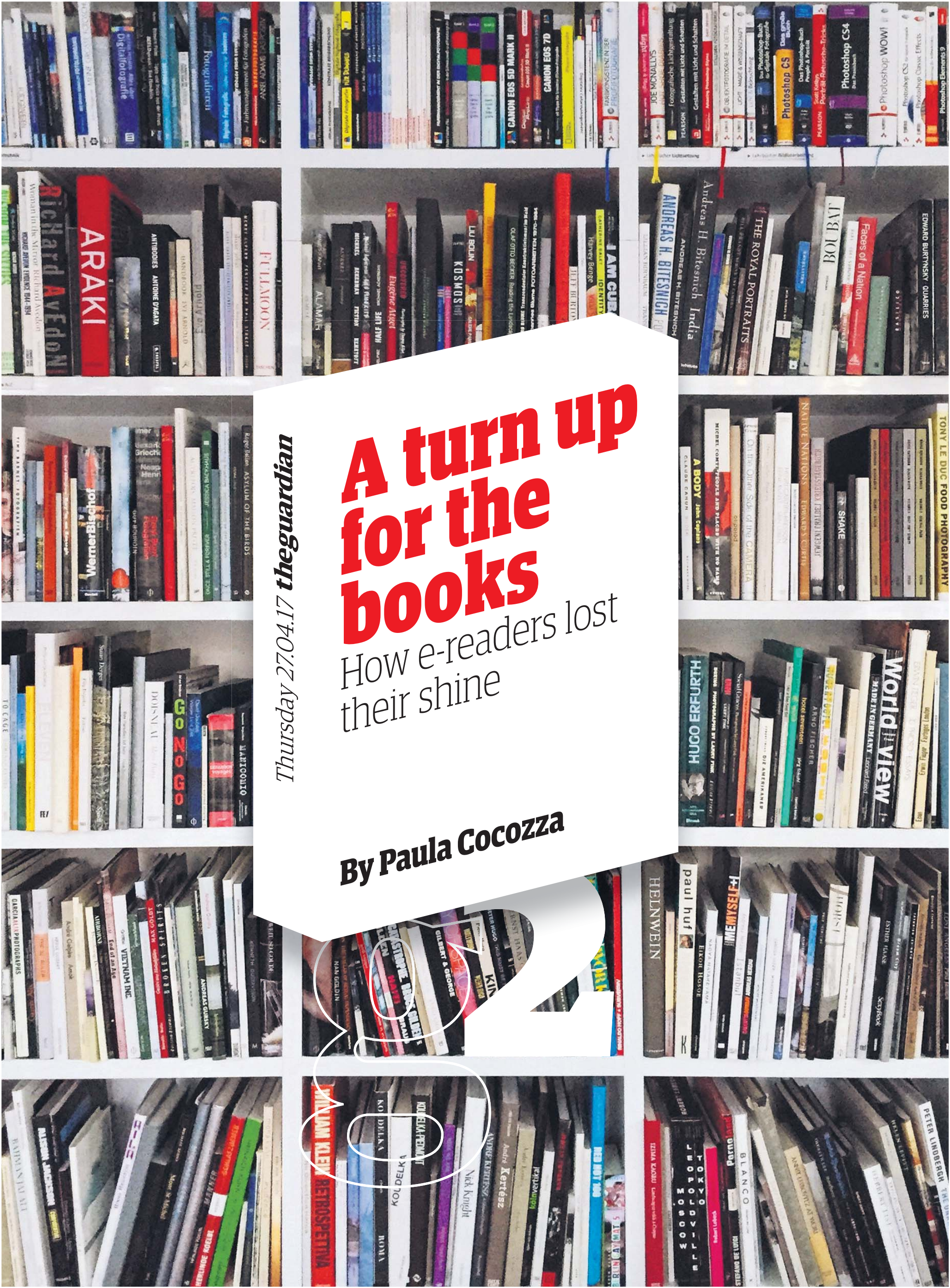


Thursday 27.04.17 *theguardian*

A turn up for the books

How e-readers lost their shine

By Paula Cocozza



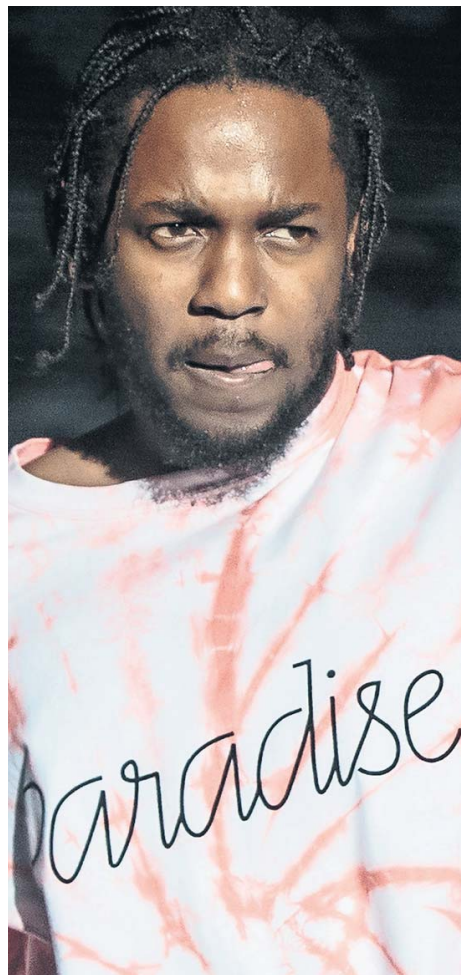
Self-awareness

Kendrick v the pope: who's more humble?

Humility, apparently, is the new megalomania. Maybe it's the effect of Kanye West blethering on about being a genius, but it's no longer cool to be half-crazed by your perceived brilliance. You have to be polite, deferential and, crucially, not a dick. The poster boy of this new anti-braggadocio is Kendrick Lamar, who, ironically, has less reason to display humility than most, seeing as he is arguably the best mainstream artist in hip-hop; one reviewer even compared him to Mahatma Gandhi. Interestingly, someone else who has been stressing the importance of being humble this week is Francis, the 266th pope. So, who has the greatest claim to the title of king of humility? Let's find out!

Kendrick Lamar

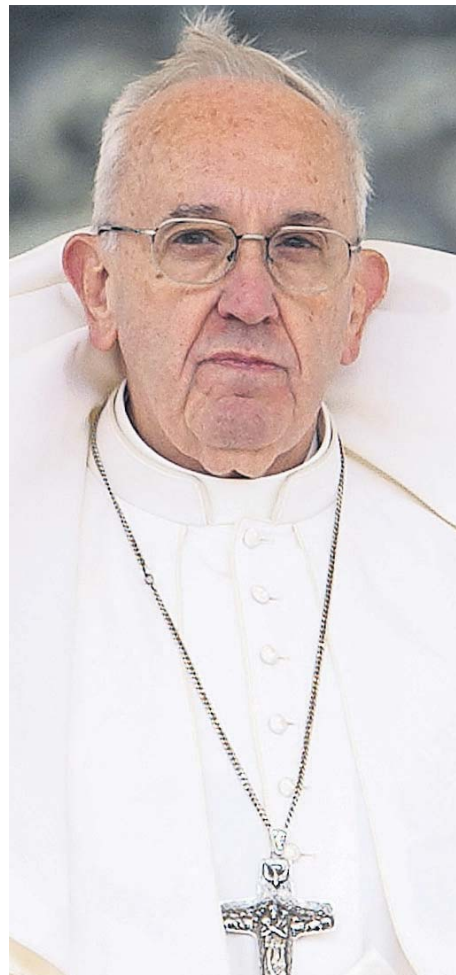
Kendrick's anthem *Humble* starts so well - for one thing, he was big enough to use a beat that was originally intended for another artist, Gucci Mane, which suggests a refreshing



Immodest in his humility ... Kendrick Lamar

lack of arrogance. "I remember syrup sandwiches and crime allowances," he says at the start of the first verse, which makes us think we are about to hear a 21st-century version of Wu-Tang Clan's *C.R.E.A.M.*, a paean to the struggle to overcome tough times.

Sadly not. Within a few lines, he has moved on to "counting this parmesan" (ie money), then he works in a plug for D'Usse cognac - yours for £70 a bottle. "Girl," he



Humble beginnings ... Pope Francis

continues, "I can buy yo' ass the world with my pay stub," which is many things, but not exactly humble (and rather unromantic to boot). The extent of Kendrick's message is encapsulated in the chorus, which repeats the phrase: "Hol' up bitch, be humble," which strikes one as rather ungallant. By the time he gets around to boasting about having been paged by Barack Obama, with the caveat: "I stay modest about it,"

the temptation to yell: "No, you don't! This isn't modest at all!" is great. Interestingly, in the video to *Humble*, Kendrick spends much of his time in a Catholic priest's outfit, except when his hair is on fire. What can it all mean?

Humility rating: 1/10

Pope Francis

When the pope gave his TED talk - filmed in Vatican City and broadcast in Vancouver on Tuesday - at no point did he rock any hip-hop apparel by way of response to Kendrick. Instead, he called on world leaders to act more responsibly and, indeed, humbly. (Whoever could he mean?) One of the themes that his 18-minute talk shared with Kendrick's joint was his humble beginnings. However, Francis stuck with the humility thing for a good deal of proceedings, at no point mentioning parmesan or, indeed, any other cheese. "Power," he said, "is like drinking gin on an empty stomach. You get drunk ... and will end up hurting those around you." You could argue that, given he is in charge of the Catholic church and lives in a palace in what is basically his own country, it's a bit rich deriding the joys of being powerful. However, since he was effectively having a pop at Donald Trump, we'll let it go.

Humility rating: 4/10

Pete Cashmore

Magazines

Will the Face comeback work?

The Face is back! Or so it seems, with news that the owner of dance magazine *Mixmag* has bought the seminal (now defunct) style title, alongside rock bible™ *Kerrang!* - for an undisclosed fee. The Face, which launched in 1980 and folded in 2004, belonged to a pre-internet world where information was hard to get and streaming non-existent: is there any point in bringing it back in today's crowded digital marketplace? "I think there is," says Sheryl Garratt, editor from 1989 to 1995. "One of the Face's real strengths was that it was curated. People like my

son are so overwhelmed with information these days. I think they would appreciate being told what to hear or watch from a voice they trust."

Details are sketchy, but the plan is to revive the title as a digital brand, with the possibility of a print iteration at a later stage.

"I think it's brilliant news," says Andrew Harrison, who edited *Mixmag* for two stints (1999-2000 and 2006-07). He notes that, under Jerry Perkins, *Mixmag* Media has a good track record in realising the promise of digital for specialist titles. "Mixmag was always a niche magazine. Magazines were the original social media in that sense; they offered you a shared language."

He cites the success of the regular *Mixmag*

Lab events, where DJs play live in the office, streamed via YouTube, as an example of innovations that Perkins has introduced. "They can do that because they have a relationship with the DJs. The Face generated similar relationships; people will do extra things for them because it is part of a community you trust."

Of course, access to the talent is more controlled these days, but, insists Richard Benson (editor of the Face from 1995 to 1998): "Like anything, it depends how it's done. You have to remember, social media or not, there'll always be 19-year-olds in the suburbs and arse-end-of-nowhere market towns wanting to know what's going on, and those kids can never know enough - and it is never boring to them."

Mark Hooper



RSC ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY

#MatildaOnTour

SEE PAGE 4

Nightlife

Super-parties: the craze that never was

You may have been to a regular house party, complete with the blue plastic bag of paint-stripper Bulgarian wine and the constant YouTube-ing of the same DJ Pied Piper deep cut. Workaday. But have you ever been to a super-party?

Well, wise up grandaddy-o. Super-partying is a hot new youth craze, at least according to Newcastle city council, which this week issued a public-safety video to warn of the dangers. A joint release by the council and the fire and police services also noted that the city was seeing an uptick in the kind of parties where 200 or 300 students pack into a house at one time, adding that these were often ticketed affairs with bouncers. The authorities warned that the average Victorian terrace was designed for no more than a standard Victorian family of 12, and that swollen party attendance could risk floor collapse. Apparently, promoters have been blocking fire exits with mattresses to seal out noise in residential zones, causing major fire hazards. Such super-parties, they announced, are highly dangerous.

"We don't want to be seen as the fun police," announced Ch Supt Neil Hutchison, "but students need to recognise that lives are being put at risk. Alcohol, drugs, loud music and hundreds of partygoers is a recipe for disaster. It can only be a matter of time before we are talking about a tragedy." The Times, the Daily Mail and the Daily Telegraph have duly recycled these reports, with the latter two making sure to conflate the super-party with the advent of super-ecstasy. The average strength of a standard British MDMA tablet has markedly risen in the past 12 months, apparently making it one of the leading things to do at a super-party.

A local promoter put it differently. "It has been embellished by the council. It's more about a war between students and locals to do with noise and nuisance.



I've been to ones where there have been quite a lot of people, but never to the point where it's dangerous. There'll be a big party every couple of months. But they make it sound like there are eight a week."

Not so, says assistant chief fire officer Alan Robson, who reckons that many such gatherings are also "secretly sponsored by drink companies". On the topic of bouncers, our party mole admits he's seen a few, but that they are "normally just there to stop unwanted people turning up. It's not commercial." Meanwhile, Robson says the largest one he has knowledge of involved 200 people "as a best estimate" crammed into a residential property. He points out that, in Manchester, several people fell through a floor at a house party. Luckily, no one was seriously injured.

"The difference is that, since the new university year began, there have been a lot more parties. They are advertised on Facebook, often through closed groups. You can shift the party location from one place to another in a matter of hours."

The debate will continue at regular parties everywhere (where most people are now just refreshing Facebook, hoping to be invited to one).

What is clear is that Newcastle's council is serious about dealing with health and safety hazards in residential areas. Whether the classic house party has now metastasised into a super-virulent new form is a bit more fuzzy.

Gavin Haynes



LET'S GET INFORMATION



Independent women, throw your hands up! Beyoncé is launching four scholarships for female students of creative arts, music, literature or African-American studies in select US colleges. It's unclear whether being able to nail Single Ladies will bag you extra credit.

Bouncers: not only for clubs; (above) a house party on E4's *Skins*



Pass notes

No 3,847
Gardening



Age: As old as the Earth.

Appearance: Pricier than you might think.

How so? Trowel, pair of wellies, newspaper to kneel on, off you go. You would think. But that was before Goop discovered the great outdoors.

Goop? Gwyneth Paltrow's online lifestyle emporium, of course.

Oh God, is that still going? Hasn't it collapsed under the weight of its preening self-regard?

Incredibly, no. Paltrow was supposedly separating herself from the project last year, but she hasn't been noticeably absent. Now, she has gone all green-fingered.

Even Goop can't get much out of gardening, surely? It's just grubbing around in the muck-like housework, but dirtier. Not for the first time, dear pleb, it turns out that you are doing it wrong.

How so? I bet you're just wearing normal clothes, aren't you?

Yes. Old, but normal. You need an "elegant, off-white ... thoughtfully designed" apron that ties "at the natural waist" and has "a hem that hits mid-thigh", priced at \$125 (£97).

Do I? Yes. You can pop a \$72 gold-handled pair of floral scissors in one of the patch pockets.

And then I'm done? My dear, you haven't even started! You will also need \$45 goatskin gardening gloves, the better to wield your \$120 galvanised-steel watering can and \$120 three-piece garden-tool set (trowel, fork and rake-y thing) "made in a time-honoured artisanal tradition in Holland".

Has the world gone mad or have I? The floral scissors have already sold out.

It's the world, then. It appears so. You should try growing your own culinary and medicinal herbs in a brass pot, made in a metal-spinning foundry in Sweden that dates back to 1607, to calm down.

Are you just making stuff up now? It has been proved scientifically that Gwyneth Paltrow's Goop is beyond parody.

"Gwyneth recommends drinking chlorophyll shots to oxygenate the blood." There. Easy. Actually, she did just that a couple of weeks ago.

No. Yes. Maybe she was lightheaded after her eight-day goat's-milk-only diet to fight the effects of heavy metals and parasites.

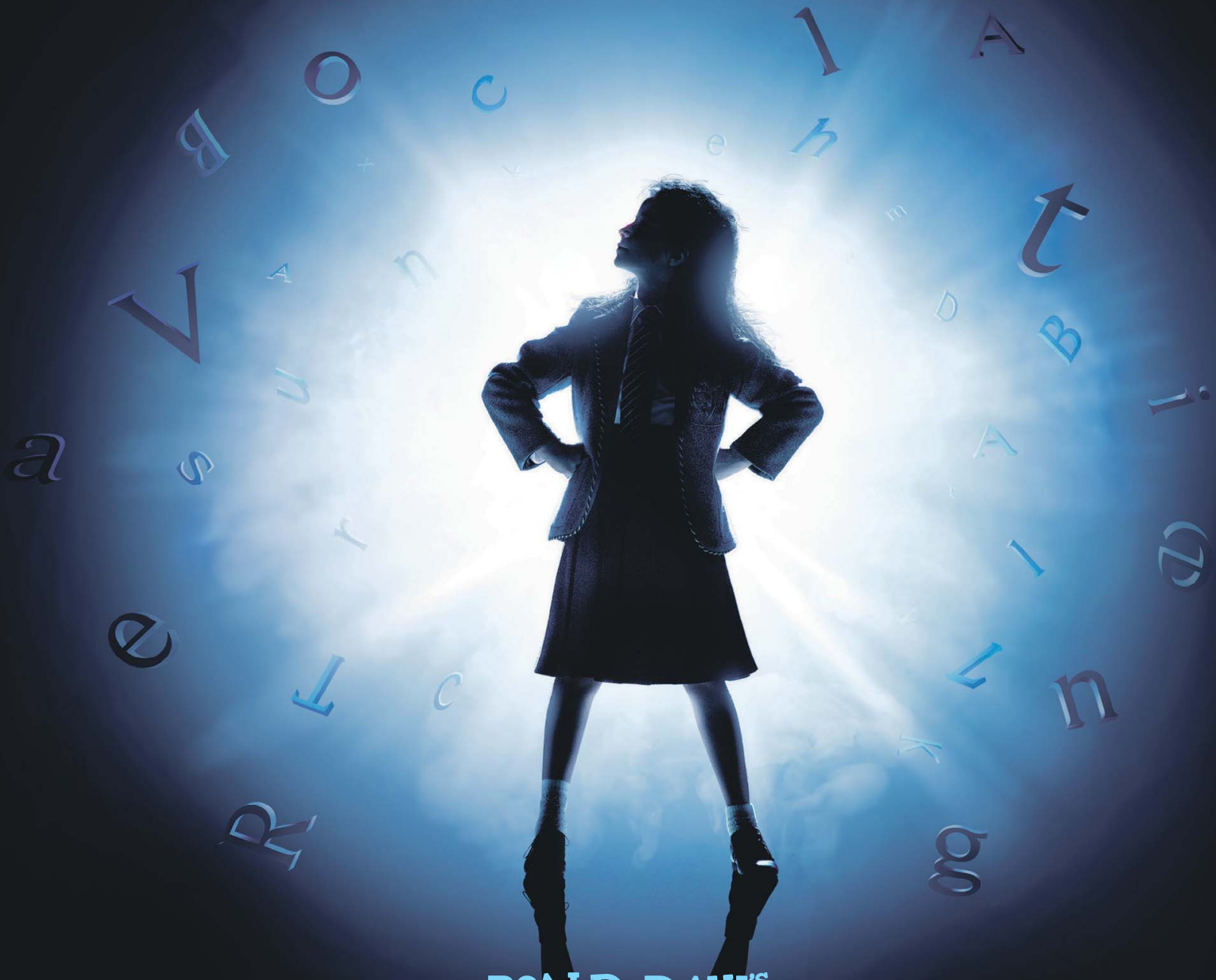
I'm out. Fair enough.

Do say: "How many heavy metals and parasites had you been eating?"

Don't say: "Clearly, someone's in the pay of Big Chloroplast."

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'THE MUSICAL OF THE DECADE'
THE SUNDAY TIMES



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Suzanne Moore

Subsidised egg-freezing is not a perk. It's a bribe that perpetuates unequal workplaces and self-interested 'choice'

Although you may want one, you don't need a relationship with a man to have a baby. You need money and time. You can buy sperm; sometimes it even comes for free. These are the new facts of life. Or, rather, the alternative facts that we are sold in the name of that moronic catch-all "empowerment". You can empower yourself as a woman by pretending that you can make any choice you like regarding fertility, when you like. Just like men do. But to think such female autonomy is now the reality is fundamentally disempowering, because it is not true.

Currently, British companies are talking to IVF clinics about offering "egg-freezing" as a perk for female employees. Care Fertility, the UK's largest private chain of clinics, says this can benefit women in their 20s and 30s, allowing them to focus on their careers. Both Facebook and Apple have offered subsidised freezing for some staff, up to a cost of £16,000. They say it takes women 10 years of graft before they get to management positions and can take time out. They also use the language of empowerment and choice, and talk about "career-driven millennials". To be frank, I don't know what this even means; most young women I know want jobs so that they can pay their rent. I tend to think that a perk of a job is more nicking a Biro than having your fertility considered for you, but then I am old-fashioned. For egg-freezing is an insurance policy that promises more that it can deliver. The success-rate for the "take-home" baby, as the IVF clinics call it, is extremely low.

It is easy to see why putting your fertility on ice appeals. Not sure if you want kids? Your prince not yet materialised? If you are in your 30s, you can read about your biological decline every day. At the same time, you can gawp at Hollywood types who magically have twins at 51.

Why not spend thousands of pounds on an invasive treatment that means your eggs can live for ever, ready to be unthawed when the time is right? Why not take control? Take the drugs that can take you into menopause, the hormone injections, a needle in the ovary. A round of this will set you back about £3,000, and you will need a few. Then pay for the maintenance of egg storage. Hopefully, more than 20 eggs will be harvested, but endocrinologists describe this as a "leaky" process, with some

Egg-freezing is an insurance policy that promises more than it can deliver

eggs being lost at each stage. The younger you do it, the better - ideally in your early 20s. But there is a surge of women undergoing the process in their late 30s. What are their chances? Better than they were in 2012 when, in this country, about 18,000 eggs had been stored and 580 embryos transferred, resulting in just 20 live births. Vitrification - in which the eggs are frozen much faster - may improve success rates. Even so, figures vary because this is a new process. The Human Fertilisation and Embryology Authority (Hefa) say it is too early to judge its success. They do know that a take-home baby is more likely from the implantation of an embryo than an egg, but this is not the situation of most women who go for "social freezing". Some European clinics are citing higher figures. Australian medics say that the chance of a baby from one egg is 5%. So, this is no guarantee of anything other than hope.

But the main issue with "social freezing" is the social part. Science can step in, but the reason women want to do this is because of how the workplace is organised. And because many men in their 30s do not want babies with women in their 30s. As Jessa Crispin noted wryly in her book *Why I Am Not a Feminist*, money can buy you out of patriarchy, up to a point. It cannot buy you totally out of biology. We don't own the means of production.

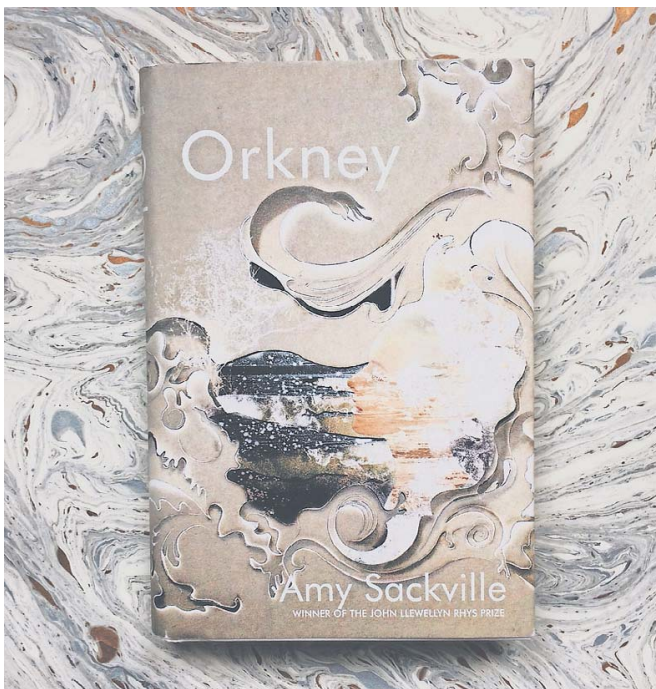
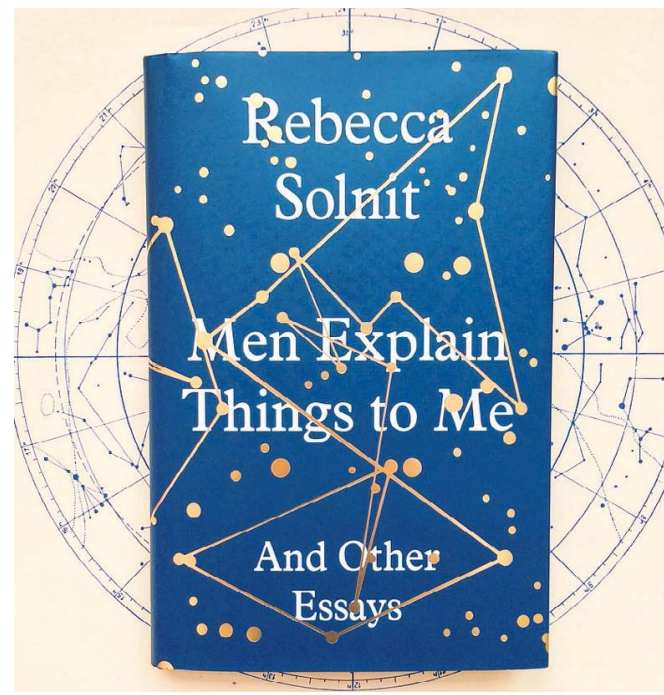
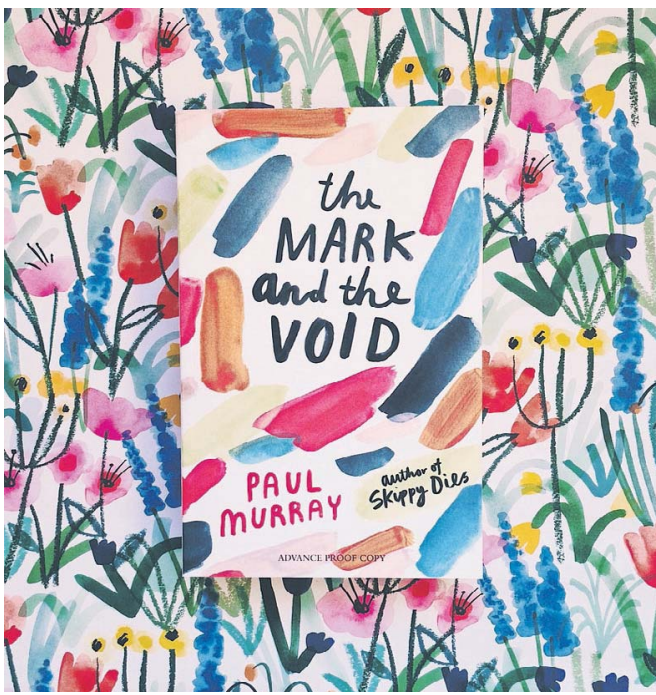
That we were to own the means of reproduction was once part of radical feminist thought. Shulamith Firestone said pregnancy was "barbaric", and we would one day be able to grow babies elsewhere. One day we might: artificial wombs are being developed. For now, we are at the behest of private medicine, and many have succumbed to "choice feminism", which is so dependent on a middle-class idea of an interesting career, a salary that can cover childcare and a man who is good at sex, friendship and fatherhood. Well, how has that worked out? Many women just don't have these choices.

Being child-free happens for social reasons, not simply because of fertility issues. The structure of the workplace is still not meeting our needs, and the culture is not producing men who meet the desires of generations of women who thought they could have it all. So we end up with huge corporations offering female employees the possibility of reproduction at a later date in return for the "best" years of their lives. This hardly strikes me as a perk. It is a bribe. Worse, one that is unlikely to be paid.

The big chill ... egg-freezing is sold to 'career-driven millennials' as empowering

PHOTOGRAPH GETTY





‘Kindles now look clunky and unhip’



Here are some things that you can't do with a Kindle. You can't turn down a corner, tuck a flap in a chapter, crack a spine (brutal, but sometimes pleasurable) or flick the pages to see how far you have come and how far you have to go. You can't remember something potent and find it again with reference to where it appeared on a right- or left-hand page. You often can't remember much at all. You can't tell whether the end is really the end, or whether the end equals 93% followed by 7% of index and/or questions for book clubs. You can't pass it on to a friend or post it through your neighbour's door.

A few years ago, I was given a Kindle. I had become a student again. I was reading lots of books and I needed them cheap and light. But now the Kindle has slipped to the back of the desk drawer behind the Blu-Tack that comes out only at Christmas. Meanwhile, the stack of hardbacks and paperbacks on the bedside table has grown so tall it has spawned sub-stacks on the floor; when I get into bed at night, it is like looking down on a miniature book city.

I don't want to speculate about what goes on in other people's bedrooms but I suspect it might be something similar, because figures published today by the Publishing Association show that sales of consumer ebooks have dropped by 17%, while sales of physical books are up 8%. Consumer spending on books was up £89m across the board last year, compared with 2015. So why is the physical book winning through?

Ten years ago, when the Kindle launched, the idea was miraculous. Here was the ability to carry hundreds of books enfolded in a tiny slip of plastic, countless stories in a few hundred grams. It seems hard to believe when you look at the thick, black plastic surround - stylistically it bears more resemblance to a cathode ray tube TV than a tablet - that it predated the iPad by two years. Within five hours, it had sold out, despite a price tag of \$399 (then £195). A decade on, lay a Kindle next to a smartphone or tablet and it looks so much older, while the reading experience it delivers has scarcely progressed.

"It was new and exciting," says Cathryn Summerhayes, a literary agent

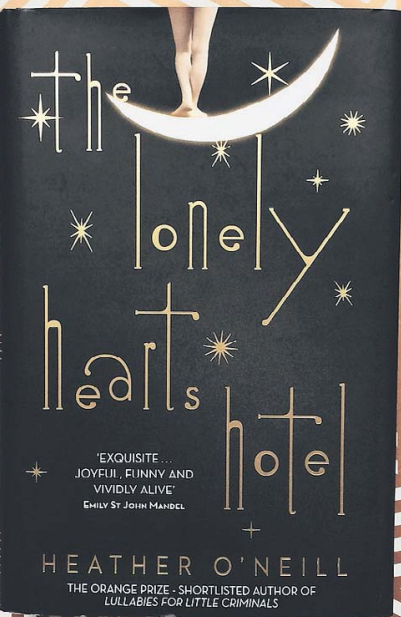
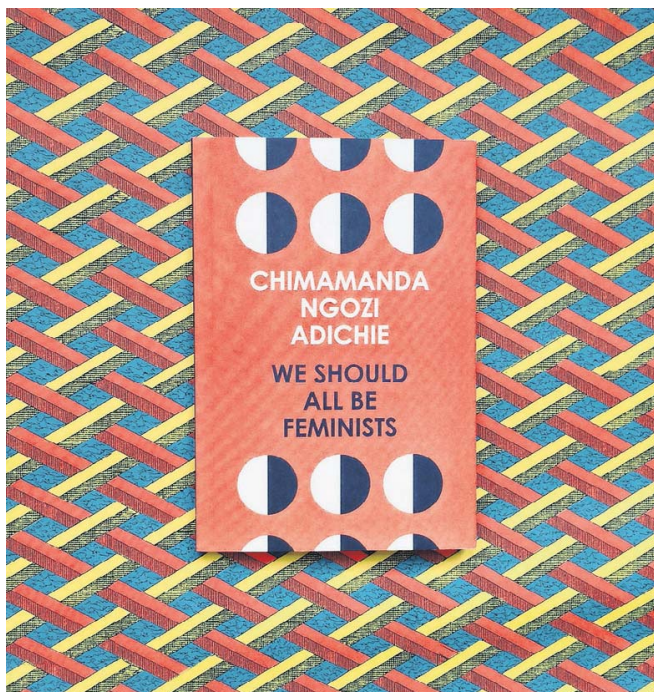
A few years ago, the e-reader was being blamed for the death of the traditional book. But the latest figures show a dramatic reversal of fortunes, with sales of ebooks plunging. **Paula Coccozza** asks what's behind the resurgence.

Photographs by Jennifer Cownie

THE RINGS OF SATURN
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CHIMAMANDA
NGOZI
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ALL BE
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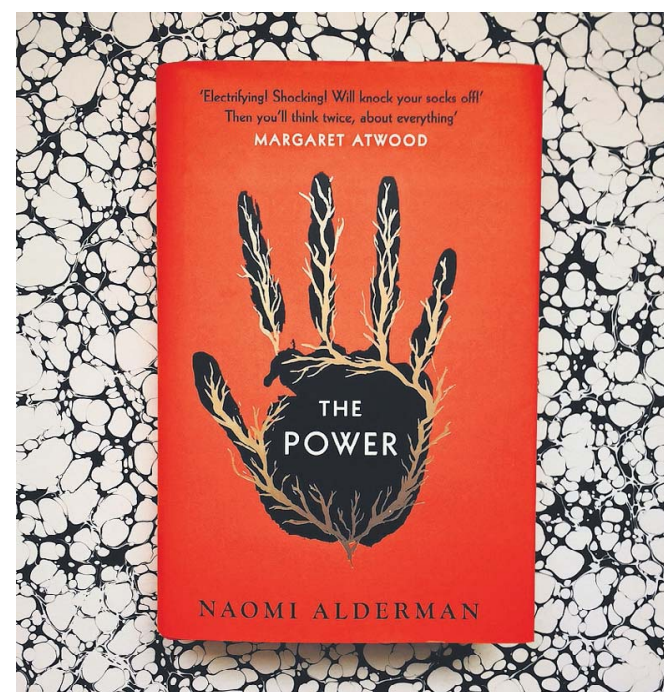
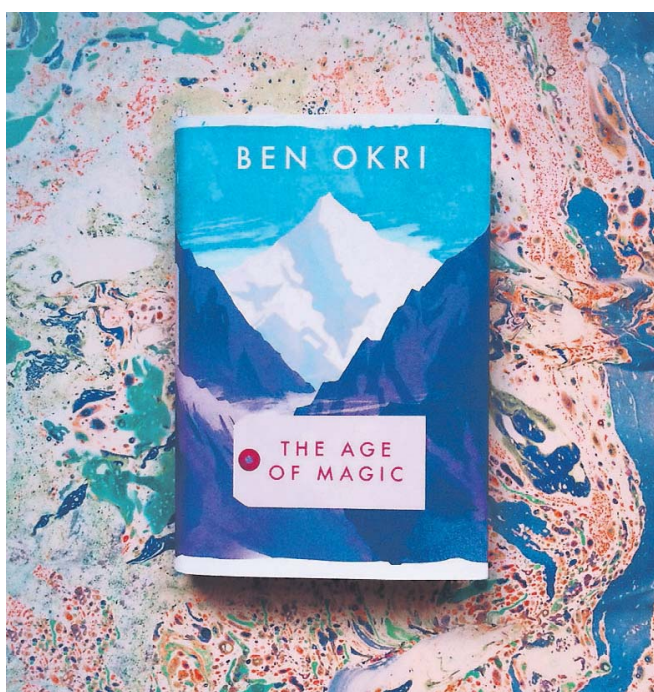
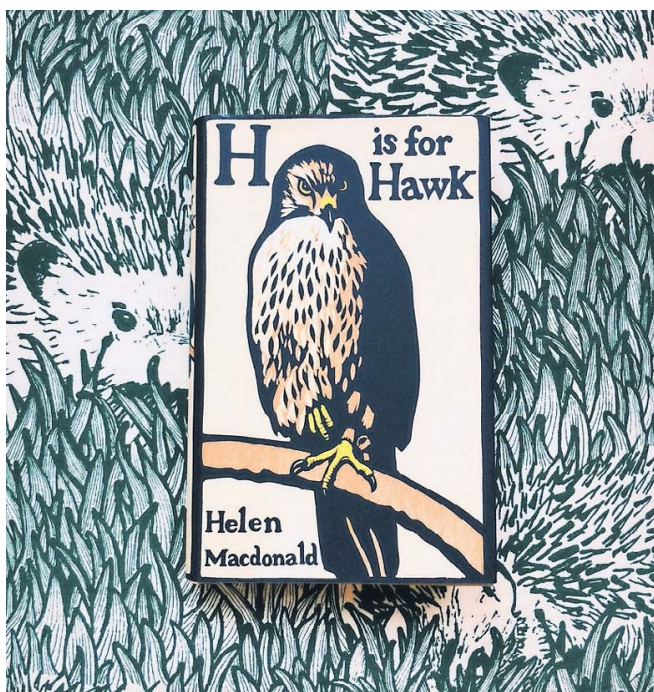


at Curtis Brown. “But now they look so clunky and unhip, don’t they? I guess everyone wants a piece of trendy tech and, unfortunately, there aren’t trendy tech reading devices and I don’t think people are reading long-form fiction on their phones. I think your average reader would say that one of the great pleasures of reading is the physical turning of the page. It slows you down and makes you think.”

Indeed, the take-up of tablets among book buyers has slowed since a flurry between 2012 and 2014, according to Steve Bohme, UK research director at Nielsen, which conducted the research for the Publishing Association. There are fewer new readers of digital books, and they tend to consume physical books as well. Oyster, the so-called Netflix for books, folded after a year.

Another thing that has happened is that books have become celebrated again as objects of beauty. They are coveted in their own right, while ebooks, which are not things of beauty, have become more expensive; a new digital fiction release is often only a pound or two cheaper than a hardback. “Part of the positive

PHOTOGRAPHS JENNIFER COWNIE/@COWNIFER



« pressure that digital has exerted on the industry is that publishers have rediscovered their love of the physical,” says James Daunt, managing director of Waterstones, which published a special Christmas edition of Sarah Perry’s *The Essex Serpent*, more than 80,000 copies of which have been sold by the chain. (He, in common with most people involved with the publishing of physical books, reads on a Kindle, but afterwards buys the books he loves.)

“The physical book had become quite a cheap and tacky thing at the turn of the millennium,” Daunt says. Publishers “cut back on the quality of the paper, so if you left a book in the sun it went yellow. They were gluing, not sewing. They would put a cover on a hardback but not do anything with the hard case underneath. Nowadays, if you take a cover off, there is likely to be something interesting underneath it.”

And that something interesting is likely to gain traction on #bookstagram, a celebration of the aesthetics of books, where books are the supermodels and where readers and non-readers can see cats and dogs reading books, books photographed in landscapes, books posed with croissants, sprays of flowers, homeware, gravestones and cups of coffee, colour-matched and colour-



‘All these people are thinking about how the books are - not just what’s in them, but what they’re like as objects’

clashed with outfits, shoes, biscuits and in what can only be described as book fashion shoots. You just can’t do a shelfie with an e-reader.

Physical books even feature in this spring/summer’s *Fantastic Man* magazine, which advises its fashion-literate readership to take five unread books to the sofa and spend five minutes with each one. “The difference between having read Proust for five minutes and for zero minutes is small, but it is also significant.” (This is how I’m going to crack my lifelong embarrassment about never having read Proust.)

Once upon a time, people bought books because they liked reading. Now they buy books because they like books. “All these people are really thinking about how the books are - not just what’s in them, but what they’re like as objects,” says Jennifer Cownie, who runs the beautiful Bookifer website and the Cownifer Instagram, which match books to decorative papers, and who bought a Kindle but hated it. Summerhayes thinks that “people have books in their house as pieces of art”. One of her authors’ forthcoming works features cover art by someone who designs album covers for Elbow.



“Everyone wants sexy-looking books,” she says. She distinguishes these from “coffee-table books”, which is what we had before #bookstagram. This helps to explain the reinvigoration of independent bookshops, which offer a more styled, or curated, experience.

“We had a near-death experience,” Daunt says, referring to the recession. But, he adds: “When you come under pressure, you have to raise your game, and that’s what has gone on throughout the industry.”

There are other reasons for the decline of consumer ebooks. Children’s books, which represent an area of significant growth, just don’t work well on e-readers (although there are lots of children’s reading apps). Neither do young adult titles, even though this age group might be expected to opt for the most technological reading experience. Daunt’s children “can stick their noses in a book and they are lost in that book”. But when they try to read on a digital machine, “the allure of Snapchat pinging away, it’s a disaster. They think it’s a disaster.”

However, none of this is to say that digital publishing is the enemy of physical book publishing. At Forum Books in Corbridge, Northumberland, founder Helen Stanton has recently collaborated on a Silent Book Disco at the Biscuit Factory art gallery in Newcastle, where visitors could wander around and look at books (rather than works of art) while listening to an appropriate playlist. “A lot of my customers have bought e-readers and are now coming back to books,” she says; the shop is regional winner for the north of England in the Independent Bookshop of the Year category of the Nibbies. “We do a lot of events. We are really trying to connect readers with the author, to bring the book to life.”

Stanton is talking on the phone from a train down to London, where she hopes “to buy equipment” so she can do more silent book discos. Maybe, she says, customers could wander around the bookshop and hear poems at certain places on National Poetry Day. “It’s totally wireless, and if customers didn’t want to hear it, they wouldn’t hear it.”

Fuelled by the success of podcasts such as Serial, the rise of audio is one area of digital success, with downloads up 28%, according to the Publishing

Association. Audio is becoming something of a new battleground in publishing, where audio publishers want to see books on submission at the same time as physical publishers, while physical publishers have become disinclined to acquire books without audio rights. In the US, the Audible Originals programme is commissioning new work - such as Tom Rachman’s interconnected short stories about Donald Trump - which is debuting in audio before print.

To complicate matters, some publishers of physical books are treating ebooks “almost as a marketing tool” before a book comes to print, says Summerhayes. One recent title, for instance, had little interest in its forthcoming print publication, so the publisher released it as an ebook for 99p. It began to sell, to be noticed and get reviewed. At which point the publisher went to the supermarkets that had previously spurned it and they took it up. (In music, this idea echoes how the first releases by artists such as the Weeknd and Frank Ocean were mixtapes given away online; by the time they released “proper” albums for conventional labels, they already had a big fanbase.)

The figures from the Publishing Association should be treated with some caution. They exclude self-published books, a sizable market for ebooks. And, according to Dan Franklin, a digital publishing specialist, more than 50% of genre sales are on ebook. Digital book sales overall are up 6%.

“It’s not about the death of ebooks,” Daunt says. “It’s about ebooks finding their natural level. Even in the years when ebook sales were rising greatly - and clearly cannibalising physical book sales - it was always very clear that we would have a correction and reach an equilibrium.” The UK, he says, has “adopted” ebooks and they will remain a substantial market (while in France, for instance, ebooks are only 3% of the overall market). The last thing he - or any seller or publisher of physical books - wants is the death of the ebook. “We want people to read. We don’t mind how they read,” he stresses. He knows that people who read, sooner or later, will buy books.

i Paula Coccozza’s novel, *How To Be Human*, is published by Hutchinson at £12.99 rrp. To order for £11.04 with free UK p&p, visit bookshop.theguardian.com or call 0330 333 6846.

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Twenty-five years after the LA riots, Spike Lee has made a film about Rodney King, whose beating by the police triggered the uprising. 'Race is always going to be an issue in this country,' he tells **Lanre Bakare**

'Black men are still viewed as predators'

Spike Lee can't recall the first time he saw the grainy video of Rodney King being beaten by LAPD officers in March 1991. Those shaky, now infamous images shot by then 31-year-old plumber George Holliday reverberated first around the United States, and then the world - setting off a chain of events that culminated in an acquittal for the officers involved and five days of protest, violence and looting during which 53 people died. "I don't remember," Lee says, "but we used the footage in the opening to Malcolm X."

Lee set it against audio of Denzel Washington delivering the searing Malcolm X speech I Charge The White Man in the opening credits to his 1992 biopic to draw a clear line between the racism of the US that Malcolm X was rallying against, and that of present day America.

"There's a very powerful photograph by Stanley Forman, it won the Pulitzer prize," he adds. "It's of a black man being stabbed with the American flag - I had the same reaction to the Rodney King footage as when I saw that. The reaction was the same around the world, people were appalled - and appalled even more when that jury let those guys walk. Consequently, you had a - I'm not going to say 'riot' - let me say uprising."

Riot, uprising, wakeup call: whatever you call the events of late April and early May 1992, there has been a serious effort to reevaluate what happened 25 years ago. Five major TV documentaries about the Rodney King verdict and the subsequent unrest have been made. Film-makers including John Ridley, hip-hop journalist turned documentary-maker Sacha Jenkins and LA's most famous portrayer of African-American life, John Singleton, have all delivered passion projects. Lee has directed a film for Netflix called, simply, Rodney King, that adapts Roger Guenveur Smith's one-man play about the man who became synonymous with the US's race and policing problems in the 90s. It's a deeply researched, bravura performance from Smith, who takes King's story from his youth in Altadena and life before the beating, to the troubled years leading to his premature death in 2012 at the age of 47 when he drowned in his swimming pool. For Lee, it adds much-needed nuance to a story that is often portrayed in black-and-white terms.

"I think we live in a society that puts labels on people," Lee tells me across the table at the Chateau Marmont. "Labels can be used to demonise and belittle people, and it's very lazy," he says. His film starts with Smith mimicking those who called King an Uncle Tom for



his “Can’t we all just get along” comments at the height of the riots. “This show says: ‘Wait a minute, there’s another side, this was a human being.’ He had a mother, he had a father.”

There are moments in the film that seem to draw parallels between King and other black men who have suffered at the hands of the police in the US. In one segment, Smith recounts the advice King received to not testify at his own trial because the appearance of a 6ft 2in black man discussing brutality at the hands of the police might not play well. We have since witnessed the testimony of Darren Wilson, who shot dead the black teenager Michael Brown and described the 18-year-old as being “like a demon”; does Lee think the American psyche is conditioned to view black men as inherently dangerous?

“You know the answer to that,” he says, before pausing. “Just look at the fact that black men are still viewed as predators. That has not changed since Rodney King. Race is always going to be an issue in this country, and a lot of times people don’t want to deal with it and it bubbles underneath the surface, and every few years there’s a spark and it comes to the forefront.”

The film is a departure from Lee’s usual approach to documenting seismic moments in African-American history, many of which he has chronicled in more straightforward formats. His *4 Little Girls* focused on the fatal church bombing in Birmingham, Alabama in 1963, which killed four African-American children, and *When the Levees Broke* detailed the events of Hurricane Katrina in a four-part miniseries for HBO. Does he feel a duty to bear witness? “It depends on the subject matter,” he says. “I don’t have the feeling: ‘I *have* to do this, this and this.’ For this film, it was my job to help put the camera in the right place so it’s still respectful of the play.”

Still, Lee is seen as a crucial voice of dissent for black America. Rev Michael L Pflieger, the Chicagoan preacher who inspired the John Cusack character in Lee’s *Chi-raq*, recently described him as the “conscience of Hollywood”. It’s not something that sits well with the director, though. “I didn’t tell him to say that,” he says. “I’m just trying to do my work, I’ve been in the game for 30 years. I don’t think I have this weight on me: ‘Oh, I’m the conscience of Hollywood.’ I don’t really think of myself like that at all.”

Nonetheless, Lee became one of the figures at the forefront of the #oscarssowhite pressure campaign and the Oscars boycott in 2016, after the second consecutive year in which none of the acting categories contained



(From top) Stanley Forman’s Pulitzer prize-winning photo, 1976; Rodney King on 9 March 1991, three days after he was beaten; a police officer attacks protesters, 29 April 1992

‘It’s a myth that there’s no racism in the UK. It’s a bit more undercover’

people of colour. After this year’s event, which was a historic night for black actors, does he feel the tide has turned? “Next year, it’s not inconceivable that no black people will be nominated again,” he says. So, no then? “It’s a wait-and-see situation. I’m very happy, but I want to see it sustain itself and not be like a Wall Street chart that goes up and down.”

For Lee, the problem, which he has been outlining since the 90s, is a structural one where not enough diversity exists in the upper echelons of studios and networks that green-light and sense-check ideas. “Every 10 years there’s a golden age and then there’s a drought,” he says. “So I’m not going to do any somersaults yet.” To Lee, the recent Pepsi advert, which featured Kendall Jenner handing a can of cola to a police officer at a protest, signals just how far there is left to go. “There was nobody of colour in that group to say: ‘You know what, this might not be a good idea. To appropriate black lives matter and we’re going to change the world by handing a soda can to a policeman?’ I’m telling you, nobody of colour was in the room when someone said: ‘This is a great idea.’ It got *made*. Somebody must have thought it was a great idea. Now nobody is claiming it. It made itself. A multi-million dollar commercial appeared out of nowhere.”

Race remains central to Lee’s work, because it remains central to the politics of how we live. “My brother,” he says, “there’s this myth that there’s no racism in the UK. People are just a bit more undercover with it. Plus, you also hide behind - in my opinion - you use the class system as like a cover for that too.” The recent outcry over John Ridley’s casting of *Guerrilla*, the 70s-based drama about the British Black Panthers, which features no black women in lead roles despite their centrality to the movement, is a case in point. He has not seen the series, but says the anger around the casting plays into the larger issue of whitewashing. “People want authentic representations of historical characters,” he says. “People want to see their people and their history reflected as it was and stop lying and stop changing history. To me, let’s be about the truth, everybody: let’s be about the truth.”

Rodney King is on Netflix from 28 April

Food Taste test

It will go down in history as the great hummus crisis of 2017 - the week supermarkets brought Britain to its knees by stripping their shelves of the nation's favourite chickpea-based dip, although, in truth, the subsequent hysteria on social media will probably offer more interesting fodder for future historians. Emotionally distressed devotees of the beige paste described the situation, tongues only slightly wedged in cheeks, as nothing short of "the end of the world" - although in all probability it was Twitter complaints about a "very peculiar" metallic tang in many supermarket brands that led to withdrawal of the own-brand ranges in the first place.

International food producing giant Bakkavor, which supplies hummus to Sainsbury's, among others, confirmed it had contacted the supermarkets concerned to warn them of a problem in the manufacturing process, which had given its hummus an odd flavour. How serious a situation is it? Well, figures suggest almost half of the UK population has a pot of hummus waiting for them in the fridge at any given time (more than twice the number of any other European country according to a 2013 survey), and when you look at the scale of the shortage - it has been withdrawn from sale at some of the country's largest retail chains - you can be forgiven for considering this a genuine foodie crisis. In fact, however, it's a storm in a blender, because it's stupidly easy to make hummus that is far superior to any commercial version at home - and a lot cheaper, too.

One enterprising Sainsbury's store in Chertsey acknowledged this, taping a recipe for hummus on the empty shelves along with directions on where to find all the constituent parts. As they failed to specify quantities for any of the ingredients, though, the results are likely to be a bit of a Levantine roulette. Customers hoping for an exact replica are likely to be disappointed, because, even if they guess the amounts correctly, using olive oil rather than the cheaper rapeseed and water in standard supermarket hummus is likely to make it taste rather different. Better in fact. Perhaps it will even tempt them to change their habits in future.

Just how this Middle Eastern favourite became such a staple on our cold, grey island is unclear; Waitrose was the first major supermarket to introduce it back in the 80s, but it didn't go really mainstream until the mid-90s, when, along with exotica such as sun-dried tomatoes and pesto, it came to represent the cosmopolitan



What hummus crisis?

If you're one of the many around the country left bereft by the sudden shortage of the chickpea dip in supermarkets, fear not! It is quick and easy to make at home, writes **Felicity Cloake**

sunny optimism of New Labour. Unlike the politicians of the time, however, it has stuck around, perhaps thanks to the efforts of Yotam Ottolenghi in bringing Middle Eastern flavours to the national table. Hummus with carrot sticks now seems to be as much a part of many modern British childhoods as bread and dripping was in my grandparents' day. Those of you suffering withdrawal this week, read on and you too can make the perfect emergency hummus in less than five minutes.

The chickpeas

I would be so bold as to claim that hummus has been a victim of its own success - until now it has been so easy to pick up a tub that only the most discerning, or perhaps impecunious, fans have bothered to make their own. I can't entirely absolve myself

of blame; back in 2011, I published a recipe for perfect hummus calling for dried chickpeas, which need soaking for 24 hours, and boiling for up to four before they are ready to use. I stand by my claim that this will generally give the best results, but I would also concede, with the wisdom of age, that it is possible to make delicious hummus with the tinned sort - and an awful lot quicker, too. Even the Lebanese food icon Anissa Helou, who doesn't like "the taste or texture of tinned food", admits that, although she used to make hummus "the old-fashioned slow way", she now favours "jars of excellent ready-cooked chickpeas" instead - and I'm inclined to agree. The Rolls-Royce of legumes, and priced accordingly, these plump golden peas make the richest, butteriest hummus I've ever tasted. But you

**It's stupidly
easy to
make
hummus far
superior to
commercial
versions**

don't need to push the boat out - even basic ranges will do, and unless you've got a fetish for silky smoothness in the dip department, there's no need to spend ages rubbing the skins off the things either as some suggest.

The tahini

You will need tahini. Nigella Lawson prefers peanut butter, and you can certainly substitute this if panicked desperation has cleared the tahini shelves, too, but, although it will taste good, it won't taste much like hummus. Whichever you go for, however, for maximum creaminess, mix it with lemon juice and water before adding it to the chickpeas.

The liquid

My original recipe uses the chickpea cooking water - an ingredient that, in the intervening years, has been rebranded as aquafaba and the saviour of vegans everywhere, thanks to its miraculous ability to whip up just like egg whites. Because the liquid from the tin is likely to be more concentrated than your cooking water, the resulting hummus will be even lighter and airier.

The flavourings

The traditional flavourings of garlic and lemon juice are far nicer than any commercially made pesto or red-onion novelty acts, which also tend to contain oil of some sort. I don't think you need any oil in the dip itself, but a generous drizzle on top not only tastes good, it looks pretty fancy, too. Almost worthy of Ottolenghi himself in fact ... and certainly better than any supermarket version.

(Serves 4)

1 x 400g tin of chickpeas

3 tbsp tahini

Juice of ½ lemon, or to taste

1-2 garlic cloves, according to taste, crushed

Salt, to taste

Olive oil, to top

Drain the chickpeas, reserving the water and setting a few aside as a garnish. Mix the tahini with most of the lemon juice and half the garlic, then stir in enough of the liquid to make a loose paste. Put all of this in a food processor and whizz until smooth.

Add a pinch of salt, then gradually tip in more of the liquid until you reach your desired consistency. Taste and add more lemon juice or salt if necessary.

Serve drizzled with oil and garnished with the remaining chickpeas.



SUGGEST A GADGET

Seen a gadget you want Rhik to try before you buy? Send your ideas to food@theguardian.com

Inspect a gadget

Dot by Joseph Joseph, £9, josephjoseph.com



By Rhik Samadder

What?

Drink receptacle with sprung ratchet cap. When rotated, cap locks into five consecutive positions, marked with a rising series of glyphs to track refills.

Why?

Get fluids, or try dying.

Well?

Reminded of the fortune that rapper 50 Cent has amassed by flogging artificially sweetened water, I hoped this week's gadget was a promotional tie-in on behalf of Dot Cotton, the chain-smoking nonagenarian from EastEnders. Sadly, Dot by Joseph Joseph is not. It is closer in spirit to Fearne Cotton, with packaging that bleats on about hydration and energy and a healthy lifestyle until I want to fill the thing with vodka. Yet Dot is aimed at people like me; people who have a drinking problem. Specifically the problem that water is boring. The idea is that it helps you meet "your hydration goals" by gamifying the entire process. My hydration goals begin and end at "not dying", but I'm listening.

Every time you fill Dot up, it adds a little red dot to a viewing window in the lid. When you clear four dots, you have drunk 2400ml of the good stuff. It's not a very sophisticated game. At best, it's a training round of Connect

Four, due to the fact I have no opponent to interfere with my accumulation of dots, and only one direction to stack them in. Must everything be a game, anyway? Why will I only attend to my basic life-support systems when they are controlled by the arbitrary collection of balls?

As if to ram the point home, the device resembles a large baby's bottle - though an elegant one, with a goldilocks drinking aperture that is not too narrow, not too wide. I do wonder if the gamification is counterproductive. I find that by 11pm every night I have only collected three dots. In an attempt to notch the final mark and clear the board, I skull a litre of water before bed, an ill-fated effort that has me up all hours of the night, urinating. Having said that, I am drinking more. Besides, what's the alternative? Stay healthy, or ... what? (It's the dot dot dot I'm worried about.) So OK, let's play. Balls: I am in your hands.

Redeeming features?

Eight glasses a day never sounded scientific, anyway. Are we talking shots, highballs or coupes? Do water-based mixers count?

Counter, drawer, back of the cupboard?

Fountain of youth. At least, fountain of slightly better skin. 3/5



Dot ... at best, it's a training round of Connect Four

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Will we ever be ready for big bang 2?

Will it ever be possible for humans to recreate the big bang?

It is not inconceivable that around 15bn years ago somebody else did just that in a lab somewhere and this universe is the result.

But the question cannot be answered because we don't know how to do it, which is not to say that we never shall. We don't know how to create a true democracy or make coffee that tastes as good as the beans smell, so we are clearly a long way from ticking all the boxes on our to-do list. But essentially it is a question of a sufficient energy density, which we might be able to achieve in a small space for a minute fraction of a second - which is all it would take.

fabcat21

Alan Guth wrote a chapter in his 1997 book *The Inflationary Universe* to discuss the research done by him and his postgrads on this question. The short answer is no. To recreate the big bang, you need to create a "false vacuum" (a tiny region of space, much smaller than an atom, which explosively inflates, creating space for the universe to live in), but to do so you need to create a white hole, and by definition no one can create a white hole. Why? Because a white hole begins time. Nothing can exist before the white hole to create it.

Trung Doan, Springvale South, Victoria, Australia

If we had the ability, some moron would do it. It would be like the irresistible red button that says: "Do Not Push."

PrakashShah

We already have. We are now on the journey back to find out why we did, and why it turned out to be such a bad idea.

The Termagant

I hope not.

bcarey

Chocolate digestives with white cheese?

On a packet of McVitie's milk chocolate digestives brought recently in France, it suggested enjoying them with "white cheese". Is eating chocolate biscuits with cheese common in France? Do readers know of any other peculiar international food-pairings?

I suspect you have misunderstood the French. "Fromage blanc" is nothing like English white cheese such as mild cheddar. It's more like a yoghurt product and is often served with little crispy biscuits to scoop it or fruit puree to sweeten.

Rachel Higham

A friend once introduced me (at the impressionable age of 18, when I began to be interested in cooking and entertaining) to chocolate digestives with Shropshire blue, when she brought them for dessert after the meal I cooked for her. I was sceptical, but soon converted: the subtle, creamy



ANY ANSWERS?

The water bottle I refill and drink out of most days at work has a blurb on the back stating: "Once opened, keep refrigerated and consume within three days ... for hygiene reasons refilling is not recommended". Is there any plausible reason for this? Or do they just want to make you buy more?
manyofhorror

How did the Romans communicate with the many and various cultures they occupied?
Stuart Hammal, Portsmouth

Send questions and answers to nq@theguardian.com or online at theguardian.com/lifeandstyle/series/notes-and-queries. Please include name, address and phone number.



Mmmm ... now where's the fromage blanc?

bitter taste of Shropshire blue really complements the sweet bitterness of dark chocolate digestives.

Faith Bradbury, Norfolk

In the early 70s my brother and I used to make a sandwich of two chocolate digestives (chocolate side in) with a triangle of Swiss Knight cheese (like Dairylea triangles). The pack came with several flavours - emmental, edam etc - but gruyère was best.

Mark Taylor, Truro, Cornwall

I don't know about international, but my wife (from Belfast) says a kipper isn't a kipper without a spot of marmalade.

Jimmy Hibbert Manchester

Texels - the sheep that frighten dogs

Since sheep have been farmed for millennia, why have no breeds evolved into being less nervous of humans?

Not all sheep are nervous of people. Some years ago, on entering a field while looking for a campsite for my Scouts, I was "attacked" by half-a-dozen sheep that made a dash for me; one even planted its forehooves on my chest. Just before panic set in, I twigged - they were young sheep that as lambs had been bottle-fed.

Keith Fanshawe, Kings Langley, Herts

Try Texels - with their strong, square shoulders they try to face you down. One allowed my Labrador puppy to sniff him all round, then head-butted him. Now the dog is nervous of sheep.

John Loader, West Witton, N Yorks

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Beyond reason

Netflix's *13 Reasons Why* has been castigated for its depiction of suicide. **Zoe Williams** looks at the best and worst ways culture tackles this traumatic subject - from YA novels to podcasts and West End dramas
Warning: this article contains spoilers for S-Town

If there was a list of ways not to portray suicide, this would tick every box. The new Netflix series *13 Reasons Why*, adapted from the novel by Jay Asher, is about a teenager called Hannah Baker who takes her own life. She leaves behind a set of cassette tapes, each addressed to a different person in her life, detailing how they hurt her and contributed to her death.

It's a revenge fantasy, so it portrays suicide as an act that will achieve something. It's aimed at a young audience, who are particularly susceptible to contagion, and particularly likely to experience suicidal thoughts. It normalises and legitimises the act. It goes into too much and too graphic detail about the suicide itself - which is expressly against Ofcom guidelines because, however horrible it is to watch, this can still be read as a how-to.

The series depicts suicide as a reasonable response to a set of challenges that anybody might experience, and lays it at the feet of other people. It's wrong from so many angles that it's almost as if it were devised as a training manual for how not to use suicide as a plot point. Indeed, the Samaritans released a statement about the show that didn't trouble itself overmuch with the details of the programme's transgressions, perhaps considering them too obvious. Instead, the

charity goes straight for Netflix: "It is extremely concerning that a drama series, aimed at a young audience, can be produced outside of the UK and made available to UK audiences and yet not subject to UK media regulation."

It wasn't until the opening line of *13 Reasons Why* became a buzz-phrase that the show's insensitivity became fully apparent. "Welcome to your tape" is how Baker addresses each of the characters as the episodes begin. It became a Twitter response to minor annoyance, as in: "Me: can I have a soy latte. Starbucks employee: we're out of soy. Me: Welcome to your tape." This show has done more than trivialise and normalise an aching need for a cause of death, one that leaves a seam of pain in the landscape around it for ever. It has actually introduced that triviality into the lexicon.

One in five adults will experience suicidal ideation at some point in their lives. Silence intensifies the shame that already accompanies such thoughts. The important thing is to discuss the idea of suicide as a feeling, rather than the act as something final - and thereby liberating or cathartic. In this way, *13 Reasons Why* breaks the cardinal rule: don't look for external causes or circumstances that could happen to anybody when you're dealing with suicide.



To look for a culprit is to simplify something that leaves only chaos

The important thing is not to present it as a reasonable, if extreme, response.

In its treatment of suicide as an event with a cause, the series somehow also manages to misrepresent all the other possible events of a teenager's life. As Chloe Combi, author of *Generation Z*, the most insightful book on modern teens I have ever read, says of the show: "I don't think you can properly explore the impact of date rape, or of sexual shaming, or of losing your best friend, if your starting point is that you're analysing suicide as an act and looking at those things as reasons."

The adult world often deems topics inappropriate for children, even while children are actually living through those inappropriate topics. Young adult fiction is a vital corrective.

As the author Sophie Hamilton says: "It's very important that kids have books that discuss the issues they're facing in a grown-up way. Just that feeling that you're not alone gives you strength."

So just because Netflix's *13 Reasons Why* does a disservice to Asher's book, it doesn't mean,





Clockwise from above, **Katherine Langford in 13 Reasons Why;** **S-Town producer Brian Reed recording;** **Sylvia Plath**

of course, that suicide should never be portrayed in culture. At the Royal Court in London, rehearsals are under way for *Anatomy of a Suicide*, opening in June, written by Alice Birch. The play, which has three scenes happening simultaneously all the time, is about three generations of women. It considers the extent to which suicide is inherited.

Its director, Katie Mitchell, knows how “perilous” the territory is. “No play could claim to fully investigate suicide,” she tells me. “Plays have a narrow spectrum of investigation. We’re trying to make three characters, and make those characters make choices.” Unlike *13 Reasons Why*, in which, as Combi points out, “the characters are all very underdeveloped”.

The complexity comes when the demands of drama - suspense, resolution, good guys, bad guys - meet the realities of suicidal despair, in which none of those frames are very helpful.

In the US, *13 Reasons Why* has often been contrasted with *S-Town*,

the latest piece of investigative journalism from the makers of the hit podcast *Serial*. It starts as one story - of corruption, violence, unsolved murder, cover-ups - and abruptly, halfway through, turns into something else: the horrific suicide of its protagonist, its reasons and its aftermath.

That description makes it sound as if it breaks the cardinal rule. And it does, to an extent. But its investigation does something important and humane, which is to exculpate another person who, inevitably otherwise, would have blamed himself. However, non-fiction raises a whole new thicket of thorns: a real person killed himself, and the dissection of his despair has a voyeuristic tang.

Maybe it’s OK, and laudable even, to consider in such close detail the interior life - the history, the secrets, the pain, the delusions - of the man who is gone, but can it possibly be edifying to enjoy it so much? Whichever way you cut it, it’s a whodunnit, though the question isn’t so much “who” done it as

“which emotion”. And that gives it a thrilling pace, each inquiry reaching a crescendo of curiosity, which is then released in a discovery.

It just doesn’t feel right when there is a real tragedy at its core. As soon as a real event takes on the rhythm of a story, the audience becomes a jury, arbitrating right and wrong. So, as a listener, you can know that a suicide should never be ascribed to, or blamed on, another person or event and yet still do it.

Often, especially with a historical suicide, the act has been filed in the collective consciousness as a mystery, meaning there’s excitement in finding a clue. The recent discovery of letters from the poet Sylvia Plath to her American therapist turned friend Ruth Barnhouse, in the two years before her suicide in 1963, revealed a claim that Ted Hughes was violent towards her, beat her up two days before she had a miscarriage, and openly wished she would die. His estate strenuously denies this.

The temptation is to feed this new information into the algorithm of what drove Plath to take her life. Indeed, it feels as though it would dishonour her memory not to. Yet to look for a culprit at all in suicide is to misrepresent, flatten out and simplify the truth of it, give the neatness of a reason to an act that can never be neat, an act that leaves only loose ends and chaos.

Ultimately, whether fictional or not, the account of a suicide plays with this grenade: it is so difficult - whether by glamorising it or making it thrilling, whether you find a cause or accept no cause - to render it as anything but definitive and final. Whereas suicide is anything but final. It echoes into everything afterwards. It is the definition of a life unfinished.

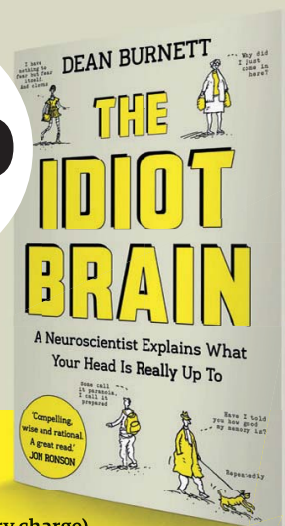
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Pioneertown in California looks exactly how it sounds, which is like an old western movie set, which is what it was when it was founded in the 1940s. It is the kind of place you can imagine drinking the heat away with Gene Autry. Instead, I am discussing the joys of speedskating with Swedish electro band Little Dragon.

“It’s just a very nice thing to have in your life,” says drummer Erik Bodin, earnestly. “I feel like I have the same drive as somebody who could get to the Olympics. But I’m too old.”

“It’s never too late,” says the singer Yukimi Nagano, patting his shoulder.

Are all those bruises on Bodin’s legs from the skating? He looks at his calves. “No, those are from weightlifting,” he replies phlegmatically.

“And helping me move rocks,” chirps keyboard player Håkan Wirenstrand who is building a stone

Enter the dragons

The eccentric Swedish psych-pop stars behind Ritual Union are back – with a new album and a baby on board. **Hadley Freeman** catches Little Dragon at Coachella

house just outside Gothenburg with his family. “It’s a very fun activity,” he adds and, just in case this conversation wasn’t making Little Dragon sound sufficiently wholesome in a distinctly Swedish way, here’s an image: Wirenstrand, who has the beard of a wizard and the long thinning hair of a trendy geography teacher, is wearing knee-length shorts, sandals and socks.

We are in a small cottage behind Pappy and Harriet’s, a frankly brilliant Tex-Mex restaurant and improbable music mecca out in the desert. It’s definitely the most happening place in Pioneertown. Paul McCartney, Arctic Monkeys and Robert Plant have all played here – and in six hours Little Dragon will too, launching their new album, the charmingly upbeat *Season High*, and kicking off their US tour.

The band are visibly nervous about this, their first gig for three years. Nagano, bassist Fred Wallin (no beard),

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labs

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Bodin (beardier) and Wirenstrand (beardiest) are all very friendly, but their answers are stilted. When I ask the softest question about whether there's anyone they're looking forward to seeing at Coachella, the festival we're heading for tomorrow, they look flummoxed. After a few seconds, Wirenstrand replies: "We're very focused on just getting our stuff together." The other three nod tightly.

Still, at least they have a lucky mascot. Jaxon, Nagano's 14-month-old son, has come along. When I arrive, he is in his mother's arms, grinning happily at his three surrogate dads. Although Nagano recoils from questions about his father, it is rumoured to be a hip-hop legend. So it is not surprising that Jaxon is the coolest 14-month-old I have ever seen. Over the next two days, I spot him at various points bopping away to Fleetwood Mac and, of course, Little Dragon.

"He's the love of my life," Nagano murmurs, nuzzling his cheek.

"I'm very impressed by the strength you have, grabbing this kid under your arm and being like, 'OK, we gotta go hunt!'" says Bodin. "It's impossible to separate your music from your life."

The most common line about Little Dragon, who have been together since school in Gothenburg more than 20 years ago, is that they're the band that almost made it. But this isn't really fair, not least because it depends on the idea that there was a level of success the band were aiming for, which would require far more careerist calculation than they could ever manage. Their biggest success remains the 2011 single *Ritual Union*, which you have heard at every hipster party and in every high street store. Any other band would be pretty tempted to knock out more of the same, but Little Dragon's reaction was precisely the opposite.

Nagano explains: "There are comments people make, 'Oh, there's no *Ritual Union* on the album!'" She karate chops the air, as if fending off such advice from label bosses. "Or, 'You should do an acoustic album



'We struggle to finish songs' ... Little Dragon; left, performing at Coachella

because Radio 1 is playing a lot of acoustic!"

"Ugh that finger! I want to cut it off!" cries Bodin, grabbing Nagano's scolding digit. "The real template is doing something you like yourself, that makes you think, 'This is strange and groovy! WHAT is going on?'"

Season High is definitely strange and groovy. If their previous album, *Nabuma Rubberband*, was influenced by the wooziness of Janet Jackson ballads, then here the sound is reminiscent of the more energetic back catalogues of Prince and Kelis. This is partly because, for the first time, the band brought in an outside producer: Simian Mobile Disco's James Ford. Was it hard letting someone else into the hermetic world of their Gothenburg studio?

"You know," says Nagano, "we have an easy time coming up with songs, but we sometimes have a struggle finishing them. So having James Ford come in at the end was really helpful because it was someone from the outside. He was like, 'How about ...?' And we were like, 'Yeah!' It was really simple."

A few hours later, the sun has set and, in the back garden of the restaurant, hordes of hipsters are eating barbecue. When Nagano climbs on stage, wrapped in what looks like a giant bridal veil, she looks at the crowd anxiously, but visibly relaxes as they cheer. The show has their usual psychedelic feel, but the songs have surprising heft, coming mainly from Bodin's drums. Turns out all that

'I was like, "OK, gotta get the lyrics down before the baby comes!"'

weightlifting gives percussion oomph.

The next day, the band spend a few hours in Pioneertown before heading over to Coachella. When they arrive, they try to find some food, but a 10-minute walk in the sun now feels like an hour to Nagano, worrying about her baby. "Having him definitely makes the touring experience less chill," she says, with some understatement. Given that she was pregnant when working on the album, does she think that contributed to its happy mood? "Almost certainly. It also made me hurry up because I was like, 'OK, gotta get these lyrics down before that baby comes!'"

The band played Coachella in 2014 and, in two months, will be returning to Glastonbury. How do the two festivals compare? "It's very clean here," says Nagano a little sceptically, looking at the picture perfect Empire Polo Club, where Coachella takes place. You can see why American artists are so bewildered by Worthy Farm after playing here, I say. "Well, we play Swedish festivals, so we know it can be worse," says Bodin.

In the evening, they hang out while Jaxon settles down for the night. Nagano looks brilliant in a satin sports jacket and pleated lurex red skirt pierced with safety pins, but this is casual for her, and she excitedly shows me her stage outfit, which I can only describe as punk kabuki. Does she feel pressure to be the sexy frontwoman? "A bit, but that's just not me, that's not this band. I was more surprised when people described me as 'quirky'. I didn't know - I'm just being me!"

When they head off for their set, the tent is only half-full but the band seem delighted to be there, especially Nagano whose veil looks like a giant flame flying out of her head. They play a few old hits, but the emphasis is on the new album. The combination of dreamy psychedelia and dance pop is perfect for this California festival and the tent is soon packed. Little Dragon brought people to them, doing things their way.

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This is durham



My best shot John Downing 'The mujahideen smuggled me into Afghanistan hunched up in an ambulance wearing a burqa'

In the early 1980s, I was travelling in Afghanistan with the mujahideen, the rebels who were fighting the Russians with the only weapons they had: AK47 rifles and a few rocket launchers. They were tremendously dramatic looking and made for fantastic photographs.

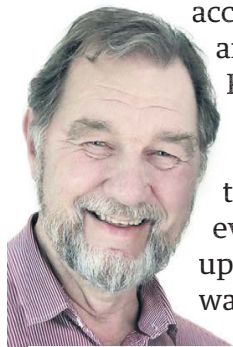
Nobody was getting into the country at the time, but a reporter and I went to Peshawar on the Pakistan border where some mujahideen agreed to take us in. We travelled in an old ambulance with me sitting in the back wearing a burqa, pretending to be a woman.

Once we'd passed the border, we set off on foot. This was the first time journalists had travelled with the mujahideen, and it was the most physically demanding thing I'd ever done. We'd get up around 4am and walk until midday, rest a couple of hours in the heat, then walk for another four hours. We were there for six weeks and I lost two stone.

We never stayed in the same place longer than two nights because the Afghans feared being discovered by the

Russians. This was taken at one of the safe houses where we rested. There was no electricity and it was pitch dark, so I made a tripod with stones, opened the shutter, then went into each room one by one and set off a flash. I had no idea if it had worked until I got back home and developed the film.

On this trip, I had a run-in with the son of the mujahideen leader after he shot this beautiful white bird just for fun. We got into an argument and he challenged me to target a small rock. He said if he hit it, he would kill me. And if I hit it, I could kill him. I've never carried a gun - I don't believe journalists should - but I was so angry I accepted the challenge and borrowed a soldier's Kalashnikov.



He aimed and missed. Then I aimed, trying to remember everything I had picked up about shooting. Luck was with me. I hit the rock. There was dead



THE CV

Born: Llanelli, Wales, 1940.

Training: Apprenticeship on the Daily Mail at 15.

Influences: W Eugene Smith, Don McCullin, David Douglas Duncan.

High point: 'First time I won photographer of the year.'

Low point: 'Can't think of one. I'm an optimist.'

Top tip: 'Shoot it on the way out - it may not be there on the way back.'

silence. I turned to the young lad and said: "Where would you like to die?" It was extremely tense. Then - suddenly - everyone realised I was joking and laughed.

I got my big break at the Daily Express. The competition was steep: they had 64 staff photographers and 14 freelancers, of which I was the lowliest. But I'd learned a trick: to keep my vaccinations topped up. When the famine started in East Pakistan - now Bangladesh - I was the only photographer whose cholera jab was up to date. It was shocking seeing so many dead and dying, especially children. I just photographed everything and ended up a runner-up in the World Press photo contest. I'd proved myself and started to get the big foreign assignments. I was in Uganda during Idi Amin's coup.

I've had a wonderful career and I'm proud of my work, but I love music too. I sing in a choir. I'd give it all up to be able to play classical piano like my wife.
Interview by Kim Willsher

In 2009, five months into a tour of Afghanistan, 20-year-old Royal Marine Andy Grant was injured in an IED explosion.

He lay on the ground, temporarily blinded, while the patrol's medic James Smith applied a tourniquet to the damaged femoral artery in his right leg. They then waited for a helicopter to come to take him to safety. "It was the best feeling in the world to hear it," remembers Andy. "Because there's an unwritten rule that if you're still breathing when you get in, you'll make it."

The inclusion of such a detail - along with his almost throwaway comment that losing his mother to leukaemia when he was 12 had been harder - promised more than **Paragon** (ITV) ultimately delivered. The rest of the programme concentrated in the main on Andy's desire to beat the world record and become the fastest single-leg amputee in the world over 10km, and his training to that end. Which is, of course, a tribute to the man's indomitable spirit and talent, but in skipping so lightly over his 18 months of rehab (after two weeks in an induced coma) and the eventual decision to have his injured leg amputated, the programme itself felt oddly skewed, leaving the viewer emotionally underinvested.

I can imagine that Andy himself did not want the makers to dwell on the past, but rather to face, like he does, ever forward. And his physical accomplishments will surely be an inspiration to many. But I would have liked to have known more about how it felt to go, as he put it, from being a marine to someone being spoon-fed by his dad? To come to terms, at 20, with the loss of such a powerful identity? He says he didn't get depressed but "very low" after his amputation, but what did those around him think? At the end, he is invited to the Royal Marines' sportsman's dinner to be awarded



Last night's TV

An inspiring rehabilitation tale - but it could have said so much more

By Lucy Mangan



their colours and he says that being accepted back into the brotherhood meant more to him than anything else. Does brotherhood not survive injury in its service? If not, isn't that the saddest, most brutal thing - tales of IED explosions notwithstanding - that you have ever heard? Touching on such matters might have given his story an even wider application.

An ITV documentary about a courageous man tackling a rare world record is, I understand, never going to be the place to delve too deeply into questions of masculinity or mental health, and this was a programme designed to pay tribute to rather than interrogate its subject. And, within these parameters, it did a fine job. The marines and his mother should be proud of their boy.



AND ANOTHER THING

.....
Silicon Valley is back and it's better than ever. If it had lost the plot, I don't know what I would have done. It is my rock in these uncertain times.

Line of fire ... commando Andy Grant, whose story is explored in **Paragon**

I have more in common with most types of murderer than I do with sporty dog owners, but nevertheless I was sad to say goodbye last night to **Me and My Dog: The Ultimate Contest** (BBC2), the four-part series presented by Chris Packham and Sian Ryan that takes your mind off impending nuclear destruction for an hour, by offering you the sight of dogs and their owners taking part in various challenges in gentle, kindly fashion. It's a giant love-in, basically. The dogs adore their owners unreservedly and vice versa ("He's a stoic, beautiful, lovely hound!"). Every achievement is revelled in by all, every failure or transgression instantly forgiven and excused. Nothing can alter these bonds. It's very soothing.

In the final episode, the pooches had to try to master associative learning. They were shown a picture of a toy and then had to pick it out of a lineup. Some could do it. A bit. Some could not. At all. Like Flapjack. "He's handsome," beamed his owner Toni. "But fairly thick." Labrador owners across the country surely beamed in solidarity and hugged their beloved beasts even closer.

Then it was on to the deciding triathlon - a 2k cycle race (Mitch still failing to break the habit of a lifetime and run ahead of Colin instead of to heel; oh Mitch, you faithful beauty, you), followed by a 100m swim (for people only, thanks to the discovery of blue-green algae, potentially fatal to dogs, in the lake waters), and a 1.5k cross-country run (won - as was the contest overall - by Josh and Doug, after Betty decided to stop and take a poo). Betty's the dog, FYI.

Josh got a silver cup, Doug got a bowlful of cheese and everyone went home happy. Absolutely barking - the stoic, lovely lot of them - but happy.



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TV and radio

Film of the day

Le Quattro Volte (1.50am, Film4)

Michelangelo Frammartino's drama journeys through the seasons via an ailing goatherd, a goat, a fir tree and a kiln. It is profound, and at times very funny.



Watch this

Born to Kill

9pm, Channel 4

Episode two of the taut, menacing four-parter (from the production company behind *Line of Duty*) about a teenage boy with a psychopathic side. Sam's friendship with Oscar turns ugly, compounding Jenny's fears that something about her son's behaviour isn't quite right. Meanwhile, fellow nurse Cathy is questioned by police following Mr Williams's death at the hospital (orchestrated, of course, by Sam), and Jenny visits the prison for the parole hearing. *Hannah J Davies*

Mind Over Marathon

9pm, BBC1

Conclusion of Nick Knowles's two-parter following the progress of a group of runners whose preparations for the London Marathon are rendered still more daunting by their mental health issues. The group have been assembled by Heads Together, a mental health charity led by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince Harry, all of whom turn up at a final training session, as the hopefuls acclimatise themselves to longer and longer distances. *Andrew Mueller*

Locked Up

10pm, Channel 4

Television has a fascination with women's prisons that stretches back to *Within These Walls* in the 1970s and, more recently, *Orange Is the New Black*, to which this Spanish drama has been compared. Tonight, Maggie Civantos's Macarena comes to rue her friendship with the dangerous Zulema; she is now a fugitive, more trapped than ever. Meanwhile, the authorities show their dissatisfaction with Miranda by appointing a new chief of security. *David Stubbs*

Bucket

10pm, BBC4

Part three of the comedy about an incorrigible septuagenarian (Miriam Margolyes, *below*) whose cautious adult daughter (writer Frog Stone) feels obliged to help with a wacky list of dying wishes. It's time for second cousin Gemma's wedding, which means much more of Stephanie Beacham as the hellishly snobby and controlling mother of the bride - another archetype too simply drawn for the moments of pathos to take hold. Making a wedding episode feel fresh is a big ask. *Jack Seale*

The Trip to Spain

10.05pm, Sky Atlantic

There's a melancholy tint to this series; a sense of time running out for the characters and format. A certain testiness has seeped into the Brydon-Coogan relationship, a sense that however much they resist, they're trapped in their roles. It's still redeemingly funny, though. Tonight, Coogan risks a Jimmy Savile impression and Brydon muses on Eddie Redmayne ("The kind of name an upper-middle-class girl would give her pony"). *Phil Harrison*



Bucket, BBC4

BBC1

6.0 **Breakfast** (T) **9.15** **Health: Truth or Scare** (T) **10.0** **Homes Under the Hammer** (T) **11.0** **The Sheriffs Are Coming** (T) **11.45** **Claimed and Shamed** (T) **12.15** **Bargain Hunt** (T) **1.0** **News** (T) **1.45** **Doctors** (T) **2.15** **The Boss** (T) **3.0** **Escape to the Country** (T) **3.45** **Garden Rescue** (T) **4.30** **Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is** (T) **5.15** **Pointless** (T) **6.0** **News** (T) **6.30** **Regional News** (T) **6.55** **Party Election Broadcast** (T) **7.0** **The One Show** (T) **7.30** **EastEnders** (T)

8.0 **MasterChef** (T) Six more hopefuls try their hand at professional service, preparing lunch at Roux in Parliament Square.

9.0 **Mind Over Marathon** (T) Part two of two. The runners are joined at a training day by the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, which proves a boost ahead of their marathon attempt.

10.0 **BBC News at Ten** (T)

10.30 **BBC Regional News and Weather** (T)

10.45 **Question Time** (T) Oxford

11.45 **This Week** (T) Andrew Neil introduces a round-table politics chat.

12.30 **Weather for the Week Ahead** (T) **12.35** **BBC News** (T)

BBC2

6.0 **Flog It! Trade Secrets** (T) **6.30** **Garden Rescue** (T) **7.15** **Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is** (T) **7.15** **Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is** (T) **8.0** **Sign Zone. Gardeners' World** (T) **9.0** **Victoria Derbyshire** (T) **11.0** **BBC Newsroom Live** (T) **12.0** **Daily Politics** (T) **1.0** **Live Snooker: The World Championship** (T) Coverage from Sheffield, where the first semi-final gets under way. **6.0** **Eggheads** (T) **6.30** **Debatable** (T) **7.0** **Live Snooker: The World Championship** (T)

8.0 **The World According to Kids** (T) Further insight into how children see the world from a boxing club in London, a pony club in Berkshire and a choir in Liverpool.

9.0 **The Last Kingdom** (T) Wessex is thrown into chaos when Æthelflæd goes missing, and Oda questions whether Alfred is capable of doing what is best.

10.0 **Live at the Apollo** (T) (R)

10.30 **Newsnight** (T)

11.10 **Weather** (T)

11.15 **Snooker: The World Championship** (T)

12.05 **Top Gear** (T) (R) **1.05** **Top Gear: Extra Gear** (T) **1.30** **Sign Zone. MasterChef** (T) (R) **2.0** **American Justice** (T) (R) **3.0** **Turkey With Simon Reeve** (T) (R) **4.0** **This Is** BBC2 (T)

Other channels

CBBC

7.0am **Arthur** **7.10** **League of Super Evil** **7.25** **Dennis the Menace and Gnasher** **7.40** **Newsround** **7.45** **Class Dismissed** **8.0** **Odd Squad** **8.15** **Newsround** **8.20** **Little Roy** **8.35** **Millie Inbetween** **9.05** **Millie Inbetween** **9.30** **So Awkward** **10.0** **Wolfblood** **10.30** **Top Class** **10.55** **Pocket Money Pitch** **11.25** **Twin It to Win It** **11.35** **Officially Amazing** **11.50** **Hacker Time** **12.20** **Diddy TV** **12.35** **Roy** **1.05** **Shaun the Sheep** **1.10** **Shaun the Sheep** **1.20** **Matilda and the Ramsay Bunch** **1.35** **Tracy Beaker Returns** **2.05** **Top Class** **2.30** **Pocket Money Pitch** **3.0** **Dennis the Menace and Gnasher** **3.15** **Zig and Zag** **3.25** **Bottersnikes & Gumbles** **3.40** **Odd Squad** **3.50** **HH: Gory Games Play Along** **4.20** **Newsround** **4.30** **4 O'Clock Club** **5.0** **4 O'Clock Club** **5.30** **Blue Peter** **6.0** **Scream Street** **6.10** **Dragons: Defenders of Berk** **6.35** **Dennis the Menace and Gnasher** **6.45** **Danger Mouse** **7.0** **Horrible Histories** **7.30** **Blue Peter** **8.0** **The Dumping Ground** **8.30** **4 O'Clock Club**

E4

All programmes from 6.55am to 6pm are double bills. **6.0am** **Hollwoaks** **6.30** **Coach**

ITV2

6.55 **Baby Daddy** **7.55** **Rules of Engagement** **8.55** **Brooklyn Nine-Nine** **10.0** **Melissa & Joey** **11.0** **Baby Daddy** **12.0** **How I Met Your Mother** **1.0** **The Goldbergs** **2.0** **The Big Bang Theory** **3.0** **How I Met Your Mother** **4.0** **Brooklyn Nine-Nine** **5.0** **New Girl** **6.0-8.30** **The Big Bang Theory** **8.30** **Kevin Can Wait** **9.0** **Brooklyn Nine-Nine** **9.30** **New Girl** **10.0-11.0** **The Inbetweeners** **11.0-12.0** **The Big Bang Theory** **12.0** **Tattoo Fixers** **1.05** **Rude Tube** **2.05-3.0** **The Inbetweeners** **3.0** **Kevin Can Wait** **3.20** **Brooklyn Nine-Nine** **3.45** **New Girl** **4.05** **Rules of Engagement** **4.25** **Rules of Engagement** **4.50** **Melissa & Joey** **5.10** **Charmed**

Film4

11.0am **FILM** **A Lawless Street** (1955) **12.35** **FILM** **The China Syndrome** (1979) **2.55** **FILM** **The Wonderful Country** (1959) **4.55** **FILM** **The Night of the Grizzly** (1966) **7.05** **FILM** **The Two Faces of January** (2014) **9.0** **FILM** **The Monuments Men** (2014) **11.20** **FILM** **Good Will Hunting** (1997) **1.50** **FILM** **Le Quattro Volte** (2010)

ITV2

6.0am **Totally Bonkers Guinness World Records** **6.10** **You've Been Framed! Gold** **6.35** **Below Deck** **7.20** **Ellen DeGeneres** **8.0** **Emmerdale** **8.30** **Coronation Street** **9.0** **Totally Bonkers Guinness World Records** **9.10** **Psych** **10.05** **Below Deck** **11.20** **Who's Doing the Dishes?** **12.25** **Emmerdale** **12.55** **Coronation Street** **1.30** **You've Been Framed! Gold** **2.0** **Ellen DeGeneres** **2.50** **Jeremy Kyle** **3.55** **Jeremy Kyle** **5.0** **Judge Rinder** **6.0** **You've Been Framed! Gold** **6.30** **You've Been Framed! Gold** **7.0** **You've Been Framed! Top 100 Weddings** **8.0** **Two and a Half Men** **8.30** **Two and a Half Men** **9.0** **Mom** **9.30** **Mom** **10.0** **Celebrity Juice** **11.0** **Family Guy** **11.30** **Family Guy** **12.0** **Family Guy** **12.30** **American Dad!** **12.55** **American Dad!** **1.25** **Totally Bonkers Guinness World Records** **1.55** **Totally Bonkers Guinness World Records** **2.20** **Teleshopping** **5.50** **ITV2 Nightscreen**

More4

8.55am **A Place in the Sun: Winter Sun** **10.0** **A Place in the Sun: Winter Sun** **11.0-1.40** **Four in a Bed** **1.40** **A Place in the Sun: Winter Sun** **2.40** **A Place in the Sun: Winter Sun** **3.45** **Time Team** **4.50** **Time Team** **5.50** **Vet on the Hill** **6.55** **The Secret Life of the Zoo**

7.55 **Grand Designs** **9.0** **The Good Fight** **10.05** **A Very British Hotel** **11.10** **8 Out of 10 Cats Does Countdown** **12.10** **Kitchen Nightmares USA** **1.10** **The Good Fight** **2.15** **8 Out of 10... Countdown** **3.15** **8 Out of 10 Cats**

Sky1

6.0am **Hawaii Five-0** **7.0** **Animal House** **7.30** **Animal House** **8.0** **Monkey Life** **8.30** **Monkey Life** **9.0** **It's Me or the Dog** **9.30** **It's Me or the Dog** **10.0** **Nothing to Declare** **10.30** **Nothing to Declare** **11.0** **Nothing to Declare** **12.0** **NCIS: Los Angeles** **1.0** **Hawaii Five-0** **2.0** **Hawaii Five-0** **3.0** **Road Wars** **4.0** **Road Wars** **5.0** **The Simpsons** **5.30** **Modern Family** **6.0** **Modern Family** **6.30** **The Simpsons** **7.0** **The Simpsons** **7.30** **The Simpsons** **8.0** **The Simpsons** **8.30** **The Simpsons** **9.0** **A League of Their Own** **10.0** **Anthony Joshua v Romesh & Rob** **11.0** **Wladimir Klitschko: Behind the Ropes** **11.30** **Anthony Joshua: Behind the Ropes** **12.0** **Stan Lee's Lucky Man** **1.0** **Hawaii Five-0** **2.0** **Revolution** **3.0** **Arrow** **4.0** **Animal House** **4.30** **Animal House** **5.0** **Road Wars**

Sky Arts

6.0am **Treasures of the British Library** **7.0** **Auction** **7.30** **Auction** **8.0** **Tales of**



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ITV	Channel 4	Channel 5	BBC 4
<p>6.0 Good Morning Britain (T) 8.30 Lorraine (T) 9.25 The Jeremy Kyle Show (T) 10.30 This Morning (T) 12.30 Loose Women (T) 1.30 ITV Lunchtime News (T) 1.55 Local News (T) 2.0 Judge Rinder (T) 3.0 Culinary Genius (T) 3.59 Local News/Weather (T) 4.0 Tipping Point (T) 5.0 The Chase (T) 6.0 Local News (T) 6.25 Party Election Broadcast (T) 6.30 ITV Evening News (T) 7.0 Emmerdale (T) 7.30 Tonight: Brits Abroad - Is the Dream Over? (T)</p>	<p>6.0 Countdown (T) (R) 6.45 Will & Grace (T) (R) 7.35 Everybody Loves Raymond (T) (R) 9.05 Frasier (T) (R) 10.05 Car SOS (T) (R) 11.05 Ramsay's Hotel Hell (T) (R) 12.0 Channel 4 News Summary (T) 12.05 The Question Jury (T) (R) 1.05 Posh Pawnbrokers (T) (R) 2.10 Countdown (T) 3.0 Fifteen to One (T) 4.0 A Place in the Sun: Summer Sun (T) (R) 5.0 Couples Come Dine with Me (T) 6.0 The Simpsons (T) (R) 6.30 Hollyoaks (T) 7.0 Channel 4 News (T)</p>	<p>6.0 Milkshake! 9.15 The Wright Stuff 11.15 GPs: Behind Closed Doors (T) (R) 12.10 5 News Lunchtime (T) 12.15 Can't Pay Special: Big Family Bust Up (T) (R) 1.15 Home and Away (T) 1.45 Neighbours (T) 2.15 NCIS (T) (R) 3.15 FILM Deadly Departure (Nadeem Soumah, 2016) (T) 5.0 5 News at 5 (T) 5.30 Neighbours (T) (R) 6.0 Home and Away (T) (R) 6.30 5 News Tonight (T) 7.0 Secrets of Great British Castles (T) (R)</p>	<p>7.0 100 Days (T) 7.30 Top of the Pops: 1983 (T) (R) David Jensen and John Peel present music from 6 October, featuring Freeez, David Bowie, Depeche Mode, David Grant, the Alarm, New Order and Culture Club.</p>
<p>8.0 Emmerdale (T) Megan fears the worst about Eliza. 8.30 Joanna Lumley's Postcards (T) The actor recalls her journey around Greece. 9.0 The Detectives: Inside the Major Crimes Team (T) The documentary follows the investigation into the murder of Sadie Hartley, from the first call through to the convictions.</p>	<p>8.0 The Supervet (T) A champion running dog is admitted with an abnormal elbow joint. 9.0 Born to Kill (T) The death at the hospital is causing suspicion, meaning troubled teenager Sam must tread carefully and hold his desires in check. Jenny summons the courage to face her fears.</p>	<p>8.0 On Benefits: 100 Stone and on the Dole (T) Welfare claimants who struggle with their weight. Followed by 5 News Update. 9.0 Nightmare Tenants, Slum Landlords (T) A Watford landlord has a fight on his hands when his tenant suddenly decides to stop paying rent, and a Woolwich lawyer tries to help his client get rid of squatters.</p>	<p>8.0 The Sky at Night (T) (R) A 60th anniversary special, looking at how our knowledge of the universe has been transformed in the last six decades. 9.0 Bob Monkhouse: The Last Stand (T) (R) Cameras capture the comedian in the summer of 2003, months before his death.</p>
<p>10.0 ITV News at Ten (T) Weather 10.30 Local News (T) ITV Weather 10.40 Piers Morgan's Life Stories (T) (R) With Lionel Richie. 11.40 Tipping Point (T) (R) 12.30 Jackpot247 3.0 Tonight (T) (R) Brits Abroad: Is the Dream Over? 3.25 ITV Nightscreen 5.05 The Jeremy Kyle Show (T) (R)</p>	<p>10.0 Locked Up Prison drama. 11.05 One Born Every Minute (R) 12.05 My Online Nightmare (T) (R) 1.05 The Secret Life of the Zoo (T) (R) 2.0 How to Live Mortgage Free (T) (R) 2.55 Indian Film Season: Tuning 2 You (T) 3.30 Tuning 2 You (T) 4.0 Jamie's Comfort Food (T) (R) 4.10 Location ... (T) (R) 5.05 Fifteen to One (T) (R)</p>	<p>10.0 Murder on the Internet (T) Conclusion of the documentary about the dangers of online dating. 11.05 Me and My Body (T) People with physical differences. 12.0 SuperCasino 3.10 Body of Proof (T) (R) 4.0 Criminals: Caught on Camera (T) (R) 4.45 House Doctor (T) (R) 5.10 Great Artists (T) (R) 5.35 Wildlife SOS (T) (R)</p>	<p>10.0 Bucket (T) Mim and Fran head to cousin Pat's house. 10.25 Wild Ireland: The Edge of the World (T) (R) 11.25 Dan Cruickshank: At Home With the British (T) (R) Dan explores British homes. 12.25 Top of the Pops: 1983 (T) (R) 1.05 Sinatra: All or Nothing at All (T) (R) 3.0 Bucket (T) (R)</p>

the Unexpected **8.30** Tales of the Unexpected **9.0** Discovering: Jack Lemmon **10.0** Portrait Artist of the Year 2017 **11.0** Pavarotti: A Voice for the Ages **12.15** Daniele Gatti & Orchestre National **1.0** Tales of the Unexpected **1.30** Tales of the Unexpected **2.0** Auction **2.30** Auction **3.0** Treasures of the British Library **4.0** Portrait Artist of the Year 2017 **5.0** Tales of the Unexpected **5.30** Tales of the Unexpected **6.0** Discovering: Claudette Colbert **7.0** Ella Fitzgerald Sings **8.0** Auction **8.30** Auction **9.0** The Legacy **10.15** Sensitive Skin **10.50** Sensitive Skin **11.25** Passions **12.25** **FILM** Get 'em Off (1976) **1.0** The Legacy **2.15** Trailblazers: Pub Rock **3.15** Swinging UK **3.45** John Coltrane Live in France '65 **5.0** Darbar Festival 2015

Sky Atlantic
6.0am Urban Secrets **7.0** Urban Secrets **8.0** Urban Secrets **9.0** The West Wing **10.0** The West Wing **11.0** Cold Case **12.0** House **1.0** Blue Bloods **2.0** Networks of Power with Sir Christopher Meyer **3.0** The West Wing **4.0** The West Wing **5.0** Cold Case **6.0** House **7.0** Blue Bloods **8.0** 24 Hours in Trump's America **9.0** Guerrilla **10.05** The Trip to Spain **10.40** Last Week Tonight **11.15** Silicon

Valley **11.50** Big Little Lies **1.0** Guerrilla **2.05** Banshee **3.05** Girls **3.40** Girls **4.15** The Guest Wing **5.10** The Guest Wing

TCM
6.0am Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Joe Dante **6.30** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Mark Rydell **7.05** Rawhide: Incident of the Pied Piper **8.10** Rawhide: Incident of the Swindler **9.15** **FILM** Stars in My Crown (1950) **11.0** **FILM** Arizona Bushwhackers (1968) **12.45** Rawhide: Incident of the Dowry Dundee **1.50** Rawhide: Incident at Gila Flats **3.0** **FILM** The First Texan (1956) **4.40** **FILM** Cavalry Scout (1951) **6.20** **FILM** Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home (1986) **9.0** **FILM** Battle of the Damned (2013) **10.50** **FILM** Tango & Cash (1989) **12.55** Conspiracy Theory: The Billionaire Boys' Club **1.55** Conspiracy Theory: The Worldwide Water Conspiracy **3.0** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Joel Schumacher **3.30** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Richard Donner **4.0** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Andrew Davis **4.30** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Jan de Bont **5.0** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: John Glen **5.30** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Mike Figgis

Radio

Radio 1
97.6-99.8 MHz
6.33 The Breakfast Show With Nick Grimshaw **10.0** Clara Amfo **12.45** Newsbeat **1.0** Scott Mills **4.0** Greg James **5.45** Newsbeat **6.0** Greg James **7.0** MistaJam **9.0** Artist Takeover With... **10.02** Residencies: Eats Everything & Metrik **1.0** Toddla T **4.0** Adele Roberts

Radio 2
88-91 MHz
6.30 Chris Evans **9.30** Ken Bruce **12.0** Jeremy Vine **2.0** Steve Wright **5.0** Simon Mayo **7.0** Bob Harris Country **8.0** Jo Whaley **10.0** The Arts Show **12.0** The Norman Jay House Party (R) **2.0** Radio 2 Playlists: Tracks of My Years, Have A Great Weekend & Feelgood Friday **5.0** Vanessa Feltz

Radio 3
90.2-92.4 MHz
6.30 Breakfast **9.0** Essential Classics. Sarah Walker's guest is Jon Snow. **12.0** Composer of the Week: Nicola LeFanu - Operas and Accolades. the composer talks about writing three operas in close succession during the 1990s. (4/5) **1.0** News **1.02** Lunchtime Concert: New Town

Concerts. A recital by the Pavel Haas Quartet from the Queen's Hall in Edinburgh, with pieces by Schubert and Arvo Pärt. **2.0** Thursday Opera Matinee: Tchaikovsky - Iolanta. Pyotr Mignunov (bass: René, King of Provence), Dmitry Vargin (baritone: Robert, Duke of Burgundy), Victor Antipenko (tenor: Count Vaudemont), Elchin Azizov (baritone: Ibn-Hakia), Yaroslav Abaimov (tenor: Almeric), Nikolai Kazansky (bass: Bertrand), Anastasia Moskvina (soprano: Iolanta), other principals, State Chorus of Moscow Region Philharmonic, Russian National Orchestra, Mikhail Pletnev. c 3.50pm Mark Bowden: Lyra for cello and orchestra. Oliver Coates (cello), BBC NOW, Grant Llewellyn. **4.30** In Tune. Sean Rafferty's guests include the sarod player Soumik Datta. **6.30** Composer of the Week: Nicola LeFanu - Operas and Accolades (R) **7.30** In Concert. Presented by Jamie MacDougall, live from City Halls, Glasgow. Britten: Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings. 7.55 Interval. 8.15 Elgar/Payne: Symphony No 3. Christopher Parkes (French horn), Ian

Bostridge (tenor), BBC SSO, John Wilson. **10.0** Free Thinking (R) **10.45** The Essay: Late Style - Douglas Dunn (4/5) **11.0** Exposure: Hull UK City of Culture. Verity Sharp presents an experimental music showcase from Hull. **12.0** Late Junction: The Late Junction Mixtape With Billy Jenkins **12.30** Through the Night. Christoph König conducts Solistes Européens.

Radio 4
92.4-94.6 MHz; 198kHz
6.0 Today **8.30** (LW) Yesterday in Parliament **9.0** In Our Time: The Egyptian Book of the Dead **9.45** (LW) Daily Service **9.45** (FM) The Odyssey Project: My Name Is Nobody - Odysseus in Kabul. (9/10) **10.0** Woman's Hour. Jenni Murray presents. Includes at 10.45 Drama: I Confess, by EV Crowe. (4/5) **11.0** Crossing Continents. Current affairs reports from around the world. (6/9) **11.30** Mirrored. A chronological journey through life - from childhood to old age - using a series of interviews with people as they confront their reflection in the mirror, created by the award-winning documentary maker Cathy FitzGerald. **12.0** News **12.01** (LW) Shipping Forecast **12.04** Home Front: 27 April 1917 - Hilary Pearce, by

Shaun McKenna. (9/40) **12.15** You and Yours **12.57** Weather **1.0** The World at One **1.45** One to One: Satnam Sanghera Talks to Janice Turner (R) **2.0** The Archers **2.15** Drama: Where This Service Will Terminate, by Katherine Jakeways. (R) **3.0** Open Country: The Future of Sherwood Forest (4) **3.27** Radio 4 Appeal: Advantage Africa (R) **3.30** Open Book: Lisa McLnerney (R) **4.0** The Film Programme **4.30** Inside Science. Presented by Adam Rutherford. **5.0** PM **5.54** (LW) Shipping Forecast **5.57** Weather **6.0** News **6.30** Reluctant Persuaders: Think Different. The agency pitch for their biggest account yet. (4/4) **7.0** The Archers. Pip finds the comfort she needs. **7.15** Front Row **7.45** I Confess (R) (4/5) **8.0** The Briefing Room. Current affairs documentary. (4) **8.30** In Business: The Big Fat Greek Struggle (4/9) **9.0** Inside Science (R) **9.30** In Our Time: The Egyptian Book of the Dead **10.0** The World Tonight **10.45** Book at Bedtime: Rabbit, Run, by John Updike. (9/10) **11.0** Start/Stop: Glastonbury (R) **11.30** Today in Parliament **12.0** News and Weather **12.30** The Odyssey Project (R) (9/10) **12.48** Shipping Forecast **1.0** As World Service **5.20** Shipping Forecast **5.30** News **5.43** Prayer for the Day

5.45 Farming Today **5.58** Tweet of the Day: Sandwich Tern (R)
Radio 4 Extra
Digital only
6.0 Paul Temple and the Margo Mystery (4/8) **6.30** Golden Lads and Girls **7.0** Electric Ink (1/6) **7.30** Reluctant Persuaders (3/4) **8.0** Marriage Lines (2/13) **8.30** Benny Hill Time **9.0** Guess What? (6/10) **9.30** Such Rotten Luck (2/6) **10.0** Marvellous Party **11.0** The Montana Stories (4/4) **11.15** The Man Who Built Tunnels **12.0** Marriage Lines (2/13) **12.30** Benny Hill Time **1.0** Paul Temple and the Margo Mystery (4/8) **1.30** Golden Lads and Girls **2.0** Pure (4/10) **2.15** The Ideas That Make Us (4/5) **2.30** The Reef **2.45** My Autobiography (9/10) **3.0** Marvellous Party **4.0** Guess What? (6/10) **4.30** Such Rotten Luck (2/6) **5.0** Electric Ink (1/6) **5.30** Reluctant Persuaders (3/4) **5.15** Wake Up to Money

(6/6) **11.30** The Penny Dreadfuls Present: More Brothers Faversham (4/4) **12.0** Paradise Lost in Space (4/6) **12.30** Great Lives **1.0** Paul Temple and the Margo Mystery (4/8) **1.30** Golden Lads and Girls **2.0** Pure (4/10) **2.15** The Ideas That Make Us (4/5) **2.30** The Reef **2.45** My Autobiography (9/10) **3.0** Marvellous Party **4.0** Guess What? (6/10) **4.30** Such Rotten Luck (2/6) **5.0** Electric Ink (1/6) **5.30** Reluctant Persuaders (3/4)
5 Live
693, 909 kHz
6.0 5 Live Breakfast **10.0** 5 Live Daily With Emma Barnett **1.0** Afternoon Edition **4.0** Drive **7.0** 5 Live Sport **7.30** 5 Live Boxing With Costello & Bunce **9.0** 5 Live F1 **10.0** Question Time Extra **1.0** Up All Night **5.0** Morning Reports **5.15** Wake Up to Money
6 Music
Digital only
7.0 Shaun Keaveny **10.0** Lauren Laverne **1.0** Mark Radcliffe and Stuart Maconie **4.0** Steve Lamacq's Roundtable **7.0** Marc Riley **9.0** Gideon Coe **12.0** 6 Music Recommends With Steve Lamacq **1.0** Insight: Sun Records **2.0** The Mavericks: Pioneers of R&B (2/2) **2.30** Live Hour **3.30** Jukebox **5.0** Chris Hawkins



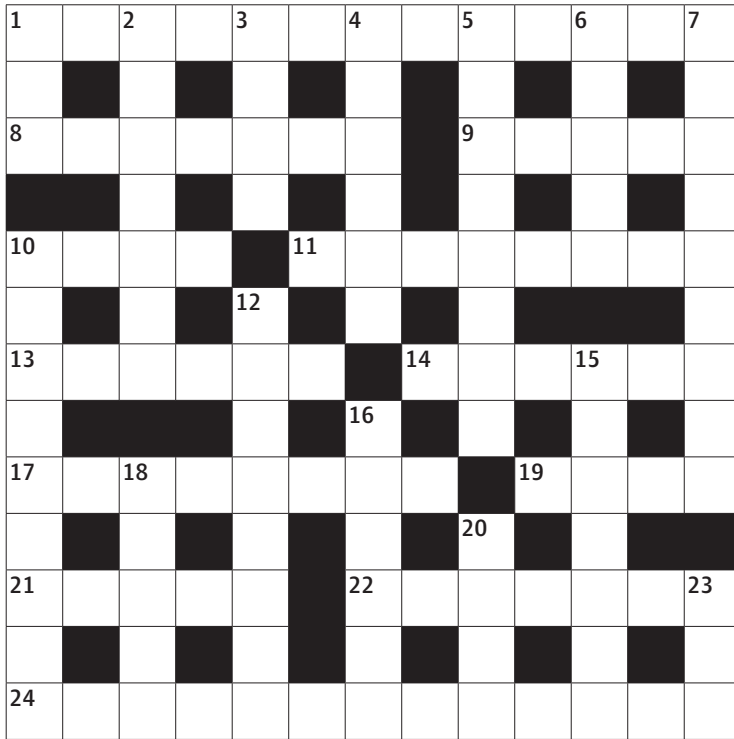
Quick crossword no 14,655

Across

- 1 Convinced that one is morally superior (4-9)
- 8 Groom's attendant (4,3)
- 9 Nonsense! (slang) (2,3)
- 10 Malay dagger (4)
- 11 Act of retaliation (8)
- 13 Square peg in a round hole (6)
- 14 Insectivorous plant (6)
- 17 Ill health (8)
- 19 Nimble (4)
- 21 Bind (3,2)
- 22 Profane (7)
- 24 Perfectly fit and well (2,5,2,4)

Down

- 1 Weep convulsively (3)
- 2 (Scottish) girls (7)
- 3 Play boisterously (4)
- 4 Light reddish-yellow (6)
- 5 Faint-hearted (8)
- 6 Divisions of a cricket match (5)
- 7 Make off without being seen (5,4)
- 10 Ancient Sanskrit text on sexual love (4,5)
- 12 Capital of Manitoba (8)
- 15 Certificate of attainment (7)
- 16 Help (6)
- 18 Hearten (5)



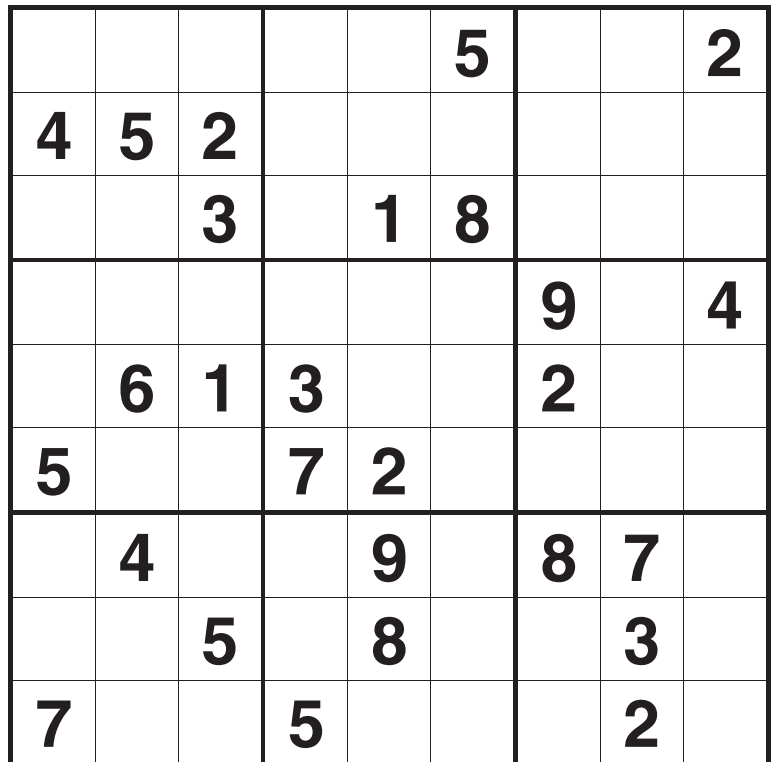
- 20 Composition – magnum _ (4)
- 23 Centre of a solar system (3)

Stuck? For help call 0906 200 83 83 or text **GUARDIANQ** followed by a space, the day and date the crossword appeared followed by another space and the CLUE reference (e.g. **GUARDIANQ Wednesday24 Down20**) to **88010**. Calls cost £1.10 per minute, plus your phone company's access charge. Texts cost £1 per clue plus standard network charges. Service supplied by ATS. Call 0330 333 6946 for customer service (charged at standard rate).

Solution no 14,654



Sudoku no 3,733



Hard. Fill the grid so that each row, column and 3x3 box contains the numbers 1-9. Printable version at theguardian.com/sudoku

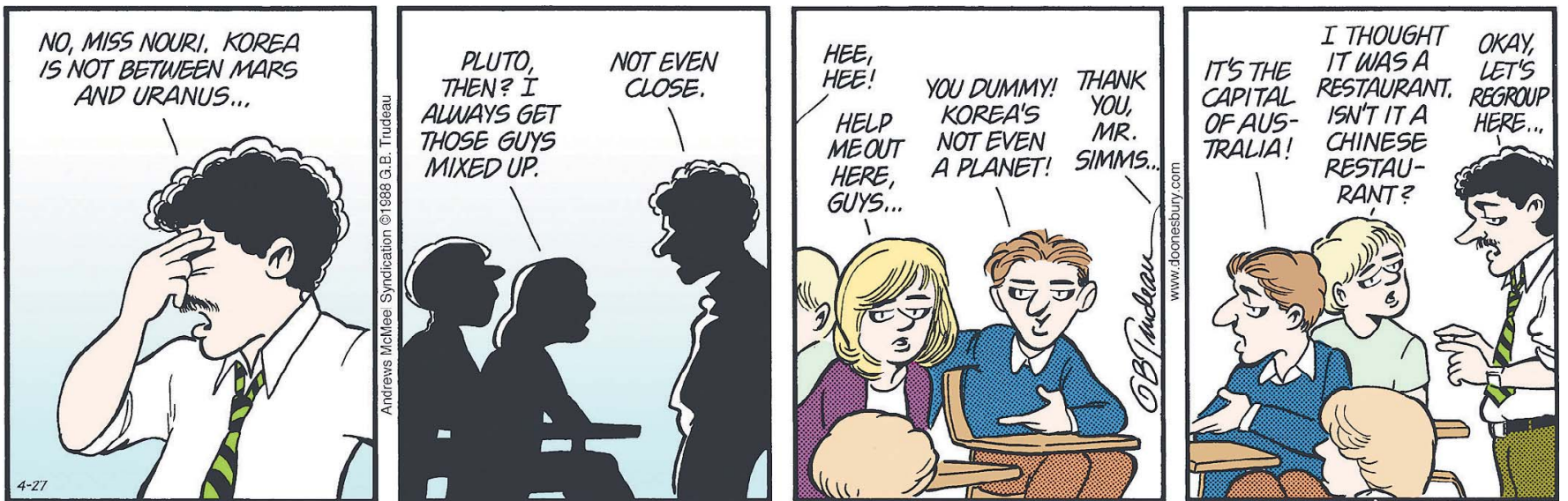
Solution to no 3,732

7	9	5	4	1	6	3	8	2
3	4	8	7	2	9	6	1	5
1	2	6	3	5	8	9	7	4
4	6	3	5	9	1	8	2	7
5	8	9	2	7	4	1	6	3
2	1	7	8	6	3	5	4	9
9	5	1	6	4	2	7	3	8
8	7	2	1	3	5	4	9	6
6	3	4	9	8	7	2	5	1

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Doonesbury classic

Garry Trudeau



If... Steve Bell

