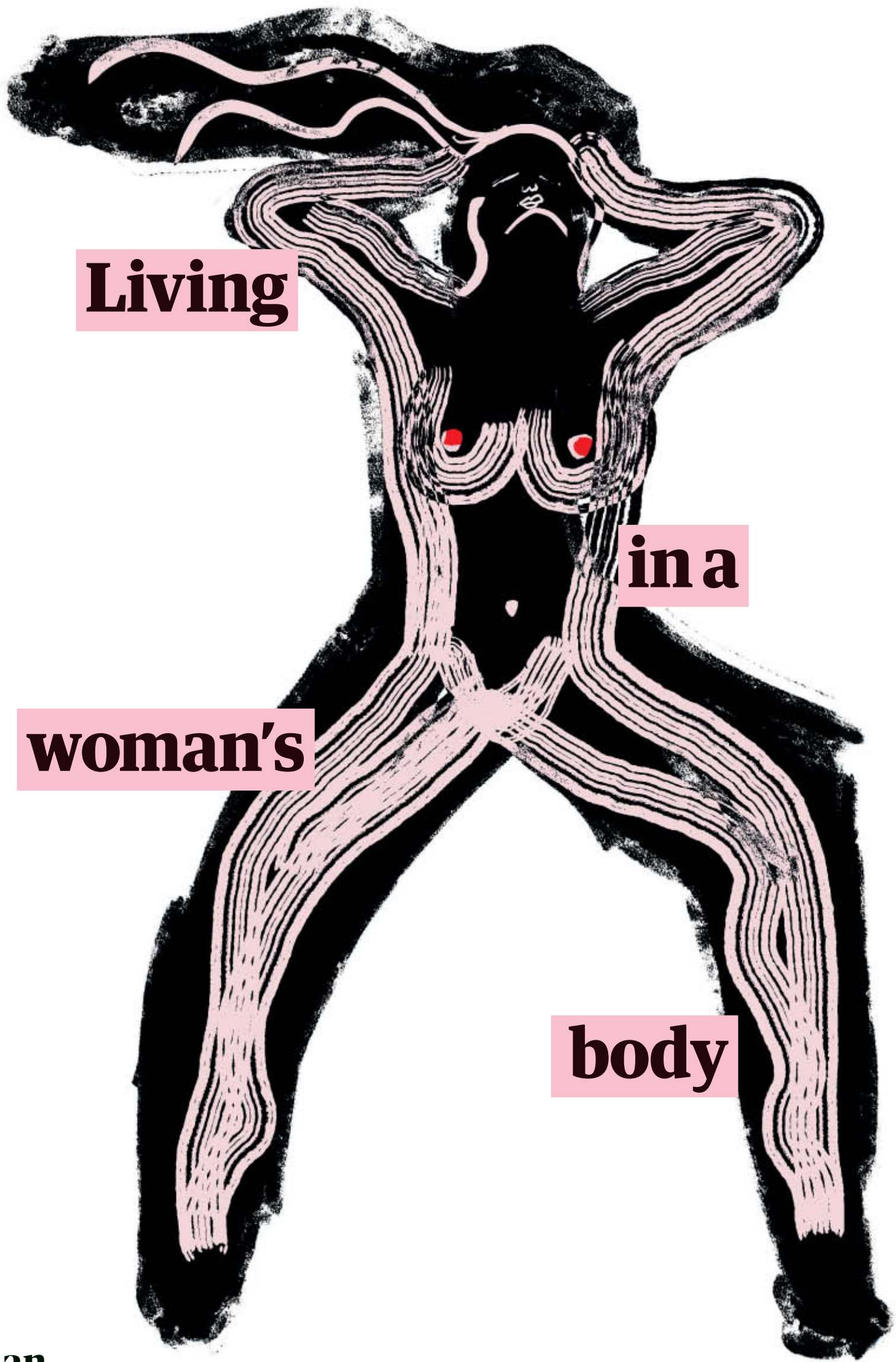




A special
issue



Living

in a

woman's

body

**The
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ILLUSTRATION: NGADI SMART AT STUDIO P1 FOR THE GUARDIAN

V (formerly Eve Ensler) | Emma Thompson | **Arifa Akbar** | Terry Tempest Williams | **Jessica Fostekew** | Juno Dawson

The stories our bodies need to tell

A special issue, compiled by **V (formerly Eve Ensler)**, about the pleasure, pain and power of life as a woman

For so many years, I lived as if I didn't have a body. Childhood abuse meant mine was a conquered land, a place that had been pillaged and vanquished from the very start.

Thirteen years ago, I found out I had stage 3b/4 uterine cancer. I discovered it late and by the time I did a tumour the size of an avocado already occupied my uterus. It had busted through my colon. I did not know it or feel it.

This sent me off on a quest, travelling the world in search of answers, asking women everywhere: when did you leave your body? Who owns your body? What space is your body allowed to occupy? How has your body been hurt, changed or refused by the government, your job, the supreme court, white supremacy, climate catastrophe, poverty, police violence, settler colonialism, transphobia, imperialism, capitalism?

Women's bodies are forever under threat. On alert. Ducking. Crouching. Hiding. Making themselves smaller, less obvious. Waiting for the insult. Guarding against the unwanted touch. The grab. The punch. The rape. The murder. How does your body fight back? When does your body rest?

Nurses are expected to sacrifice their bodies for those who refuse to wear masks. Restaurant workers are forced to take down their own masks, risking sickness and death, so the unmasked customer can decide if their face is pretty enough for a lousy tip.

Californian farm workers' bodies are assaulted so routinely, while harvesting fields, that they have nicknamed them *field de calzón*, or "field of panties", because their underwear is ripped off them when they are raped.

Black women's bodies are shot by police in their beds, in their cars, for a traffic violation, in front of their child, on a "wellness check". The wrong body in the wrong house. Afterwards, even their stories and names are disappeared. Speak her body, say her name.

The body of a girl child sold by her parents to an old man in Herat, Afghanistan, to keep

her starving family alive. The body of another girl sold online for the price of a mobile phone, and another, sourced by a British socialite for her rich, sadistic boyfriend, who serves the child's body to his luminous circle of the deprived.

Women's bodies, carrying the memories of trauma, predisposing them to cysts and tumours, bumps, lumps and sickness, long after the damage is done.

Women's bodies always serving, feeding, bathing, holding, carrying and nurturing other bodies, never having time to think about their own. Women's bodies hated for their "perfection", for their "imperfection"; hated for being too thin, too fat, too round, too flat. Hated because they can do all that and make you feel all that.

But bodies are now remembering, reattaching, returning, becoming bodies for the first time. The burning from daddy's unwanted fingers shoved inside at five now becoming word, becoming fire, the language of purpose, of power.

Bare-breasted bodies in the streets pushing back against femicide. Indigenous women's bodies on horseback and in kayaks, protesting over pipelines about to spill oil. Fist-raised bodies pressed up against rows of erupting police. Bodies rising: my body, my choice. Differently abled bodies occupying the corridors of Congress. Enraged bodies smashing the steel doors of a factory where their sister and brother workers needlessly died.

Women's bodies, unapologetically alive, freeing the beauty and birdsong inside, no longer captive or denied, but becoming one surging body, sweeping in other bodies as they rise.

V (formerly Eve Ensler) is a playwright, activist and the founder of One Billion Rising, a global protest campaign to end rape and sexual violence against women (cisgender, transgender, and those who hold fluid identities that are subject to gender-based violence). This year's campaign, Rise for the Bodies of All Women, Girls and the Earth, takes place next week. It invites survivors and their allies to "rise politically, outrageously, artistically - through dance, art, marches, ritual, song, spoken word, testimonies, and other ways that best express your outrage, your resistance and your vision of a world without violence"



Nazia The Taliban fear women's beauty, strength - and resistance

When I was a child, I never rode bicycles or played sports such as gymnastics and karate, because it was "not good for girls". I later understood it was to avoid the risk of breaking my hymen and "losing" my virginity, but I only understood the magnitude of this "loss" when my cousin and best friend got married. She had been abused by a mullah - a religious cleric - as a baby. Her mother was less worried about the trauma caused to her daughter by the abuse than she was about her daughter's hymen having been broken as a result.

These fears were not misplaced. When my cousin did not bleed on her wedding night, she was sent back to her mother's home the next morning beaten black and blue. Nobody questioned or blamed the husband.

As I got older, I was always told by my grandmother to avoid wearing tight-fitting clothes that showed my body, and not to put on makeup or leave my hair open (without a burqa), because it would take away from my character. I was not allowed to wax my eyebrows before getting engaged. I grew up in a society where a woman's worth is her beauty and body, and it is measured in herds of animals, given as a dowry when she is married off.

As Afghan women, our bodies have suffered under fundamentalism, misogyny, violence, patriarchy and US occupation. Today, under Taliban rule, the oppression and violence against women has only worsened. Women wearing nail varnish, high heels or perfume, or leaving their homes without a male companion, or laughing loudly in public, are deemed "immoral", as are women who venture out of their homes for work or education. Women are paying the price for having dreams because of their bodies; bodies that many people believe are only created to fulfil men's lust, and therefore have to be covered and hidden, not decorated and revealed.

However, the tide is beginning

to change. Afghan women have long felt miserable and ill-fated because of their bodies, as well as guilty about what they are told their bodies do to men. Now, many are beginning to realise that the Taliban burying women's aspirations beneath a burqa is actually a sign of their weakness. They are fearful of our beauty, strength, resilience and resistance. The brave and glorious protests by women in Afghanistan are proof that we will no longer be silenced. We will continue to fight, resist and rise against fundamentalism, inequality, violence and patriarchy. The Taliban cannot repeat today what they did two decades ago.

I am not ashamed of my body. My body is a symbol of resistance against the forces who want to use it to control me. I will make sure that my daughter also sees her body in this way. Her hymen and virginity will not define her. I will make sure that she rides a bicycle, plays sports and dances freely. She will be proud and courageous. In a society that is exceptionally cruel to women, our bodies will not weigh us down.

Nazia (not her real name) is based in Kabul



Frances Ryan This body is a genetic mistake, but it is sex, laughter and love too

This body is a genetic mistake, a pitiable stare, the scan on a mundane Tuesday lunchtime with a doctor speaking in hushed tones by the bed.

It is glorious too, thanks. It is deep-in-the-bones laughter at 2am with people who love you; only strangers care that it is sitting in a wheelchair while doing so ("Have you got a licence for that thing, sweetheart?"). It is straight-As, promotions and beating expectations as much as the odds. It is being buckled over from the pain, clutching a public toilet bowl, pills and dignity rattling at the bottom of a handbag. It is sex, fevered goosebumps and kisses to the skin like magic. It is warm summers with friends, sunshine on bare legs and 90s dance music



ricocheting through the air. It is fucking knackered.

This body is more than twice as likely to be domestically abused, is paid on average £3.68 less an hour, is a third less likely to be able to access lifesaving breast cancer screenings, and is still told to be "grateful". Be grateful, love. You're lucky they hired you. He's a saint to be with you.

This body is a scrounger if it needs the state, a faker if it holds down a job. It is the reject of capitalist productivity, all the while working harder than any FTSE 100 CEO. This body is one in five, full of potential, untapped and waiting. It is ready to burst, to make its mark, if only the trains were accessible, personal assistants funded and housing usable. It is just not trying hard enough.

This body is told to love something that hurts every day - #bodypositivity - or to loathe it, depending on the latest cultural winds. It is too ugly to be on the front cover of magazines, too pretty "to have to be in that chair, love". It is a token, out front and centre

when it suits, hidden in the back room when it all gets too much. It is more beautiful and powerful and astounding than words can muster.

This body is not "differently abled" or "handicapped", and it is not your "inspiration" either. It is the herculean sum of all those who came before and those who will after; the young girl wearing her BiPap machine with pride on TikTok and the menopausal woman with a stoma choosing knickers in M&S. It is the changing of the seasons over centuries, from being hidden in institutions to regaling on the fourth plinth in Trafalgar Square, from begging in the workhouse to legislating in parliament. I believe they call that progress.

It is said that the greatest act of resistance is to live well, and I think there is truth in that. It is radical to love a body that the world says is wrong. This body, in all its joy and tears and moving edges, is loved completely - not despite its disability, but because of it. *Frances Ryan is a Guardian columnist and author of Crippled: Austerity and the Demonisation of Disabled People*



Emma Thompson My daughter thrums with life, my mother is frail. Between them I find my balance

I found myself, during our strange, second Covid Christmas, sandwiched between my 22-year-old daughter and my 89-year-old mother. This year, more than ever, the umbilical connection between us tugged at me as I, Janus-in-waiting, observed, monitored and enjoyed the miraculous luxury of three generations together.

My daughter has tattoos. I like them, which surprises me. I understand the urge to mark life's more seismic events upon your body. They sear themselves into our brains after all, so perhaps tattoos are just the outer version of the inner burns.

My mother's body bears witness in more traditional ways - watching her navigate its frailty and bentness is a daily learning, a meditation. She taught me to walk when I was a baby, and now, she teaches me how I will walk when I am old: how to reach for this, bend for that, move around the obstacles like an ancient, patient stream. I try not to help.

Living between these bodies is a strange mixture of joy and grief. My daughter thrums. Her life force changes the atmosphere in the room as soon as she enters. We all receive the electrical charge and, once again, we dance.

I must have done that once. Or my daughter comes in upset, chaotic, spinning out and sits by my mother and receives a calming nod - no questions, I note - and the chaos subsides.

Whatever made us think we could live without this? We were stuck on our goals and our aspirations and - God forbid - our dreams. We were too busy to notice how the bodies silently speak to one another, how we breathe each other in, recalibrate and breathe out.

But the meeting of these life forces now feels more essential than ever. We are constantly exchanging ever-altering resonances, and balance occurs. Not perfectly - nothing's perfect - but, consistently, we change and reset one another's state. So instead of grieving my mother's ageing, instead of envying my daughter's youth, I find I am buoyed up and calmed down by turn.

"Why is my fanny getting bigger?" my mother breathes at me one morning as she is washing the forks. We laugh for quite a long time. Her skin reminds me of my daughter's when she was a baby: the same almost-not-there softness, lovely to stroke.

It feels like she's returning to something. When I hold my daughter, I can feel, in deeply recessed parts of my body, her vulnerability. She's all fire and sparks, but I know it's there. I try not to help.

She's brimful of the world, and the image in my mind's eye is of her walking away towards the sun carrying a rucksack, my mother sitting by the fire, dozing to the crackle, and me, standing in the doorway, held between the two states of departure. One towards action and one into stillness. It's a rich position to be in, full of nutrients, somehow.

I exist between them. I'm grateful I can still get up a hill and I'm depressed about my thighs. *Emma Thompson is an actor and screenwriter*



Arifa Akbar
It's a myth that all women want children - I've had a different, joyous life

When I was 28 years old, the first of my university friends gave birth. We marvelled over her baby, but her tone changed when I started to talk about my future because, well, “Was I planning ...?” and: “Wasn’t I thinking about ...?” and: “Didn’t I want to have children?”

Until that moment, I had not asked myself the question. I thought it was no longer something that had to be asked, or answered; this was the Oos, not the 50s. Women no longer ran their lives by the internalised tick-list of husband, house and baby. But in the following decade, the world began to look and sound as if it was full of timeless, retrograde anxieties and paranoid over fertility windows and body clocks.

The myth of motherhood runs deep, and the lie that secretly all women want children is still so potent that it felt like biological gaslighting. Why did I not feel this elemental hunger? Was there something wrong with me? And finally, *what* was wrong with me?

I went to my mother, who had never hidden the fact that she regarded motherhood as a burden. I told her I was thinking about adoption because it was least preoccupied with DNA and bloodlines and *my* beautiful baby, born of *my* womb. To my surprise, she liked the idea and started talking about the tradition among some Pakistani women to pledge their next pregnancy to a family member. As an unborn baby, she had been promised to a cousin who was desperate for a child, until my grandmother changed her mind. For a while, we hatched the plan to

adopt a girl and raise her between us in our own mini-matriarchy. It never happened, but if I were to become a mother in a second life, this is how I envisage it happening.

As I got older, I began meeting men and women, some with partners, some without, some gay, some straight, who had either not wanted kids or just not had them. The tyrannical tick-list of husband, house and baby, in that order, became just what it was: a capitalism of the body and mind that packaged up maternal instinct and sold it back to me.

Now, as a 49-year-old, I have not experienced biological motherhood, but I have felt connected to my womb and its cyclical ebbs and swellings. It is a reminder that my body is not a static entity but a transforming thing, multitudinous in its possibilities. I have also seen the physicality of motherhood through friends and family. Pregnancy and childbirth is wondrous in what it achieves. That I have not experienced it is no loss to me; I have experienced other wonders.

Just like the universalising of fear around the biological clock that I was confronted with more than a decade ago, there is an apocalyptic ring to many of the stories I hear of menopause now, as my body creeps closer to the prospect of brain fog and hot flushes. I hear of all the ways it needs to be controlled and medicalised. Once again, my ovaries and uterus are sites of anxiety and fear. I discuss this with a British Pakistani friend and tell her how a menopausal woman in my spinning class said she would get so hot in restaurants that she would begin tearing off her clothes in heated delirium.

“She should try coming to Karachi for the afternoon,” said my friend, half in jest, but it pointed to a bigger truth - there is not one definitive experience of menopause, but maybe we embody what we are taught to expect, culturally.

I still do not know how to answer the questions my friend asked me at the age of 28. It is the framing that is the problem. I have not become a mother just as I have not become an acrobat or a brain surgeon. It might have been one kind of life and this is another: meaningful, rewarding, joyous.

Arifa Akbar is the Guardian’s chief theatre critic



Agnes Pareyio
After being mutilated, I promised to do all I could to stop this happening

I was 14 when my mother and grandmother announced that I was going to have my clitoris, my labia majora and my labia minora cut out. They said that if I resisted I was a coward. In my culture, the worst thing you can be called is a coward.

I was never naive. I grew up as a Maasai girl in Kenya in the 60s and 70s. At some point in my childhood, I became aware that there was a rite of passage into womanhood. I was to have my vulva mutilated by an elderly woman using a blunt instrument. But I was also part of the first generation of Maasai girls to be sent to school, where I met girls from communities who didn’t practise female genital mutilation (FGM). I learned from them that you can grow to be an adult with your vulva intact. That was what I wanted.

I went back to my family and explained I would not be mutilated. My father sided with me: he said it was not necessary. But the village taunted me and said they did not know what to call me if I was not cut: “Would we call you a girl or a woman? Do you want to remain a child all your life? Whom will you marry?”

On the day I was mutilated, I was woken up at three in the morning and taken outside, naked, because the villagers believed that if I felt the morning breeze on my body it would cool me and I would bleed less. I saw that the object they would cut me with was not sharp. I was not offered any anaesthesia, but I was told not to cry - your father is in the house, they said, and he should never hear you cry.

I was determined to show I was not a coward, so I tried very hard not to show any emotion. As a result, I was cut deeper and I could not stop bleeding. I drifted in and out of consciousness and I was extremely dizzy when I woke up.

What replaces your vulva after FGM is extreme scar tissue. I was forbidden from putting my legs together, since the scar tissue could fuse. They tied my legs apart with

rope so that they would not touch, even when I slept. I had to remain like that for days as I healed.

After being mutilated, I made myself a promise: I would do everything I could to stop this ever happening to another girl. My daughters, and all the daughters of the Maasai, would not be cut.

In 1975, the overwhelming majority of women in Narok county in Kenya were genitally mutilated. So, when I and some others decided to act, we knew we had to approach this fight carefully. Usually, a girl is mutilated as preparation for an early marriage, so we went from village to village explaining that, if girls went to school and were not married (and mutilated) at a young age, they would be able to earn money and support their family.

We explained that vaginas are sufficiently elastic to squeeze out a baby - but scar tissue cannot stretch in the same way. When a woman tries to push a baby through this scarring, the baby often becomes trapped and is deprived of oxygen. As a result, a disproportionate number of children from communities that practise FGM are brain damaged. We told people that this would be much less likely to happen if we stopped FGM.

We continue to run education programmes and workshops, talking not only to women, but also men. If we do not persuade men - and teach them to love their women and their bodies - we cannot win.

V-Day, the precursor organisation to One Billion Rising, helped me to set up a safe house for girls and young women who refused to be mutilated. I have run it for almost 20 years. When I began this work, some people reacted with fury. There were times when I was afraid for my safety.

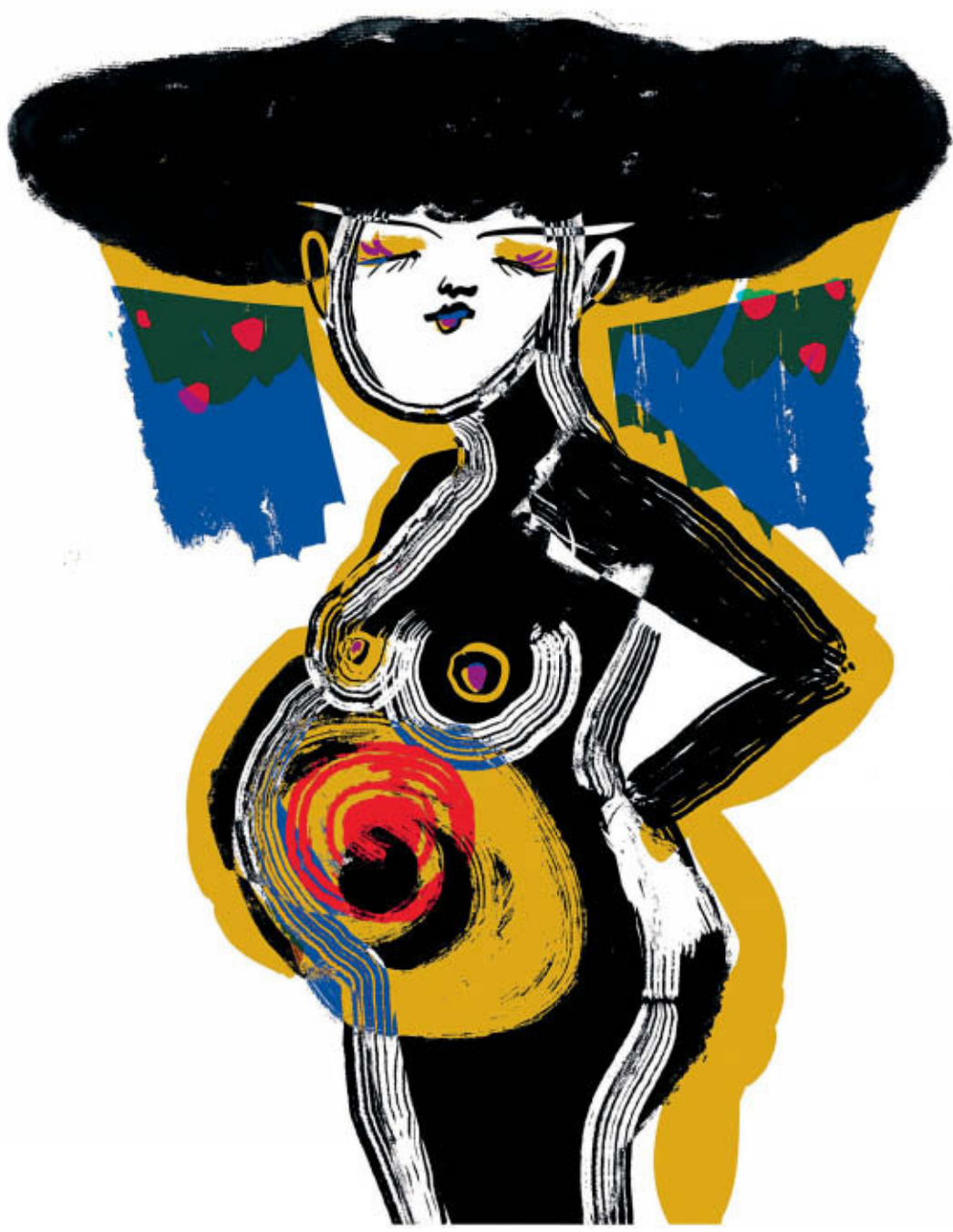
Not long ago, I got a call from a woman who told me of a young girl who wanted to resist cutting, but was being forced by her parents. By the time I arrived, she had been buried in a shallow grave after bleeding to death. I made sure the police investigated. Her father is now serving nine years in prison for manslaughter - but I know we need to do more.

When women stand up and defend themselves, it works. According to the 2014 Kenya Demographic Health Survey, 21% of women continue to experience FGM - a huge drop over the past 50 years, but still far too many. No woman is free until all women are free.

I am one part of a global struggle - one that unites the 1 billion women across the planet who have been beaten, raped or mutilated. I invite you to join us.

Agnes Pareyio is an activist for One Billion Rising and V-Day, the founder of the Tasaru Ntomonok Initiative and V-Day Safe Houses for the Girls. She is the head of the Anti-FGM Board in Kenya and is running for the Kenyan parliament

ILLUSTRATIONS:
NGADI SMART
AT STUDIO PI/
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Jessica Fostekew
I was obsessed with being thin - until I became pregnant

My body is an accordion. Not because it sounds horrible. I mean, it does. It clicks and cracks and honks, and when I try to sing nicely my son screams from the pit of his soul, like I’ve brandished an axe. No, what I mean is, it’s like an accordion because, for 32 years I was squeezing her in. In and in, for a half-life.

On a BMI chart, I’ve always been “obese” - technically ill. So for decades I saw my body as defective, disappointing and disgusting. If I looked at it, I felt the kind of hatred

and repulsion I normally reserve for racists or people who say “hashtag justsayin’” out loud.

From age nine to 32, I adhered to every type of diet. I didn’t miss out the one you think would shrink me; I did that one, too. Several times. I lived in a cycle of starvation, control and obsession, followed by bingeing and sometimes purging. That’s what serial dieting is: disordered eating lite.

Then, bang! An explosion of change. I got pregnant with my son, and my physical metamorphosis cast a spell. Suddenly, my bigness had a purpose and I felt invincible, glorious. I stripped in swimming pool changing rooms without a care, like a thin person or a Spanish person, or a man. It felt delicious.

It didn’t last, but it had sown a beautiful seed in me. Not of self-love or self-worship - I don’t believe such perfectionistic grandeur is necessary or useful, or sometimes even honest - but of gratitude and acceptance. The possibility of seeing some beauty in my body just as it is, at any given time.

Many things happened over the

next two years to compound this feeling. Firstly, I discovered weightlifting, which brought me joy and power and had fuck all to do with losing weight. In fact, I grew and continue to grow brilliant muscles. I also discovered a burgeoning, freeing pansexuality smashing its way into my formerly heterosexual life. Lastly, and surely not by complete coincidence, I underwent a complete reeducation about food and eating. I discovered the incredible Intuitive Eating and Health at Every Size movements. I found big, beautiful bodies being proud on Instagram. I had some good therapy.

I host a podcast about eating and, fewer than 50 guests in, I realised that virtually every woman I spoke to had, at some point, made themselves sick. To be thinner. The normality of it slapped me; the universality of it as a female experience.

I realised that millions of women, like me, were trapped in misery by a lie that has been woven into our DNA for generations: the value of thinness. Because miserable women are quiet and cowed and, best of all, we’ll buy anything you promise will fix us.

Well, my eyes are open now. And my wallet is closed. I’ll take this body in a large, bitches. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not immune to the noise that suggests my body is better when it’s smaller, but I am the happiest and the healthiest that I have ever been. I’m really fit and really strong, and I eat many varied and wonderful nutritious foods. I’m slowly, lovingly, filling her back up. This accordion. Hearing her sigh. Stretching her, yes. Growing her. And I cannot believe that, in 2022, it still feels transgressive to glory in that.

Jessica Fostekew is a comedian, actor and writer



Joanne Cacciatore
When my child died, my every cell hurt

Grief is not a medical disorder to be cured. Grief is not a spiritual crisis to be resolved. Grief is not a social woe to be addressed. Grief is, simply, to be felt in our hearts and our minds and our bodies.

I’ve been writing about grief

since my child died in 1994. I can remember - at the time - questioning myself. Was I grieving too much, for too long and too intensely? But a small, still, thankfully wise voice within my feminine self rejected these intimations. I knew that this precious relationship I had lost was worth every tear I shed. Every cell in my body hurt - a physical pain that emanated from the tips of my hair to the tips of my toes. I couldn’t eat: eating was for the living, and I was still uncertain I was alive. I couldn’t sleep because thoughts of her haunted me. I didn’t recognise myself in the mirror. The yearning for her was so intense that her absence lived in the centre of my heart. I was changed and I knew it would be an irrevocable loss. I died with her that day and, after nearly three decades, I still miss her.

Self-doubt, loneliness, fear, anxiety and the sorrow of not trusting oneself to grieve honestly are a tragic legacy - and something I often notice in those who lack strong support networks. A bereaved mother I recently worked with, whose child died in 1972, is only now reclaiming her experience of grief - and, thus, reclaiming her true self. She’s learning to reinhabit her physical, emotional and spiritual body after nearly 50 years of being utterly detached from herself and others. We can certainly avoid our grief, but we cannot avoid the consequences of doing so. Grief will disguise itself as something else, in our intimate and family relationships, in our minds and cognition, and also in our bodies. The sustained state of suppressed grief is fodder for disease.

Today, we are witnessing the destructive psychological effects in this pandemic world, where so many have died, directly and indirectly, from Covid. The reclamation of who, and what, we are in the aftermath of tragic loss is a basic right as a living being on this broken and beautiful Earth. If you don’t know grief by now, one day I promise you will. Grief is the inevitable and worthy burden of loving another. It is an unstoppable and paradoxical force that creates and destroys. It moves in our bodies, it occupies the space between us and others, and it seeps through generations.

And so, may our broken hearts land softly in the world, reverberating compassion towards others who know what it means to suffer. Perhaps, one day, when grief is finally venerated, it will inspire peace instead of war, tenderness instead of violence, and love instead of hate.

Joanne Cacciatore is a research professor at Arizona State University, the founder of the Miss Foundation and the author of *Bearing the Unbearable: Love, Loss, and the Heartbreaking Path of Grief*



Juno Dawson
My body belongs to me. I can harness and shape it as I see fit

When I was 16, I asked my best friend, Kerry, why she was so into piercings. Because I was young, naive and suburban, I did slightly subscribe to the “you’d be so pretty if you didn’t have all that metal in your face” attitude – echoing my mother, probably. Kerry explained that she refused to let her body be arbitrary. At the time, I didn’t know fully what “arbitrary” meant, but I did not want to appear dense, so I waited until I got home to look it up.

For the most part, our bodies are arbitrary. We get the body we get at birth: our eye colour, our hair colour, our skin colour. We have no say in those things at the moment we are born but, talking to my friend, I realised that subsequent changes are within our grasp. We can go against the grain. My first act of defiance came in 1999, when I bleached my hair. Rather than platinum blonde, it turned the colour of Berocca piss. I quickly dyed it fire engine red instead; why would I want to look like my peers when I could look like Ginger Spice?

Later, in my 20s, dissatisfied with my body, I went further. I threw myself into health and fitness, and got my first nose job. It made me feel like my body belonged to me – not the other way around. I could harness and shape it as I saw fit.

By the time I confronted my gender identity, I was almost 30. One of the big transphobic “gotchas” is that transgender people are somehow unaware of basic biology: we are thick, confused or deluded, if you believe a certain subsection of Twitter. On the contrary, it was my relationship between self and body that told me that I was a trans woman. I was painfully aware of the body I had,

but I learned – eventually – that I didn’t have to accept it.

None of us are beholden to our bodies. That is not to say that our bodies aren’t vital; they are. Being a woman – cisgender or trans – can feel like you are being set up to fail from the start, and our bodies often affect how well we are able to function within society. But I believe in individual bodily autonomy; a refusal to let the system predetermine or limit your choices is one of the ways we attack patriarchal structures.

Although the transformations I have made have increased my sense of self-ownership and self-worth, I have remained the same person, on a fundamental human level. With each act of bodily rebellion – some superficial, some life-changing – I have preferred my exterior, but it is not the greatest source of joy in my life. The interior – call it consciousness, soul, self or personality – has remained consistently me, and it’s that part that has experienced love and contentment, heartache and despair. If my body is a vessel, I am its captain.

Juno Dawson is a writer and activist



Shabnam Hashmi
When will the people of my beloved country relearn compassion?

In 1995, the celebrated Indian film-maker Saeed Mirza made a film called Naseem. Set in Agra, a town in Uttar Pradesh, between June and December 1992, it portrays the lead up to the demolition of the Babri Mosque in Ayodhya by rightwing Hindu organisations, led by the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh (RSS). The film’s titular character asks her grandfather why he did not go to Pakistan at the time of partition. He says: “Your grandmother loved the neem tree in the back yard.” In the middle of the partition riots of 1947, when thousands of Muslims were being massacred in India, as were Sikhs and Hindus in Pakistan, Naseem’s grandmother was so emotionally connected to the neem tree, to

the mother Earth, that she would rather take the risk of being killed than leave.

One hundred and twenty-five miles from Agra, in Delhi, my father, Haneef Hashmi, also refused to go to Pakistan during the riots. He was a student leader, a freedom fighter, and had spent years in the British jail. He refused to leave India, despite an attack on his family, because he believed in the idea of a diverse, democratic, secular country, which was not formed on the basis of religion but on the principles of fraternity, equality and justice.

The most important things I learned during my childhood were compassion, love and, later, rationality. My parents loved kitchen gardening, planting all kinds of fruit trees in our home’s little garden space. When a snake ate our chickens, we all cried for hours.

Years later, in the 90s, hate campaigns started again across India. Today, when asked what story my body wants to share with the world, there is only one answer I can give: the story of the capturing of the mind. To me, the most important part of the body is the mind: not the eyes, not the ears, not the nose, not the vagina, not the bosom. If minds are controlled and polluted, then everything else can be destroyed.

After India attained freedom in 1947, people taught their children the meaning of love, peace, living together, studying, building the nation and working for progress. But those who were opposed to the idea of a diverse, peaceful India kept spreading hatred, targeting and othering sections of the society on the basis of caste, religion, region, sexuality, telling lies a hundred times over until they seemed like the truth. Today, they have captured power; they have captured the minds of a large section of the population and filled it with hatred.

My mind, the most important part of my body, is restless. It is in grief. And it wonders when the people of my beloved country will relearn compassion and how to love others again.

Shabnam Hashmi is a social activist and human rights campaigner

ILLUSTRATION:
NGADI SMART
AT STUDIO PI/
THE GUARDIAN



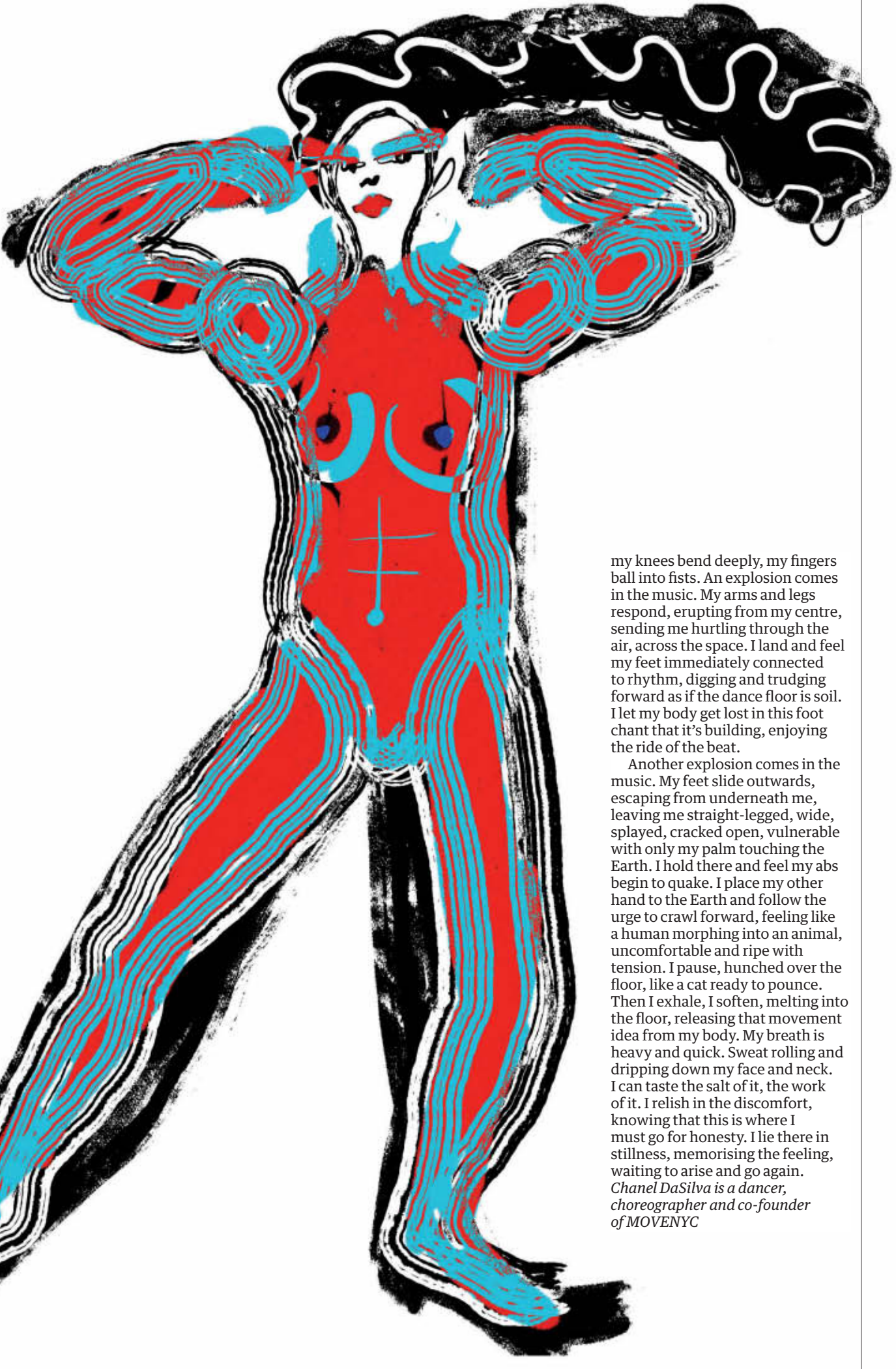
Chanel DaSilva
As I dance I get lost, enjoying the ride of the beat

I start with my body in stillness: my eyes closed, my head bowed, my sternum soft, my pelvis weighted, my knees supple, my legs wide.

The soles of my feet touch the dance floor. I widen my toes and my metatarsals, opening up the pathways between the Earth and my heart. I soften my joints – my ankles, my knees, my hips – making more space for freedom and possibility. I take in the deepest breath, expanding my lungs and rib cage to capacity, until I can feel the tiny intercostal muscles between my ribs begin to stretch.

As I exhale, I allow my body to move as it needs. A small sway moves through my spine. My arms follow behind like fabric in the wind, sequencing from my shoulders to my fingertips. My pelvis starts to rise and fall, swelling and crashing like ocean waves, forcing my legs to follow suit to manage the momentum. I feel my thighs begin to awaken to the glorious burn of activity. It feels good. As my body continues on its journey, I feel those first beads of sweat arise: along my hairline, in between my breasts, on the small of my back. An indication that I am warming and opening.

I bring my attention to the music playing. Layers of percussion cue my body to get wide, get low, get deep, get earthy. I feel the urge to lean into tension ... to say yes to the arrest of my muscles, then to break it apart, and arrest again. My shoulders rise to my ears, my spine curves forward, my biceps flex,



my knees bend deeply, my fingers ball into fists. An explosion comes in the music. My arms and legs respond, erupting from my centre, sending me hurtling through the air, across the space. I land and feel my feet immediately connected to rhythm, digging and trudging forward as if the dance floor is soil. I let my body get lost in this foot chant that it’s building, enjoying the ride of the beat.

Another explosion comes in the music. My feet slide outwards, escaping from underneath me, leaving me straight-legged, wide, splayed, cracked open, vulnerable with only my palm touching the Earth. I hold there and feel my abs begin to quake. I place my other hand to the Earth and follow the urge to crawl forward, feeling like a human morphing into an animal, uncomfortable and ripe with tension. I pause, hunched over the floor, like a cat ready to pounce. Then I exhale, I soften, melting into the floor, releasing that movement idea from my body. My breath is heavy and quick. Sweat rolling and dripping down my face and neck. I can taste the salt of it, the work of it. I relish in the discomfort, knowing that this is where I must go for honesty. I lie there in stillness, memorising the feeling, waiting to arise and go again. Chanel DaSilva is a dancer, choreographer and co-founder of MOVENY



Lebogang Mashile
Mama's War

Mama’s gone viral
Mama’s screen shuffles faster
Than hashtags invented by Black women
Who turn tech into culture daily
Boardrooms and bedrooms are battlefields
What’s today’s share price for Mama
Mama’s the only profitable stock
Mama’s baby is five years old, mining coltan in Congo
Mama’s foster children’s root chakras never healed
Mama’s who George Floyd called out to
When home is a dangerous place
How does Mama lockdown?

They pushed Mama into government for the numbers
Mama’s a brand ambassador with diplomatic impunity
Mama’s on the evening news talking like a man now
Mama calls it power moves
Mama’s war is the ocean
The refuse in Mama’s belly
The money in Mama’s mouth
The melting ice caps releasing variants
Mama’s heating up
Mama’s a pissed off hellscape
Mama’s asking what do you do when a child star explodes?
Mama’s last born is on YouTube suckling data
To feed the family

Mama wonders why bell hooks never saw 70 and how Winnie couldn’t live at least as long as Nelson
Mama is Shailja Patel, Assata Shakur, Stella Nyanzi, and Mona Eltahawy writing on the edge of the blade
Mama plays hopscotch on national borders
Mama is ungovernable terrain
Mama is death’s favourite lover
Mama is Henrietta Lacks’s blood in vaccines they won’t share
Mama’s comorbidities are 4C hair, commodified fertility, and soil so rich
Mama can’t own it
Mama’s working extra shifts to buy herself back
Mama’s in her overdraft paying antiBlack tax
Mama’s talking to the therapist in her mind
About Auschwitz, Amazon and Palestine
Mama’s work keeps everyone alive
But they won’t call Mama a genius
They made Mama famous
And acted like it was a substitute
For being free

Atlas, what do you know
About carrying the world
Mama’s war makes
Myths out of men
Life from man’s rib
Lies from men’s pens
So that we would never gaze
Into Mama
And call her
God

Lebogang Mashile is an actor, writer and poet



Ben Whishaw
as the junior
doctor Adam

Review This Is Going to Hurt,
BBC One

Scenes you'll hope to forget and a hero you have to pity

★★★★☆

Lucy Mangan

For good or ill, we've come a long way since ER. When it aired in 1994, it was the first mainstream global hit to depict the medical profession with any degree of realism. Although it still had George Clooney as the hospital paediatrician so, y'know, it wasn't literal warts and all, that's for sure. Over in the UK, launching in the same year, but with inevitably more local - yet still heartfelt - acclaim, we had Cardiac Arrest. That was all warts, sliced off by the writer and former NHS doctor Jed Mercurio and placed under a brutally unforgiving microscope. He followed that up 10 years later with Bodies, a full dissection of the people, players and power structures that simultaneously support and destroy what could be the best health system in the world, adapted from his autobiographical novel of the same name.

This Is Going to Hurt looks a worthy challenger to the Mercurio throne, having been adapted by the writer and former NHS doctor Adam Kay from his identically titled bestselling memoir. It follows junior doctor Adam, played by Ben Whishaw, as he works his way through his "brats and twats" rotation (that's the obstetrics and gynaecology ward for those of a non-medical background). This often means being literally elbow-deep in gore (during C-sections or, as we see in one of the opening scenes, keeping a prolapsed umbilical cord where umbilical cords are preferably kept until the baby is out). And it also means always

dealing with too many patients at once, hoping for Tracey the good midwife ("I'd let her sew up my sister's perineum") and not the panicky one ("Non-reassuring Trace"), and ignoring the kind of profound fatigue that sees you fall asleep in your car for the night before you can drive it home.

Like the book, This Is Going to Hurt is full of images and scenes that you'll hope to forget, but, more unexpectedly, it also retains the two most difficult aspects of the book (and those, incidentally, that remain with the reader long after the foreign-objects-up-orifices anecdotalism has faded).

The first is the fatigue, and the fathomless stupidities, injustices and lack of resources that cause it. The overstretched staff at every level - apart from consultant - are permanently at breaking point, every moment of every day requiring them to dig a little deeper into themselves to deliver basic care without melting down in front of an undeserving, or indeed deserving, patient. (And, both book and drama make clear, there is absolutely a distinction to be drawn between the two.) It is a bone-deep, inescapable weariness, so constant as to become almost invisible - until Adam's well-rested boss Mr Lockhart (Alex Jennings) pays one of his condescending (if occasionally life-saving) visits, reminding you what a reasonable work-life balance looks like.

The second admirable feature is that the drama doesn't soften the Adam who is presented in the book. Good intentions and compassion (and Whishaw's fundamental benignity as an actor) are substantially scabbed over by his understandable bitterness and frustration at the junior doctor's lot. They exist alongside a willingness to bully the few figures lower down the medical ladder than Adam, and a streak of arrogance that suggests an embryonic Lockhart lurks inside more doctors than you'd like to think.

By the end of the first episode, Adam has made the mistake that results in practical and psychological ramifications playing out over the series. It adds further to the burdens on his professional and domestic life with his long-suffering boyfriend (Rory Fleck Byrne) - a secret he is keeping from family and colleagues - and reminds us, always, of the life-and-death decisions required from frontline doctors and nurses every day.

The fact that Adam's story is set in 2006 - pre-Covid, pre-Brexit, pre-the past decade and more of Conservative rule, and all the destaffing, defunding and privatisation by stealth that has marched in lockstep with it - is perhaps the most frightening thing of all. This is NHS life as it was lived under Gordon Brown and before the worst public health crisis in living memory. It invites us all to re-evaluate and understand just how much this must be hurting now.

Mega Mansion Hunters 10pm, Channel 4



"We are literally turning estate agency on its head," says Tyron Ash, a sports-car-driving property mogul who likes to celebrate megabucks deals by yelling, "Fuck you!" and giving the middle finger to thin air. We're immersed in the rivalries of his agents, as they battle for commission, engage in Selling Sunset-esque squabbling and utter dense, Apprentice-style boasts. Who will ultimately succeed in selling the £5m Surrey mansion? No one with a sense of modesty.

Alexi Duggins

**We Are England
7.30pm, BBC One**
Week three of these regional films focuses on entrepreneurs. We meet photographer Conor McDonnell (Leeds), who revisits the people and places that shaped his career, and 22-year-old Jake (Norwich), who left school with two GCSEs and now turns over £2m at his recycling business. **Ali Catterall**

**The Bay
9pm, ITV**
Morecambe Bay brings a fresh wave of drama this week, though this time it's personal for DS Townsend, who's on the hunt for her missing son. Things get worse when her ex-husband turns up. Meanwhile, the team investigates Saif's ever-murkier murder. **Henry Wong**

**The Fast and the Farmer-ish
9pm, BBC Three**
A slightly bizarre series hosted by Tom Pemberton in which tractor-heads compete in wheel-spinning challenges including the Bog Run (racing a tractor through a bog) and the X Tractor (driving a tractor

in an X shape) in the hope of being crowned the UK's best tractor team. Imagine a mixture of Scrapheap Challenge, It's a Knockout and Clarkson-era Top Gear. **Phil Harrison**

**The Mind of Herbert Clunkerduck
10pm, BBC Two**
Spencer Jones's surreal comedy ends tonight, as Herbert jigs with glee at the news of a theatre audition, ponders an anniversary present and performs pop-rap about being followed by fluffy monsters. He dresses up as a tooth, dons fake eyeballs and plays a tiny pink keyboard. **AD**

**Martin Fishback
10.15pm, BBC Two**
Creating a genuinely funny sitcom by porting a Twitter profile on to TV is no mean feat. All the more reason to enjoy the accomplished 15-minute comedy debut of the character of Martin Fishback - a brashly egotistical ex-Colgate employee turned terrible crime writer. It's part exposition of his dreadful detective, Roger le Carré, part enjoyable family comedy. **AD**

BBC One

6.0 Breakfast (T) **9.15** Live Winter Olympics 2022 (T) **1.0** News (T) **1.30** Regional News and Weather (T) **1.45** Doctors (T) **2.15** Hope Street (T) (R) **3.45** The Farmers' Country Showdown (T) (R) **4.30** Antiques Road Trip (T) (R) **5.15** Pointless (T) (R) **6.0** News (T) **6.30** Regional News and Weather (T) **6.55** Party Political Broadcast by the Conservative Party (T) **7.0** The One Show (T) **7.30** We Are England (T)

8.0 The Repair Shop (T) Experts look at a 1960s jukebox, a 400-year-old wall clock and a stowaway bike. **9.0 Who Do You Think You Are?** (T) (R) Comedian Paul Merton pieces together the story of his grandfather's involvement in key events leading up to Irish independence in the 1920s.

10.0 News (T) **10.25 Regional News** (T) Weather **10.35 Match of the Day** (T) Gary Lineker presents highlights including Man City v Brentford, and Tottenham v Southampton. **12.0 The Green Planet** (T) (R) **1.0** Live Winter Olympics 2022 (T) **4.0** Live Winter Olympics 2022 (T)

BBC Two

6.0 Live Winter Olympics 2022 (T) **9.15** The Customer Is Always Right (T) (R) **9.45** Wanted Down Under Revisited (T) (R) **10.30** Bargain Hunt (T) (R) **11.15** Politics Live (T) **1.0** Live Winter Olympics 2022 (T) **3.0** Winter Olympics (T) **6.0** Richard Osman's House of Games (T) (R) **6.30** Great Coastal Railway Journeys (T) **7.0** Winter Olympics - Today at the Games (T)

8.0 Great British Menu (T) Chefs from the north-west compete over mains and desserts. **9.0 Inside the Factory** (T) Gregg Wallace visits a factory that churns out 50,000 litres of dairy ice-cream every day, while Ruth Goodman finds out how soft whip became a favourite on Britain's streets.

10.0 The Mind of Herbert Clunkerduck (T) Comedy. **10.15 Martin Fishback** (T) Comedy. **10.30 Newswatch** (T) Weather **11.15 FILM Dangerous Liaisons** (1988) (T) Period drama. **1.10 Jay Blades: Learning to Read at 51** (T) **2.10** Sign Zone: The Caribbean With Andi and Miquita (T) (R) **3.10** Cornwall (R) **3.40** Adriatic Gardens (R)

ITV

6.0 Good Morning Britain (T) **9.0** Lorraine (T) **10.0** This Morning (T) **12.30** Loose Women (T) **1.30** News (T) **1.55** Local News (T) **2.0** Dickinson's Real Deal (T) (R) **3.0** Lingo (T) (R) **3.59** Local News and Weather (T) **4.0** Tipping Point (T) **5.0** The Chase (T) **6.0** Local News (T) **6.25** Party Political Broadcast by the Conservative Party (T) **6.30** News (T) **7.0** Emmerdale (T) **7.30** Coronation Street (T)

8.0 Paul O'Grady: For the Love of Dogs (T) Paul meets a chihuahua-pug cross that has been returned to Battersea for a second time. **8.30 Coronation Street** (T) Adam orders Sarah to move out. **9.0 The Bay** (T) The police investigation grinds to a halt until a vital clue offers a glimmer of hope.

10.0 News (T) **10.30 Local News** (T) Weather **10.45 Peston** (T) **11.40 The John Bishop Show** (T) (R) The comedian and Doctor Who star performs topical standup and chats to guests. **12.15 Shop: Ideal World 3.0** Bling (T) (R) **3.50** Unwind With ITV **5.05** Tipping Point (T) (R)

Channel 4

6.05 Countdown (T) (R) **6.45** Cheers (T) (R) **7.35** Everybody Loves Raymond (T) (R) **9.0** Frasier (T) (R) **10.30** Ramsay's Kitchen Nightmares USA (T) (R) **11.25** News (T) **11.30** Sun, Sea and Selling Houses (T) (R) **12.30** Steph's Packed Lunch (T) **2.10** Countdown (T) **3.0** A Place in the Sun (T) (R) **4.0** A New Life in the Sun (T) **5.0** Four in a Bed (T) **5.30** The Simpsons (T) (R) **6.30** Hollyoaks (T) (R) **7.0** News (T)

8.0 Kirstie and Phil's Love It Or List It (T) Phil Spencer catches up with a Lancashire couple he and Kirstie Allsopp helped five years ago. **9.0 Katie Price's Mucky Mansion** (T) Katie creates a neon and pink entrance hall, while handing over the design of the garden room to mum Amy and sister Sophie.

10.0 Mega Mansion Hunters (T) **11.05 999: What's Your Emergency?** (T) (R) **12.05 Celebrity Hunted** (T) **1.05** Kitchen Nightmares USA (T) **1.55** Couples Come Dine With Me (T) (R) **2.45 FILM** Mistress America (2015) (T) Comedy. **4.15** Location, Location, Location (T) (R) **5.10** The Answer Trap (T) (R)

Channel 5

6.0 Milkshake! 9.15 Jeremy Vine (T) **12.15** Shoplifters & Scammers: At War With the Law (T) **1.10** News (T) **1.15** Home and Away (T) **1.45** Neighbours (T) **2.15** FILM A Serial Killer's Obsession (George Erschbamer, 2018) (T) **4.0** Watercolour Challenge (T) **5.0** News (T) **6.0** Neighbours (T) (R) **6.30** Winter Road Rescue (T) **7.0** Dream Home Makeovers With Sophie Robinson (T)

8.0 You Are What You Eat (T) Trisha Goddard and Dr Amir Khan help Dawn and Ryan take control of their lives. Includes news update. **9.0 22 Kids & Counting** (T) For the first time in two years, the whole Radford clan come together for the christening of one-year-old Heide and two-year-old Phoebe.

10.0 Skin A&E (T) (R) **11.05 It's Your Fault I'm Fat** (T) (R) **12.05 Shoplifters: At War With the Law** (T) (R) **1.0** The Live Casino Show (T) (R) **3.05** Britain: A Year in the Wild (T) (R) **3.55** Tribal Teens (T) (R) **4.45** Wildlife SOS (T) (R) **5.10** House Doctor (T) (R) **5.35** Peppa Pig (T) (R) **5.40** Paw Patrol (T) (R)

BBC Four

7.0 Yorkshire Wolds Way With Paul Rose (T) (R) Part two of two. Paul Rose explores the national trail. **7.30** Fred Dibnah's Age of Steam (T) (R)

8.0 Patagonia: Earth's Secret Paradise (T) (R) The programme reveals the animals and people carving out a home in the arid environment. **9.0 Digging for Britain** (T) (R) Alice Roberts investigates an ancient lost monument as old as Stonehenge uncovered in Suffolk.

10.0 Storyville: President (T) Documentary following Nelson Chamisa's campaign to restore democracy to Zimbabwe. **11.35 Africa With Ade Adepitan** (R) Ade concludes his journey. **12.35 Yorkshire Wolds Way** (T) (R) **1.35** Patagonia (T) (R) **2.35** Digging for Britain (T) (R)

Other channels

Dave

6.0am Teleshopping **7.10** Last Stop Garage **8.0** Timber Klings **9.0** Storage Hunters UK **10.0** American Pickers **11.0** Top Gear **1.0** Border Force: America's Gatekeepers **2.0** Expedition With Steve Backshall: Unpacked **3.0** Rick Stein's Far Eastern Odyssey **4.0** Top Gear **5.0** Rick Stein's Far Eastern Odyssey **6.0** Taskmaster **7.0** Richard Osman's House of Games **7.40** Room 101 **8.20** Would I Lie to You? **9.0** QI XL **10.0** Outsiders **11.0** Taskmaster **12.0** Comedians Giving Lectures **12.40** Room 101 **1.20** Would I Lie to You? **2.0** Question Team **2.45** Inquest Name Here **4.0** Teleshopping

E4

6.0am Hollyoaks **7.0** Ramsay's Kitchen Nightmares USA **8.0** Mike & Molly **9.0** How I Met Your Mother **10.0** The Big Bang Theory **11.0** The Goldbergs **12.0** Brooklyn Nine-Nine **1.0** The Big Bang Theory **3.0** Young Sheldon **4.0** Live FIFA Club World Cup Football **6.30** The Big Bang Theory **7.0** Hollyoaks **7.30** Celebrity Big Brother Australia **9.0** Celebs Go Dating **10.0**

Celebrity Gogglebox **11.05** Gogglebox **12.10** First Dates **1.15** Celebs Go Dating **2.20** Below Deck: Mediterranean **3.10** Alex Rider **4.0** Don't Tell the Bride **4.55** Ramsay's Kitchen Nightmares USA

Film4

11.0am FILM Timberjack (1954) **12.55** FILM Strategic Air Command (1955) **3.10** FILM The Desperadoes (1943) **4.55** FILM Shenandoah (1965) **7.05** FILM Big Momma's House (2000) **9.0** FILM Olympus Has Fallen (2013) **11.20** FILM The Lovely Bones (2009) **1.55** FILM Dogs Don't Wear Pants (2019)

ITV2

6.0am Love Bites **7.0** The Ellen DeGeneres Show **8.0** You've Been Framed! Gold **9.0** The Cabins **10.0** Dress to Impress **11.0** Love Bites **12.0** Supermarket Sweep **1.0** Tipping Point: Lucky Stars **2.0** Family Fortunes **3.0** The Ellen DeGeneres Show **4.0** Dress to Impress **5.0** You've Been Framed! Unchained! **6.0** Celebrity Catchphrase **7.0** Superstore **7.30** Superstore **8.0** Bob's Burgers **9.0** Family Guy **9.30** Family Guy **10.0**

Family Guy **10.30** Family Guy **11.0** Family Guy **11.30** American Dad! **12.55** Bob's Burgers **1.25** Superstore **1.55** Superstore **2.20** Hey Tracey! **3.0** Totally Bonkers Guinness World Records **3.25** Unwind With ITV **3.30** Teleshopping

More4

8.55am Kirstie's Vintage Gems **9.15** A Place in the Sun **11.05** Find It, Fix It, Flog It **1.05** Heir Hunters **2.05** Four in a Bed **4.55** Find It, Fix It, Flog It **6.55** Escape to the Chateau: DIY **7.55** Grand Designs **9.0** 24 Hours in A&E **10.0** 24 Hours in Police Custody **11.05** Father Ted **12.10** Emergency Helicopter Medics: Car Crash Emergencies **1.15** George Clarke's Remarkable Renovations **2.15** 24 Hours in A&E **3.20** Food Unwrapped Investigates

Sky Max

6.0am Stargate SG-1 **8.0** Supergirl **9.0** DC's Legends of Tomorrow **10.0** The Flash **11.0** NCIS: New Orleans **1.0** Hawaii Five-0 **2.0** MacGyver **3.0** DC's Legends of Tomorrow **4.0** Supergirl **5.0** The

Flash **6.0** Stargate SG-1 **8.0** Rugby's Funniest Moments **9.0** SEAL Team **10.0** A League of Their Own **12.0** Dating No Filter **1.0** Road Wars **2.0** Hawaii Five-0 **4.0** MacGyver **5.0** Stop, Search, Seize

Sky Arts

6.0am Arts Uncovered: Gary James McQueen **6.20** Lucia Di Lammermoor **9.0** Tales of the Unexpected **9.30** Tales of the Unexpected **10.0** Discovering: Richard Widmark **11.0** Discovering: Dire Straits **11.30** Discovering: Eurythmics **12.0** Canaletto & the Art of Venice **1.0** Tales of the Unexpected **1.30** Tales of the Unexpected **2.0** Discovering: Terence Stamp **3.0** Landscape Artist of the Year National Trust Favourites **4.0** Discovering: Fleetwood Mac **4.30** Discovering: Genesis **5.0** Tales of the Unexpected **6.0** Discovering: Max Von Sydow **7.0** Portrait Artist of the Year **2018** **8.0** Landscape Artist of the Year **2022** **9.0** Wordsworth & Coleridge Road Trip With Frank Skinner and Denise Mina **10.0** The Eighties **11.0**

Great Film Composers: The Music of the Movies **12.0** Discovering: Royalty on Film **1.30** Discovering: Matthew Broderick **2.30** Marilyn Monroe and Billy Wilder: Urban Myths **2.55** Backstage at Live Aid: Urban Myths **3.20** The South Bank Show **4.15** Auction: Jackie Kennedy Special **4.45** National Trust: National Treasures

Sky Atlantic

6.0am Fish Town **7.0** CSI: Crime Scene Investigation **8.0** Six Feet Under **10.15** The Wire **12.25** Game of Thrones **1.30** Gomorrah **3.30** Six Feet Under **5.45** The Wire **7.55** Game of Thrones **9.0** Save Me **10.05** Der Pass **12.10** Six Feet Under **1.20** In Treatment **2.0** The Fear Index **3.05** Six Feet Under **4.10** The British



Radio

Radio 3

6.30am Breakfast **9.0** Essential Classics **12.0** Composer of the Week: CPE Bach (R) **1.0** Lunchtime Concert: 12.18 Chamber music from Bucharest **2.0** Afternoon Concert: Orchestra National de Metz **4.0** Choral Evensong **5.0** In Tune **7.0** In Tune Mixtape **7.30** Radio 3 in Concert. Kevin John Edusei conducts the joined forces of the BBC SO and RSNO. **10.0** Free Thinking: Whale Watching. **10.45** The Essay: The Frozen River - The Sundial (R) **11.0** Night Tracks **12.30** Through the Night: Stravinsky and Shostakovich from Auckland (R)

Radio 4

6.0am Today **8.31** (LW) Yesterday in Parliament **9.0** More or Less (5/8) **9.30** The Death of Nuance: Regaining Nuance (R) **9.45** (LW) Daily Service **9.45** (FM) Book of the Week: On Consolation - The Painting of Time. By Michael Ignatieff. (3/5) **10.0** Woman's World **11.0** This Union: Being Welsh (R) **11.30** Otzi Mabuse's Dancing Legends. Matthew Morrison and Ott talk about Hollywood

dance star Gene Kelly. Last in the series. (5/5) **12.0** News **12.01** (LW) Shipping Forecast **12.04** Piranesi. By Susanna Clarke. (3/10) **12.18** You and Yours **12.57** Weather **1.0** The World at One **1.45** Lemn Sissay's Poetry Rebels (R) **2.0** The Archers **2.15** Siegfried. Drama. By Katherine Jakeways, Eno Mfon and Darragh Mortell. (3/5) **2.45** Little Lifetimes: The Book Club (R) **3.0** Money Box Live **3.30** Inside Health (R) **4.0** The Backlog: Demand (1/3) **4.30** The Media Show **5.0** PM **5.54** (LW) Shipping Forecast **5.57** Weather **6.0** Six O'Clock News **6.30** Conversations from a Long Marriage (R) **7.0** The Archers **7.15** Front Row **8.0** The Moral Maze (5/11) **8.45** Witness: A Polish Odyssey (R) **9.0** Sketches: Stories of Art and People - Legacy (R) **9.30** The Media Show (R) **9.59** Weather **10.0** The World Tonight **10.45** Book at Bedtime: Piranesi (R) **11.0** Bunk Bed (5/8) **11.15** The John Moleny Show: Speaking in Public. (3/4) **11.30** Today in Parliament **12.0** News and Weather **12.30** Book of the Week: On Consolation (R) **12.48** Shipping Forecast **1.0**

As BBC World Service **5.20** Shipping Forecast **5.30** News Briefing **5.43** Prayer for the Day **5.45** Farming Today **5.58** Tweet of the Day

Radio 4 Extra

6.0am John Mortimer Presents the Trials of Marshall Hall (3/5) **6.30** S-Laughter in the Dark (3/4) **7.0** Alexei Sayle's Imaginary Sandwich Bar (4/4) **7.30** Conversations from a Long Marriage (1/4) **8.0** Hancock's Half Hour (20/20) **8.30** The Michael Bentine Show (2) **9.0** The Write Stuff (6/6) **9.30** All the Young Dudes (1/6) **10.0** Mich Clarke **10.55** The Fanthorpe Investigations (5/5) **11.0** The Real Comedy Controllers: The Things That Made Us Laugh (1/4) **10.0** Comedy Club: Conversations from a Long Marriage (1/4) **10.30** And Now in Colour (5/6) **11.0** Bleak Expectations (4/6) **11.30** Simon Evans Goes to Market (4/4) **12.0** Earthsearch II (3/10) **12.30** The Radio Detectives (5/5) **1.0** John Mortimer Presents the Trials of Marshall Hall (3/5) **1.30** S-Laughter in the Dark (3/4) **2.0** Believe Me (3/5) **2.15** Henry James: The Wings of the Dove (8/10) **2.30** But Still They Come **3.0** Mich Clarke **3.55** The Fanthorpe Investigations (5/5) **4.0** The Write Stuff (6/6) **4.30** All the Young Dudes (1/6) **5.0** Alexei Sayle's Imaginary

Sandwich Bar (4/4) **5.30** Conversations from a Long Marriage (1/4) **6.0** Earthsearch II (3/10) **6.30** The Radio Detectives (5/5) **7.0** Hancock's Half Hour (20/20) **7.30** The Michael Bentine Show (2) **8.0** John Mortimer Presents the Trials of Marshall Hall (3/5) **8.30** S-Laughter in the Dark (3/4) **9.0** The Real Comedy Controllers: The Things That Made Us Laugh (1/4) **10.0** Comedy Club: Conversations from a Long Marriage (1/4) **10.30** And Now in Colour (5/6) **11.0** Bleak Expectations (4/6) **11.30** Simon Evans Goes to Market (4/4) **12.0** Earthsearch II (3/10) **12.30** The Radio Detectives (5/5) **1.0** John Mortimer Presents the Trials of Marshall Hall (3/5) **1.30** S-Laughter in the Dark (3/4) **2.0** Believe Me (3/5) **2.15** Henry James: The Wings of the Dove (8/10) **2.30** But Still They Come **3.0** Mich Clarke **3.55** The Fanthorpe Investigations (5/5) **4.0** The Write Stuff (6/6) **4.30** All the Young Dudes (1/6) **5.0** Alexei Sayle's Imaginary Sandwich Bar (4/4) **5.30** Conversations from a Long Marriage (1/4)

12

Puzzles

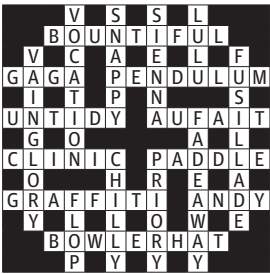
G2 The Guardian
Wednesday 9 February 2022

Yesterday's solutions

Wordsearch



Solution no 16,148



Sudoku no 5536

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

Word wheel
OFFERTORY

Suguru

2	1	2	4	3	1
3	4	3	1	5	2
1	2	5	4	3	1
4	3	1	2	5	4
2	5	4	3	1	3
4	3	1	2	5	2

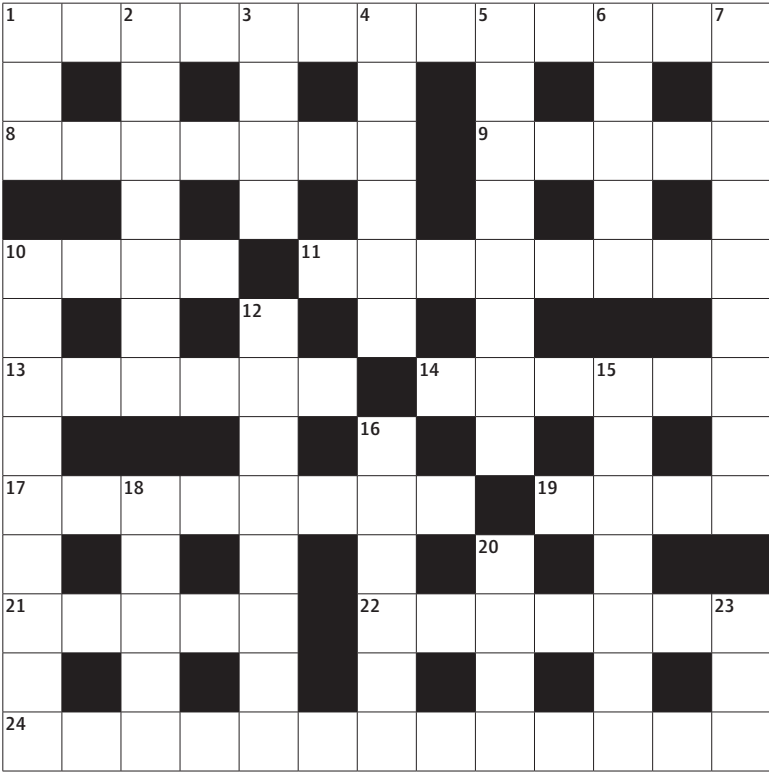
Quick crossword no 16,149

Across

- 1 Grip banknote (anag) – when a crisis is reached (8,5)
8 Record of expenditure (7)
9 1966 film with Michael Caine or 2004 version with Jude Law (5)
10 Obscure (4)
11 Supporters of the printed word? (8)
13 Hold on to (6)
14 Annoy (6)
17 Very large narrow-necked bottle, often with a wicker cover (8)
19 Piece of chewing tobacco (4)
21 Legitimate (5)
22 Grow dull (7)
24 Rank of Clive Dunn's Jack Jones in Dad's Army (5,8)

Down

- 1 It can be soap, chocolate or coffee (3)
2 Passage from a longer piece (7)
3 American singer-songwriter and actor, __ Kristofferson (4)
4 Fancy – whim (6)
5 Tiny plant or animal organisms that drift in water (8)
6 As a joke (2,3)
7 Much-loved (9)
10 Risk-taker (9)
12 Make a wrong conclusion (8)
15 Long-distance lorry driver (7)
16 Poor urban neighbourhood (6)
18 Northern Italian city, home of the San Siro football stadium (5)
20 Miss one's footing (4)
23 Princely companion of Shakespeare's Falstaff (3)



Stuck? For help call 0906 200 83 83. Calls cost £1.10 per minute, plus your phone company's access charge. Service supplied by ATS. Call 0330 333 6946 for customer service (charged at standard rate). To buy puzzle books, visit guardianbookshop.com or call 0330 333 6846.

Sudoku no 5537

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

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

Suguru

Fill the grid so that each square in an outlined block contains a digit. A block of 2 squares contains the digits 1 and 2, a block of three squares contains the digits 1, 2 and 3, and so on. No same digit appears in neighbouring squares, not even diagonally.

	3				
	2	4			
				3	
	4			1	5
2					

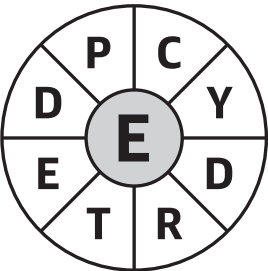
Wordsearch

Can you find 15 words associated with magic in the grid? Words can run forwards, backwards, vertically or diagonally, but always in a straight, unbroken line.

C	J	P	A	T	T	E	R	P
O	D	A	W	A	N	D	H	S
I	E	K	C	L	V	J	I	Y
N	N	S	A	K	E	D	G	C
N	S	M	U	G	E	L	R	H
I	P	P	A	A	O	T	C	I
A	I	T	E	V	L	T	N	C
T	S	O	E	L	A	P	E	M
R	H	S	U	W	L	R	P	L
U	I	E	G	P	O	R	P	A
C	Y	R	O	M	E	M	N	P

Word wheel

Find as many words as possible using the letters in the wheel. Each must use the central letter and at least two others. Letters may be used only once. You may not use plurals, foreign words or proper nouns. There is at least one nine-letter word to be found. TARGET: Excellent-39. Good-32. Average-24.



Pet corner

Which of Henry VIII's wives had a lapdog called Purkoy?
a. Catherine of Aragon
b. Catherine Howard
c. Anne of Cleves
d. Anne Boleyn
Answer top right

