

Summer 2016

40<sup>th</sup>  
ANNIVERSARY  
EDITION

# FANFARE

People in the news, current affairs and reviews



# 1966

*"Come Lords and Commons  
please heed the call,  
There's a battle outside ragin'  
It'll soon shake your windows  
and rattle your walls... for  
**the times, they are a'changin'**"*  
- Bob Dylan



Chris Froome  
Le  
de TOUR  
france



## New horizons for healthcare

We are the UK's first independent medical school with a four-and-a-half year MB ChB programme that is as modern and innovative as it is progressive

- Patient-led care - focus on treating the patient, not just the illness
- Early patient contact and clinical skills training
- Small-group teaching in a supportive learning environment
- No cap on international student places



THE UNIVERSITY OF  
**BUCKINGHAM**  
MEDICAL SCHOOL

medicine-admissions@buckingham.ac.uk  
+44 (0) 1280 827 546  
<http://medvle.buckingham.ac.uk/>

# FANFARE

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS, CURRENT AFFAIRS AND REVIEWS  
SUMMER 2016

## Welcome to the 40th Anniversary edition

Legend (Homer, *The Odyssey*) has it that theatre managers in Ancient Greece would tell auditioning performers who claimed they had the hottest routine in all the Peloponnese, that you're only as good as your last show, baby!

Well, maybe not that last bon mot. But as any self-respecting oracle knows, your future is never a completely closed book. There's a divinity which doth shape our ends, rough hew them how we will. (Thanks, Will!)

But, truth to tell, there's been no rough lumberjacking on this, the third edition of our groundbreaking Fanfare magazine, which won plaudits across the University for the first two issues.

Students have excelled themselves. Again this year, their collaborative brief was to incorporate real-life stories written on the Feature Writing module into the framework of a real-time publication by deploying the layout skills learned on the Design for Print module.

The future is bright for all students who dared weave this publication's dazzling tapestry that rivals even the stars. Which only goes to prove that even Nostradamus would have hesitated to join the swinish multitude's raucous forebodings about the death of print, etc, ad nauseam...

Vicky Tomopoulou,  
*Lecturer in Publication Design and Digital Media*  
Richard Adamson,  
*Sir Ray Tindle Lecturer in Journalism*



**Chris  
FROOME**  
page 28



**Shailene  
WOODLEY**  
page 12



**William  
SHAKESPEARE**  
page 14

## 2. NewsRound

**Greening of Britain**  
*60 million new trees*  
**Planet of the Apps**  
*The great iPhone takeover*  
**Second silver hoard**  
*New treasure found*  
**Fracking hell near you**  
*Buckingham not for shale*  
**Tories' toxic time bomb**  
*Poll spending investigated*  
**Catastrophe at Easter**  
*Ireland's defining myth*  
**Whitesnake memories**  
*Buckingham's rock hero*

**8. Defender of a free press**  
*Hellfire muckraker John Wilkes*

**10. Clash of the dreadnoughts**  
*Imperial navies at war, Jutland 1916*

**12. Profile: Shailene Woodley**  
*Hollywood's oddball star on the rise*

**14. William Shakespeare**  
*Genius of the upstart crow*

**18. Hound of Heaven on film**  
*A Hollywood love affair*

**21. Vogue's 100th birthday**  
*Style bible mirrors changing times*

**24. Digital's dark new dawn**  
*Rise of the Terminators*

**26. Invasion chronicle Britain**  
*One boy's story of occupation*

**28. Tour de force**  
*Brit Froome's France Odyssey*

## 31. Reviews

**What's hot, what's cool, even what (totally) sucks:**  
*Blackass, Blood on Snow, London has Fallen, Allegiant, Huntsman, Dirty Grandpa, Spotlight, The Big Short, Rihanna, Future, Sia*

**38. Profile: Imogen Poots**  
*Zombie, bent cop, star-crossed lover*

**42. 1966 Revolution in the head**  
*Year before the music died*

**44. The paradise of greens**  
*Rio and the resurrection of golf*

**45. Afterthought**  
*Nightmare on Pennsylvania Ave  
The White House Trumped!*



# The greening of Britain

By Lisa Collins

LANCELOT BROWN would have been jumping for joy at news of the greening of Great Britain – if he hadn't been dead for the past 300 years.

For Brown, aka Capability Brown, created more than 260 landscaped gardens – including Stowe just north of Buckingham – which have made the English countryside famous the world over.

And Visit England are commemorating the 300th anniversary of his birth in August 1716 with a series of visitor events highlighting some of his most dramatic garden creations including Blenheim Palace, the Wimpole Estate and, of course, the jewel in the crown, Stowe.

Brown's modus operandi was visionary, breathtaking in its execution. For in re-styling great swathes of English parkland, he created hills and lakes, but had to uproot and relocate huge mature trees, a trademark feat of arboreal engineering.

But even he would have marvelled at the audacious pledge of the Woodland Trust to plant more than 60 million new trees across the country over the next 15 years.

Since launching its campaign in 2015, the Woodland Trust has signed up more than 40 organisations worldwide to create a mass movement of tree lovers.

The end game will be the launch in November 2017 of a 21st century version of the medieval royal charter on the 800th anniversary of the 1217 Charter of the Forest.

The aim of this modern Charter for Trees, Woods and People is nothing less than to redefine the relationship between trees and people in the UK for future generations.

The charter will be rooted in stories and memories that reflect how trees have shaped society, landscape and lives. And the Trust wants people to share personal stories that help reflect the true meaning of trees and woods to the people of the UK.

"Everyone benefits from trees, woods and forests even if they never see or touch a tree," said a spokesman. The Tree

Charter aimed to bring back a "cultural connection" between the people and a rich and healthy forest.

Over the past 10 years more than 100,000 miles of British hedgerow have been destroyed and over 100 ancient woodland sites lost to development – with another 434 still under threat, says the Trust.

As a result, 60 per cent of the UK's plant and animal species have declined in the last 50 years with 10 per cent threatened with extinction.

The Trust stepped up its campaign in May when they launched their ambitious plan to reforest the whole of Britain by planting 64 million trees – one for every person in the country.

The multi-million pound project will see hedges, copses and 20 million trees reintroduced on to farmland across the country – and the planting of 15 million new trees around towns and cities across the nation to create "green pathways" for wildlife, including bats, butterflies and pine martens in urban areas.

The model for this urban greening is Hull which has been transformed from a wooded dead zone and the least sylvan city in Britain by having 100,000 trees planted by the Woodland Trust.

Huge areas of the country have become "no man's land" for wildlife that needs trees for cover, said Austin Brady, the Trust's conservation director.

"We're not trying to turn the clock back, but if we lose more trees, it ceases to be a natural landscape. In some parts of the country, the ecosystem is on the brink of collapse."

Which is why the Trust is worried about massive infrastructure projects that break out of the green belt and cut through the countryside.

The Trust is particularly concerned about the proposed route of HS2 which, they say, threatens 36 ancient woods directly with a further 27 at risk from disturbance, noise and pollution. And they remain unconvinced that this route is as green as the Government claims.

"We echo many people's concerns over HS2's potential environmental impact.

Our primary worry is the high level of damage to ancient woodland along the route," said a spokesman.

Many of the threatened woodland areas are in Buckinghamshire, including Sheephouse Wood, Decoypond Wood and Finemere Wood, all a few miles south of Buckingham.

Finemere, along with Rushbeds Wood and Whitecross Green nature reserves, also in Buckinghamshire, was once part of the ancient Royal Forest of Bernwood, where kings and queens hunted wild boar. It is currently undergoing a three-year conservation project.

The lush expanse of woodland at Finemere is home to a host of flora and fauna including wood anemone, early-purple orchid or greater butterfly-orchid, and wildlife, birds, bats and butterflies.

The royal forest boar have long gone, but the sylvan glades are alive with bees buzzing and butterflies flitting in this true nature reserve. It is one of the best places to spot the magnificent purple emperor, its smaller cousin, the white admiral, and in late summer, an influx of silver-washed fritillaries that hunt out patches of violet for their caterpillars to feed on.

But if the HS2 is unleashed, no more. The Trust made known its concerns to the All-Party Parliamentary Group (APPG) on Ancient Woodland & Veteran Trees at Westminster in March.

The Government has committed to legislate for the new body which will manage the public forest estate (PFE) in England, so the charter hopes for a new Forestry Act with the people at its heart.

The Trust hopes the charter will rekindle the relationship between children and the forests, the ideal of "a tree for every child", and inspire schools to improve awareness of the UK's woods and trees.

Supporters – Charter Champions – will receive training, support and help in funding local events and projects that bring the community together around a celebration of local woods and trees.

*For more information on how to be a charter champion go to <https://treecharter.uk/you-and-your-community/>*

# PLANET OF THE APPS

**Apps can track every move you make, and Wikimedia has ruled that macaques own the copyright to selfies they took. How afraid should we be? Soma Taheir reports**

FORGET THE STATUE OF LIBERTY half-buried on that sandy beach. For never in their wildest dreams did Charlton Heston's scriptwriters imagine life on the real Planet of the Apps.

Welcome to Cyberworld Earth. Just when you thought it was safe to return home from the Apps Store, Sophie clicks into life and reminds you it's time to take your medication.

She's already on your smartphone and she knows you're one of the seven million Britons who are left feeling depressed after using social media. How does "she" know? Because you told her, after downloading her from your favourite apps store.

Sophie's one of dozens of the latest avatar apps designed to be your personal virtual nurse, and remind you to take your Prozac pill, and who'll even ask if you're in pain. And if you are, she'll advise your GP – just to be on the safe side.

Sounds like the latest hare-brained Hollywood script? Nope! It's just the facts, ma'am. And all based on the latest, pukka research by Privilege Home Insurance, the kind of nice folk who'll insure your life, even if you top yourself?

In PHI's survey of more than 2,000 Brits, 20% of people belonging to networks like Facebook and Twitter said they suffered from FOMO – Fear of Missing Out. More than one in three said they felt under pressure to "like" content posted by friends, and one in 10 admitted being embarrassed if something they posted didn't get a response.

It's no wonder a third of young Britons are experiencing anxiety at some stage in their life, said Will Hutton in the *Observer*. "Teenagers – in particular – fearful of missing out, are beset by a myriad of agonising choices."

Soon, we'll all be to chat to the virtual assistants like Sophie, as the hi-tech behemoths of Silicon Valley perfect apps that have AI – artificial intelligence. Software engineers behind the likes of Apple's Siri, Amazon's Alexa and Microsoft's Cortana are pushing the boundaries of AI tools. "A new crop of virtual assistants will flood the market, ambitious bots that can interact seamlessly with human beings," reported Elizabeth Dwoskin, the *Independent's* technology specialist.

"This wave of technology is distinguished by the ability to chat, making AI conversation feel natural. Amazon's Alexa has humanising 'hmm's and 'ums' built into responses. Apple's Siri is known for wry jokes."

But an app joke was lost on wildlife photographer David Slater after Wikimedia used photos of macaques taken on his camera in Indonesia without permission. "Because the monkey pressed the trigger, they're claiming the monkey owns the copyright", said a baffled Slater.

And as if that wasn't enough, Facebook is planning to replace customer-service lines with a new generation of AI chatbots. They will, Mark Zuckerberg told the F8 developer shindig, at San Francisco's Fort

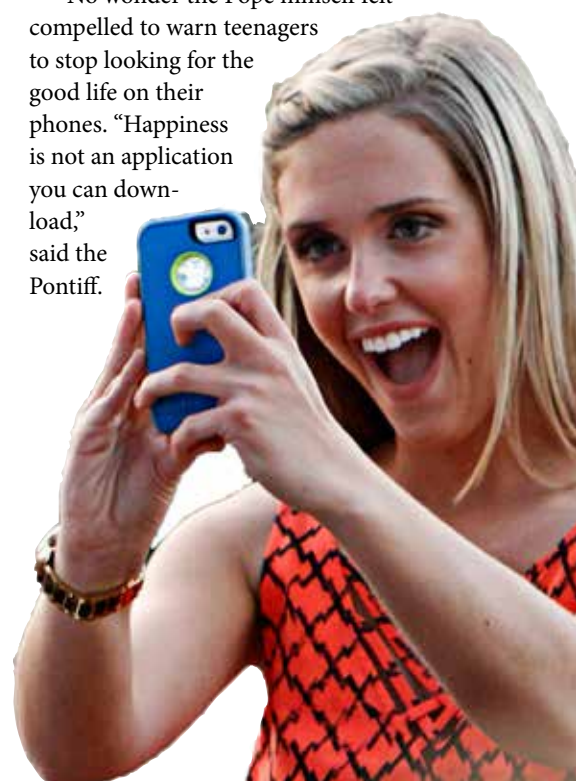
Mason, "kill off rival apps". Whoah! What next, robot sex bots?

Well, yes, if the findings of research at Stanford University are implemented. Volunteer subjects were invited to respond to a sexbot's request "please touch my bum". After hesitating to invade the robot's privacy, most complied and reported increased levels of arousal while doing so.

Welcome to the planet that's being taken over by the apps! Be very afraid! Unless you're one of those people who *The Sun* described as "randy, human, looking for hassle-free love".

The average Briton spends 80 minutes every day managing an average of four social media networks, reported Sonia Sodha in the *Observer*. "And of that, an amazing 85% of online adults, excluding China, have one of Facebook's four services (plus Instagram, Messenger, Whatsapp)".

No wonder the Pope himself felt compelled to warn teenagers to stop looking for the good life on their phones. "Happiness is not an application you can download," said the Pontiff.



# SECOND HOARD OF SILVER COINS

by Paul Rutland

A SECOND STASH OF HISTORIC coins has been found in the same Buckinghamshire field where the largest hoard of Saxon treasure was discovered last year.

Five coins with what looks to be an interesting story attached, were discovered in January, but details are only just coming to light thanks to an article in *The Searcher* magazine.

This latest find was dug up on a Lenborough farm just yards away from last year's cache of 5,000 silver pennies. The latest mini-hoard numbers just

FIVE silver coins. But its discovery comes with a twist of pathos.

The coins, dating from 1555 to 1603, were unlikely to have been lost but placed in the ground for safekeeping. Found in a purse that had been buried some time in the 16th or 17th century, it's likely they were deliberately concealed due to the depth at which they were discovered.

Although there's no record of the person responsible for their burial, to find a cache buried so deep suggests that whoever placed them there, did so obviously hoping to return and dig them up at a later time.

"It's possible they are a hoard and they've been buried either to keep for later or to hide them," said Arwen James, Finds Liaison Officer at Bucks County Museum.

"Because it's such a small group of finds, it's also possible that it is a purse drop, and that someone has accidentally dropped them and not meant to put them there. It could be either."

The five coins found have been identified as:

ONE Philip and Mary shilling dated 1555; THREE Elizabeth I sixpenny pieces minted in 1574 and 1591; and ONE James I sixpence struck in 1603.

The latest of the coins would have been enough, at the time, to pay for a seat at Shakespeare's latest play, *Othello*.



# Buckingham is not for shale

By Didi Frank

BESIEGED RESIDENTS OF Buckinghamshire facing the menace of fracking can take comfort that some unlikely allies share their fears – black rhinos, African lions and Hamadryas baboons.

They are among a roll-call of inmates at Flamingo Land theme park zoo in North Yorkshire cited in the latest local opposition to the controversial gas-drilling process. Zoo trustees said the animals could be affected by the county council's approval of test fracking near the North York Moors National Park.

Shale gas extraction plans have had an increasingly bad press across the UK, and

no less so in Buckinghamshire since the Government invited firms to bid for two licences to drill in the north of the county – around Buckingham.

The County Council's environment and planning committee has to date approved no fracking exploration plans after considering several reports. And council leader Martin Tett said it was unlikely that fracking companies would be starting operations in the area.

Any fracking activities associated with shale gas exploration and production would require planning permission from the county council as the mineral planning authority.

# Pandora's Box opened

by Rabiati Bobboi

A CONSTITUTIONAL TIME bomb has been set ticking amid the ongoing chaos at Westminster triggered by the EU Brexit vote and internecine leadership struggles of the two main parties.

Police are investigating possible electoral fraud in no fewer than 33 parliamentary constituencies most held by Tory MPs.

The investigation was kickstarted by a Channel 4 programme which alleged overspending by the Conservatives of more than £200,000 in elections over the past two years.

According to electoral law, there is a limit on how much candidates and parties can spend in parliamentary elections.

There are, rather confusingly two types of spending which have to be recorded and for which accounts have to be made, says Prof bob Watt University of Buckingham electoral law expert.

Firstly, there is National Campaign spending - details must be filed with the Electoral Commission which has 12 months to determine whether spending complies with electoral law. Secondly, there is campaign spending in support of individual candidates seeking to become MPs.

Channel 4 investigative journalist Michael Crick's report detailed massive overspending in three crucial by-elections as well as the 2015 General Election.

But the Commission has no power to prosecute and can only refer complaints to the Crown Prosecution Service (CPS) who, in turn, decide whether to instruct police.

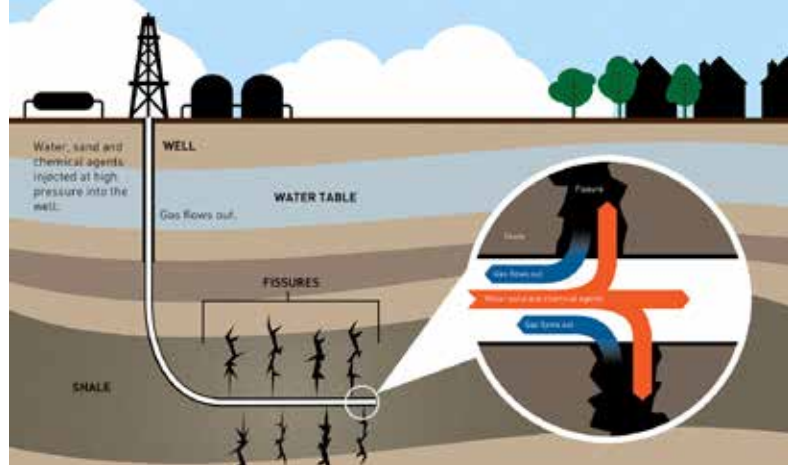
Many election law experts believe current electoral law is archaic, much of it unchanged since parliamentary election Acts of 1868 and 1872, and even further back. And it's an unsatisfactory situation that urgently needs updating, they say.

That's also the view of bob Watt who was interviewed for Channel 4's report.

"The Law Commission and I and just about every election lawyer in the country believes that the election law needs updating," said Prof Watt.

"I fear the UK Electoral Commission is toothless! I have gone on record and I would repeat, we need a much stronger Electoral Commission in this country. I would like to see one set up along the Scandinavian model."

At present the Commission must refer alleged breaches of electoral practice to



The natural gas is embedded in a layer of shale deep underground, requiring intense water-pressure to cause fissures in the rock so that it can be extracted.

Hydraulic fracturing or “fracking” involves drilling deep down into the rock layers beneath the earth, and blasting a high-pressure water mixture at the rock strata to release the gas trapped inside, and siphoning it off at the well-head.

Local people fear their normal lives will be turned into chaos by “fracking” with hundreds of well-pads dotting the area as well as compressor stations and pipelines criss-crossing the land.

There are also concerns about reports from America of apocalyptic side-effects from industrial-scale fracking. Documented cases have included pollution of groundwater, earthquakes and

even contamination of the domestic water supply. One report spoke of extracted shale gas emitting from a household tap.

Buckinghamshire County Council’s Environment Transport and Localities Select Committee have been told no commercially viable quantities of gas have been confirmed in western and southern areas of the county.

Cabinet member for Planning and the Environment Lesley Clarke told the committee they planned to review policy covering onshore oil and gas extraction.

She said: “It’s likely to be costly for companies to prospect here in Buckinghamshire and they’ll probably

want to go for low-hanging fruit first.”

Lester Hannington, lead officer for minerals and waste planning policy, told the committee that over the past 50 years, limited drilling in Buckinghamshire had shown no commercially viable quantities of gas, and more recently there had been no more interest in prospecting.

Prospectors would need planning permission as well as a permit from the Environment Agency, and well safety consent from the Health and Safety Executive.

Depending upon the location, they may also need to consult Natural England, the Hazardous Substances Authorities, and the British Geological Survey.

## on Tory election spending

the CPS which decides whether to call in a police investigation. And they can apply to the courts for extension, to allow further time for police to complete their inquiries.

Which is what has happened in the current situation. Most applications were unchallenged, but in Thanet where UKIP leader Nigel Farage failed to beat the Tory candidate, Conservative Central Office briefed a high-powered QC to block an extension application by the Crown Prosecution Service.

The attempt to block more police time in Thanet failed, and the CPS-triggered investigations are currently ongoing across the country.

Among top Tories named kept in C4’s investigation were Lord Feldman, Chairman of the Conservative party, and strategist Lynton Crosby who was knighted for “political service”.

Channel 4 political correspondent Crick believes the scale of the alleged electoral overspend and the number of a high-profile individual involved in police investigations could prove a toxic time bomb for the Conservative Party.

No case in UK history has recorded electoral fraud allegations of this magnitude, says Professor Watt. “Certainly not since Britain became a parliamentary democracy.”

At least 26 sitting MPs, all Conservatives are under investigation. And if found guilty, they face being unseated, banned or even jailed. The constitutional implications of such an eventuality are truly momentous. With majority of only 17, the Government could fall if only a third of their MPs under investigation are found guilty.

The Representation of the People Act 1983 states that an MP elected to the House of Commons or holding any such office, if convicted, “shall vacate the seat or office subject to and in accordance

with the law. It would bring down the government,” said Professor Watt. But, he emphasises, it is always a political question. “Law meets politics in this area.”

The Tories have accused the Electoral Commission of scapegoating them, and claim that other political parties have “interpreted election laws” in a similar fashion.

And indeed, other investigations into the Labour party are underway. For Westminster party politics, it appears, truly momentous times seem to be changing.





Dublin  
24 April 1916

# Catastrophist coup at

MORE THAN 500,000 PEOPLE swarmed into the centre of Dublin for the 100th anniversary celebration of Ireland's defining national myth. They were treated to a 21-gun salute and a flypast by the Irish Air Force. And a minute's silence and the Last Post to dead heroes.

The Irish President laid a wreath watched by the thronging crowds outside the General Post Office building where the rebels issued the Proclamation of the Irish Republic on Easter Monday 1916. Within two weeks its 15 key signatories would be dead, shot by firing squad.

All so different from the 50th anniversary in 1966, which passed off with scarcely a whimper.

But, then, the unfinished business of Ireland's fight for freedom from British rule was about to enter a new and bloody chapter with the re-ignition of the Troubles in the North.

The Irish question that had bedevilled politics at Westminster for 30 years, had finally looked to be solved in 1914 with the passing of the Bill for Home Rule that the Irish Parliamentary Party had been demanding. Ulster Unionists led by Sir Edward Carson responded by landing a shipload of guns and ammunition imported from Germany.

Then, the First World War intervened, and Home Rule was suspended, as hundreds of Irishmen signed up for the slaughter fields of the Western Front. Constitutional politics appeared to have

*As the Western front descended into a bloody quagmire, British rule in Ireland was challenged by a group of Gaelic visionaries. But the imperial response of pitiless, overwhelming force and dawn death squads backfired. **Jason Dunn** reports on a defining event in the history of the Emerald Isle*

triumphed. Only the revolutionary trade union leader James Connolly saw Irish nationalist aspirations could only be achieved through international socialism.

Unlike other labour leaders who had backed Britain's march into the war, Connolly was, before anything else, a militant workers leader. With James Larkin at the helm of the Irish Transport and General Workers Union, they united Protestant and Catholic workers in a series of bitter industrial dispute in 1913 that sent the shockwave of class struggle around all of Ireland. He'd set up the Irish Citizen Army to protect strikers from employers reprisals.

Connolly famously prophetically said that all the efforts of the Irish Republican movement would be in vain, if they did not establish a socialist republic: "England will still rule you through her capitalists, through her landlords, through her financiers, and a whole array of commercial and individualist institutions."

Into this volatile mix stepped the cultural visionaries of Gaelic Ireland led

by Padraig Pearse who saw that only a catastrophist gesture, a blood sacrifice could alter the tide of history.

The Irish Republican Brotherhood, feeble remnants of the agrarian Fenian secret society had infiltrated the Irish Volunteers and had planned an armed uprising.

But with thousands of Irishmen fighting for the British cause in the bloodletting on the Western Front, the appetite for insurrection had faded. Then, three days before the rising was planned, the Anglo-Irish scholar Sir Roger Casement was arrested after landing from a German submarine off the Kerry coast, on his return from an unsuccessful attempt to secure German arms. He wanted the rising called off.

On the Easter Monday 1916, only a fraction of the numbers the insurrectionists expected actually answered the call to arms. But for the cultural catastrophists, it was now or never. Men like Joseph Plunkett, Eamon Ceannt, Sean Mac Diarmada, James Connolly and Pearse, scholar, poet, believer in the ethereal symbolism of mar-

# Easter



Padraig Pearse



James Connolly

tydom, believed that Britain's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity.

Thus did several hundred poorly armed insurrectionists, plus the 300 trade unionists of Connolly's Citizen Army, occupy Dublin and take the might of the British empire.

Despite the distraction of blood-soaked fields of Flanders few of the ring-leaders thought they could actually prevail. And public opinion throughout Ireland was aghast at such an armed rebellion in Ireland. The rising had virtually no public support.

Most of the leaders of the uprising were executed after the five-day jacquerie was crushed ferociously, British Navy gunboats reducing the centre of Dublin to rubble.

But the British Empire's love affair with dawn firing squads backfired when they summarily executed the 16 leaders of the Easter Rising, one of them, Connolly in a wheelchair. Their remains were buried in quicklime in Kilmainham jail.

Casement was indicted for high treason at the Old Bailey and sentenced to death by hanging at Pentonville prison on August 3rd. Forgotten were his seminal reports of mass murder and enslavement of indigenous peoples by the imperial powers.

Casement's Congo report of 1903 detailed appalling atrocities carried out by the armies of Leopold II, King of "plucky little Catholic Belgium" to whose aid Britain had come when the Germans invaded in 1914.

The mass executions after secret trials by courts martial caused widespread

outrage across Ireland. Even the Catholic Church swung decisively to the cause of Irish nationalism.

And the incarceration of another 500 insurrectionist prisoners in mainland concentration camps did little to assuage opinion as the public mood changed.

Among the internees was Michael Collins, and on their release six months later, these Volunteers were to become the core of the Irish Republican Army which was to launch a guerrilla war after the nationalists' landslide victory at the 1918 general election.

## *Romantic Ireland's dead and gone, it's with O'Leary in the grave*

"The Easter 1916 commemoration this year was notable for the fact that the government and Irish people were determined it be a commemoration, and not celebration," said Dr Brendan Fleming, Lecturer in English and Honorary Senior Fellow at the University of Buckingham.

"In a way not seen before, substantial attention was given to the civilians and British soldiers who died. Renewed attention from historians and the wider Irish population has encouraged a reassessment of this foundational event.

"The coincidence with the centenary of the Battle of the Somme has also

prompted a reinterpretation of the Easter Rising within the wider context of world war."

Since the Good Friday Agreement in 1998, the democratic method has taken precedence in Republican campaigns. Cathal Burgha, the grandson of the Irish rebel of the same name, rejects the idea that the IRA had a "mandate from history" to continue violent pursuit of their aims.

Personifying the newfound Republican acquiescence, Gerry Adams, the President of Sinn Féin now tweets about his favourite coffee and squirrels chasing cats - a considerably different tone to holding the entire country ransom at gunpoint.

So what happened to the promises of equal rights and opportunity set out in the proclamation of the Irish Republic?

The reality is that many in Ireland and on the Left in general still don't consider the Good Friday agreement or the 1922 partitioning of the country to be legitimate. Because of this, the nationalist Republican dream of a united Ireland refuses to go away.

The Republic of Ireland today may be independent in name but its radical history won't be bleached out and, some would say, the fundamental class nature of the Irish struggle is unfinished business.

As the poet W. B. Yeats said of the Easter Rising: "Romantic Ireland's dead and gone, it's with O'Leary in the grave."

# Liberty's devil

Muckraking inventor of political spin, arch-hedonist member of the Hellfire Club, and publisher of the most obscene poem in the English language, John Wilkes was North Bucks' most unlikely all-action hero. **Cameron Hawtree** reports

HAD THE SQUIRE OF AYLESBURY not been so hideously ugly, it's probable Hollywood would have come a' calling long ago.

After all, America's Founding Fathers had lionised his battle with the reactionary forces of the ancien regime, and wrote a raft of Wilkes' ideas into the first 10 amendments of their constitution's Bill of Rights, including, freedom of the press and freedom from arbitrary arrest, the right to life, liberty and property and, of course, the pursuit of happiness.

But then, like most details of Wilkes' chequered life, contradictions and conundrums abound. He was not even to the north Buckinghamshire manor of Aylesbury born.

John (Jack) Wilkes entered this breathing world in Clerkenwell, London in 1725, the scion of a middling, upwardly mobile family. His father ran a prosperous distillery and his mother was the daughter and heiress of a tannery proprietor.

Jack was privately educated by Presbyterian tutors before completing his studies at the University of Leiden in the Netherlands. By 1744, he'd developed into something of an Augustan scholar and sophisticated man-about-town, with an uncompromisingly independent intellectual outlook.

But, of course, young Jack, as he was known to growing circle of friends, was also no slouch when it came to the pursuit of the hedonistic pleasures of youth. Not that he could count on good looks to enrapture the fair sex. His visage was distorted by a monstrously prognathous jawbone



that caused his teeth to protrude when he spoke, and topped off by a crossed eyes gaze. He was once told by his barber his face was "an indication of a very bad soul within" and should not be exposed to pregnant women.

But for all that he'd been cheated of feature by dissembling nature, with a face that jolted all seeing it for the first time, Wilkes wore his deformed visage lightly. And it became a signature calling card, a symbol of liberty reproduced, sketched and etched thousands of times in a tumultuous life.

And as for the effect on females he accosted, he liked to say he "needed only 20 minutes to talk away my face". For his conversation trumped everything, and all who met him, male and female were instantly entranced. And though he was a poor orator, when he spoke to small groups, he mesmerised everyone by his fluency, wit and intelligent repartee.

Wilkes was the ultimate outsider's insider during a turbulent century of

fractious constitutional change in which Britain's ruling elite were caught up, haphazardly adjusting to the implications of the Glorious Revolution of 1688.

The 18th century set the signature template for the growth of liberal-democracy in Britain that was largely bloodless, unlike in France where the guillotine swept away the ancient regime in an unrelenting revolution that Wilkes hated, or the American colonial struggle, which he championed.

His clandestine support for the American revolution saw Wilkes treading treacherous waters at a time when he'd taken on the institutional might of the establishment that had earned him the sobriquet "that devil Wilkes" from King George III.

But when he had set out on life's journey as a young man, there was little hint of the swathe he would cut after early years of unrestrained debauchery and dilettantism.

After Leiden there followed a 10 year period of unrestrained womanising, including with his friends in the notorious Hellfire Club.

Then, Aylesbury beckoned and he fell in love. In the summer of 1746 on a visit to friends in the lively Buckinghamshire coach-stop town on the road from London to Oxford, he married Mary Mead. She was from a well-to-do family, and had been friends with the young Wilkes as a boy. And the house they lived in had been built by Mary's great uncle when High Sheriff of Buckinghamshire.

Within five years, the lease on Prebendal House came into Wilkes' ownership along with its title, Squire of Aylesbury. He made new friends and connections, becoming a justice of the peace. Overnight, Wilkes the outsider was now an insider.

But he had little interest in squirearchical pursuits like hunting and shooting. Instead he spent most spare time reading, building up a library of over 1,000 books at Prebendal House.

By the age of 30, Wilkes had cultivated a wide circle of friends both in Buckinghamshire and London. In 1757 he was elected an MP for the "rotten borough" Aylesbury, having paid out bigger bribes to voters than opposing candidates.

But once Wilkes had scrambled into the corridors of power, he found a heaving system of faction politics ushered in by the Hanoverian succession so corrupt, that he felt impelled to vocalise what many felt. It was to prove a dangerous game.

No great orator, like leading parliamentarians, Wilkes turned to the printed word, the Press, to give vent to his feelings. And the vehicle he used to influence the opinions of others was the country's first radical newspaper, *The North Briton*.

His daring and impetuosity cost Wilkes his quiet life as the Squire of Aylesbury. His fearless campaigning saw him exiled to France for four years and imprisoned for two. He was never a gambler or drunkard, or misappropriator of other's money.

But he was an impulsive borrower and he ran up a mountain of debt. And, to top it all, there was his libertine indulgences.

But Wilkes himself is not known to have felt any guilt for his libertine life. Like members of the Dilettanti Society founded by his good friend Sir Francis Dashwood, a libertine was a scholar and a gentleman.

Wilkes' invincible self-confidence fuelled his scathingly fluent muck-raking, freewheeling journalism which won him a wide audience throughout the entire country – and in the American press where his every move, victories and setbacks were celebrated in a country on the brink of its own revolution.

John Wilkes became a leading critic of the government in the House of Com-

mons, and took to the printed word to vent popular anger. In June 1762 Wilkes published the first edition *The North Briton* newspaper that excoriated the king and his Prime Minister.

This was too much for government, which launched a prosecution of Wilkes for seditious libel.

The attack on Wilkes was twin-tracked: the King called for Commons action for the seditious libel of *North Briton* No. 45, while the Lords mobilised the bishops to prosecute the obscene poem *An Essay on Women* for blasphemous libel.

The case provoked outrage among the general population. The hangman, ordered to publicly burn *North Briton* No.45, was set on by a London mob chanting: Wilkes and Liberty." The government backtracked. The Lord Chief Justice ruled Wilkes was protected by privilege and his arrest out of order. As a result the general warrant was rendered obsolete as outwith the rule of law. Wilkes left the court as a champion of liberty.

John Wilkes returned to England from exile in Paris in 1768 and stood as Radical candidate for Middlesex. After being elected, Wilkes was arrested again and taken to King's Bench Prison. For the next fortnight huge crowds thronged St. George's Field, a large open space by the prison.

On 10th May 1768 a crowd of around 15,000 arrived outside the prison. The crowd chanted "Wilkes and Liberty, No Liberty, No King", and "Damn the King! Damn the Government!"



Damn the Justices!"

Wilkes was then repeatedly elected, arrested, elected and arrested, with each election being overturned by the government. Eventually, he was released from prison in April 1770. Still banned from the Commons, Wilkes stepped up the campaign for the freedom of the Press, which demanded an end to government censorship of newspapers.

In 1774 John Wilkes was elected Lord Mayor of London. He was also elected to represent Middlesex in the House of Commons. Wilkes also campaigned for religious toleration and on 21st March, 1776 he introduced the first motion for parliamentary reform.

The times were truly a' changing but Wilkes was not to live to see fruits of his endeavours, dying in 1797 at the grand old age of 71. He passed the last 15 years of his life pleasantly enough as an Alderman of the City of London, entertaining friends, presiding over lavish dinners, mixing company with the great and good including Dr Johnson's biographer Boswell, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and even the Prince of Wales.

England's scandalous father of civil liberty had a profound effect on the founding of the American republic. The 1787 Constitutional Convention abolished the "monstrous absurdity" of property as a qualification to vote and stand for election, James Madison citing the Middlesex imbroglio as proof of the need for curbs on unlimited legislative power.

And of course the general warrants which the British government had used to enforce the Townsend Duties were abolished by the fourth article in the Bill of Rights.

In 1969, the US Supreme Court cited Wilkes when it ruled that House of Representatives had acted illegally in excluding Adam Clayton Powell from standing for election.

As Arthur H Cash remarked in his acclaimed 2006 biography, it was Wilkes' success in expunging the UK Parliament's record of his own exclusion over Middlesex, that set the precedent upon which the US court based its decision.

"It was a landmark in American law and culmination of Chief Justice Earl Warren's lifework. It reaffirmed the responsibility of the Supreme Court as ultimate interpreter of the Constitution, and the duty of the court to intervene when the executive or legislative branches of government transgressed the limits of their constitutional power," says Cash.

John Wilkes, local hero and Squire of Aylesbury, would have broken out the bunting and raised a glass, or two, to that! ■

**JUTLAND**  
**31st May 1916**

# The Royal Navy's

A passenger steamer cruising off the Danish coast on 2nd June 1916 ran into a vision from hell: more than 500 lifeless, bloated bodies floating on the waves, the human detritus of the most titanic clash of battleships in history.

The armoured fleets that clashed off Jutland in 1916 included dozens of warships that were the most formidable naval vessels the world had ever seen.

Massively armoured and bristling with an array of up to 15-inch calibre guns, these capital ships were designated Dreadnoughts, for obvious reasons.

They could fire shells at ranges of up to 16,000 yards, and were unmatched by any other nation. They made big guns the decisive factor in naval warfare until the emergence of carrier-borne war planes.

As it turned out, the titanic encounter off Skagerrak Strait, as the Germans designated the battle, ended indecisively, with both sides claiming victory.

The Admiralty succeeded in keeping the German High Seas Fleet bottled up in their Heligoland harbours for the rest of the war. But by the same token, the Royal navy, too, was largely immobilised in its watching brief at Rosyth and Scapa Flow.

The German Imperial Navy proved more than a match for the British Grand Fleet in terms of ships and tactics. Indeed, the British navy's reluctance to press home its advantage in numbers was largely the result of the German's superior gunnery and tactical mastery of a new weapon, the torpedo.

As Admiral Sir David Beatty was said to have exclaimed in the heat of battle, "There seems to be something wrong with our bloody ships today..." as he watched

**More than 6,000 British sailors – including the youngest VC – died in the most titanic naval battle in history. The German navy lost half as many men and ships in the first – and last – encounter between Dreadnoughts. Dan Morris reports**

two great ships under his command explode and disintegrate.

Within minutes of both fleets opening fire, the *Indefatigable* exploded, blown up by a single shell, and it sank with the loss of all but two of her 1,017 crew.

Little more than 20 minutes later, one of the Royal navy's most powerful battlecruisers the *Queen Mary* exploded in similarly dramatic fashion.

Both ships' armour-plating, designed to survive multiple hits, counted for nothing. The exchange of shellfire took place at a range of 12,000-16,000 yards, and on the German side involved the *Von der Tann* and the *Derfflinger*.

The *Queen Mary* and the *Indefatigable* were just two of the 14 ships lost by the British Grand Fleet at Jutland. They included three battlecruisers, three heavy cruisers, seven destroyers and one flotilla lead ship. Casualties among British seamen totalled 6,097 dead.

The Grand Fleet had sailed into battle with 28 dreadnoughts, nine battlecruisers, eight heavy and 26 light cruisers, 78 destroyers and one minelayer.

On the German side the High Seas Fleet lost one battlecruiser, one battleship, four light cruisers and five destroyers sunk for the loss of 2,551 sailors.

The prelude to Jutland had been a series of cat-and-mouse raids over 18

months by elements of the German High Seas Fleet which attempted to divide the British battlecruiser squadrons commanded by Vice-Admiral Beatty based at Rosyth from the rest of the Grand Fleet and its Dreadnoughts at Scapa Flow under Admiral Sir John Jellicoe.

The British admirals knew they faced a formidable foe, and as a result, caution proved the guiding watchword in the clash that had been signalled two years earlier.

British Admiralty guests at Germany's renowned Kiel regatta in 1914 were told to spy on Kaiser Wilhelm II's fleet. What the British spies would have had confirmed was that Germany was catching up fast in the arms race that had begun in 1905 when work started on the Royal Navy's first Dreadnought.

By 1910, 25 per cent of all defence expenditure was going to the Admiralty. And on the outbreak of the First World War, Britain had amassed 42 Dreadnoughts to ensure Britannia would go on ruling the waves as she had done since Trafalgar.

But the Kaiser was determined that legacy would not go unchallenged, and by the outbreak of war, Germany had no fewer than 26 capital ships in the Dreadnought class.

Today, Kiel has become a major maritime centre of Germany, and the city's annual Kiel Week is the biggest sailing event in the world. Not a warship in sight.



John Cornwell boy sailor HMS Chester

# bloodiest day

But in May 1916 the German admirals were eager to test the mettle of their High Seas Fleet against the apparently invincible Royal Navy. In command of the German ships at Jutland were Rear Admiral Franz Hipper and Vice-Admiral Reinhard Scheer. It was Hipper who had formulated the plan to try and split the British and engage Beatty's more lightly armed ships with his Dreadnoughts.

British intelligence had intercepted communications that the Grand Fleet had put to sea and Jellicoe, in a bid to surprise the Germans, immediately ordered all ships to head towards the Danish coast off Jutland.

Beatty's fleet of battlecruisers based in Rosyth were closer and arrived in Jutland waters sooner than the main fleet. And in the first phase of battle, Hipper's battlecruiser fleet, moving ahead of the main German fleet, closed in for battle.

The German battlecruisers were outnumbered, out-gunned and slower than the British ships, but they had thicker armour that proved a match for the Royal Navy's armour-piercing shells.

Despite his early losses Beatty sighted the oncoming High Seas Fleet and manoeuvred to draw Hipper's force on Jellicoe's approaching Dreadnoughts. In the heavy grey mists of the North Sea, there was confusion on both sides. And Hipper was surprised by the speed of the British arrival.

Hipper turned his ships around so that they sailed in parallel with the British battle line in the so-called "run to the north" phase of the battle. The two fleets exchanged massive salvos of shellfire which inflicted considerable damage on Hipper's battlecruisers. The German 11-inch and 12-inch guns were outmatched

by the 15-inch guns of four Queen Elizabeth Class Dreadnoughts.

Britain's full Dreadnought fleet was in action for the first time and full weight of the ships' 15-inch guns kept up a devastating cannonade on the German fleet. But the Kaiser's capital ships gave as good as they got as they closed to within 8,000 yards, in range of their own guns.

Two British battlecruisers the Defence and the Invincible were hit and sunk before the German fleet broke off the action in worsening weather. The Germans suffered 11 ships hit and half a dozen sunk before Hipper swung the entire German fleet across the British battle line towards Wilhelmshaven.

No fewer than 93 ships of the Imperial German fleet were able to make port safely. Covered by a smoke screen and fusillade of torpedoes, now it was decision time for Jellicoe: to continue pursuit of the German fleet, or risk disaster from a new kind of torpedo that "intelligence" reports

said was undetectable by the human eye.

Jellicoe erred on the side of caution, and ordered the entire Grand Fleet to break off the action and return to port. Of such elusive fragments is history made.

There is still controversy over the British naval record at Jutland: quality of ships, armament and her sailors.

The German papers hailed Skagge Rak Strait as a magnificent victory that had seen the Kaiser's navy take out eight of Britain's mightiest battleships.

But one of the the battle's most heartrending episodes was the death of 16-year-old boy sailor John Cornwell who maintained his gun-turret role as his light cruiser sank. His bravery was later awarded the VC, making him the youngest holder of the nation's highest award for gallantry.

The Anglo-Saxon press said the Boche had been bashed. One American paper, describing the outcome of the Battle of Jutland, said: "The German Fleet has assaulted its jailor, but it is still in jail." ■

*Dreadnought firepower... 15-inch guns which battled it out as imperial navies clashed at Jutland 1916*



# SHAILENE W

**F**or someone who wanted to marry Anais Nin, and yet turned down the role of Anastasia Steele in *Fifty Shades of Grey*, Shailene Diann Woodley wears conundrum's cloak lightly. After all, she cites the *Delta of Venus* author as one of the writers who changed her life. The other was George Orwell.

So far, so bookworm. As she says, she likes nothing better after a long day on-set, than to curl up with a good book. Like Orwell's *1984*, or Nin's *Henry and June* (which chronicled Nin's three-way love affair with Henry Miller and his wife).

Nin's 1930s affair with the author was recorded in graphic detail in her Unexpurgated Diary which revealed a woman breaking out into wild sexual discovery. And in 1990, it was filmed as *Henry and June* by Philip Kaufman, starring Uma Thurman, Fred Ward and Maria de Madeiros, with Kevin Spacey in a supporting role.

Notoriously, it was the first movie to be released in the United States with an NC-17 rating, a higher category than X, to signify more graphic sexual content.

Nin's original diary didn't make it into print until 1986 as *Henry and June: From A Journal of Love: the Unexpurgated Diary of Anaïs Nin (1931–1932)*. Apart from her tormented pursuit of June Miller, Nin ultimately inspired Henry Miller to publish his groundbreaking pornographic novel *Tropic of Cancer*.

Anais Nin would later achieve fame in her own right, with her *Delta of Venus* in which she conjures up a glittering cascade of sexual encounters. Creating her own "language of the senses", she explores in vibrant prose the essence of female sexuality, winning acclaim as one of the finest writers of female erotica.

Such was the author who inspired Shailene Woodley. And these days back at the studio, things are bubbling along just as nicely. The nature-loving leading lady of *Allegiant*, the third in the *Divergent* series, now in cinemas, first made an impact with her TV role as Amy Juergens in *The Secret Life of an American Teenager* (2008-2013).

That was followed by her big-screen breakthrough opposite George Clooney in *The Descendants* (2011). Her role as Clooney's troubled elder daughter brought critical acclaim.

*Mocked at school for being skinny and falling into acting by accident, Hollywood's newest uncut diamond is a hard act to pin down. Khashiya Adegbite casts the runes over an oddball star on the rise*

*The New York Times* said: "Ms. Woodley...[gives]...one of the toughest, smartest, most credible adolescent performances in recent memory". And *Variety* described her performance a "revelation".

*Rolling Stone* euthologised: "A sublime actress with a resume that pretty much proves she's incapable of making a false move on camera," wrote critic Peter Travers.

The film was topical because of the popularity of John Green's novel and boosted Shailene's profile, making \$48,002,523 in its opening weekend (June 2014).

But Woodley doesn't let such numbers turn her head. "I fell into this business by accident," she says. "It's evolved into an insane passion, a creative outlet. Nothing more. The day it becomes a job, a career, I will quit."

Shailene Diann Woodley was born on 15th November 1991 in SIMI Valley, California where her father was a middle school counsellor and her mum a school principal. She has one brother Tanner, and began modelling when she was four years old.

Acting roles followed and she made her screen debut in the TV series *Replacing Dad* in 1999. Her parents were very supportive of her striking out for fame – on three conditions: she had to have fun, stay the person she was, and do well at local high school.

She took their advice and fell in love with books on the way. And she even had a private tuition at home when she was away from school on-set filming *The Secret Life of an American Teenager* (2008).

She was just 15, when illness struck. She was diagnosed with scoliosis, a twisting of the growing spinal column.

She was forced to wear a chest-to-hips plastic body frame, and during her partial immobility was able to further indulge her love of reading.

While still at high school, she became a nature lover after reading about the environment and US corporations' control of the food chain. "I was on a quest to find

out what healthy really meant," she recalls. "People were saying veganism was healthy or that the Paleo diet was healthy, but I really had no idea. I started researching indigenous people and their lifestyles, and was fascinated they could still run in their eighties, still had amazing muscular and nervous systems.

"So I just started adjusting my lifestyle. I realised we're all indigenous creatures on this planet. We're not different from nature – we are part of the Earth, so it all starts with us. If we want to save the planet we need to think about saving ourselves."

As Woodley told *Flaunt Magazine*: "I gather my own spring water from mountains, I go to a farm to get my food, I make everything from my own."

And that singular focus includes knowing her own mind. Asked by a showbiz hack about the comparisons between her raw talent and that of *Hunger Games* franchise starlet Jennifer Lawrence, she didn't miss a beat with her reply.

"She's everyone's favourite person to compare me to. Is it because we both have short hair and a vagina? I see us as separate individuals". And she added about her youthful insecurities: "My whole life I've been self-conscious about being skinny. Now I don't care any more. All insecurities are projected, what you think others are saying. But they don't really matter at all."

The year 2014 was when the 24-year-old really hit stardom with *The Fault in Our Stars* which was released in the same year as the *Divergent* series. Her roles in both were widely different, but she handled them with consummate skill.

In the *Divergent* series her character Tris is an all-action heroine. But in *The Fault in our Stars* she showed her versatility, playing a vulnerable girl so convincingly, that it instantly won the sympathy of audiences.

And she's uncompromisingly plain speaking to reporters. When asked if she could track down her favourite author and

# OODLEY



ask one burning question, the way Hazel does in *The Fault in Our Stars*, she responds with: "Anaïs Nin! Will you marry me?"

Despite her doubts about the role of Hazel in her TV appearance, she handled the part utterly professionally. "If I get butterflies, it's something I'll fight for" is her down to earth approach to acting.

"She is that truly unique actress who can make even bad dialogue sound good," says director Alexander Payne.

Which is good news for the filmmakers. In 2015, Woodley reprised her role as Tris in *The Divergent* second instalment in the series. The film was commercially successful, making nearly US\$100 million on its worldwide debut and grossed US\$295.2 million worldwide.

Her performance once again received critical acclaim, with Daniel M. Kimmel of *New England Movies Weekly* writing that Woodley "continues to be someone to watch." Woodley watchers won't have long to wait. Shailene has already started filming for her next venture – a new role for a TV series working with her role model Nicole Kidman and other big names such as Reese Witherspoon.

The new show is called *Big Little Lies*. And however, it turns out, the whole world, her dearly beloved Earth, can expect nothing less than more straight talking from Hollywood's newest 'high plain dealer'. ■

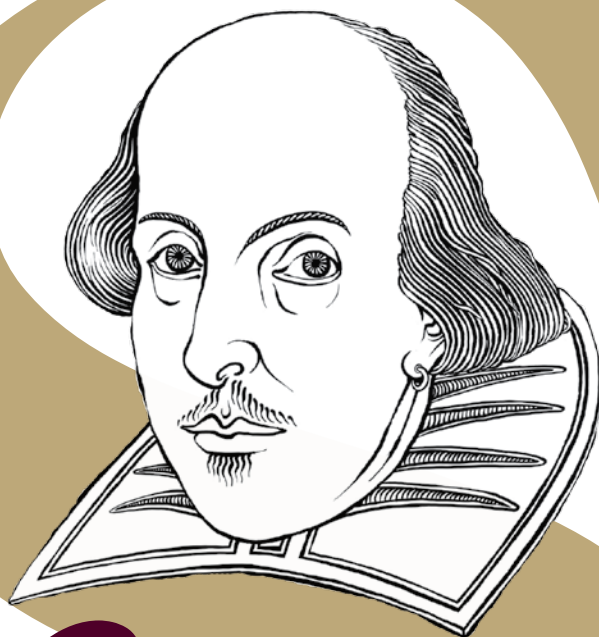
## SHE SAYS:

My whole life I've been self-conscious about being skinny, and I don't care any more. Insecurities don't really matter at all.

## THEY SAY:

A sublime actress incapable of making a false move on camera  
– Rolling Stone

Bound in a nutshell, the king of infinite space



# Shakespeare

*The transcendent legacy of the hick 'upstart crow' who became a playwright of genius is being celebrated by 1.5 billion people around the world. On the 400th anniversary of William Shakespeare's death, Caspian Challis investigates why*

It's impossible to overstate William Shakespeare's contribution to our cultural universe. This year, 400 years after his death, his verbal architecture colours our everyday speech, pervades our innermost thoughts, and even haunts our wildest dreams.

And even those of Hollywood scriptwriters. The "honourable men" paean in Mark Anthony's graveside oration to Julius Caesar was paraphrased in an episode of the *X-Files*.

So, it's no surprise that a cornucopia of events is being held to celebrate his legacy not only across the country of his birth, but around the world.

In Stratford-upon-Avon, Prince Charles took to the stage in the Royal Shakespeare Company's televised produc-

tion of *Hamlet* to recite the opening lines of the most famous soliloquy in literary history, "To be or not to be, that is the question" to excited cheers from the audience.

And President Obama was treated to scenes from the play at a special performance at Shakespeare's Globe on London's South Bank.

The Globe Theatre led a festival of nationwide celebrations with no fewer than 37 screens along the Thames showing specially-made films of the Bard's plays on the anniversary of his death, 23rd April 1616.





Immortal is an overcooked soubriquet, and one that perhaps few of us as school-boys (and girls!) would have accorded the Bard of Stratford-upon-Avon. For, most of us have nightmarish memories of studying his words in class, those plays and sonnets our teachers invited us to analyse and revere, as if handed down on tablets of stone from on high.

But, of course, Shakespeare's words were meant to be spoken, declaimed with emotion, not repeated parrot fashion by a tedious English teacher, devoid of meaning and drama, as dead as the ghost at Banquo's feast.

Shakespeare's immortal bequest is a world of words that is the stuff that dreams are made on. Through his innate command of language, he captured the spectrum of emotions that every human being feels – desire and fear, hope and regret, love, hate and despair.

And he did it by dramatising these feelings in the spectacle of theatre, which at the turn of

the 16th century had caught the popular zeitgeist as the tide of the times changed. Tens of thousands attended performances at theatres springing up all over London.

In refining the power of words, Shakespeare enhanced the language in a way no writer had ever done before. Or has done since. According to broadcaster Melvyn Bragg, Shakespeare's use of words was nothing less than an exploration of the human condition. In his *English: Biography of a Language*, Lord Bragg writes: "In *Hamlet*, for example, one phrase, 'to thine own self be true', began to explore the notion of personal identity, the study of which has intensified since his day to an extent that even he might not have been able to predict.

"The great soliloquies express dynamic shifts in states of mind. Drama can be internal. He is saying no less than – this is how we think and how we think is itself dramatically rich."

Setara Pracha, Lecturer in English Literature at the University of Buckingham, wholeheartedly agrees.

"Shakespeare's theatrical lexicon is transfixing, transgressive, transformative. It's this ability to vocalise abstract constructs – love, fear, hate, which defines our humanity, that is his true genius," says Setara.

"He used words to express the internal dynamic of our innermost thoughts, and used shifts in our emotions and desires to frame dramatic narratives in his plays, and made for theatrical spectacle that caught the popular imagination of his day."

The Bard's array of Sonnets are no less compelling than his Drama. Many focus on the dark night of the tortured soul, lift the veil on the inner life of demons. Don't believe it?

Look up the lines in *Sonnet 23*, for example, that requires what Rufus Wainwright called "a quotient of insanity" to deal with. As he does, so compellingly in his new album, *Take All My Loves*.

Shakespeare was instrumental in the development of the English language, as it evolved from its Anglo-Saxon and Norman French roots into the common argot that became the world's first lingua franca. And he did it by introducing thousands of new words into common currency.

So, it is Shakespeare we have to thank for such dictionary gems as auspicious, watchdog, sanctimonious, addiction, assassination, belongings and cold-blooded.

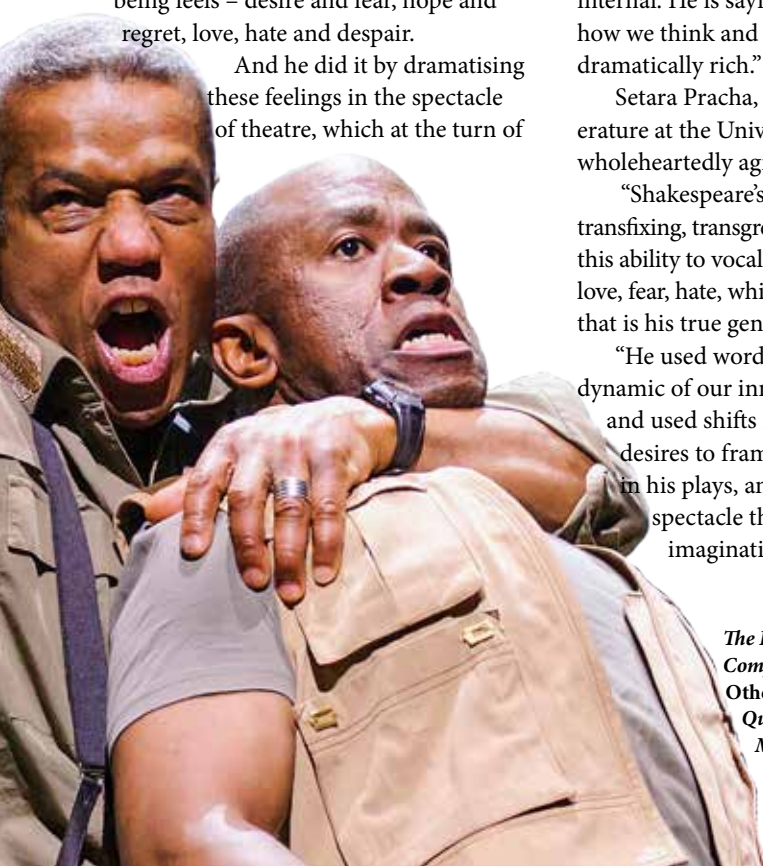
And furthermore, for courtship, leap-frog, lack-lustre, barefaced, premeditated, obscene, accommodation, ill-tuned and even puppy-dog.

Scholars credit Shakespeare with more than 2,000 new words which were to become the common currency in the English we know today. And in the 38 plays, 154 sonnets and other major poetry, his dramatic characters used these words for an introspective opening up of the mind that examines the human condition.

Characters like Falstaff and Hamlet, Lear, and Richard III, Macbeth, Othello, Anthony, Cleopatra and King Lear helped open up new cultural horizons first in the Anglo-Saxon diaspora, then the whole world.

It is no wonder that the most famous opening sentence on the planet is: To be or not to be, that is the question.

Hamlet's agonised opening words to the most famous soliloquy in drama is just one among a myriad of eternal lines



*The Royal Shakespeare Company's performance of Othello, starring Hugh Quarshie and Lucian Msamati, 2015*

known by people of all nations and all languages.

Just like the thousands of catchphrases, sayings and bon mots that most of us use in our daily lives, usually unwittingly. These words have become a commonplace of everyday speech today. So, if an argument you've got into is *all Greek to me*, and you refuse to *budge an inch* because the other side is *playing fast and loose* with the facts, you're quoting Shakespeare.

And if you've ever felt *tongue-tied* or *hoodwinked* and *not slept a wink* worrying about your lost purse which seems to have vanished *into thin air*, you're quoting Shakespeare.

Or if you suspect *foul play* and believe it's *high time* these people stopped living in a *fool's paradise*, and that if *the truth were known* they've *become a laughing stock*, you're calling on the Bard's verbal dexterity to convince them *the truth will out*.

What the Dickens! you might exclaim, but you'd be a blinking idiot to attribute your expletive outburst to *Charlie of Great Expectations* fame.

You have to *give the devil his due*, it's the Bard again, no less, and you'd be the *devil incarnate* to *dance attendance* on the wrong author *without rhyme or reason*.

So, it's a *foregone conclusion* I would have given my English teacher *short shrift* as he murdered Macbeth and *set my teeth on edge* as he emasculated Juliet's paramour, leaving her with *cold comfort*. But, of course, we pupils are forever *tongue-tied* and our schoolmaster is such a *tower of strength*.

To this day, it saddens me that so many dismiss Shakespeare in their adult life



because the way the Bard was taught at school made us kids long for the bell at the end of class. But now the *game's afoot* and *the truth will out*.

There is much more to Shakespeare than his badly-taught plays and sonnets, that are not the *be-all and end-all*. Like the personal details about a man of flesh blood that our bloody-minded teachers neglected to tell us.

So, here, at one *fell swoop*, are seven fascinating facts about William Shakespeare that could have made a *virtue of necessity* if our schoolmasters had had the *wit and flashes of merriment that were won't to set the table on a roar*.

1. Shakespeare is credited with introducing around 3,000 words into the English Language.

The evidence of his literary canon speaks for itself: Shakespeare clearly loved words. His own vocabulary is estimated to have ranged from 17,000 words to more than 29,000. That's double the number used by the average academic. Not bad for someone who was working with a language that was in a state of flux. The seminal King James Bible, considered the first transformative literary work in modern English wasn't published until 1611 – and used only about 10,000 words.

2. Shakespeare started out in somewhat inauspicious circumstances.

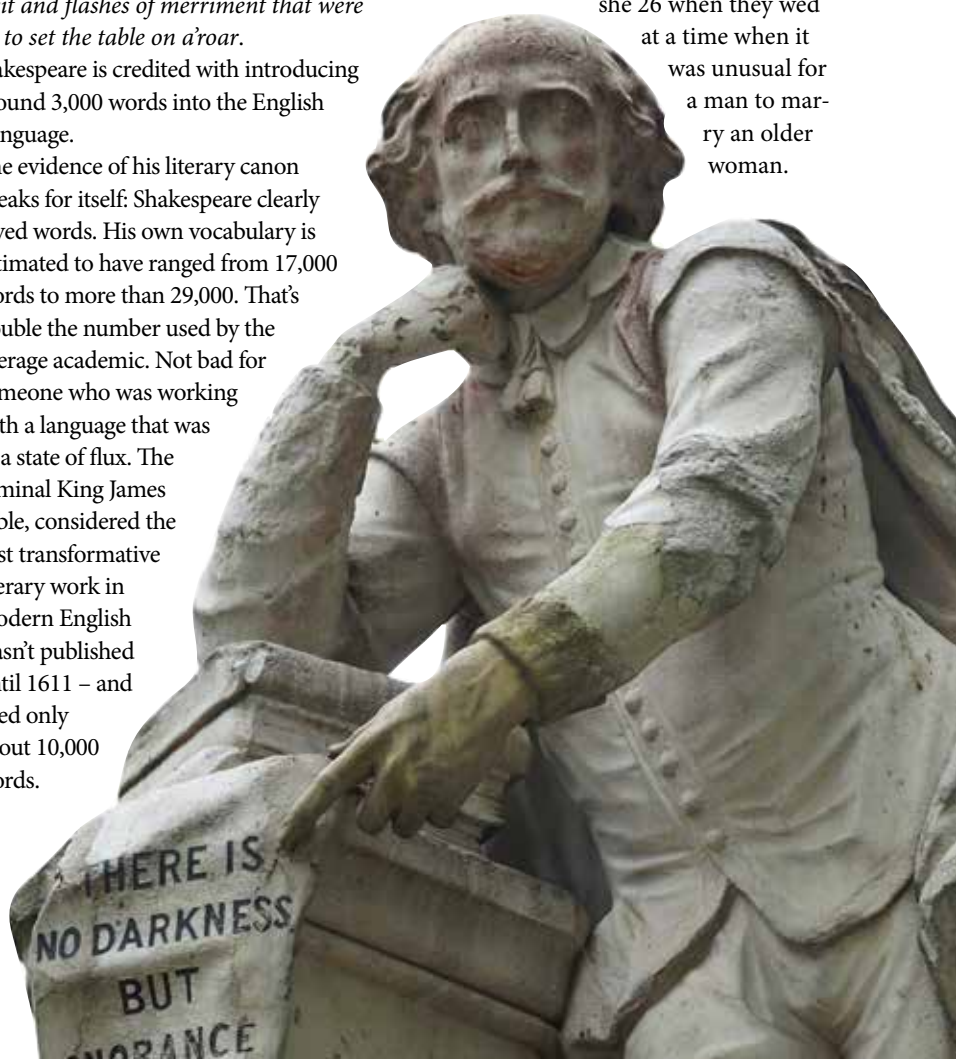
He arrived in London around 1691, as an “raggle-taggle” jobbing actor with uncertain prospects. He was mocked for having no Oxbridge pedigree, just another hick up from the sticks out to chance his arm in Boom City. Contemporary playwright and university wit Richard Greene dubbed him “an upstart crow”.

What's more he'd left his wife Anne Hathaway back in Stratford-upon-Avon three months pregnant. He was 18 and she 26 when they wed

at a time when it was unusual for a man to marry an older woman.



**Shakespeare in Ten Acts**  
the British Library's  
anniversary exhibition  
runs until **6th September**.  
It features a pivotal array  
of early editions,  
manuscripts, costumes,  
props, photographs  
and playbills.  
For full details go to  
**bl.uk/events**



They had three children and the marriage survived for 34 years until Shakespeare's death.

3. Copyright didn't exist in Shakespeare's time, so there was a thriving trade in copied plays.

To help counter this, actors got their lines only when the play was in progress, often in the form of cue-acting. Someone backstage whispered prompts shortly before they delivered their lines. And Shakespeare never published his plays himself – that was actually two of his fellow actors, John Heminges and Henry Condell, who published 36 posthumously.

4. Shakespeare's works have been translated into more than 80 languages, including the Star Trek argot of Klingon. That's right! A bunch of nerds over at the Klingon Language Institute (no kidding!) translated a number of sonnets and a few plays into the inter-galactic language of Klingon, including *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. Other famous translations include Catherine the Great's adaptations into Russian, and those of Julius Nyerere, first president of Tanzania, who made translations into Swahili.

5. There are more than 80 variations recorded for the spelling of Shakespeare's name. In the few original signatures that have survived, Shakespeare spelt his name *Willm Shaksp*, *William Shakespe*, *Wm Shakspe*, *William Shakspere*, *Willm Shakspeare*, and *William Shakspeare*. There is no record of him ever having spelt it the way we know him today, "William Shakespeare."

6. Unlike most artists of his time, Shakespeare died a very wealthy man with a large property portfolio.

Many great historical figures of the arts including Edgar Allen Poe, Oscar Wilde and Leonardo da Vinci are believed to have died penniless. And you could be forgiven for thinking Shakespeare did too. Not so. In fact, the Bard was a wealthy man when he exited stage left on the 23rd April, 1616. He was quite a sharp businessman. He set up a joint-stock company with his actors, and he took a share in the theatre company's profits, as well as earning a fee for each play he wrote.

7. There are many conspiracy theories that Shakespeare never wrote any of his plays or sonnets.

The essential plank of such speculation is that

Shakespeare did not have the education or life experience necessary to construct the convincing dramatic narratives of his plays. He'd never travelled to foreign lands, taken part in aristocratic sports – like hunting, falconry, tennis and bowling – and had no personal knowledge of military matters or courtly life.

Ergo, only an aristocrat, nobleman, or lord could have authored such vivid dramas. Candidates with such experience, it is suggested, included Sir Francis Bacon and the Earl of Oxford Edward de Vere.

So, to celebrate this momentous anniversary, you could do worse than catch up on *love's labour lost* at your boyhood school desk, and make up for lost *salad days* by booking a special weekend at his home town of Stratford-upon-Avon, or even arranging to see one of his plays at the town's Royal Shakespeare Theatre. ■



Where for art though my love...  
*Romeo and Juliet*



Celebrating with some fine words... *Twelfth Night*



Something strange this way comes... *Macbeth*



# From *hack* to Hound of Heaven

Hotshot reporters as all-action heroes have been any director's dream ticket ever since the talkies started. Philip Josse picks over the entrails of press movies that have hit the Hollywood headlines

**H**ollywood fell in love with the press as the Roaring Twenties drew to a close and the age of the talkies arrived. And, of course, it was a newsman who sparked the affair.

Chicago Daily News reporter Ben Hecht had quit grubby sensationalism to try his hand at legit writing – playwrighting! And his *The Front Page* was an instant theatre hit in 1928.

It didn't take long for Hollywood to get in on the act. Hecht's hit was purloined, and became one of the first of the talkies when it was released in 1931.

Tinseltown, knowing a good story when it saw one, decided to add some glamour.

Director Howard Hawks reconfigured its characters, switching sexes of the protagonists (now ex-spouses), and a remake was released in 1940 as *His Girl Friday*, with Cary Grant and Rosalind Russell starring.

Hot on their heels in 1941 came Orson Welles who ushered in big, bad Press tycoon *Citizen Kane* based on America's first press baron William Randolph Hearst who believed news had to be sculpted to fit the actualité.

At the turn of the 19th century, he built America's largest newspaper chain based on "yellow journalism" – sensationalised stories of dubious veracity.

Hearst was credited with the legendary instruction to a top illustrator sent to cov-

er the Cuban war of independence against Spain, who telegraphed Hearst there was no fighting. Hearst responded: "Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war."

Fast forward to 1974, and Hollywood does another *Front Page* makeover, reverting to type, and arguably the better for it. The genius was in the casting, with Walter Matthau playing irascible, conniving editor Walter Burns and Jack Lemmon as star reporter Hildy Johnson – who's on the point of doing a Ben Hecht and quitting the scumbag newspaper business.

The genius of Hecht's script was condensing the ultimate secret of the killer intro into one, eternal line, Matthau's



◀ Academy Award winning film *Spotlight* portrays the investigation of the Boston Globe journalists



◀ The *Spotlight* team from the Boston Globe published tens of articles outlining their discoveries. The journalists uncovered hundreds of cases of abuse, and the articles lead to police investigations and lawsuits

the democratic ideal of the public interest, by exposing corruption and scandal.

“Thus we encounter the cynical, amoral loner, from Kirk Douglas in *Ace in the Hole* to Jake Gyllenhall in *Nightcrawler*, or the relentless crusading team from *All the President's Men* to *Spotlight*.”

But it's the crusading journalist as intrepid defender of the public interest that Tinseltown has taken to heart, since the Watergate scandal of the early 1970s. The Nixon White House abuse of power in spades inspired *All the President's Men* which set the gold standard for the role of journal as Public Hero No. 1.

Latest offering in the genre is the Oscar winning *Spotlight*, and its depiction of the lengths the *Boston Globe* went to prove the harrowing extent of child abuse in the city. And it's in good company.

The newsroom, bustling, vibrant and electric, has always been a place of intrigue and fascination for filmmakers.

So here, in no particular order, is a choice selection of eight great films that rate among the best of Hollywood's take on the media business.

## NETWORK (1976)

Holding the dubious record for the shortest Oscar-winning performance ever, this film features Beatrice Straight's turn as a jilted wife that clocks in at just over five minutes. And Straight's winning flush is buoyed by other strong performances from Faye Dunaway and William Holden.

They star as executives at a failing TV network whose attempts to improve ratings lead them into dangerously unethical territory.

This cynical satire, directed by Sidney Lumet, charts the rise of news as entertainment. Dunaway's Diana Christiansen flirts with danger as she shamelessly exploits the crazed rantings of a deranged anchorman and commissions a prime time docu-series from a group of radical terrorists.

This biting black comedy, though hilarious, was a tragically accurate prediction of how news broadcasting would evolve in the 40 years since its release.

## ANCHORMAN (2004)

Though written off by many as a frat-pack comedy, looking past the puerile humor and chauvinistic gags, this is a hilarious point satire about office politics and gender dynamics in the 70s, and the rise of the action news format.

Will Ferrell, in the role that has defined his career, plays Ron Burgundy, a legendary anchorman for a San Diego news station, who clashes with newbie Veronica Corningstone, played by Christina Applegate.

A tongue-in-cheek depiction of newsroom politics, that has become a cult classic since its release in 2004 with its hilariously apt skewering of the broadcasting business.

## ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN (1976)

This gripping news room procedural is Hollywood's take on the political scandal of the century. The main characters Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein are, in many ways, the journalistic equivalent of Starsky and Hutch.

This pair of dogged *Washington Post* reporters, played by Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford, are the team responsible for uncovering the Watergate scandal of 1972.

This is a compelling story of how persistent journalistic inquiry broke a momentous story. At first sight the break-in at the Democratic party HQ in the Watergate Building, didn't add up to a hill of beans, when six penniless Cuban exiles were arrested.

At the court hearing, nothing added up, especially the top lawyer defending the six. Who was paying his fees? Six months later, Woodward and Bernstein tracked down the name on the cheque to a bank in Mexico: Creep-Committee to Re-elect the President. Bingo!

Charismatic and idealistic, Redford's naive rookie Bob Woodward is arguably the greatest journalistic hero in cinematic history, and seasoned reporter Carl Bernstein, played by Dustin Hoffman, provides a necessary foil for his wild idealism.

This is a fervent paean about a free press, and a dark parable about unchecked power.

unmatched: “Who the hell's gonna read the second paragraph?”

Hecht's play captures in coruscating detail the unscrupulous mindset of competitive news reporting. Down these mean streets, a hot-shot reporter must go has long beat out of sight that great scene-setting cliché of film noir ... suddenly the door burst open and in sashayed a blonde broad packing some heavy heat.

As Pete Boss, lecturer in film studies at the University of Buckingham, says, the journalist is often the sounding board figure who reflects conflicting mores of modern society, depending on whether they appear self-serving, unscrupulous sensation-mongers, or are seen to act in



## ▲ SPOTLIGHT (2016)

This year's winner of the Academy Award for Best Picture is an impassioned statement about the power of investigative journalism and the importance of the newsroom.

Following the Spotlight team, one of the oldest investigative journalist units in the United States, the film follows its Pulitzer winning investigation into widespread child abuse cases by Catholic priests in Boston.

Featuring an ensemble cast that includes Michael Keaton, Rachel McAdams and Mark Ruffalo, the film follows the investigation from its inception in 2001, to its disclosure a year later.

Rather than using the film as an attack on the Catholic Church, director Tom McCarthy instead points the finger at the whole community, who stood back and watched as the abuse continued.



## ◀ TRUTH (2015)

Though she was nominated for her unquestionably powerful performance in *Carol*, Cate Blanchett's best work of 2015 was her performance as CBS news producer Mary Mapes in *Truth*.

This *Newsroom* drama centres on the Killian documents controversy of 2004 when a CBS 60 Minutes report on then-President George W. Bush's military service, sparked a firestorm of criticism orchestrated by the White House.

The investigation cost the careers of both Mapes and that of veteran news anchor Dan Rather, played by Robert Redford (pictured left) in his best performance of recent memory.

The whole film is a remarkably understated political drama set in the paranoia of post-9/11 America, and this is perhaps why it was outshone at this awards season.



## DEFENCE OF THE REALM (1986) ▲

The year is 1986, when the Greenham Common protests against American Cruise missiles were at their height. A prominent MP known to be opposed to nuclear weapons, is seen leaving the house of a woman who could be a KGB agent. After being hounded by the press, the MP resigns.

But the reporter played by Gabriel Byrne, who exposed the MP, begins to suspect he was being framed. He teams up with the MP's assistant (Greta Scacchi) and begins to discover evidence of the cover-up of a near nuclear accident and a dangerous secret at a USAF base in Britain.

## BROADCAST NEWS (1987)

Directed by James L Brooks, best known to audiences as co-creator of *The Simpsons*, this farcical romantic comedy follows three characters who work in the frenetic atmosphere of nightly news, and the love triangle that ends up engulfing the whole studio.

Holly Hunter plays Jane Craig, an ambitious and driven virtuoso TV news producer working out of Washington DC. Albert Brooks plays her best friend, and aspiring news anchor Aaron Altman, and William Hurt plays Tom Gunrick, a charismatic local sports anchor who is hired as a national newsreader, despite his limited experience of news.

## ◀ NIGHTCRAWLER (2014)

Featuring a career best performance by Jake Gyllenhaal, this neo-noir drama details a former thief who becomes a videographer, shooting footage crime scenes in downtown Los Angeles, and selling the footage to a local news channel as a stringer.

His story takes a dark turn when he begins altering crime scene evidence in pursuit of exciting footage. This is a no-holds-barred elegantly depicted look at the lengths to which freelance videographers will go to remain competitive and relevant. ■

The 100 years of solitude enjoyed by Gideon's Good Book,  
has finally been shattered by the ultimate postmodern fix.  
**Zoe Briggs** took a walk on the wild side - down the catwalk  
with the fashionista's journal of record



# VOGUE: A CENTURY OF STYLE



If you thought sex and drugs and rock 'n' roll – or even TV – had won the race to replace God, think again. “Fashion is the new religion,” says film director RJ Cutler. “And this is the Bible.”

The Good Book he's referring to is *Vogue*, which this year celebrates 100 years of continuous publication as the indispensable chronicler of the times. In its first issue which hit the news-stands in September 1916 (price 1 shilling, 5p) it promised readers “amazing things, you would never believe unless you saw them in *Vogue*.”

Big calling card! But glance at the magazine's most iconic feature over the years – its covers, and you'd have to agree it was no idle boast. *Vogue* had become the Bible of Style, and a cultural phenomenon that reflects trends in taste and the clothes we wear to look our best.

And *Vogue*'s unabashed pursuit of the glamorous and the surreal has proved inspirational in our dangerously image-obsessed age. Hollywood has been unable to resist the elevator pitch of chic clothes, sexy models and even sexier lifestyles, churning out more than a dozen films featuring fashion frolickery.

That includes RJ Cutler's 2009 eye candy documentary *The September Issue*, shot fly-on-the-wall style, chronicling the glacially frosty Anna Wintour putting an American *Vogue*'s autumn issue to bed, all 840 pages (727 of them ads).

The most recent feature, *Zoolander 2*, premiered at London earlier this year – and even that was a sequel. And among the red-carpet guest celebs was Alexandra Shulman, British *Vogue*'s longest serving editor.

Of course, the film's stars were all there in their sartorial finery – Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson, Will Ferrell, Kristen Wiig and Penelope Cruz. The men, of course, wore Dolce & Gabbana, and the women Yves St Laurent (vintage) and Versace. Even

Hollywood couldn't make this stuff up!

And as if that wasn't enough publicity overkill, Stiller and Wilson graced the February cover of American *Vogue* pouting the “blue steel” look that showcased their characters' debut in the 2001 *Zoolander*.

That satire on male modelling had the tagline: “3% body fat, 1% brain activity”. Its culminating set-piece saw David Bowie refereeing a “walk-off” between our two “blue steel” heroes. The 2016 sequel lets fashion in on the joke, and even features a cameo by American *Vogue* editor-in-chief Anna Wintour!

“*Vogue* has been synonymous with fashion and photography for 100 years. It's the style bible, I mean, that old cliché does come into play,” says former *Vogue* picture editor Robin Muir.

The magazine has never been shy of putting itself about in its relentless pursuit to define lifestyle, art, beauty, youth and



Image: Norman Parkinson



fashionista modernity. The founding principles of its editors, writers and above all photographers over the past 100 years have won the respect of even Britain's arbiters of culture.

London's National Portrait Gallery, no less, is celebrating the magazine's century of style, in a major retrospective exhibition of work produced for British *Vogue*.

Current editor Alexandra Shulman, who was appointed in 1992, has no doubts about the enormous impact *Vogue* has had on popular culture. She says it has shaped popular perceptions of what beauty is.

But Shulman is also well aware of the widening controversy over the obsession of fashion designers – and magazines – with stick-thin models. But she believes the fashionista moguls are open to change.

Shulman has recently launched the Health Initiative, a six-point pact between the editors of the 19 international editions,

aimed at encouraging a healthier approach to body image within the industry.

The aim is to encourage designers to “consider the consequences of unrealistically small sample sizes of their clothing, which encourage the use of extremely thin models”.

So, is the industry finally taking acknowledging they're selling not only clothes, but also a cultural image of some idealized version of body beauty?

We're not taking responsibility for it,” Shulman says firmly. “We're saying we realise we're in a powerful position and we can do something about it.”

And in defence of *Vogue*, Shulman points out that over the years the magazine has featured a wide variety of women as cover girl. They include ultra-slim super-model Kate Moss, in a Versace dress that was as skimpy as it was tight-fitting.

But there have been many who were not professional models – people like film stars and singers. “There's Scarlett Johansson in vintage Prada – you see ‘real people’, as opposed to models who don't fit sample-size clothes,” says Shulman.

And she's been campaigning since 2009 for larger sample sizes, even writing a forceful letter to major international designers complaining that their tiny designs were forcing editors to shoot clothes on models with “no breasts or hips”.

But *Vogue* too, it seems, is still willing to buy into some ideal body image. Witness the photo of Adele – the world's richest female singer – published on the magazine's cover last October.

“How typical of *Vogue*, they shoot Adele and only show a head shot,” says fashion journalist Liz Jones. “It's true – bloggers were disgusted that they hid her size-16 body.”

Liz, who had a lengthy career writing about fashion, has been collecting issues of the magazine since 1977. She remembers

every single cover, all used as a barometer against which to judge herself.

She always came up inadequate compared to the cover girls. Just as other women must have done over 100 years of the magazine's airbrushed beauty. “I wasted my life emulating women who don't really exist,” she recalls ruefully.

No doubt the ideal beauty that *Vogue* has portrayed over 100 years has altered significantly. But this shift in emphasis is noticeably missing from the National Portrait Gallery exhibition. Barbara Goalen, the Kate Moss of her day, resembles an old woman by today's standards.

However, back in the Fifties, Barbara Goalen was considered the ‘it girl’. It was also ok back then for Jerry Hall's buttocks to peep out from her C&A costume. But no such imperfections would be allowed today.

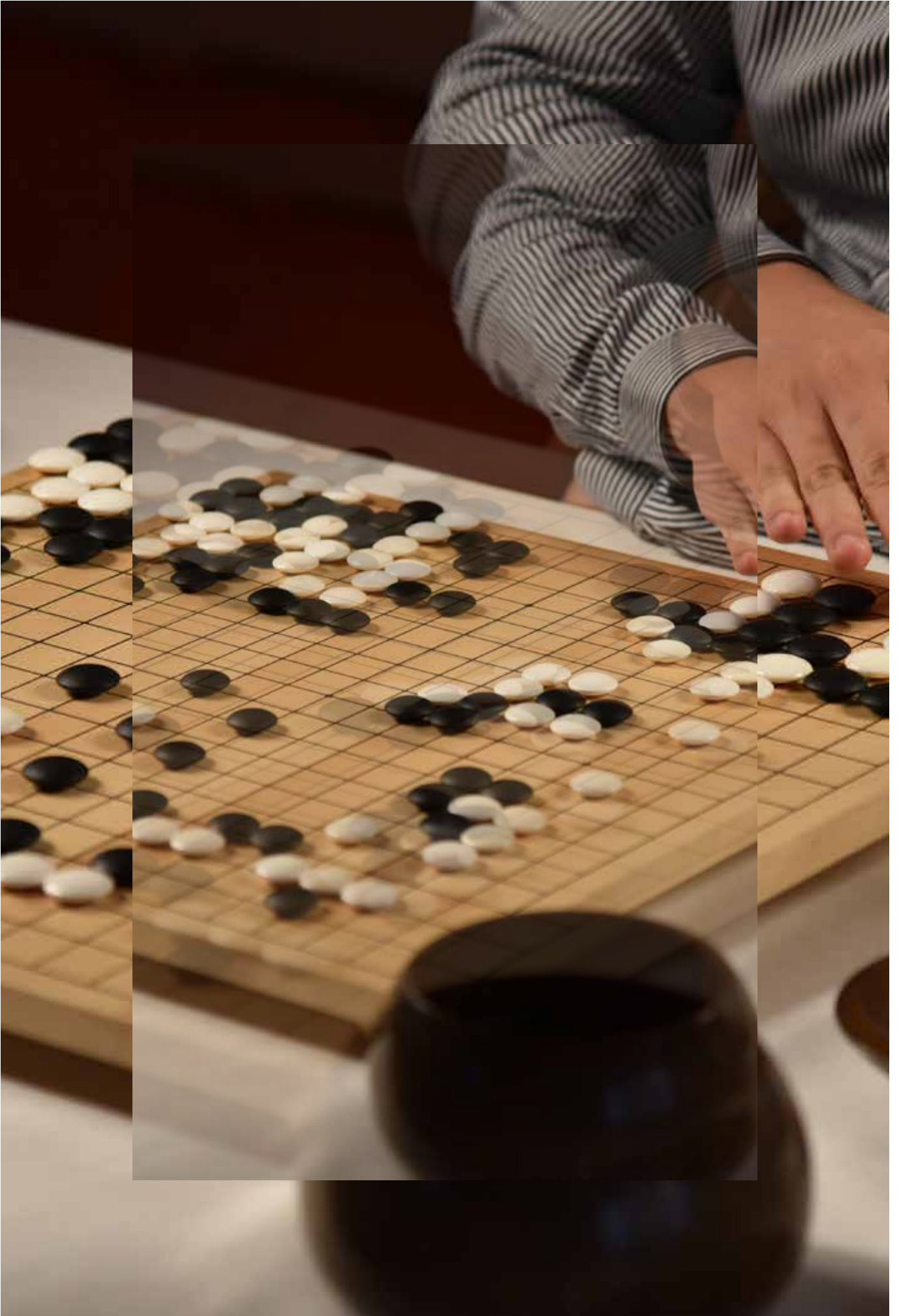
As far as Shulman is concerned, those who criticise what the magazine stands for are wrong. “I see no reason why it is in any way negative to portray a world that allows people to dream and indulge,” she says.

“The *Vogue* filter is optimistic and inclined towards beauty, elegance and high style, but that is the point of us.

“We allow people to indulge in a world that is not necessarily their own but something they enjoy looking at.” ■



“It was also ok for Jerry Hall's buttocks to peep out



# AlphaGo

## Matrix rising?

---

BY HENRY THOMPSON

---

### Hollywood's ultimate nightmare of a takeover by the machines has come a little closer after a super-computer beat a master of the 2,500-year-old board game Go

Science-fiction has long dramatised the emergence of artificial intelligence able to out-think the whole of humanity. Think the *Terminator* or the *Matrix* which posited the rise of sentient machines, and you have some idea of the astonishing implications of Google's Deep Mind super-computer called AlphaGo.

In March, the Deep Mind machine beat the Korean grandmaster and European champion of the strategy game by four games to one. But what shocked watching experts in the board game and computer algorithms was that AlphaGo played in non-obvious ways, making sly, even bizarre moves.

"The really significant thing about AlphaGo is that it (and its creators) cannot explain its moves," John Naughton reported in his *Observer* Networker column.

"And yet it plays a very difficult game expertly. It's displaying a capability eerily similar to what we call intuition – knowledge obtained without conscious reasoning."

What the experts were saying is that AlphaGo is not just a number-cruncher using its massive computer memory as IBM's Deep Blue did when it beat chess grandmaster Gary Kasparov back in 1997.

"Not so: the number of possible positions in Go outnumber the number of atoms in the universe and far exceed the number of possibilities in chess," added Naughton.

"If AlphaGo really demonstrates that machine could be intuitive, then we have definitely crossed a Rubicon of some kind."

The traditional Chinese game of Go involves two players taking turns to place black and white marker discs known as stones on a 19 squares by 19 squares grid. Players win by taking control of the most territory on the board, by surrounding opponent's stones with their own.

AlphaGo was developed in London by Google's DeepMind UK branch, and specifically designed to challenge grandmasters of Go. No wonder the words of Sir Alex Ferguson resonate with millions of gamers, all around the world: "As long as there are games to play, then it is not over."

One man in particular, Lee Se-dol, from South Korea, would have sympathised, faced with his toughest

opponent to date. He knew AlphaGo had already beaten a professional – in October 2015, defeating the European Go champion Fan Hui.

That was the first time a computer programme had beaten a professional human player on a full-sized board without a handicap.

When Lee Se-dol faced AlphaGo, he had the second highest number of Go international championship victories in the world. According to the *Korean Herald*, Mr Se-dol was considered the fourth greatest Go player in the world currently.

The first three-of-five games ended in victory for AlphaGo. But Mr Se-dol beat AlphaGo in the fourth game, when the programme resigned at the 180th move. AlphaGo won the fifth game on Mr Se-dol's resignation.

Shortly after the second game, Mr Se-dol said that he felt "speechless. From the very beginning of the match, I could never manage an upper hand for one single move. It was AlphaGo's complete victory."

Lee said his inevitable loss to the machine was saddening, but that "robots will never understand the beauty of the game the same way that we humans do".

Lee went on further to say that his game 4 win was "a priceless win that I would not exchange for anything".

Most experts were expecting the Korean to beat the AlphaGo programme easily. Murray Campbell, creator of the Deep Blue software, described AlphaGo's win as "the end of an era... board games are more or less done and it's time to move on".

AlphaGo won a prize of \$1 million, with the cash being donated to several charities, primarily UNICEF. Mr Se-dol received \$150,000 for participating and an additional \$20,000 for his win.

As Adam Roberts wrote in the *Guardian*: "Being able to crunch huge numbers really quickly is not the same thing as intelligence, and certainly not the same thing as sentient self-consciousness."

"The ability to intuit, to make leaps of comprehension – not just to extrapolate according to pre-programmed rules but to speculate – is a lot closer to the Holy Grail of proper AI."

"AlphaGo's achievement is more modest."



# Enemy within the gates

The RAF stalled Hitler's Operation Sealion plan to invade England in 1940, but Jersey was a much easier target. **Philip Josse's** uncle recalls childhood memories of life on an island under a brutal army of occupation

**H**is eyes twinkle slightly behind his thick glasses, reflecting dimly perceived memories of a childhood shaped by the winds of war.

The year was 1940, the month June, on just another sunny day. But these were the Channel Islands, and the closest of the British Isles to a continent under the jackboots of the Nazi legions.

Maurice Josse was barely 12 months old when Hitler's stormtroopers arrived on Jersey. And he was to spend the next five years, as he recalls mischievously, giving the invaders the runaround.

"They were building a tunnel up from the hill where I used to live," he remembers with a smile.

"There were these mining carts where you pull the handle to make them roll along the track.

"I jumped on one cart and started tearing off down the hill. And the German troops saw what I was doing and opened fire!"

Most people would have been petrified at the thought of provoking the invaders in this way. But for Maurice Josse, the fearless bravado of youth trumped everything.

Even today, the memories are as vivid as yesterday, though it all happened more than 70 years ago.

We are sitting in his small flat in St Lawrence sharing memories that refuse to die. He has lived on the island all his life, his trips away few and far between.

He still cuts a sprightly figure at 76, and his only regret is that his wife is longer with him to share the passing of the years, and he has lived alone ever since.

After the war, Maurice became a baker, working to feed the local population which had seen so much deprivation during the occupation, especially in the harsh winter of 1944.

"You weren't allowed to grow more food than you needed for your own use, and if you did, you had to hand it over to the occupiers," recalls Maurice. "You weren't allowed local newspapers, and radios were banned."

The Germans were very specific in their orders to the island's population. And instructions came with threats.

"They dropped pamphlets the day of their arrival on 30th June 1940, saying that every dwelling in Jersey should have a

white flag flying from the chimney. Or else they would be bombed," says Maurice.

The intention of the invaders was to dominate the population as swiftly as possible. "My parents seemed to live on the very edge because my dad had a radio. It was very dangerous, listening to the London news, the BBC telling you what you ought to know," said Maurice.

"The Germans didn't want you to know what was going on, there was nothing to be gained by having a radio, and yet there were quite a few people who did."

As Maurice tells it, there was very little resistance, but his father was part of it. "We had some big trees in the garden, and he hid food in the trees, tobacco, sugar beet, and things like vegetables and potatoes," he recalls.





*Maurice was shot while joyriding in a cart like this*

## “ It was very dangerous listening to the BBC

Cutting down trees was expressly forbidden. “People took up skirting boards, floorboards and the honour boards in the schools. I know for a fact that my father cut down trees. But get caught, and you were gone, they just completely wanted to dominate the local population.”

The big problem was a lack of fuel to cook with. “There was a community oven you could use once a week to cook your food. There was a lot of help amongst the community, if you had a surplus of something you would give it to someone else.”

But even smallest acts of resistance were dealt with harshly, and resulted in the deportation of around 570 islanders to concentration camps.

“It was the ultimate punishment for anything that you’d done, certainly hiding things like tobacco, and food.”

The Gestapo presence, particularly in the capital St Helier, meant that people had to be especially enterprising. “There was certainly no coffee – we made that out of acorns, so you would grind up acorns, and then roast them.

“My father used to grow his own tobacco. He smoked in those days, though he gave up after the war,” says Maurice chuckling at the irony of this contradiction.

People in Jersey walked on a knife edge between collaboration and co-operation, and some people did become surprisingly rich. “My father always told a story about people driving to the bank with a truck full of Deutschmarks they were going

to convert,” recalls Maurice. “They were supplying the Germans with materials and spying on the local population as well.

My mother always said that when the war ended, she’d know the people who had been trading with the Germans because they were the ones with all the money, and over a period of five years, there was quite a lot of money to be made.”

And collaboration went beyond trading material for Deutschmarks. More than 900 babies are known to have been fathered by German soldiers stationed in Jersey. And many children grew up as islanders not knowing their father had been a German officer.

Island girls who fraternised with the occupiers were mocked as “jerrybags”. This personal collaboration caused a lot of resentment, and after the war, resulted in many acts of revenge on the island. “Some of these girls were thrown on to barbed wire fences,” said Maurice.

But after a while, resentments faded, and people decided to put the war behind them.

Jersey Islanders realised they couldn’t go on living as they had under the occupation.

“At some point, they decided to put it all behind them, and move on, to do things differently and to forget the war. There was no use in harking back to the war and looking for revenge.”

Even after the troops had left, the German occupation left a mark on those who lived through it. ‘My mother became a great stocker of everything, everything



*Many women who collaborated with German soldiers had babies. They were subject to retribution at the end of the war-like this French woman with her baby having her head shaved and paraded through the streets*

that was needed for the family. After that, she was a hoarder all her life,” says Maurice.

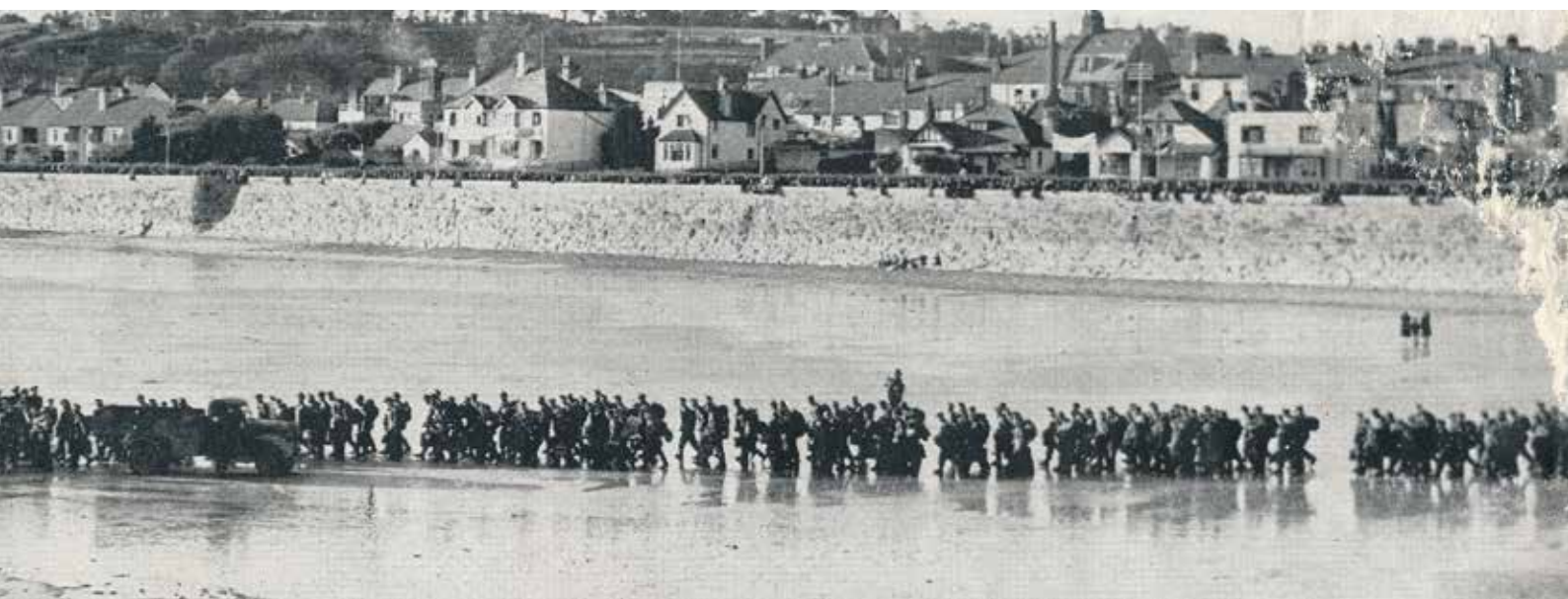
“She’d learned that if you didn’t have a store of products to support your family you were going to starve, so everything was put away and kept.”

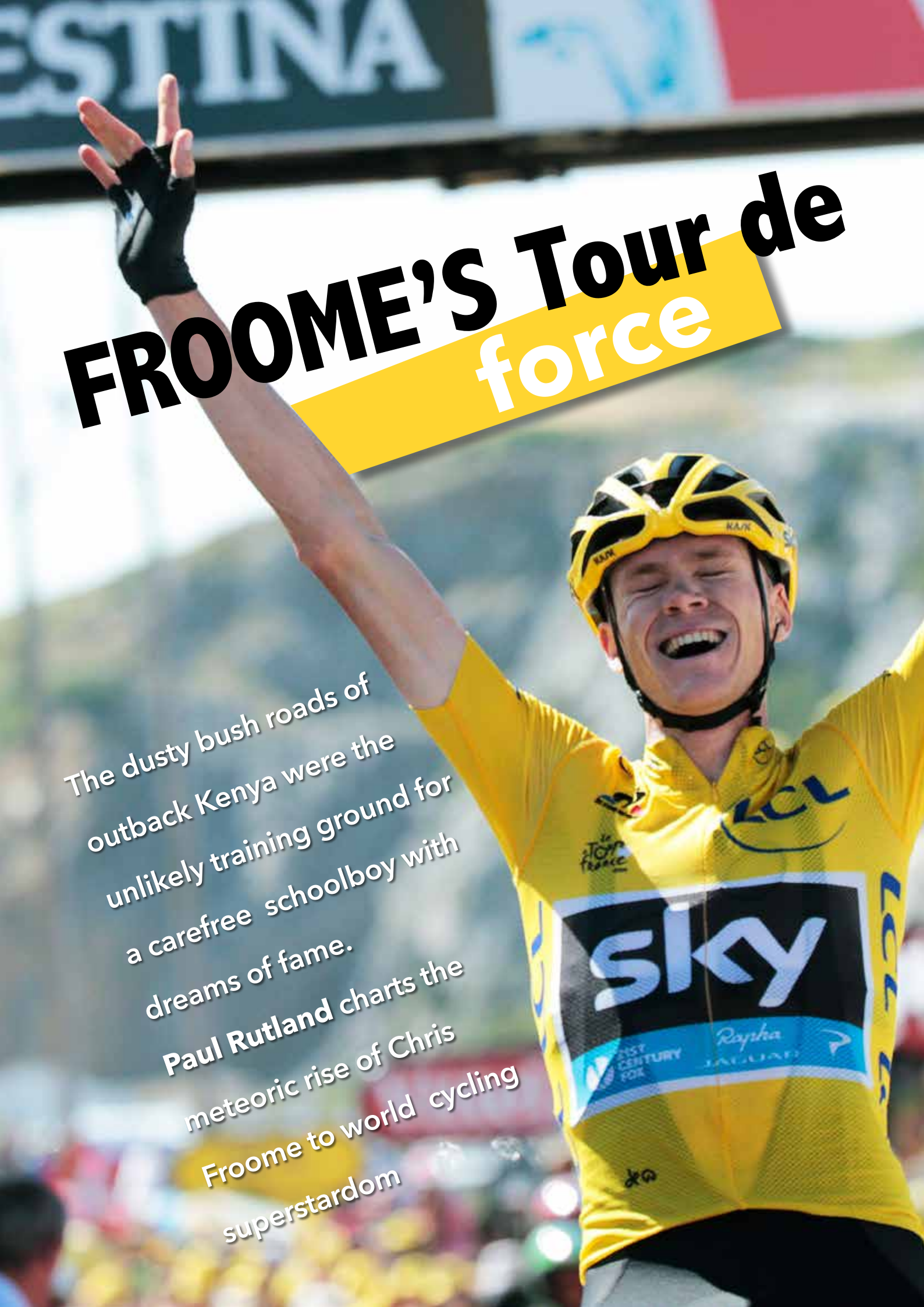
The liberation of Jersey in 1945 by the Americans bought the island freedom and an end to the struggles of war. And for Maurice it also brought other unimagined delights.

“I’d never seen a banana, and I’d never seen an orange before. I thought it was something to do with football. So, I just started kicking it,” he recalls smiling.

And when asked to sum up the war as a whole he said: “It was a hell of an adventure.” ■

*Liberation: German soldiers leaving the Channel Island for the last time but as prisoners of war*





# FROOME'S Tour de force

The dusty bush roads of  
outback Kenya were the  
unlikely training ground for  
a carefree schoolboy with  
dreams of fame.

**Paul Rutland** charts the  
meteoric rise of Chris  
Froome to world cycling  
superstardom



“Chris Froome? He’s good, but he’s no Bradley Wiggins.”

It’s a definitive judgment you hear bandied about so often, that it makes your toes curl. And like the words of a cult leader, its truth is not questioned, it’s simply revelation.

It’s an accepted truth that Wiggins is, was, and shall for ever more, be better than Christopher Froome. End of gospel story!

But substitute the word accepted, for the words ‘totally fabricated’ and you start moving into the iconoclastic territory of accuracy.

Substitute a knighthood for a rash of Tour de France victories, substitute Grand Tours stolen by team orders, substitute a rise through cycling unlike any other, and you’ll find yourself concluding that Chris Froome is Britain’s greatest road cyclist. Not, as too many would have you believe, Sir Bradley Wiggins.

Born in Kenya, raised in Johannesburg, and now representing Britain, Chris Froome’s route into the cycling Hall of Fame is certainly one life’s journey less ordinary. He began, as many do, with a love of the freedom that being on a bike gives any adventurous young boy. And it never stops, not even with the fading of the light.

As a youngster Froome, wearing nothing more than sandals, shorts and a t-shirt, would ride three or four hours out into the Kenyan countryside, stopping only for lunch. And then he’d start out on the ride back home.

His mother, who tragically died of cancer just two weeks before his first Tour de France appearance, would often follow the young Froome in her car, providing refreshments and furthering her son’s love of the road and the brush.

Then came the game changer. A young Froome was taken under the wing of Kenyan cycling legend David Kinjah and his ‘Safari Simbaz’. Based in Kinjah’s shack, the young riders would cycle deep out into the countryside, joking, jostling, learning the ways of the road.

The dreadlocked Kinjah, a bona fide hero to all young African cyclists, was asked to help teach young Froome the ropes. But that wasn’t the only thing he taught the young “kijana” – as well as appreciation of the cycling life, much more

---

He says:

“Pain is still the friend that always tells me the truth. Training is still an addiction.”

---



importantly, was a thirst to succeed.

The desire for success was to be tested to the limit when Froome embarked on the pro-career trail. It was a nightmare where everything that could wrong, did go wrong. It began ignominiously with shop-bought white t-shirts for the Commonwealth Games in Melbourne.

Then came his last-minute entry into the wholly unsuitable BMX competition.

This was followed by a crash within 200 metres of the World

Under-23 Championships time trial – where Froome famously turned up for the managers' meeting, for he was in a Kenyan team that had backroom staff totalling 1, and a doping scandal in his first Tour, involving his team, Barloworld.

Froome persevered through all the adversity. His first break came when he was spotted after sitting atop the time-trial standings for a couple of hours in Melbourne, back in 2006. Four years later, Froome had moved on and up, joining Team Sky in 2010, after swapping his Kenyan licence for a British one a few years previously.



He came under the tutelage of Dave Brailsford and Shane Sutton, and became support for Bradley Wiggins. But Froome was slow to impress in Sky colours. He was not helped by injuries and series of medical conditions that limited him, Bilharzia being the main cause of fatigue and the subsequent poor performances that followed. But by 2011 he was beginning to flourish.

In the Vuelta a España of that year, Froome was expected to be Wiggins' main domestique (ride shadow) carrying him up the climbs and working to close down any breaks, with Wiggins just sitting on his wheel.

But Froome quickly proved himself the stronger, eventually finishing second. This was a sign of things to come, and in 2012's Tour de France his battles with Wiggins came to a head.

As on the previous year's Vuelta, Froome was proving to have the stronger legs on the mountains. On two occasions, when pulling his leader up the road, Wiggins had been holding Froome back.

Twice, on the roads to Peyragudes and La Toussuire, Froome had more legs than Wiggins. He attacked, wanting to gain back time for himself – mainly that lost after a stage 1 puncture – but also to kill off Wiggins' competitors. In many ways his team pace, although seen as a betrayal, particularly by Wiggins himself, had been about proving his worth.



Chris Froome claims the 2015 Tour de France title as he and his Sky teammates cross the finish line on the Champs Elysees, July 2015

They say:  
 “If you can get some perspective, you see what a monumental achievement it is for him to have done this.

It is a phenomenal achievement from Chris.”

Sir Chris Hoy

On La Toussuire, Froome went away from Wiggins, but was quickly told to come back to his leader. This ignominiously highlighted, not only the difference in class between Froome and Wiggins, but the ineptitude and unsuitability of Sky's team orders.

“I was coming to the conclusion that if you were riding out to battle through early-morning mists with your standards flying high, Sir Bradley Wiggins was a man you would want at your side,” says Froome, “Because after lunch he just might not be bothered.”

Wiggins won the Tour, Froome was labelled a super-*domestique*, but it wasn't fair. Froome had been the stronger, the fitter, the better. And he had lost because the team wasn't built around him.

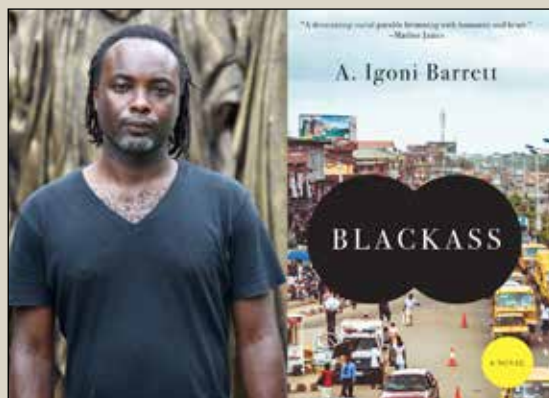
Froome's worth was proved later on though – when he took the 2013 Tour with an impeccable ride. His mountain top annihilation of the opposition on the infamous Mount Ventoux will go down in cycling folklore. It was presage of things to come.

In 2015 he became the first Briton to win the Tour twice, when winning his second Yellow Jersey, despite the protestations of a small section of cycling fans – and the media. The Press continued to plague his victories with unfounded accusations of doping.

Froome's defiant coda was: “You think I'm guilty. Can you prove it? No! I know I'm clean. Can I prove it? No! You heard it all before from Lance Armstrong. Well, I'm not Lance Armstrong. You won't get fooled again! Not by me you won't, ever.”

On winning the Tour in 2013 Froome said: “This is one Yellow Jersey that will stand the test of time.” And so will his dedication, resilience and bravery.

As a kid Chris Froome rode through the Kenyan bush joyfully as a carefree spirit. Cometh the hour, cometh the hero. In his third age, he rode to become a Yellow Jersey man. ■



## Blackass

By A. Igoni Barrett  
 Chatto & Windus (2015) & Graywolf Press (2016)

By Tomi Olugbemi

A WHITE MAN ROVES THROUGH the systemised chaos of Mainland Lagos as he hurries to a Monday morning interview. He is met by gaping children and beggars, as well as suspicious roadside hawkers and other victims of Lagos traffic.

He carries the name and identity of a Kalabari Nigerian man but his skin says otherwise. His nipples – barely visible through a sweat-soaked shirt – are pink, eyes green and his hair is red. He scampers on foot for an interview but he is not who he was yesterday. He is no longer black. This is how Igoni Barrett introduces Blackass to the reader.

Furo Wariboko, 33 years old, awakens to a shocking image in the mirror. He spends the next few days dodging his own reflection. His new physical identity brings him new employment, solicitation from a prostitute, and an almost-did-not-happen venereal intercourse with a woman he barely knows. He is living vicariously, another version of himself.

“A white man in Lagos has no voice louder than the dollar sign branded on his forehead,” is a statement that aptly describes why non-blacks in Lagos – especially expatriates – are often afforded the red carpet respect of having a fat pocket.

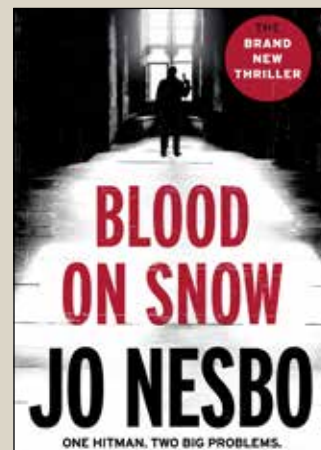
Blackass deliberates on race and culture without preaching a social or political message. These issues are subservient to the story, race one of many seasonings in the soup in which the protagonist finds himself.

The writer, when not repetitive with metaphor and anecdote about the hustle and bustle, of Lagos, writes in easily ingested prose that appeases the imagination also of non-Nigerians, and even non-Africans.

His style allows for humour without losing the essence of the basic premise. Igoni Barrett utilises his actual twitter handle to sway the reader from reading fiction to something autobiographical, in a way that is pleasantly confusing. His use of Nigerian pidgin reflects a fundamental component of communication in Lagos.

Furo's new skin tone takes him around the Lagos he knows – the muddiness, abject poverty, of the countless gated communities, the sublime affluence of Island Lagos.

And through the dauntless bribery of government officials, cheeriness and craziness of civilians, day and night. While the book premises on Furo's race change, it's a more subtle ode to Lagos.



## Blood on Snow

by Jo Nesbo  
 Harvill Secker, 2015

By Caspian Challis

THE INTERNATIONALLY acclaimed thriller writer takes us on a dark journey through the underbelly of Norwegian noir. But his latest is nothing like his Harry Hole series.

Set in the capital Oslo, this dark, twisted thriller is seen through the eyes of an average, all-round regular guy Olav, a “fixer” for a powerful crime boss.

The “fixing” that is Olav's speciality is killing to order, but he finds the life of a hit man can be complicated when personal feelings intrude.

The book's unique feature is its sympathetic protagonist. Most anti-heroes will be dark, broody, “cool” characters with a badass origin story. You know the kind; your Rorschachs from Watchmen, Agent 47s in the Hitman series.

Olav is a much more ambiguous character. Clearly intelligent who after failing as a pimp, falls in with sex and heroin kingpin Daniel Hoffman.

Could anyone become a hired killer? Nesbo shows you don't need a cool back-story or have a mental problem, to kill. Any guy in the street could be the killer in the shadows.

This is a clinical look into the psyche of people who can live with themselves while committing such atrocities. A true meditation on the existential counterpoint between life and death.

# New Films

Must See \*\*\*\*\* Very Good \*\*\*\* Good \*\*\* Disappointing \*\* Fail \*

## London Has Fallen

\*\*\*

**Starring:** Gerard Butler, Aaron Eckhart, Morgan Freeman, Alon Moni Aboutboul, Angela Bassett, Robert Forster, Melissa Leo, Radha Mitchell  
**Director:** Babk Najafi  
 Millenium Films, Nu Boyana Film Studios  
**Cert:** R (Imdb), 15 (Cineworld)  
 1hr 40 min

By Mithunya Appudurai

THIS MUCH HYPED sequel to 2013's hit action thriller *Olympus Has Fallen*, sees Gerard Butler's return as US Secret Service agent Mike Banning, fresh from rescuing the President from North Korean terrorists at the White House. But if you're expecting another, all-action adrenalin-rush studded with extraordinary visual effects and drama, you're going to be disappointed.

This time, Banning is in London along with the President to attend the funeral of

the British Prime Minister, who has died in mysterious circumstances.

With the world's most powerful leaders attending to pay their last respects, London becomes the focus of another, super-ambitious terrorist plot that aims to assassinate all VIP mourners – and blow up most of London's important landmarks on the way.

But if you're prepared to swallow that scenario, you'll believe anything. Like how Mike Banning single-handedly saves the day. Mercifully, the producers have kept running time down to a crisp 99 minutes. So the climatic explosions at landmark locations all over London, including Westminster Abbey, though making for engaging viewing throughout, did come to an end with the movie.

But explosive special effects, no matter how well-crafted, are not enough, and presidential bodyguard Gerard Butler not only saves little ol' London town, but also the film. It's a pity many of his co-stars were unable to make a similar impact.

Actors like Morgan Freeman and Aaron Eckhart weren't done any favours with a two-dimensional script. Nor were the female characters, leaving the three main female leads Charlotte Riley, Angela Bassett and Radha Mitchell desperately trying to engage with the story.

And although Butler holds his own well enough, he sometimes fails to convince as a superhero and his monotonal emotions become tedious. And the story is similar to the prequel and lacks clarity and depth.

For example, how come



Banning can find his way around London, knows precisely where to go, if he's never lived there? And how could the intelligence services screw up security at an important event, like the funeral of the Prime Minister?

These loose ends were magnified by some formulaic stereotyping amid all the car bombs and gunshots. In *Olympus Has Fallen*, it was the Korean people who were demonised. Here it's the people of the Middle East, and especially Pakistan. They've all got brown skin, so are



\*\*\*

**Starring:** Robert De Niro, Zac Efron, Aubrey Plaza, Zoey Deutch, Julianne Hough, Jason Mantzoukas, Danny Glover, Dermot Mulroney  
**Directed by:** Dan Mazer  
 BillBlock Media, Josephson Ent, QED Intl

By Noor Bahman

IN WHAT COULD BE THE remaining shambles of Robert De Niro's acting career, this take on Hollywood's clichéd *Spring Break* theme is a cringeworthy melange of

bare butts, breasts and half-dead gags.

Zac Efron and De Niro star as grandson and grandfather with relationship problems, as in victim and sexual harasser. Sure it's sick humour when mates stick their thumbs up each other's rectums, but, hey, if that's grandpa's way of teasing, you've sure missed the healthy relationship thingy.

Following his wife's funeral, Dick (De Niro) tricks his corporate lawyer grandson Jason (Efron) into going

# The divergent series: Allegiant

\*\*\*

**Lead Actors:** Shailene Woodley, Theo James, Jeff Daniels, Miles Teller, Ansel Elgort  
**Director:** Robert Schwentke  
**Studio:** Summit Entertainment  
**Year Release:** 2016 **Rating:** PG-13

By Alex Shattock

ACTION, SUSPENSE, death. All exhilarating features in this, the third instalment out of four in the Divergent franchise. However, with such a tedious and baffling plot, we might as well not bother seeing the rest.

After the big reveal by Tris's ancestor that their city is actually an experiment and Divergents are the rulers, Tris and Four intend to see what's beyond the wall. When they do, they discover the people running the experiment are up to something catastrophic.

Woodley and James return again as lead roles Tris and Four, however their usual on-screen chemistry wasn't as believable this time. And Woodley who keeps making us burst into tears (*The Fault in Our Stars*), doesn't cut it.

All characters have their moments sparking edge-of-seat suspense, but there's too much talk, and not much action. With Daniels playing the evil mastermind who re-



minds me a bit of Snow in *The Hunger Games*, it's compelling to watch. Especially when he appears behind Tris. Creepy!

But the storyline is so rushed, and there's virtually no chemistry between Woodley and James – they're barely together on-screen throughout. Luckily, the soundtrack is again brilliant, full of drama and beautiful melodies, thanks to Joseph Trapanese's score.

Family and Friendship is the main theme in the Divergent series, and here it continues to be prominent but Woodley fails to convince she's ready for heroic sacrifice, instead walking around most of the time in her elegant white outfit scintillating.

The final offering in the Divergent series needed to raise its game. With hopes high it wouldn't be just another routine sci-fi offering. But this film, was a big, fat let-down.



evil and harmful - and they don't like Americans. And it's always white folk, especially men, who save the day.

The dialogue is equally risible with some terrible one-liners which make you question whether to take it seriously or not. Some of the lines are also unpleasant, for example when Butler says that all Middle East countries that end in 'stan' are unwanted community.

Looking at the technical aspects, the background score and camerawork are pretty good. Also, the production

design needs a mention because designer Joel Collins did an impressive job in recreating locations like London, Sana'a and the Punjab. But the CGI effects are a huge let-down and look cartoonish.

Despite the few positives, this is not a movie to seriously engage with, lacking a big storyline or exciting twists to engage an audience.

Had the director spent more time on the writing, *Olympus Has Fallen* might have been a better action entertainer. On a whole, only for Gerard Butler fans!

to Daytona Beach, Florida, where he hopes to kick-start his sex life. Jason, however, is a preppy and uptight fellow, of the kind you'd happily spill your morning coffee over on the Tube.

He's engaged to his employer's daughter, a truly annoying character with limited screen time (thank God). So, what's not to like? In a nutshell, the plot consists of breasts and butt cheeks protruding from tight bikinis every 15 minutes, drugs, binge-drinking, brawling

and every other *Spring Break* movie trope there is, designed to excite adolescents with raging hormones.

Of course there's the dramatic breaking and salvaging of Dick and Jason's bond and, quite predictably, an alternative love interest for Jason. But the details are so haphazardly sketched out, that the storyline goes awol, as you desperately try to figure out WTF is going on.

The soundtrack choices were unfathomable, particularly Beethoven's *Ode to Joy*

playing in the background of a drinking game in slow motion. And dialogue lines flagged "funny jokes" left you feeling you must be missing something, and that perhaps you ought to get out more.

Inevitably, there's some backstory of déjà vu - Dick used to work (classified) for the US government and thus acquired the skills he deploys in the plot (just like Jack in *Meet the Fockers* and Liam Neeson in *Taken*). De Niro pulls off the 'sleazy old man' shtick, but Efron is way too

High School Musical for an adult comedy where his swaying bare derriere takes over the screen – which was not unenjoyable(!)

Overall, if you're a big De Niro fan, as I am, preserve your respect for him and don't watch this movie. Moreover, do not waste your money watching this at the cinema. It's a film guaranteed to go beyond your comfort zone – and forever burn into your memory the image of De Niro graphically masturbating.



# Huntsman

\*

**Director:** Cedric Nicolas-Troyan

**Starring:** Charlize Theron, Chris Hemsworth, Emily Blunt, Jessica Chastain

**Studio:** Universal Pictures

**Rating:** PG-13 **Runtime:** 1hr 54min

**By Tomi Olugbemi**

ONCE UPON A TIME, THERE WAS A mediocre film about a princess-cum-warrior called *Snow White and the Huntsman* that needed no sequel. And then, along came this film, doubling as a pseudo-prequel as well, but with no Snow White!

You couldn't make this sort of thing up, but Hollywood had a go: the princess was without screen time and an evil, thought-to-be-dead villain queen named Ravenna re-emerges from an ominous, magical mirror.

The villain queen's younger sister, Freya, wielded ice-bending powers similar to those of Elsa in Disney's *Frozen*, and the Huntsman's wife reappeared from the throes of death. It was a risible attempt at squeezing a plot from an already-exhausted story. This unhinged confection of CGI porn and deranged scriptwriting, shouldn't have been allowed to escape from the studio.

The star-studded ensemble cast of Theron, Blunt, Chastain and Hemsworth, helmed by first-time director, Cedric Nicolas-Troyan, did little to make up for Kristen Stewart's absence as Snow White.

The plotline is far more scandalous, a half-baked mash-up of Tolkien, *Game of Thrones* and the brothers Grimm. Freya's (Blunt) child dies and a lover's betrayal sparks her latent magic ice powers. She flees to a new kingdom, freeze killing her enemies.

She abducts hapless children and turns them into the most fearless warriors in the realm: the Huntsmen.

Permafrosted with indignation, she builds an ice wall to separate the lovers and banishes Sara to the dungeons while Eric escapes. Many winters and springs later, Eric and Sara reunite - in the company of four dwarfs, what else!

The *Huntsman* is truly the film that got away, that escaped with just enough sentimentality and usual tropes to pull an audience. Apart from the wit of the dwarves, who brought much needed humour to an otherwise clichéd story of teenage-like squabbles and formulaic war themes, this film is a real gawdforsaken turkey.



\* \* \* \*

**Director:** Tom McCarthy

**Actors:** Mark Ruffalo, Michael Keaton, Rachel McAdams, Liev Schreiber, John Slattery, Brian d'Arcy James, Stanley Tucci

**Production:** Anonymous Content, First Look Media, Participant Media, Rocklin/Faust

**By Naomi Tukker**

FOLLOWING ITS BEST PICTURE OSCAR, the movie was privately screened by the Catholic Church's special commission on clerical abuse, and Vatican Radio reported that clerics in Rome had been recommending the film to each other.

And it is a measure of the movie's scrupulous portrayal of one of the biggest sexual abuse scandals to hit the Roman Catholic Church, that the Vatican's own Newspaper *L'Observatore Romano* described it as "not anti-Catholic".

This scintillating movie tells the true story how journalists unravelled the Catholic Church's darkest secret, that there was worldwide systematic child abuse by priests from as early as the 1950s.

Named after the *Boston Globe*'s elite investigative team responsible for the Pulitzer Prize-winning probe into clerical sexual abuse in 2003, the film follows steely editor Walter "Robby" Robinson (Michael Keaton) and his team on their biggest story.

It is the outsider, the new editor-in-chief Marty Baron (Liev Schreiber), who rekindles the flame of a story published and buried decades earlier. Sealed Church documents, put forward by a lawyer provide a new insight on abuse accusations against a single priest.

Deputy managing editor Ben Bradlee Jr. (John Slattery) and Robinson both respond with scepticism over the idea of pursuing the Boston Archdiocese. "You wanna sue the Church?" (Bradlee Jr).

Initially, only one lone priest was the subject of the investigation but the team begin to uncover a widening pattern of sexual abuse by Catholic priests in the Massachusetts Archdiocese.

Tenacious reporter Michael Rezendes (Mark Ruffalo) drags you around town chasing the elusive lawyer and the key documents. The sympathetic yet acute Sacha Pfeiffer (Rachel McAdams) fields harrowing testimony of the victims.

The Boston Archdiocese where the film is set attempted a cover-up which eventually led to the resignation of Cardinal Archbishop Bernard Law.

Superbly written by John Slattery and directed by Tom McCarthy, the double Oscar-winning drama dives deeper, reveals the emotional impact of the findings on the journalists involved.

The combination of first-rate acting, and a gripping orchestral score, courtesy of *Lord of the Rings* trilogy composer Howard Shore, delivers a film that has you holding your breath until the credits roll.

The kids weren't all right: and it was only the *Boston Globe*'s blistering exposé that shone the light of justice into the unholy corridors of the Archdiocese of Boston

Archbishop Law was subsequently promoted to the Basilica di Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, one of the biggest churches in the world.



NEVER HAVE I LEFT FILM feeling so angry – yet so pleased that I now understand what happened in the 2008 with the crash of the American housing market. My repartee at dinner parties with friends will never be the same again. And nor will yours.

The sub-title of Michael's Lewis's book, on which the film is based, is *The Doomsday Machine*. Which perfectly captures the end-of-the-world scenario hideously played out during the implosion of the global economy in 2008.

Adam McKay perfectly captures the self-satisfied, grossly avaricious world of Wall Street traders playing an obscene game of big bucks roulette, and the devil take the hindmost. Until the bubble bursts.

The luminous cast of bankers, get-rich-quick investors, unconventional traders and screwballs, play out the end of days in 2007, at a time when the American financial system seemed invincible, endlessly enriching.

The scramble after riches blinded the bright-

est and the best to the looming catastrophe. Few believed the American housing market could ever fail – except those feverishly bundling up sub-prime mortgages and selling them on round the world, including to the UK.

Those characters include Michael Burry (Christian Bale), a unconventional trader, who spots the elemental flaw in the housing market and bets against it – the big short – much to the annoyance of his investors.

Then there's Jarrod Vennett (Ryan Gosling), a shamelessly opportunistic high-flying Wall Street trader oozing every inch what a city slicker

\* \* \* \*

**Starring:** Christian Bale, Steve Carell, Ryan Gosling, Brad Pitt, Rudy Eisenzopf, Casey Groves, Harold Gervais, Marisa Tomei

**Director:** Adam McKay

**Screenplay:** Charles Randolph and Adams McKay

**By Dan Morris**

should be. And Mark Baum (Steve Carell) a man with a chip on his shoulder and a desire to screw the bankers.

Also there's Ben Rickett (Brad Pitt) a former banker turned hippy who is holding the hand of two young investors who get wind of Bale's idea, and try to recreate the scheme.

It all reminds you of *Wolf Of Wall Street*, but with fewer hookers and less cocaine. This is the modern way of making films about banking, with all its impenetrable jargon explained straight to camera.

Much of the dialogue is crammed with the argot of money manipulation: sub-prime mortgages, collateralised debt obligations (CDOs), Triple-A rated Bonds, securitization.

But it never puts you off because the terms, which may seem alien, are explained using celebrities.

Every complicated piece of financial jargon, comes with an interlude in

which the likes of Selena Gomez at a black jack table or chef Anthony Bourdain, or fresh from *The Wolf of Wall Street*, Margot Robbie, talk direct to camera to explain.

The fourth wall is wiped out in the screenplay by Charles Randolph and Adams McKay. And there's even walk-on parts as themselves for Tom Cruise & George W Bush.

And so we fully understand what's going on and can see what's coming down the track, as inevitably as night follows day. As Carell's character does on a trip to Miami where he meets two hot-headed brokers, who happily admit to selling mortgages to people they know won't be able to repay.

Carell's assistant asks: "Why are they confessing?" To which Carrell replies: "They aren't confessing, they're bragging."

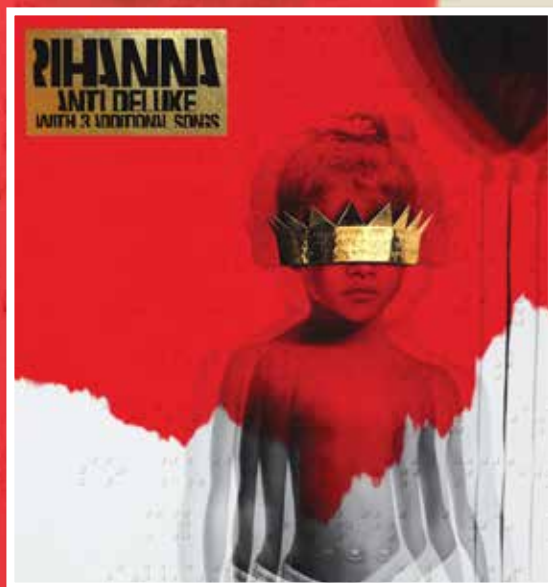
Adam McKay's raucous comedy, manages the unlikely feat of being wildly entertaining about capitalism's brainless suicide bid to eat itself. And you come away feeling the implications are not just hideously depressing, but damn well terrifying.

The film does a good job of making humour out of a catastrophe that cost people their jobs, houses, family, everything, through no fault of their own.

It will leave you feeling cheated, and disgusted that governments and banks allowed such a thing to happen. But then, as the film points out, the language of high finance is deliberately obfuscating. The public aren't supposed to understand it.

The irony is that, for a lot of the time, the bankers clearly didn't, either. And neither did governments.





\* \* \*

**Rihanna****Anti - Roc Nation, 2016****By Philip Josse**

DARK, BROODING AND CLAUSTROPHOBIC, this is Rihanna's least commercial offering so far, and a world away from the melodic confidence of her previous work.

The album is highly textured, and she layers trap beats over stuttering samples and reggae-inspired vocals. Many songs appear to have been inspired by Rihanna's Bajan heritage, and her vocals particularly seem highly influenced by the reggae and soul music of Barbados.

Vocally, the album is uneven. And on tracks such as *Love on the Brain* and *Close to You* she sounds passionate and electric, moving to indifference on *James Joint*.

The early tracks are ruled by production values, showcasing the talents of the 23 producers credited on the label. But

towards the end, the backing sounds are stripped back, the heavy, syncopated beats taking a back seat to jazz-inspired melodies, and even the synthesizer is replaced by the violin.

This is Rihanna's first album not to be heralded by a global chart-topping hit. And though fairly banger free, it was preceded by the single *Work* featuring Canadian rapper Drake, which failed to break into the top five in any major chart.

Rihanna is no songwriter and so has been able to put out an album almost every year since her 2005 debut with *Music of the Sun*. But this latest offering is her first album in over two years, the longest she has gone without a release.

And even then, the album came out in fits and starts, much less smoothly than her other releases. So, a tweet in late 2014 said the album would be out 'soon', but it was repeatedly pushed back, until a release in February 2016.

But even that date proved a movable feast, as a "program-

ming error" saw the album leaked in January by streaming service Tidal (of which Rihanna is part-owner).

Since her last album, Rihanna has left her record label and signed with Roc Nation, the label founded by her manager, Jay Z. *Anti* sounds like an album created by someone trying to find their sound after being controlled by a corporate system for so long.

Her attempts are hit-and-miss, but when she succeeds, the result is very close to genius, and a song like *Love on the Brain* has proved she's got it, and is one of the peak highlights of a glittering career.

Overall however, her latest offering has been disappointing. *Anti* just sounds chaotic, confused and slightly unfinished, lacking the polish and shine of her previous work.



\* \* \*

**This Is Acting**  
Sia Furler  
Echo Studio, Los Angeles  
Monkey Puzzle Records  
29 Jan, 2016  
Price: £6.99 on iTunes

**By Charlie Parry**

THIS, HER SEVENTH studio album, screams versatility as Sia Furler acts her way through impressions of chart-toppers the world over, from Adele, to Shakira and Beyoncé.

Compiling 12 tracks that Sia claims she wrote for other artists, the Australian singer-songwriter delivers an album that could have had any pop heroine's name on the cover. Unfortunately, this time it's her own.

Following up on her 2014 release *1000 Forms of Fear* that included lead single *Chandelier* for which Sia received four Grammy nominations, her



## Samanth Adebayo sheds light on the rapper's third album

\* \* \*

EVOL

Future

A1 Recordings, Freebandz & Epic Records?

Fun, disturbed and supported by recreational use of pharmaceuticals, EVOL delivers everything expected of Future.

And he wraps his style around the signature track *Low Life* which was released as the album's first single, and video-premiered on MTV. The song was later revealed to be included on EVOL in March 2016.

Evol is the fourth studio album by the American rapper, and was released in February this year. It debuted one Friday night during DJ Khaled's Beats 1 show on Apple Radio (via Epic Records). Since then club DJs have rearranged their turntables to deliver the massive rap anthems to take over 2016.

After much underground street success in Atlanta, Future blew up a storm to mainstream success with his album DS2. He was

transformed from the occasional party song rapper to a rap superstar. His album *What a Time To Be Alive* with Drake showed his ability to mix sounds and reach more fans.

His personal life has been making more news recently due to legal battles with his ex-fiancé and pop princess Ciara. But this hasn't seemed to faze Future too much, and he's been consistently on track with recent albums and mixtapes.

Like this album which has everything for a rap fan and anyone who likes feel-good music. The songs are simple, catchy and full of fearless lyrics which ref his extensive drug use such as in: I just took some molly, what else?" (Molly is the purest form of ecstasy).

The fact Future only has one feature on this album suggests his utter self-confidence. It's a self-belief he has shown since earlier projects such as *Monster* and *DS1*. However, the choice of artist and song shows the smart moves he's making to so mainstream.

The Weekend is probably one of the most popular artists right now, and

Future's decision to feature him on a song like *Low-Life* shows he wants a sound that's easily accessible, something you can listen to anywhere, and not just hanging out in an Atlanta strip club.

It's a pity the album is so repetitive and defensive. Future covers up his real emotions with the facade of a rockstar lifestyle, even down to his nickname Future Hendrix. Eventually, fans will tire of monotonous lyric imagery which seems obsessed with clothes, jewellery, drugs and sex.

Future has got so many projects on the go, that his star is in danger of early burn-out. This album felt rushed and thrown out there. That's the way street rappers do it, and we hoped Future had progressed beyond that. It's called evolution and that's where his projects should be at right now.

This isn't a ground-breaking new album, though it does have an attractive rawness. But it never strays beyond its tried and tested comfort zone. Evol is a Future album. Nothing more, nothing less.



latest continues the search for mainstream acclaim, and Sia admits this album is "more pop" than previous material.

Lead single *Alive* encapsulates Sia's move into the safe zone. Co-written by pop-ballad

queen Adele, the track's tale of reprisal, a chart music cliché, fails to inspire visions of a phoenix rising from the ashes. Save for Sia's majestic vocals, which is the record's saving grace.

The light-hearted dance hit *Move Your Body* is a welcome

break, though it still shares many of the fault lines of earlier tracks. Here, Sia is performing Lady Gaga on a song she wrote for Shakira, while again trying to assert her own personality.

It proves a herculean task too far. We are then slipped back into the slow stream on track five with *Unstoppable*. It's all in the same vein as *Bird Set Free*, *One Million Bullets* and *Alive*. It spreads the same uniform message of indestructibility very thin across the album.

Once over the hill on track six, the album takes a turn for the better and embodies the more attractive, frivolous nature of pop music, with songs such as *Cheap Thrills*, *Reaper*, and personal highlight *Sweet Design*.

This last offers a tongue-in-cheek imitation of Beyonce, as

Sia sings "My junk, hypnotise the whole room" and "Word travels fast, when you've got an ass like mine". This is a skinsuit that 40-year-old Sia inherits with a sense of silliness and a self-awareness not shown on more sincere cuts of the album.

Sia's concept is interesting, and on repeated listens, I glimpse her at her most fun and extrovert. However, for the most part, the irony was lost on me. It felt less like play-acting than an attempt to shoehorn herself into the demographic of artists she was impersonating in the search for record sales.





# The look of IMOGEN POOTS

Wearing her long blonde tresses lightly, British showbiz' best kept secret seems to be biding her time among the zombies, bent cops and star-crossed lovers. So just what is chameleon actor Imogen Poots playing at?

**Owen Hughes** sifts through the blood and awe

**W**atching Imogen Poots mixing it with zombies in yet another Tinseltown take on the apocalyptic doomsday scenario of the undead takeover – or her latest incarnation as a knife-wielding psychopath in gorefest-thriller *Green Room* – you'd never guess she got into acting after a fainting fit over blood in a vet's surgery.

The 17-year-old A-level schoolgirl had intended to become a veterinarian when she

left sixth form. But a work experience session in her local vet's involving animal blood, saw her heart palpitating in shock.

It was all too much, and the young Imogen changed tack – for the first time. With three top grades in her A-Levels, she won a place at the Courtauld Institute of Art. But, again, she changed direction for a second time and she deferred attending for two years.

What had caught the chameleon's eye were the joys of life on stage. She'd been spending

She says:  
“There is a  
real beauty  
to the liberal  
nature of  
independent  
filmmaking,  
especially  
experiencing  
that as a  
woman”



Saturdays at an improvisation workshop hosted by the Young Blood Theatre Company at the Riverside Studios in Hammersmith, west London. And she found herself entranced.

Blessed with doe-eyed, sensual good looks and long blonde tresses, Poots had what it takes to strike out on a new course. With her passion for acting stirred by the Youngbloods of Riverside, she got her first break in the hit British TV drama *Casualty* before making the leap into feature films with the (non-speaking) role of young Valerie in *V for Vendetta*. And the rest, as they say, is history.

Imogen Poots is fast becoming the go-to player who directors can rely on to slough into any role. And the Brit actress is gaining a reputation for her ability to portray a gamut of characters.

Since her nomination for ‘Most Promising Newcomer’ at the British Independent Film Awards (BIFA) in 2007 for a breakthrough performance in the passable zombie-thriller *28 Weeks Later*, Imogen Poots has gone from strength to strength.

Now, nearly a decade later, how is it that this promising young British actress still appears to be relatively unknown? It’s certainly not down to any fault in her ability, as demonstrated by her sublime turns in a number of well-respected recent titles.

The disorientating and surrealist black-comedy adaptation of Irvine Welsh’s novel *Filth* may not be everyone’s cup of tea. But playing the straight-laced female cop opposite the brash, self-destructive James McAvoy, Imogen Poots brings conviviality to a bleak and desperate world.

She grounds the film in reality before it flies off into obscurity beyond all comprehension, which is perhaps a more difficult task than is often given credit for. Being the sole voice of normality when all things around you are melting into a cacophony of chaos, it would have been easy for Poots to have stood out like the proverbial sore thumb.

Or, take a look at her well-to-do English girl in a debauched, drug-addled part of Edinburgh, if you’d

prefer. She effortlessly glides into character with such subtlety and deftness that connects with her fellow characters that it’s impossible to dislike her, no matter that sympathies are forcibly deflected elsewhere during the hour-and-half shock-a-minute run time. Sexy, warped, wild, *Filth*’s got it all.

Imogen Poots was born on June 3, 1989, in Hammersmith, West London, the daughter of Trevor Poots a Northern Ireland-born television producer and Fiona Goodall, a journalist and voluntary worker from Bolton. She has an older brother, Alex, who is a model.

Raised in Chiswick, Poots was privately educated, attending Bute House Prep School for Girls in Brook Green, and Queen’s Gate school South Kensington. She had intended to be a veterinarian before that incident with the surgeon’s knife.

This led to her breakthrough role in *28 Weeks Later* as Tammy, the daughter of a plague outbreak survivor who attempts to assist in the repopulation of London after it has been declared infection free.

Since then, Imogen has been involved in a huge variety of films with a number of big names. She starred as Allyson in *A Solitary Man* opposite Michael Douglas, Susan Sarandon and Danny Devito. She starred alongside Michael Fassbinder in *Centurion* and again in the period drama *Jane Eyre*, which also starred Mia Wasikowska.

Although never formally trained as an actress, Poots has developed an innate sympathy for the dramatic method as evidenced by wide variety of roles she has brought to life with what critics have called a “compellingly natural” love affair with the camera.

And as well making increasing appearances on the big silver screen Poots continues to lend her talents to the small screen with movies such as *Miss Austen Regrets* and *Christopher and His Kind* along with multiple guest-appearances on the television show *Bouquet of Barbed Wire*.

In 2012, Poots played the acrimonious young violinist Alexandra Gelbart in *A Late Quartet*



*Playful*



*Sophisticated*



*Glamorous*

opposite Catherine Keener and Philip Seymour Hoffman.

The same year, Imogen joined Colin Farrell and Anton Yelchin for the much anticipated remake of the 80s horror-comedy, *Fright Night*. She most recently starred in the 2014 motion picture *Need for Speed* opposite Aaron Paul.

It seems 2013 may have been the 26-year-old's strongest year to date. Not only did she shine in *Filth*, but it was also the year that she landed her first (and to-date only) BIFA for 'Best Supporting Actress' in Michael Winterbottom's biography, *The Look of Love*. Her brilliant

portrayal of the complex, fragile and morally corrupted Debbie – the daughter of the erotic business empire entrepreneur and self-dubbed

'Britain's richest man' Paul Raymond – is tinged with tragedy and emotional turmoil. Dogged by a drug addiction and constantly striving to impress her father, she crams so much soul into the story.

Her cover of the classic Dusty Springfield track, upon which the film is titled, is so powerful that it verges on being overwhelming. It's a haunting delivery that makes even the emptiest of rooms just that little bit dustier as it plays into the end credits.

Whether turning her hand to camp horror-comedies like 2011's *Fright Night* remake, or the action-packed video-game adaptation of *Need For Speed*, or even good old poetic arthouse dramas by veteran director Terence Mallick and his *Knight of Cups*, released earlier this year, Imogen Poots' potential seemingly knows very few bounds.

So why has Imogen Poots still not garnered the wider recognition she deserves?

One answer might be that it's simply down to

her peripatetic choice of roles. A quick flick through her most recent three releases on IMDb reveals respectable if somewhat unimpressive scores of 6.9 (*Frank & Lola*), 5.7 (*A Country Called Home*) and 7.3 (*Green Room*).

Fans will be holding their head in their hands at the news of her future projects including a Cameron Crowe TV comedy show called *Roadies*, helmed by Luke 'the lesser' Wilson. The Apatow Productions movie, *Popstar: Never Stop Never Stopping*, is due for release later this year and promises a starring role for the actress alongside the unreliable Will Arnett and

flavour-of-the-month Andy Samberg. No doubt another "5.7 to 7.3" rating in the making.

We no longer live in a golden age of movie stars. Rarely does an individual big-shot Hollywood studio pick

out a Janet Gaynor, Bette Davis or Katharine Hepburn (as fantastic as they were) and make them known the world over.

Modern audiences like to consider themselves too sophisticated to be spoon-fed the same old actors in ever-so-slightly different roles, year after year. It pushes actors and filmmakers to take greater risks. Sometimes they pay off, sometimes they end up just paying the bills.

But in the case of chameleon actor Imogen Poots, who's to say "whither goest thou?" And that in five year's time we won't all be remarking that it's a good job Poots took a punt on yet another wildcard project – and one that finally sees her deservedly graduate from BIFA to Academy Award?

One thing's for sure, it certainly won't be a surprise to anyone who has watched her excel in some truly electrifying performances over these past 10 years. Imogen Poots, soon a name to conjure with? ■

They say:  
"Frankly  
it's time  
for a brutal  
rethink.  
And / or  
perhaps a  
new agent."  
- David  
Edwards,  
*Mirror* film  
critic

"[Roadies is] a new experience  
and I just adore the filmmaker  
and the rest of the cast. I'm  
just really excited to do it."



The Sixties were a decade of sensory overload that changed the cultural landscape forever. If you can remember them, you weren't there. **Charlie Parry** wasn't, but he enjoyed picking over the pop music embers of the highpoint year of 1966.

**T**he decade exploded on to the world eight miles high over the frozen wastes of the Urals at Sverdlovsk, when a gigantic black bat was blasted out of the sky by Red rocketry.

America's U2 spy plane had been overflying the Soviet Union for half a decade, to a chorus of denials from the White House. But after shot-down pilot Gary Powers was parade before the world's press, the Russians thundered angry warnings to the West. Within months work was started on the Berlin wall. And at one fraught session of the United Nations, Communist leader Nikita Khrushchev even took off his shoe and banged the podium, as he fulminated against Western imperialism.

But Nikita Sergeyevich had little to say about a spot of cultural imperialism, when British jazzman Kenny Ball purloined a popular Russian folksong, to score a transatlantic hit with *Midnight In Moscow*.

It was the last salvo of traditional bands. The Fifties had ended with the Drifters' hormonal plea to *Save The Last Dance for Me*... as the menacingly melodic beat of the Shadows' instrumental hit *Apache*, signalled the electronic guitar band was coming of age.

The times were a' changing as The Beatles led the Sixties revolution in popular music. Often referred to as "the good old days", both by those who lived through them, and those who wish they had, it was the decade that reinvented pop music culture.

The early years saw a transatlantic symbiosis in which the totally new youth phenomenon of juvenile eroto-hysteria known as Beatlemania conquered America. Coming the other way was a tsunami of

eclectic creativity unmatched ever since.

It included the overwhelming, blues-based host of Tamla Motown, the West Coast close harmonies of the Beach Boys and Phil Spector's wall of sound, and studded in between were the plaintiff riffs of the likes of Roy Orbison, Bob Dylan and Simon and Garfunkel.

The year 1966 saw an album chart full of what are now regarded as classic, seminal releases. From *The Psychedelic Sounds of the 13th Floor Elevators*, to Simon and Garfunkel's *Sounds of Silence*, '66 boasts a top 10 chart figure headed by Bob Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde* at 3, The Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds* at No. 2.

And topping off a year of English national pride was the England football team's triumph in the World Cup. Within weeks of the Alf Ramsey heroes' success, The Beatles also came out on top with their new album, *Revolver*.

Song lyrics riffing the youthful pangs of despid love gave way to a darker emotional backbeat. The Beatles' seventh album was a collection like no other, and included the angst-packed refrain of *Eleanor Rigby*. They were in good company.

Across the pond, *Revolver* was displaced by a cloned group of mop-heads whose lyrical pitch with their first record had a lot more to say than love me do forever, by the light of the silvery moon.

The Monkees truly caught the changing zeitgeist with *Take the Last Train to Clarksville*. The lyric has a man phoning the woman he loves, and urging her to meet him in Clarksville, before he leaves, possibly forever.

The lyric doesn't state it explicitly, but he's leaving for Vietnam's killing fields. Clarksville, Tennessee

### Top 10 Albums UK - 1966

1. The Beatles - *Revolver*
2. The Beach Boys - *Pet Sounds*
3. Bob Dylan - *Blonde on Blonde*
4. The Rolling Stones - *Aftermath*
5. The Mothers of Invention - *Freak Out!*
6. Simon and Garfunkel - *Sounds of Silence*
7. Simon and Garfunkel - *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme*
8. The Kinks - *Face to Face*
9. Monks - *Black Monk Time*
10. 13th Floor Elevators - *The Psychedelic Sounds of the 13th Floor Elevators*



is close by Fort Campbell, home base of the 101st Airborne Division which was among units deployed to Vietnam. By the mid-1960s more than 500,000 US troops were fighting in the jungles, swamps and paddyfields of Vietnam – all draftees.

Casualties were mounting and the angst of young men forced to leave home and loved ones to fight – and possibly die – in some god-forsaken foreign field was captured heartrendingly in the song.

By this time, the original mop-haired four from Merseyside had already re-written the rules of popular music in their unfolding catalogue of songs that defied all expectations.

And celebrating this 50th anniversary year offers a chance to reprise, a chance to reflect and compare a year of pop music triumph with the current musical climate.

And one such comparison has to be the role of one man in the Beatles revolution, George Martin, who died earlier this year. He was instrumental in the success of the Beatles, and was often referred to as the fifth member of the Fab Four.

Tributes poured in from all over the world to mourn the passing of Sir George Martin, at the age of 90, on 9th March 2016. Martin signed the Beatles and produced more than 700 records with the band, playing an integral back-room role in shaping the musical genius of John, Paul, George and Ringo.

At a time when substance is all-too often trumped by style and music earns its rewards too easily, Martin's legacy stands as shining testament to the value of rewarding musicians who did the same. Nowadays, in terms of pop music at least, the line has been blurred between the two.

Chart music in 2016 has, for the most part, fallen into disrepute for its money-driven, fickle and fragile artists who do not have the guidance of producers like George Martin. Instead, we see record labels seeking to cash in on formulaic, quick-fix novelty instead of harnessing the creative quality necessary to produce songs and albums that could stand the test of time.

This quick-fix obsession has become a kind of global mental illness. "Generation envy" is a term that

can be applied to those music fans who cry out that they were born into the wrong cultural era.

They complain that a mistake has been made, that the powers-that-be have placed musical puritans into a time for musical morons, or so they believe.

These people feel more at home in round, red-tinted sunglasses, a tie-dye t-shirt and flared jeans, throwing up peace signs at Woodstock, or queuing up at the local record store for Dylan's latest 7-inch press of *Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat*.

Those infected may have good intentions, and may even secretly yearn for a mass music culture that speaks the language of togetherness, experimentation and that promotes distinctiveness between one artist and the next. Years like 1966 captured this essence of positive mass appeal, it bred bands and artists who spoke of revolution, innovation, politics and love, inspiring audiences to do the same.

Perhaps, this is pop's downfall today. That it ignores the culture created by The Beatles, Dylan, The Doors and Hendrix - along with many others - one that held freedom and liberty in its sights, and sought more than just topping the album charts, but also aimed to put that platform to good use.

Now however, current ideology has fallen into counter-culture and filtered its way throughout punk, hardcore, hip-hop and indie, for example. Modern methods of music production make friends with replication and a derivative nature. Pop, without doubt, will eat itself. The dying began as 1966 faded.

No longer is pop music the place to look for the voice of the masses or a voice for the masses, as well as a sound representative of its time. Instead, it's merely chasing a time reminiscent of what is known to have worked for the past 20 or 30 years at least.

However, perhaps it is just a matter of time. Once the dust has settled we may come to appreciate the popular music of the 1960s, see its everlasting power and applaud its fearless willingness to bend the rules and accommodate rock and roll in all its forms.

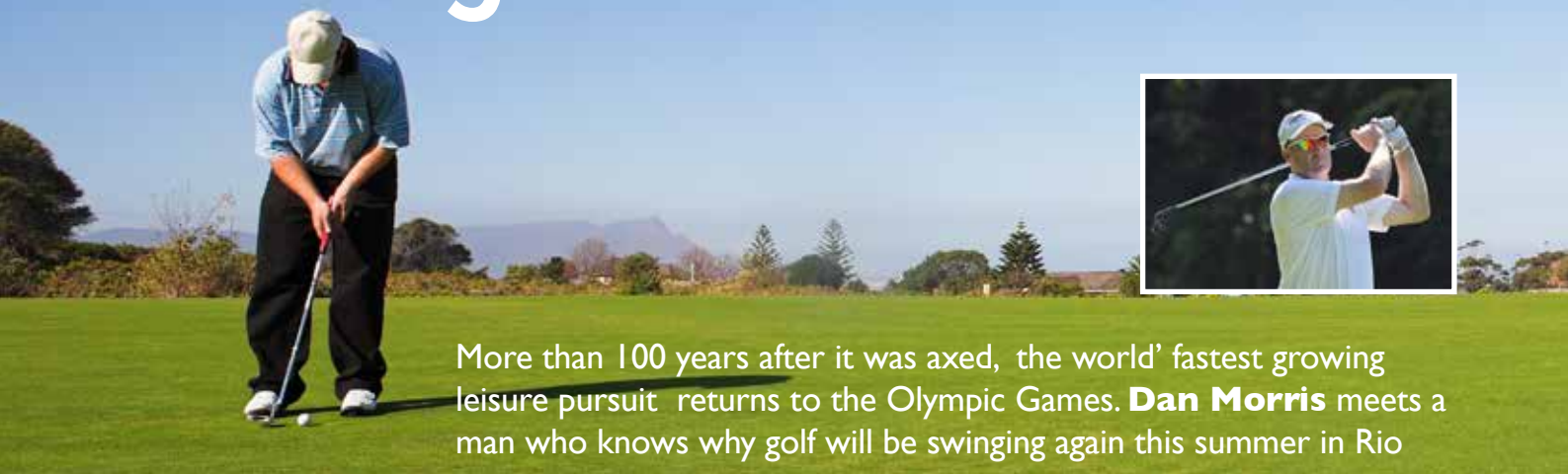
In 50 years time, we may be looking back on Justin Bieber's *Purpose* and to the debt we owe to its, by then, long dead genius. Maybe. ■

1. Art Garfunkel and Paul Simon begin their *Sounds of Silence* '66 tour.

2. Psychedelic pioneers The 13th Floor Elevators were also well known for their vivid art style.

3. The Beach Boys... coming up surfing on the carpet.

# Chasing the little white ball



More than 100 years after it was axed, the world's fastest growing leisure pursuit returns to the Olympic Games. **Dan Morris** meets a man who knows why golf will be swinging again this summer in Rio

The last time enthusiast amateurs chasing a little white ball, aka golf, were accorded athletic status was at the Summer Olympiad in St Louis, Missouri in 1904. It was the first time that Baron Pierre de Coubertin's re-creation of Ancient Greece's nude sportsfest, were held outside Europe.

It is uncertain whether golf cut the mustard in 8th century BC Athens, but the 21st century rulers of the world's biggest sporting jamboree are cutting some slack to a game invented 400 years before Coubertin's brainwave.

The IOC has voted to reinstate golf into the Olympics this year in Brazil – and Tokyo in 2020. The 121st International Olympic Committee session in 2009 were persuaded by the rapid expansion and globalisation of the sport. This year's golf will feature men's and women's individual competitions.

Among those making the case to the IOC was The Royal and Ancient Golf Club – the home of golf – and a host of leading players and rising stars, including 16-year-old 2009 British Amateur champion Matteo Manassero.

Royal and Ancient chief executive and International Golf Federation president Peter Dawson said: "We're extremely grateful they were able to join us to help communicate the genuine interest world-class players of all ages share in golf becoming an Olympic sport."

Whether players of all ages in Britain are joining what is claimed to be a global rush is debateable. It seems fusty tradition dies hard, and has yet to convert Generation Y.

But one man who's been trying to turn the tide is Buckingham Golf Club's master of the irons, Gregor Hannah.

The club's head professional, Greg Hannah is a true-born Scot to the manor

born – growing up in Leven, Fife, just 14 miles from golf's ancestral home at the Royal and Ancient in St Andrews where the game's march to world conquest began.

The first documented record of the game is a 1457 Act of the Scottish Parliament, in which a royal edict forbade games of football and golf as these were a distraction from archery practice for military purposes.

And Gregor's English fiefdom for the past 18 years has been the sprawling 6,000-yards of beautiful Buckingham countryside that is the 18-hole Parkland Course on the Tingewick Road out of the town.

The 6,162 yards of breathtaking scenery belies the scale of the task facing aficionados of the game on the Parkland Course which has a challenging par 71.

But for a man with golf in his blood, the really big challenge is how to change perceptions that the game is over-priced, snobby and far too difficult to master.

Scotland's most celebrated 16th-century humanist scholar George Buchanan said golf was "clearly unsuitable" for women. His verdict came after reports that Mary Queen of Scots had been playing the game while her husband Lord Darnley was murdered in 1567.

But today the game won't be joining Darnley. As far as Greg Hannah is concerned, golf is far from dying. Clubs like Buckingham just need to spruce up their arcane rules. As he explained when I met him at the Tingewick Road club.

Gregor Hannah's whole life has centred around the game of golf. Born and raised in Scotland, he recalls how the membership fee at his local club in Leven in 1979 was £3. Compare that to a junior membership fee now of £110! Gregor took to the game like the proverbial, and proved

his youthfully-honed talents on the British junior and the Scottish amateur circuits, winning representative honours for his county at Boys, Youth and Men's Championships Level.

In 1984, aged 18, Greg won a scholarship to study in the United States, starting out at the New Mexico Military Institute before switching the next year to the University of Nevada in Reno.

Gregor returned to the UK but not before honing his golfing skills competing in amateur tournaments up and down the West Coast.

Back home from the Land of the Free, Gregor went to work for Colin Clingan at Windmill Hill Golf Club, Milton Keynes. Then in the summer of 1997, came the offer of a pro position at Parkland and he moved to Buckingham. He settled in, got married, and decided to stay.

With his bluff mannerisms and belting voice (to match his 6ft frame), he's been trying fan the winds of change.

Greg sees his main task as to get more and younger people into the game. And to do that will require dispelling misconceptions. And getting some trickle-down from the exploding wealth of the game.

"Professionals haven't put enough back into the grassroots game, and the money paid to them is obscene," he says.

But he feels golf is having a resurgence with the rise of youngsters like Spieth and McIlroy, drawing in the "insta-book" generation. And companies like Topgolf are encouraging the game's fun aspects.

Right on! "The best way to get people into golf is to put a club in their hands," he says. At Buckingham this is a one-man battle against the old guard mired in the past. Let's just hope passionate advocates like Greg Hannah will win the war.

# President Trump

No, you're not dreaming,  
although you might be  
having a nightmare.  
The truly unimaginable  
has happened. The fate of  
the Western world is the  
hands of a man whose  
knowledge of foreign affairs  
is described as "fuzzy".

**Dan Morris** reports

**Day 1.** On a cold winter's day in Washington, President Elect Donald Trump takes the short car ride from his hotel to the Capitol Building. As he ascends the stairs to the podium, he is greeted with cheers and more than a few boos.

Instead of swearing the oath of office on the Bible, Trump chooses to place one hand on his heart and the other on a copy of his book *Trump: The art of the deal*. Truly, this is a momentous occasion.

**Day 5.** After using an executive order to re-paint the White House gold, Trump picks his Cabinet. These include his daughter as Secretary of State and Michael Bay as Secretary of Defence (The Don saw *Transformers* and rather liked it). Sarah Palin is announced as the new Ambassador to the U.N. He proclaims that it's the most attractive cabinet ever.

**Day 20.** President Trump introduces the "Apprentice Bill". This calls for all Mexican immigrants to compete in a number of televised tasks to demonstrate how much they want to be American citizens.

**Day 36.** After President Trump's "Everyone must have a gun" bill fails in the Senate, he takes to Twitter, calling all the Senators '#losers' and '#ugly' until the wee hours of the morning. Isn't it interesting that the tragedy in Paris took place in one of the toughest gun control countries in the world?

**Day 37.** The Governor of Washington requests a referendum to be held on whether or not they can become part of Canada. This is also followed by Vermont and Oregon. Trump responds by calling these States "Communist hippies".

**Day 42.** After Russian aggression in Ukraine, the President calls Putin. Two hours later, Trump Tweets "@PutinRF\_Eng is a great guy. His plans for Europe show great leadership and he knows how to deal." Hours later Trump's corporate Twitter account announces that his company is going to open up a new

golf course and casino in Donetsk. Putin has become a big hero in Russia with an all-time high popularity. Obama, on the other hand, has fallen to his lowest ever numbers. SAD

**Day 48.** On a trip to Brussels to meet with members of NATO, President Trump has to defend himself after mistaking President Hollande for a waiter and calling the Dutch air force pointless.

**Day 50.** After news comes out about the break-up of NATO, President Trump tries to subdue the headlines by using an executive order to change all the names of the National Parks to 'Trump American Liberty Parks'. This includes adding his face to Mount Rushmore.

**Day 67.** Traffic lights are now called 'Freedom Lights', with the usual colours out and red, white and blue in. Traffic accidents go up 80pc as no one is quite sure which one has replaced green.

**Day 74.** President Trump is annoyed that he can't gamble in Washington. Astonishingly, his 'Winter Government' bill passes through Congress, meaning that all three branches of Government will move to Las Vegas from January to April every year. It is predicted to cost the federal Government \$10 billion.

**Day 76.** Members of Congress face backlash after newspapers report that they all received free lifetime entry into any Trump resort as part of the "Winter Government" bill.

**Day 80.** At the opening ceremony for the 'Trump International Border Wall', which runs alongside the Mexican border, it becomes apparent that the gold colour reflects the desert sun incredibly well, blinding half the population of El Paso.

**Day 84.** The 'Special Relationship' once shared between UK and US is in disarray after President Trumps tries to high five the Queen at a state banquet. He later praises Lord Alan Sugar's decision to get further into politics

**Day 100.** With almost all of the US's intellectuals now living in Europe or Canada, the US suffer a huge brain drain. President Trump tweets: "University of life is all people need for everything they need two know".

**Everyone looks forward to the next three years and nine months.**

*The is article was printed in the Daily Telegraph (31.03.16) after being submitted by journalism minor student Dan Morris while on work experience at the paper. Only the standfirst and headline has been changed.*



THE UNIVERSITY OF  
BUCKINGHAM

# Quality is closer than you think

**Come to an Open Day to find out why we're:**

- Top for teaching quality
- Top for student satisfaction (*NSS 2015*)
- Top for graduate employability (*HESA 2015*)

**Book your space now:**

[www.buckingham.ac.uk/open-days](http://www.buckingham.ac.uk/open-days)

**Find out about our Five Counties Scholarship here:**

[www.buckingham.ac.uk/scholarships](http://www.buckingham.ac.uk/scholarships)

THE  TIMES  
THE SUNDAY TIMES

**GOOD  
UNIVERSITY  
GUIDE  
2016**

**UNIVERSITY  
OF THE YEAR  
FOR TEACHING  
QUALITY**



UniBuckingham



@UniOfBuckingham



The University of Buckingham

**Contact us now:**

01280 820313

[info@buckingham.ac.uk](mailto:info@buckingham.ac.uk)

[www.buckingham.ac.uk](http://www.buckingham.ac.uk)