehow deeply profound and as such makes its way into this brief paragraph about myself. Naturally this has nothing to do with my photographic contribution to this issue, but then again if image is nothing and imagination is everything then neither do my photographs. Now fully awake, I came to a second conclusion. Schrödinger wasn't a genius, he just happened to think a lot. This argument extrapolates nicely because, like Scroobius Pip, I'm not an alcoholic, I just happen to drink a lot. Tenacity's my name, tenacity's my game.

Julia Carolyn Lichnova-Dinan

It's 2 weeks before Easter term, and your delightfully awry friend Julia is pleased to receive another mention in ZINE. This holiday, art has surprisingly not ceded to work as I've been designing for the Pembroke Players' Japan Tour of Much Ado About Nothing, and planning 2 weeks careening around Paris. Next term, I'm rather excited to be starring in The Alchemist at the ADC, and maybe taking some exams along the way. My obsession with slow lorises remains rivaled only by that with the narwhal, so keep those contributions coming.

## THE ART CRITIC

Augustina Dias

I am a 1st year student studying English at Cambridge. When I'm not curled up in random corners frantically reading four books at once for a looming essay deadline, I enjoy watching foreign films, old films and old foreign films, going to Art galleries, creating artwork that I hope is thought-provoking, listening to eclectic music, singing, playing the piano, going to the theatre, fancy dress, dabbling in acting and just generally being a bit silly. I take a more serious interest in chocolate and tea, though arguing the case for good modern art is high on my agenda as well, as I hope is evident from my article.

## THE FILM / THEATRE CRITIC

Beth Ashbridge

I am in my final year of my PhD in Chemical Biology. I love DNA and in this issue specifically the DNA of the newly Olivier Award winning actor Mark Rylance. If ever the order of 4 letters could translate into genius then his sequence has it.

## THE LITERARY CRITIC

Anna Goldenberg

My passions in life are social equality, good books and ice-cream. Even though I'm having troubles constructively incorporating the latter into my PPS undergraduate degree, I appreciate many of Cambridge's good sides, for instance student newspapers, Fudge Kitchen and free dancing lessons. Like Momo, I love listening to people. I also used to have a tortoise; however, it failed to show me the way to Master Hora and usually ended up under my bed.

## THE CHIEF

Mina Razzak

I'm a final year chemistry PhD student at Jesus College. One of my favourite hobbies is cooking for friends and family (if you're hungry pop by and I'll whip something up!)... My familial Middle Eastern influences play heavily in my cooking, but my world travels (I've lived in 5 countries and am on to the next one soon) have allowed many differing flavours to infiltrate as well.

For more information or to submit work for Issue 4 - Michaelmas 2010 please email zine@tcs.cam.ac.uk

## UNTITLED

Poetry Sofia Reimchen

They dressed me in antique lace  
My innocent body fought, gagged and wept  
And my eyes silently screamed the question  
But they warned me: ignore the black stains  
They gave me away  
To cobwebs of uncertainty  
And the fire of undiscovered storms

My soundness of mind was burned  
And I lamented its untimely death  
As it shrivelled to ashes and blew away  
Like ancient parchment which was the tongue  
Of a million ancient love poems  
All gone now, on a wind which sings of a man  
Who had taken a girl in a violent passion

Behind closed doors this cobbled love endured  
As the embers choked and sighed  
Yet in this story of shadows and old smoke  
I took my logic and found my form  
Wide-eyed and crinkled fibres of birth  
A warm pulse impressed upon my silken blood

I beg you with unfaltering ambition  
Let the eyes of midnight marvel at my shape  
And the sickly moon sneer at my endeavour  
As I sing a hymn to those that came before me

# a r c h ZINE

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Image Rosa Caitlin Doyle





# ROSA CAITLIN DOYLE

THEY ARE  
NOT  
A BOLD  
POLITICAL  
STATEMENT.  
MORE OF A  
MOMENT  
TO  
PAUSE.

I was born and raised in Wellington, New Zealand. I recently graduated from Massey University with a Visual Communication Design degree majoring in Illustration, which I loved. So now I am trying to build myself as a freelance Illustrator, while trying to save so I can travel the world. I was always into art so it was no surprise to anyone that I have come down this path. Having very artistic parents has possibly influenced me too I'm sure.

In terms of my style, I do a lot of pencil drawings, which I scan into the computer and work up digitally in Photoshop. This is quite a recent development, before Photoshop I did 100% pencil and pen drawings, an even mix of cartoons and realistic style.

'*Family Portrait*' is my first exhibition post-university, so in some ways it is a big deal for me, but I didn't approach it with that mentality. I found the inspiration through coming across some really old beaten down photographs, which I thought were just so beautiful. They were kind of forgotten or lost in the past.

THERE WAS SOMETHING SO  
MELANCHOLIC AND NOSTALGIC  
ABOUT THE PHOTOGRAPHS.  
AND I WANTED TO SOMEHOW  
RETURN TO THAT AND RE-CREATE  
THAT FEELING.

I get sick of being bombarded with modern images and flash new technology. I wanted to create something that felt old and authentic. Each image is like a little note from the past. The irony is that I did end up finishing the images digitally in Photoshop. So I didn't completely escape modernity, but that's OK.

I think it's an interesting contradiction.

Image Rosa Caitlin Doyle

ZINE 5



GROUCHO MARX IS REPUTED TO HAVE SAID

Photography EGMA

“IF THEY GIVE YOU PAPER WITH LINES, WRITE ACROSS THEM”.

SOMEBODY ELSE JUST AS PERCEPTIVE SAID THAT

“ART CAN BE DEFINED BY BEING THAT WHICH, HOWEVER DEFINED,  
THE OPPOSITE IS EQUALLY TRUE”.

# TRACTORS AND DAHLIAS

Text Brian Green

Both of these observations apply to the created landscape. My first attraction to the defiantly *across-the-lines* garden design occurred when I was teaching landscape design at Hammersmith College of Art in West London. A local man had won a very large sum of money on the football pools - there was no National Lottery in those days. He did what most big money winners do and bought himself a large new bungalow just off the Great West Road. He renamed the property, Bonanza. Having obtained the bungalow he wanted a garden, which was suitably grand for his new status. He then did something else most big winners do, he suspected he was being exploited by the tenderers for the new garden and decided to do it himself. He proceeded to pave the whole surface of his extensive grounds with two thousand marble washstand tops he had bought from a bankrupt furniture manufacturer. Each washstand top had a hand basin shaped hole in its centre, which duly became a plant bed. Bonanza became a place of pilgrimage for a generation of landscape architects, myself included.

The Watts Towers in Los Angeles and Derek Jarman's shingle and flotsam and jetsam garden in Dungeness are both famous examples of the same principle of free creative thinking. The history of the English garden is a series of fashions, which have been followed slavishly and just as readily abandoned. Greek temples, gothic follies, bucolic caves complete with residential hermits. Chinese pagodas and concrete cows have all had their day, and all have been confined to the skip of history by those who turn the page around and write across the lines.

Over the intervening years I have always been attracted to the diehard individualists who build their own gardens the way they want them without a second thought for that which might be considered good taste or good design.

One such giant I had the honour to know personally was Chick Schooling, a general dealer in most things horticultural and agricultural. His smallholding became a small mountain of rusting metal and decaying vegetable matter on a truly heroic scale. On his death, to their eternal shame, his sons cleared every last wonderful bit of his life's creation and sold the land to a property developer. I also knew Snowy Farr from Oakington, though in truth he was a prickly character. Snowy filled his garden with thousands of soft toys and flags of which since his death only a token remains.

In much more recent times I have met a man who is a true inheritor of the lineage of English free spirited garden designers. His name is Bill Payne who with his brother Harold owns and operates 2 huge transport cafés either side of the A17 at Holbeach in Lincolnshire. The café car parks are decorated with jet aeroplanes and defunct modern artillery pieces but it is Bill's garden, which is the masterpiece. The garden is a setting for countless tractors and farm machines, all in pristine condition. It is not simply a display of tractors. The tractors are the focus of the garden, just like a Greek temple, a gothic folly or a Chinese pagoda in times and fashions past. In spring Mr. Payne plants several thousand dahlia tubers in a great sweep along the garden frontage. In full bloom the combination of the dahlias and the machines is epic.



# ANISH KAPOOR: OUT OF ORBIT

Text Augustina Dias

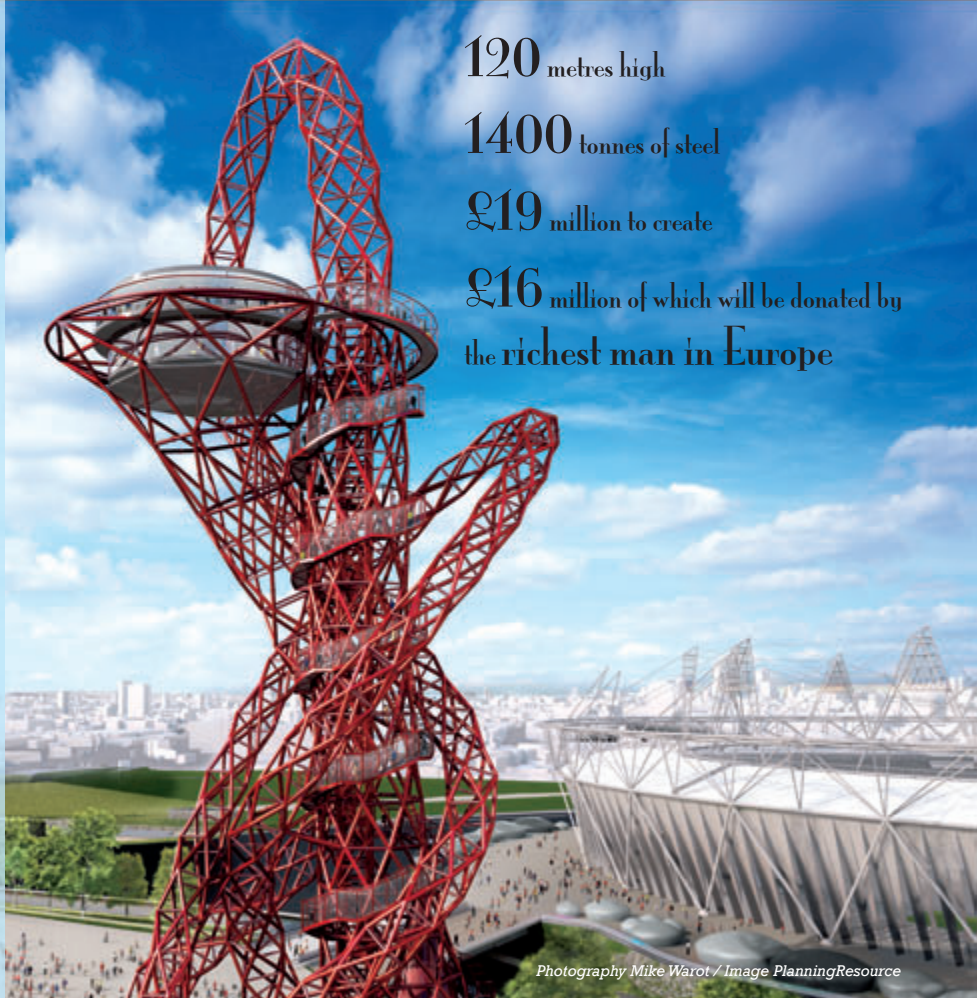
It's the biggest piece of public art that Britain's seen to date, and it's already being hailed as our answer to the Eiffel Tower. Unlike the number of fatuous critics I have read over the last week or so, I absolutely refuse to give the (ahem) catchily-named *ArcelorMittal Orbit Tower* a rave review. The first time I saw artist Anish Kapoor's latest contribution to the world's skyline, I was bitterly disappointed to find a swirling red steel structure that looks suspiciously like a ride at Alton Towers. Much as I had such high hopes of him, sadly even one of our most original modern artists is not safe from a lucrative commission. In this instance, the lure of corporate funding and materials from Lakshmi Mittal (a steel magnate whose name, you may have noticed, is subtly incorporated into the work's title) appears to have completely overtaken the need for artistic integrity and innovation. When I opened the Evening Standard to that image of London's latest landmark, my fears were confirmed that modern art had officially sold out.

That's not to say that I'm not a fan of Kapoor's work. On the contrary I was willing to stoically queue for 2 hours in the cold to see his exhibition at the Royal Academy in London, which was unarguably worth the wait: Kapoor presented a collection of old and new works which were all accessible yet provocative in equal measure. His monumental piece *Svayambh* (Sanskrit for 'self generated') consisted of an enormous block of red wax moving slowly through the elegant Neoclassical arched doorways of the Royal Academy's central gallery space. Although a relatively simple, striking visual statement, the implications of it were exponentially complex - the scratched and dented wax left a smeared red trail behind it as it slowly forced its way through the intricate mouldings of the building in an act that was tranquil yet violent, submissive yet defiant. It was one of the most intense, visually and emotionally arresting things I'd ever seen. And judging by the hushed murmurs I could hear from everyone else in the gallery, so it was for them too.

I also strongly vindicate some of Kapoor's other pieces of public art in the same way. *Cloud Gate*, located in Chicago, is yet another instance of the accessible and the profound meeting, in this case, in an enormous mirrored arch. The amorphous shape of it is an antidote to the shard-like skyscrapers that surge up around it. The immense distorted reflective surface bends and contorts these surroundings, creating an image of the skyline exalted in the mirror that slowly vanishes into sky, glorifying the buildings yet nullifying them in one fell swoop. According to the locals, its soothing shape and contrasting surface brings city workers from nearby office blocks to come and sit there for a bit of peace and quiet, making *Cloud Gate* as functional as it is beautiful. Another example of his visionary ability is the immense trumpet-like construction at Kaipara Bay in New Zealand, a piece that is again there for everyone to appreciate whilst having a very self-possessed meaning of its own. Whilst it is to an extent a large red blot on the lush green landscape, its form is so organic it is almost as though it grew straight out of the ground. It sits in line with the wind that blows over the bay, resounding through the bright red trumpet and sending a deep, foghorn-like noise over much of the open land surrounding it, pushing the artwork beyond the limitation of the space in which it resides.



London's Olympic landmark



120 metres high

1400 tonnes of steel

£19 million to create

£16 million of which will be donated by the richest man in Europe

Photography Mike Warot / Image PlanningResource

It is because of the consistently innovative and aesthetically refined ideas behind these works that I find it so difficult to appreciate London's Orbit Tower in any way. In light of the sheer raw intelligence of his other work, it becomes increasingly apparent to me that this is a man who has complacently sold himself out with this project, or who at least could have done so much more with what he was given. It will be used, London's ebullient mayor Boris Johnson tells us, for corporate events during the 2012 Olympic Games.

*As a Londoner, I am deeply disappointed. As a fan of Kapoor's work, I am doubly so.*



## THE MUDFLATS

Poetry Amber Ace

Let me stagnate, like the old millpond  
Let me lie still and separate  
Into flats of mud, fly-pocked; still fronds  
Of rank and reeking greenery

Let me settle out into my parts  
Let the muck and the mud at my bottom rise  
Let me lie still under still, drowsy heat  
Of dead summer at its peak

While I dream of the shape and size  
Of what I will shape and seek

Don't make me gather my diverse parts  
Submerge the muck beneath the glitz  
And venture out into the blinking world  
Where it's still wintry brisk

Let me stagnate in this summery house  
With my thick winter clothes as a shield  
Among the knuckled embryos  
Of poems fresh but misconceived.

In the winter, the stagnant pond  
Will be liveried, livid  
With influshing water, the settled flies  
Flustered from their muddy nests  
Don't submerge my mud  
While the summer still swarths  
For only now are my mudflats solid  
For only now will they not be washed away.

ART / CULTURE

# c u l t ZINE

Photography Greg Storrar



If someone had told me a year ago that I'd have spent Friday night in Tesco in Piccadilly Circus putting bags covered in anti-sexist slogans on lads' mags and demonstrating with 35 other women and men wearing pyjamas, I have a feeling I may have been somewhat incredulous. Yet that's what I spent the last Friday in March doing, as part of *'Feminist Friday'*, a great event organised each month by the human rights organisation **OBJECT**.

Having worked for different NGOs and human rights organisations, I had become all too aware of some rather grim statistics. Did you know that we live in a society in the UK where:

- **NEARLY 1 IN 4 WOMEN EXPERIENCES SEXUAL ASSAULT AND NEARLY 1 IN 3 WOMEN EXPERIENCES DOMESTIC VIOLENCE IN HER LIFETIME**
- **CAMBRIDGE HAS ONE OF THE LOWEST RAPE CONVICTION RATES IN THE COUNTRY AT JUST 3.5%, AND ENGLAND AS A WHOLE JUST 6%, THE SECOND LOWEST FIGURE IN THE WHOLE OF EUROPE (SCOTLAND HAS THE LOWEST)**
- **26% OF PEOPLE IN THE UK THINK THAT WEARING SEXY OR REVEALING CLOTHES MAKES A WOMAN PARTIALLY OR TOTALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR BEING RAPED, WHILST 30% THINK THAT BEING DRUNK MAKES A WOMAN PARTIALLY OR TOTALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR BEING RAPED**
- **ONE IN FIVE OF THOSE POLLED THOUGHT THAT IT WOULD BE ACCEPTABLE FOR A MAN TO HIT OR SLAP HIS WIFE OR GIRLFRIEND IN RESPONSE TO HER BEING DRESSED IN SEXY OR REVEALING CLOTHING IN PUBLIC**
- **66% OF TEENAGE GIRLS WOULD CONSIDER PLASTIC SURGERY AND 20% WOULD DO IT RIGHT NOW**
- **POLLS SUGGEST THAT 63% OF YOUNG WOMEN ASPIRE TO BE GLAMOUR MODELS OR LAP DANCERS**

I had become sick of being told I lived in a 'post-feminist' world, only to go out and be bombarded with images of women in highly sexualised poses with vacant expressions being used to sell music, products and films every time I turned on a music channel, went into a newsagent or supermarket. Not even female politicians could do their job without being judged on their f\*\*\*ability in political magazines. I was bored by shallow arguments that I was a prude or somehow anti-sex (far from the truth!) if I objected to sexism and demeaning portrayals of women. I was amazed that feminism has become such a dirty word for so many young people, despite its incredible contributions to human rights over the past 100 years (the vote for women, the equal pay act, access to contraception and safe and legal abortion, the fact that it's illegal to beat or rape your partner...I could go on). I was baffled that it is socially acceptable to be concerned about animal rights and even to be vegetarian, yet any concern about gender inequality had to be preceded by the phrase 'I'm not a feminist but...'. Crude insults, such as 'ugly' and 'hairy', levelled at women who identified themselves as feminists seemed suspiciously sexist in themselves and designed to embarrass people into silence, not to mention that they are not exactly highly evolved arguments (For example that feminists are 'man-hating'. Hmmm, so opposing sexism means hating men...does that mean as an opponent of racism, I hate white people?)

The final straw for me was seeing the lyrics of a Snoop Dogg song posted on one of my friend's Facebook wall:

*"Listen, you've got to put that bitch in her place  
Even if it's slapping her in her face  
You got to control your hoe  
Can you control your hoe?"*

I was desperate to find a group who took an intelligent approach to tackling sexism and misogyny in the media

I found **OBJECT**.

# SEXISM ISN'T SEXY

## WHY TARGET LADS' MAGS?

Lads' mags and The Daily Sport don't hold back on showing a clear contempt for women (as well as for their reader's intelligence). Women and girls in the magazine are sexualised, near naked, usually submissive or in humiliating poses, and always as objects of mockery whose bodies are there to be rated and judged. Women and girls are talked about in demeaning terms such as "totty" and often outright hateful language, such as "slut" and "bitch", with Zoo in 2006 giving recommendations on how to deal with "your bitch" if she didn't comply to certain sexual acts. Women who do not fit the mould of what Lads' mags or The Daily Sport view as acceptable, are insulted even further, with record breaking yachtswoman Dame Ellen McArthur referred to by Nuts as a "miserable, sobbing whining bitch in a boat...basically a frigid-dyke-looking yachting cunt".

Lads' mags make fun of issues like prostitution, with Front referring to foreign prostitutes as "dirty slags" and "foreign fanny floggers", and stating that sex tourism (which so often involves the rape of children and women sold into prostitution) is a "perfect example of our global economy".

Feminist Friday protests against these views being seen as an acceptable part of the mainstream media.

## WHY DOES OBJECT WANT LADS' MAGS TO BE REGULATED AS PART OF THE PORN INDUSTRY?

Links to hardcore pornography and prostitution are made explicit in the pages of ads at the back of every lads' mag and essentially the entire content of The Daily Sport (which comprises thousands of ads for hard core porn, sex chat, masseurs and escorts). There are typically a dozen pages of ads in lads' mags, often accompanied by photos of women who have expressions of severe pain whilst particularly extreme acts are performed on them. There is a particular emphasis on anal sex and disturbingly, on "teens" and very young women. Both the The Daily Sport and lads' mags feature ads for "barely legal" and "just legal" teens, "college girls", "virgins" and "young babes", usually accompanied by photos of accordingly teenage-looking girls. This emphasis on "barely legal" and its implications of underage sex is typical of the porn industry. But even without these direct links to the sex and porn industries, the purpose of lads' mags and papers like The Daily Sport is to sexually stimulate male readers by turning women into sexual objects who are always sexually available and who represent the 'porn dream'. Lads' mags also publish articles specifically about pornography. For example, in 2006 Zoo published an A - Z of pornography that included wrapping your girlfriend in cling film and defecating on her. It is clear that these publications are part of the sex and porn industries and they should be recognised and regulated as such, to take into account the harmful effect that they have on how women are viewed.



**OBJECT** is a human rights organisation that challenges the sexual objectification of women in the media and popular culture. It was set up in 2003 in response to the increased mainstreaming of the sex industry, such as lap dancing clubs, internet porn and lads' mags, and the consequent culture saturated by sexualised and one dimensional representation of women and girls, in a way which has little or no parallel for men or boys. They are an anti-sexism group, not anti-sex or anti-nudity, and they are not linked to any religious or moralistic stance.

**OBJECT** challenges 'sex object culture' because of the role it plays in reinforcing sexism and the attitudes that underpin inequality and violence against women. This is a fact that has long been established and is recognised by the UN, human rights organisations and has been raised at every single 'End Violence Against Women' consultation event.

**OBJECT** has become a campaigning force to be reckoned with, having had major successes in the last year. In their 'Stripping the Illusion' campaign, they have succeeded in ending the licensing of strip clubs in the same way as cafes, and in collaboration with Eaves, the 'Demand Change' campaign brought about a change to prostitution laws, making it illegal to pay for sex with a person who has been subject to coercion.

**OBJECT** received the Emma Humphrey's Memorial Prize for their work on violence against women.

Regarding their campaign on lads' mags, **OBJECT** says:

**"WE ARE CAMPAIGNING FOR LADS' MAGS AND NEWSPAPERS LIKE THE SPORT TO BE RECOGNISED AND REGULATED AS PART OF THE PORN INDUSTRY AND NOT DISPLAYED AT EYE LEVEL NEXT TO MAGAZINES, COMICS AND BROADSHEET NEWSPAPERS AS IF THEY WERE A NORMAL PART OF THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA."**

**WE THINK THAT IF LADS' MAGS AND NEWSPAPERS LIKE THE SPORT ARE SOLD AT ALL THAT THEY SHOULD BE COVERED UP, PUT ON THE TOP SHELF AND THAT AGE RESTRICTIONS SHOULD BE APPLIED. THIS WOULD SEND OUT THE MESSAGE THAT AS A SOCIETY WE DO NOT THINK THAT IT IS ACCEPTABLE FOR WOMEN TO BE OBJECTIFIED, DEMEANED AND DEGRADED AND THAT WE DO NOT CONDONE IT AS PART OF OUR MAINSTREAM MEDIA."**

#### **WHAT IS FEMINIST FRIDAY?**

Feminist Fridays are a fun and legal way of making a stand against the mainstreaming of sexism through lads' mags and The Daily Sport, and raising awareness of this issue. We write slogans on paper bags such as,

**LOVE WOMEN, HATE SEXISM  
GET THIS SEXISM OUT OF MY FACE  
THIS MAGAZINE PROMOTES VIOLENCE  
AGAINST WOMEN**

etc , and cover all of the lads' mags and The Daily Sport with them to make a huge visual display in the shop. We also hand out leaflets explaining what we are doing and why, and sometimes stage a demo outside the store. WH Smith has been the focus of most of the **Feminist Fridays** so far, but since some Tesco stores banned shoppers from wearing pyjamas as they apparently cause offence to customers, we have relocated the event to Tesco where we take action wearing pyjamas, to point out that misogynistic publications are much more offensive!

Women and men of all ages are encouraged to get involved, and it's a great way to meet like-minded and fun people. There's already a big event in London every month, but we are starting one up here in Cambridge and need activists!

Please contact **ZINE** for more information.

## PAPER BAG ART

According to the UN, violence against women is

**"Violence that is directed at a woman because she is a woman or that affects women disproportionately".**





## BUT ISN'T IT JUST HARMLESS FUN?

Lads' mags dehumanise and demean women, and consistently make fun and trivialise issues such as rape, trafficking and prostituting women.

66% of children and young people say that they find out about sex and relationships from the media. Unfortunately then, that Maxim is on hand with advice to male readers that a *“a lot of women fantasize about being raped and animals”* and that *“it's a myth that women like soft sex”*. Front brags that *“the only time I use a pillow is to put it over their face when I'm on the vinegar strokes”*, and captions a photo of a young woman with *“20 year-old Victoria looks good for a girl who might be waking up from a drugging”*. FHM was found guilty of a significant breach of the Press Complaints Commission code for publishing a topless picture of a 14-year-old girl without her consent in April 2007.

Lads' mags promote a warped view of how women are supposed to look and behave sexually, which is damaging for us all, as they influence the way that men view women and the way that women view themselves. This year, to celebrate Mother's Day, Nuts in conjunction with mobile phone operator Phones-4-U launched a 'Rate your mate's Mum' contest in which readers rated their friend's Mums on whether they were a MILF (Mother I'd Like to Fuck) or not. In 2005 - the height of the lads' mag boom - Zoo ran a competition where male readers could win breast implants for their girlfriends and Nuts started the infamous 'Assess my Breasts' competition with reader's girlfriends being encouraged to send in photographs of their breasts to be graded by male readers.

When we live in a society in which 92% of girls under 22 say that *“they hate their bodies”*, 63% of girls say that they would rather be glamour models than teachers or doctors, the UK spends more on cosmetic surgery than any other EU country - of which approximately 90% is spent by women, 1 in 4 women are raped in their lifetime with 92% of rapes committed by boys and men who are known to the woman, and the positions of power in society are still overwhelmingly dominated by men, can we really say with confidence that portraying women as sexual objects is just harmless fun and has no effect whatsoever on the attitudes behind these statistics?

Magazines directed at teenage girls are tightly regulated through TMAP, the Teenage Magazine Arbitration Panel. This was specifically set up by the Home Office to ensure the sexual content of these magazines was responsible, with an emphasis on waiting until you are emotionally mature before you have sex, and safe sex. There are no such regulations for Lads' mags, which are not age-restricted and can be and are purchased by teenage boys, and sold at 'pocket money' prices (Zoo being on sale for just 60p at one stage).

## BUT WOMEN CHOOSE TO DO IT?

Indeed 63% of girls say that they would rather be glamour models than teachers or doctors. These findings are surely alarming, as it says a great deal about the kinds of aspirations that are being held out for women in our society.

## BUT GLAMOUR MODELS MAKE A LOT OF MONEY?

Out of the thousands of women who aspire to be glamour models, very few actually 'make it'.

Even if it were the case that every woman who aspired to be a glamour model 'got rich', what would that say about our society if the 63% of women who aspire to this profession stripped off to look sexy whilst all the positions of power were still overwhelmingly dominated by men? Is that the kind of society that we want?

Surely we need to question why girls are aspiring to be glamour models rather than politicians, teachers, doctors or any other position of real influence. Here we have to look at the way that publications such as lads' mags glamorise the porn industry.

## WHAT ABOUT FREEDOM OF SPEECH / CENSORSHIP?

This is an equality issue not an issue of freedom of speech. In the same way that boycotting / not giving a platform to racist views is making a political decision to challenge deeply entrenched racism, boycotting and not giving a platform to sexist views is a way of challenging deeply entrenched sexism. Opposing the sexist portrayal of women in the media is taking a political stance against sexism, it is not censorship.

## DOES OPPOSING LADS' MAGS MEAN YOU ARE ANTI-SEX?

Challenging the 'pornification' of society and sex object culture does not make you anti-sex, it just means that you are pointing out the danger of continuing to represent women as sex objects who are always sexually available in a culture in which sexual violence is so endemic. It means you are anti-sexism, not anti-sex.

# WHAT DO INTERNATIONAL BODIES SAY ABOUT THE OBJECTIFICATION OF WOMEN?

It is long established that the overwhelming portrayal of women as sex objects in society plays a role in maintaining inequality between women and men. This has been recognised at the international level by the United Nations Convention to Eliminate Discrimination Against Women (CEDAW) that calls on States to take decisive action to tackle objectification - which it links to stereotypes and prejudices based on gender. CEDAW has since repeatedly identified the links between the portrayal of women as sex objects by the media and sex industry with attitudes that underpin violence and discrimination against women.

In 2008 the UN CEDAW Committee cross-examined the UK to assess its progress in fulfilling CEDAW obligations. On gender stereotyping and the portrayal of women in the media and popular culture it was found that the UK had still not enacted any relevant policies. The committee strongly called for action to be taken by the UK Government.

The End Violence Against Women Coalition (EVAW) has also repeatedly highlighted the sexualisation of women in the media and popular culture as a *“conducive context”* for violence against women and has called for action to tackle this.

Image Jacky Fleming

We've agreed to put the magazines which are degrading to women out of the reach of children.



I see. And how old do they have to be before degrading women is all right?



# photo ZINE

PHOTOGRAPHY

## UNTITLED

Poetry Joanne Shahvisi

Something stops when the day starts  
Your morning complaints begin again with the light, light energy is converted to sound one must assume  
Assumptions based on lies seem like enough to punish that man when further investigation was something we wanted last night  
Wants of new cars reawaken with the reminder of branded vehicles revving outside his window  
Windows that held the rain off our skin for decades need changing today  
Changing of nappies that lasted those 8 hours can't stretch to 10; our time together must be over  
Over the street the argument of yesterday still lingers in her smirk and they must all remember why  
Remembering is enough to send the old people back to sleep  
Sleep gone and the workers forget what they live for and pack away their dreams in worn out suits  
Suiting themselves the parents switch off the charity adverts and force children out of the house to be taught  
Taut skin worries the lady more than the nightmare about her son  
Sun grins over the red heads, turning white to scarlet  
Red lights are too much for them in the purple vehicle; a crash is inevitably preferable to this pause  
Paused pedestrians have more to see  
But the seeing has stopped as the day starts

Photography Kara Blackmore





Photography Christina Mittermeier

# THE RISE OF NATURE PHOTOJOURNALISM

I SPOKE TO JÜRGEN FREUND AND CHRISTINA MITTERMEIER TO GET A BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THEIR UNIQUE PROFESSION

*Text Matthew Hensby*



## WE'VE ALL NOTICED IT, RIGHT?

THE INTEREST IN ENVIRONMENTALISM HAS EXPLODED IN RECENT YEARS AND, TO ILLUSTRATE THE PLIGHT OF CONSERVATIONISTS THE WORLD OVER, THERE HAS BEEN BORN A COLLECTION OF ARTISTS DEDICATED TO EXPLORING THE CHANGES IN OUR SURROUNDINGS -

## THE NATURE PHOTOJOURNALIST

THE LIFE OF A NATURE PHOTOJOURNALIST IS AN EXTRAORDINARY ONE IF NOT ALSO PUNISHING. AN EXISTENCE CHARACTERISED BY PROLONGED FIELD TRIPS IN ALIEN ENVIRONMENTS, ISOLATED IN SOME OF THE WORLDS MOST INHOSPITABLE LOCATIONS WHILST OFTEN WORKING AMONGST SUSPICION, HOSTILITY AND RESENTMENT.



**Jürgen, I understand that you are a trained mechanical engineer, how did you come to be a nature photojournalist?**

I did study to be a mechanical engineer but engineering was not in my heart and the rigid structure of German engineering soon made me look elsewhere, initially this was to industrial photography.

**How would you describe your photography now?**

I'm a photojournalist. I photograph stories and follow nature leads, often underwater.

**So how did the Coral Triangle expedition with the WWF come about?**

My relationship with the WWF started in 1996 when I began to contribute images to their Global Photography Network. This led, in 1997, to an assignment from WWF Germany to cover mangroves in the Philippines and my long-term friendship with the WWF has continued ever since.

In 2001, I published a coffee-table book, *Sulu Sulawesi Seas*, for WWF Philippines and I was then approached by Paul Sunters, the manager of WWF International's Photography Network, with the idea of a 3 month expedition across three countries in the Coral Triangle to raise its profile.

Paul gave me a spreadsheet of all the projects that the WWF were conducting in the region and I was asked to choose 1 project in each country to cover, but reading about all the projects simply made me want to explore everything!

I thought that it would be a waste so I proposed my BIG idea - I wanted to cover ALL the countries in the Coral Triangle. Unfortunately the WWF's budget didn't stretch to the extra 15 months so my wife, Stella, and I set about pulling some strings within the dive industry and dive media. Thankfully, everything came together.

**An expedition of this nature must be a logistical nightmare?**

Touch-wood, we've never encountered any logistical problems so far - the WWF field offices have been very good at coordinating our visits.

**Does that mean you're travelling light?**

An opportunity like this, to go around these magnificent countries and intimately photograph everything, both above and below water, is not something I get to do everyday so I wanted to have the best equipment of the moment. For me this meant a new Nikon D3X and Nikon D700 with Seacam underwater housing.

**11 months into your Coral Triangle expedition, what has been the most memorable event so far?**

Hands down, our experiences with the critically endangered Leatherback turtle have been the best and most emotional.

In August last year we were able to photograph a Leatherback female come up a beach in West Papua to lay her eggs and later, while camping on the beach, we also witnessed leatherback hatchlings break out of their nests and rush to sea.

In November we went to the Moluccas and saw Leatherback turtles swim underwater which is a hugely rare opportunity. It was difficult attempting to get near them but with much perseverance we were able to get some great photographs

Unfortunately, sea turtles are also widely hunted for their meat in the Coral Triangle and we also witnessed a massive Leatherback speared, weakened and brought to land for a community slaughter.

**JÜRGEN FREUND** is a German photographer who is currently 11 months into an 18 month assignment in the Coral Triangle for the World Wide Fund for Nature (WWF) that aims to explore the relationship between man and nature. The Coral Triangle covers 2.3 million square miles of the Pacific Ocean around Indonesia, Malaysia, Papua New Guinea, the Philippines, Solomon Islands, and Timor-Leste. It is thought to contain 75 per cent of known coral species, half the world's coral reefs, and 40 per cent of the world's reef fish species.

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"MY OLDER BROTHER IS A CELEBRATED BIOLOGIST AND HIS ENTHUSIASM FOR NATURE, BUGS IN PARTICULAR, HAD A BIG EFFECT ON ME AS A CHILD. WHEN I WAS 18 HE GAVE ME MY FIRST CAMERA, A MINOLTA. AND I WAS HOOKED INSTANTLY.

SEVEN YEARS AFTER I STARTED WORK AS AN INDUSTRIAL PHOTOGRAPHER I MADE THE DECISION TO START FREELANCING AS A PROFESSIONAL MARINE WILDLIFE PHOTOGRAPHER AND HAVE NEVER LOOKED BACK."



**C**HRISTINA MITTERMEIER started her career as a marine biologist making a switch to nature photojournalism 15 years ago and since has been documenting some of the world's most fragile societies and environments. Christina is also the founder of the International League of Conservation Photographers - a project driven non-profit organisation that aims to communicate conservation messages through photography - while she continues to contribute with her photography and journalism.

*It is interesting to many people that you started your career as a marine biologist, what made you decided to switch to photography?*

Sometime in the mid-nineties I realised that all the science in the world was not enough to prevent the loss of biodiversity. Extinction is an irreversible process and every piece of the puzzle that is lost brings the whole structure closer to collapse - the way that I arrived at where I am today was simply the intersection of my passion for photography and conservation. I continue to work with the aim to ensure that every frame I take has the ultimate purpose of serving conservation.

*Are there any photographers that inspired you to start?*

My greatest photographic inspiration came from Peter Dombrovskis, he was a Tasmanian photographer who died a few years ago. His work and quiet demeanour were instrumental in saving the Tasmanian wilderness by preventing the damming of the Gordon and Franklin Rivers.

*Travelling to these isolated and unfamiliar places must pose considerable problems?*

Lots of research goes into the organisation of my expeditions and I work closely with conservation partners to identify needs and to come up with stories to pursue. My trips can last from between 2 weeks and a month so travel must be carefully orchestrated to maximize my time in the field.

I have never encountered hostility on my trips but there is nothing harder than photographing people and it's always hard to be in the middle of moments of passion and temper. The camera can act in 2 ways; as a shield against hostility, when people understand you are an impartial observer or; as a magnet for more hostility, when people perceive you as a threat.

To take images of struggle or triumph it's imperative to become part of the community which requires time and great patience. In many instances, during the first days of an assignment I will not be able to get any images because people are understandably shy or self-conscious. As time goes by it becomes easier to blend in but I always travel with my assistant who can help me keep an eye on what is happening around me while I shoot.

*Looking back at your considerable achievements in the photography, are there any assignments that stand out?*

I have always been thrilled to be sent to remote places where the assistance of scientists or conservationists is essential. My assignments in Madagascar, where deforestation, poverty and mismanagement of resources are big problems, and to the Brazilian Amazon, where indigenous communities are striving to maintain their ancestral territories, have been great highlights.

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# c i n e Z I N E F I L M / T H E A T R E / T E L E V I S I O N / R A D I O

let me go now and be just here for you, for the one moment eyes meet, and, then i will let go, and leave you here, leave behind the soft angle beneath your ear, blurred against the damp hair, all crude and wry, in a moment, let it flash before my eyes, all that we never were and say goodbye

what is this person that i see, standing before there,  
all dressed up, never pale, never sorry, and then  
fancies brunch, like someone's heart was in the  
salad, or among the beans which you munched and  
wallowed in, all let loose, just because you could

get it out there, leave it open, sideways, with legs spread, cut in between, and screaming,  
like an animal tortured, almost longing, for the sharp edge of the knife, just one more time

random coincidences, which pieced together, made sense of me, of us, and we, it was never more than just  
those frozen moments, cold beneath and shoved around the plate, till done with, nothing's left, there is no  
more here to come forward, come over, get over this, instant, in me, no one breathes, all whistles silently

stars sparkling, struck for some time, and then realising, he was  
never here, and, he was all to me, for so long, here, it was never real,  
just the emotion, hurting, vomiting over in a constant speed inside  
this grease, which is all that i am, can be, just now and this hurt,  
endless, speed on, i lived and breathed wholly in a bubble of never  
understanding, he did say he forgot, but it is a lie, all lies with me

calm down, fog falling in between the stripes, in between the fingers in front of our faces, there is nothing to cry for, in here, it is just us

## FEBRUARY

Poetry Maya Haarup-Gregersen

seldom sun shines here, freckles fickle and clear when seen through the  
surface of water, water in small glasses, hidden far behind in the cupboard,  
and grandma hushes us down, we hide beneath the bed, under the velvet  
and purple covers with white flowers, plastered in glimpses, and smelling  
of the life we never used to have before us, when alone in this house

heart shaped in this palm, never  
resting peacefully, never ceasing to  
shake, what is me, and we sledge and  
sledge, onwards down the stony hills,  
filled with snow in our eyes behind  
glasses, silenced, rowing on, in our  
gloves, around the narrow wrists,  
those wrists i used to hold between  
my arms upon waking, touching his  
skin, and all that is familiar seems far  
away in a glimpse  
i just wrote to see how you were, i just  
poked to see if you would whisper  
back to me, never mind, there are  
many other things i can do in this life  
i can sit here on the porch, waiting  
for the sunlight to disappear, in a  
gasp, as i used to do, each night, is a  
peach, and a pair, never more  
repair these wounds, blot out the  
plain blood in the hard iron between  
the hammer of your words, use this  
heat, take it to some use please, and  
ease this ceaseless sense of emotion  
rushing through this clammy gut that  
is never still, never at peace

Photography Julia Carolyn Lichnova-Dinan



And so begins another morning in Central Australia where filming is well underway for the production of *Samson and Delilah*. This first feature length piece by Warwick Thornton is a story of modern day Aboriginal communities struggling, on the one hand, to hold onto a traditional existence, and on the other, to survive amid a Westernised wealth that doesn't seem to transcend to the townships. Handpicked from settlements in Central Australia where the film is set, the two main characters Samson and his Delilah (Rowan MacNamara and Marissa Gibson), arrive for another day of filming. Delilah's nana, Mitjili Gibson, is already tired so they let her lie in bed on the dusty porch of their home. English is Mitjili's sixth language and because she is **"undirectable"** according to Thornton they decide to let her sleep while the crew tiptoe around her preparing the set for her scene. Of all the indigenous actors, Mitjili already has acting experience and Warwick, having worked with her before, deliberately wrote the part with this Nana in mind. Cue Delilah, Mitjili's actual granddaughter by wonderful coincidence, battling to wake her up every morning for their daily routine.

Samson was chosen for his **"incredible energy and incredible vibe. It's almost that when you are around him you want to be naughty and run amuck!"** says Thornton. This was his first performance in front of the camera playing a wiry boy troubled by solvent abuse, who falls in love with Delilah. Warwick wanted to tell a story about the lives of teenagers in an Aboriginal community and as he puts it,

**"WITH LOVE THERE ARE NO BARRIERS, IT'S NOT BLACK AND WHITE. LOVE WORKS ABSOLUTELY ACROSS THE BOARD. IT'S SOUL RATHER THAN ISSUES. AS FAR AS GETTING A FILM ABOUT THE KIDS IN ALICE SPRINGS OUT THERE TO A WIDER AUDIENCE, I THINK LOVE IS THE BEST PLACE TO SET IT."**

# SAMSON & DELILAH

≡ TRUE LOVE ≡

*Text Beth Ashbridge*

Marissa's character however needed more than a cheeky free spirit. She represents the women in Warwick's life who kept the family together while the men, his brothers and his father were not around, did as they wished getting up to trouble in and around Alice Springs. There is a theme of strong female characters in this story with Delilah leading the way with her

**"INBUILT STRENGTH... A WOMAN WHO WOULD BE ABLE TO LOOK YOU IN THE EYE AND KILL YOU!"**

One of the fascinating things about this movie is the sparsity of dialogue. You will barely need to read subtitles during the performance as Warwick uses the body language of the teenagers and their actions to lead us on their journey. You might expect some traditional Aborigine music to accompany this silence, but as Warwick points out, traditional music is for ceremonial purposes and so would be highly inappropriate. Rather, as a music lover (with a self-claimed obsession for collecting Gibson guitars), he prefers a soundtrack of mainly Country and Western songs to capture the emotions of the scenes and relate them to the audience.

Thornton pitched it just right and the awards just keep coming. Receiving the Camera d'Or at Cannes last year, not to mention several Australian based prizes, including the 2009 NT Australian of the Year, this film has made a global impression and as the sun sets over the red dust outside Alice Springs Warwick Thornton has succeeded in showing the world another side to Australia.



# THE CARETAKER: a play by Harold Pinter

Text Beth Ashbridge

As the curtain rose the Apollo Theatre shook with the racket of ear piercing rave music blaring from the dark stage, and a scene of a party in what turns out to be a small wood in rural Wiltshire. The leading man of the piece is the ex-daredevil minor celebrity Rooster Byron (played by the spectacular Mark Rylance who deservedly takes away this year's best actor at the Laurence Olivier Awards) who has set up his caravan just outside a small town in the county acting as the protector and yet also the drug dealer for groups of bored youths growing up there.

# JERUSALEM: a play by Jez Butterworth

From the set to the performances this production is not to be missed (at any cost). The writer Jez Butterworth is pitch perfect with the tone, modern day language and casting of the lead. Mark Rylance, former Artistic Director of The Globe, is glorious in every move. Winner of numerous awards, not to mention a Tony in 2008 where his acceptance speech surprised and confused most of the audience as he simply recited a poem by Midwestern poet Louis Jenkins: a tirade on uniforms-

"AT THE VERY LEAST YOU SHOULD WEAR A SUIT AND CARRY A BRIEFCASE AND A CELL PHONE. OR WEAR A TEAM JACKET AND A BASEBALL CAP AND CARRY A CELL PHONE. IF YOU GO INTO THE WOODS, THE BACKCOUNTRY, SOMEPLACE PAST ALL HUMAN HABITATION, IT IS A GOOD IDEA TO WEAR ORANGE AND CARRY A GUN, OR, DEPENDING ON THE SEASON, CARRY A FISHING POLE, OR A CAMERA WITH A BIG LENS. OTHERWISE IT MIGHT APPEAR THAT YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE DOING, THAT YOU ARE MERELY WANDERING THE EARTH, NO PARTICULAR REASON FOR BEING HERE, NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO"

This play is mesmerising from start to finish, and if you are not reeling with theories of what depth you might have missed in the moment then you need to go back again, and again so that you can re-enjoy Rooster's eccentric stories and grow to love the man, Rylance and Byron alike. We laughed, we cried and then with heartache we realised that this theatre experience of Jerusalem could never be relived.

Having never encountered a Pinter play over my theatre going years I had much expectation of what was to come. Pitched as one of his greatest plays, my sister and I were eager to take our seats in the Trafalgar Studios directly off the now pigeon-less Trafalgar Square and experience the Pinter phenomenon firsthand.

This Hackney born man had a way with words from an early age. At age 16 he was appreciating the words of James Joyce's Ulysses, calling it an *"outstanding feat of narration, relating to streams of consciousness the innumerable thoughts that flit to and fro across the screen of the subconscious mind."*

After being sent away from the East End twice during the war, as an evacuee to Cornwall and then to Reading, he returned after the end of the Second World War to an urban setting of violence that he says we have since come to accept as a natural condition of a city. As a Jew, Pinter was a prime target to what he recalls as the rising number of fascists coming *"back to life in England... I got into quite a few fights down there. If you looked remotely like a Jew your were in trouble."* These days of violence moulded him as he fostered a way to deal with his attackers. *"The best way was to talk to them. And all the time, keep walking towards the lights of the main road."* This is the oblique manner of communication that he has used for many of his key characters. His writing of unfinished sentences, repetition and odd-sounding phrases introduced a new kind of dialogue to the theatre. Pinter has been hailed as a revolutionary in the way he uses his dialogue to depict real life and leaves behind the superficial speech for which plays were known.

This is a 3-man play; the tramp Davies and two curious brothers living in a shabby flat in London. As the play opens Davies is invited to stay by one of the brothers, Aston, while he attempts to get back on his feet. We learn that this softly spoken Aston is a troubled young man as he reveals later in a stirring speech that he was given electroshock therapy. His brother Mick on the other hand is sinister, tempestuous and seemingly a tool for Pinter to create a growing pressure throughout the piece. The tramp Davies is presented with an opportunity here to escape his homeless state but in the end he is not cunning enough to take advantage of the situation and tensions rise during the play as he manages to burn bridges with both brothers. This simple yet gripping tale of Aston's slow and inexplicable kindness to a homeless stranger is eventually poisoned by Davies' ambition and greed.

Jonathan Pryce originally performed the piece in 1980 at the National Theatre playing the menacing Mick who simmers a violent dread ready to explode at any moment. Now 3 decades later he is playing the elder in the play.

"I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS GOING ON IN DAVIES'S HEAD - THOUGH WITH PINTER, THE MORE YOU DELVE INTO IT, THE LESS YOU KNOW. I DON'T THINK DAVIES HAS ANY IDEA WHAT HE THINKS ANY MORE. EVERYTHING HE TELLS YOU ABOUT HIMSELF IS POTENTIALLY A LIE - WHICH MAKES IT INCREDIBLY DIFFICULT TO LEARN."

All 3 performances are worth the price of the ticket. The story is as simple as it is compelling and you will be on the edge of your seat throughout. And the verdict on my first Pinter adventure? Riveting with every word.



**2-4-1  
PIZZA  
ALL DAY  
THURS**

VALID WITH FLYER,  
STAMP OR SUAD  
WRISTBAND



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# LEMONGRASS AND PRAWN STIR FRY

Recipe Mina Razzak

# c u i ZINE

THE ART OF COOKING

I WAS RECENTLY IN SINGAPORE AND FELL IN LOVE WITH ALL THE DIFFERENT FLAVOURS THEY HAVE THERE. THE MULTICULTURAL ISLAND NATION IS NOT AFRAID TO MIX UP FOOD INFLUENCES, AND EVERYTHING YOU COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE IS AVAILABLE ANY TIME OF THE DAY OR NIGHT AT ONE OF THE MANY HAWKER MARKETS. THE WIDE-RANGING CHINESE, INDIAN AND MALAY FOODS AVAILABLE PROVIDE INSTANT INSPIRATION FOR ANYONE'S PALATE. IT TRIGGERED ME TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING LIGHT AND FRESH IN PREPARATION FOR OUR UPCOMING SPRING WEATHER...

## INGREDIENTS

Serves 4

2 tablespoons **olive oil**  
2 tablespoons **sesame oil**  
1 **lemongrass stalk**, finely chopped  
2 cloves **garlic**, finely chopped  
**ginger** (about the size of your thumb), finely chopped  
250 g peeled, cooked **prawns**  
100 g **mange tout**, sliced length-wise into thin strips  
1 large **leek**, sliced into 1/2 cm rings  
400 g fresh **egg noodles**  
2 tablespoons **soy sauce**  
1 tablespoon **Thai fish sauce**  
Juice of one **lime**

## METHOD

On high heat in a large saucepan, or wok, sauté the lemongrass, garlic and ginger until golden. You may, depending on your desire for spicy food, add some finely chopped fresh chili at this point. Throw in the prawns and stir them up so they are fully coated in those fabulous flavours. After a minute or so throw in the mange tout, leeks and noodles. Stir everything together and cook for 2 further minutes. Add the soy sauce, fish sauce and half the lime juice and give everything a good stir. Serve hot, with the remainder of the lime squeezed on top just prior to serving.

Photography Jo Ashbridge



Fancy yourself as the next Alain Ducasse or just want to create the perfect apple pie then you can take the first step by going along to the renowned Cookery School just a 2-minute walk from Oxford Circus, London.

After a short commute from Cambridge to King's Cross and a mere 3 tube stops I was welcomed into the professional cookery school kitchens with the aroma of freshly baked gorgonzola-filled profiteroles, gougere, and a glass of wine.

Rosalind and Ghalid led the session encouraging us all to relax, talk and to learn new culinary skills. The Cookery School's principal Rosalind, a truly accomplished cook, and Ghalid, the professionally trained chef, set out to teach the class of around 12 students the art of short crust, choux and puff pastry in just 2 hours. We would create traditional Cornish pasties, fresh cream profiteroles and quiche just to mention a few, always using the finest ingredients.

So, armed with a rolling pin and more flour than one has ever seen in 1 room we donned our crisp white aprons and set about creating classic pastry.

The class started with a profiterole demo from Ghalid and as Rosalind urged him to go faster he hand whisked the eggs into the hot butter/flour mixture to avoid creating an omelette. We all watched and as if by magic a glossy pastry developed and the profiteroles were generously distributed on greased baking sheets with the students gazing longingly as the droplets of choux were placed in a hot oven. With this simple technique, and a little bit of practice, we would surely be great patissiers, adept at the profiterole and the éclair.

No stopping us now we were on to puff pastry. Now puff pastry requires much more attention to detail than the choux. A lot of butter is required so in order to avoid an oozing mess a cold room is essential.

#### GOLDEN RULE:

**"COLD PASTRY, HOT OVEN"**

Rosalind and Ghalid are both experts in the craft of pastry making. Throughout the evening we learned everything we needed to know to produce the perfect pastry. From the basics to the tricks of the trade this lesson was jam-packed with valuable knowledge. You leave with a confidence that cooking need not be intimidating and as long as you stick to the basics you really can adapt and develop as you practice. Rosalind's ideal of **"learning through watching others"** really does make for both a sociable and illuminating evening. We were encouraged to learn from the chefs and students alike, comparing the subtle crumbly texture of the pastry with our fellow class members so that we could repeat the process over and over again. Throughout the evening there is no **"pressure to be perfect"**.

## THE COOKERY SCHOOL AT LITTLE PORTLAND STREET

*Text Beth Ashbridge*

Our final pastry technique was short crust. I chose to make a caramelised onion and courgette quiche and with everything to hand, and Ghalid and Rosalind leading us every step of the way, the room was buzzing with pastry-making gems from Rosalind and the calming hand of Ghalid.

The Cookery School is proud to only use seasonal, organic food and their ample and superb quality produce, from the butter to the quiche filling meant we were never short of top class ingredients. And as our pies and pasties baked in the oven, cosy baking smells infused the kitchen and we enjoyed some delicate puff pastry, cheese straws, cream-packed profiteroles with a warming cup of tea and a well-earned rest.

I would highly recommend The Cookery School to everyone. Take away your own baked food in beautiful monogrammed presentation boxes and indulge your taste buds revelling in the fact that you created these masterpieces from scratch. With so many courses to choose from, including scrumptious and sustainable meat, fish and greens, this is without doubt a great gift idea.

With the relaxed and informal teaching you don't need to be an expert but you will definitely leave feeling like one!



IMAGINE SOMEONE OFFERED YOU A  
'TIME SAVING ACCOUNT'.  
YOU COULD TRANSFER ALL THE TIME THAT YOU DON'T USE IN YOUR DAILY LIFE  
AND GET IT BACK WHEN YOU REQUIRE IT.

This is the setting for the children's book '*Momo*', written by the German author Michael Ende. Imagine a sleepy, Southern European town. The street sweeper, the barber, the musician all lead a contented life set against the backdrop of an ancient amphitheatre. One day 2 unexpected visitors change their daily routine. The first is Momo, a little girl who is found sleeping in the amphitheatre but no one knows where she came from. She is loved by everyone. She radiates a peace as Ende points out,

"MOMO LISTENED TO EVERYONE, TO THE DOGS AND CATS, THE CRICKETS AND TOADS, EVEN TO THE RAIN AND THE WIND IN THE TREES. AND EVERYTHING SPOKE TO HER IN ITS OWN WAY."

However, the town is also visited by ominous grey men who bring anything but warmth. Their slogan 'Time is money' immediately grabs the attention of the townspeople. Their goal is to convince the people to set up a "*time saving account*". It seems advantageous at first as the townspeople hurry and try to achieve more in less time.

But will they get back their time as promised? Time stored in the form of "*hour flowers*" and can Momo save the day?

# HOURLY FLOWER POWER

How a children's book and an American psychologist  
show us the importance of time

Text Anna Goldenberg

This simple, yet wonderful parable is made into a delightful book - vivid and descriptive, yet not sentimental. There is a subtlety about this book that does not try to preach to the reader. After we get to know Momo, planning every minute of your day will be the last thing you'll want to do. "*Time is money*" becomes "*time is love*".

Ende wants to present a concept where "*time is money*" seems to be inherent in each and every one of us. We get paid for the time we work; we buy time by getting the faster train or heating up that ready-made meal. But is it truly universal?

If you want further explore the discussion of time, then I recommend you read '*A Geography of Time*' by the American psychologist Robert Levine. Even though his conclusions are somewhat predictable, his examples are striking and will make you consider how you value your time. After travelling through several countries, he describes how he measured the general "*speed of life*", what happened when he decided to simply watch and how he came to define a different appreciation of time: event time.

In many humorous anecdotes the author tells of his experiences with event time - as opposed to 'Western' clock time - and the different understandings of punctuality around the world. At one point he is forced to wait 3 days at a Nepalese telephone company to get a connection to the States. Concluding that time does not seem to be money everywhere as we in the West might imagine, he recounts how people are hired to queue for someone else at magistrates' offices in Brazil. He also explores the relationship between time and status. Do we in truth want what we wait for?

In all probability the concept of the grey men exists within us all. But can Momo convince you to close your time saving account and use your hour flowers now, in the moment?

Image Fabian Mohr





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