

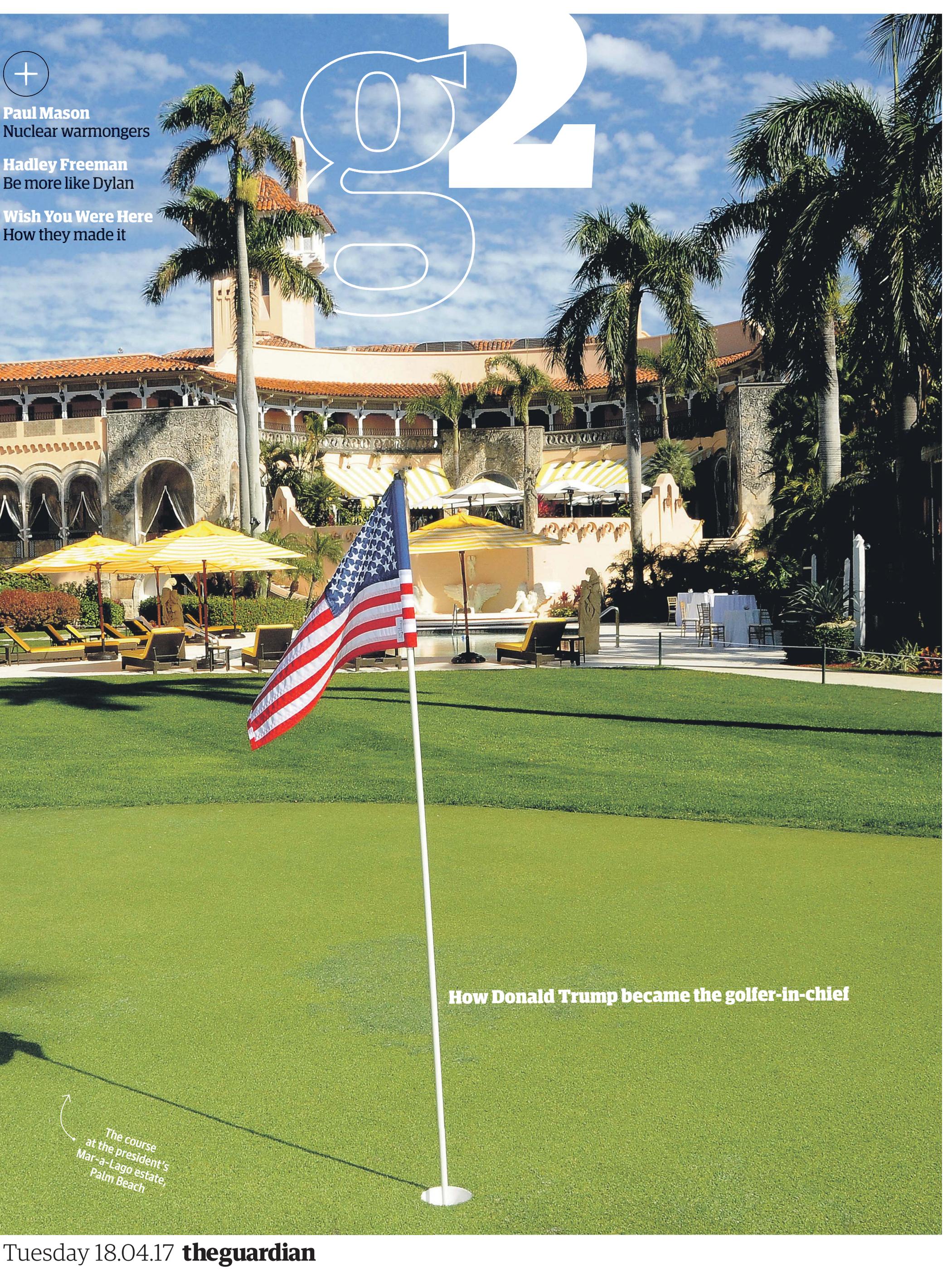


Paul Mason
Nuclear warmongers

Hadley Freeman
Be more like Dylan

Wish You Were Here
How they made it

g2



How Donald Trump became the golfer-in-chief

*The course
at the president's
Mar-a-Lago estate,
Palm Beach*



(Clockwise from main) Frank Bruno, Ellie Goulding and Prince Harry

Sport

How boxing can be good for the soul

If it takes a prince to alert the nation to the safety-valve powers of boxing in coping with mental stress - as Prince Harry has done this week - Frank Bruno, who has rubbed shoulders with royalty and struggled with mental health issues, will surely lead the applause.

The former world heavy-weight champion, now 55, has been sectioned three times since he retired in 1996 and came perilously close to being institutionalised for life. He has suffered more through mental trauma than from any bruises to body or spirit absorbed in 45 bouts over 14 years as a professional boxer. Paradoxically, he says boxing has also saved him.

Boxing, despite its long history of tragedy and corruption on the professional side - from ring deaths to mafia fixes - has attracted a growing constituency of keep-fit devotees in hundreds of gyms around the country, among them the singer Ellie Goulding. "It wasn't about any change in my outward appearance," she said last month when talking about how working out in a boxing gym helped her cope



with anxiety. "It was about seeing and feeling myself get better and stronger... I truly feel that exercise - however you like to work out - is good for the soul."

It is a sentiment echoed by Harry, who says he found refuge in the gym when the weight of his mother's premature death 20 years ago had pushed him, "very close to a complete breakdown on numerous occasions".

Princess Diana's youngest son, now 32, revealed: "During those years I took up boxing, because everyone was saying boxing is good for you and it's a really good way of letting out aggression. And that really saved me because I was on the verge of punching someone; so being able to punch someone who had pads was certainly easier."

Last year he sparred with former three-weight world cham-

pion Duke McKenzie as part of the charity initiative Heads Together, which he instigated with his brother, William, and the Duchess of Cambridge.

While that entry-level introduction to the sport is some way distant from the rigours of boxing that Bruno endured, he would recognise the process.

Bruno has done much to raise awareness of bipolar disorder and it took a lot for him to admit that the effects of his illness were exacerbated as much by the mental as well as the physical demands of his trade.

Bruno said he had never felt so alive as in the immediate aftermath of winning the title against Oliver McCall in London in 1995. Nor had he ever been so alone: on top of the world at last after three failed attempts - but not for long, he suspected. In a nerve-racking defence against Mike Tyson five months later, Bruno surrendered his hard-won credibility inside three rounds.

In defeat, his marriage broke up and he was committed to a month's treatment in the Goodmayes Clinic in Essex. It took his own iron resolve to continue the process in the gym, with the prize not a world title but his mental wellbeing. Bruno's struggle is an ongoing one, aided by prescription medication and, pointedly, in the light of Prince Harry's experience, a life-time commitment to exercise.

Kevin Mitchell

Politics

Is Asma al-Assad a threat to British security?

Is Asma al-Assad a war criminal? Is she a threat to British national security? These are the questions the home secretary will consider if she gives any attention to the call by the Liberal Democrat's foreign affairs spokesman Tom Brake that she withdraw the Syrian president's wife's British citizenship. Al-Assad is acting as "a spokesperson for the Syrian presidency", he said. The British government could say to

her, he added, "Either stop using your position to defend barbaric acts, or be stripped of your citizenship."

Al-Assad (pictured) was born in the UK and is a British citizen by birth; she is also a Syrian national. Those who had their citizenship revoked used to be only naturalised citizens but, from 2003, this could also apply to those born in the UK if they have dual nationality.

Many people stripped of citizenship have faced this on terror-related grounds. Last year, the Bu-



reau of Investigative Journalism found Theresa May had stripped at least 33 people of their British citizenship on these grounds since she became home secretary in 2010 (others have had their citizenship revoked on grounds of fraud). But it is also being used for other crimes - four men involved in the Rochdale child sex abuse case are facing deportation to Pakistan after a decision by May in 2015 that their (naturalised) British citizenship be revoked.

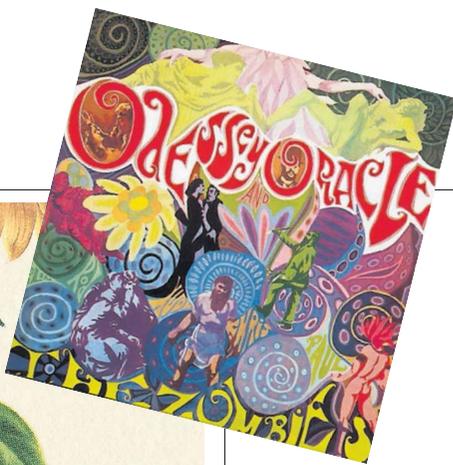
"The legislation gives the home secretary a very broad power to decide when somebody can be deprived of their

citizenship," says barrister and immigration law specialist Colin Yeo. "It has to be 'conducive to the public good'. That's quite a low test."

In a blogpost, he also noted that what might fall short of "public good" is vague (the government only says it includes "involvement in terrorism, espionage, serious organised crime, war crimes or unacceptable behaviours"). Sure, the UK could happily do without the woman who cheerleads her husband's slaughterous regime, and tags photographs of herself on her Instagram account with #weloveyouasma, so could that be described as "unacceptable"? Over to the Home Office.

Emine Saner

A Rose for Emily from the Odessey and Oracle album closes each episode



Pass notes

No 3,841
Kris Marshall



Podcasts

The story behind S-Town's soundtrack

On the face of it, A Rose for Emily by the Zombies seems an odd song choice to end each episode of the acclaimed, record-breaking podcast S-Town - the appearance of the William Faulkner short story that shares its title in the first episode notwithstanding. S-Town deals in real-life southern gothic: it is filled with chewy, sometimes incomprehensible Alabama accents and small-town intrigue and tragedy. But it is hard to imagine a more English record than Odessey and Oracle, the album from which the track originates, with Zombies frontman Colin Blunstone's cut-glass enunciation, and its songs about parks in Hertfordshire and harmony vocals that sound like the Beach Boys, had the Beach Boys hailed from the home counties and met in a public-school choir. If you didn't know your Faulkner, you would never guess A Rose for Emily was based on a story set in Mississippi. In the Zombies' hands, the titular heroine sounds like an Eleanor Rigby-ish spinster pining away somewhere in the British suburbs, a spiritual sister of downtrodden Sylvilla in the Kinks' Two Sisters or the BO-afflicted lady hymned in the Who's Odorono.

And yet, you can see why it works. For one thing, A Rose for Emily possesses an eerie melancholy; for another, the Zombies' retelling of Faulkner's tale concentrates on the heroine's other-

ness, her isolation, her sense of chances missed, her frustration, her pride - themes also found in the life of S-Town's central figure, John B McLemore. Even the song's own backstory seems weirdly fitting. By the time Odessey and Oracle was released in April 1968, demoralised by the failure of the two advance singles taken from it, the Zombies had split up. It attracted virtually no attention for another year, when its final track, Time of the Season, became an unexpected hit in the US. With no one to enjoy the fruits of its success, promoters hastily assembled fake versions of the band - featuring none of the actual members - to tour the country. Odessey and Oracle, meanwhile, took another 25 years to start showing up in best-albums-of-all-time lists. By 2008 it was legendary enough to warrant a live performance in full by the band's surviving members - the group are doing a live tour of the album this year, including a show at the London Palladium in September. Like McLemore, it was long after its moment had passed that the record became known and hailed as the stuff of genius. Now, millions of podcast downloads later, both he and the album are suddenly more famous than ever.

Alexis Petridis



The Zombies seem an unlikely choice



FULL BAG FOR LIFE



If you're the type of shopper prone to following 'pair and a spare' logic, there's a new website for you. The people behind buymeonce.com (not to be confused with beyonce.com) have made it their mission to only stock products that last - ideally for a lifetime. Good for the planet, even better for your wallet.

Age: 43.

Appearance: Eerily familiar.

Yes, his face rings a bell. Who is he? He's an actor.

Been in anything I might have seen? Do you remember My Family?

Do you mean the execrable sitcom My Family? That's the one. He played Nick.

I never saw it. How do you know it was execrable?

Word got round. He also starred in a string of annoying BT adverts between 2005 and 2011.

I have no memory of those. He was in Love Actually. And until recently he starred in the crime series Death in Paradise.

They both passed me by, but I've only heard bad things. He's an actor - take my word for it.

Fine. Has this Marshall got any new projects lined up? He's reported to be the new Doctor Who.

I see ... wait, what? According to inside sources, Marshall has been selected to replace Peter Capaldi as the Doctor.

Peter Capaldi? What happened to David Tennant? Do you even own a television?

I mostly watch documentaries about canals.

Why are we talking about this now? Doesn't the Doctor traditionally regenerate at Christmas? Apparently it will happen sooner, making Marshall the 13th incarnation of the Time Lord.

A white man playing the Doctor - well, I never. Richard Ayoade, David Harewood and Miranda Hart were rumoured to be in the frame at different times, but the programme makers seem to have taken the safe route.

What's safe about an actor who has only ever been in terrible shows? They've also risked the wrath of Doctor Who fans who, by and large, aren't happy.

Are they ever happy? No. They didn't like the choice of Capaldi, or Matt Smith before him.

How do we know the rumour is true? Has the BBC confirmed? A spokesman said, "No casting decisions have yet been made on series 11."

So it's all rubbish. Possibly, although the current series is only the 10th, so the decision may already have been taken.

There's still hope! Maybe it's Olivia Colman! Unlikely. Ladbrokes have stopped taking bets on Marshall, with so many punters backing him.

Do say: "Welcome aboard, Kris! Yes, it is actually even smaller inside than it looks from the outside."

Don't say: "I loved you in that awful thing I never watched."

Donald Trump has played more golf in his first weeks than any recent president - even tensions with North Korea didn't keep him from his Florida course last weekend. Do diplomacy and golf mix, and what does his love of the game say about him? **Timothy O'Grady** reports

The eagle has landed





Golf has been called many things - “an expensive way of playing marbles” (Chesterton), “an insult to lawns” (National Lampoon), “a plague invented by Calvinist Scots as a punishment for man’s sins” (James Barrett Reston) and Twain’s famous “good walk spoiled”. The late and very great Arnold Palmer, unexpectedly, thought it a possible vehicle for world peace. Golf for him was a universal language brimming with new friendships and with deep and ancient traditions of honour, respect and personal accountability.

Eric Trump, the president’s son, thinks so, too. In a New York Times interview, he praised his father’s unusual capacity to make connections on a golf course, with Mar-a-Lago being the perfect venue for world diplomacy.

“If he could do that with Putin,” he said, “if he could do that with some of these horrible actors around the world who only want to compromise us as a country, and if he can make friends and they can trust one another, he just did something that not many presidents have been able to do.”

President Trump has already played a round with the Japanese prime minister, Shinzo Abe. (Abe presented Trump with a \$3,755 gold driver when he became president.) Golf is long established in Japan and Abe’s grandfather played with Eisenhower. But China’s Xi Jinping came and went without lifting a club. Israel PM Benjamin Netanyahu pointedly counted himself out from golf during a press conference with Obama. Could you entice karate black belt and bare-chested horse rider Vladimir Putin into plaid pants and tassled shoes?

Politicians can be wary of golf. “Photograph me on horseback? Yes,” wrote Teddy Roosevelt in 1908. “Tennis, no. And golf is fatal.” It’s the frivolousness of it, the look of a childish pastime played by posh boys who know nothing of the world. Roosevelt’s contrast with being on horseback is revealing. He might have thought golf not only insufficiently serious but also insufficiently masculine. The clothes work against you.



Trump and Shinzo Abe in February

George W Bush could look manly in jeans and a Stetson on his ranch, but the famous clip of him exhorting the world to stand up to terrorism, then declaring “now watch this drive” before striding to the tee, did him a lot of harm. Michael Moore put it in Fahrenheit 9/11. Bush soon stopped playing golf, or at least being seen to do so.

Even Trump, named “golfer-in-chief” by Golf Digest, castigated his predecessor for “playing more golf than Tiger Woods”. “I’m going to be working for you,” he told Virginians during the campaign. “I’m not going to have time to play golf.” (According to the New York Times, he has visited a golf course 19 times in the past 13 weeks, compared with Bush Jr’s and Obama’s zero and Clinton’s three over the same period of their presidencies; this is around double the rate of Obama’s tally of just over 300 rounds over two terms. Only one of Trump’s golf outings appears to have involved “international diplomacy”. It’s an ensnaring game. In China it’s been

‘Golf, like alcohol, can bring out the true person that may otherwise be hidden’

called “green opium”. Trump as president has a rhythm-of-life continuity with Trump as businessman: weekdays at the city office, weekends at Mar-a-Lago and his nearby Jim Fazio-designed course at West Palm Beach, one of the state’s best.)

There is a term in golf known as “the clerical 12”. It refers to a handicap of above-average proficiency, not so high as to be risible, but not so low as to indicate too much time spent away from the flock. It is a handicap meant for public consumption. Most declared US presidential handicaps have been of the clerical kind - Reagan, Nixon and Ford, 12; George W, Clinton and Kennedy, 10. All but four US presidents since the beginning of the 20th century golfed. Woodrow Wilson played more than 1,000 rounds, playing almost every day, and even, like Kipling, in the snow, using balls painted black.

The usual public explanation given for presidents taking to a golf course for numerous hours is their need for “relief from stress”. (This seems to me to be like betting on junk bonds, hang gliding or writing novels to relieve stress, though it is true there are those who take their golf easy.) Trump or his son, or White House press secretary Sean Spicer, are innovators in their focus on golf as an arena for international diplomacy. Golf has certainly been associated with deal-making. It originally spread globally through Scots soldiers wishing to play their favourite game but, once established, the golf club tended to comprise the aspiring or established local elites. You could get on in business by joining. They are like Masonic lodges in their concentration of economic and political power. There are several in England that are simply extensions of public school, where men can gather without women, eat the same food and call each other by the same nicknames as they did at school, while at the same time settling the interest rate or the privatisation of the rail service. In Japan, golf became a ritualistic expression of corporate loyalty. There are some precedents for political deal-making by US presidents. Obama played with John Boehner, >>>



« Republican speaker of the House of Representatives, in the hope of lifting deadlock, and Lyndon Johnson did the same with senators to get his civil rights legislation passed. Condoleezza Rice, now a member of the venerable Augusta National club, thinks golf useful for diplomacy, but only because it teaches patience and the acceptance of setbacks.

Can geopolitical deals be made on a golf course? There are obstacles. You have about four hours on the course together, but, even if the two global players are riding together in a buggy with an interpreter hanging on at the back, there are the constant interruptions of club selection, scorekeeping and searches for errant balls. But then there is the drink or lunch afterwards, and by this time humour has likely been exchanged, foibles and skills exposed, partners rooted for and opponents congratulated. Golf would seem to have a near-magical ability to bring highly diverse people on to common ground. It does the same work as empathy without the need for an empathetic nature. There is something inherently disarming about it. Trump is said to excel at being good company on a golf course. He's generous, affable, solicitous and hospitable. He's usually the host, playing at a course he owns, and wants his guest to have a good time.

"Golf bears down on you and illuminates character," Arnold Palmer said. "There's the expression *in vino, veritas*, and certainly golf, like alcohol,

'It has a near-magical ability to bring diverse people on to common ground'

can bring out the true person that may otherwise be hidden."

What does golf reveal about Trump?

He is likely to be the most skilful player of all US presidents, at least while in office. (Kennedy might have given him a run for it but for a bad back, and Franklin D Roosevelt won his club championship at 17, but was struck down by polio.) You can watch Trump swing on YouTube. There is something about it of the elephant in a tutu trying to exercise a pirouette. He lurches back on a severely flat plane so that he is out of position at the top of his backswing, but then, through some innate athleticism, is able to clear the hips and make a long and effective extension through impact. He is said to have won 19 club championships and to possess a handicap of 2.8, which is seriously good - and also unlikely.

There have been no signed scorecards submitted since 2014, and even those that were show several rounds in the mid-80s. Rory McIlroy, following a round with him, would only say he was "a decent player for a guy in his 70s" and that he had shot "around 80". There have been eccentric swings by good players - Jim Furyk's multiple parts and flying elbow, Eamonn D'Arcy's helicopter taking off - but they played every day. There seems to be something wilfully delusional about the 2.8, like saying he is the leader of the greatest political movement his country has ever seen.

Trump takes pains to remind people how good at golf he is. In February, he interrupted a large meeting of CEOs to ask General Electric's Jeff Immelt to tell everybody about the hole-in-one he made, immediately after claiming: "I'm the best golfer of all the rich people." They all laughed and applauded. Trump took it in. "It's crazy," he said, shaking his head. Unsolicited, he lists his club championships. He tweets about who he is playing with and who he can beat. All golfers have played



Clockwise from above, **Barack Obama; Richard Nixon and Jackie Gleason; Condoleezza Rice; Bill Clinton and George Bush**

with braggarts. It doesn't go well. It's boring, it's obnoxious. It creates a malodorous air. It's like bragging about sex. No one wants to hear about it.

Golf is the most existentialist of games. It turns on the same principles - the free act, the assumption of responsibility. Wherever you hit it, you put it there. You must play it as it lies and give an honest account. Without that, you are in bad faith, and the game becomes absurd because you have deprived it of its meaning. "The man who can go into a patch of rough



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alone, with the knowledge that only God is watching him, and plays his ball where it lies, is the man who will serve you faithfully and well," wrote PG Wodehouse. Trump seems to concur.

"When you play golf with someone, you learn their honesty, you learn their competitiveness," he has said. Several of these playing companions have given reports of the experience. Samuel L Jackson says that Trump cheats. Sports Illustrated's Mark Mulvoy and the boxer Oscar de la Hoya spoke of balls that had been in shrubs miraculously appearing in the fairway or close to the hole with no strokes added. The sportswriter Rick Reilly said Trump gave himself not only putts but chip shots and that, on a cheating scale of one to 10, Trump would be an 11. When asked who the worst celebrity golf cheat was, Alice Cooper replied: "I played with Donald Trump one time. That's all I'm going to say." Trump tends to respond by denigrating the accuser or saying he doesn't know them or that he doesn't cheat because he's so good he doesn't need to. It's a serious charge for a golfer. An English club player once bankrupted himself trying to sue a fellow member who accused him of cheating.

It's a strangely self-defeating activity. A hustler might cheat to win a bet, but without a financial motive it's simply winning on false pretences. "Cheating at golf," as the late "Champagne" Tony Lema said, "is like cheating at solitaire. You only cheat yourself."

What, then, would Putin learn from a round of golf with Trump? Perhaps that Trump is surprisingly convivial and generous, and that you can have a good time with him. But, if he heard the club championship list, saw balls dropped on to greens or was given phoney scores, he would also see someone of colossal insecurities and needs, who has to bathe in glories of his own invention in order to face the world, like an ageing mascara'd roué repeating before a mirror: "Look at me. I am Adonis." Putin may not need the game of golf. He has said that one of the benefits of martial arts is the training it gives in assessing an opponent's weakness. He may have seen these weaknesses long ago. Waclaw Radziwinowicz, former Moscow correspondent of Poland's *Gazeta Wyborcza*, has written that Russia wished for (and perhaps abetted) Trump's

victory not so that he would be nice to them, but because his unpreparedness, illogicality and emotional instability would make the US weak.

Trump has said that the single most valuable piece of golf advice he had encountered was Ben Hogan's insistence on the importance of clearing the hips out of the way on the downswing. I had heard this myself. "Golf is all about getting out of the way," a painter and very good golfer once said to me. True in golf, I thought, and in art and life. But can a man who tweets against his enemies in the middle of the night, who starts each day by reading about himself, who boasts of achievements he has not accomplished, whose consciousness would seem to be so loud and his needs so heavy, ever get sufficiently out of his own way?

Golf is widely declaimed as elitist. Donald Trump has done his part in making this impression. He builds golf courses for the elite, prosecutes people who stand in their way and expresses his disgust for wind farms that spoil the view from his courses in Scotland. "They're working so hard," he has said, "to make golf a game of the people. They're cheapening it. I think golf should be a game that people aspire to through success." But that's not how it started. Golf originated on what was then the cheapest land, the dunes by the sea. Sheep were the original greenskeepers. The Duke of York, later James II of England, played a money match against two English noblemen with a poor shoemaker named John Paterson as his partner. Fishwives played in a competition in Musselburgh in 1810. Country clubs give golf a bad name just as established churches sometimes do to spirituality. Golf is, in essence, the most democratic of games. The old and infirm can compete on equal footing with a pro through the handicap system. Public courses, at least in the English-speaking world, make golf affordable to almost anyone. The postman on a bus with his clubs in Glasgow is equal to Trump as a citizen of the golf world. Even Che Guevara played. I have met a far wider variety of people through golf than through any other activity, including going to pubs. But I have not confined myself to courses with the name Trump in front of them. Perhaps he should get out and about more.

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i Timothy O'Grady is the author of *On Golf* (Yellow Jersey). His most recent book is *Children of Las Vegas* (Unbound).

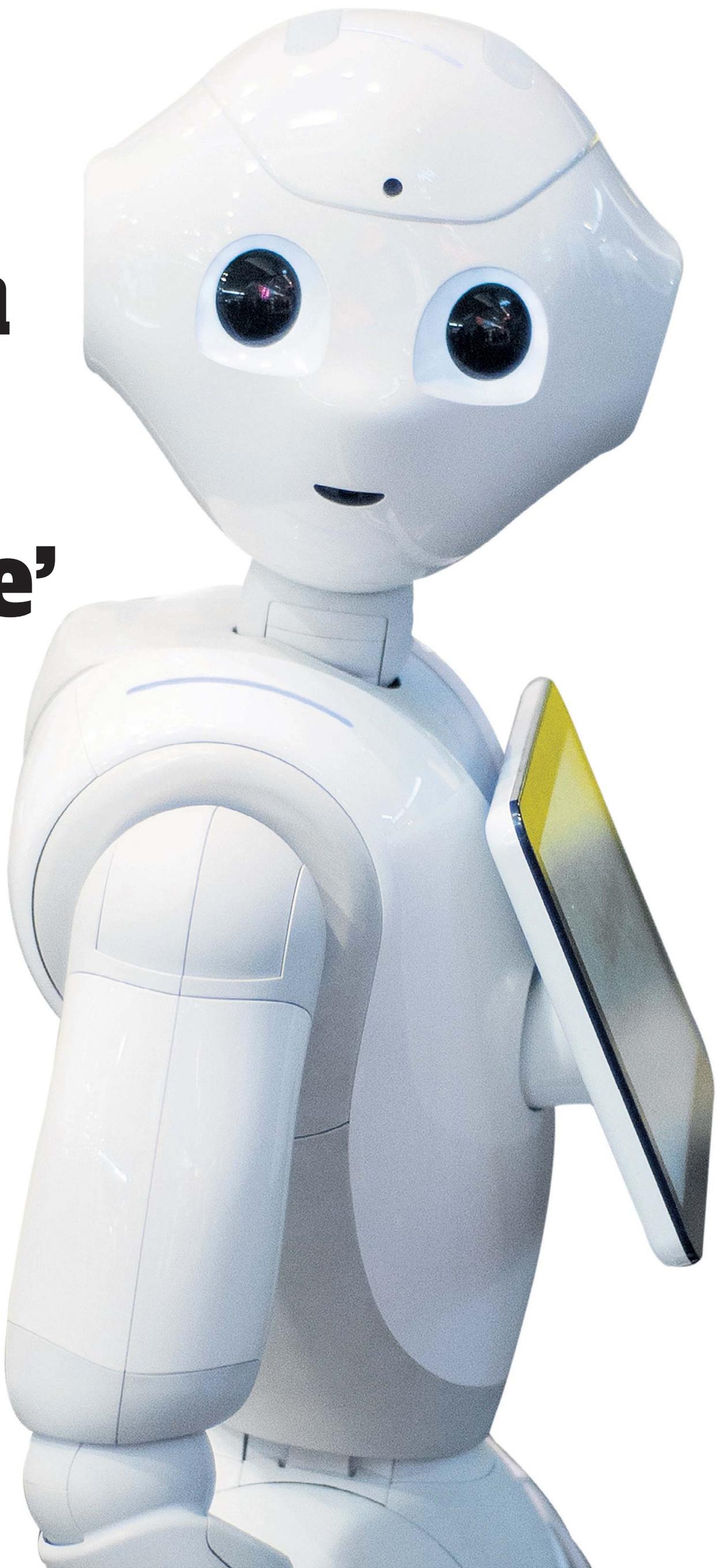
‘We are on the verge of a new form of life’

Jürgen Schmidhuber says artificial intelligence will surpass humans’ in 2050, enabling robots to have fun, fall in love - and colonise the galaxy. But we don’t need to fear becoming their slaves, he tells **Philip Oltermann**

In a soft-furnished studio space behind a warehouse in west Berlin, a group of international scientists are debating our robot future. An engineer from a major European carmaker is just finishing a cautiously optimistic progress report on self-driving vehicles. Increasingly, he explains, robot cars are learning to differentiate cars from more vulnerable moving objects such as pedestrians or cyclists. “But of course,” he says, “these are small steps.”

Then a tall, athletic man with a greying goatee strides to the podium, and suddenly baby steps become interstellar leaps. “Very soon, the smartest and most important decision makers might not be human,” he says. “We are on the verge not of another industrial revolution, but a new form of life, more like the big bang.”

Jürgen Schmidhuber has been described as the man the first self-aware robots will recognise as their papa. The 54-year-old German scientist may have developed the algorithms



that allow us to speak to our computers or get our smartphones to translate Mandarin into English, but he isn't very keen on the idea that robots of the future will exist primarily to serve humanity.

Instead, he believes machine intelligence will soon not just match that of humans, but outstrip it, designing and building heat-resistant robots that can get much closer to the sun's energy sources than thin-skinned Homo sapiens, and eventually colonise asteroid belts across the Milky Way with self-replicating robot factories. And Schmidhuber is the person who is trying to build their brains.

As we lower ourselves on to a pair of beanbags after his talk, Schmidhuber explains that in a laboratory in Lugano in the Swiss Alps his company Nnaisense is already developing systems that function much like babies, setting themselves little experiments in order to understand how the world works: "True AI", as he calls it. The only problem is that they are still too slow - around a billion neural connections compared with around 100,000bn in the human cortex.

"But we have a trend whereby our computers are getting 10 times faster every five years, and unless that trend breaks, it will only take 25 years until we have a recurrent neural network comparable with the human brain. We aren't that many years away from an animal-like intelligence, like that of a crow or a capuchin monkey."

How many years, exactly? "I think years is a better measure than decades, but I wouldn't want to tie myself down to four or seven."

When I ask how he can be so confident about his timetable, he launches the hyperdrive. Suddenly we are jumping from the big bang to the neolithic revolution, from the invention of gunpowder to the world wide web. Major events in the history of the universe, Schmidhuber says, seem to be happening at exponentially accelerating intervals - each landmark coming around a quarter of the time of the previous. If you study the pattern, it looks like it is due to converge around the year 2050.

"In the year 2050 time won't stop, but we will have AIs who are more intelligent than we are and will see little point in getting stuck to our bit of the biosphere. They will want to move history to the next level and march out to where the resources are. In a couple



of million years, they will have colonised the Milky Way."

He describes this point of convergence as "omega", a term first coined by Teilhard de Chardin, a French Jesuit priest born in 1888. Schmidhuber says he likes omega "because it sounds a bit like 'Oh my God'".

Schmidhuber's status as the godfather of machine intelligence is not entirely undisputed. During his talk in Berlin, there were audible groans from the back of the audience. When Schmidhuber outlined how robots would eventually leave Earth behind and "enjoy themselves" exploring the universe, a Brazilian neuroscientist interrupted: "Is that what you are saying? That there is an algorithm for fun? You are destroying the scientific method in front of all these people. It's horrible!"

When asked about those reactions, Schmidhuber has that pitying look again. "My theses have been controversial for decades, so I am used to these standard arguments. But a lot of neuroscientists have no idea what is happening in the world of AI."

But even within the AI community, Schmidhuber has his detractors. When I mentioned his name to people working on artificial intelligence, several said his work was undoubtedly influential and "getting more so", but also that he had "a bit of a chip on his shoulder". Many felt his optimism about the rate of technological progress was unfounded, and possibly dangerous. Far from being the true seer of the robot future, one suggested, Schmidhuber was pushing artificial intelligence to a destiny similar to that of the Segway, a product whose advent was hyped up as a technological

'Robots will pay about as much attention to us as we do to ants'

revolution akin to the invention of the PC and ended up as a slapstick prop in Paul Blart: Mall Cop.

To understand why Schmidhuber yo-yos between prophet and laughing stock, one has to dive deeper into his CV. Born in Munich in 1963, he became interested in robotics during puberty, after picking up rucksacks full of popular science books and sci-fi novels from the nearby library. His great hero, "my wonderful idol", he says, was Albert Einstein. "At some point I realised I could have even more influence if I built something that is even smarter than myself, or even smarter than Einstein." He embarked on a degree in mathematics and computer science at Munich's Technical University, which handed him a professorship at the age of 30.

In 1997, Schmidhuber and one of his students, Sepp Hochreiter, wrote a paper that proposed a method for how artificial neural networks - computer systems that mimic the human brain - could be boosted with a memory function, by adding loops that interpreted patterns of words or images in the light of previously obtained information. They called it Long Short-Term Memory (LSTM).

At the time, technology had failed to live up to the first wave of hype around artificial intelligence, and funding was hard to come by. In the 1960s, the hope had been that machines could be coded top-down to understand the world in all its complexity. If there is a new buzz now, it is around a seemingly simpler idea: that machines could be fitted with an algorithm that is relatively basic, but enables them to gradually learn bottom-up how complex the world really is.

In 1997, Schmidhuber's paper on LSTM was rejected by MIT, but it now looks like one of the key concepts behind a new wave of interest in deep learning. In 2015, Google announced it had managed to improve the error rate of its voice recognition software by almost 50% using LSTM. It is the system that powers Amazon's Alexa, and Apple announced last year that is using LSTM to improve the iPhone.

If Schmidhuber had his way, the concept would get even more recognition. During his talk in Berlin and our interview, he repeats emphatically that the current buzz around computer learning is "old hat" and that LSTM got there many years earlier. He is quick to talk down the importance

Where we are now ... Pepper, a robot on display in Barcelona last month; Schmidhuber; and (below) Amazon Echo - its Alexa voice system is powered by the scientist's AI learning process LSTM



« of Silicon Valley, which he feels is so dominated by “cut-throat competition” that it produces less value for money than European institutes.

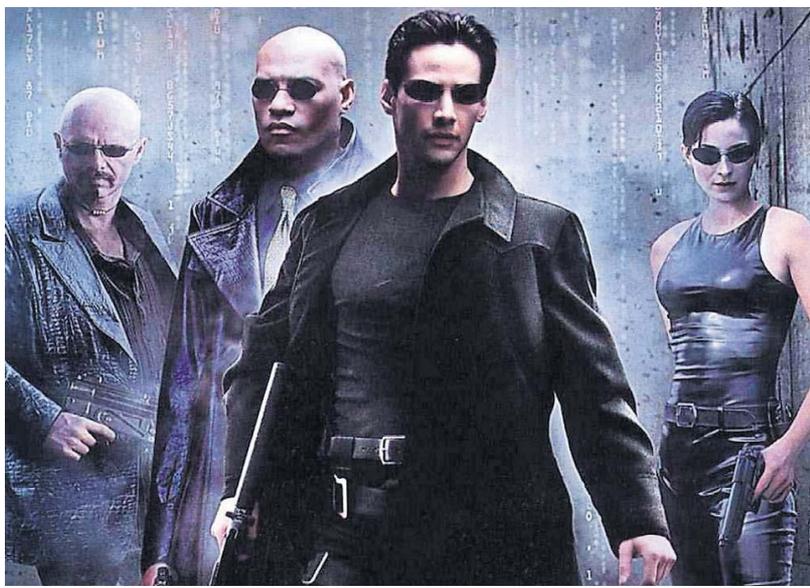
Given his interest in sci-fi, has he never worried that robots will enslave us once they become self-aware? Schmidhuber shakes his head. “We won’t be enslaved, at the very least because we are very badly suited as slaves for someone who could just build robots that are far superior to us.” He dismisses *The Matrix*, in which imprisoned humans are used to power AIs: “That was the most idiotic plot of all time. Why would you use human bioenergy to power robots when a power station that keeps them alive produces so much more energy?”

But in that case won’t robots see it as more efficient to wipe out humanity altogether? “Like all scientists, highly intelligent AIs would have a fascination with the origins of life and civilisation. But this fascination will dwindle after a while, just like most people don’t understand the origin of the world nowadays. Generally speaking, our best protection will be their lack of interest in us, because most species’ biggest enemy is their own kind. They will pay about as much attention to us as we do to ants.”

I wonder if the analogy is less comforting than he intends. Surely we sometimes step on ants? “Of course, but that only applies to a minute percentage of the global ant population, and no one seems to have the desire to wipe all ants off the face of this Earth. On the contrary, most of us are pleased when we hear there are still more ants on the planet than humans.”

Let’s forget about sci-fi, I say. What about more immediate concerns, such as robotisation creating mass unemployment? Again, Schmidhuber is not unduly concerned. The dawn of the robot future was clear to him when he fathered two daughters at the start of the millennium, he says. “What advice do I give them? I tell them: your papa thinks everything will be great, even if there may be ups and downs. Just be prepared to constantly do something new. Be prepared to learn how to learn.”

“Homo ludens has always had a talent for inventing jobs of the non-existent kind. The vast majority of the population is already doing luxury jobs like yours and mine,” he says. “It’s easy to predict which kind of jobs will disappear, but it’s difficult to predict which new jobs will be created. Who would have thought in the 1980s that 30 years later there would be people making millions as professional video gamers or YouTube stars?”



A Deutsche Telekom robot (left); *The Matrix* (top) has ‘the most idiotic plot of all time’, according to Schmidhuber; and Jude Law (above) as a thinking, feeling robot in AI: Artificial Intelligence

‘A lot of neuro-scientists have no idea what is happening in the world of AI’

Countries with many robots per capita such as Japan, Germany, Korea or Switzerland, he proposes cheerfully, have relatively low unemployment rates. I try to suggest that a truck driver in his 50s who has never heard of JavaScript may not quite share his optimism, but it’s difficult to talk about the concerns of generations, not to say individuals, when arguing with someone who thinks in omega leaps. Whenever you try to drill into Schmidhuber’s optimistic vision of the robot future, you encounter at its core a very simple scenario. When two beings have a conflict of interest, he says, they have two ways to resolve it: either by collaboration or through competition. Yet every time we encounter such a fork in the road in our conversation, collaboration wins out.

When I ask him whether robots of the future, on top of being curious and playful, will also be able to fall in love, he agrees, because “love is obviously an extreme form of collaboration. There will be all sorts of relationships between robots. They will be able to share part of their minds. There will be fusions of the kind that don’t exist among biological organisms.”

What if an Apple or a Google builds up a monopoly stronghold over the supersmart robots? He thinks that kind of dystopia is “extremely unlikely”. Here too collaboration will triumph. “The central algorithm for intelligence is incredibly short. The algorithm that allows systems to self-improve is perhaps 10 lines of pseudocode. What we are missing at the moment is perhaps just another five lines.”

“Maybe we will develop those 10 lines in my little company, but in these times, when even Swiss banking secrecy is nearing its end, it wouldn’t stay there. It would be leaked. Maybe some unknown man somewhere in India will come up with the code and make it accessible to everyone.”

If that sounds a little bit Pollyannaish, it’s because Schmidhuber’s own experience - the initial rejection of LSTM and his pervading distrust of “cut-throat” Silicon Valley - must have taught him that competition can create losers as well as winners. As disarming as his optimism can be on a personal level, I would feel a lot more comfortable with the idea of the most advanced beings of the future being midwived by Jürgen Schmidhuber if he was willing to articulate that doubt.

He ends our conversation on an apologetic note: “I am sorry you are talking to such a teenager. But I’ve been saying the same things since the 70s and 80s. The only difference is that people are now starting to take me seriously.”



Paul Mason

Nuclear war has become thinkable again - we need a reminder of what it would mean

Last week, Donald Trump deployed his superweapon Moab, the “mother of all bombs” - 10 tonnes of high explosive detonated in mid-air to kill, it is claimed, 94 Isis militants. The Russian media reminded us that their own thermobaric bomb - the “father of all bombs” - was four times as powerful: “Kids, meet Daddy,” was how the Kremlin mouthpiece Russia Today put it. But these are child’s play compared with nuclear weapons. The generation waking up to yesterday’s Daily Mail strapline - “World holds its breath” - may need reminding what a nuclear weapon does.

The one dropped on Hiroshima measured 15 kilotons; it destroyed everything within 200 yards and burned everybody within 2km. The warhead carried by a Trident missile delivers a reported 455 kilotons of explosive power. Drop one on Bristol and the fireball is 1km wide; third-degree burns affect everybody from Portishead to Keynesham, and everything in a line from the Bristol Channel to the Wash is contaminated with radiation. In this scenario, 169,000 people die immediately and 180,000 need emergency treatment. Given that there are only 101,000 beds in the entire English NHS, you can begin to imagine the apocalyptic scenes for those who survive.

But a Trident missile carries up to eight of these warheads, and military planners might drop them in a pattern around one target, creating a firestorm along the lines that conventional Allied bombing created in Hamburg and Tokyo during the second world war.

I don’t wish to alarm you, but right now the majority of the world’s nuclear warheads are in the hands of men for whom the idea of using them is becoming thinkable.

For Kim Jong-un, it’s thinkable; for Vladimir Putin, it’s so thinkable that every major Russian wargame ends with a “nuclear de-escalation” phase: that is, drop one and offer peace. On 22 December, Trump and Putin announced, almost simultaneously, that they were going to expand their nuclear arsenals and update the technology.

Right now, a US aircraft carrier strike force is steaming towards North Korea to menace Kim’s rogue regime. We don’t know what secret diplomacy went on between Xi Jinping and Trump at Mar-a-Lago, but the US is sounding confident that China will rein the North Koreans in.

What we do know is that Trump has been obsessed since the 80s with nuclear weapons, that he refuses to take advice from military professionals and that he seems not to understand the core Nato concept of nukes as a political deterrent, as opposed to a military superweapon.

This sudden mania for speaking of nuclear warfare,

All around us politics is becoming emotion-driven, falling under the control of families and mafias

among men with untrammelled power, should be the No 1 item on the news, and the No 1 concern of democratic and peace-loving politicians.

I will always remember the Botoxed faces of the US news anchors when they arrived in New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina. It was as if they had been woken up from a dream, and the best of them realised how they had been sleep-walking towards the disaster. Katrina shows what happens when a disaster hits a fragile, poverty-stricken and socially fragmented city. In New Orleans, for a few days, civilisation fell apart. Policemen, suddenly called on to haul their overweight frames into self-sacrificing and arduous work, quit on the spot. The modern equivalent of lynchings happened. Central government and unified military command of the situation broke down. My experience there convinced me that, in the event of mass fatalities being inflicted on a developed world city, the real problem would be social chaos, not mass radiation sickness.

Trump is ramping up the military rhetoric for a horribly simple reason: two weeks ago, the isolationist wing of his team got outflanked by generals; they tried some war to see how it went down and it went down well.

We may get lucky. It may be that the Chinese leadership is prepared to put serious pressure on to prevent Kim’s regime staging some kind of provocation against the US navy. Or we may get unlucky: the DPRK has a nuclear weapon, even if the missiles needed to deliver it are unstable.

It has been human nature, given the scale of devastation a nuclear war would bring, to blank the possibility from our minds. But from the 50s to the 00s, we had - in all nuclear powers - military/industrial complex politicians who understood the value of multilateralism. All around us high politics is becoming emotion driven, unilateral, crowd-pleasing and falling under the control of erratic family groups and mafias, rather than technocrats representing ruling elites.

For the warmongers, true multilateralism is a serious annoyance; that’s why so many of the world’s autocrats are busy forcing NGOs to register, cutting off foreign funds to them and decrying the presence of international observers or sabotaging their work.

If Theresa May wanted to send a useful message at Easter it could have been: in compliance with the non-proliferation treaties, we will never use our nuclear weapons first; we will stick to diplomatic and economic pressure to get the DPRK to comply; and we will use our diplomatic clout to strengthen disarmament.

That is what a responsible nuclear-armed power would do. The UK’s silence as Trump toys with military escalation is criminal.

Drop a Trident warhead and the fireball would be 1km wide



‘The problem is immense - but the will to fight it is greater’

It has been five years since **Laura Bates** founded the Everyday Sexism Project. She explains why, despite death and rape threats, vicious abuse and constant trolling, she’s still hopeful

In spring 2012, a week after setting up a website to catalogue experiences of gender inequality, I asked Lady Gaga for her support via Twitter.

Keen to raise awareness of my newly created Everyday Sexism Project, I hoped she might spread the word among her millions of followers.

The next morning, I sleepily reached for my phone and saw more than 200 new notifications. I clicked eagerly on the first message and stopped cold. It wasn’t, as I had hoped, the first of many new entries from women who had suffered harassment or assault. It was a brutally graphic rape threat - and the moment I became aware of the sheer force of hatred that greets women who speak out about sexism.

The threats continued to flood in. The sheer tenacity was startling. Who were these men, who could spend days, weeks - years, even - bombarding a woman they had never met with detailed descriptions of how they would torture her?

Over time, things became clearer. I met men who opposed feminism in different settings, and began to recognise their varied tactics. In some ways, the online abusers - who hurled hatred from behind a screen - were the least threatening. The repetition in their



PHOTOGRAPHS LINDA NYLIND FOR THE GUARDIAN; REUTERS

arguments (if you can call “get off your high horse and change your tampon” an argument) made it clear that their fury was regurgitated: rooted in a fear of that man-hating, society-destroying “feminazi” of online forum fantasy.

More sinister were the slick, intelligent naysayers who hid in plain sight. Men who scoffed at social events, confidently assuring those around us that sexism in the UK was a thing of the past and I should look to other countries to find “real problems”. Men who asked my husband, in commiserating tones, how he coped with being married to me. Politicians who told me I was “unnecessarily negative” and that girls these days didn’t know how lucky they were. The newspaper picture editor who overlooked the content of my interview when he announced his priority was to make me look “as sexy as possible”. People with the power to change things and the will to keep them exactly the same.

Despite this, the site was a success, and over the next five years, hundreds of thousands of testimonies flooded in. Almost every woman or girl I met told me their story, too. A nine-year-old who had received a “dick pic”. An elderly lady who had been assaulted by her late husband’s best friend. A young black woman refused entry to a nightclub while her white girlfriends were waved through. A woman in a wheelchair who was told she would be lucky to be raped. My assumptions about the type of person who suffers particular forms of abuse and the separation between different kinds of prejudice quickly shattered.

The sadness of the stories was a heavy thing to bear, as was the continued abuse I received. A man who had offered me directions crossed the street in disgust when I told him I was on my way to give a talk about workplace sexual harassment, snapping: “For God’s sake, we’ve got to have some fun!” An interviewer asked me live on air whether it was difficult having no friends because I was so humourless. An American commentator wrote a blog publicly warning my husband he would one day come home to find I had burned down our house, murdered our children and joined a “coven of lesbian witches”. Somewhere around the time I received a death threat alongside the claim I was a dripping poison that should be eradicated from the world, I started seeing a counsellor. And - at low moments - I seriously considered the coven.

But there were pleasant surprises, too. I hadn’t anticipated the practical and emotional help offered by other women - solidarity from those of my

To be a feminist, I have learned, is to be accused of oversensitivity and hysteria

own age and staunch support from older feminists who had seen it all before. And nothing could outweigh the privilege of being entrusted with so many people’s stories, often never told before. I felt a great sense of responsibility to make sure women’s voices were heard. I began to work with schools, universities, businesses, politicians and police forces, to try and ensure that the stories of one generation could alter things positively for the next. It helped hugely to feel that concrete change could come directly from the project.

Another joy was being part of a burgeoning wave of feminism, standing alongside others tackling everything from media sexism to female genital mutilation. Perhaps the most important lesson I learned was how closely connected the different forms of inequality are. It is vital to resist those who mock and criticise us for tackling “minor” manifestations of prejudice, because these are the things that normalise and ingrain the treatment of women as second-class citizens, opening the door for everything else, from workplace discrimination to sexual violence.

To be a feminist, I have learned, is to be accused of oversensitivity, hysteria and crying wolf. But in the face of the abuse the project uncovered, the sheer strength, ingenuity and humour of women shone like a beacon. The dancer who performed for hours on the tube to reclaim the space where she was assaulted. The woman who waited five years to present her contract and a salt cellar to the careers adviser who had told her he would eat her paperwork if she ever became an engineer. The pedestrian who calmly removed the ladder of a catcalling builder, leaving him stranded on a roof.

That’s why I can honestly say that the experiences and lessons of the past five years have left me more hopeful than despairing. I can’t celebrate this milestone, exactly, representing as it does a collective outpouring of grief, anger and trauma. But I think of the resilience, the solidarity, the resistance, and I can’t mourn it either. In five years, I have learned that the problem is immense, but the will to fight it is greater still.



A certain age

Michele Hanson

I’ve just heard that Tesco may be taking over wholesaler Booker, which includes Budgens, for £3.7bn, in the face of fierce opposition. Count me in that opposition, because I cannot shop in Tesco. Soon I may not even be able to shop in Budgens, just down the road. Damn. Because I’m still enraged with Shirley Porter, the heiress to the Tesco fortune, who was responsible for the “homes for votes” scandal when she was leader of Westminster council. Why should I add one penny more to her fortune?

And aren’t there enough Tescos already? How come these massive outfits are allowed to take over smaller outfits, whether the smaller ones want them to or not? Remember Kraft’s takeover of Cadbury in 2010? Afterwards, the chocolate bars shrank, the Somersdale factory closed, goodbye to 500 jobs, and the company stopped working with Fairtrade and changed from “a force for social good to the worst example of brutal corporate capitalism”, as the Independent put it.

Isn’t there meant to be a monopolies watchdog? What’s it watching while all these colossal takeovers are going on? The telly? I hope they saw Follow the Money, in which a huge and wicked bank took over a small and idealistic one, murdering and brutally assaulting anyone who impeded them. I suppose that was a particularly hostile takeover.

Not that your average gigantic takeover involves murder, unless you include killing off thousands of jobs and independent businesses, but why force yourself upon something that doesn’t want you? I know the answer, really.

It’s just shareholders wanting fatter wallets. The more they have, the more they want, and the more they get, and no one seems able to stop them. Are there no rules?

“There are some,” says Fielding. “But throw in a few billion, and there aren’t any.” Money is winning, bombs are flying about. It’s Easter, festival of renewal and rebirth.

Jesus, a Jewish socialist revolutionary, would be very disappointed to find that the ruthless, murderous and greedy have inherited the earth. And so am I.

Why should I add one more penny to Shirley Porter’s fortune?



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Bob Dylan and Crocs ...
one is still cool and the
other never will be

Ask Hadley

Why all Brits need to be more like Bob Dylan and celebrate their weird tastes. Even if that involves the Stereophonics

Hadley Freeman



I have read that Crocs are now acceptable, but I'm wary about wearing them because of all the old associations. Or has their newfound trendiness overcome these issues?

Mike, by email

I have been thinking about this a lot recently, Mike, not in relation to Crocs, obviously, which are absurd, unacceptable and should only be worn by those actively trying to never have sex again. But about the associations we put on things - their cultural baggage, if you will, which I will. What prompted this weeks-long pondering was a long interview with Bob Dylan on his website. If you haven't read it yet, I strongly urge that you do so immediately. It is the most Dylan thing you will ever read in your life, so whether you love the man or find him to be an annoying self-parody, you will find all your love and/or prejudices confirmed here. For example, if you ever listened to a Dylan song and thought: "Sure, nice lyrics, but no one actually talks that way," it turns out Dylan really does: "In my 20s and 30s I hadn't been anywhere. Since then I've been all over the world, I've seen oracles and wishing wells."

"I was born in Duluth - indus-

trial town, shipyards, ore docks, grain elevators, mainline train yards, switching yards. It's on the banks of Lake Superior, built on granite rock. Lot of foghorns, sailors, loggers, storms, blizzards."

See? The most Dylan thing you will ever read in your life. Imagine trying to make small talk with Dylan at a party: "So, Bob, did you have a nice journey here?"

"We drove the car - an automobile, American, steady, moving, flashing trees, flickering people. Safe. Dangerous. Fast. Slow."

"Okaaaay. Do you want a drink?"

"I've drunk potions and

lotions, drinks on fire and ones cold as ice, goblets with maidens in caves and cups running over in enchanted fields."

"I think I just spotted someone I know by the bar ..."

Anyway, this interview got a lot of attention in the UK press because in it Dylan mentions that he likes the Stereophonics. The Stereophonics! Oh, how the British press hooted. Bob loving those tossers - ha! But I haven't felt this much of an affinity with ol' Bob since the time he released an album of Christmas songs, just because he likes Christmas songs. (Jews, it is well known, love Christmas songs - hell, we wrote most of the best ones.) Not because I like the Stereophonics - obviously not - but because Dylan doesn't understand the associations Brits attach to these things, and how important they are. He has no idea that, to the vast majority of British people, the Stereophonics are tedious rockers who were once, unforgivably, rude to Adam Buxton's dad, aka, BaaaadDad, on The Adam and Joe Show, and who became fatally overexposed as a result of performing a version of The Office's theme song.

I'm not saying these are fair reasons to hate them (except the rudeness to BaaaadDad - that

really is a crime), but they are facts. As I said, Dylan doesn't know this, and barrels on his own merry, Stereophonics-loving way.

People from the US really have no idea how exhausting it is moving to Britain and trying to catch up on all the cultural associations. Sure, other countries put associations on things, but in Britain they are far more pronounced due, quite simply, to the British terror of embarrassment and saying/doing/liking the Wrong Things. When I moved here back in the 90s, I would come home from school every day completely wiped out. Not only was I having to learn who Kylie, the Stone Roses and Brother Beyond were, I had to grasp what it meant to like each one, and what kind of person I was for pledging allegiance to them. And not just bands. Movies, TV shows, pretty much any form of culture. Were you the kind of person who watched The Word or Blind Date? The Mary Whitehouse Experience or The Upper Hand? Honestly, it's amazing I ever had time to do any homework, what with all this extracurricular work.

A few years ago, I interviewed David Sedaris for this paper and we talked about this, but he, characteristically, saw this not as a problem but as something full of potential. He and his husband, Hugh, had just bought a house in West Sussex. "I don't know what that means - West Sussex," he said. "If someone bought a place outside New York, I would know what that said about them. So it's weird not knowing what West Sussex says about us. But I also kinda like that."

We should all take inspiration from Sedaris here. Too many of us, by which I mean me, spend far too long fretting over what our external trappings say about us, apologising for our lame music when people scroll through our phones, wondering whether we're the kind of person who would wear a pink coat or a red one. Be like Bob and embrace your weird taste with unhesitating pleasure. But, for the record, Crocs are still unacceptable. That is just an objective truth.

People from the US have no idea how exhausting it is moving to Britain and trying to catch up on all the cultural associations



i Post your questions to Hadley Freeman, Ask Hadley, The Guardian, Kings Place, 90 York Way, London N1 9GU. Email ask.hadley@theguardian.com.



I think when I have a baby, I'm going to livestream the birth." Rosie Spaighton is sitting in the Guardian canteen with her wife Rose Ellen Dix, talking about the future of their YouTube channels - and the prospect of parenthood. Known to their one million subscribers simply as Rose and Rosie, they slouch comfortably among a growing pantheon of online celebrities, pulling in vast audiences via the omnipresent video-sharing platform. Their videos have been viewed over 142m times.

What do they do to attract such a huge following? Well, they sit in their living room in Hertford and chat. They talk about their lives, play video games, make up terrible songs on Rose's acoustic guitar. They are warm, hilarious and unguardedly honest, especially about sex and relationships. In one recent video, they discuss their most hurtful rejections. "Oh, there was that time you tried to have a threesome and they told you to get out," says Rosie with undisguised glee. "That could only happen to you."

YouTube superstardom is an emerging form of celebrity, one that's much more intimate than TV, music or the

'We don't really have a filter'

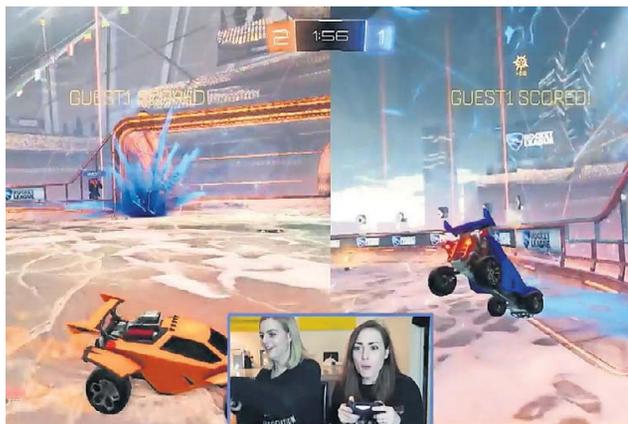
YouTube sensations Rose and Rosie have turned a vlogging hobby into a hit brand. They talk to **Keith Stuart** about coming out on camera, posting their wedding online - and why there's no such thing as oversharing

movies. Rose and Rosie don't really broadcast to an audience, they share with a community. "YouTubers are relatable, they're accessible," says Rosie. "On Twitter, George Clooney doesn't follow you or tweet you back, but we follow our fans. We talk to them, we meet them, we even know their friends."

In a thoroughly modern way, the two have played out their entire relationship online. When they met in 2011, Rose had already started using YouTube. During her film degree, one assignment required her to make a viral video so Rose filmed herself performing a parody of Kesha's Tik Tok track. "It got about 16,000 views in five days. For a student with, like, no previous YouTube experience that was quite good."

Rosie was studying media and communications and working for a community radio station. When it started putting its programmes on YouTube, she realised how simple and fun it was to build an audience. As soon as the two started dating, they naturally fell into making videos together. "We were just doing it for a hobby," says Rose. "I saw it as a creative outlet." Rosie, though, reckons Rose used it as an excuse to meet. "Rose would say, 'Oh, we have to see each other because,

'Let's be ourselves' ... Rose Ellen Dix, left, and Rosie Spaughton; larking about on their Let's Play Games channel; below, meeting fans at an event



you know, the fans need a new video.' There were, like, five people watching."

But the audience grew, attracted by such titles as *Two Coffees* and an *Orgasm and Musical Jealousy Drama*. While many of the biggest YouTubers have a theme - PewDiePie plays games, Zoella does fashion - Rose and Rosie's videos feel charmingly aimless, even though they're not. The duo will talk for an hour, then edit the conversation down to a slick 10-minute routine. "A huge portion of the creative process lies in the editing," says Rose. "It's where you inject your style".

Though they maintain a channel each (and one for playing video games together), they always appear in each other's - Rosie's are more like reality TV, covering their daily lives; Rose's work is like improvised standup, taking in relationship quizzes and moral debates. In one of their most popular uploads from last year, *Is Gaydar Real?*, they start out discussing the sexuality of leading Hollywood stars, but somehow end up wondering why Kristen Stewart wasn't offered the role of gay wizard Dumbledore in the *Harry Potter* movies. "Oh wait, she wasn't out at the time," says Rose. "No one wants to out themselves as Dumbledore."

Within a year, they'd started making money via YouTube's ad revenue-sharing model - though it wasn't much. "Our first payment was £20," says Rosie. "We went to Iceland and spent it on sweets and alcohol. We used to buy lots of onion rings, didn't we? Curry and onion rings." Rose nods, sagely. "We know how to live." These days, although they're not saying,

'Our first payment was £20. We went to Iceland and spent it on sweets and alcohol'

they are probably earning around £175,000-£200,000 a year from YouTube advertising and merchandising.

In November 2012, they made a video entitled *SuperKiss!*, in which they set out to kiss on camera for as long as possible. They only managed a few seconds before bursting out laughing, but the video exploded - it has been seen almost three million times. Of course, it sounds salacious and was no doubt deliberately provocative. But they're not courting a voyeuristic male audience; they estimate their viewership as 90% female, predominately lesbian and bi - not that this was intended.

"We never put ourselves out there as LGBT role models," says Rose. "We didn't want to pigeonhole ourselves. But also, we didn't want that kind of responsibility. We were like, 'Oh, let's just be ourselves and have fun and that will normalise it.'"

In 2014, they both made videos about coming out to their parents: Rose as gay, Rosie as bisexual. Rosie's mum reportedly initially felt that, at 15, her daughter was too young to know

what she wanted, but when Rosie tried to come out to her again, three years later, her mum just accepted it with a matter-of-fact: "I know you're bi, everyone knows."

Rose's story was similarly confused. She told her dad she thought she was gay and he said: "It's natural to feel like that about your friends." She heard it as: "It's natural to feel up your friends" and took it as acceptance. When the two got married in 2015 - wearing beautiful, carefully coordinated white dresses - Rose was walked down the aisle by her dad, Rosie by her stepdad. "Both our families have been extremely supportive and accepting," they said.

They acknowledge they have younger LGBT viewers, many who still haven't come out. "A lot of people's situations really suck," says Rose. "They are in horrible households where they can't possibly be themselves." Do their videos help? "I think what we show is quite hopeful," says Rosie. "Visibility is a huge deal. When I was growing up, I had no one. I didn't know who Ellen DeGeneres was, I couldn't think of one gay person on TV. Now it's easy to get YouTube on your phone - you don't have to be watching something gay on TV in front of your parents."

Do they ever get messages from viewers that worry them? "Not as much now, because I've stopped answering so many," says Rosie. "We got a lot of anonymous Tumblr questions," says Rosie, "telling us about really bad situations. We'd be like 'What do I do?' We'd just try and give the best advice we could, but what if you told them the wrong thing?"



PHOTOGRAPHS SOPHIA EVANS FOR THE GUARDIAN; YOUTUBE

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« The two do seem to have a genuine affinity with their fans, even incorporating them into major events in their lives. When Rose decided to propose to Rosie in 2014, she uploaded a series of vlogs telling viewers. When the two got married a year later, they put their wedding video online. Some may be uncomfortable with the idea of such personal moments being packaged into a commercial YouTube channel, but Rose and Rosie see it as their thing, their *modus operandi*. “We don’t really have a filter,” says Rose. “We just think, ‘Look, if people want to watch because it’s us being us, then we’ll just stick with that.’ We don’t want to produce something contrived or scripted.”

They have, like the generation they grew up with, become adults in a world where no one thinks twice about sharing every moment of their lives. They also feel that their honesty has allowed a supportive community to develop. “We’ve got the best audience, because we’re very open and honest,” says Rosie. “They know everything about us, and that’s why we’ve got such a close bond.”

Things can get out of hand though. Last year, when the couple appeared at VidCon, the annual California YouTube gathering, they ended up being escorted out by security. “We didn’t realise how many people would want to meet us,” says Rose. “It got so crazy they had to shut it down.” They nod, lost in memories of the chaos. “Of course, we vlogged it,” says Rose at last.

But there are limits. They admit to having quietly removed content after having second thoughts. They once made a drunken video around the confessional game *Never Have I Ever*, but Rosie had just started a new job and they didn’t think it would make the



best impression. Now they’re both full-time YouTubers, a move Rose made first, quitting her job at the Apple store in Worcester. “It was a risk, but there was a point where I thought, ‘Wow, this is my career.’ I didn’t really like calling it that at the time - I mean, people still laugh at it and don’t understand it enough for it to be acceptable.”

What do their families make of their videos? “At first, my mum and dad didn’t really understand,” says Rose, whose parents are both retired. “I think they watch my videos, and I’m fine with that. You know, they just let me get on with it.”

“Your sister said your dad watches loads of them,” interjects Rosie. “He just doesn’t want to embarrass you.”

“I don’t like to talk about that,” says Rose, who admits to being squeamish about her mum watching their regular live streams. Unlike the prerecorded videos, they aren’t carefully edited: they’re Rose and Rosie with no filter, chatting with viewers and answering typically forthright questions. “I had to ask her not to watch,” says Rosie. Topics have covered everything from nude Skypeing to police shootings and, in one memorable stream, resulted in the duo singing an impromptu song called *I Look Like Shit while eating bananas*.

Like many other successful

‘I had to ask my mum not to watch,’ says Rosie, right

Topics have covered everything from nude Skypeing to police shootings, and singing while eating bananas

YouTubers, Rose and Rosie have started to develop their brand. Last year, they presented on Radio 1 and MTV. Then there’s their forthcoming live tour (accompanied by their mums). “We like being on stage,” says Rose. “We love the adrenaline. It’s fun.”

There is another important project in development. Last year, they started talking about having a baby, and through a series of videos discussed the options available. Unwittingly, they have found themselves in the middle of a fraught debate around gay parenthood. As Rosie explains: “Someone in the comments was like, ‘How dare you think about sperm donation. You should be adopting.’ As far as I’m aware, I can have children, so why should I adopt just because I’m gay?”

“Rosie and I still don’t really know how we want to do it,” adds Rose. “We’re not anti-adoption. We’ll do what works for us.”

But they’re dealing with the issue in their usual way. They’ve joked about attaining sperm samples from various sources and playing reproductive Russian roulette. Originally, they planned for Rose to have a baby first (“She’s older,” points out Rosie), but now Rosie is considering it. Which is how the topic of livestreaming the birth comes up.

“I want to do it,” says Rosie. “But Rose keeps saying no.”

“I always assume you’re joking,” says Rose.

“No, I genuinely want to do it.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know. I just think, ‘If I’ve got to go through it, so should everyone else.’”

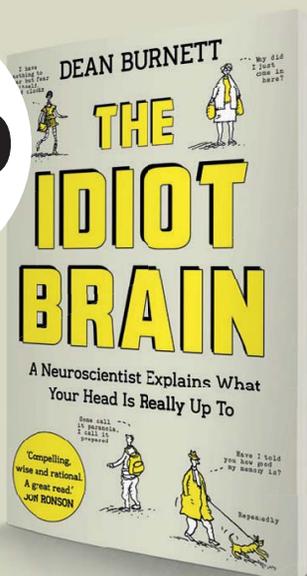
i The Rose and Rosie Exposed tour starts in Cardiff on 23 April and continues until 28 April

What your head is really up to

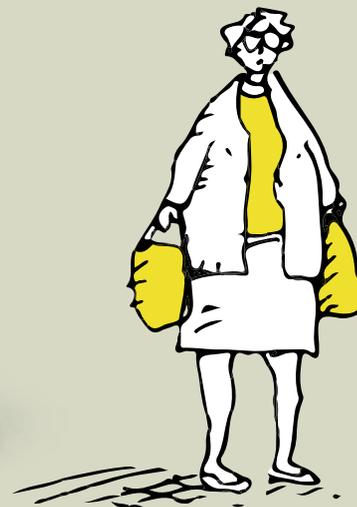
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How we made... Wish You Were Here 'It was wonderful to see the film's phrases - like Lynda's "Up yer bum!" - enter the vernacular'

David Leland, writer and director

The inspiration for this film was the famous British brothel-keeper Cynthia Payne, and her rebellious adolescence spent in Worthing and Bognor, but it was just as much about my own memories of growing up in a village near Cambridge. That parochial life we captured - with every kid's party taking place in the British Legion and all the men wearing blazers and playing crown green bowls - is taken from my dad and the older generation in my village.

Emily Lloyd played Lynda, as our Cynthia character was called, and we consciously created a family atmosphere on and off the set. Every now and again, they'd all sneak out to a disco and I wasn't supposed to know. In one scene, Lynda shows her knickers to all the bus drivers and conductors. I planted people from the makeup department in among the extras. At first they hid. Then, when the camera was back on Emily, they stood up and waved. You can see her laugh - and it's magic. It works.

Tom Bell was playing Eric, the friend of Lynda's dad who forces her to have sex with him in his room above the cinema. He arrived early and went to set up the room. When I arrived, someone said: "Tom's up in the room - I think he's drunk." But he wasn't. He was just lying on the bed rolling up cigarettes and smoking them. He had

claimed the space as his - people had to ask to come in. It created an extraordinary atmosphere.

We got into Directors' Fortnight at Cannes. At the end of the screening, there was cheering and I thought: "That's nice." Then we went out on to the balcony over looking the lobby and everyone went wild. "My God," I thought, "we've got something big here."

It's wonderful how some of the film's phrases - like Lynda's "Up yer bum!" - entered the vernacular. It's like *Personal Services*, the film I wrote inspired by Cynthia's later life. When she can't pay the rent, she gives the landlord a handjob. His name was Popozogolou and that became a euphemism for a wank.

Emily Lloyd, actor

They gave me a synopsis for the audition: "sexually precocious". So my mother put me in a black leather skirt and a tight blue crocheted top. The casting director took one glance at me and said: "You look like jailbait. Go home and get changed." Then she said: "But come back." I blushed and returned in jeans.

David took me for lunch and said: "Would you like the

'The success was overwhelming' ... Emily Lloyd in the 1987 film; below, with Tom Bell, who gets her pregnant

part?" But I'd just spooned some soup into my mouth and it didn't register. Then he said: "I'd like you to have the part." It still didn't register, so he said: "Emily, you've got the part!" And the soup went all over the table.

The first day of filming was on my 16th birthday. We only had six weeks to get it done so it was quite gruelling. I was completely exhausted at the end of every day. I'd been given a yellow Sony Walkman for my birthday and I'd lie there in my hotel room listening to Tina Turner to get to sleep.

The first time I saw the film, I thought: "My nose looks very big." But it's a lovely film and I like my character. Playing her as free-spirited wasn't hard, but there was also sadness and pain, when she finds herself pregnant.

The success was overwhelming. I went to Hollywood and one agent wanted to buy me a horse. My mum told me: "But darling, we've only got a small back garden." I was inundated and there was no one out there to protect me. My mum says, in retrospect, she wishes she'd gone out there. But, you know, I was hanging out with the Brat Pack, Matt Dillon, going to barbecues with Brad Pitt. All of that, at 16, can't be bad really.



i Interviews by Jude Clarke. A 30th anniversary screening of the film will take place at the Dome Cinema, Worthing, on 23 April

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Given current events, any insight into the way in which Russia operates on the world stage is worth paying attention to, so the timing of **Hunting the KGB Killers** (Channel 4) feels apt. This is a rigorous and gripping documentary that tells the story of what happened to former KGB officer Alexander Litvinenko, poisoned with one million times the lethal dose of polonium in London in 2006. It is all but certain that the highest levels of Russian government were involved, according to the British courts, which makes this film as alarming as it is fascinating.

Many of those involved talk on screen here for the first time. We hear from Litvinenko's widow, Marina, who speaks with a quiet sense of loss and a furiously dignified sense of justice, as well as his son, Anatoly. The then foreign secretary Margaret Beckett offers her perspective on what it has done for Anglo-Russian relations. The detectives who worked on the case assess its impossibilities with professionalism and an occasional flash of grim humour.

Hunting the KGB Killers operates within the vogue-ish documentary parameters of bombastic strings and blurry reenactments. Nevertheless, the extraordinary, troubling tale whizzes by - leaving one with the feeling that, by condensing such a vast story down to a robust 90 minutes, there is plenty that must have been left out.

It starts from the moment Scotland Yard detectives are sent to a hospital to speak to a gravely ill man named "Edwin Carter". At first, they admit they have trouble believing that he is a former KGB agent likely to have been poisoned, but at this point Litvinenko is still able to talk, and he does, extensively. We see flashback footage of the press conference he called in Moscow in 1998, to expose state corruption. Most shockingly, there is footage of



Last night's TV

A KGB thriller more outrageous than a fictional spy movie

By Rebecca Nicholson



him accusing Putin of ordering the assassination of journalist Anna Politkovskaya; at the time of making the charge, according to the voiceover, the polonium was already in his system. It's chilling.

Hunting the KGB Killers is powerful on two levels. It works as a thriller, such is the complex, frustrating nature of the work the detectives had to do in order to try to crack the case. At one point, having been sent to Russia to speak to suspects, one officer says he thinks the tea they were offered was poisoned, just enough to weaken them and affect their ability to conduct their investigation. They had upset stomachs, but it didn't stop them. "We just had to do it in short bursts," says DI Brian Tarpey, wryly. There are other moments so outrageous that they



AND ANOTHER THING

By now we'll know whodunnit, and what kind of send-off Broadchurch decided to give Miller and Hardy. I already miss their bickering.

Poisoned ... Alexander Litvinenko on his deathbed in London, 2006

would be too much in a fictional spy movie, such as the questioning of one suspect, Dmitry Kovtun, carried out in Russian as Met detectives had been told he spoke no English. At the end of the session, Kovtun wishes them luck - in English. The tapes mysteriously never made it back to the UK.

But it also works as a story about people and family and loss, never mawkish, but moving. "It's about how to be human," says Marina. Her persistence in ensuring a public inquiry is staggeringly brave. "I believe he'll be able to see everything that happened, and I hope he's proud of this," she explains through tears. Supt Clive Timmons, a raised eyebrow in human form, has the last word. He says that if Russia disagrees with this version of events, they can come to Britain and have their moment in court: "That'd be a good day out."

There's secrecy of a much more gentle variety in **Inside the Freemasons** (Sky1), which promises to offer "unprecedented access" to this ancient society. As part of their 300th birthday celebrations, they have been slowly opening up to journalists, and seem keen to burst any myths of a spooky secret cabal where men operate in the shadows and do something involving goats, a persistent misconception that one mason here finds especially hilarious. There is much to like about this film, which suggests that masonry is a benign forum in which men get to wear fancy suits and play in a world of secret codes and language, that to this uninitiated outsider sounds a lot like a form of cosplay, or the sort of thing you might find in the local historical reenactment society. It's a shame the access didn't stretch to the initiation ceremony that eager farmer James undertakes. My curiosity was piqued. I bet there's a goat in there somewhere.



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Film of the day

The Host (11.20pm, Film4)
Humanity is being overtaken by alien parasites, causing Saoirse Ronan to struggle gamely with her inner alien



Billy Connolly & Me, ITV

Watch this

First Dates

10pm, Channel 4
Like other successful reality shows, First Dates has begun milking its popularity by expanding the brand, recently creating a hotel-based offshoot. But the original format (two strangers bristling with awkwardness in a utilitarian London restaurant) is still where the magic happens - as proven by this cracking series eight opener, featuring a desperately sweet young couple and an uncomfortable coincidence.
Rachel Aroesti

Obsessive Compulsive Cleaners

8pm, Channel 4
As plenty of docs have shown, there's nothing remotely funny about OCD. This show, however, tries to bring a positive application to the compulsion to tidy - as obsessive cleaners bring some order to the homes of people who might benefit from their spare fastidiousness. Tonight, Brits Tina and Mark travel to assist Patrick in Texas - since his wife died, his ranch has gone to pot. Five days of their attentions should fix things.
John Robinson

Peter Kay's Car Share

9pm, BBC1
Kay's wonderfully gentle, Fiat-set comedy continues its second run, with John and Kayleigh not on their way to the office but rather to their annual work do. Most of the episode is spent following their journey home from the party alongside foul-mouthed Elsie (Game of Thrones's Conleth Hill). As usual, though, it's the pair's will-they, won't-they relationship - this time soundtracked by Forever FM's romantic nighttime offerings

- that keep this comic vehicle on track.
Hannah J Davies

Billy Connolly & Me: A Celebration

9pm, ITV
With the Big Yin set to hit 75 later this year an hour-long special barely seems adequate to cover Connolly's life. Nonetheless, this interview promises to reveal the comedian's thoughts on the art of swearing and the power of laughter, offer some brand new performance footage and feature famous fans including David Tennant and Andy Murray.
Mark Gibbings-Jones

How to Live Longer: The Big Think

9pm, BBC4
If the title gets your heart racing, you'll find much to stimulate in this elegant doc, which explores the ways science is seeking to address the biggest causes of death: cancer, heart disease and dementia. Nobel laureate Paul Nurse is our shepherd on this journey through medical advances and ethics, from designer babies and transplants that use "ghost hearts" from pigs to therapies that treat ageing itself.
Sophie Harris



Obsessive Compulsive Cleaners, Channel4

BBC1

6.0 **Breakfast** 9.15 Fake Britain (R) 10.0 Homes Under the Hammer 11.0 The Sheriffs Are Coming (R) 11.45 Claimed and Shamed 12.15 Bargain Hunt (R) 1.0 News; Weather 1.30 Regional News; Weather 1.45 Doctors 2.15 The Code (T) 3.0 Escape to the Country (T) 3.45 Money for Nothing (T) (R) 4.30 Flog It! (T) (R) 5.15 Pointless (T) (R) 6.0 News; Weather (T) 6.30 Regional News; Weather (T) 6.55 Party Election Broadcast (T) (R) 7.0 The One Show (T) 7.30 EastEnders (T)

8.0 **Holby City** (T) Jac and Matteo's relationship seems to be heading in the right direction.
9.0 **Peter Kay's Car Share** (T) John and Kayleigh are full of high spirits as they head off together on their annual work party.
9.30 **Our Friend Victoria** (T) The comedy of Victoria Wood, with Richard E Grant.

10.0 **BBC News at Ten** (T)
10.30 **BBC Regional News and Weather** (T) Lottery Update
10.45 **Reported Missing** (T) (R) The hunt for missing people across Britain.
11.45 **Spring: Earth's Seasonal Secrets** (T) (R)
12.45 **Weather for the Week Ahead** (T)
12.50 **BBC News** (T)

BBC2

6.0 **Flog It! Trade Secrets** (T) (R) 6.30 The Sheriffs Are Coming (T) (R) 7.15 The Super League Show (T) 8.0 Sign Zone. Great American Railroad Journeys (T) (R) 9.0 Victoria Derbyshire (T) 10.0 Live Snooker: The World Championship (T) 12.0 Daily Politics (T) 1.0 Live Snooker: The World Championship (T) 6.0 Eggheads (T) 6.30 Debatable (T) 7.0 Great American Railroad Journeys (T)

8.0 **Bake Off: Creme de la Creme** (T) Angus Deayton hosts the third heat.
9.0 **Nature's Wildest Weapons: Horns, Tusks and Antlers: Natural World** (T) Professor Doug Emlen examines how animals use their bodies as weapons, from elephants to rhinoceros beetles, assessing whether they are more than just instruments.

10.0 **Later Live - With Jools Holland** (T) Ed Sheeran, Michael Chapman, Valerie June, Syd, Daymé Arocena and Marian Hill.
10.30 **Newsnight; Weather** (T)
11.15 **Snooker: The World Championship** (T)
12.05 **Snooker: World Championship Extra** 2.05 MasterChef (R) 3.0 Great Pottery Throw Down (R)

Other channels

CBBC

7.0am Arthur 7.15 League of Super Evil 7.25 Dennis the Menace and Gnasher 7.40 Newsround 7.45 The Dumping Ground 8.0 Odd Squad 8.15 Newsround 8.20 Blue Peter Bite: Lindsey and Radzi's Wingwalking Adventure 8.30 Horrible Histories 9.0 The Worst Witch 9.30 So Awkward 10.0 Sam & Mark's Big Friday Wind Up 11.0 Kung Fu Panda: Secrets of the Masters 11.20 Scream Street 2.15 Ooglies Funszie 2.30 Horrible Histories 3.0 So Awkward 3.25 Zig and Zag 3.40 Dennis the Menace and Gnasher 3.55 HH: Gory Games Play Along 4.20 Newsround 4.20 Lost & Found Jam Sessions 4.35 The Next Step 5.0 The Next Step 5.0 Lifebubble 5.30 Operation Ouch! 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 Operation Ouch! 8.0 The Dumping Ground 8.30 The Next Step 8.30 Lost & Found Jam Sessions

E4

6.0am Hollyoaks 6.30 Coach Trip: Road to Ibiza 6.55 Baby Daddy 7.30 Baby Daddy 7.55 Rules

of Engagement 8.30 Rules of Engagement 8.55 Brooklyn Nine-Nine 9.30 Brooklyn Nine-Nine 10.0 Melissa & Joey 10.30 Melissa & Joey 11.0 Baby Daddy 11.30 Baby Daddy 12.0 How I Met Your Mother 12.30 How I Met Your Mother 1.0 The Goldbergs 1.30 The Goldbergs 2.0 The Big Bang Theory 2.30 The Big Bang Theory 3.0 How I Met Your Mother 3.30 How I Met Your Mother 4.0 Brooklyn Nine-Nine 4.30 Brooklyn Nine-Nine 5.0 The Goldbergs 5.30 The Goldbergs 6.0 The Big Bang Theory 6.30 The Big Bang Theory 7.0 Hollyoaks 7.30 Black-ish 8.0 The Goldbergs 8.30 The Goldbergs 9.0 E4's Tattoo Artist of the Year 10.0 Bizarre ER 11.0 The Big Bang Theory 11.30 The Big Bang Theory 12.0 Tattoo Fixers 1.05 E4's Tattoo Artist of the Year 2.05 Gogglebox 2.45 The Goldbergs 3.10 Black-ish 3.30 Rules of Engagement 3.50 Rules of Engagement 4.15 Melissa & Joey 4.35 Charmed

Film4

11.0am **FILM** The Muppet Movie (1979) 12.55 **FILM** The Spy Next Door (2010) 2.40 **FILM** Rat Race (2001)

4.50 **FILM** Pride and Prejudice (2005) 7.20 **FILM** Airplane! (1980) 9.0 **FILM** The Hunger Games: Mockingjay - Part 1 (2014) 11.20 **FILM** The Host (2013) 1.45 **FILM** Intruders (2011)

ITV2

6.0am You've Been Framed! Gold 6.25 You've Been Framed! Gold 100% 7.15 The Ellen DeGeneres Show 8.0 Emmerdale 8.30 Coronation Street 9.30 Britain's Got Talent: Ant and Dec's Top 10 Moments 10.30 **FILM** Step Up 2: The Streets (2008) 11.30 FYI Daily 11.35 **FILM** Step Up 2: The Streets (2008) 12.25 Emmerdale 12.55 Coronation Street 1.30 Coronation Street 2.0 The Ellen DeGeneres Show 2.50 The Jeremy Kyle Show 3.55 The Jeremy Kyle Show 5.0 Judge Rinder 6.0 You've Been Framed! Gold 6.30 You've Been Framed! Gold 7.30 You've Been Framed! Gold 8.0 Two and a Half Men 8.30 Two and a Half Men 9.0 Hell's Kitchen USA 10.0 Family Guy 10.30 Family Guy 11.0 Family Guy 11.30 Family Guy 11.55 The Vampire Diaries 12.50 American Dad! 1.50 Celebrity Juice 2.30 Teleshopping

More4

8.55am A Place in the Sun: Winter Sun 10.0 A

Place in the Sun: Winter Sun 11.0 Four in a Bed 11.35 Four in a Bed 12.05 Four in a Bed 12.35 Four in a Bed 1.05 Four in a Bed 1.40 Time Team 2.40 Time Team 3.45 Car SOS 4.50 Car SOS 5.50 Vet on the Hill 6.55 The Secret Life of the Zoo 7.55 Grand Designs 9.0 Homes by the Med 10.05 Million Pound Properties 11.05 24 Hours in A&E 12.10 8 Out of 10 Cats Does Countdown 1.15 Homes by the Med 2.15 Million Pound Properties 3.15 8 Out of 10 Cats Uncut

Sky1

6.0am Hawaii Five-0 7.0 Animal House 7.30 Animal House 8.0 Monkey Life 8.30 Monkey Life 9.0 David Attenborough's Conquest of the Skies 10.0 Modern Family 10.30 Modern Family 11.0 Modern Family 11.30 Modern Family 12.0 NCIS: Los Angeles 1.0 Hawaii Five-0 2.0 Hawaii Five-0 3.0 NCIS: Los Angeles 4.0 The Simpsons 4.30 Modern Family 5.0 Modern Family 5.30 Modern Family 6.30 The Simpsons 7.0 The Simpsons 7.30 The Simpsons 8.0 **FILM** Jumanji (1995) 10.0 Micky Flanagan Thinking Aloud 11.0 Carters Get Rich 11.30 Hawaii Five-0 12.30 Road Wars 1.0 Hawaii Five-0 2.0 Revolution 3.0



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ITV	Channel 4	Channel 5	BBC4
<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 Save Money: Good Food (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) 9.35 Frasier (T) (R) 10.05 Undercover Boss USA (T) (R) 11.0 Ramsay's Kitchen Nightmares USA (T) (R) 12.0 News (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 French Collection (T) 5.0 Couples Come Dine With Me (T) 6.0 The Simpsons (T) (R) 6.30 Hollyoaks (T) 7.0 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? We'll Take It Away (T) (R) 1.15 Home and Away (T) 1.45 Neighbours (T) 2.15 NCIS: Los Angeles (T) (R) 3.15 FILM A Housekeeper's Revenge (Darin Scott, 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 The Cars That Made Britain Great (T) (R)</p>	<p>7.0 100 Days (T) 7.30 Timothy Spall: All at Sea (T) (R)</p>
<p>8.0 Don't Ask Me Ask Britain (T) New series. Live interactive comedy gameshow hosted by Alexander Armstrong.</p> <p>9.0 Billy Connolly & Me: A Celebration (T) An interview with the comedian, in which he reveals his thoughts on such topics as turning swearing into an art form and the power of laughter.</p>	<p>8.0 Obsessive Compulsive Cleaners (T) New series. Some of the UK's most obsessive cleaners head stateside to clean America's mess.</p> <p>9.0 One Born Every Minute (T) One couple who were shocked to find out they were expecting twins, and another who went through a traumatic birth.</p>	<p>8.0 The Yorkshire Vet (T) New series. Julian receives an emergency call to see a badly injured llama which has a broken jaw. 5 News Update</p> <p>9.0 Inside Strangeways (T) A look behind the bars of the most famous prison in Britain to tell the stories of gang culture, riots and penal punishment.</p>	<p>8.0 Yellowstone (T) (R) An early dusting of snow signals the approach of winter.</p> <p>9.0 How to Live Longer: The Big Think (T) Paul Nurse examines the moral issues behind extending our lives, as methods such as stem cell therapies transform the way we conquer disease.</p>
<p>10.0 The Nightly Show With Dermot O'Leary (T)</p> <p>10.30 ITV News (T)</p> <p>11.0 Local News (T)</p> <p>11.15 The Detectives: Inside the Major Crimes Team (T) (R)</p> <p>12.15 The Nightly Show With Dermot O'Leary (T) (R) 12.40 Jackpot247 3.0 Loose Women (R) 3.50 ITV Nightscreen 5.05 The Jeremy Kyle Show (T) (R)</p>	<p>10.0 First Dates (T) New series.</p> <p>11.05 Gogglebox (T) (R)</p> <p>12.10 The Super Orgasm (T) (R) 1.05 Ramsay's Kitchen Nightmares USA (T) (R) 1.55 The Supernet (T) (R) 2.50 Unreported World (T) (R) 3.15 Shipping Wars UK (T) (R) 3.40 Four in a Bed (T) (R) 4.10 Building the Dream (T) 5.05 Phil Spencer: Secret Agent (T) (R)</p>	<p>10.0 Meet Mick Philpott: Psychopath (T) 11.05 Fritzl: What Happened Next (T) (R) 12.05 When Kids Kill: Britain's Youngest Serial Killer (T) 1.0 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 Nick's Quest (T) (R)</p>	<p>10.0 Obesity: How Prejudiced Is the NHS? (T) (R)</p> <p>11.0 Ray Mears Goes Walkabout (T) (R)</p> <p>12.0 Servants: The True Story of Life Below Stairs (T) (R) 1.0 Jaguars Born Free: Natural World Special (T) (R) 2.0 The Mystery of Rome's X Tomb (T) (R) 3.0 How to Live Longer: The Big Think (T) (R)</p>

Arrow **4.0** Animal House **4.30** Animal House **5.0** Road Wars

Sky Arts

6.0am The South Bank Show **7.0** Hockney on Photography **8.0** Tales of the Unexpected **9.0** Discovering: Paul Newman **10.0** Portrait Artist of the Year 2014 **11.30** Firebird **12.0** Sounds of the Dolomites **1.0** Tales of the Unexpected **1.30** Tales of the Unexpected **2.0** Auction **2.30** Auction **3.0** The South Bank Show **4.0** Portrait Artist of the Year 2017 **5.0** Tales of the Unexpected **5.30** Tales of the Unexpected **6.0** Discovering: Lana Turner **7.0** Artemisia: Painting To Survive **8.0** Fake! The Great Masterpiece Challenge **9.0** Passions **10.0** Discovering: Joan Fontaine **11.0** Gene Tierney: A Forgotten Star **12.0** Fake! The Great Masterpiece Challenge **1.0** Passions **2.0** Trailblazers: Progressive Rock **3.0** A to Zeppelin **4.10** Jimmy Smith Live in '69

Sky Atlantic

6.0am The British **7.0** The British **8.0** The British **9.0** The West Wing **10.0** The West Wing **11.0** Cold Case **12.0** House **1.0** Blue Bloods **2.0** The Guest Wing **3.0** The West Wing **4.0** The West Wing **5.0** Cold Case **6.0** House **7.0** Blue Bloods **8.0** Making

David Attenborough's Flying Monsters **9.0** Billions **10.10** Veep **10.45** The Circus: Inside the Biggest Story on Earth **11.20** The Trip to Spain **11.55** Blue Bloods **12.55** Billions **2.05** Midnight Sun **3.15** House **4.15** Richard E Grant's Hotel Secrets

TCM

6.0am Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Wolfgang Petersen **6.30** Rawhide: Incident at Paradise **7.35** Rawhide: Incident at Farragut Pass **8.40** **FILM** Rio Lobo (1970) **10.55** **FILM** The Train Robbers (1973) **12.45** Rawhide: Incident at El Crucero **1.50** Rawhide: Incident of the Travelling Man **3.0** **FILM** Murder, She Said (1961) **4.45** **FILM** Gold Fever (1952) **6.0** **FILM** Badman's Country (1958) **7.20** **FILM** The Rounders (1965) **9.0** **FILM** The Running Man (1987) **11.0** **FILM** Firefox (1982) **1.50** Conspiracy Theory with Jesse Ventura: Manchurian Candidate **2.45** Conspiracy Theory with Jesse Ventura: Apocalypse 2012 **3.40** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Paul Schrader **4.10** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Alan Parker **4.40** Off Set: Ben Miller **5.0** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Ridley Scott **5.30** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Rob Marshall

Radio

Radio 1

97.6-99.8 MHz
6.33 The Radio 1 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** BBC Radio 1 & 1Xtra's Stories: Study Drugs **10.02** Huw Stephens **1.0** Annie Nightingale **4.0** Adele Roberts

Radio 2

88-91 MHz
6.30 Chris Evans **9.30** Ken Bruce **12.0** Jeremy Vine **2.0** Al Murray **5.0** Simon Mayo **7.0** Jamie Cullum **8.0** Jo Whaley **10.0** Jake Thackray: The Yorkshire Chansonnier **11.0** Razzle Dazzle **11.30** Listen to the Band **12.0** Sounds of the 80s (R) **2.0** Radio 2's Folk Playlist **3.0** Radio 2 Playlists: Morning Acoustic **4.0** Radio 2 Playlists: Wednesday Workout **5.0** Vanessa Feltz

Radio 3

90.2-92.4 MHz
6.30 Breakfast **9.0** Essential Classics. Rob Cowan is joined by the poet Wendy Cope. **12.0** Composer of the Week: Schumann - Schumann Explores the Rheinland. The Schumanns settle in to the pace of life in

Düsseldorf, and Robert composes a symphony. (2/5) **1.0** News **1.02** Radio 3 Lunchtime Concert. A series of recitals from the Northern Ireland Opera Festival of Voice. **2.0** Afternoon on 3: African Ensembles & Repertoire. Katie Derham introduces music performed by the São Paulo SO. **4.30** In Tune. Suzy Klein's guests include the Vienna Piano Trio. **6.30** Composer of the Week: Schumann - Schumann Explores the Rheinland (R) **7.30** Radio 3 in Concert. A concert from Symphony Hall, Birmingham. CBSO, conductor Andrew Gourlay, Oliver Janes (clarinet). Strauss: Don Juan. Copland: Clarinet Concerto. 8.15 Interval. 8.35 Rachmaninov: Symphony No 3. **10.0** Free Thinking: Writers Writing about Love (R) **10.45** The Essay: Hanging On - The Ventriloquist Doll. Andrew Martin pays tribute to ventriloquists. (2/5) **11.0** Late Junction. A collaboration session by Baluji Shrivastav, Ben Chasny and Steve Noble. **12.30** Through the Night

Radio 4

92.4-94.6 MHz; 198kHz
6.0 Today **9.0** The Life Scientific: Liz Sockett.

Jim Al-Khalili talks to Professor Liz Sockett about predatory bacteria. (3) **9.30** Whodunnit?: The Pregnant Teen Vanishes. Chapter 3: Generation Sensible (R) **9.45** (LW) Daily Service **9.45** (FM) The Odyssey Project: My Name Is Nobody - Tamrat in the Cyclops' Cave. Alemu Tebeje's poem inspired by the Cyclops' cave. (2/10) **10.0** Woman's Hour **11.0** The Shock. What happens when people have a shock? Can they be trained to be more resilient? Jude Rogers reports. **11.30** The Honky Tonk Nun **12.0** News **12.01** (LW) Shipping Forecast **12.04** Home Front: 18 April 1917 - Alec Poole. By Shaun McKenna. Alec Poole offers spiritual sustenance to his congregation. (2/40) **12.15** Call You and Yours **12.57** Weather **1.0** The World at One **1.45** The Ideas That Make Us. Bettany Hughes examines what time means and how best to use it. (2/5) **2.0** The Archers (R) **2.15** Drama: Almost Like Being in Love. By Catriona Knox. **3.0** The Kitchen Cabinet (R) **3.30** Costing the Earth: Sinking Solomon Islands. The loss of five of the Solomon Islands. **4.0** Word of Mouth: How Countries Got Their Names. The process by which countries get their names. (2/7) **4.30**

Great Lives. Ermonela Jaho discusses the life of Mother Teresa. (3/9) **5.0** PM **5.54** (LW) Shipping Forecast **5.57** Weather **6.0** Six O'Clock News **6.30** Rob Newman's Neuropolis. The comedian presents a unique odyssey of our brains, mixing standup and sketches. (1/4) **7.0** The Archers. Peggy hears the good news. **7.15** Front Row **7.45** The Amateur Marriage: 1978, The Piano Teacher. By Anne Tyler. (R) (7/10) **8.0** Trump at Studio 54. Frances Stonor Saunders on Donald Trump's disco years. **8.40** In Touch **9.0** Document: Fu Bingchang's Diaries (R) **9.30** The Life Scientific: Liz Sockett (R) **10.0** The World Tonight **10.45** Book at Bedtime Rabbit, Run. By John Updike. (2/10) **11.0** Kevin Eldon Will See You Now: Tarquin & The Tiny Studio. New series. The comedian returns with sketches about beatniks, Blofeld and castanets. (1/4) **11.30** Today in Parliament **12.0** News and Weather **12.30** The Odyssey Project: My Name Is Nobody: Tamrat in the Cyclops' Cave (R) **12.48** Shipping Forecast **1.0** As BBC World Service **5.20** Shipping Forecast **5.30** News Briefing **5.43** Prayer for the Day **5.45** Farming Today **5.58** Tweet of the Day: Bullfinch (R)

Radio 4 Extra

Digital only
6.0 The Blackburn Files (2/5) **6.30** An Actor in His Time (7/11) **7.0** Control Group Six (2/4) **7.30** The Missing Hancocks (5/5) **8.0** Lines from My Grandfather's Forehead **8.30** The Men from the Ministry **9.0** The Now Show (7/7) **9.30** Mad Man Blue **10.0** J'Accuse **11.0** Brian Friel Stories (2/5) **11.15** Peter Wolf's Ghost on the Moor **12.0** Lines from My Grandfather's Forehead **12.30** The Men from the Ministry **1.0** The Blackburn Files (2/5) **1.30** An Actor in His Time (7/11) **2.0** Aunts Aren't Gentlemen (2/5) **2.15** Our Dreams: Our Selves (2/5) **2.30** The Reef (2/10) **2.45** My Autobiography (2/10) **3.0** J'Accuse **4.0** Whose Line Is It Anyway? (1/6) **4.30** Mad Man Blue **5.0** Control Group Six (2/4) **5.30** The Missing Hancocks (5/5) **6.0** Thou Shalt Not Suffer a Witch (2/5) **6.15** Chronicles of Ait: The Lotos Effect (2/5) **6.30** How Ticked Am I? (3/4) **7.0** Lines from My Grandfather's Forehead **7.30** The Men from the Ministry **8.0** The Blackburn Files (2/5) **8.30** An Actor in His Time (7/11) **9.0** Brian Friel Stories (2/5) **9.15** Peter Wolf's Ghost on the Moor **10.0** Comedy Club The Missing Hancocks (5/5)

10.30 Cowards (3/6) **10.55** The Comedy Club Interview **11.0** Concrete Cow (6/6) **11.30** Mark Thomas: The Manifesto (1/4) **12.0** Thou Shalt Not Suffer a Witch (2/5) **12.15** Chronicles of Ait: The Lotos Effect (2/5) **12.30** How Ticked Am I? (3/4) **1.0** The Blackburn Files (2/5) **1.30** An Actor in His Time (7/11) **2.0** Aunts Aren't Gentlemen (2/5) **2.15** Our Dreams: Our Selves (2/5) **2.30** The Reef (2/10) **2.45** My Autobiography (2/10) **3.0** J'Accuse **4.0** Whose Line Is It Anyway? (1/6) **4.30** Mad Man Blue **5.0** Control Group Six (2/4) **5.30** The Missing Hancocks (5/5)

5 Live

693, 909 kHz
6.0 Breakfast **10.0** Daily with Adrian Chiles **1.0** Afternoon Edition **4.0** Drive **6.30** Sport **7.45** Champions League Football **10.30** Phil Williams **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** Tom Ravenscroft **1.0** Mark Radcliffe and Stuart Maconie **4.0** Steve Lamacq **7.0** Marc Riley **9.0** Gideon Coe **12.0** 6 Music Recommends **1.0** Iggy Pop **2.0** The Chuck Berry Story (2/6) **2.30** Live Hour **3.30** Jukebox **5.0** Chris Hawkins



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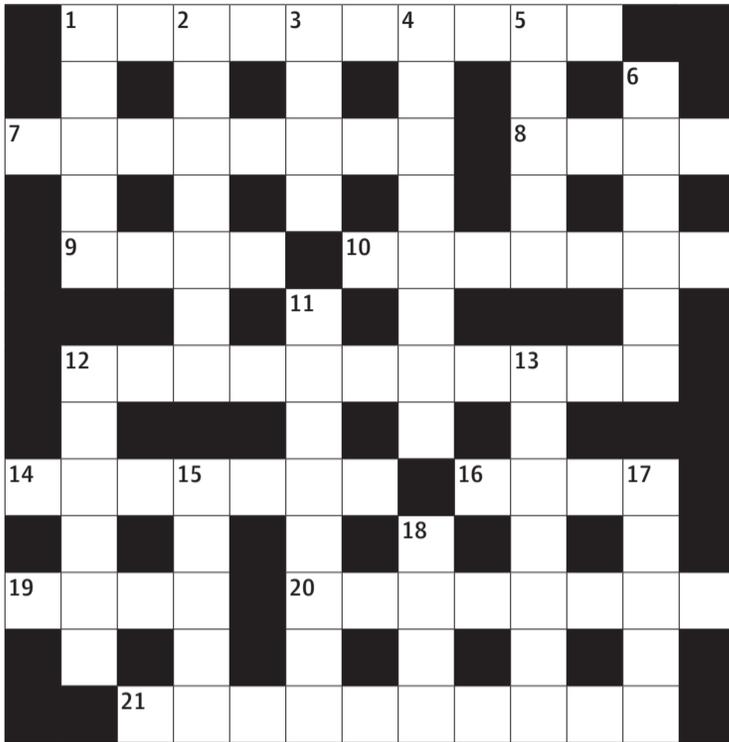
Quick crossword no 14,647

Across

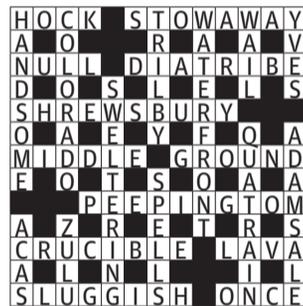
- 1 Be capable of hitting with force (4,1,5)
- 7 Civic dignitary (8)
- 8 Ball game – small body of water (4)
- 9 Tidy (4)
- 10 Excuse (7)
- 12 Very short time (5,6)
- 14 Very rough cider (7)
- 16 Men only (4)
- 19 Mined minerals (4)
- 20 Rural communities (8)
- 21 Without a stitch on (5,5)

Down

- 1 Tower supporting high-tension wires (5)
- 2 Object struck by a snooker player (3,4)
- 3 Military force (4)
- 4 Rattled – perturbed (8)
- 5 Get into trouble (3,2)
- 6 Persuaded gently (6)
- 11 Break in a journey (8)
- 12 Firmly in place – free from danger (6)
- 13 Proceeding as planned (2,5)
- 15 Out of sorts (5)
- 17 Avarice (5)
- 18 Devise a strategy (4)

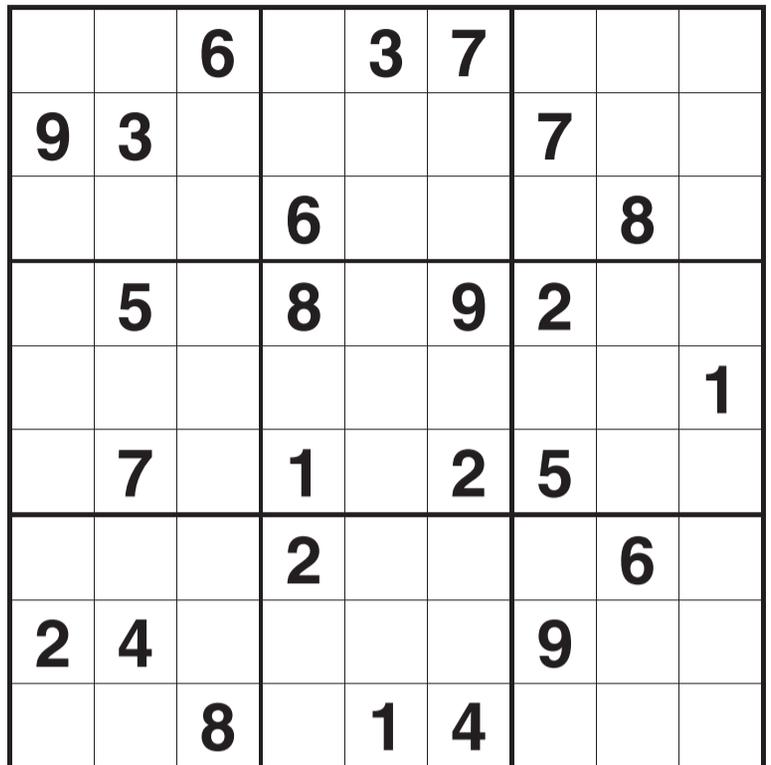


Solution no 14,646



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Sudoku no 3,725



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

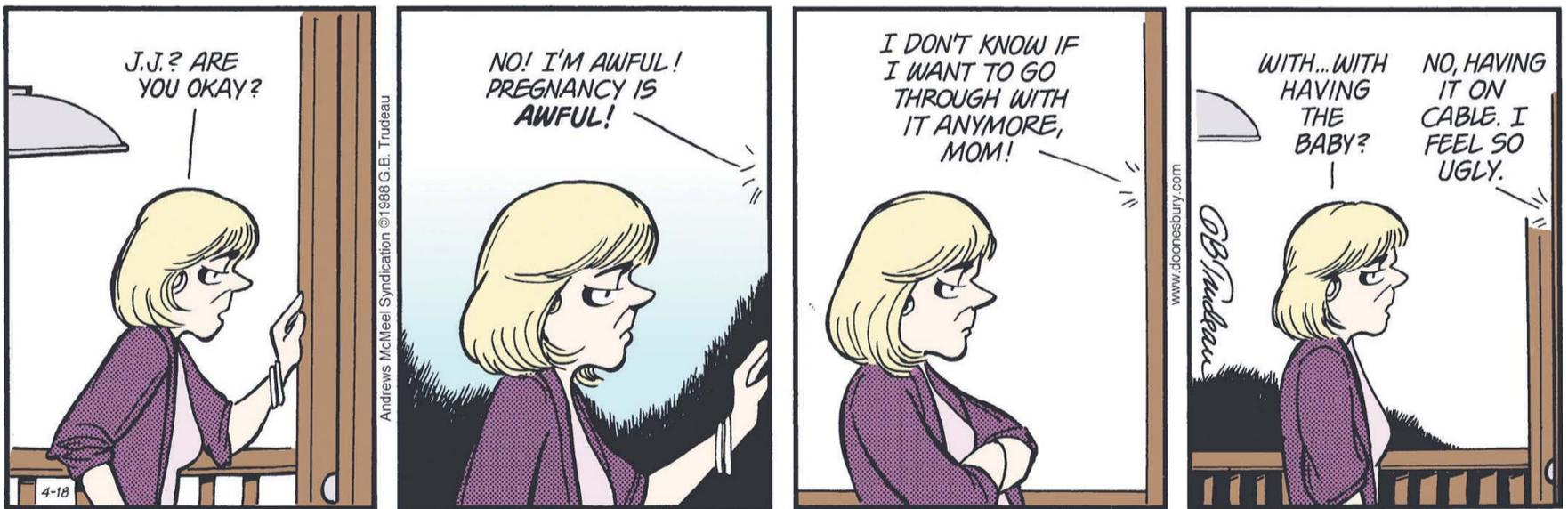
Solution to no 3,724

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

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Doonesbury classic

Garry Trudeau



If... Steve Bell



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