

**'The words male  
and female  
describe who  
we used to be'**

**Transparent creator  
Jill Soloway  
talks to  
Hadley Freeman**



**Griefsploitation**  
Death and marketing

**The Faraday cage**  
Anti-snooping buzz

**Marcia Gay Harden**  
Fifty Shades to stage



## Politics

### Ukip binders and other weird election swag

What can we learn from our political parties' online shops? If you visit Ukip's online gift shop and all the item photography looks as if it was done on a Nokia N95 in a drainage ditch full of purple dye, could it be a sign that they might not be up to much? We swept each party's swag for signs of competence.

Gavin Haynes



**'Secondary picketing is a right that should be enjoyed' mug Conservatives, £15**  
The Tories' online store has the air of a chummy Cotswolds gift shop. This item features a quote from Neil Kinnock set against an austere grainy photo of 80s industrial unrest. It would go very well with a cup of Fortnum & Mason earl grey (not included). At £15 each, Tetley is a non-starter.



**A mens' bag you might have bought at a Camden Market stall circa 1999 Lib Dems, £10.99**  
You'd look more on-trend in the Lib Dem hi-vis bib, yours for only £14.50. And while you're wearing your bib, why not whip out of your bag a copy of The Liberals in Hampshire? And if you think it's boring, you've clearly not tried Liberals in Hampshire Part 2, still used in place of anaesthetic in certain developing nations.



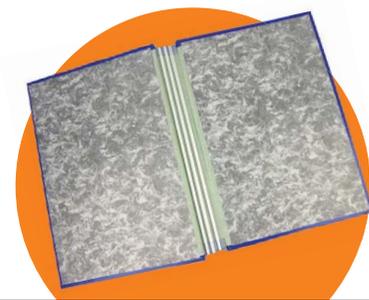
**A 'Strong, stable' postcard six-pack Conservatives, £6**  
You'd like to send six of your closest friends a "Strong, Stable Leadership in the National Interest" postcard? Are you sure they wouldn't prefer the traditional newsprint cutouts and a human finger?



**Jeremy Corbyn monochrome T-shirts Labour, £12.50**  
And to those who say St Jeremy of N1 has built a cult of personality, you can only point them towards your Jeremy Corbyn tote bag, say: "that is not recognisably a personality" and sip more Kaliber from your Jeremy Corbyn pint glass. Sadly, the party's infamous "Controls on immigration" mug is now a collectors' item.



**'Say no to hate' T-shirt Greens, £19**  
"The message is clear," the blurb announces. Confusingly, the message could also be: "Say no to Green party." All organic cotton, mind, and "produced in an ethically accredited wind-powered factory".



**A grey binder Ukip, £6**  
Ukip's swag has declined along with its star. In 2011, a bunch of fruitcake outsiders were offering lighters that protested against the smoking ban and a mug featuring David Cameron that made his nose grow Pinocchio-longer when filled with hot liquids. Now the gifts are dross. None more so than the chance to buy a grey binder that fits "12 copies of Independence magazine".

F MURRAY ABRAHAM

THE MENTOR

SEE PAGE 4

## Taste test

### Which four-finger chocolate bar is best?



The court of appeal has rejected Nestlé's attempt to register KitKat's four-finger shape as a UK trademark. You may think it is time to have a break, have a generic chocolate wafer snack. Not Nestlé. Instead, it may yet take its case to the supreme court. But Nestlé's case cannot be helped by the fact that in Norway, Freia has been selling the KitKat doppelganger Kvikk Lunsj, or "quick lunch", since 1937. But which tastes better? Is the KitKat really distinctive? Let's put it to test in the ultimate KitKat v Kvikk Lunsj showdown.

**Look** Kvikk Lunsj fingers are decorated with storks, which is lovely. KitKat's carry the hashtag #mybreak, which is #tryhard. **Kvikk Lunsj 4/5 KitKat 2/5**

**Feel** How insubstantial a KitKat suddenly feels, in the butch shadow of the Kvikk Lunsj, a classic Norwegian hiking snack. **KL 5/5 KK 3/5**

**Snap** Audibly, Kvikk Lunsj delivers a marginally more satisfying thunk as you snap a finger off. **KL 4/5 KK 3/5**

**Chocolate** The crucial component: 66% of the KitKat, 80% of the Kvikk Lunsj. The KitKat chocolate is unsophisticated, one-dimensional. The Kvikk Lunsj tastes European: less sweet, creamier, similar to Milka's mellow, rounded flavour. **KL 4/5 KK 2.5/5**

**Nibble-ability** If you like to nibble around the edges, deconstructing the layers to prolong the pleasure, then Kvikk Lunsj - thicker sides, bottom, chunky ends - is on top. **KL 4/5 KK 2.5/5**

**Texture** KitKat edges it. Its wafer offers a clear crunch and its closely compacted fingers have a definitive bite. The Kvikk Lunsj, while crisp in the middle, has a softer, airier feel. **KL 3/5 KK 4/5**

**Verdict** Kvikk Lunsj 24, KitKat 17  
It's official. Not only is it not a unique, trademarkable product, KitKat isn't even the best four-fingered chocolate bar in Europe. **Tony Naylor**





Showbiz

## The A-list passport photo office

**I**n a two-room, white-walled basement off Oxford Street in central London, behind the Dyson showroom, is a tiny portrait gallery, and if Philip Sharkey has a few minutes he will show you around.

“That’s Alec Guinness,” he says, pointing at a miniature print of the steely-eyed actor. “That’s Peter O’Toole ... Lena Horne. All four Beatles. Mia Farrow. Woody Allen is on a separate wall. Arnold Schwarzenegger. That was for his green card, in 1977.”

Sharkey runs Passport Photo Service, purveyors of passport, green card, visa and ID portraits which, thanks to its convenient location (a quick dash from the American embassy) speedy genial service, and word-of-mouth (“Where did you get your portraits done, darling?”), has been snapping 2x3in passport pics of the famous since 1953.

“My father started the company,” says Sharkey. “He was an East End boxer who did photography on the side. He found a way to develop photos in 10 minutes. Before Polaroids, before booths, nowhere did same-day service. He rented an office at 309 Oxford Street. The American embassy referred people to him. The first famous person through the door was Errol Flynn. He stood with his hands on his hips and said: ‘Yep! It’s me!’”

With his mum and dad both working at the studio, the young

Sharkey began helping out during school holidays.

“I remember once, in 1965, my father saying: ‘That’s the richest man in the world. Take him his photos. He might give you a tip.’ He didn’t. Maybe John Paul Getty didn’t get to be the richest man in the world by giving little kids tips.”

Since then, Sharkey has seen them all come and go, rich and poor. “It’s like going to the dentist,” he says. “They’re on their best behaviour, because they don’t want you to mess it up. Richard Harris was a bit pissed though. Uri Geller bent a spoon. We didn’t ask him to. It was our only spoon.”

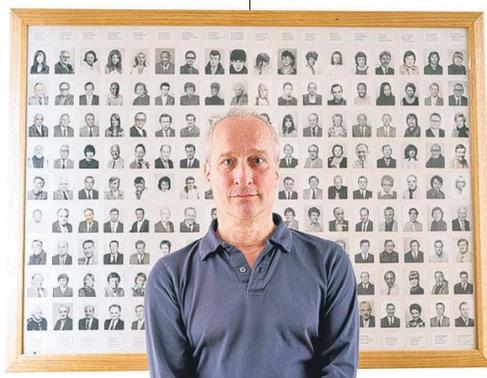
Despite moving from its prime location opposite Selfridges in 2014, Passport Photo Service is still going strong, thanks to its Google-friendly name. “Joan Collins is the most loyal,” says Sharkey. “Ringo Starr always comes back. Howard Jacobson is a regular.”

Sharkey’s favourite encounter was Muhammad Ali, who stopped by in 1974, on his way to fight George Foreman in the Democratic Republic of the Congo (then Zaire). “He said: ‘Take all these pictures down and replace them with one big photo of me!’”

But, says Sharkey, their most important visitor was probably Paul Robeson, in 1958.

“He’d just got his passport back from the US government, after being blacklisted. He sang my father Ol’ Man River. There were tears in my father’s eyes when he told me that story.”

**Andrew Male**



HACK ACHE



A study by neuroscientist Dr Tara Swart released last week suggests that journalists’ brains operate at a lower level than the average population thanks to caffeine, high-sugar foods, self-medicating and dehydration. Don’t no wot you’re torking about ...

## Pass notes

No 3,858

Love songs



**Age:** Many hundreds of years old.

**Status:** In decline.

**Oh, hardly. The love song is one of the most enduring romantic gestures in the history of humanity.** Tell that to the music charts, buster.

**Why? What’s happened?** According to research published in the journal *Sexuality & Culture*, pop songs are now less likely to be about love than at any point since the 1960s.

**That can’t be right. Let me go and check the charts.** Be my guest.

**Right, the No 1 song at the moment is Despacito (remix) (feat Justin Bieber) by Luis Fonsi & Daddy Yankee.** And what are the lyrics, exactly?

**“You fit me tailor-made, love how you put it on / Got the only key, know how to turn it on / The way you nibble on my ear, the only words I wanna hear / Baby, take it slow so we can last long.”** See? **That’s a love song.** No, it isn’t. That’s about sex.

**What’s the difference?** OK, let’s take a classic love song. Say, Let’s Stay Together by Al Green from 1971. That’s a meditation on the satisfaction of weathering a rocky relationship. It’s an acknowledgment that monogamy can bring spiritual enrichment.

**Right.** And Despacito is about Justin Bieber asking a woman to help him stop climaxing too quickly.

**Ah, gotcha.** This isn’t a one-off, either. The research analysed 1,250 songs released between 1960 and 2008, and found that, while only 7% of songs from the 60s were about sex, that number had increased to 40% by the end of the study.

**Really? Why?** The study points the finger at rap music, which turned up in the 1990s and was generous in its discussion of roving genitals.

**So is this actually a problem?** Well, probably not when you realise that love has almost always been a euphemism for sex in music. The Look of Love is about sex. Ticket to Ride is about sex. If anything, all this shows is that censorship has relaxed over the last 50 years. And anyway, only a fool would look for moral guidance from a pop song.

**So what’s the solution?** There isn’t one. Although if anybody fancies castrating Justin Bieber, I’m sure that wouldn’t hurt.

**Do say:** “I want to hold your hand ...”

**Don’t say:** “... While you diddle me something rotten in your sex dungeon.”

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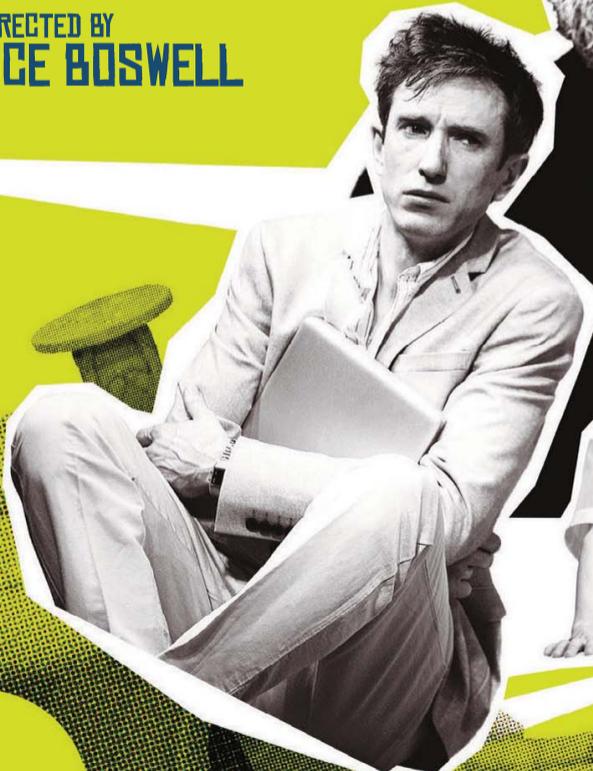
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# THE MENTOR

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# Arwa Mahdawi

## Griefsploitation by brands is an advertising trend that needs to die

**A**ds are everywhere. They are on our trains, they are on our planes, they are wrapped around our automobiles. They are in our homes, on our homes, they are even on the homeless. Yes, really; homeless people have been used as media space by marketers thinking outside the box; charmingly, it's called "bumvertising". Still, despite the constant creep of commercialism there is one final frontier that has, as yet, remained blissfully ad-free: the graveyard.

This isn't to say that death doesn't sell. On the contrary, posthumous fame is often the most lucrative. In Mark Twain's play *Is He Dead?*, an artist fakes his death to increase the value of his work. As one of the characters explains: "A painter has so much more talent when he's dead. Indeed, the deader he is, the better he is." However, death normally doesn't sell consumer brands. Nobody wants to see ads for flame-grilled burgers at a crematorium. Or be reminded that the unstoppable march of time means we are all going to die no matter how much expensive skin cream we slather on. Death is not aspirational and exploiting loss for commercial gain is clearly inappropriate.

Well, perhaps it's not quite clear to everyone that it is. Last week, McDonald's got a lot of grief for a TV advert that seemingly exploited bereaved children in order to flog fish sandwiches. More than 150 people complained to the Advertising Standards Authority about the dead dad ad and it has now been pulled with the usual PR fauxpology. "We respect our customers and their money very much and regret implying that a fried fish fillet could replace a father's love etc etc."

McDonald's execs can take some solace in the fact that they aren't the only marketing minds to have inexplicably decided that invoking family tragedy would be a winning strategy. In 2015 Nationwide aired an ad featuring a drowned child during the SuperBowl. "I'll never learn to ride a bike," says a sweet little boy as the ad begins. "I'll never get married ... I couldn't grow up because I died from an accident." The camera cuts abruptly away to an ominously overflowing bath before reminding you that Nationwide can "make safe happen". And, hey, if safe doesn't happen then at least you'll get some life insurance money. Just think how many consolatory fish sandwiches you'll be able to buy with that.

Now, to be clear, I don't think that the McDonald's or Nationwide ads were made by Machiavellian monsters, cynically mining pain for profit. They were just bad ads created by an industry so high on its own puffery that it truly believes fast food brands have important things to say about bereavement.

Nevertheless, there does appear to be a growing trend of brands engaging in griefsploitation. For instance, every time a celebrity dies, there fol-

**Facebook doesn't want grief to consume you, it wants you to consume your way out of grief**

lows a flurry of very bad tweets by companies trying to muscle their brand into the conversation. When Prince died last year, for example, Cheerios tweeted "Rest in peace" on a purple background - with a cheerio replacing the dot above the i. Fans were not impressed and Cheerios quickly deleted the tweet. Mind you, Cheerios' tweet was the height of good taste compared with Homebase, who didn't even bother making it look as if they cared about anything other than promoting themselves. Homebase tweeted "Good morning everyone, happy Friday. If you need our assistance we're here until 8pm today, get tweeting. Have a good day! #RIPPRINCE." As you can expect, it too was soon deleted.

Brands aren't just leveraging celebrity deaths for product placement; national tragedies also make great #content opportunities. Who could forget AT&T's twin towers tweet? In 2013, the telecommunications company posted a tweet on 11 September that showed someone holding a phone up over the Tribute in Light memorial in New York City with the caption "Never Forget". And, after the Boston marathon bombing in 2013, the food website Epicurious tweeted: "In honor of Boston ... may we suggest: wholegrain cranberry scones!"

Shoehorning your brand into a social media conversation about a tragedy may be tasteless but it is a fairly rudimentary form of griefsploitation. Far more insidious is the way in which brands are now using our personal data to target us at the moments when we're feeling most vulnerable.

Facebook has told advertisers it can identify when teenagers are feeling "stressed", "defeated", "overwhelmed", "anxious" and "useless", for example. It has also explicitly furnished advertisers with advice on how best to exploit - sorry, I mean "help" - people dealing with the grief of a breakup. Facebook's research explains that heartbreak is the ideal marketing opportunity for those in the travel business: in the month after a newly single Facebook user has announced their breakup, there is an "increase of 25% more travel-related purchases". Apparently "travel therapy has replaced retail therapy": 55% of people surveyed by Facebook said that travelling after their breakup helped them move on, while only 8% of people said that shoes helped them move on. To be honest, some of these people probably just aren't buying the right shoes. I mean, if you get boots that are made for walking, then that's just what they'll do.

Anyway, if you break up with someone and find yourself suddenly bombarded with online ads for Virgin Holidays, this is probably why. Facebook is trying to help you heal. They care. They don't want grief to consume you, they want you to consume your way out of grief. It's really very sweet of them. At the very least, it's better than a slap in the face with a wet file of fish.

Sex sells, death shouldn't



**T**he last time I saw Jill Soloway, it was the autumn of 2014. The writer and director of *Transparent* had flown over from the US ahead of the show's launch, and we met in a central London hotel room. Soloway had more than an hour's hair and makeup beforehand, and was visibly nervous, uncertain what the reception would be for a show with a trans character at its centre; Soloway, I wrote in my notes, "fiddled a little girlishly with her long hair". Bruce Gilbert, Soloway's husband, was working as music supervisor on *Transparent*, and we discussed how nice it was to have the support of your spouse in the workplace. One thing Soloway did not especially want to discuss were the personal experiences that influenced the show, and I had to ask about them several times before it finally emerged that Soloway's own parent was transgender.

Well, two and a half years can be a long time. *Transparent*, of course, has been a huge international success, a major force in bringing discussions of trans rights to the mainstream. Soloway is now rightfully celebrated as one of the most original voices working in this golden age of TV and has been duly garlanded with awards. On a personal level there have been changes, too. Soloway and Gilbert have separated and the director now identifies as a gender non-conforming queer person, who prefers to be referenced with gender-neutral pronouns (they/them/their), and if reading an interview in that style takes some getting used to, I can assure you that writing it up did, too. Soloway has also become much more comfortable talking in interviews about how their shifting gender and sexual politics inform their work, of which there now seems to be a never-ending stream.

On top of currently finishing up the fourth series of *Transparent*, writing a memoir and making a movie, Soloway has made another series for Amazon, *I Love Dick*, based on Chris Kraus's cult 1997 novel, starring Kathryn Hahn,

Kevin Bacon and Griffin Dunne. The most reductive description of the book is that it's about a married woman, Chris Kraus, and her obsession with an academic called Dick. But what it's really about is chaotic female sexuality and the ethics of using your life in your work - in other words, ideal grist for Soloway's mill - and they have done a clever job in adapting a seemingly unadaptable novel. However, where *Transparent* is underpinned by familial love and Jewish comedy, making it accessible to the masses, *I Love Dick* is soaked in feminist rage, so I suspect its appeal will be a tad niche.

This time we meet at Soloway's house, up in the hills of Silverlake, Los Angeles. It's one of the most desirable areas of the city, although its bohemian reputation is now somewhat undermined by the expensive cars parked in front of the rambling bungalows - Porsches, 4x4s and, of course, Priuses. Soloway still shares the bright and rambling house with Gilbert and their eight-year-old son (Soloway also has an older son from a previous relationship), and glimpses of their now wildly successful life are scattered around, like *Through the Keyhole* clues: a script for *Transparent* is on the table, a clutch of Emmys are shoved in the drinks cabinet and an assistant is in the kitchen making guacamole. Soloway, who looks like Lena Dunham's older sibling and is as warm and engaging as I remember, is in a checked shirt and Gucci pyjama trousers. The long hair is gone, replaced by cool little quiff, and unlike last time, Soloway is bare-faced:



"I think I'd had two hours of makeup before last time we met, didn't I? Wow," Soloway says, marvelling at their past self. "Anyway, have you seen the show? Tell me what you think."

What I think is this: no one creates female characters as original as Soloway does, in all their angry, damaged and highly sexed glory. There's Rachel in the 2013 film *Afternoon Delight* (played by Soloway's neighbour and regular collaborator, Kathryn Hahn), who hires a stripper as a nanny and throws her family into chaos; or Sarah (Amy Landecker) in *Transparent*, who trashes two marriages and begs dominatrixes to spank her; and now there's Chris (also Hahn), gloriously unhinged in her fury at a world so freaked out by female art and desire. And seeing women like this on screen, I say to Soloway, feels almost as revolutionary as putting a trans character at the centre of a show.

"I totally agree," Soloway says, drinking an iced tea on the sofa. "And in many ways *I Love Dick*'s the perfect show for now, because so many women are so filled with rage. If we were in Hillary's America, I think people would have been like: 'What's she so mad about?' But now it's like: 'Well of course she's furious.' It felt like the entire planet got sexually harassed [when Trump was elected]."

Soloway's production company is called Topple, as in toppling the patriarchy. What does that mean in a practical sense? "Well, I would just like to topple the whole thing: get Trump out of office, have a female president, a queer president, a person of colour, that war is not the default. And if Trump can be president I have to believe that something like this can also rise. I just hope [*I Love Dick*] is something women will tuck under their arms and hold close to them, because if *Transparent* was about the trans community then *Dick* is really about the female gaze. This really is a celebration of the feminine," they say.

Soloway has been trying to celebrate the feminine since they started writing for TV. While working

'I'm having my queer adolescence now' ... Soloway; (left) *Transparent*

# 'When people gender me as female, I feel strange'

**The g2 interview** Jill Soloway, the writer and director of *Transparent*, talks to **Hadley Freeman** about the feminist ideals behind new show *I Love Dick*, coming out as non-binary and why being called pretty feels like 'a strange insult'

PHOTOGRAPH SARAH LEE FOR THE GUARDIAN



**'I Love Dick's the perfect show for now, because so many women are so filled with rage'**

« on shows including *Six Feet Under*, *United States of Tara* and *Grey's Anatomy*, Soloway kept writing their own stuff, and has “at least 10 scripts” on their desk featuring female characters, many of which have what they describe as a “hipster Jewiness” to them and “a so-called inappropriate attitude to sex”.

“I do feel lucky that there was a sea change in the past five years with *Lena Dunham*, *Tina Fey*, *Broad City* and *Amy Schumer*, where a quote unquote unlikable - that’s just a phrase that reflects the mainstream view - female heroine can carry a show. Because before I kept being told: ‘Where’s the great man at the centre of this?’ or ‘She seems a little difficult,’” Soloway says, their voice spiking with sarcasm.

Soloway was also known for being a little difficult. In 2011, Soloway was turned down for a writing job on *Glee* because of their tricky reputation and their agent lent them money to tide them over. But instead of using that loan to pay off their debts, Soloway made *Afternoon Delight*, which led to a best director award at Cannes, which in turn led to *Transparent*. It’s a classic Soloway story, in that they refused to do the conventional thing and ended up winning anyway, which would certainly annoy a lot of people. But what does Soloway think people meant when they labelled them “difficult”?

“I probably was a little bit difficult, actually. If I was on somebody else’s show and I felt something could be better, it would be hard for me not to stand up,” Soloway says.

On set, Soloway encourages everyone to speak up if they see a problem, pointing out mistakes that will “illuminate the path to a more truthful moment”, wresting the usual directing techniques away from those with “masculine intention”. Talking with Soloway is a little reminiscent of the conversations I had with friends when we discovered feminist and queer theory and revelled in the jargon. And, as in those university days, the experience is both thrilling and occasionally bewildering.

Soloway talks about how “the gaze is male, and the urge to squarify the activity is male”, which is fun, even if it doesn’t get us very far (so should screens now be circular?). But no one can accuse Soloway of being just talk: their sets are famously diverse and *I Love Dick* has been directed largely by women, including *Andrea Arnold* and

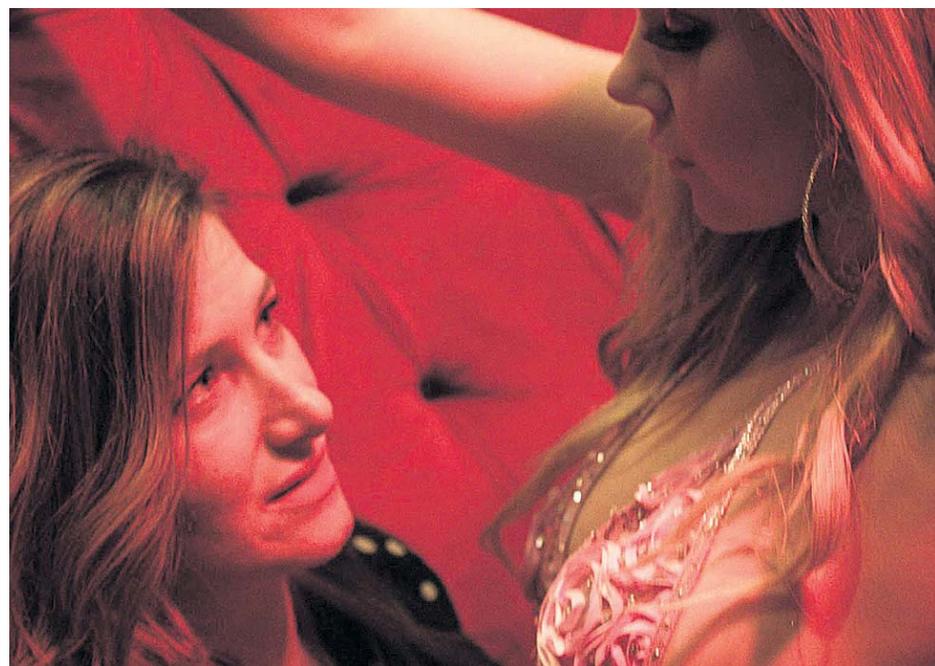
*Kimberly Peirce*. Soloway doesn’t even yell “Action” or “Cut”, preferring “Go on then” and “That’ll do.”

“All the traditions of film-making - the shouting, the prioritising of schedules, the way it feels a little like war and there’s a lot of men on set, the being on call all the time, they work very well for anyone who has a masculine intention and never wants to be home. But we brought feminist, cooperative, utopian ideals to the workplace in a way that gave this immediate bounty,” Soloway says proudly, and the Emmys in the booze cupboard are a testament to that.

**O**ne utopian ideal that Soloway brings to their sets is what they call “doing box”, which is when everyone gets together at the beginning of the day, stands on a box and shares whatever they’re going through in their personal life. This way, Soloway says, “Everyone knows humans are prioritised over time and money here. It’s a patriarchal-toppling tool.”



**‘There’s a feeling of being grown up and that doesn’t really work for me if I’m feeling feminine’**



**Kathryn Hahn and Juno Temple in *Afternoon Delight*, 2013; (below) Jeffrey Tambor in *Transparent*, 2014; (bottom) Soloway, third from left, with cast of *Transparent*, 2017**

Soloway pauses for a moment: “I’m actually renovating a house down the road and I brought this theory to the guys working on it.”

And how did the builders take to being told to share their feelings?

“I was really worried they were just going to think I was a total asshole. Then I finally gave myself permission to say one day: ‘I do this thing at work and I want to try it here.’ We now have a weekly meeting and we go around and say how they are. We call it emotional check-in. It’s really sweet,” Soloway grins.

Has it helped with the house? (Soloway is moving to this new house, and Gilbert is staying in the family home.) “For sure and ... OH MY GOD YOU GOT YOUR HAIR CUT IT LOOKS AMAZING!”

Soloway breaks off to shout at a short-haired woman who has just walked in. It’s Soloway’s older sister, Faith, who stays with them a few months a year while they work on *Transparent* together, and the conversation that ensues could be straight out of the show:

Faith: It’s great, but it feels a little Hitler-y.

Jill: You don’t look like Hitler.

Faith: I don’t?

Jill: No, you look so cute. Will it change the way you move through the world, do you think?

Faith: I’m sure it will [she does an exaggerated cowboy walk and they both laugh.] I’m such a boy, right?

Jill: Yeah, it looks great.

Super cute.

I point out that the two of them are wearing near-identical checked shirts.

Faith: Oh yeah!

Jill: Yeah, it looks cute, right?

“Cute” is one of Soloway’s favourite praise words now when referring to a person’s looks. “When people gender me as female, I feel strange, and if someone is like, ‘You look so pretty’ or ‘beautiful’, I feel offended. It’s like I’m succeeding at something feminine

when I'm not trying, and that feels like a strange insult," Soloway says.

These days, Soloway adds, they get rid of their whole wardrobe every six months: "I'm changing every day, so every six months I'm like: 'None of this stuff makes sense any more.' I got rid of every even slightly feminine shoe. There's a feeling of being grown up, and moving through the world and feeling like I'm the subject instead of the object and that doesn't really work for me if I'm feeling feminine."

But, I say, surely the revolution is in re-defining what feminine or female attractiveness means rather than rejecting femaleness? After all, *I Love Dick* makes the feminine the subject.

"I think it's more about the binary, the masculine and feminine," Soloway says, lapsing back into the jargon. "There will always be incredibly masculine people and completely feminine people, but that has nothing to do with people's bodies, whether they have a penis or vagina. And besides those two poles there's also a place in the middle, the non-binariness, the people who don't register as one or the other. I'm happy to speak on behalf of women and on behalf of feminism. But I notice when people see me as non-binary, I get treated more as a human being," Soloway says.

Hearing Soloway, whose work is so profoundly feminist, suggest that the best way to be treated as a human is to not be a woman is so befuddling that I am almost speechless. But, I manage, isn't the point that the definition of a woman should be broader, as they have shown in their work. To retreat from being called a woman feels as if they are giving up the field.

"I hear that, and I felt that way a couple of years ago," Soloway says. "I do agree that 'woman' shouldn't mean a particular thing, that it can mean anything. But the words man and woman, male and female, they describe who we used to be. You know, there are a lot of trans men who menstruate and there are a lot of trans women who get offended if the feminist movement is about vagina hats. [The binary] is not going to stand in the future."

I don't doubt that the world would be better with fewer divisions, but the reason Soloway gives for wanting to dissolve the gender binaries is so astonishing to me it feels like a betrayal. Unfortunately, time is pressing and I have to move on, but as soon as I leave the house I send Soloway an email: "Do you see any contradiction," I write, "in that your work celebrates femaleness but you personally are rejecting it?"

## 'I'm happy to speak on behalf of women but when I'm seen as non-binary, I get treated more as a human being'

A lengthy correspondence ensues, in which Soloway sends me emails filled with phrases such as "a non-binary, spherical, balanced crucible for being that is un-gendered". But after a few weeks of this, in which I basically ask the same questions over and over and they patiently reply in various ways, Soloway sends an email that makes me sit up: "I identify as trans, which means that I am not seeking to synthesise my appearance with the label assigned to me at birth and instead am opting to live in a space where a label other than male or female is used to define me," they write.

I hadn't heard Soloway use the word "trans" in relation to themselves before, so I ask them to elaborate. "Under the transbrella, there are so many identities. I haven't made the big 'I'm trans' announcement because the politics in the community are so intense. It's more like I had the realisation that the word cis didn't work for me, so first there was the 'not-cis' revelation, which linguistically means the same thing as trans. As I said, most people who play with gender norms like butch women don't identify as trans so it's a little wobbly. I think in a year or two, more people will."

**S**oloway grew up in Chicago and their father was an emotionally absent psychiatrist. Their mother, by contrast, was a teacher and enthusiastically involved in the civil rights movement: "Faith and I definitely grew up just knowing that trying to make something happen is your antidepressant for getting through the day - I have to change the world." When Soloway's father came out as trans in 2012, a lot "made

**Kathryn Hahn and Kevin Bacon in *I Love Dick***



sense." The highly sophisticated second series of *Transparent* looks at how gender and sexual traumas reverberate in families and impact later generations, so I ask if Soloway thinks their father's issues with gender affected Soloway and Faith?

"Oh totally. Faith and I, we used to have an idea for a play called *The Soloway Brothers*, and we both have thought of ourselves as boyish our whole lives, even though I was more female. I guess I didn't see myself as a boy when I was younger, but now we both see ourselves as boys, kind of jokingly."

However Soloway sees themselves, there is no doubt they are now having a good time. They are currently single, having recently come out of a relationship with beat poet Eileen Myles. "I'm having my queer adolescence now," Soloway smiles. "It's fun." We then talk a little about the cliched dynamics men and women fall into in relationships, and Soloway tells me a story about how they recently eavesdropped on some couples in a jacuzzi ("And the men were like: 'If I get her a kitchen, maybe I'll get sex!'"") that makes me double up laughing.

At this point, the Guardian's photographer, Sarah, turns up and suddenly the room is flooded with women: aside from Faith, there's the photographer, me and at least three assistants variously connected to Soloway, and Soloway promptly involves us all in the photo. "I don't want to look like a girl, OK?" Soloway tells Sarah, and one of the assistants brings down a recent magazine shoot to show what shouldn't be done.

"Look how they fixed my hairline, and it looks like they airbrushed on makeup or something," Soloway says, and we all collectively recoil. Soloway produces a photo of Pedro Almodóvar, saying they want to look like him instead.

"You should wear this blazer," one of the assistants says.

"Do you think? What do you think?" Soloway asks, turning to me and putting on the blazer. Soloway looks great and I say so.

My taxi back to the airport arrives and we hug goodbye. As I leave, Soloway, Sarah and the assistants are all deciding which pair of glasses Soloway should wear ("So cute!"). In another era I would have described them as looking like a creative female collective. Now, I don't know what the right words would be. But I will say this: it sure looks like they're having fun.

*I Love Dick* is on Amazon Prime

Physicist Daniel Faraday (right) in *Lost* sparked fans' theories about Faraday cages



1850s American electromagnetic therapy machine inspired by Faraday's work



**T**here is not much room to build a box the size of a garage in the Royal Institution's lecture theatre.

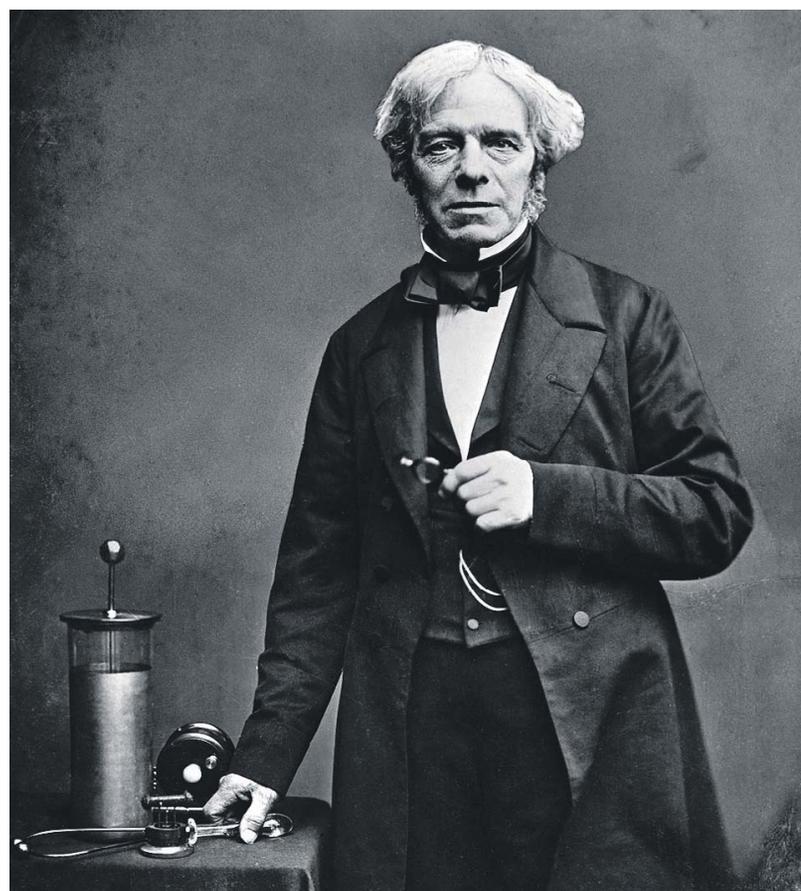
Tiered seating surrounds the large central table and leaves little room for much else. It was the same in January 1836, but Michael Faraday had no choice. He left his cramped lab in the basement of the building in London's Mayfair and set to work. He put a wooden frame, 12ft square, on four glass supports and added paper walls and wire mesh. He then stepped inside and electrified it.

Faraday all but lived in the box for two full days. In that time, with electrometers, candles, and a large brass ball on a white silk thread, he explored the nature of charge. What he discovered transformed how scientists viewed electricity. But the cage itself was simply a means to an end, a way to insulate experiments from the outside world. It hardly screamed applications. Standing on the spot where the box was built, Frank James, the RI's historian, gives the simple reason: "What was there to protect against electrical charge in 1836?"

Things have, as you would hope in nearly two centuries, changed. Today more than half a million sites found by Google refer to Faraday cages. They keep microwaves in microwave ovens and interfering radio waves out of hospital MRI rooms. Survivalists, with their knack for being distracted by peripheral threats, share tips on enclosures to block electromagnetic pulses that follow nuclear explosions. Companies offer Faraday bags, Faraday curtains and Faraday wallpaper that claim to stop mobile phone and wifi radiation, and shield devices from electronic snooping. In France, entrepreneurs are peddling radio wave-proof underpants. From the Netherlands comes a Faraday container that holds multiple smartphones. The

Michael Faraday's pioneering work on electricity made him a 19th-century superstar. Now his signature invention, the Faraday cage, is being repurposed for surveillance-proof bags, wallpaper and underpants - not to mention plot points in TV shows such as *Better Call Saul*. By **Ian Sample**

## Spark of genius

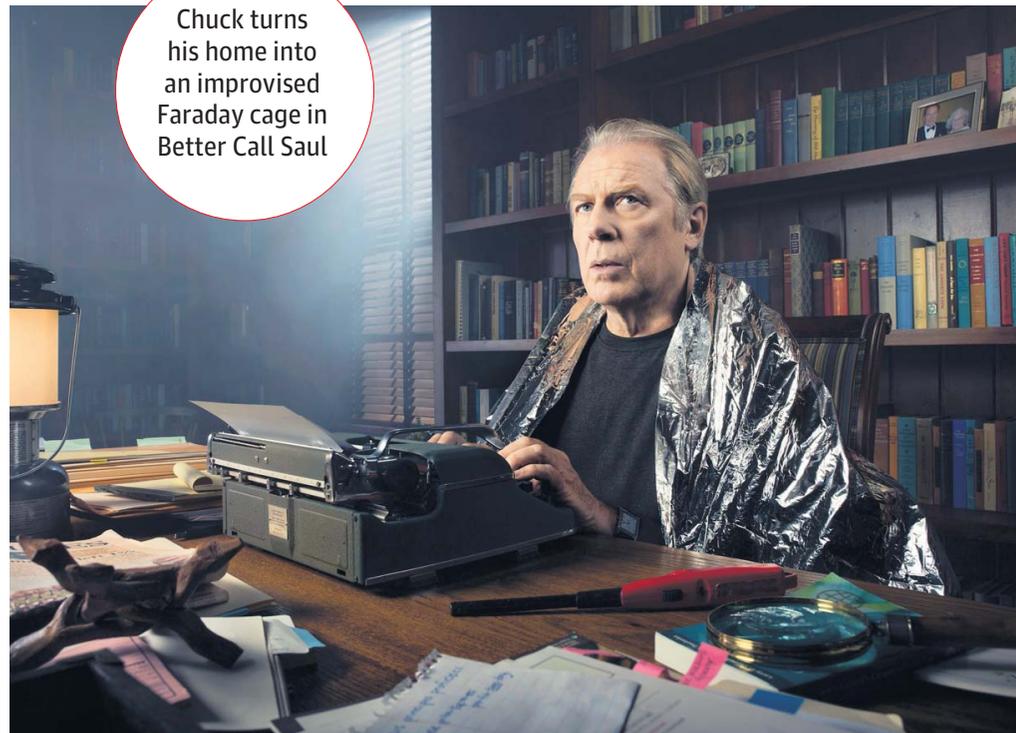


aim is to break our gadget addiction and bring back good old face-to-face communication.

It is fair to say that not every product Faraday inspired lives up to its manufacturer's claims. Metal mesh hats, scarves, shirts, socks, ponchos, hoodies, gloves, capes and leggings are all sold as shields for electromagnetic waves. As happens with clothing items, they have holes for arms, legs, heads and bodies, where waves can stream in. "It's not a new thing, but more and more stuff is being developed. My personal opinion is that it doesn't do a lot," says Frank de Vocht, a senior lecturer in epidemiology and public health research at Bristol University. "There will be a lot of leakage because it's not a Faraday cage."

The market for the clothing has grown with recognition of electromagnetic hypersensitivity, or to unroll its official name, idiopathic environmental intolerance attributed to electromagnetic fields (IEI-EMF). Those affected believe that ubiquitous electromagnetic (EM) waves are to blame for what can be genuinely awful symptoms. But studies point to another cause: placebo's evil twin, nocebo. Just as positive expectations can turn a sugar pill into a painkiller, so negative ones can provoke real ailments. Metal mesh clothing is not the antidote. It reinforces the belief that electromagnetic waves cause illness and can make matters worse.

In the Netflix show *Better Call Saul*, Jimmy McGill's brother, Chuck, suffers from electromagnetic hypersensitivity, and turns his home into an improvised Faraday cage, using tinfoil and space blankets. An earlier TV reference came in the long-running drama *Lost*, which featured a time-travelling physicist called Daniel Faraday and inspired fan theories that the crashed airplane and parts of the island had acted as Faraday cages.



In the post-Snowden era, surveillance fears, or perhaps paranoia, has boosted another market for Faraday-inspired products. Metal-lined pouches for smartphones are sold alongside cases for laptops that block in and outgoing signals. Some might even work, though plenty fail to block the full range of phone signals, Bluetooth, GPS and wifi. They are not much help when you actually need to use the device. Once out in the open and powered up, there are endless ways to hack electronic gadgets.

Rop Gonggrijp, a Dutch computer expert, showed what sorts of secrets can leak from computers on the radio signals that emanate from active components. He measured electromagnetic waves given off by circuits inside voting machines and found he could tell from 25 metres away when someone had voted. Worse, or perhaps better if you have a criminal mind, he could sometimes distinguish votes for different candidates, because the refresh rate of the machine's touchscreen dropped when it had to display accented and other modified letters. When Gonggrijp sent the waves he picked up to a speaker, he heard a clear shift in tone when a vote was cast for the major Dutch party, Christen Democratisch Appèl. The Netherlands dumped the machines.

As with clothes that claim to block radio signals, there is plenty of over-claiming around anti-snooping shields for computers and everyday gadgets. Ross Anderson, professor of computer security at Cambridge University, has been in the game for decades. "It's almost all bullshit," he says. "It's one reason you might put your laptop with all its top secret stuff in a Scif [Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility], rather than let the minister sit with it on a train." A whole building can be turned into a Scif, which is a souped-up Faraday cage with extra

protection to stop secrets leaking down phone cables, power supplies and the like. Or for the more cash-strapped, Scifs can be bought as kits and set up inside embassies' rooms. Ideally, you soundproof the Scif and play loud rock music outside to overwhelm any audio bugs outside.

Down in the basement of the Royal Institution, Faraday's old lab is now part of a museum. On the dark wooden tables and shelves sit generators and sundry gems, from the man's travelling microscope and a bottle of Thames water (it was so polluted, an appalled Faraday wrote to the Times to warn the public), to what was once the most powerful magnet in Britain, created by looping wire around a link from a ship's anchor chain.

**F**araday's work on electricity paved the way for electric motors, transformers and dynamos, which are still with us in anything that's electrical. But his true legacy is more impressive still. There can't be many chemists who became successful while harbouring a deep dislike of such notions as atoms and matter, but in searching for alternatives, Faraday made some seminal breakthroughs. When he stepped out of his electrified cage in 1836, Faraday had shown that electricity was a force, not some imponderable fluid as many claimed. By the time he had shown that magnets could affect light and non-metallic materials such as glass, he was ready to introduce the use of the word "fields" for the first time, now a cornerstone concept in modern physics.

To Faraday, science was a way to explore the wonders of God's work. But his membership of a small Christian sect called the Sandemanians, set up in opposition to the state church, kept him at a distance from the establish-

ment. He turned down a knighthood, and the presidency of the Royal Society twice, perhaps in line with being humble before God. But off the back of his wildly popular public lectures - it was the onset of his 1836 season of talks that forced him to dismantle his first cage after a mere two days - he still became a celebrity. He was one of the most photographed, painted and sculpted figures of the time, and when he died in 1867, a whopping tombstone marked his spot in Highgate cemetery.

Margaret Thatcher, a chemist, once called Faraday her hero and his story must have sat neatly with her politics. Born to a poor family, he apprenticed as a bookbinder, taught himself science and rose to greatness. In a speech to the Royal Society, Thatcher declared: "The value of his work must be higher than the capitalisation of all the shares on the Stock Exchange!" She borrowed his bust from the RI and anyone visiting 10 Downing Street from 1982 to 1996 would have passed Faraday in the hall.

She wasn't the only one to gush. Faraday's story was hopelessly romanticised. One author wrote that a fairy stole into his parent's home in Newington Butts, south London, bent over his bed, and conferred genius on the sleeping infant. In an early bromance, John Tyndall, who performed pioneering work on the greenhouse effect, talked of Faraday's "divine power" and how his "flashes of wondrous insight and utterances ... seem less the product of reasoning than revelation".

"In terms of scientific research, he outstrips all the popular scientists we've got around the place at the moment," says James, who admits that his enthusiasm for the man so pervaded his home life that his children thought Faraday was the last day of the working week. "To be blunt," he adds, "Brian Cox hasn't made the sorts of discoveries Faraday made."

**'Brian Cox hasn't made the sorts of discoveries Faraday made'**

**L**inda Buonanno had suffered 15 years of intense cramps, bloating, diarrhoea and pain she describes as “worse than labour”. She was willing to try anything to get relief from her irritable bowel syndrome (IBS) and leapt at the chance to take part in a trial of an experimental new therapy. Her hope turned to disappointment, however, when the researcher handed her a bottle of capsules he described as placebos containing no active ingredients.

Nonetheless, she took the pills twice daily. Four days later, her symptoms all but vanished. “I know it sounds crazy,” says Buonanno, of Methuen, Massachusetts. “I felt fantastic. I knew they were just sugar pills, but I was able to go out dancing and see my friends again.”

Placebos have a reputation problem. It is widely believed they are only effective when those taking them are deceived into thinking they are taking real drugs. As such, prescribing dummy or fake treatments is unethical. Yet in Buonanno’s case there was no deception. And she is not alone. A review of five studies, involving 260 patients, published last month found that “open-label” placebos – those that patients know contain no active medication – can improve symptoms in a range of conditions. This body of evidence raises a number of questions. How do open-label placebos work? Which conditions do they work for? And should doctors prescribe them?

Dr Jeremy Howick first began asking about placebos when a herbal doctor suggested he drink ginger tea to combat cat allergy symptoms. He was highly sceptical, but three days later his runny noses, sneezing and insomnia stopped. Twenty years later, Howick is a clinical epidemiologist at the University of Oxford. Last month, his group published a review of previous research that has compared the effects of giving patients open-label placebos with no treatment.

The first was led by Professor Ted Kaptchuk, of Harvard Medical School, who gave 80 IBS patients, including Buonanno either no treatment or open-label placebo pills. He found those who took placebos for three weeks experienced greater improvements in symptoms, including less severe pain. Sadly for Buonanno, when the study ended she was unable to obtain further effective placebos and her symptoms returned.

In another of the studies in Howick’s review, chronic lower back pain patients openly given dummy pills to add to their existing treatments reported an average 30% pain reduction. In the three other review studies, people given open-label pills reported reduced symptoms for depression, lower back pain, and attention deficit hyperactivity disorder.



## ‘They were just sugar pills but I felt fantastic’

Open-label placebos contain no active drugs. But can they still play a useful medical role? By **Nic Fleming**

Howick acknowledges that a limitation of these trials is that participants knew whether they were getting placebos or not being treated. Yet other research has demonstrated placebos trigger real physiological changes. They are known to increase the circulation of endorphins, the body’s own natural painkillers, and of dopamine, a neurotransmitter associated both with pleasurable activities and perceptions of pain.

Placebos appear to work only in certain circumstances. Research suggests they can be effective when the brain and perception can help modulate symptoms such as pain, fatigue and itch. Dummy pills also vary in their effectiveness according to genetics. A 2012 study found IBS patients differ in their sensitivity to placebos based on the variants of a gene called COMT they had, probably because

this can affect their dopamine levels.

So if ethically given placebos can work, surely doctors should be prescribing them? “I’m not advocating doctors handing them out like Smarties,” says Howick, whose book *Doctor You*, about overmedicalisation and the body’s self-healing capabilities, will be published later this year. “I do think, however, that this research is telling us we should start to recognise the benefits of doctors being realistically positive when they talk to patients.”

Kaptchuk is more enthusiastic about wider open-label placebo use, despite antipathy among doctors. “If enough of these studies have positive results in different conditions, I hope we can convince the medical community that there’s something useful here.”

That might be more likely once more work has been done to explain how open-label placebos work. One hypothesis is that patients who have previously got better after being treated by trusted doctors might experience subconscious boosts to levels of endorphins and neurotransmitters, thereby improving their symptoms. This is the conditioning effect, made famous by the Russian psychologist Ivan Pavlov, who trained dogs to salivate when they heard a buzzer they associated with being fed, even when no food was presented.

Another possibility is that patients might be told that placebos have worked before for people with their conditions, leading to a conscious expectation of improvements, resulting in chemical releases that relieve their symptoms.

Both of these probably play a role, yet Kaptchuk says neither can fully explain the experiences of participants in his IBS study, most of whom had been through multiple failed treatments. He thinks a relatively recent theory called embodied cognition is closer to the mark. This suggests that the possibility of improvement can trigger subconscious signals to pass between different parts of the body, resulting in chemical releases that alleviate symptoms.

Buonanno, meanwhile, has some thoughts on the potential mechanisms of open-label placebos, but is more interested in the fact that they have worked for her. Since late last year, Kaptchuk and his gastroenterologist colleague Anthony Lembo have been prescribing them to her as a patient. “I feel perfect,” she says. “It’s like I was never sick. I think it’s something to do with having confidence in my doctors, in the way they tell me it’s going to work, having hope and really wanting something to work. I don’t really understand it. But what I do know is that, after 23 years, I’ve got my life back.”

**‘I know it sounds crazy. They were just sugar pills but I felt fantastic’**



## Dr Dillner's dilemma

# Should I stop using cotton buds to clean my ears?

Who doesn't enjoy sticking a cotton bud in their ear? To twist gently, pull it out and examine the white tip turned to yellow? Q-tips were part of many childhoods. The Q-tips website has users sharing how they use buds to clean not only ears but toilet cisterns and pistols. Which is just as well, as guidelines released last week by the American Academy of Otolaryngology - Head and Neck Surgery Foundation, state that cotton buds should not be used for cleaning ears.

### The solution

Buds don't remove wax so much as push it down the ear canal so that it impacts on the ear drum. And there is no need to remove wax anyway - it protects our ears from infection and damage, has antibacterial properties, and traps dust and dirt in the ear canal, thereby stopping it from reaching the more delicate eardrum. This self-cleansing includes a conveyor belt mechanism by which old wax is shunted out of the ear canal to the opening of the ear by the movement of the jaw through eating or talking. The old, dry wax flakes off or gets washed off in the shower. Wax is made in the outer third of the ear canal, so when it is seen piled up against the eardrum it is often because we have shoved it down there ourselves. The bottom line is that most ears do not need to be cleaned, except on the outside.

Impacted wax can cause earache, a sense of the ear having a plug in it, hearing loss or ringing in the ears. However, one in 20 adults do make more wax and or can't get rid of it; hearing-aid users often have accumu-

lated wax, for instance. But cotton buds will still only make things worse. Medical students are taught not to put anything smaller than your elbow into your ear, but a study of 141 health professionals found that more than 90% stuck cotton buds, matchsticks and even safety pins in their ears to clean them. About one in 10 injured their ears, cutting the ear canal or perforating the eardrum. Even more dangerous is ear candling; putting a hollow candle into the ear that is burning at one end risks serious injuries such as hearing loss, ear canal burns and hair fires. Don't do it.

If you are unlucky enough to have wax blocking your ear then check the diagnosis at your doctors. You will need eardrops to soften the wax. Studies show that both the water- and oil-based ones work - saline is less likely than oil to irritate the ear. If the wax won't shift, you may need irrigation or a trained person to remove it with an instrument. As for your ear buds, stick to the manufacturers' suggested arts and crafts uses.



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## Sexual Healing

Pamela Stephenson Connolly

**My wife and I are trying to put our life back together after she had a short, albeit thankfully sexless, affair. We are working our way through the issues with a counsellor, but I am struggling with sexual attraction. Until the discovery, I had found my wife more beautiful every day. But I no longer fancy her in the same way. Will this pass?**

The discovery of your wife's other relationship has destroyed not only your positive sense of coupledness with her, but also your somewhat idealised notion of her. The therapeutic work you are doing is essential to coming to terms with this loss, and also to moving forward into a realistic view of who she really is, and understanding your own response.

I do not suggest that this will be an easy process, and you are already experiencing the longing and pain that accompanies such drastic and sudden shifts in a person's conceptualisation of love. But that pain usually leads to growth and important discoveries. True intimacy involves seeing your partner for who she truly is, so perhaps a less idealistic view of her will improve things between you.

Allow yourself to be vulnerable in her presence, and try to express your true feelings, no matter how difficult it is. It is also important to recognise your role in helping to create a fragile entente in the first place. Be kind to both of you, do the work and learn.

Pamela Stephenson Connolly is a US-based psychotherapist specialising in sexual disorders



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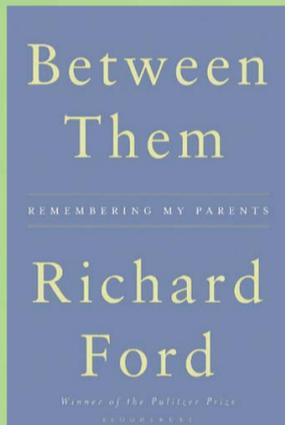
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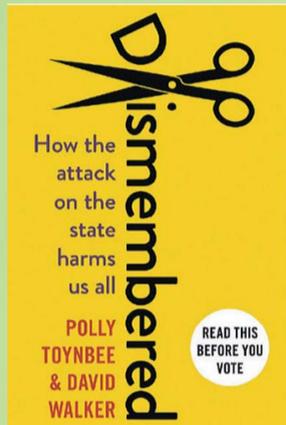
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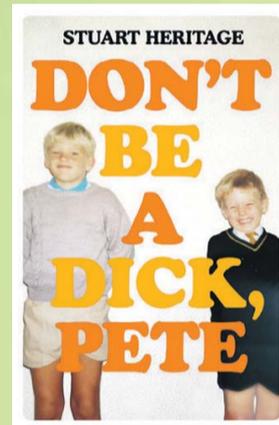
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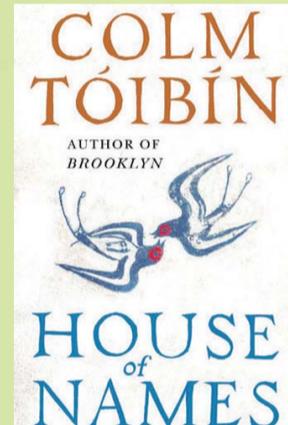
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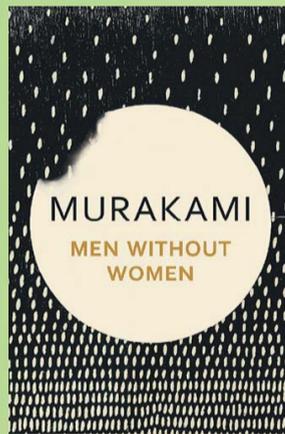
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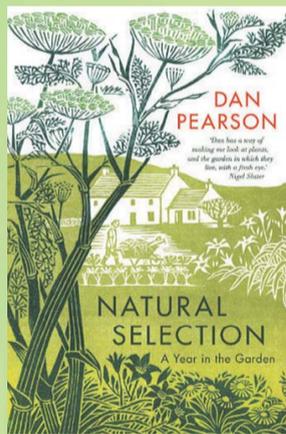
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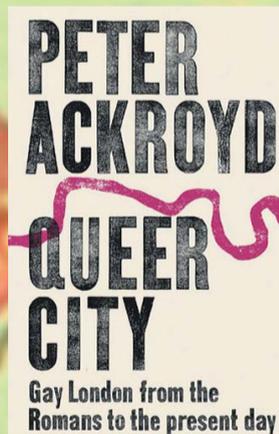
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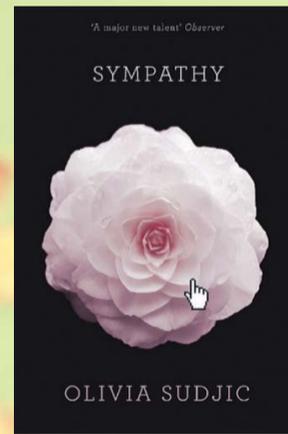
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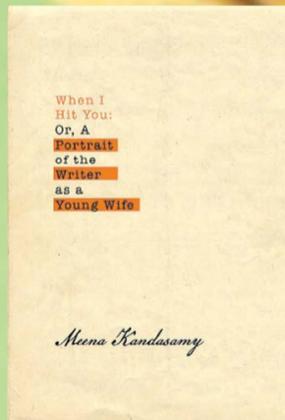
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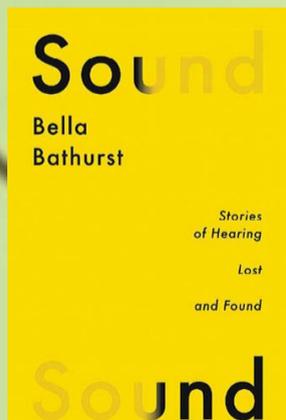
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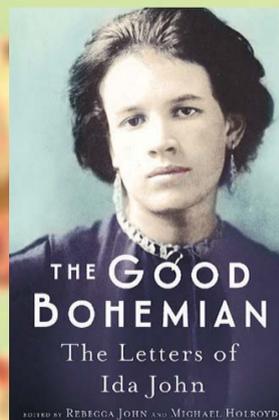
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## A problem shared

I don't want to be an expat any more, but my husband has to stay for work

**I am a long-term expat wife, and have lived in the Middle East for more than 10 years. Expat life is glamorous at first, but it soon becomes normal. I am in my early 60s, and feel I have given up too much already. I want to go home to the UK, but my husband has four more years of working life. He isn't a workaholic and would prefer to work less, but it's not really possible, for financial reasons. However, I feel I will be over the hill in terms of my age, and my job prospects, if I delay returning by four years; I would like to work, whether it's paid or voluntary work. What do I do? Do I stick it out, or tell him I want to start my life again? I don't want to be without him, and the love is still there, but the thought of four more years is killing me.**

### Use the time to prepare for your return

If you're in your early 60s, finding paid work is going to be tough, and another four years isn't going to make much difference, while, with volunteering, you will have no problem finding something, now or in four years. What about preparing for your return to the UK, spending a few weeks/months at a time here to reconnect with family and friends or meeting new people, so you are starting to build a life to come back to when your husband retires?

*lewislewis*

### This is a very common issue for expats

In expat circles, it's very common to know couples who are preparing for retirement. Often the partner with the job will stay in post and rent a small apartment, and the other partner will relocate back to Britain and set about re-establishing themselves. In the meantime, there are a few years of commuting. Then, when retirement comes, everything has been shipped back home, you say adios to your colleagues, hand in your badge, and jump on the plane.

*clogexpat*

### Are you sure what you miss is real?

An analysis of exactly what it is you pine for in the UK might help to soothe the pain. As an emigrant, I find that the UK I sometimes crave is more akin to a chocolate box than reality: oak trees and mown grass; Christmas windows on a frosty night; replays of student evenings in long-closed pubs with friends who are now on the babysitter clock. It's never about the tube station at 7.30 on a drizzly Monday morning, or waiting five hours for the BT Openreach engineer to show up.

*jamesmont*

### Talk to him about the options

You need to talk honestly to your husband and see what options are available to you both. Could he get a job in or nearer to the UK? Does he work for a multinational and could he get a transfer? Is there any possibility he could take early retirement? Do you have friends or relatives you could stay with in the UK for part of the year, so as to start re-establishing a life here? If the love is still there, your husband should react sympathetically to your unhappiness, and within the limits of what finances and other practicalities permit I would hope that working together you could find some creative compromise that suits both of you. But to do that you need to talk about it.

*JonathanWest*

### Do what you can where you are

The upside of working as a volunteer is that you meet the nicest of people. Make every day count and get a new notebook - *today* - to make a plan of all the things you can do where you are that will add value and interest to your life. Schools always need people to read with the children, all countries have charities and women's groups, or perhaps you have a skill you can share with others. The internet gives you many options to connect, learn and expand your world.

*lashwoe*

### Next week

I'VE BEEN REJECTED FOR SO MANY JOBS THAT I'VE LOST MY CONFIDENCE

After losing my marketing job last September, I have lost the motivation to keep applying for other jobs. I stopped counting how

many interviews I had done when I hit double figures. I have a part-time job and write, so am kept fairly busy, which helps to keep my mind off the fact that I haven't seriously applied for any jobs for a month now. I so desperately wanted the last job I interviewed for and was gutted not to get it. I feel stuck in the "can't get a job because I have no experience, can't get experience because I can't get a job" trap. Applying, researching a company and travelling to interviews, all to repeatedly come to nothing, has been depressing. I now can't bring myself to apply for anything because I have lost confidence. Common sense tells me this situation won't fix anything, but I don't know what to do.

**Any answers?** Be an agony aunt or tell us your dilemma. To give advice or send us your problem for **Private Lives**, email: [private.lives@theguardian.com](mailto:private.lives@theguardian.com) or write to Private Lives, The Guardian, Kings Place, 90 York Way, London N1 9GU

Daily archive extracts from Doonesbury are on the back page of G2



From Miller's Crossing to Fifty Shades of Grey, Marcia Gay Harden has always played hard-boiled women, and her UK stage debut is no exception. She talks to **Claire Armitstead** about monstrous roles, washed-up stars - and her censured nipple clamp tweets

# Diamond dame

**M**arcia Gay Harden is a fortnight into rehearsals and having difficulty sleeping. It's not that she's anxious about remembering her lines, but because they are so troubling. The latest in a long line of leading American actors to sign up for meaty roles on the British stage, she is taking time out from a busy film and TV schedule to do battle with a character she doesn't yet love, in a play that she sometimes wants "to tear apart with my nails".

Her UK stage debut is in Tennessee Williams's *Sweet Bird of Youth*, and the character is a ravaged Hollywood star holed up with a disgraced gigolo in a small-town hotel, after fleeing the fallout from her comeback movie. Both are addicts who drown their misery in drugs and liquor. "It's so dark," says Harden. "The self-degradation that both of them are going through will wake me up in a nightmare."

One obvious theme is the ruination of age. "The screen's a very clear mirror," says her character Alexandra Del Lago. "There's a thing called a close-up. The camera advances and you stand still and your head, your face, is caught in the frame of the picture with a light blazing on it and all your terrible history screams at you while you smile."

In the 1959 premiere, Del Lago was played by Geraldine Page, who was not yet 40 (and only a year older than Paul Newman, who partnered her as the much younger Chance). Harden is 57 and performing, in Jonathan Kent's Chichester festival theatre production, opposite her 35-year-old compatriot Brian J Smith.

While conceding that "the issue is of course still pertinent: in Hollywood, where are the roles for older women?", Harden is adamant that the play has to be more than a whinge about wrinkles and thinning hair. "There is an inevita-

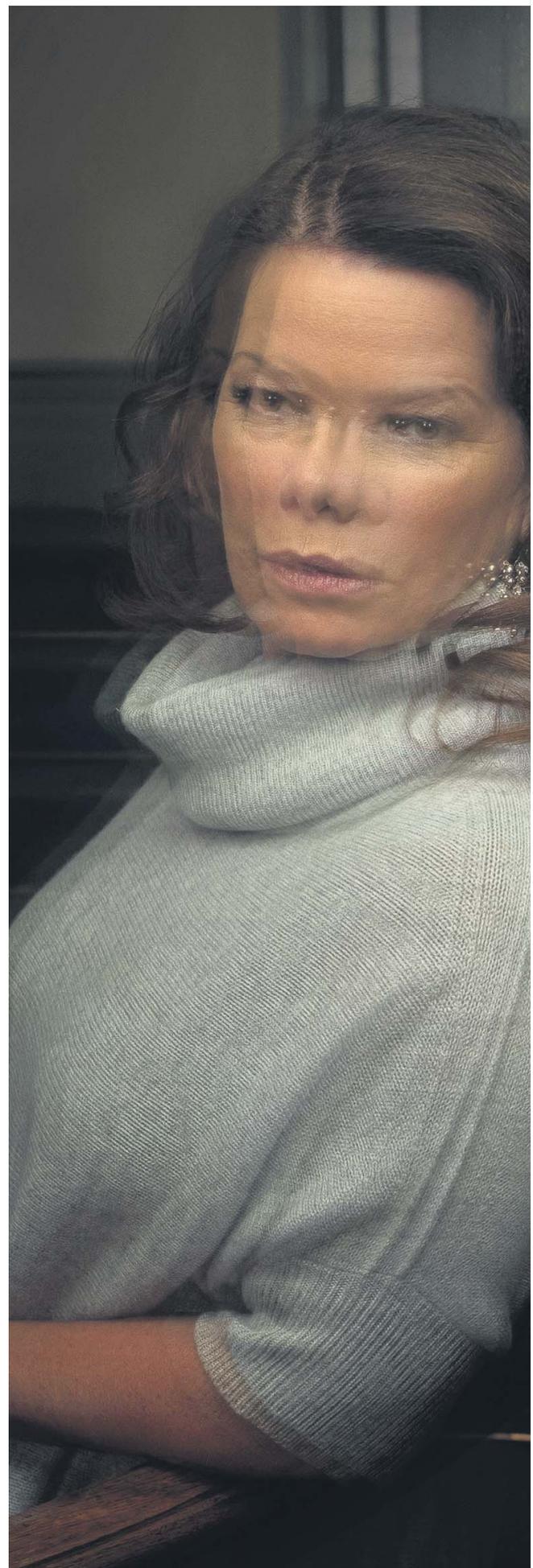
**'I've been having nightmares' ... clockwise from main, Marcia Gay Harden; in Miller's Crossing; with Ed Harris in Pollock**

bility in ageing and to think one is going to bypass the effects is immature and shallow. I believe he's writing about loss, and that's a more profound thing. The greatest tragedy of humanity is our awareness of our own mortality, and ageing is the clock ticking." She cites Del Lago's lament: "I've been accused of having a death wish, but I think it's life that I wish for, terribly, shamelessly, on any terms whatsoever."

The trap, she believes, is to play Del Lago as an out-and-out monster, though she often appears to be one, and comes from a line of mid-20th century monsters created for the stage by writers such as Williams and Edward Albee. "I was thinking: in order to be a strong woman, did you have to be a monster at that time?"

Strong women have been a feature of Harden's career, from Robin Williams's fiancée in *Flubber* (1997) to the tempestuous Lee Krasner, wife of artist Jackson Pollock, a role that won her a best supporting actress Oscar in 2001. Most recently, she reaffirmed that strength in the CBS hospital series *Code Black*, and in the *Fifty Shades of Grey* films, where she appears as Christian Grey's adoptive mother.

Dr Grace Trevelyan Grey is the only person unafraid of the squillionaire



sadist at the centre of EL James's novel and the movie franchise. Harden carried the persona into her personal Twitter stream, where she cracked jokes about mistaking a nipple clamp for a brooch and thanked her son for leaving a bracelet under the Christmas tree (pictured, a string of anal beads).

She was amused when her tweets were "shut down" by the studio. "I ended up getting in a wee bit of trouble for it because they didn't want to play up the sexual nature - but come on guys, it's a love story with handcuffs."

She accepted the role because she was curious about being part of an "event" movie. She says: "I've never been at the 'top top', where we're talking millions of dollars and people screaming at you in the street." (It's what Alexandra Del Lago describes in



PHOTOGRAPHS SARAH LEE FOR THE GUARDIAN; SPORTSPHOTO/ALLSTAR

Sweet Bird as “the top of the beanstalk, the country of the flesh-hungry, blood-thirsty ogre”.)

“Do I want to live there?” says Harden. “No! I have children so I don’t want to be on top because I’d be travelling all the time, in the gym 24/7, constantly having facial work. So you give up certain things.”

Tongue-in-cheek though she is about *Fifty Shades* she defends its message. “I like what it was doing for women thinking about their sexuality. It was a little bit of an awakening for women of my own age. It allowed them to be a bit randy and bawdy.”

As such, it fed into her own mission to speak out for “an entire population of women in their 50s who are dumped. They’re typically past their sexual prime. They’ve had children

**‘Who hasn’t blacked out and woken up the next morning not knowing what they have done?’**

and it’s not about bouncing around in the sack and proving their sexuality, but suddenly they’re alone and the question is glaring: will they ever have sex again? I hope it helped them.”

Harden was divorced five years ago from the father of her three children, props master turned documentary director Thaddeus Scheel, whom she married after a whirlwind romance on the set of her 1996 film *The Spitfire Grill*. Bemusingly, her brother and her father are also called Thaddeus. Her father was an officer in the US Navy, which meant that she had an itinerant childhood, from Germany to Japan. In her Oscars acceptance speech for *Pollock*, she paid tribute to “Dad for teaching me how to soldier through tough situations and Mum for helping me to do it gracefully”.

What sort of tough situation was she imagining? Well, for a start an actor’s life is “300 rejections to every job you get - and some of them you don’t even see because your agent deals with them”.

After graduating in theatre at Texas University, followed by an MFA in acting from New York’s Tisch School of the Arts, she spent her 20s eking out a living by waitressing between theatre and television jobs. It wasn’t until she had turned 30 that she was spotted by the Coen brothers, who cast her as Gabriel Byrne’s lover in the cult 1990 gangster movie *Miller’s Crossing*. Three years and four films later, she returned to the theatre for the New York premiere of *Angels in America*, Tony Kushner’s epic 1980s Aids drama.

So while her film career was carrying her off into the Hollywood stratosphere, her theatre work planted her back squarely in the heart of a community dealing with very immediate horrors. “*Angels*,” she says, “is a mission play which came at just the exact right time. Boys would stop me in West Village where I lived and say, ‘I took my parents to see it last night and then I told them I was dying.’ The pain of dying and the hope of living with this disease, was so powerful. It was also about the hypocrisy of the time and the abandonment of the government.”

Besides mischief, Harden uses social media to channel her political outrage at the more recent hypocrisies of American politics, which brings us back to *Sweet Bird of Youth*. “The underbelly of the play is race, hypocrisy, violence,” she says. “The reason I’m doing it is that it does feel like ignorance is being empowered today. There’s a belligerent hypocrisy in the government, and sexual hypocrisy as well.”

But there is another, more intangible dimension to the play, which shadows her personal experience. *Del Lago*



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and join the discussion  
from 1pm today  
[theguardian.com/culture](http://theguardian.com/culture)



complains constantly of memory lapses, raising the question: are these simply the result of alcoholic blackouts or do they hint at dementia?

Harden became a campaigner for Alzheimer’s research after her own mother was diagnosed with the disease eight years ago. Her eyes fill with tears as she talks about the decision to go public about a condition that she knows is still deeply stigmatised. “I’m aware that other people are bravely speaking up about it, but with my mum I’m braving it for her. It’s a choice made in the interest of change, because Alzheimer’s is a family disease.”

She is wary of overtly imposing such an interpretation on a period play. “Anyway, who hasn’t blacked out and woken up the next morning not knowing what they’ve done? I certainly have.” But she points out that part of the joy of theatre is that it exists in the moment at which it is performed, so even if dementia wasn’t in Williams’s mind, the possibility is available to audiences today.

To underscore this point she makes a surprising detour into her admiration for JK Rowling. She delights in retweeting Rowling’s rants against Donald Trump, but explains a more personal debt too. “When I was going through my divorce, my elder daughter was completely immersed in *Harry Potter*,” she says. Her daughter Eulala - who made her film debut aged 18 months in *Pollock* but has since opted for a life behind the camera - was reading the whole series for the third time. “I wanted to find out what it was all about, so I entered it with her. My son and younger daughter wanted to be in that world with us, so I read it out loud and it brought the four of us together. JK Rowling’s gift to me and to my kids was this world where we bonded deeply into a tight little unit when the rest of our world seemed so messy.”

Once again she returns to *Alexandra Del Lago*, who turns out not to be as washed up as she thinks she is. “She’s an artist - and a writer, an actor, an artist never knows what gift they are giving to other people.”



*Sweet Bird of Youth* is at Chichester Festival theatre, 2-24 June



# This means war

**N**etflix's new feature film is a big deal in many ways. Called *War Machine*, it combines the star power of Brad Pitt and the indie credibility of David Michôd, the director of *Animal Kingdom*. It boasts big themes: the absurdity of war and the ambition of men. Based on *The Operators*, a book about controversial US army general Stanley McChrystal, the film takes place on a big scale, across Afghanistan and along the corridors of power in DC. An investment in the range of \$60m also makes it Netflix's biggest-budget feature to date. Most of all, though, *War Machine* is big on expectation: this is the film that could change the industry for ever.

"We knew early on that we were making the kind of movie that doesn't really get made by the studios any more," says Michôd. That "we" refers to Michôd, his star Pitt, and the team at Plan B, Pitt's production company. In 2015, they signed over distribution rights to Netflix in exchange for, says Michôd, "the ability to make films that are unusual and risky with the resources to do it properly".

Not every section of the film industry has been as receptive. In particular, the Cannes film festival is insisting that, as of next year, all Palme d'Or contenders must be released in French

cinemas. Since French law mandates a 36-month window between theatrical release and streaming date, this effectively bars Netflix from the competition. The Cannes screening of *Okja*, a much lower-profile Netflix film starring Tilda Swinton and Jake Gyllenhaal, had to be stopped after it was booed in its first few minutes. Pedro Almodóvar is on the side of the festival. Will Smith - who stars in *Bright*, another Netflix film due in December - has spoken out in support of the young upstart. Expect other figures to begin taking sides soon.

*War Machine* will be given a limited, Oscar-qualifying theatrical release in the US and UK, but the big premiere will take place this week on the laptops and in the living rooms of Netflix's 100m-strong subscriber base. The film's commercial success will be measured not by its box-office takings, but by new subscriber numbers. As attack plans go, it's more stealth dominance than shock and awe.

Sydney-born Michôd is the movie journalist turned film-maker who is charged with delivering it. Michôd brought Ben Mendelsohn to international attention in *Animal Kingdom*, then artfully scuffed up teen dream Robert Pattinson for 2014's *The Rover*. While he may be leading the assault on traditional cinema, Michôd doesn't look at all like a man who'd fit in with

Netflix has already seized prime-time TV territory. Now it's got cinema in its crosshairs - with a big-budget war movie starring Brad Pitt. **Ellen E Jones** reports

**Let battle commence ... Brad Pitt in *War Machine*; opposite, Tilda Swinton in Netflix's *Okja*, which was booed at Cannes; director David Michôd**

a four-star general's retinue. His body language is too unassuming, his conversation too considered and his haircut - shoulder-length and in a ponytail - definitely non-regulation.

Still, there are some unavoidable parallels between army generals and film directors. "I can never claim to be in a position where I'm having to make decisions with life and death consequences," says Michôd. "But I do need to be able to wrangle a gigantic machine." There is one key difference, though, between waging wars and making movies. While the US military that *War Machine* depicts seems incapable of changing course once set, the film industry has become anxiously reactive to changing viewer habits. These

attempts to keep box-office receipts profitable by second-guessing audience tastes have caused problems for film-makers.

“I went to film school right in the middle of that explosion of indie cinema that came out of the 90s,” says Michôd. “For a long period, there was a whole bunch of guys - Paul Thomas Anderson, David O Russell, Wes Anderson, Spike Jonze - who were getting to make movies with budgets inside the studio system, but movies that were so idiosyncratic. When *Animal Kingdom* was released [in 2010], it got me a whole load of attention, but those opportunities didn’t seem to exist any more.”

So, it’s not just that Netflix is luring film-makers with its seductive combination of deep pockets and a free rein - it’s that, if Netflix wasn’t stepping in, these films wouldn’t get made at all. In February, it was announced that Martin Scorsese’s next film, *The Irishman*, would be distributed by Netflix. The film was set up at Paramount, which released Scorsese’s previous four, but the Hollywood studio reportedly got cold feet when the director’s latest, *Silence*, bombed, grossing just \$7m against a \$40m budget.

The *Irishman* is not a 160-minute meditation on the suffering of 17th-century missionaries. It’s a mob thriller starring Robert De Niro, Al Pacino and Joe Pesci, but it still falls in to the category Michôd describes as “any film of scale that isn’t based on a pre-existing franchise”. The *Irishman* now sits on Netflix’s increasingly impressive feature slate, but *War Machine* was the first deal signed and the first to be released.



That makes it the test case, a pressure Michôd seems to be taking in his stride. Sort of. “Put it this way, it didn’t feel any harder than making my short films - but the shorts felt terrifying.”

You might assume that any film with Pitt attached would be bankable under any circumstance, but Michôd suggests that his central performance as General Glen McMahon (a fictionalised take on McChrystal) is of a larger-than-life kind that’s now considered too big for the big screen. “We had conversations about where to pitch the character and knew quite quickly that there was no point in Brad trying to keep a leash on it. For us, it was about letting the movie be mental.”

Actors love that kind of creative environment and the film features enjoyably left-field performances from Ben Kingsley as Afghan president Hamid Karzai and Tilda Swinton as an awkward German official, as well as an entire battalion of upcoming talent, including Britain’s Will Poulter, Lakeith Stanfield

**‘There was no point in Brad trying to keep a leash on it’**

from the TV comedy *Atlanta*, and Sean Penn’s son Hopper. “There’s something very fun about working with actors of that age. They’re not totally green, but they’re still hungry. There’s still something exciting about the fact they’re getting to do it at all.” Perhaps, being three feature films in, Michôd can identify? “I just want to make movies. The fear is always that someone’s gonna tell you that you can’t do it any more.”

*War Machine* may be airing on the small screen but they’ve still gone to the trouble of giving it a big-screen finish. “We did a full sound mix and everything,” says Michôd. “It’s kind of magnificent. I love the possibility of turning the movie into an event.” For the director, this attention to detail is slowly evolving into a new definition of film for television. “I spent almost a year cutting this. It’s that fine chiselling you can do when you have the resources to properly finish something that’s two hours long.”

Undoubtedly, a huge amount of care, time, talent, not to mention money has been poured into *War Machine*. But will the audience really be able to appreciate the auteur’s artistry on such a small canvas? And does Michôd not feel even a sliver of cinephile regret about the fact that the vast majority of *War Machine*’s audience will never see it on a big screen? “I don’t mind at all because people’s televisions are so great these days. I know it’s almost heretical for a director to say they don’t care.” And don’t you? “If I’m completely honest, it’s totally reflective of how I watch movies these days. I like watching movies at home.”

**i** War Machine streams on Netflix from 26 May

PHOTOGRAPHS FRANCOIS DUHAMEL/NETFLIX; GETTY



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# A graphic memoir with balls

From his back to his stomach to his testicles, Robert Wells has been in pain for decades – but no one in the NHS believed him. He tells **Graham Kibble-White** how he turned it all into a hilarious graphic novel

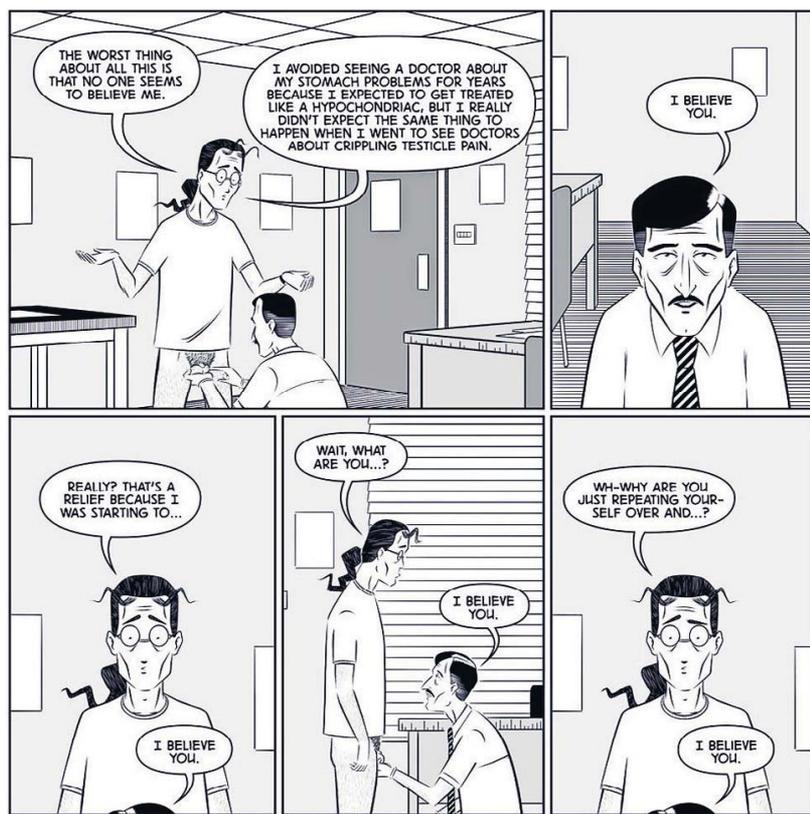
**R**ight now, life isn't so bad for Robert Wells. "I get the odd uncomfortable day," says the 48-year-old cartoonist. "But it's not a major issue. You won't catch me riding a bike, though."

As recounted in his commendably – almost excruciatingly – honest new graphic novel, Wells has been experiencing chronic health problems since 1990, most notably a persistently upset stomach and a perennially aching right testicle. Which partly explains why his book is called *Back, Sack & Crack (& Brain)*. If this sounds funny, he's OK with that. "The main reason I wanted to do the book was because I could see quite a lot of opportunities for humour."

These embarrassing ailments have had a debilitating impact, though. Decades of constant pain, anxiety about getting "caught short" in public and indifferent – sometimes hostile – medical professionals have all contributed to a deterioration in his mental health. Even though recent years have seen a drop in his physical suffering, Wells continues to take antidepressants.

At the height of his troubles, he also developed agoraphobia and panic attacks. "I wouldn't go into shops that had sliding doors," he says, "in case they got stuck and I couldn't get out again. It was that bad. I still don't go out on my own all that often."

Then there's the intermittent back pain, which has prevented him from holding down a regular job for years. When he began his graphic novel in 2014, he was claiming incapacity benefit, but that was stopped following an Atos assessment. "My health problems have held me back in life a lot," he says. "They still do."



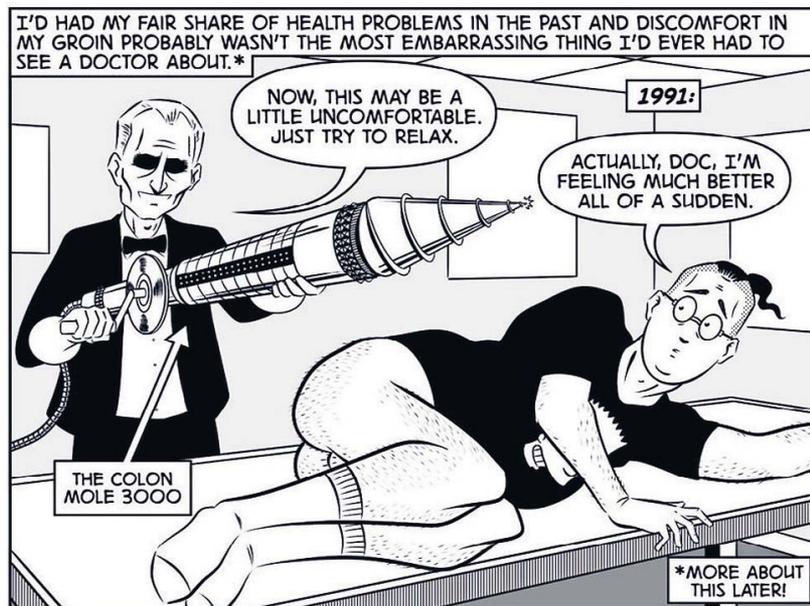
The book follows Wells, who is from Ashford in Kent, through a series of encounters with the NHS, as doctors misdiagnose his ailments (he's erroneously operated on for a twisted testicle in 1997), express scepticism about his claims, or simply fail to take him seriously. "I'm quite oversensitive that everyone will now assume I'm anti-NHS," he says. "But I'm not. I think, in part, I just got unlucky. My feeling is that I saw a couple of bad doctors early on, and their negative notes followed me to every other appointment."

It's a dispiriting journey, as Wells's hope for a proper diagnosis and treatment is gradually ground away. "That's one of the points of the book. Most people seem to go through life thinking that, unless it's something terminal, their doctor can sort it out. But that's not the case, is it?"

There's much more to his story than just "sore balls", he says. "I think there are a lot of people who are ill and not living their lives in full because of it. But they're not really considered ill by the state. Many of the doctors I saw were

**Excruciating ... scenes from Back, Sack & Crack (& Brain)**

**He tried eating raw carrots for breakfast – for eight years**



surprised I wasn't delighted to be told they couldn't find anything wrong. But I felt terrible. There was a big part of me that would have preferred it if they had, because at least they might have been able to do something about it."

One revealing incident sees him being referred for a mental health assessment. Afterwards, he is accused of being a "bloody liar" by his GP. "I honestly think she assumed I was pretending to be ill to get benefits," he says. The doctor then presents him with the psychiatrist's findings: "Although Robert is an extremely anxious young man, I believe that further psychiatric treatment would only encourage him in the belief that he is ill."

Wells elaborates: "I remember telling health professionals, 'This is stopping me going out.' And the doctors would say, 'This is stopping you going out?!' As if it was unbelievable – that a little thing like testicle pain could affect you so badly. I certainly recall saying to a GP, 'I've become very agoraphobic', and them replying, 'Well, you made it here all right today?'"

Wells is admirably frank in depicting himself in an array of demeaning, trousers-down situations. He tries to alleviate stomach pain through alcohol, spends eight years only eating raw carrots for breakfast, and masturbates in a bid to ease tightness in his groin.

Nonetheless, he says: "I am embarrassed about this stuff, particularly the bowel problems, for some reason. But what I wanted to say was, 'I don't see why I should be. Why should I be embarrassed for being ill?'"

Wells doesn't offer any resolution in terms of what has actually been wrong all these years. "It's, 'I don't know what the fuck happened, don't ask me why I ate raw carrots.' But it has been quite cathartic, writing and drawing it."

At the moment, the worst of his ailments have gone into abeyance – for no apparent reason. "I can live with not knowing, although there's a part of me that's hoping someone will now get in touch and say, 'This is what you've got.'"

There's also the dream that *Back, Sack & Crack (& Brain)* will rescue him from the limbo of not feeling well enough to work, while not being definably ill according to social services. "Hopefully, I'll become a multi-millionaire off the sales. If the only way I can get out of this mess is by becoming the public face of achy balls and irritable bowel syndrome, I'm prepared to sink to that level."

**i** *Back, Sack & Crack (& Brain)* is published by Little, Brown on 29 June

**A** man sits in court, accused of murder. Simon Davis, a university lecturer, strangled his estranged wife in the family home, the prosecution maintains. They - the lead prosecutor, Max Hill QC, and his team - are real. As are the lead defence barrister, John Ryder QC, and his lot. The courtroom is a real one (albeit decommissioned), in Newbury, Berkshire. Likewise the judge, Hon Brian Barker QC.

But the defendant, Davis, is played by an actor (Michael Gould). As are the witnesses. And the case is fictional: a made up case, tried in a real court. I'm not usually a fan of documentary-drama hybrids but **The Trial: A Murder in the Family** (Channel 4), which started on Sunday and runs daily until Thursday, is an intriguing experiment.

The case is a good one, with loads of emotional appeal, twists, another man, possibly another suspect, an unborn child, now never to be born. It would stand up on its own as a drama. Ryder understands the fascination with murder. "It is the absolute end for someone," he says. "A completely unique individual, a unique sensibility exists no more, and another human being is charged with having done that."

Ryder is good value - posh, confident, eloquent, how you would expect and want a TV QC to be, a slick silk. He does little to dispel the idea that it is all just a big game for them. "You have to start from the position that you're a goal or two down," he says about defending in general.

Hill, now Britain's new terror watchdog incidentally, which doesn't surprise me, is quieter but seems to be dangerously effective; you wouldn't want him trying to prove your guilt.

As for Judge Barker, well, he hasn't said or done much yet, except to suggest breaks. "Let's break for lunch!" "Shall we have a break?" "Yes, we'll



## Last night's TV

### My verdict on The Trial? A good case, and an utterly absorbing docu-drama

By Sam Wollaston



have a break now, members of the jury." "I think we'll have have short break ...". Quite a fan of the break, aren't you, Your Honour?

Anyway, between them, they bring legal authenticity, authority and wiggy rigour to the story, which is already a good one. A light is shone on to the inner workings of the legal system,

**He is posh,  
eloquent  
- just how  
you want a  
TV QC to be**



#### AND ANOTHER THING

So pleased to find out that Spotify has the Big Little Lies soundtrack. It helps to fill the void left by the show, and it is fabulous.

#### Junior barrister Lucy Organ and lead defence barrister John Ryder QC

and not just in the courtroom, but in the barristers' offices and in the jury deliberation room, too.

The jurors - are real as well - randomly selected we are told. I would like to have been told a little more about the jury selection process. Obviously, there was no obligation, no summons, so these people must be happy to be here, for whatever reason - maybe an interest in the law, perhaps a desire to be on TV. Regardless, they are switched on and motivated. And it shows.

I did jury service quite recently and the experience left me, weirdly, both a little bit appalled but also reassured. But I think we reached the right verdict in the three cases on which I sat. So, it probably does mostly work.

I have faith in this jury. There are a few hunches being had, a bit of looking into the defendant's eyes, for clues. But most are taking it seriously, and doing it properly, studying the evidence.

Already some interesting things have come up. Such as the juror who thinks that one witness, because she is a woman, will be have preconceptions about a domestic violence crime. And another who thinks that the defendant's repeated reply of "no comment" at his initial police interview implies guilt.

That's what Davis, was worried about at the time: that saying "no comment" after "no comment" would make it look as if he did it. But still, that's what the lawyer advised. Maybe they can learn something from this, too.

Anyway, it is all utterly absorbing, and we are still a long way off the big deliberation in the jury room. I've no idea what the verdict will be, but I think they will get it right. I know I will be there to witness it.

PHOTOGRAPH JOSS BARRATT/CHANNEL 4



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## Film of the day

**Brassed Off** (9pm, Film4)

The pits are on the verge of closure and the community is staring into the void, but Pete Postlethwaite's brass band plays on



The Fifteen Billion Pound Railway, BBC2

## Watch this

### The Andrew Neil Interviews: Theresa May

7pm, BBC1

Assertions of strength and stability are likely to figure prominently during this first of a series of interrogations of the major party leaders (and Paul Nuttall). Theresa May has resembled a malfunctioning robot for most of this election campaign. Maybe tonight she'll throw off her shackles and reveal herself as a politician of charm and substance. Or maybe she'll just say "strong and stable" a lot and wait for the votes to roll in. *Phil Harrison*

### Prince Philip: 70 Years of Service

9pm, ITV

With the country beginning to come to terms with the retirement of the Duke of Edinburgh from public duties, ITV takes a look at the life of Britain's longest-ever serving consort. Alan Titchmarsh hears from those close to Philip about his years of service, as well as his extraordinary efforts in the field of international diplomacy. *David Stubbs*

### Doctor in the House

9pm, BBC1

Dr Rangan visits two more households hampered by health concerns, to offer detailed diagnoses that a standard GP appointment might miss. Firstly, to assist Wirral-based Emma, a victim of crippling panic attacks that she attempts to dampen via anti-depressants, alcohol, nicotine, caffeine and sugary foods. Then the doctor meets James, an outwardly healthy thirtysomething suffering from debilitating exhaustion issues. *Mark Gibbings-Jones*

### The Fifteen Billion Pound Railway: The Final Countdown

9pm, BBC2

Cynicism about the extent of investment lavished upon the south-east aside, Crossrail is an amazing engineering project, as this returning series shows. We begin in Farringdon, a station longer than the Shard is tall. Here, mega-project specialist Linda Miller and her team have to deal with faultlines that could potentially cause flooding, and construct a cathedral-sized station entrance. *Jonathan Wright*

### Loaded

10pm, Channel 4

Jon Brown's lovable techcom is revealing unexpected reservoirs of tenderness and wisdom every week. Tonight, velociraptor boss Casey is looking to make cutbacks - and even the boys have to justify their positions (Ewan: "I'm like a giant dependable mound of back flesh"). Elsewhere, Josh's gift to his parents of a cultural world tour has had adverse consequences when, on return, mum Linda (Morwenna Banks) announces she's found herself - and wants out of her marriage. *Ali Catterall*



Doctor in the House, BBC1

## BBC1

**6.0 Breakfast 9.15** Going Back, Giving Back **10.0** Homes Under the Hammer (R) **11.0 A1:** Britain's Longest Road **11.45** Close Calls: On Camera **12.15** Bargain Hunt **1.0** News **1.30** Regional News **1.45** Doctors **2.15** Impossible **3.0** Escape to the Country (R) **3.45** Chelsea Flower Show **4.30** Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is (R) **5.15** Pointless **6.0** News **6.30** Regional News **6.55** Party Election Broadcast **7.0** The Andrew Neil Interviews: Theresa May **7.30** Chelsea Flower Show

**8.0 EastEnders** (T) Shirley opens up to Whitney about forging Mick's signature.

**8.30 Would I Lie to You?** (T) (R) With guests Richard Hammond, Sean Lock, Judy Murray and Trevor Noah.

**9.0 Doctor in the House** (T) Dr Rangan Chatterjee helps a woman with severe anxiety who relies on antidepressants.

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

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

**10.45 Have I Got a Bit More News for You** (T) Steph McGovern and Gyles Brandreth guest.

**11.25 The Graham Norton Show** (T) (R) With Nicole Kidman, Keith Urban, Alan Cumming and Sheryl Crow.

**12.15 Weather for the Week Ahead** (T) **12.20** BBC News

## BBC2

**6.0 Flog It! Trade Secrets** (R) **6.30 A1:** Britain's Longest Road (R) **7.15** Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is (R) **8.0** Sign Zone. Antiques Roadshow (R) **9.0** Victoria Derbyshire **11.0** Newsroom Live **12.0** Daily Politics **1.0** Two Tribes (R) **1.30** Channel Patrol (R) **2.15** Red Rock (R) **3.0** Hairy Bikers' Best of British (R) **3.45** Coming Home: Alex Jones **4.15** Greece (R) **5.15** Antiques Road Trip (T) (R) **6.0** Debatable (T) **6.45** Celebrity Eggheads (T) **7.30** Great British Menu (T)

**8.0 RHS Chelsea Flower Show** (T) Monty Don and Joe Swift share their first thoughts on the show gardens at the annual horticultural event.

**9.0 The Fifteen Billion Pound Railway: The Final Countdown** (T) Part one of two. Return of the documentary about the Crossrail train line.

**10.0 Detectorists** (T)

**10.30 Newsnight; Weather** (T)

**11.15 Morocco to Timbuktu: An Arabian Adventure** (T) (R) Part two of two.

**12.15 Sign Zone. MasterChef: The Finals** (T) (R) **1.15** Countryfile (T) (R) **2.10** Amazing Hotels: Life Beyond the Lobby (T) (R) **3.10** This Is BBC2 (T)

## Other channels

### CBBC

**7.0am** Arthur **7.10** League of Super Evil **7.25** Dennis the Menace and Gnasher **7.35** MOTD Kickabout **7.40** Newsround **7.45** Wild & Weird **8.0** Odd Squad **8.15** Newsround **8.20** Little Roy **8.35** Hank Zipzer **9.0** Hank Zipzer **9.30** The Dumping Ground **9.55** Wolfblood **10.25** Operation Ouch! **10.55** Our School **11.25** Lifebabble **11.30** How to Be Epic @ Everything **11.45** Marring Mum and Dad **12.10** Rank the Prank **12.35** Roy **1.05** Shaun the Sheep **1.10** Shaun the Sheep **1.20** Class Dismissed **1.35** The Dumping Ground **2.05** Operation Ouch! **2.30** Our School **3.0** Dennis the Menace and Gnasher **3.15** Zig and Zag **3.25** Battersnikes & Gumbles **3.40** Odd Squad **3.50** The Dengineers **4.20** Newsround **4.30** Hetty Feather **5.0** Hetty Feather **5.30** Show Me What You're Made Of **6.0** Scream Street **6.10** Dragons: Riders of Berk **6.35** Dennis the Menace and Gnasher **6.45** Danger Mouse **7.0** Horrible Histories Sport Special **7.30** Show Me What You're Made Of **8.0** The Dumping Ground **8.30** Hetty Feather

### E4

All programmes from 7am to 7pm are double bills **6.0am** Hollyoaks **6.30** Coach Trip: Road to Marbs **7.0** Baby Daddy **8.0** Rules of Engagement **9.0** Melissa & Joey **10.0** Baby Daddy **11.0** How I Met Your Mother **12.0** New Girl **1.0** Brooklyn Nine-Nine **2.0** The Big Bang Theory **3.0** How I Met Your Mother **4.0** Brooklyn Nine-Nine **5.0** New Girl **6.0** The Big Bang Theory **7.0** Hollyoaks **7.30** Baby Daddy **8.0** The Big Bang Theory **8.30** The Big Bang Theory **9.0** Made in Chelsea **10.0** Empire **11.0** The Big Bang Theory **11.30** The Big Bang Theory **12.0** Tattoo Fixers on Holiday **1.05** Gogglebox **2.10** Made in Chelsea **3.0** Empire **3.50** New Girl **4.10** Rules of Engagement **4.30** Rules of Engagement **4.55** Melissa & Joey

### Film4

**11.0am** **FILM** Face of a Fugitive (1959) **12.40** **FILM** Salome (1953) **2.45** **FILM** Destry Rides Again (1939) **4.35** **FILM** The Riddle of the Sands (1978) **6.40** **FILM** The Secret Life of Walter Mitty (2013) **9.0** **FILM** Brassed Off (1996) **11.10** **FILM** The Sitter

(2011) **12.45** **FILM** The Treatment (2014)

### ITV2

**6.0am** Vicky Pattison: The Hot Desk **6.10** You've Been Framed! Gold **6.35** Below Deck **7.20** The Ellen DeGeneres Show **8.0** Emmerdale **8.30** Coronation Street **9.0** Coronation Street **9.35** Scorpion **10.25** Below Deck **11.20** Who's Doing the Dishes? **12.25** Emmerdale **12.55** Coronation Street **1.30** Coronation Street **2.0** The Ellen DeGeneres Show **2.50** Jeremy Kyle **3.55** Jeremy Kyle **5.0** Judge Rinder **6.0** You've Been Framed! Gold **6.30** You've Been Framed! Gold **7.0** You've Been Framed! Gold **7.30** You've Been Framed! Gold **8.0** Two and a Half Men **8.30** Two and a Half Men **9.0** Family Guy **9.30** The Great Indoors **10.0** The Great Indoors **10.30** American Dad! **11.0** American Dad! **11.30** Family Guy **11.55** Family Guy **12.30** American Dad! **12.55** The Cleveland Show **1.25** The Cleveland Show **1.55** The Great Indoors **2.20** Teleshopping **5.50** ITV2 Nightscreen

### More4

**8.55am** A Place in the Sun: Winter Sun **9.55** Four in a Bed **11.30** Four in a Bed **12.05** Four in a Bed **12.35** Four in a Bed **1.05** Four in a Bed **1.40** A Place

in the Sun: Winter Sun **2.40** A Place in the Sun: Winter Sun **3.45** Time Team **4.50** Time Team **5.50** Vet on the Hill **6.55** The Secret Life of the Zoo **7.55** Grand Designs **9.0** The Great Wall of China: The Hidden Story - Secret History **10.0** 24 Hours in A&E **11.05** 999: What's Your Emergency? **12.05** Ramsay's Kitchen Nightmares USA **1.05** 24 Hours in A&E **2.10** 999: What's Your Emergency? **3.10** 8 Out of 10 Cats

### Skyl

**6.0am** Hawaii Five-0 **7.0** Hawaii Five-0 **8.0** Monkey Life **8.30** Monkey Life **9.0** Micro Monsters With David Attenborough **9.30** Micro Monsters With David Attenborough **10.0** Nothing to Declare **10.30** Nothing to Declare **11.0** Forever **12.0** NCIS: LA **1.0** Hawaii Five-0 **2.0** Hawaii Five-0 **3.0** NCIS: LA **4.0** Haven **5.0** Modern Family **5.30** Modern Family **6.0** Futurama **6.30** The Simpsons **7.0** The Simpsons **7.30** The Simpsons **8.0** The Simpsons **8.30** The Simpsons **9.0** Football's Funniest Moments **10.0** A League of Their Own US Road Trip **11.0** Ross Kemp: Extreme World **12.0** Ross Kemp: Extreme World **1.0** Brit Cops: War on Crime **2.0** Brit Cops: Law & Disorder **3.0** DC's Legends of Tomorrow **4.0** Got to Dance: Best of **5.0** Road Wars



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and recaps go to:  
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ITV	Channel 4	Channel 5	BBC 4
<p><b>6.0 Good Morning Britain</b> (T) <b>8.30</b> Lorraine (T) <b>9.25</b> The Jeremy Kyle Show (T) <b>10.30</b> This Morning (T) <b>12.30</b> Loose Women (T) <b>1.30</b> ITV Lunchtime News (T) <b>1.55</b> Local News (T) <b>2.0</b> Dickinson's Real Deal (T) <b>3.0</b> Masterpiece With Alan Titchmarsh (T) <b>3.59</b> Local News and Weather (T) <b>4.0</b> Tipping Point (T) <b>5.0</b> Babushka (T) <b>6.0</b> Local News (T) <b>6.30</b> ITV Evening News (T) <b>7.0</b> Emmerdale (T) <b>7.30</b> Coronation Street (T)</p>	<p><b>6.0 Countdown</b> (T) (R) <b>6.45</b> Will &amp; Grace (T) (R) <b>7.35</b> Everybody Loves Raymond (T) (R) <b>9.05</b> Frasier (T) (R) <b>10.05</b> Hotel Hell (T) (R) <b>11.0</b> A Place in the Sun: Winter Sun (T) (R) <b>12.0</b> News (T) <b>12.05</b> Couples Come Dine With Me (T) (R) <b>1.05</b> Posh Pawnbrokers (T) (R) <b>2.10</b> Countdown (T) <b>3.0</b> Fifteen to One (T) <b>4.0</b> Coast v Country (T) <b>5.0</b> Four in a Bed (T) <b>5.30</b> Come Dine with Me (T) (R) <b>6.0</b> The Simpsons (T) (R) <b>6.30</b> Hollyoaks (T) <b>7.0</b> News (T) <b>7.55</b> Party Election Broadcast (T)</p>	<p><b>6.0 Milkshake!</b> <b>9.15</b> The Wright Stuff <b>11.15</b> The Hotel Inspector (T) (R) <b>12.10</b> 5 News Lunchtime (T) <b>12.15</b> Can't Pay? We'll Take It Away (T) (R) <b>1.10</b> Access (T) <b>1.15</b> Home and Away (T) <b>1.45</b> Neighbours (T) <b>2.15</b> NCIS (T) (R) <b>3.10</b> <b>FILM</b> Missing Daughter (Emily Moss Wilson, 2017) (T) <b>5.0</b> 5 News at 5 (T) <b>5.30</b> Neighbours (T) (R) <b>6.0</b> Home and Away (T) (R) <b>6.30</b> 5 News Tonight (T) <b>6.55</b> Party Election Broadcast (T) <b>7.0</b> MotoGP Highlights (T)</p>	<p><b>7.0 100 Days+</b> (T) <b>7.30</b> Great British Railway Journeys (T) (R) Michael Portillo sets off from Ayr as he embarks on the first leg of a journey through southern Scotland from west to east, admiring the granite island of Ailsa Craig in the Firth of Clyde before getting to grips with the sport of curling, with a little help from a Scottish world champion.</p>
<p><b>8.0 Britain As Seen on ITV</b> (T) (R) A selection of clips celebrating things for which the nation is famous around the world.</p> <p><b>8.30 Coronation Street</b> (T) Adam goads Daniel.</p> <p><b>9.0 Prince Philip: 70 Years of Service</b> (T) Alan Titchmarsh looks back on the life of the longest-serving consort in British history.</p>	<p><b>8.0 Food Unwrapped</b> (T) Jimmy Doherty finds out about the surprising ingredient that goes into prawn crackers.</p> <p><b>8.30 The Fake News Show</b> (T) Stephen Mangan hosts the comedy panel show.</p> <p><b>9.0 The Trial: A Murder in the Family</b> (T) The trial continues with key evidence from Carla and Simon's friends and family.</p>	<p><b>8.0 Police Interceptors</b> (T) Jim and the team take to the road to spring a trap on suspected drug dealers. Includes 5 News Update.</p> <p><b>9.0 Inside the Gang: Girl Gangstas</b> (T) Female gang members speak about their experiences, revealing the extreme lengths they must go to as they find their own roles. Last in the series.</p>	<p><b>8.0 Mud, Sweat and Tractors: The Story of Agriculture</b> (T) (R) How Britain became self-sufficient in bread-making after the second world war.</p> <p><b>9.0 The Riviera: A History in Pictures</b> (T) (R) Part one of two. Documentary following the footsteps of artists who lived on France's Côte d'Azur.</p>
<p><b>10.0 ITV News at Ten</b> (T)</p> <p><b>10.40 Local News</b> (T)</p> <p><b>10.50 Don't Ask Me Ask Britain</b> (T) (R) Interactive comedy gameshow hosted by Alexander Armstrong.</p> <p><b>11.55 The Chase</b> (T) (R)</p> <p><b>12.45 Jackpot247</b> <b>3.0</b> The Jeremy Kyle Show (T) (R) <b>3.55</b> ITV Nightscreen <b>5.05</b> The Jeremy Kyle Show (T) (R)</p>	<p><b>10.0 Loaded</b> (T) Josh sets out to save his parents' marriage.</p> <p><b>10.50 8 Out of 10 Cats Does Countdown</b> (T) (R)</p> <p><b>11.55 Shut-Ins: Britain's Fattest Woman</b> (T) (R)</p> <p><b>12.50 Never Seen a Doctor</b> (R) <b>1.45</b> The Wild Weekenders (R) <b>2.40</b> Location, Location, Location (R) <b>3.35</b> Building the Dream <b>4.30</b> Shipping Wars UK (R) <b>4.55</b> Jamie's Comfort Food (R)</p>	<p><b>10.0</b> <b>FILM</b> <b>Django Unchained</b> (Quentin Tarantino, 2012) (T) Western starring Jamie Foxx and Christoph Waltz. Includes 5 News Update at 11pm.</p> <p><b>1.15 SuperCasino</b> <b>3.10</b> Top 20 Funniest (T) <b>4.0</b> Britain's Greatest Bridges (T) (R) <b>4.45</b> House Doctor (T) (R) <b>5.10</b> HouseBusters (T) (R) <b>5.35</b> Wildlife SOS (T) (R)</p>	<p><b>10.0 Francesco's Italy Top to Toe</b> The Romantic North (T) (R)</p> <p><b>11.0 Mothers, Murderers and Mistresses: Empresses of Ancient Rome</b> (T) (R)</p> <p><b>12.0 Greek Myths: Tales of Travelling Heroes</b> (T) (R) <b>1.30</b> Timeshift: The Last Days of Steam (T) (R) <b>2.30</b> The Code of Life: Great Scientists in Their Own Words (T) (R)</p>

## Sky Arts

**6.0am** The South Bank Show **7.0** Auction **7.30** Auction **8.0** Tales of the Unexpected **9.0** Discovering: Robert Mitchum **10.0** Master of Photography **11.0** Classical Destinations **11.35** Nigel Kennedy: The Four Seasons **12.40** Bolero **1.0** Tales of the Unexpected **1.30** Tales of the Unexpected **2.0** Auction **2.30** Auction **3.0** Guitar Star 2016 **4.0** Master of Photography **5.0** Tales of the Unexpected **5.30** Tales of the Unexpected **6.0** Discovering: Fred Astaire **7.0** Portrait Artist of the Year 2017 **8.0** André Rieu: Love in Maastricht **9.0** André Rieu: How It All Began **10.0** Fake! The Great Masterpiece Challenge **11.0** Tate Britain's Great British Walks **12.0** Auction **12.30** Auction **1.0** Ella Fitzgerald at Ronnie Scott's **2.0** UK Swings Again **2.30** UB40: Live at Montreux Jazz Festival 2002 **4.25** Annie Lennox: Nostalgia **5.30** Discovering: Eurythmics

## 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** Blue Bloods **3.0** Networks of Power With Sir Christopher Meyer **4.0** Networks of Power

With Sir Christopher Meyer **5.0** Cold Case **6.0** House **7.0** Blue Bloods **8.0** David Attenborough's Wild City **9.0** Game of Thrones **10.10** Silicon Valley **10.45** Last Week Tonight With John Oliver **11.20** Real Time With Bill Maher **12.30** **FILM** Tales of the Grim Sleeper (2014) **2.30** The Borgias **3.30** Girls **4.05** Fish Town **5.0** Fish Town

## TCM

**6.0am** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Michael Mann **6.35** **FILM** Empire of the Sun (1987) **9.35** **FILM** The Iron Sheriff (1957) **11.10** **FILM** Bad Men of Tombstone (1949) **12.50** Bonanza: Bitter Water **1.55** Bonanza: Feet of Clay **3.0** **FILM** Judgment at Nuremberg (1962) **6.30** **FILM** The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes (1970) **9.0** **FILM** Tango & Cash (1989) **11.05** **FILM** The Holcroft Covenant (1985) **1.25** Conspiracy Theory With Jesse Ventura: Area 51 **2.30** Conspiracy Theory With Jesse Ventura: JFK Assassination **3.30** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Shawn Levy **4.0** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: John Woo **4.30** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: John Boorman **5.0** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Doug Liman **5.30** Hollywood's Best Film Directors: Milos Forman

## Radio

### Radio 1

**97.6-99.8 MHz**  
**6.33** The Breakfast Show With Nick Grimshaw  
**10.0** Clara Amfo **12.45** Newsbeat **1.0** Scott Mills **4.0** Greg James **5.45** Newsbeat **6.0** Greg James **7.0** MistaJam **9.0** Specialist Chart With Phil Taggart **10.02** Huw Stephens **1.0** Friction **4.0** Adele Roberts

### Radio 2

**88-91 MHz**  
**6.30** Chris Evans **9.30** Ken Bruce **12.0** Jeremy Vine **2.0** Steve Wright **5.0** Simon Mayo **7.0** Paul Jones **8.0** Jo Whiley **10.0** Olivia Newton-John: In Her Own Words (2/2) **11.0** Jools Holland **12.0** Johnnie Walker's Sounds of the 70s (R) **2.0** Radio 2 Playlists: Jazz, Great British Songbook & Hidden Treasures **5.0** Vanessa Feltz

### Radio 3

**90.2-92.4 MHz**  
**6.30** Breakfast. Presented by Petroc Trelawny. **9.0** Essential Classics. Sarah Walker's guest this week is the wildlife sound recordist Chris Watson, who was a founding member of the influential Sheffield experimental music group Cabaret Voltaire. **12.0** Composer of the Week: Johann

Mahler: Symphony No 7. BBC SSO, Thomas Dausgaard. **10.0** Music Matters (R) **10.45** The Essay: True Venetian - Making Up the City. With Polly Coles. (1/5) **11.0** Jazz Now. Featuring a concert by the Bad Plus. **12.30** Through the Night

### Radio 4

**92.4-94.6 MHz; 198kHz**  
**6.0** Today. Presented by John Humphrys and Justin Webb. **9.0** Start the Week. Andrew Marr is joined by guests including the politician Shashi Tharoor and the journalist Andrew Roberts to discuss issues surrounding India, including the history of the Raj. **9.45** (LW) Daily Service **9.45** (FM) Book of the Week: Sound, by Bella Bathurst. (1/5) **10.0** Woman's Hour. Includes at 10.45 Drama: Kitchen Confidential, Marcy Kahan's adaptation of Anthony Bourdain's memoir. (1/5) **11.0** The Untold: The Shoe Man (4/17) **11.30** Dot: Meat. Comedy by Ed Harris, starring Fenella Woolgar. (3/4) **12.0** News **12.01** (LW) Shipping Forecast **12.04** Home Front: 22 May 1917 - Maisie Harris, by Sarah Daniels. (26/40) **12.15** You and Yours. Consumer and public interest reports. **12.57** Weather **1.0** The World at One **1.45** Our Man in the Middle East: Crossing the Divide. Jeremy Bowen reveals

how his attempts to keep warm during a winter in Jerusalem led him to discover more about the deep divisions between Israelis and Palestinians. (6/25) **2.0** The Archers (R) **2.15** Drama: After Independence, by May Sumbwanyambe. **3.0** The 3rd Degree: The University of Roehampton. Academic quiz show. (1/6) **3.30** The Food Programme (R) **4.0** The Invisible College. Cathy FitzGerald offers further lessons in creative writing. (1/3) **4.30** Beyond Belief: Religion in Germany. With Ernie Rea. (1/6) **5.0** PM **5.54** (LW) Shipping Forecast **5.57** Weather **6.0** News **6.30** Just a Minute (2/6) **7.0** The Archers **7.15** Front Row. Arts roundup. **7.45** Kitchen Confidential (R) (1/5) **8.0** Breakfast With the Disruptors: Property. Tim Samuels examines three industries facing threats from new technology. (1/3) **8.30** Crossing Continents: Banishing the "Bad Hombres" (R) **9.0** In Their Element: Carbon - The Chemical Story of Our Lives (R) **9.30** Start the Week (R) **9.59** Weather **10.0** The World Tonight **10.45** Book at Bedtime: Golden Hill, by Francis Spufford. (6/10) **11.0** Word of Mouth: Game On: The Language of Video Games (R) **11.30** Nature: The Yoiker and the Landscape (R) **12.0**

News **12.30** Book of the Week (R) **12.48** Shipping Forecast **1.0** As World Service **5.20** Shipping Forecast **5.30** News **5.43** Prayer for the Day **5.45** Hearing With Hegley (5/8) **12.0** Slipstream (5/8) **12.30** A Good Read (3/6) **1.0** Red File for Callan (3/4) **1.30** The New Look **2.0** Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant (6/10) **2.15** Life at 24 Frames a Second (6/10) **2.30** The Forsytes (2/7) **2.45** The Letters of John F Kennedy (1/5) **3.0** The Carlingford Chronicles: Miss Marjoribanks (2/4) **4.0** Quote - Unquote (2/6) **4.30** The Change (1/6) **5.0** Sketches by Boz (1/5) **5.30** Just a Minute (1/6)

### Radio 4 Extra

**Digital only**  
**6.0** Red File for Callan (3/4) **6.30** The New Look **7.0** Sketches by Boz (1/5) **7.30** Just a Minute (1/6) **8.0** The Burkiss Way (4/7) **8.30** Dad's Army (6/20) **9.0** Quote - Unquote (2/6) **9.30** The Change (1/6) **10.0** The Carlingford Chronicles: Miss Marjoribanks (2/4) **11.0** Tales from the East (1/3) **11.15** The Gallery **12.0** The Burkiss Way (4/7) **12.30** Dad's Army (6/20) **1.0** Red File for Callan (3/4) **1.30** The New Look **2.0** Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant (6/10) **2.15** Life at 24 Frames a Second (6/10) **2.30** The Forsytes (2/7) **2.45** The Letters of John F Kennedy (1/5) **3.0** The Carlingford Chronicles: Miss Marjoribanks (2/4) **4.0** Quote - Unquote (2/6) **4.30** The Change (1/6) **5.0** Sketches by Boz (1/5) **5.30** Just a Minute (1/6)

Gallery **10.0** Comedy Club Just a Minute (1/6) **10.30** The Vote Now Show **11.0** The News Quiz Extra (5/8) **11.45** Hearing With Hegley (5/8) **12.0** Slipstream (5/8) **12.30** A Good Read (3/6) **1.0** Red File for Callan (3/4) **1.30** The New Look **2.0** Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant (6/10) **2.15** Life at 24 Frames a Second (6/10) **2.30** The Forsytes (2/7) **2.45** The Letters of John F Kennedy (1/5) **3.0** The Carlingford Chronicles: Miss Marjoribanks (2/4) **4.0** Quote - Unquote (2/6) **4.30** The Change (1/6) **5.0** Sketches by Boz (1/5) **5.30** Just a Minute (1/6)

### 5 Live

**693, 909 kHz**  
**6.0** Breakfast **10.0** 5 Live Daily With Adrian Chiles **1.0** Afternoon Edition **4.0** Drive **7.0** Monday Night Club **9.0** Tuffers & **10.0** Flintoff, Savage and the Ping Pong Guy **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** Lauren Laverne **1.0** Mark Radcliffe **4.0** Tom Ravenscroft **7.0** Marc Riley **9.0** Gideon Coe **12.0** 6 Music Recommends **1.0** The Atlantic Records Story (10/13) **2.0** Eyewitness to History (1/2) **2.30** Live Hour **3.30** Jukebox **5.0** Chris Hawkins



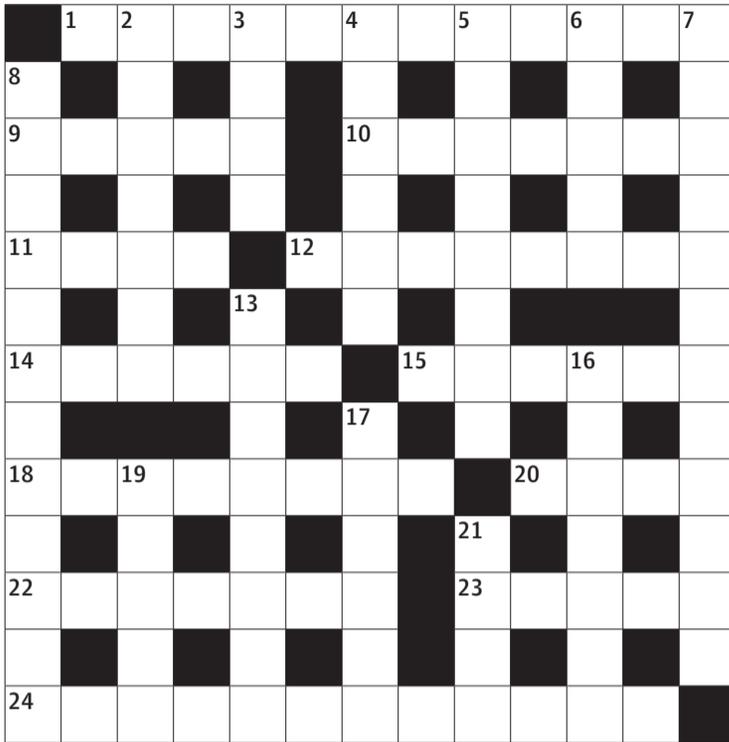
Quick crossword no 14,676

Across

- 1 To do with work (12)
- 9 T – dance (5)
- 10 Librettist for Ruddigore, d. 1911 (7)
- 11 Peer of the realm (4)
- 12 Battleaxe (8)
- 14 Regrettable (3,3)
- 15 Nearest French port to England (6)
- 18 Composer of music for Ruddigore, d. 1900 (8)
- 20 Bird's beak (4)
- 22 Secretly (2,3,1,1)
- 23 Car crash (5)
- 24 Good place from which to observe (8,4)

Down

- 2 (In music) with spirit (3,4)
- 3 At a prescribed point in time (4)
- 4 Sea between Greece and Turkey (6)
- 5 Misuse (3-5)
- 6 Without limit (2,3)
- 7 Act without restraint (3,7,2)
- 8 Critically ill (2,6,4)
- 13 Ribaldry (8)
- 16 He discovered the magic words "Open Sesame" (3,4)
- 17 Endured (6)



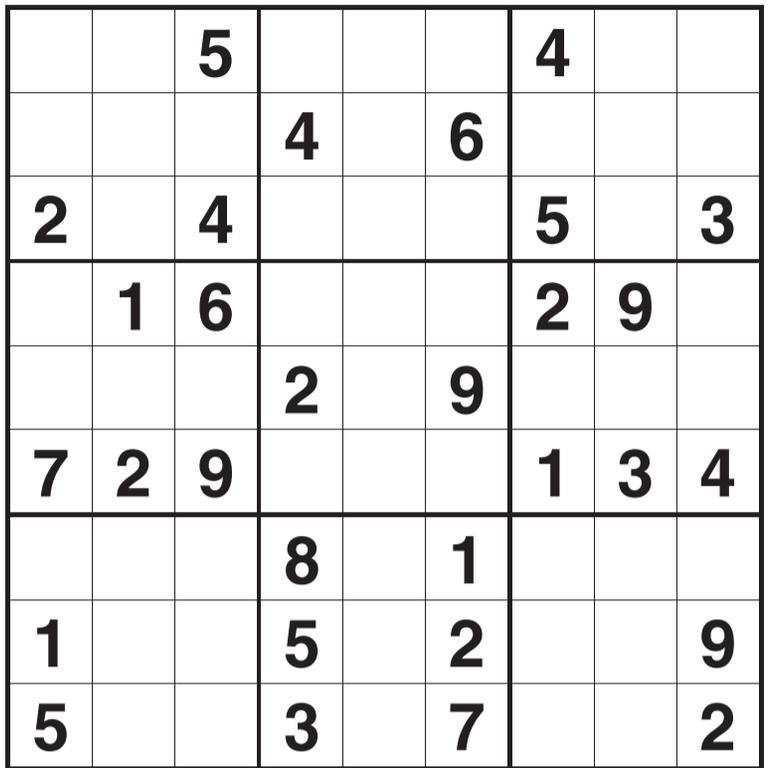
- 19 Classical language (5)
- 21 Chooses (4)

Stuck? For help call 0906 200 83 83 or text GUARDIANQ followed by a space, the day and date the crossword appeared followed by another space and the CLUE reference (e.g. GUARDIANQ Wednesday 24 Down 20) to 88010. Calls cost £1.10 per minute, plus your phone company's access charge. Texts cost £1 per clue plus standard network charges. Service supplied by ATS. Call 0330 333 6946 for customer service (charged at standard rate).

Solution no 14,675

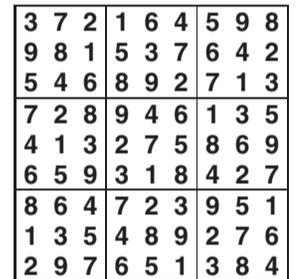


Sudoku no 3,754



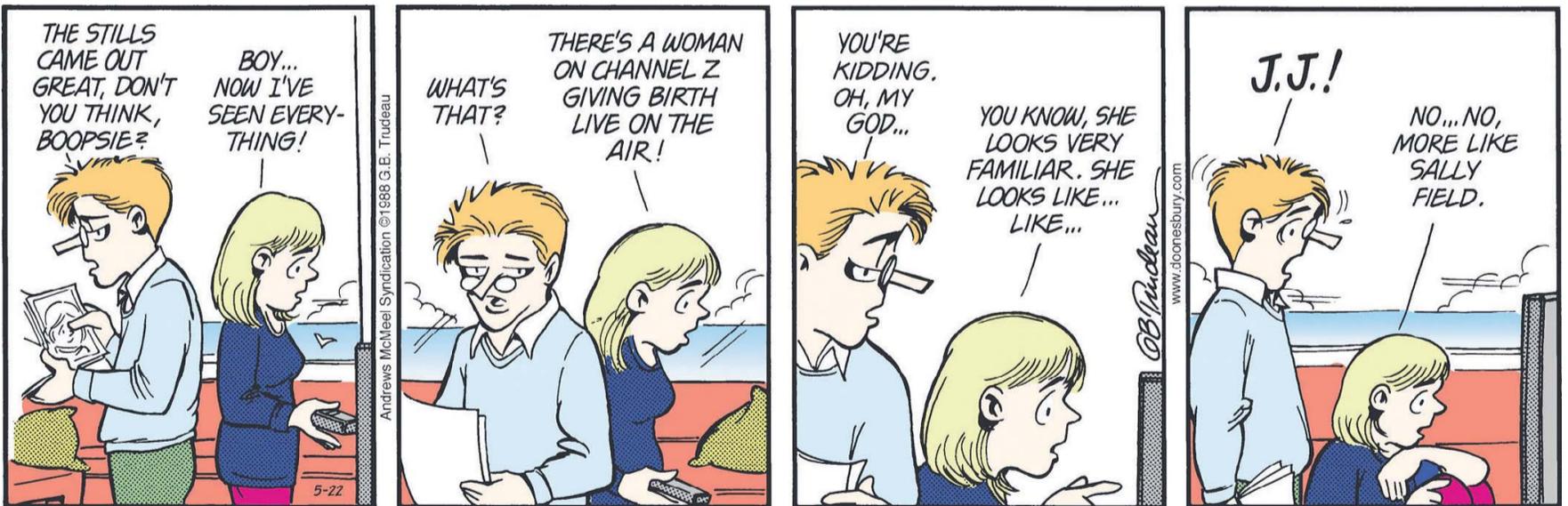
Easy. Fill the grid so that each row, column and 3x3 box contains the numbers 1-9. Printable version at theguardian.com/sudoku

Solution to no 3,753



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Doonesbury classic  
Garry Trudeau



If...  
Steve Bell

