

OCR A Level English Language & Literature (EMC)

Paper 1

Anthology of Texts

Version 2.1

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Acknowledgements

This Anthology has been compiled by OCR and the English and Media Centre as the text for Component 1 Exploring Non-fiction and Spoken Texts for OCR's A Level Language and Literature (EMC) (H474) and OCR's AS Level Language and Literature (EMC) (H074)

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Representing Speech

Please note: We have taken the decision not to include micropauses in transcriptions and have lightly punctuated speech for ease of reading. This approach is used by some linguists to make spoken text more readily accessible.

Exploring Non-fiction and Spoken Texts

This anthology is both an examination set text for AS and A level Component 1 and a teaching resource, providing a broad range of non-literary texts, spoken and written, from different periods, for linguistic analysis. In the A level examination for Component 1, students will be expected to comment on one of the texts in the anthology and compare it with another unseen text. In the AS level examination for Component 1, students will compare two texts or extracts from the anthology. In both AS and A level, the examinations are closed text, and texts for analysis will be printed in the paper. The point of connection between the texts in both AS and A level will be clear; for example, a similar context, mode, genre, subject, theme or any other aspects of the texts that makes them interesting to compare. With longer texts, an extract from the anthology text may be selected rather than the whole text.

Content:

- explore connections across a wide range of non-literary and spoken texts
- apply relevant methods for text analysis drawing on literary and linguistic fields
- apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study.

Candidates should be able to:

- compare and contrast, exploring connections between two texts, one studied and one unseen
- analyse how language choices shape meanings
- consider the ways in which the texts relate to each other and to the contexts in which they were produced and received
- use a range of techniques to produce and evaluate the effectiveness of texts for different audiences and purposes informed by wide reading and listening
- apply varied strategies for reading and listening according to text type and purpose for study
- identify and describe how meanings and effects are created in non-fiction and spoken texts
- identify linguistic methods such as phonology, lexis, semantics, grammar, morphology, pragmatics and discourse
- apply linguistic methodologies and concepts to inform their responses to and interpretations of texts
- use English appropriately, accurately and creatively
- make accurate references to texts.

Assessment Objectives

AO1 Apply concepts and methods from integrated linguistic and literary study as appropriate, using associated terminology and coherent written expression.

AO2 Analyse ways in which meanings are shaped in texts.

AO3 Demonstrate understanding of the significance and influence of the contexts in which texts are produced and received.

AO4 Explore connections across texts informed by literary and linguistic concepts and methods.

AO5 Demonstrate expertise and creativity in the use of English to communicate in different ways.

AO weightings for A level Component 1

	AO1	AO2	AO3	AO4	AO5	Total
Non-fiction Written and Spoken Texts	4%	3%	4%	5%	0%	16%

AO weightings for AS level Component 1

	AO1	AO2	AO3	AO4	AO5	Total
Non-fiction Written and Spoken Texts	8%	7%	8%	7%	0%	30%

Diary

1666

THE FIRE OF LONDON

An extract from Samuel Pepys' diary for 2 September 1666 describing the Great Fire of London. Pepys' diary, kept between 1660 and 1669, describes his everyday life, in the context of the significant events of the period. The diary was first published in the 19th century.

2nd (Lord's day). Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back side of Marke-lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-Street by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down with my heart full of trouble to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnes Church and most part of Fish-Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Every body endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balcony, till they burned their wings, and fell down.

Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City; and every thing after so long a drought proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat, and there up to the King's

closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall: and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling-street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaded with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people, who themselves should have been quietly there at this time.

By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Shelden, and also Mr. Moone; she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to inquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes, (who it seems, are related to them,) whose houses in Fish-street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright.

Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people, and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-street (which received goods in the morning) into Lumbard-street, and further: and among others I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhith, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes

above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the water side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginils in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true: so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking houses at their ruine.

Essay

1729

A MODEST PROPOSAL

Jonathan Swift's satirical essay, the full title of which is 'A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People from Being a Burthen to their Parents or Country and for Making them Beneficial to the Publick' was first published as a pamphlet in 1729.

It is a melancholy object to those, who walk through this great town, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads and cabbin-doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags, and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in stroling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants who, as they grow up, either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country, to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties, that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom, a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap and easy method of making these children sound and useful members of the common-wealth, would deserve so well of the publick, as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars: it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age, who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them, as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years, upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropt from its dam, may be supported by her milk, for a solar year, with little other nourishment: at most not above the value of two shillings, which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner, as, instead of being a charge upon their parents, or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall, on the contrary, contribute to the feeding, and partly to the cloathing of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us, sacrificing the poor innocent babes, I doubt, more to avoid the expence than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couple, who are able to maintain their own children, (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom) but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand, for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain an hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, How this number shall be reared, and provided for? which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses, (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing till they arrive at six years old; except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers: As I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me, that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old, is no saleable commodity, and even when they come to this age, they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half a crown at most, on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriments and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricasie, or a ragoust.

I do therefore humbly offer it to publick consideration, that of the hundred and twenty thousand children, already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine, and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore, one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune, through the kingdom, always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump, and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends, and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium, that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, encreaseth to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific dyet, there are more children born in Roman Catholick countries about nine months after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants, is at least three to one in this kingdom, and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend, or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants, the mother will have eight shillings neat profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flea the carcass; the skin of which, artificially dressed, will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our City of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose, in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, and dressing them hot from the knife, as we do roasting pigs.

Speech

1877/79

CHIEF JOSEPH

Chief Joseph, a Nez Perce Native American, led his people to resist the takeover of his lands by white settlers, finally surrendering in 1877. In 1879 he made a speech to President Rutherford B. Hayes to plead his people's case. Despite the respect accorded to him as leader, he was unsuccessful. He and his people were eventually resettled in Colville Indian reservation, many miles from their home.

CHIEF JOSEPH'S SURRENDER SPEECH, 1877

Tell General Howard that I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead, Tu-hul-hil-sote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who now say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people – some of them have run away to the hills and have no blankets and no food. No one knows where they are – perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more against the white man.

[ON A VISIT TO WASHINGTON, D.C., 1879]

At last I was granted permission to come to Washington and bring my friend Yellow Bull and our interpreter with me. I am glad I came. I have shaken hands with a good many friends, but there are some things I want to know which no one seems able to explain. I cannot understand how the Government sends a man out to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then breaks his word. Such a government has something wrong about it. I cannot understand why so many chiefs are allowed to talk so many different ways, and promise so many different things. I have seen the Great Father Chief; the Next Great Chief; the Commissioner Chief; the Law Chief; and many other law chiefs and they all say they are my friends, and that I shall have justice, but while all their mouths talk right I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk but nothing is done. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country now overrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for my horses and cattle. Good words do not give me back my children. Good words will not make good the promise of your war chief, General Miles. Good words will not give my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves. I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and all the broken promises. There has been too much talking by men who had no right to talk. Too many misinterpretations have

been made; too many misunderstandings have come up between the white men and the Indians. If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian he can live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them the same laws. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it. You might as well expect all rivers to run backward as that any man who was born a free man should be contented penned up and denied liberty to go where he pleases. If you tie a horse to a stake, do you expect he will grow fat? If you pen an Indian up on a small spot of earth and compel him to stay there, he will not be contented nor will he grow and prosper. I have asked some of the Great White Chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They cannot tell me.

I only ask of the Government to be treated as all other men are treated. If I cannot go to my own home, let me have a home in a country where my people will not die so fast. I would like to go to Bitter Root Valley. There my people would be happy; where they are now they are dying. Three have died since I left my camp to come to Washington.

When I think of our condition, my heart is heavy. I see men of my own race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country, or shot down like animals.

I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If an Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If a white man breaks the law, punish him also.

Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to talk, think and act for myself – and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty.

Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other then we shall have no more wars. We shall be all alike – brothers of one father and mother, with one sky above us and one country around us and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands upon the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race is waiting and praying. I hope no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.

Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht has spoken for his people.

Letter

1879

LETTER FROM ISABELLA LUCY BIRD TO HER SISTER, HENRIETTA

An extract from the series of letters written by Isabella Lucy Bird to her sister Henrietta, capturing her travels in the Rocky Mountains. The letters were subsequently published as a book, *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*, 1879. Bird was a prolific and intrepid 19th century female traveller who became well known through her published journals, magazines and travel books.

LETTER II

CHEYENNE, WYOMING, September 7.

As night came on the cold intensified, and the stove in the parlor attracted every one. A San Francisco lady, much "got up" in paint, emerald green velvet, Brussels lace, and diamonds, rattled continuously for the amusement of the company, giving descriptions of persons and scenes in a racy Western twang, without the slightest scruple as to what she said. In a few years Tahoe will be inundated in summer with similar vulgarity, owing to its easiness of access. I sustained the reputation which our country-women bear in America by looking a "perfect guy"; and feeling that I was a salient point for the speaker's next sally, I was relieved when the landlady, a ladylike Englishwoman, asked me to join herself and her family in the bar-room, where we had much talk about the neighborhood and its wild beasts, especially bears. The forest is full of them, but they seem never to attack people unless when wounded, or much aggravated by dogs, or a shebear thinks you are going to molest her young.

I dreamt of bears so vividly that I woke with a furry death hug at my throat, but feeling quite refreshed. When I mounted my horse after breakfast the sun was high and the air so keen and intoxicating that, giving the animal his head, I galloped up and down hill, feeling completely tireless. Truly, that air is the elixir of life. I had a glorious ride back to Truckee. The road was not as solitary as the day before. In a deep part of the forest the horse snorted and reared, and I saw a cinnamon-colored bear with two cubs cross the track ahead of me. I tried to keep the horse quiet that the mother might acquit me of any designs upon her lolling children, but I was glad when the ungainly, long-haired party crossed the river. Then I met a team, the driver of which stopped and said he was glad that I had not gone to Cornelian Bay, it was such a bad trail, and hoped I had enjoyed Tahoe. The driver of another team stopped and asked if I had seen any bears. Then a man heavily armed, a hunter probably, asked me if I were the English tourist who had "happened on" a "Grizzly" yesterday. Then I saw a lumberer taking his dinner on a rock in the river, who "touched his hat" and brought me a draught of ice-cold water, which I could hardly drink owing to the fractiousness of the horse, and gathered me some mountain pinks, which I admired. I mention these little incidents to indicate the habit of respectful courtesy to

women which prevails in that region. These men might have been excused for speaking in a somewhat free-and-easy tone to a lady riding alone, and in an unwonted fashion. Womanly dignity and manly respect for women are the salt of society in this wild West.

My horse was so excitable that I avoided the center of Truckee, and skulked through a collection of Chinamen's shanties to the stable, where a prodigious roan horse, standing seventeen hands high, was produced for my ride to the Donner Lake. I asked the owner, who was as interested in my enjoying myself as a West Highlander might have been, if there were not ruffians about who might make an evening ride dangerous. A story was current of a man having ridden through Truckee two evenings before with a chopped-up human body in a sack behind the saddle, and hosts of stories of ruffianism are located there, rightly or wrongly. This man said, "There's a bad breed of ruffians, but the ugliest among them all won't touch you. There's nothing Western folk admire so much as pluck in a woman." I had to get on a barrel before I could reach the stirrup, and when I was mounted my feet only came half-way down the horse's sides. I felt like a fly on him. The road at first lay through a valley without a river, but some swampishness nourished some rank swamp grass, the first GREEN grass I have seen in America; and the pines, with their red stems, looked beautiful rising out of it. I hurried along, and came upon the Donner Lake quite suddenly, to be completely smitten by its beauty. It is only about three miles long by one and a half broad, and lies hidden away among mountains, with no dwellings on its shores but some deserted lumberers' cabins.[1] Its loneliness pleased me well. I did not see man, beast, or bird from the time I left Truckee till I returned.

I. L. B.

[1] Visitors can now be accommodated at a tolerable mountain hotel.

Diary

1912

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S DIARY (MARCH 1912)

This sequence of diary entries documents the final days of Scott's return journey from the South Pole. The diary and letters were discovered alongside his body and form the basis of *Scott's Last Expedition*.

Impressions

The seductive folds of the sleeping-bag.

The hiss of the primus and the fragrant steam of the cooker issuing from the tent ventilator.

The small green tent and the great white road.

The whine of a dog and the neigh of our steeds.

The driving cloud of powdered snow.

The crunch of footsteps which break the surface crust.

The wind blown furrows.

The blue arch beneath the smoky cloud.

The crisp ring of the ponies' hoofs and the swish of the following sledge.

The droning conversation of the march as driver encourages or chides his horse.

The patter of dog pads.

The gentle flutter of our canvas shelter.

Its deep booming sound under the full force of a blizzard.

The drift snow like finest flour penetrating every hole and corner – flickering up beneath one's head covering, pricking sharply as a sand blast.

The sun with blurred image peeping shyly through the wreathing drift giving pale shadowless light.

The eternal silence of the great white desert. Cloudy columns of snow drift advancing from the south, pale yellow wraiths, heralding the coming storm, blotting out one by one the sharp-cut lines of the land.

The blizzard, Nature's protest – the crevasse, Nature's pitfall – that grim trap for the

unwary – no hunter could conceal his snare so perfectly – the light rippled snow bridge gives no hint or sign of the hidden danger, its position unguessable till man or beast is floundering, clawing and struggling for foothold on the brink.

The vast silence broken only by the mellow sounds of the marching column.

FRIDAY, MARCH 16TH OR SATURDAY 17TH 1912

Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not – would not – give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning – yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense, -40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think anyone of us believes it in his heart.

We are cold on the march now, and at all times except meals. Yesterday we had to lay up for a blizzard and to-day we move dreadfully slowly. We are at No. 14 pony camp, only two pony marches from One Ton Depot. We leave here our theodolite, a camera, and Oates' sleeping-bags. Diaries, etc., and geological specimens carried at Wilson's special request, will be found with us or on our sledge.

SUNDAY, MARCH 18TH 1912

To-day, lunch, we are 21 miles from the depot. Ill fortune presses, but better may come. We have had more wind and drift from ahead yesterday; had to stop marching; wind N.W., force 4, temp. -35°. No human being could face it, and we are worn out *nearly*.

My right foot has gone, nearly all the toes – two days ago I was proud possessor of best feet. These are the steps of my downfall. Like an ass I mixed a small spoonful of curry powder with my melted pemmican – it gave me violent indigestion. I lay awake and in pain all night; woke and felt done on the march; foot went and I didn't know it. A very small measure of neglect and have a foot which is not pleasant to contemplate. Bowers takes first place in condition, but there is not much to choose after all. The others are still confident of getting through – or pretend to be – I don't know! We have the last *half* fill of oil in our primus and a very small quantity of spirit – this alone between us and thirst. The wind is fair for the moment, and that is perhaps a fact to help. The mileage would have seemed ridiculously small on our outward journey.

MONDAY, MARCH 19TH 1912

Lunch. We camped with difficulty last night, and were dreadfully cold till after our supper of cold pemmican and biscuit and a half a pannikin of cocoa cooked over the spirit. Then, contrary to expectation, we got warm and all slept well. To-day we started in the usual dragging manner. Sledge dreadfully heavy. We are 15½ miles from the depot and ought to get there in three days. What progress! We have two days' food but barely a day's fuel. All our feet are getting bad – Wilson's best, my right foot worst, left all right. There is no chance to nurse one's feet till we can get hot food into us. Amputation is the least I can hope for now, but will the trouble spread? That is the serious question. The weather doesn't give us a chance – the wind from N. to N.W. and -40° temp. to-day.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21ST

Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard. To-day forlorn hope, Wilson and Bowers going to depot for fuel.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22ND AND 23RD 1912

Blizzard bad as ever – Wilson and Bowers unable to start – to-morrow last chance – no fuel and only one or two of food left – must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural – we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29TH 1912

Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot *11 miles* away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far.

It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. SCOTT.

For God's sake look after our people.

Letters

1917

LETTERS BETWEEN EDWARD AND HELEN THOMAS

The following letters were written between the poet Edward Thomas and his wife Helen, while he was serving in the army in World War 1. Edward Thomas was killed on April 9th 1917, the day after he wrote the letter included here. Helen's last letter to Edward was returned to her after his death. The 'Postscript' (April–June 1917) is taken from Helen's *Commonplace Book* in the Edward Thomas Collection at Oxford University.

To Helen

Saturday April 7 or 8

Arras.

Dearest

Here I am in my valise on the floor of my dugout writing before sleeping. The artillery is like a stormy tide breaking on the shores of the full moon that rides high and clear among white cirrus clouds. It has been a day of cold feet in the O.P. I had to go unexpectedly. When I posted my letter and Civil Liabilities paper in the morning I thought it would be a bad day, but we did all the shelling. Hardly anything came near the O.P. or even the village. I simply watched the shells changing the landscape. The pretty village among trees that I first saw two weeks ago is now just ruins among violated stark tree trunks. But the sun shone and larks and partridge and magpies and hedgesparrows made love and the trench was being made passable for the wounded that will be harvested in a day or two. Either the Bosh is beaten or he is going to surprise us. The air was full of aeroplane fights and I saw one enemy fall on fire and one of ours tumble into the enemy's wire. I am tired but resting.

Yesterday afternoon was more exciting. Our billet was shelled. The shell fell all round and you should have seen Horton and me dodging them. It was quite fun for me, though he was genuinely alarmed, being more experienced. None of us was injured and our house escaped. Then we went off in the car in the rain to buy things.

We shall be enormously busy now. Rubin goes off tomorrow on a course of instruction and may be a captain before long; our sergeant major has left with a commission. One officer has to be at the O.P. every day and every other night. So it will be all work now till further notice – days of ten times the ordinary work too. So goodnight and I hope you sleep no worse than I do.

Sunday. I slept jolly well and now it is sunshine and wind and we are in for a long day and I must post this when I can.

All and always yours Edwy

To Edward

My darling my own soul. I know that this pain will go and calm and even happiness come again, just as this snow will melt, and let the Spring come, for in the earth is life moving all the time, and in our souls love is eternal. And that's all that matters. All that matters is that we love each other and that sooner or later we shall understand as we cannot understand now.

Farewell sweetheart, and believe that when courage comes back to me as it will you will not find me wanting. This snow must be the last of this terrible winter, that will help me, but more than all your trust in me.

Farewell and God bless you and keep you and bring you back to me whose heart and soul and body are yours ever and wholly,

Helen

Baba says 'give Daddy 100 loves'

ETC

A Postscript

April 9th to June 17th

Beloved, there have been many weeks and now I have come to today. The way has been very difficult for me, but even through darkness and despair and just nothingness and fear, just as ever when these things came before, all has been well at last because of our love.

I saw the Spring come sweet heart. Such a Spring of flowers and birds and colour and peace and sound after all that terrible winter. All the flowers came out together, except the May which was very late. We found it once on May Day do you remember! And lying in the orchard under very old apple trees heavy with blossom and full of bees I listened to the nightingale and the cuckoo and touched the moist green grass and lay listening and looking and hearing and touching and filling my soul with it and gather it all into myself as I have gathered you in my arms beloved. Because it is you I feel in it all, and we are very close all the time and I am almost content sweet heart that it should be so.

For myself sweet and for you I am content. I said often to you I could wait and wait contentedly if only I knew that we should be together again and so I can wait doing all you have left me to do.

For the children – this is my fear. I am so unstable. You went through life seeking the truth and always on a chosen and straight path, straight ahead without doubt. But I cannot do that. I did not really know what is true and what untrue. I am persuaded and deceived and yet I think I shall not go far wrong with your dear hand in mine. I shall take that letter you wrote to Merfyn as my text: 'Be honest and kind', and teach that to the children.

Now after much wandering and restlessness I am back at the cottage and for a while alone, but wonderfully at ease. This perfect midsummer day, the heat, the roses everywhere gives me such strength such hope, because the more beautiful things are the more I feel you near to me my beloved, my precious one.

Do you feel, do you know what love you left in the hearts of your friends, what love you made in the hearts of the men with whom you worked. Oh sweet heart how proud I am. Such love very few men inspire; it was your truth I think and your beauty, your beautiful face, your voice, your soul looking out of those grey eyes. How I love you dear heart. I thought my heart would break, but my love held it fast.

Bronwen is away at Dorothy's having such a lovely time, among cowslips and pigs and dogs and the country things we love her to be among. Baba is at Annerly, happy too with the children, but I want her home.

The war is into a state, a little nearer the end sweet heart because of all you did, but terror and death and grief are still around us, like a hideous dream it has become. Yet out of it what beauty has been! I think more than all the cruelty the pain the ugliness of it, the beauty and strength and courage and sacrifice that has come of it will love and shine and make for good. That is why you died beloved.

Now I must get to my work. Never away from you, never even unconscious of your nearness and all my dependence on you. I take in my hand your great bent thumb as I used to do. For a little while, Farewell.

Speech

1936

EDWARD VIII'S ABDICATION SPEECH

In 1936 Edward VIII's proposal to marry Wallis Simpson, an American divorcee, led to a constitutional crisis and eventually to his abdication. This is the speech he delivered to the people of Britain and the British Empire as a wireless broadcast in December 1936.

You can listen to the speech at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=re6G1hTlrEo>

At long last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak.

A few hours ago I discharged my last duty as King and Emperor, and now that I have been succeeded by my brother, the Duke of York, my first words must be to declare my allegiance to him. This I do with all my heart.

You all know the reasons which have impelled me to renounce the throne. But I want you to understand that in making up my mind I did not forget the country or the empire, which, as Prince of Wales and lately as King, I have for twenty-five years tried to serve.

But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do without the help and support of the woman I love.

And I want you to know that the decision I have made has been mine and mine alone. This was a thing I had to judge entirely for myself. The other person most nearly concerned has tried up to the last to persuade me to take a different course.

I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon the single thought of what would, in the end, be best for all.

This decision has been made less difficult to me by the sure knowledge that my brother, with his long training in the public affairs of this country and with his fine qualities, will be able to take my place forthwith without interruption or injury to the life and progress of the empire. And he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you, and not bestowed on me – a happy home with his wife and children.

During these hard days I have been comforted by her majesty my mother and by my family. The ministers of the crown, and in particular, Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, have always treated me with full consideration. There has never been any constitutional difference between me and them, and between me and Parliament. Bred in the constitutional tradition by my father, I should never have allowed any such issue to arise.

Ever since I was Prince of Wales, and later on when I occupied the throne, I have been treated with the greatest kindness by all classes of the people wherever I have lived or

journeyed throughout the empire. For that I am very grateful.

I now quit altogether public affairs and I lay down my burden. It may be some time before I return to my native land, but I shall always follow the fortunes of the British race and empire with profound interest, and if at any time in the future I can be found of service to his majesty in a private station, I shall not fail.

And now, we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all! God save the King!

Obituary

1962

THE DEATH OF MARILYN MONROE

Alistair Cooke's obituary for Marilyn Monroe was published in *The Guardian*, 6 August 1962. The British-American broadcaster and journalist was most famous for his weekly radio essay, 'Letter from America'.

Marilyn Monroe was found dead in bed this morning in her home in Hollywood, only a physical mile or two but a social universe distant from the place where she was born thirty-six years ago as Norma Jean Baker. She died with a row of medicines and an empty bottle of barbiturates at her elbow.

These stony sentences, which read like the epitaph of a Raymond Chandler victim, will confirm for too many millions of movie fans the usual melodrama of a humble girl, cursed by physical beauty, to be dazed and doomed by the fame that was too much for her. For Americans, the last chapter was written on the weekend that a respectable national picture magazine printed for the delectation of her troubled fans a confessional piece called 'Marilyn Monroe Pours Out Her Soul'. The plot of her early life is as seedy as anything in the pulp magazines, and to go into the details now would be as tasteless as prying into the clinical file of any other pretty woman whose beauty has crumbled overnight. It is enough, for summoning the necessary compassion, to recall her miserable parents, her being shuttled like a nuisance from foster home to orphanage, the subsequent knockabout years in a war factory, her short independence as a sailor's wife, the unsuspected first rung of the ladder provided by a posing job for a nude calendar.

She talked easily about all this, when people had the gall to ask her, not as someone reconciled to a wretched childhood but as a wide-eyed outsider, an innocent as foreign to the subject under discussion as Chaplin is when he stands off and analyses the appeal of 'The Little Man'.

Then she wiggled briefly past the lecherous gaze of Louis Calhern in John Huston's *Asphalt Jungle*, and his appraising whinny echoed round the globe. Within two years she was the enthroned sexpot of the Western world. She completed the first phase of the American dream by marrying the immortal Joe DiMaggio, the loping hero of the New York Yankees; and the second phase by marrying Arthur Miller and so redeeming his suspect Americanism at the moment it was in question before a House committee.

To say that Marilyn Monroe was a charming, shrewd and pathetic woman of tragic integrity will sound as preposterous to the outsider as William Empson's Freudian analysis of *Alice in Wonderland*. It is nevertheless true. We restrict the word 'integrity' to people either simple or complex, who have a strong sense of righteousness or, if they are public men, of self-righteousness. Yet it surely means no more than what it says: wholeness, being free to be spontaneous, without reck of consistency or moral appearances. It can be as true of forlorn and bewildered people as of the disciplined and the solemn.

In this sense, Marilyn Monroe was all of a piece. She was confused, pathologically shy, a straw on the ocean of her compulsions (to pout, to wisecrack, to love a stranger, to be six hours late, or lock herself in a room). She was a sweet and humorous person increasingly terrified by the huge stereotype of herself she saw plastered all around her. The exploitation of this pneumatic, mocking, liquid-lipped goddess gave the world a simple picture of the Lorelei. She was about as much of a Lorelei as Bridget the housemaid.

This orphan of the rootless City of the Angels at last could feel no other identity than the one she saw in the mirror; a baffled, honest girl forever haunted by the nightmare of herself, sixty feet tall and naked before a howling mob. She could never learn to acquire the lacquered shell of the prima donna or the armour of sophistication. So in the end she found the ultimate oblivion, of which her chronic latecomings and desperate retreats to her room were tokens.

Graphic Non-fiction

2000

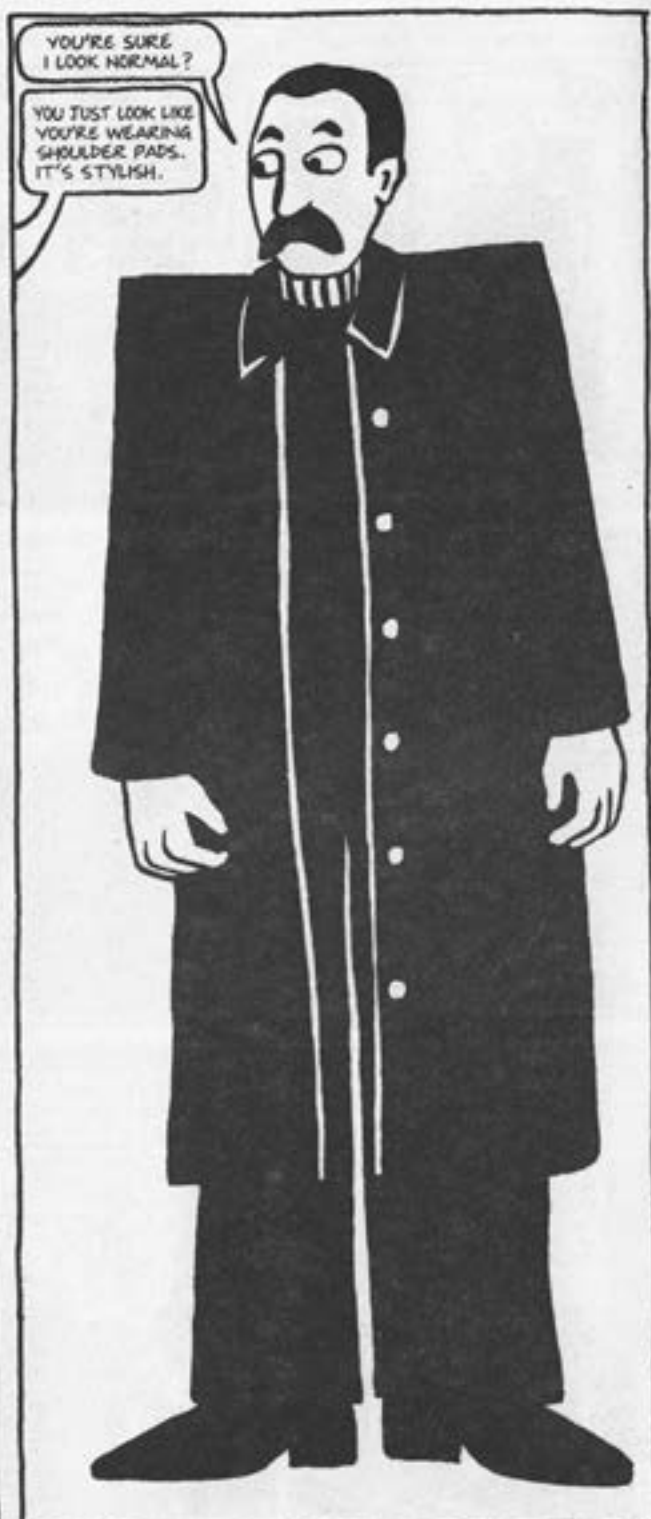
PERSEPOLIS BY MARJANE SATRAPI

Persepolis is an autobiography in graphic format, telling the story of Satrapi's childhood and early adulthood in Iran during and after the Islamic revolution. A film adaptation was nominated for Best Animated Feature at the 2007 Academy Awards.



FIRST THING AFTER THEY GOT TO ISTANBUL, THEY WENT TO BUY THE POSTERS.















AT THE COMMITTEE, THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO INFORM MY PARENTS. THEY COULD DETAIN ME FOR HOURS, OR FOR DAYS. I COULD BE WHIPPED. IN SHORT, ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN TO ME. IT WAS TIME FOR ACTION.

I'M SORRY MA'AM! I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN...

GET IN THE CAR!



MA'AM, MY MOTHER'S DEAD. MY STEPMOTHER IS REALLY CRUEL AND IF I DON'T GO HOME RIGHT AWAY, SHE'LL KILL ME...



SHE'LL BURN ME WITH THE CLOTHES IRON!



SHE'LL MAKE MY FATHER PUT ME IN AN ORPHANAGE



MAYBE SHE BELIEVED ME, MAYBE SHE JUST PRETENDED TO. BUT, MIRACULOUSLY, SHE LET ME GO.

BACK HOME...

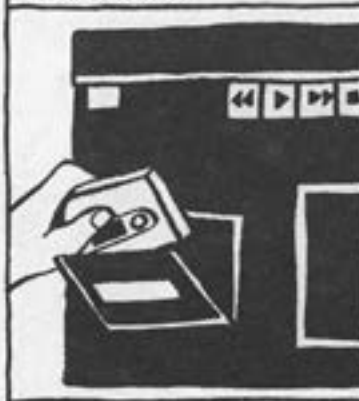
MARJI! WHAT HAPPENED? HAVE YOU BEEN CRYING?

NO MOM, I'M JUST TIRED. I'M GOING TO MY ROOM.



THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD TELL THE TRUTH. SHE NEVER WOULD HAVE LET ME GO OUT ALONE AGAIN.

I GOT OFF PRETTY EASY CONSIDERING. THE GUARDIANS OF THE REVOLUTION DIDN'T FIND MY TAPES.



♪ WE'RE THE KIDS IN AMERICA WHOAO ♪



TO EACH HIS OWN WAY OF CALMING DOWN.

TV Presentation

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TV News Interview

2008

NEWSNIGHT SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH JEREMY PAXMAN

A transcript of an extract from Jeremy Paxman's TV interview with Valerie Amos and Dizzee Rascal, following Barack Obama's election as the first black President of the United States in 2008.

- JEREMY PAXMAN:** Dizzee Rascal. How does it seem to you?
- DIZZEE RASCAL:** It's positive, I think it's positive because he's mixed race as well, so he's an immediate, immediate symbol of unity. And I think, know what, hip-hop played a big part in this as well. I don't think he could have won it without hip-hop. Hip-hop is what encouraged the youth to get involved in voting and making the place better and he is the first president to embrace it.
- JEREMY PAXMAN:** Specifically?
- Sorry to sorry to interrupt you, but specifically could you see this happening in Britain?
- DIZZEE RASCAL:** Yeah. In time.
- JEREMY PAXMAN:** You're rather positive!
- DIZZEE RASCAL:** Yeah, man. Why not, man? There's a first time for everything, isn't there? Everything just takes time man if you believe you can achieve, innit?
- JEREMY PAXMAN:** Valerie Amos there are some people who say there is a different kind of social dynamic at work in the United States, ah that it is much more built upon the possibility of achievement. The American dream is founded on the idea of betterment for the individual despite this long history of racial discrimination. Is that a different dynamic to the one we find in our society?
- VALERIE AMOS:** Jeremy I think that's true. I think there is a language in America which is much more about er dreaming and hoping and it's much less cynical than the kind of language that we use here. Having said that I think that Barack Obama has tapped into something which is not just about America. And it's become truly aspirational in terms of what our own young people think is possible. Now I think there's a great deal more that we have to do in terms of the systems within our political parties,

how we nurture people, encourage them to come through. It won't just happen without that kind of action. But I do feel much more optimistic today than I would have done two days ago.

JEREMY PAXMAN:

Dizzee Rascal, do you believe in political parties in Britain?

DIZZEE RASCAL:

Yeah, they exist. I believe in 'em. I don't know if I care. I mean I don't know if it makes a difference. But you know what I mean. It is what it is. Politicians are gonna say what they say – you might get every now and again the genuine one, innit? But like I think people, like, as a whole make the difference. I don't think one person or one party can make a difference.

Satire

2009

PRESIDENT OBAMA ORDERS AN ICE-CREAM

Satirist Craig Brown parodies President Barack Obama's style of speechmaking in this column first published in *Private Eye* in 2009.

'I stand before this ice-cream truck today humbled by the task before me, grateful for the trust my wife and my daughters have bestowed upon me, mindful of the great and inspiring choice of popsicles and ice-creams and other light refreshments both borne and consumed by our ancestors before us. We should rejoice in this choice and this variety. It is the differences between iced comestibles that make them so attractive. So let us celebrate these differences.

'Daddy,' says Malia Ann. 'May I please have a Tutti Frutti?'

I look at her through these eyes, the eyes of a father both loving and dutiful.

'I say to you this, Malia Ann,' I say. 'And this I say to you. The Tutti Frutti is a fine ice-cream. Of that there is no doubt. But let us go further than that. Yes, the Tutti Frutti has all the truly outstanding qualities of a great ice-cream. It is cold. It is colorful. And it is good to the taste. It remains firm upon the stick, and is able within its noble resilience to endure the harsh heat of sunlight.

'But I tell you this, Malia Ann. Once an ice-cream is eaten, it is eaten. And that ice-cream remains eaten. For all its worth, that ice-cream once swallowed does not have it within its power to reappear on that stick. That is our one true sorrow. But it avails us nothing to pretend that is any other way. So now, Malia Ann, is the time for realism. Now is the time for tough choices – choices that is in the heart of each one of us to address. Now, Malia Ann, is the time to confront the popsicle.'

Children's TV Programme

2009

HORRIBLE HISTORIES: 'THE STONE AGE REPORT'

'The Stone Age Report with Bob Hale' is a transcript of an HHTV News sketch from the BBC children's programme *Horrible Histories*. The programme, described as a live-action historical sketch-comedy, is based on the books by Terry Deary.

The sketch from Series 1, Episode 5, CBBC, first broadcast 14 May 2009, is available at <http://www.multimedia-english.com/videos/esl/horrible-histories-the-stone-age-report-1778> (last accessed August 2014).

NEWS ANCHOR:

Hello and welcome to the news at when. When? Prehistoric time, when caveman slowly evolved into modern man, very slowly and in many different stages. Here to guide you through them is Bob Hale, with the Stone Age report. Bob.

BOB HALE:

Thanks Anne. Well, as you can see it's about 750,000 years ago. That, believe it or not, is Britain and here comes the Stone Age. And there go the stones. There's plenty to go around because the ground's about 125 metres higher than it is today. In fact, you could walk to France, but please don't, because we have guests, starting with... ta-ta-da-da... homo heidelbergensis. Or Heidi to his friends.

There he is, he's 6 foot 1 and he is tons of fun and hard as nails. And Heidi likes to hunt animals in big groups. Animals like hippos, and elephants and hamsters and lions, except no hamsters, and it's all jolly good fun until, suddenly, they're gone! And why? Because it's cold like ice, for an age. It's called an ice age. And the whole country empties and after here nothing happens.

But not for long! The sun comes out and the melting ice makes the English Channel. We are now an island, hooray! But no one can get here because they haven't invented boats. So the only things in Britain are animals. Animals like mammoths, and wolves and, best of all, megabears. Yes, megabears, like a grizzly bear but twice the size. No, it's bigger than that. Always bigger than that. There it is! It's mean, it's lean and you wouldn't want to run into it on a dark night. And then one dark night someone runs into it!

Yes, the humans are back. But it's not Heidi anymore. He's evolved into Neanderthal, big brow, big nose, big news! And he loves to hunt. He chases bears, he's chased by bears. He chases mammoths, he's chased by mammoths. It's all one big party until in 35,000 BC another guest turns up.

Do you recognise this fellow? It's you, it's me, it's modern man. Yes, homo sapiens, our great, great great great great tons of times a million grandparents are here to hang out with the Neanderthals, and I hope they brought their coats because, wouldn't you know it? Here comes another ice age. And when it's over, only homo sapiens are left. No more Neanderthals. And since the weather's nice, great, great, great grandad gets a few jobs done.

He invents the wheel, beer, painting, archery, and most important of all, farming, which gets even easier when... bronze is invented. Yes, it's goodbye Stone Age, hello Bronze Age. Then it's Iron Age, Roman Age, Middle Age, Industrial Age, Modern Age, Act-Your-Age, Old Age, and then death... Ugh.

Charity Fundraising Leaflet

2000-

NSPCC: CAN YOU HELP ME?

One of the NSPCC's hardhitting campaigns to increase awareness of and raise funds for Childline.



ChildLine forms an integral part of the NSPCC, providing a free and confidential service for children to turn to in distress.



Children contacted ChildLine over 650,000 times last year
One of them was Molly...

I'm Molly, and I am 10 years old. The first time I called ChildLine it was after midnight, and my Mum still hadn't come home.

She kept leaving me and my baby brother Tommy alone. I wasn't allowed to answer the door when she was out. I didn't know how to take care of him. He kept crying, he was all sweaty and he had a rash.



I was lonely and scared, so I rang ChildLine. I spoke to a nice lady who said 'Take your time, we're here to listen'. I felt better, but had to hang up when I heard Mum's key in the lock.



Author: Neil Maltby. The Queen's Charities: Meet Molly: Childline's Answer: Teenage. Illustrated by Peter Clarke. National Society for the Protection of Child & Young People, 42 Gutter Lane, London EC2A 3DF.



I couldn't go to school again the next day because Tommy needed looking after. He was crying, and there was no food. I rang ChildLine and spoke to an adviser. He said Tommy should see a doctor. He helped me sing to Tommy until the police came.

Me and Tommy went to live with a foster family while Mum got help. I still phoned ChildLine every Thursday. Everything was changing, so I liked my chats with the people there.



Tommy and me have visits with Mum now. I will never forget the help ChildLine gave me. They helped me see that calling was a brave thing to do. That makes me more confident whenever I get nervous.



Thank you for reading my story,
Molly

Please give a little to help a lot

£2 a month means ChildLine can answer more contacts from children like Molly. The NSPCC urgently needs your help to maintain this crucial service. There are three ways to donate to us: complete the donation form on the right, or call us on 0800 408 1877 quoting 'Molly' or visit our website and make a donation at www.nspcc.org.uk/molly

Gifts will be accepted at the discretion of ChildLine. ChildLine is a service provided by the NSPCC. This notice is only valid if you have read and understood its specific terms. Subscribed by Molly's Mum.

I will help the NSPCC answer more calls from children like Molly.



13 0000

Please pay NSPCC £2 Other £

I wish my donation to be made on the 3rd 10th 20th 25th

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"I want the NSPCC to treat all gifts of money that I have made in the past four years and all future gifts of money that I make from the date of this declaration as Gift Aid donations."

Please tick the box. No need to pay an amount of 20 pence with a Credit Card. For valid year 2004-2005. I agree that I have not received any other Gift Aid declaration for the same year. I agree that I have not received any other Gift Aid declaration for the same year. I agree that I have not received any other Gift Aid declaration for the same year.

3. Your details

Title First name Surname Address

Postcode Home No. NSPCC would like to keep you informed about how your donation is helping to help and finally to children and how we can support further. Please tick here if you would rather we didn't contact you by Post. Here

4. Your bank details

Instruction to your bank or building society to pay by Direct Debit. Name and full postal address of your bank or building society.

To please of bank. At (your bank's full address) Postcode

Name(s) of account holder(s) Sort code

Your bank/building society account No. Please use the NSPCC Direct Debit form on the account holder on the instruction sheet to the NSPCC and the Direct Debit Guarantee. I understand that this instruction may remain with the NSPCC and if it does will be passed electronically to my bank/building society.

Signature Date

Please note that banks and building societies may not accept Direct Debit instructions for some types of accounts.

POST HERE, FOLD AND SEAL.

FOLD HERE, FOLD AND SEAL.

Evidence to Parliament

2012

RUSSELL BRAND GIVES EVIDENCE TO A SELECT COMMITTEE

In April 2012 Russell Brand gave evidence to the Home Affairs Select Committee's fourth evidence session in the Parliamentary inquiry into drugs policy. This is the official Hansard transcript of that spoken evidence.

ORAL EVIDENCE TAKEN BEFORE THE HOME AFFAIRS COMMITTEE ON TUESDAY 24 APRIL 2012

Members present:

Keith Vaz (Chair), Nicola Blackwood, Michael Ellis, Lorraine Fullbrook, Dr Julian Huppert, Steve McCabe, Alun Michael, Bridget Phillipson, Mark Reckless, Mr David Winnick

EXAMINATION OF WITNESSES

Witnesses: **Russell Brand**, Comedian, Actor, Columnist, Singer, Author, Radio/Television Presenter, and **Chip Somers**, Chief Executive, Focus 12, gave evidence

Q237 CHAIR: Good morning, Mr Brand.

RUSSELL BRAND: Good morning.

CHAIR: Please have a seat. Mr Brand, Mr Somers, thank you for giving evidence to the Committee's inquiry into drugs. Mr Russell Brand, you gave written evidence to this Committee, which Members of the Committee have read. Could I start with a point about what you say in your evidence that you disagree with the legalisation of drugs because you think that a deterrent effect is necessary, is that right?

RUSSELL BRAND: I don't feel entirely qualified to talk about legislation. For me, what is more significant is the way that we socially regard the condition of addiction. It is something that I consider to be an illness and, therefore, more a health matter than a criminal or judicial matter. As I said, I don't think legalisation is something that I am particularly qualified to get into. In fact, I can see areas where decriminalisation might be considered useful and more efficient in countries, like Portugal or Switzerland, where there have been trials. It seems to have had some efficacy. But for

me it is more important that we regard people suffering from addiction with compassion and that there is a pragmatic rather than symbolic approach to treating it. The legislative status of addiction, and the criminalisation of addicts, is kind of symbolic and not really functional. I don't see how it especially helps, but I am not saying, 'Let's have a wacky free-for-all, let people go around taking drugs'. It didn't help me much.

Q238 CHAIR: You are a former heroin addict.

RUSSELL BRAND: Yes.

Q239 CHAIR: Briefly, could you tell us how you got on to drugs and then how you managed to come off it, and how many years you were on hard drugs?

RUSSELL BRAND: I see you have incorporated the word 'briefly' now into the question. As you already know, it is my propensity for verbosity. I became a drug addict, I think, because of emotional difficulties, psychological difficulties and perhaps a spiritual malady. For me, taking drugs and excessive drinking were the result of a psychological, spiritual or mental condition, so they are symptomatic. I was sad, lonely, unhappy and detached, and drugs and alcohol for me seemed like a solution to that problem.

Once I dealt with the emotional, spiritual, mental impetus, I no longer felt the need to take drugs or use drugs. Actually, I got clean at Chip Somers' facility, Focus 12, which is abstinence-based recovery. That is what we essentially believe in: if you have the disease or the illness of addiction or alcoholism, the best way to tackle it is to not use drugs in any form, whether it is state-sponsored opiates, like methadone, or illegal street drugs, or a legal substance like alcohol. We see no distinction between these substances. What we believe in is that abstinence-based recovery is the best solution, for people suffering from this condition, and that support structures exist to get people to maintain recovery – abstinence-based recovery. What we want is more research and funding into abstinence-based recovery and to be able to filter people towards this new lifestyle where, actually, criminalisation becomes less of an issue, in my view, because it takes people that have to indulge in criminal activity to fund their habits and gets them into being valuable members of society.

Was that brief enough?

Q240 CHAIR: Very brief, thank you. You were arrested, roughly, 12 times —

RUSSELL BRAND:

It was rough, yes.

CHAIR:

— by the police and the justice system. Do you think that when you were arrested that you had the kind of support that you needed, and people like you who were arrested, being involved in drugs, the rehabilitation and the support that was needed to get you off drugs? How did the criminal justice system react to you after your arrests?

RUSSELL BRAND:

From my experience, speaking to people in the criminal justice system, and from my own personal experience being arrested, there is some confusion and ignorance around addiction. That is quite understandable because a lot of drug addicts – speaking personally – are anti-social. They are a strain on society. They necessarily engage in criminal activity. They are a public nuisance in many ways.

I felt when I was arrested that the police were doing a necessary job of enforcing the laws of this country, and that they were doing what they had to do. It wasn't until I had access to abstinence-based recovery that I was able to change my behaviour and significantly reduce – all but obliterate – my criminal activity, apart from the occasional skirmish.

Q241 CHAIR:

The final question from me on this section is the issue of legal highs. We have been very concerned in the evidence that we have received about the number of legal highs that are available, and young people who seem to be able to take legal highs. Whenever they are banned or proposed to be banned a new legal high emerges. Do you think this is something that does affect young people? Is this now the drug of choice for young people?

RUSSELL BRAND:

I don't know because I am not young enough anymore. I know that young people will always want to get high, and I think that what we need is a pragmatic approach to this. For me, in a way – as I said before, Keith – it is not significant the substance they are using, whether it is alcohol or illegal street drugs. The legal status of a drug is irrelevant to a drug addict. If you are a drug addict, you are getting drugs, that's it, you are going to get them. So in a way it is probably best to make it simple.

As for legal highs, what I think we need to do is address the social, mental and spiritual problems that are leading young people, or people of all ages, into taking drugs. So I think what we need is research into abstinence-based recovery and more awareness around it.

- CHAIR:** We will come on to some of those points with other questions.
- Q242 BRIDGET PHILLIPSON:** You are currently working on a programme about addiction and how it is viewed in society. What messages are you hoping to get across in that programme?
- RUSSELL BRAND:** The messages that we are hoping to get across in this programme is that maintenance of drug addiction, through state-sponsored substances, like methadone, should only be deployed as part of a reduction, with the ultimate aim of abstinence-based recovery; that we need to start regarding addiction, in all its forms, as a health issue, as opposed to a judicial and criminal issue; that we need to change the laws in this country; that we need to have more compassionate, altruistic, loving attitudes to the people with the disease of addiction and recognise that these people, with the proper help and access to the proper treatment, can become active and helpful members of society, like myself – some would argue that point – or perhaps, more obviously, Chip Somers, a man with a criminal record as long as your arm, who now runs a treatment centre and has been clean for 27 years. That is the message: that we don't want to discard people; we don't want to life them off on methadone and leave them on the sidelines. We need to bring them into society, offer them treatment and, once again, neutralise the toxic, social threat that they offer as criminals, because they have to fund their habit, or even if it is a legal drug, like alcohol, they are clattering into things, driving drunk, pain in the arse people. We need to offer them treatment and activate them and incorporate them into our society. So the message is ultimately one of pragmatism, altruism and compassion in all areas of the condition.
- Q243 CHAIR:** Thank you. Mr Somers, we will have specific questions for you, but if you want to chip in – if I may put it like that – at any stage, please feel free to do so. Is there anything you want to add to what you have heard so far?
- CHIP SOMERS:** I think he is doing splendidly.
- RUSSELL BRAND:** Thanks, Chip. Chip runs the treatment centre where I got clean so —
- CHAIR:** Yes, we are coming on to him in a minute, Mr Brand.
- RUSSELL BRAND:** He is already the puppeteer behind each and every articulation.

CHAIR: Thank you, Mr Brand.

Q244 MICHAEL ELLIS: Mr Brand, you have said that addiction is an illness.

RUSSELL BRAND: Yes.

MICHAEL ELLIS: Would you say that it is also fair to characterise it as self-induced, to a large extent, unlike many other illnesses?

RUSSELL BRAND: Not really.

Political Speech

2012

JULIA GILLARD'S SPEECH TO THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT

In October 2012, Julia Gillard, then Australia's Prime Minister, spoke against Tony Abbott's motion to remove Peter Slipper as Speaker. The speech, from which this extract is taken, has become known as the 'Misogyny Speech', attracting attention – both positive and negative – around the world.

The complete speech is available to watch on YouTube.

Thank you very much Deputy Speaker and I rise to oppose the motion moved by the Leader of the Opposition. And in so doing I say to the Leader of the Opposition I will not be lectured about sexism and misogyny by this man. I will not. And the Government will not be lectured about sexism and misogyny by this man. Not now, not ever.

The Leader of the Opposition says that people who hold sexist views and who are misogynists are not appropriate for high office. Well I hope the Leader of the Opposition has got a piece of paper and he is writing out his resignation. Because if he wants to know what misogyny looks like in modern Australia, he doesn't need a motion in the House of Representatives, he needs a mirror. That's what he needs.

Let's go through the Opposition Leader's repulsive double standards, repulsive double standards when it comes to misogyny and sexism. We are now supposed to take seriously that the Leader of the Opposition is offended by Mr Slipper's text messages, when this is the Leader of the Opposition who has said, and this was when he was a minister under the last government – not when he was a student, not when he was in high school – when he was a minister under the last government.

He has said, and I quote, in a discussion about women being under-represented in institutions of power in Australia, the interviewer was a man called Stavros. The Leader of the Opposition says 'If it's true, Stavros, that men have more power generally speaking than women, is that a bad thing?'

And then a discussion ensues, and another person says 'I want my daughter to have as much opportunity as my son.' To which the Leader of the Opposition says 'Yeah, I completely agree, but what if men are by physiology or temperament, more adapted to exercise authority or to issue command?'

Then ensues another discussion about women's role in modern society, and the other person participating in the discussion says 'I think it's very hard to deny that there is an under-representation of women,' to which the Leader of the Opposition says, 'But now, there's an assumption that this is a bad thing.'

This is the man from whom we're supposed to take lectures about sexism. And then of course it goes on. I was very offended personally when the Leader of the Opposition, as Minister of Health, said, and I quote, 'Abortion is the easy way out.' I was very personally

offended by those comments. You said that in March 2004, I suggest you check the records.

I was also very offended on behalf of the women of Australia when in the course of this carbon pricing campaign, the Leader of the Opposition said 'What the housewives of Australia need to understand as they do the ironing...' Thank you for that painting of women's roles in modern Australia.

And then of course, I was offended too by the sexism, by the misogyny of the Leader of the Opposition catcalling across this table at me as I sit here as Prime Minister, 'If the Prime Minister wants to, politically speaking, make an honest woman of herself...'; something that would never have been said to any man sitting in this chair. I was offended when the Leader of the Opposition went outside in the front of Parliament and stood next to a sign that said 'Ditch the witch.'

I was offended when the Leader of the Opposition stood next to a sign that described me as a man's bitch. I was offended by those things. Misogyny, sexism, every day from this Leader of the Opposition. Every day in every way, across the time the Leader of the Opposition has sat in that chair and I've sat in this chair, that is all we have heard from him.

And now, the Leader of the Opposition wants to be taken seriously, apparently he's woken up after this track record and all of these statements, and he's woken up and he's gone 'Oh dear, there's this thing called sexism, oh my lords, there's this thing called misogyny. Now who's one of them? Oh, the Speaker must be because that suits my political purpose.'

Doesn't turn a hair about any of his past statements, doesn't walk into this Parliament and apologise to the women of Australia. Doesn't walk into this Parliament and apologise to me for the things that have come out of his mouth. But now seeks to use this as a battering ram against someone else.

Well this kind of hypocrisy must not be tolerated, which is why this motion from the Leader of the Opposition should not be taken seriously.

Speech

2013

GEORGE SAUNDERS'S SPEECH TO GRADUATES AT SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY

George Saunders is a prize winning American writer celebrated for his short stories. He is a longstanding professor at Syracuse University and delivered the convocation speech for the class of 2013. The speech touches on some of the moments in his life and larger themes (in his life and work).

The complete speech is available to watch on YouTube.

Down through the ages, a traditional form has evolved for this type of speech, which is: Some old fart, his best years behind him, who, over the course of his life, has made a series of dreadful mistakes (*that would be me*), gives heartfelt advice to a group of shining, energetic young people, with all of their best years ahead of them (*that would be you*).

And I intend to respect that tradition.

Now, one useful thing you can do with an old person, in addition to borrowing money from them, or asking them to do one of their old-time "dances," so you can watch, while laughing, is ask: "Looking back, what do you regret?" And they'll tell you. Sometimes, as you know, they'll tell you even if you haven't asked. Sometimes, even when you've specifically requested they *not* tell you, they'll tell you.

So: What do I regret? Being poor from time to time? Not really. Working terrible jobs, like "knuckle-puller in a slaughterhouse?" (And don't even ASK what that entails.) No. I don't regret that. Skinny-dipping in a river in Sumatra, a little buzzed, and looking up and seeing like 300 monkeys sitting on a pipeline, pooping down into the river, the river in which I was swimming, with my mouth open, naked? And getting deathly ill afterwards, and staying sick for the next seven months? Not so much. Do I regret the occasional humiliation? Like once, playing hockey in front of a big crowd, including this girl I really liked, I somehow managed, while falling and emitting this weird whooping noise, to score on my own goalie, while also sending my stick flying into the crowd, nearly hitting that girl? No. I don't even regret that.

But here's something I do regret:

In seventh grade, this new kid joined our class. In the interest of confidentiality, her Convocation Speech name will be "ELLEN." ELLEN was small, shy. She wore these blue cat's-eye glasses that, at the time, only old ladies wore. When nervous, which was pretty much always, she had a habit of taking a strand of hair into her mouth and chewing on it.

So she came to our school and our neighborhood, and was mostly ignored, occasionally teased ("Your hair taste good?"—that sort of thing). I could see this hurt her. I still remember the way she'd look after such an insult: eyes cast down, a little gut-kicked, as if,

having just been reminded of her place in things, she was trying, as much as possible, to disappear. After awhile she'd drift away, hair-strand still in her mouth. At home, I imagined, after school, her mother would say, you know: "How was your day, sweetie?" and she'd say, "Oh, fine." And her mother would say, "Making any friends?" and she'd go, "Sure, lots."

Sometimes I'd see her hanging around alone in her front yard, as if afraid to leave it.

And then – they moved. That was it. No tragedy, no big final hazing.

One day she was there, next day she wasn't.

End of story.

Now, why do I regret *that*? Why, forty-two years later, am I still thinking about it? Relative to most of the other kids, I was actually pretty *nice* to her. I never said an unkind word to her. In fact, I sometimes even (mildly) defended her.

But still. It bothers me.

So here's something I know to be true, although it's a little corny, and I don't quite know what to do with it:

What I regret most in my life are *failures of kindness*.

Those moments when another human being was there, in front of me, suffering, and I responded ... sensibly. Reservedly. Mildly.

Or, to look at it from the other end of the telescope: Who, in *your* life, do you remember most fondly, with the most undeniable feelings of warmth?

Those who were kindest to you, I bet.

It's a little facile, maybe, and certainly hard to implement, but I'd say, as a goal in life, you could do worse than: *Try to be kinder*.

Now, the million-dollar question: What's our problem? Why aren't we kinder?

Here's what I think:

Each of us is born with a series of built-in confusions that are probably somehow Darwinian. These are: (1) we're central to the universe (that is, our personal story is the main and most interesting story, the *only* story, really); (2) we're separate from the universe (there's US and then, out there, all that other junk – dogs and swing-sets, and the State of Nebraska and low-hanging clouds and, you know, other people), and (3) we're permanent (death is real, o.k., sure – for you, but not for me).

Now, we don't *really* believe these things – intellectually we know better – but we believe them viscerally, and live by them, and they cause us to prioritize our own needs over the needs of others, even though what we really want, in our hearts, is to be less selfish, more aware of what's actually happening in the present moment, more open, and more loving.

So, the second million-dollar question: How might we *DO* this? How might we become more loving, more open, less selfish, more present, less delusional, etc., etc?

Well, yes, good question.

Unfortunately, I only have three minutes left.

So let me just say this. There *are* ways. You already know that because, in your life, there have been High Kindness periods and Low Kindness periods, and you know what inclined you toward the former and away from the latter. Education is good; immersing ourselves in a work of art: good; prayer is good; meditation's good; a frank talk with a dear friend; establishing ourselves in some kind of spiritual tradition – recognizing that there have been countless really smart people before us who have asked these same questions and left behind answers for us.

Because kindness, it turns out, is *hard* – it starts out all rainbows and puppy dogs, and expands to include ... well, *everything*.

One thing in our favor: some of this “becoming kinder” happens naturally, with age. It might be a simple matter of attrition: as we get older, we come to see how useless it is to be selfish – how illogical, really. We come to love other people and are thereby counter-instructed in our own centrality. We get our butts kicked by real life, and people come to our defense, and help us, and we learn that we're not separate, and don't want to be. We see people near and dear to us dropping away, and are gradually convinced that maybe we too will drop away (someday, a long time from now). Most people, as they age, become less selfish and more loving. I think this is true. The great Syracuse poet, Hayden Carruth, said, in a poem written near the end of his life, that he was “mostly Love, now.”

And so, a prediction, and my heartfelt wish for you: as you get older, your self will diminish and you will grow in love. YOU will gradually be replaced by LOVE. If you have kids, that will be a huge moment in your process of self-diminishment. You really won't care what happens to YOU, as long as they benefit. That's one reason your parents are so proud and happy today. One of their fondest dreams has come true: you have accomplished something difficult and tangible that has enlarged you as a person and will make your life better, from here on in, forever.

Congratulations, by the way.

When young, we're anxious – understandably – to find out if we've got what it takes. Can we succeed? Can we build a viable life for ourselves? But you – in particular you, of this generation – may have noticed a certain cyclical quality to ambition. You do well in high-school, in hopes of getting into a good college, so you can do well in the good college, in the hopes of getting a good job, so you can do well in the good job so you can ...

And this is actually o.k. If we're going to become kinder, that process has to include taking ourselves seriously – as doers, as accomplisners, as dreamers. We *have* to do that, to be our best selves.

Still, accomplishment is unreliable. “Succeeding,” whatever that might mean to you, is hard, and the need to do so constantly renews itself (success is like a mountain that keeps growing ahead of you as you hike it), and there's the very real danger that “succeeding” will take up your whole life, while the big questions go untended.

So, quick, end-of-speech advice: Since, according to me, your life is going to be a gradual process of becoming kinder and more loving: Hurry up. Speed it along. Start right

now. There's a confusion in each of us, a sickness, really: *selfishness*. But there's also a cure. So be a good and proactive and even somewhat desperate patient on your own behalf – seek out the most efficacious anti-selfishness medicines, energetically, for the rest of your life.

Do all the other things, the ambitious things – travel, get rich, get famous, innovate, lead, fall in love, make and lose fortunes, swim naked in wild jungle rivers (after first having it tested for monkey poop) – but as you do, to the extent that you can, *err in the direction of kindness*. Do those things that incline you toward the big questions, and avoid the things that would reduce you and make you trivial. That luminous part of you that exists beyond personality – your soul, if you will – is as bright and shining as any that has ever been. Bright as Shakespeare's, bright as Gandhi's, bright as Mother Teresa's. Clear away everything that keeps you separate from this secret luminous place. Believe it exists, come to know it better, nurture it, share its fruits tirelessly.

And someday, in 80 years, when you're 100, and I'm 134, and we're both so kind and loving we're nearly unbearable, drop me a line, let me know how your life has been. I hope you will say: It has been so wonderful.

Congratulations, Class of 2013.

I wish you great happiness, all the luck in the world, and a beautiful summer.

Audio Narrative

2016

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER'S AUDIO DIARY ON WORKING LIFE

This is one of 24 raw and authentic individual stories about work and working, profiling people from 17 states ranging in ages from 21 to 87. It is part of the multimedia initiative *Working in America* inspired by Studs Terkel's 1974 book *Working*, in which he transcribed different people talking about the everyday challenges, triumphs and realities of their working lives.

The complete audio interview is available to download at:
<https://working.org/audio-series/>

FEMALE POLICE OFFICER, 31 YEARS OLD, CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

I'm 31 years old and I am from Camden, New Jersey. This is the place that made me the person that I am. This is you know, like I said, where I came to school and you know, where I was raised, and where I had a lot of my experiences that shaped me into the adult that I am, so that's why I wanted to come here and be a Police Officer.

When I was young, something happened to me, my father, you know he was murdered. I was nine years old and if they know that I've been through something they've been through, they've lost a relative to violence, they've lost a Dad or Mom, somebody, they know that I know how they feel, because I'm from the city, I've experienced this. I wanted to use my position as an Officer, as a way to give back and to try to be a positive person.

There's different people that you have to be as an Officer – you have to be a nurse to people if somebody's hurt, you have to make them see that you care. If they're angry, you have to be sorta an anger management counsellor and have to talk to them and get them to understand that you are there to help them. If they're upset, if they're afraid, if they're, you know – there's so many different faces you have to wear as an Officer and these different levels of yourself that you have, they're there for a reason. You can't just be one person all the time.

I like to get out of the car, I like to walk because it gives me a chance to talk to people. I like playin' with the kids and givin' 'em hugs, and talkin' to people's babies – I love babies. I'm a people person, I like people, I'm very friendly, people tell me that all the time, I'm like, 'oh you a nice Officer' – well, yeah, well thank you, that's what I'm looking for!

If you haven't been in this profession, if you haven't experienced a situation where you have to make a split second decision about what you're going to do – this person has a gun, this person has a knife and they're coming towards you, you have to think 'quick, what am I going to do?' And people don't understand that. People don't understand the toll that it takes on you emotionally because you have to make this decision that's going to impact not only you but if there's somebody else standing there with you, that's going to

impact them as well because they see that. And that's what some people don't understand – they don't see that, we're still humans underneath these uniforms. We make bad decisions yes, but at the same time, we are still people, we still have hearts, we still hurt like everybody else, we still cry, we still get angry. Us being Police Officers does not change that because at the end of the day, we take off these uniforms, we're still daughters, we're still mothers, we're still sisters, we're still wives, brothers, husbands.

As a female in a male dominated profession, they expect you to be weaker, they expect you to not be able to do the job as good as a male Officer, but I haven't actually had any situations, where I mean with my fellow Officers where they're, you know, they're discriminatory, never. I haven't had that issues, more so on the street, because they're like 'oh you a girl, you ain't going to catch me if I run' – OK, you know, that's fine, that's your mentality, I'm not going to sit there and try to have this contest with you. But in a sense, being a female Officer is actually somewhat better, because sometimes it gives you like the males, they might be more aggressive toward other males but then if you, if it's a female, you use that soft tone to talk to them, you know, they calm down. I want to be able to go home every day and feel like I made a positive impact on somebody's life, even if for something small.

Work is knowing that at the end of the day, you were able to make a responsible decision and to understand the aspects of that decision and to be able to live with the consequences of that decision.

Blog

2018

INTRODUCTION TO SOPH TALKS SCIENCE BLOG

Sophie Arthur, PhD student is behind the blog *Soph Talks Science*. She focuses on a scientist's life, talking science and inspiring your inner scientist. Sophie was the winner of the 'Individual Content Creator of the Year' in the 2018 UK Blog Awards.

Soph Talks Science blog is available at:
<https://sophtalksscience.com/>



Just me talking about science!

Hi! I'm Sophie! I live in Southampton, UK. I am a sports enthusiast with a forever desire to be travelling and snapping cities when I'm not in the lab finishing up my PhD in stem cell biology! I am in the final few months of my PhD where my research is looking into understanding how metabolism and low oxygen keeps stem cells pluripotent with the future aim of having better stem cells to make heart cells, or liver cells, or skin cells for example out of for use in future medicine.

Welcome to my little corner of the internet where I share insights into life as a scientist and tips for surviving all stages of a PhD – all the things I wanted to know before starting my PhD journey. I also love to showcase different scientists and their stories, particularly women in STEM, to show to the world that being a scientist is not just one thing; an old man in a white coat spending forever hunched over a lab bench! My blog started out as a small creative outlet for me to experiment with my love of writing, but it has since turned into something much more exciting than I could have ever imagined and I absolutely LOVE IT!

Although I spend most of my time kitted out in my lab coat – *which is not white but blue or yellow!* – researching pluripotent stem cells, I am incredibly passionate about taking science out of the lab and to the people that matter – YOU!

I truly believe in the power of science to inspire, educate and entertain, and I follow the motto:

'SCIENCE IS NOT FINISHED UNTIL IT IS COMMUNICATED'

I'm incredibly passionate about teaching and inspiring people to get involved in science or at least understand a bit more about what they read in the media so *you* the public can make informed opinions of your own. I think that scientists often neglect the importance of engaging with the public and communicating their research clearly and concisely, so I would LOVE this blog to showcase science, scientists and to spread public awareness on stem cell research and much, much more!

2018 for me is all about finishing my PhD & becoming Dr Soph, planning my wedding to my best friend, making that transition from PhD student to full time science career, and upping my scicomm game on social media and my blog – starting with some actual scicomm events, internships and finding a photographer buddy to help me! I hope you will enjoy sharing this journey with me and watch me navigate this wonderful world as a scientist, STEMinist & science communicator – all delivered with a side helping of science!

If you're interested in being featured in my blog, want to collaborate, there's a topic you want me to tackle or just want to discuss science, sporty or travel related things, please just get in **contact** with me on social media or my email is sophtalkscience@gmail.com! I would love to hear from you.

S.

x

Newspaper Review

2018

THE GUARDIAN: LIVE MUSIC REVIEW

This is a live music review from The Guardian covering the opening night of Beyoncé and Jay-Z's *On the Run II* collaborative world tour, 2018.

The review and online Guardian forum comments are available at <https://www.theguardian.com/music/2018/jun/07/beyonce-jay-z-otr-ii-tour-review-opening-night-cardiff>

Beyoncé & Jay-Z: OTR II review – heart-stopping scenes from a marriage

Rachel Aroesti, Thu 7 Jun 2018



Deathless love ... Beyoncé and Jay-Z performing in Cardiff.

Principality Stadium, Cardiff

On the opening night of their collaborative world tour, the biggest couple in pop are glorious and charismatic – even if the romantic story arc plays down their trauma

As self-mythologising couples go, not many come close to Beyoncé and Jay-Z. The pair's first collaboration, '03 *Bonnie and Clyde*, was a tale of devotional love accompanied by a video featuring Beyoncé as the ride-or-die moll to her rumoured boyfriend's gangster. It's a story they've stuck to over the years – this is their second *On the Run* tour, and the theme remains intact: the film that punctuates this first night show introduces "the gangster and the queen" and keeps returning to an image of a hotel room carpeted with cash. Yet the intervening decade and a half – and an infamous few seconds of CCTV footage from an elevator – has complicated what was once a straightforward way to bolster each other's brands. Far from living in codependent bliss, theirs is a relationship now defined in the public eye by betrayal and rage. As the pair detailed on their respective recent albums

– Lemonade and 4:44 – Jay-Z was unfaithful, almost letting, as the guilty party put it, “the baddest girl in the world get away”.

So the narrative has been recalibrated: the pair begin proceedings by hammering home the deathless nature of their love rather than its perfection. On a colossal screen, footage and slogans reinforce this idea of resilience, taking in a staged argument between the pair and never before seen pictures of their baby twins. The effect feels remarkably intimate for a stadium show, but also scrupulously posed – a tone that can feel disorientating as Beyoncé switches between songs about crazed lust and ballads about romantic betrayal (most starkly on 2006’s newly relevant Resentment).

But anyone hoping for this psychodrama in cartoonish panto format would have been sorely disappointed. The pair gaze at each other moonishly from the get-go: a vision of matrimonial love that, considering they are explicitly cashing in on their interpersonal trauma, can come off as slightly one-dimensional.

Which is not to say the show that services this message isn’t staggeringly impressive. The Beyoncé-mania that has gripped pop culture in recent years isn’t just popstomism gone mad: this is a woman who matches increasingly sophisticated and trailblazing material with once-in-a-generation onstage charisma. Her swagger is such that it can feel like the power dynamic between the two performers has been upended – once the sidekick, nowadays she’s the one taking her rapper husband for a ride as he hitches his wagon to her staggering cultural capital.

At first, this shift is writ large: Jay-Z initially seems as though he’s keeping the stage warm for Beyoncé while she gets her breath back. By the end though, he’s not been outshone – mainly because of his arsenal of glorious modern classics (99 Problems, Niggas In Paris, Big Pimpin’) and perhaps partly because of his excessive costume changes, which put Beyoncé’s meagre half-dozen sequined leotards in the shade.

Where Jay-Z does his hits justice, Beyoncé provides both the little treats – mouthing along to Jay’s raps; showcasing a peerless range of screwfaces; mercilessly barking “sing it” to her apparently lax fanbase – and a couple of heartstopping one-offs. She’s chameleonic, segueing from an imperious rendition of Lemonade’s Led Zeppelin-sampling Jack White collaboration Don’t Hurt Yourself to operatic singing, flanked by her dancers in a renaissance tableaux. During Sorry, she pauses midway through to turn the lyric “suck on my balls” into a faintly chilling haka-style refrain (hilariously, the song is followed by Jay-Z’s deeply-ironic-in-the-circumstances 99 Problems).

While Beyoncé’s recent shows have been characterised by identity and politics – her Coachella performance celebrated black college culture; her Superbowl show paid tribute to the Black Panthers – that’s not the MO here. But the slivers of material in that department are worth waiting for. Excerpts from Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie’s We Should All Be Feminists speech gets pride of place on the massive screen; Sorry is punctuated by Beyoncé asking women in the audience whether they’ve “had enough”, in highly charged fashion. Jay-Z takes the mantle when it comes to race, airing the video for 4:44’s The Story of OJ after a female dancer twists and turns to Nina Simone’s Four Women.

The pair bow out with their evergreen 2003 hit Crazy In Love, a rendition of Jay Z’s Young Forever, and a film that sees them reconvene at the altar. It is hard to digest this smooth romantic arc when everyone knows how fraught their relationship has been – but that feeling is offset by the sheer majesty of their creative partnership, which surely only death could do part.

