Adopt a Book!

Now you have the unique opportunity to become a patron of one of the exclusive treasures of London’s British Library!

For the last 20 years over thousands of donors grasped the chance to adopt their favourite books from the comprehensive collection of the British Library. Once again, the red-brick building situated just next to the historical St Pancras station opens its doors to bibliophiles interested in making a contribution to the library’s vital conservation programme.

The British Library hosts not only 14 million books but also 150 million other items from all over the world. As a visitor you cannot escape the feeling of being in a museum. In contrast to other libraries you do not only wander past rows and rows of display cases but you can also experience rare recordings of famous Beatles songs or interact with clever robots in the current science fiction exhibition “Out of this World: Science Fiction but not as you know it.”

Three of the many candidates taking part in this year’s book adoption programme are William Shakespeare’s First Folio, Jonathan Swift’s Gulliver’s Travels, and Mary Shelley’s Frankenstein.

You may ask yourself what is so special about Shakespeare’s First Folio. Well, the First Folio is the very first collected edition of 36 Shakespeare plays, including such famous works as Much Ado About Nothing, A Midsummer Night’s Dream, The Tragedy of Hamlet, and Romeo and Juliet. Of the estimated 228 surviving copies of the First Folio, produced in 1623, the British Library holds one of these extraordinary treasures. So, don’t miss your unique chance to adopt this highlight of the world’s literary heritage!
Jonathan Swift’s Gulliver’s Travels was first published in 1726, only 103 years after Shakespeare’s First Folio, and thus counts as one of the earliest British novels. The four stories featuring Gulliver’s adventures have been regarded as a classic of British literature ever since. The British Library exhibits an early version of the book in the Sir John Ritblat Gallery. If you would like to have a closer look at this old treasure, why not support and adopt Gulliver’s Travels?

Last but not least we also present to you a precious and well-known 19th-century item featured at the current science fiction exhibition: Mary Shelley’s Frankenstein. Published in London in 1818 it became one of the most influential novels of the 19th century and beyond. It paved the way for other horror stories and was one of the earliest examples of the now booming science fiction genre.

So come and visit the British Library, adopt a book or just feel the rare atmosphere.

Don’t miss out on the exhilarating experience of seeing the rare treasures of Britain’s literary history.

Anja Wagenhofer & Lisa Binder
B.B.C. Tour
aka
(Brown’s Broadcasting Centre, Bloody Broadcasting Company ……)

Dramatis Personae:

Steven: Tour Guide 1:

Kevin: Tour Guide 2:

Werner: Group Leader, theatre critic in spe

Group of students:

Lisa: particularly erudite student

Security Guard: for security reasons no picture can be shown

Female Student 1: for copyright reasons her picture cannot be shown
Act I, Scene One:
Setting: BBC TV Centre, security check; Tuesday, May 31, 2011
Estimated arrival time: 9:30 a.m.
Actual arrival time: 10:01 a.m.

Security Guard: looks at his watch; sighs at the late group
Now, put your bags, electronic devices, watches, jackets, belts, jewellery, shoes, socks, and weapons into the box. Now you can pass.

Security Guard: machine makes beep-beep noises
You there! Stop! Spread your legs and arms!
Female Student 1: watches the guard’s hands slowly moving up towards her untouchables

Security Guard: observes her face and lets her pass

Some of the other students experience the same procedure. They cast angry glances at sleepy-eyed Osmannihad and Martin.

Act I, Scene Two:
Setting: Small glass room. Journalists busily stoop over their computers in a huge office surrounding the glass room. Students watch them with interest: some press their noses against the glass, some take pictures. Werner whispers some comments into his tape recorder; Lisa hurriedly scribbles something in a note pad.

Guide 2: Here is where the magic happens; the news you watch on BBC TV or hear on Radio is manipulated, sorry; um I mean created. The creators are all professionals with journalistic or related education. Due to their preferred activities of typing and writing, newsmakers are shortsighted. You can see that from the big glasses hanging down from their ears to their noses. Their backs are slouched and shoulders are immovable. However, newsmakers are long-legged, which helps them run to celebrities and from policemen. The period of news-making begins when “news” is detected. After detection, journalists flock to it and fight against each other for more details. Then, in the more favourable surroundings of this room, information processing takes place, which you can observe right now.

Students look puzzled.
Act I, Scene 3:

Setting: Students and Werner are brought into a dingy small round courtyard.

Guide 1: Dear Students! Dear Professor! Today, we all are gathered here in front of the God of Light to see the light he is transmitting to the world, the light that is so light the wind alone can bring it on its wings into every town, into every house and into every flat (provided it has an officially registered TV or radio set)! The light which is the essence of the BBC!

Students and Werner start getting annoyed.

The BBC light brings you joy when you are joyless, brings you rest when you are restless, brings you hope when you are hopeless!... Even at the darkest of times, when you think you can barely see in front of you, the BBC will send you a star, a star to shine above you, lighten your burden and light your way. A glorious, radiant, luminous star such as Jennifer Lopez!

Some students make an attempt to flee, but a security guard fills the exit with his beefy figure.

Beautiful, incredible and fabulous Jennifer! Let us all, Dear Students, Dear Professor, at this very spot happily clap our hands to Jennifer the star, to the God of Light and to the light itself – to the BBC!

Vigorous clapping is heard from all around. Students look worried. Werner's tape recorder falls out of his hand. He's crouching to look for it.

Act II, Scene 1:

Setting: Students and Werner are lead through narrow and badly lit corridors.

The Viennese tourists look tired and disappointed. Lisa crams her notepad into her pocket, Werner yawns. Finally, they enter a small room with glossy wallpaper. In the room's left corner, a mini stage is enclosed by 1980s neon pink lights. Guide 1 jumps onto it and catches the microphone thrown by Guide 2.
Guide 1: And noooooow, THE best loved, THE most popular and THE most banging show on the BBC – THE BRAIN! Our guests today are Wer... Wer... Weeeeernerner, Werner switches on his tape recorder, smooths his hair and uneasily walks onto the stage. Liiiiiiisaa, Lisa leaps up with a big smile on her face.

aaaand... Kathariiiiina! Some confusion among the students – several Katharinas tackle their way to the stage, Katharina Jetschgo first manages to jump onto it.

Guide 1: First question: Where are you?
Two sharp buzzer noises come from the stage within a fraction of a second. Katharina looks around her.
Lisa!
Lisa: In London.
Guide 1: No! Werner.
Werner: Well then, at the BBC Television Centre?
Guide 1: Corrrrect! Next question! Who is the God of Light?
Two sharp buzzer noises are heard. Katharina looks puzzled.
Lisa!
Lisa: Jennifer Lopez?
Guide 1: No! Werner!
Werner: BBC?
Guide 1: And this is corrrrect! Next question! What does the statue in front of the British Library represent?
Two sharp buzzer noises are heard. Katharina yawns.
Guide 1: Lisa is first again!
Lisa: Emmmm. Can I ask the audience?
Guide 1: Yes. Audience has one minute to respond. Students are silent and avert their eyes from the stage. The minute seems to be a very long one.
Guide 1: I'm afraid the audience cannot help you, Lisa. And the question goes tooooo Weeerner! What does the statue in front of the British Library represent?
Werner: Urizen/Sir Isaac Newton by Eduardo Paolozzi! Sir Eduardo Paolozzi! Ha!
Guide 1: And here he is! Here is the wiiinner of THE BRAIN – THE best loved, THE most popular and THE most banging show on the BBC! He gets THE ultimate price as THE ultimate brain – THE BBC brain pen!
Everyone applauds. The students seem to have forgotten the experience of the last hour and a half and euphorically look at the stage and the guides. Everybody is cheerful. Werner is very pleased with himself. Katharina hurries to her seat in the audience. In the atmosphere of this general happiness, Lisa casts side-glances at the pen and scribbles something into her note pad. Light on the note pad: “We'll see, who's gonna have the brain pen when we get back to Vienna ...” Curtain.

Lisa Aponte & Ekaterina Neugodova
The National Theatre’s Backstage Tour

Although the Royal National Theatre enjoys the reputation of being one of the finest theatres in Europe, on the outside it more resembles a GDR swimming-pool or a James Bond villain’s hide-out than a place of culture. The reason for this architectural hangover can be found in the innovativeness of the 1970s, a period which has notoriously spawned such stylistic extravaganzas, as our energetic and experienced tour-guide Gemma made clear in her introduction. However ugly it may appear on the outside, it is much more impressive inside. The first auditorium of the tour was the Olivier Theatre, a 1160-seater replica of the ancient Greek Theatre at Epidaurus, with impeccable acoustics and a perfect view of the stage, which puts to shame Vienna's Burgtheater with its “the more you pay the more you see” policy. Confident with technical details and awe-inspired by the sheer size of this stage, enthusiastic Gemma led the way into the Cottesloe Theatre, which is a small adaptable studio space with moveable seats. This setup seems to be perfect for tearing down the ‘forth wall.’ Modern productions find an ideal place for unconventional staging here, and we could not help but feel that a finer version of the Akademietheater is to be found on the Thames and not on the Danube. Proceeding to the Lyttelton, the third auditorium, Gemma elaborated on the complexities of stage and scenery and the mechanisms of putting up and pulling down various, well, big and heavy things. It was not quite clear how it worked, but it seemed to be complicated and highly coordinated. The theatre itself bears a proscenium arch design, but unfortunately couldn’t really hold up to the grandeur of the Olivier and the intimacy of the Cottesloe. Thinking of ‘experimental theatre’ as a flat stage in some run-down, financially precarious and narrow basement, one couldn’t be more surprised when discovering the last station of the tour. The backstage area of the Lyttelton, full of tangled wires, huge metal plates and rods, and props including a wooden horse, also hosts a number of productions, as Gemma explained in all seriousness. Still in a bit of a daze of admiration, excitement and envy that Vienna is so far behind this in terms of possibilities and productiveness, we assembled again in the foyer, where Gemma, probably eager to get rid of us, quickly wished us a nice evening and was gone with the wind.

Martin Nittnaus, Martina Theissl
An act of satirical vandalism in front of the “British Museum”

The element of human history in the so-called “British Museum” has been satirically copied and adapted to our android culture: a new version of the Rosetta Stone is now displayed in front of the “British Museum” including three official languages, namely Android SL, Martian hieroglyphs and English. Android BM44 reports from Alaxia78 (London).

It was almost 4,000 years ago (1799) that the rediscovery of the Rosetta Stone marked a turn in human history studies. Engravings on the stone in three ancient languages – Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphs, Demotic script, and Ancient Greek –, dating back to 196 BC, were the key elements for the deciphering of Egyptian hieroglyphs. The stone was discovered by a French soldier in 1799 and taken to the British Museum by the British after defeating the French in Egypt in 1801. Since then it has been displayed in the BM and is one of the most fascinating exhibits in the city formerly known as London. Hundreds of thousands of people used to stand in front of the glass box displaying the stone. More than 100 different items with relation to the stone can be purchased by the mostly human visitors in the gift shop.

Will the gift shops now have to change their products? And produce items featuring the new version of the Rosetta Stone? Humans were immensely surprised when they discovered the “new” Rosetta Stone in front of the BM. The shape and material resemble the old one, but the text significantly differs from the original. What might seem funny to us androids might appear insulting to the humans.

Ever since the new Rosetta Stone was set up, the British public have been discussing the purpose and also the meaning of the text, debating whether the text has any deeper significance. Human specialists fight over whether it is merely making fun of their race or attacking their values. Trying to defend British culture and its values has been a huge project for humans in Britain. It has been funded with large amounts of money by the government.

The new Rosetta Stone has given British humans another opportunity to debate and redefine what they see as their “cultural” values.

Android Magazine invites you to make up your own mind about this topic. We display a print version of the new Rosetta Stone below.
The next exhibit on show is the so-called ‘British Museum,’ a building on the island formerly called Britain, which is estimated to have been built in the eighteenth century, some three-thousand years ago. Although erected in what is considered a century of scientific progress, the term and concept of a Museum were ancient even by the standards of the eighteenth century, deriving from classical antiquity. In ancient Greece, the term ‘Mouseion’ referred to a shrine for the Muses, the goddesses presiding over the literary, musical, and scientific arts. Since the Muses could best be worshipped through study, artistic contemplation and creation, Mouseions were places of learning meant to inspire their visitors.

However, scholars nowadays assume that the term underwent a process of semantic degradation, seeing museums rather as large storage rooms for bulky objects having lost their purpose and function in society. This hypothesis is based on several observations. For example, documents in the island’s archive reveal that the museum had a so-called collection of objects, but no rooms for study. Importantly, it has also been noted that this collection of the British Museum hardly contained any objects that would have been regarded as British. Instead, these came from countries all over the world and had been brought to the museum for reasons not yet explained. This is particularly remarkable as the museum was called ‘British Museum,’ so one might be justified in assuming that people gathered there to study British culture and contemplate artistic creations originating from within Britain. And lastly, this collection consisted of various ancient buildings that had fallen into disrepair, broken objects and shards, statues that had lost their value due to missing noses and fingers, and a farrago of trivia, stones, bones, etc. rather than objects worthy of study or contemplation.

There have been several attempts to explain the exact function of the British Museum, the most convincing having been advanced by Huber (4264) as the ‘British expansionist hypothesis.’ Huber reminds us that the British Museum was built in the period marking Britain’s greatest expansion, when its inhabitants pursued an aggressive policy of acculturation all over the world, thus building an immense empire. He assumes that the British – as soon as they had decided on a tribe to incorporate into their Empire – systematically destroyed and removed that tribe’s works of art, places of worship and other iconic cultural material. They then replaced these with specifically British counterparts and shipped them to the British Museum, where they would have fallen into oblivion. While Huber thus manages to account for the poor state of most objects, he fails to explain why the British would have undergone the trouble of transporting them to their home island."

- The New Rosetta Stone

by Veronika Bukovec and
Brigitte Petritsch
It was the night before the première of Deborah Warner’s production of Richard Brinsley Sheridan’s *School for Scandal*. Warner was having a good night’s sleep, as Richard B. Sheridan suddenly appeared in her dreams…

Good evening, Deborah! Are you nervous before the first night at the Drury Lane Theatre?

Mr. Sheridan? Yes, actually, I’m quite excited. I hope everything will work out fine! But it’s going to be at the Barbican Theatre. Drury Lane was unfortunately not possible, because they’re playing *Shrek – The Musical* at the moment.

Shrek? I have never come across this name. Must be a young chap of the 21st century. Anyway … How did you adapt my marvellous play for a 21st-century audience? What about costumes and scenery?

Well, I tried to juxtapose the styles of the 18th and 21st centuries. At the beginning, for example, you can see Lady Sneerwell wearing suspender belts and snorting cocaine. But then she puts on a rather traditional dress to create an 18th-century aura. Furthermore, I use roughly drawn scene flats, stage directions emblazoned on banners …

Egad! That’s scandalous! And tell me: did you include any music?

Of course! Music is essential for changing the scenes! While the stage is being reset between scenes, quite aggressive, deafening electro music is being played to keep the audience excited. Young people will definitely enjoy this part of the play. We also use large placards with quotes on them to signal the specific scenes, which shall help the audience to understand the quite confusing play.

Alas, she uses loud music for scene changes in my unique comedy of manners?

Yes, and I am sure there will be young people in the Barbican stalls really enjoying the show. It is a loud show and that aspect, perhaps, plays to younger tastes; but there will be older people loving it, too. You know, scripts change meaning as time passes, and as producers and audiences we must take the risk to capture those new meanings.
Jesus! What about the character of the amiably profligate Charles Surface? What about my personification of virtue that triumphs over vice in the form of his sanctimonious sibling, Joseph?

Well, I thought of presenting Charles as a kind of drug-addled wit-by-accident, whose good nature is tangled up but never entirely obscured by his fecklessness, and Leo Bill, with his fidgeting nervous energy, was the ideal candidate for this role …

How did you adapt the character of Moses? I am quite inquisitive since my play has often been criticized for suggestions of anti-Semitism, specifically the remarks made about moneylenders (who were often Jewish) … Have you dealt with this subject with the appropriate amount of delicacy of feeling?

It depends on how you look at it. I have hired Adam Gillen, who will play the moneylender Moses with fluting lisp and knock-kneed awkwardness. I think this could be great fun …

Egad! Well, I think I’ll leave you now to let you sleep on. (whispers: and I will probably have some pints before I go to bed …) Have a good night and all the best for tomorrow evening! Fingers crossed!

Thanks a lot, Mr. Sheridan!

Stefanie Nestreba, Sabrina Stocker
Saw it last night. Thankfully, I could not get a ticket on time, so I sat in the back row and did not become the victim of onstage violence. They were surely testing the boundaries of black comedy. Once or twice, I was crying with laughter, which eventually changed to nervousness and anger, especially when Francis threw water over a young woman or, even worse, just took a fire extinguisher and drenched her from head to toe with foam. Also, the scenes with the dotty waiter being hit by the doors all the time or somersaulting backwards down the staircase were just over the top.

Here's one more complaint about the play. There is too much interaction with the audience; Francis invites people to join him on stage, asks for a sandwich or kicks them numerous times in the a**. What is more, he asks two men to help him move a trunk and makes fun of them (even though one of them was old enough to be his grandfather). I know it may sound silly but audience interaction always leaves me feeling nervous unless I know what's coming! Towards the end I was close to a nervous breakdown, and needed the help of some mantras to relieve the tension and stress.

The most fantastic scene, however, was the one where Francis fights with himself, punching his own face with a dustbin lid. Anyway, if you do decide to go and see this play, take earplugs in case you are sitting close to teenage girls who like Corden. All in all, the first act was much funnier and better than the second one, so if you leave at the interval, you won’t miss much. But if you like rock’n’roll, I suggest clenching your teeth and staying on till the end (don’t be fooled into thinking Mr. Corden can play the xylophone).

5 comments:

**Good Chap said**...What a sad miserable whiner you are! This is a five star comedy! It is a farce, real slapstick, but with sufficient intellectual content to satisfy most of the audience. Actually, the funniest play I have ever seen.

**LTS said**... So I’m supposed to like everything you like? And if I don’t, that should make me miserable?

**Relaxed said**...You're absolutely right, LTS, - it was a tedious evening. Corden can't act anything other than the fat “funny” bloke.

**Christine said**… they promised less foam, lol.

**Good Chap said**... Theatre is not your place, guys! You should better sit at home and watch soaps. I think many would agree with me that the play was really hilarious! It’s good of you to find something positive about the play. I agree that the music was just wonderful; lovely to go back to the 60s...

**Post a Comment On:** ....

(by Araxya Sarukhanyan & Osmannihad Behmen)
A LOT OF FUSS ABOUT NOTING

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

COCKROACH, who has seen a few productions of Much Ado About Nothing and has fallen in love with Benedick, returns to the Globe to see her beloved one again; heavy drinker and smoker

GROUP OF VIENNESE STUDENTS, on a field trip in London as a part of the lecture course 'London and the London Theatre Scene'

LEONATO, Governor of Messina

BEATRICE, Leonato's niece

HERO, Leonato's daughter

BENEDICK, a gentleman

CLAUDIO, another gentleman

DON PEDRO, a nobleman from Aragon

The general location: Shakespeare's Globe, London
ACT I, SCENE I.

Shakespeare’s Globe, yard

COCKROACH: Oh, glorious day - the Wooden O! A true groundling I am! [Wandering around a bit] I am in Shakespeare's garden, err... Leonato's, obviously. Hell, yeah. Let’s have a closer look at this famous place. [Crawls around] Ouch, you clumsy groundlings! Mind your giant steps – it’s a small world down here! [Crawls faster, entering panic mode] Bloody hell! Where have all those people come from?! Don’t you see that it’s raining? [Huffing and puffing] You’d better stay at home with your telly, ey, and leave the stage to the true admirers of the Bard! Dear me, this one is trying to sit on me! What the ..? [Flees the scene] Would you mind noticing me, you bunch of boors?! [Stops to listen to their conversation]

VIENN. STU.1: Brilliant idea to walk around London all day and come here, exhausted, to see the play, isn’t it?

VIENN.STU.2: Even more brilliant to come here without a raincoat! Not that we are spoiled by the Viennese weather, but this is just dreadful, I tell you.

VIENN.STU.1: A soft day, thank God – as the Irish would say. [Giggling]

COCKROACH: Vienna, you say. Hmm – lovely! And moreover, students! So, you’ve come all the way to London just to ruin my reunion with Benedick? I don’t think so! You might A-bomb me, but I’ll make my way through to the stage – watch me! [Moves towards the stage] It took me an eternity to get here; I won’t let anybody come between me and my sweetheart! Oh, looks like they’re going to start... Who’s this giant bloke again? Don’t you understand that I can’t see anything, man?! Alas, it’s a bug’s life. Well, at least I can hear them... This audience is a disgrace – would you zip the lip for a second?! Playing the squeaky wheel, ey? As I see it, they’ll never stop the cackling and the fidgeting. For God’s sake – I’ll miss the play!

BEATRICE: I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

COCKROACH: Here we go! They’re discussing my beloved’s return, methinks. Silencio, I pray thee!
LEONATO: O he's returned, and pleasant as ever he was.

COCKROACH: This is music to my ears! My paramour, my Bonnie is back from the sea... err, the war, that is. Oh, glorious day! [Blushing] Can't wait to see my witty, beautiful honey-bun! And Beatrice, sharp-tongued Beatrice, just get out of the way, will you? He obviously isn’t your cup of tea, ey?! Benedick and I will are the perfect match, aren’t we? He’s my handsome boy! Ain’t I right, my love?

BENEDICK: What, my dear Lady Disdain? Are you yet living?

COCKROACH: Disdain?! [Chocking] Come again, I implore thee! Why wouldst thou utter such a thing? Cruel cockatrice, thy words just turned me to stone, methinks.

BENEDICK: God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentlemen or other shall ‘scape a predestinate scratched face.


BENEDICK: I noted her not, but I looked at her.

COCKROACH: Note me not, but look at me though! I knew he would glue his eyes upon me! Love's not blind, fellas... If this be error and upon me proved, I never crawled, nor no man ever loved! [Rocks tipsily]

CLAUDIO: In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever looked on.

COCKROACH: Oh, Claudio, no – not you! Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds, or bends with the remover to remove. [Sips beer]

BENEDICK: [...] Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none: and the fine is (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

COCKROACH: [Slurring speech] Fallen glory, wrong story! Dingy destiny! I loathe you! For he will not trust me with his love... O learn to read what silent love hath writ! To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit. Ey, hold on a second... I've completely lost the plot here, methinks. [Fainting]

ACT II, SCENE I.

COACKROACH: [Having been asleep for a while, suddenly awakens] What has happened? Where am I? Where is my lovely Benedick?

DON PEDRO: Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

COCKROACH: Goodness gracious me! Sweet Benedick, forgive me for I have disappointed you.

DON PEDRO: You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.
COCKROACH: Stop it, you moron! I must inform you that Benedick does not appear to be a resentful person and will certainly forgive my short absence, which was due to alcohol abuse.

DON PEDRO: I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice.

COACKROACH: WITH WHOM?? The disgraceful Beatrice? I will not allow this to happen! Benedick and I are destined to love and be with each other.

ACT II, SCENE III.

DON PEDRO: What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

BENEDICK: Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

COCKROACH: I am sitting in this corner! Have you lost your eyesight, darling? Pray Benedick, do not trust their words for they are evil and wish to deceive you! O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!

ACT III, SCENE I – ACT IV, SCENE I.

COACKROACH: [desperate] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much? Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand. If thou dost love Beatrice, I shall die forthwith.

BENEDICK: This can be no trick [...] They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.
HERO: Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

COCKROACH: [whispering] I am out of all other tunes, methinks. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream? If my chosen one rejects me, I have no more will to exist. For my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.

BENEDICK: [...] have you wept all this while?

COCKROACH: [crying] Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

BENEDICK: I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

COCKROACH: Indeed, this is strange! Are you playing with my heart, sweet Benedick? Have you no respect for other people’s feelings? However, I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

BENEDICK: Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

COCKROACH: [determined] Kill Beatrice!

BENEDICK: Ha! not for the wide world.

COCKROACH: You need not explain, my friend, you still carry her in your heart!

BENEDICK: Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

ACT V, SCENE I – IV.

COCKROACH: Oh come on, Benedick! I am losing my temper! [nervously searching her pockets for cigarettes] What have Claudio and Hero to do with all this? [finally finding a cigarette and lighting it] You wish to distract me, but this is not going to happen, I swear...

BENEDICK: You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

COCKROACH: For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not. What the hell am I talking about? Am I drunk? I have only had five pints today! Anyway, I did not harm any living soul!

BENEDICK: Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.
COCKROACH: [squeaking] Finally!!! Here comes the good part of the story! Do it, do it, do it!

BENEDICK: Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

COCKROACH: I know, I am very much aware of that as well, my Lord. And now, stop babbling and give me a big, fat kiss!

[aside:] Oh, I should have brushed my teeth! I need a chewing gum, where is my chewing gum?!

BENEDICK: I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thine eyes.

COCKROACH: Hopefully you will not die of my breath! Where are my bubblegums? [rummaging in her bag for a chewing gum]

BENEDICK: Come, come, we are friends: let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

COCKROACH: Oh nooooooooooo, Benedick! It`s always the same with you men! I don`t want to be your friend, I want to be your lover! “I want your love and I want your revenge, I want your love, I don’t wanna be friends!” [defeated she leaves the Globe and continues to sing Lady Gaga’s song “Bad Romance”] “Rah-rah-ah-ah-ah! Roma-Roma-ma-ah! Ga-ga-ooh-la-la! Want your bad romance!”

THE END.

(By Selma Avdić & Marijana Marijanović)
At first sight, Stratford in Warwickshire is just a little bit too perfect to be true. Too clean, too neat, too lovely. It reminds connoisseurs of English popular culture of a fusion of Hot Fuzz’s Sandford and Connecticut’s fictitious Stepford – and also the name Stratford itself would imply some underlying relationship. But then again, Stratford-upon-Avon has to be just a little bit more perfect than the average English village, because it is Shakespeare’s birthplace – and Shakespeare himself has always been just a little bit better than the average playwright. So let the numerous Stratfordian signs lead us through this town …

The gentle visitor, who wants to retrace Shakespeare’s steps, may want to commence his/her tour at Shakespeare’s Birthplace in Henley Street. However, appearances are deceptive: while this beautifully restored half-timbered house neatly fits into its surroundings, back in Shakespeare’s time the village wouldn’t have been quite so Stepfordian yet – and neither would the house. Nonetheless Shakespeare managed to find a wife and start his own little family.

> She’s a woman, and therefore to be woo’d. She’s a woman, therefore to be won.<< And she needs a roof over her head, which is therefore to be bought. And a handy New Place indeed Shakespeare purchased for his wife and family (supposedly in 1597). The house wasn’t too modest really (allegedly it had 10 fire places and 5 gables), and neither are the gardens which nowadays cover the grounds of Shakespeare’s former land. Nash’s House right next door to the remains of New Place was converted into a museum and is still there to be admired.

As summer’s lease hath all too short a date for Shakespeare, too, we shall continue to the place where to be or not to be is no longer a question for him to ponder – Holy Trinity Church, where the poet’s remains are entombed. Here, the gentle visitor may also take a closer look at Shakespeare’s baptismal certificate and the graves of his loved ones. After some contemplative minutes spent in the churchyard, a stroll by the river Avon takes us right to the place where Shakespeare’s works are still celebrated: The Royal Shakespeare Company. A bulky brick building reminiscent of the days of beginning industrialisation. A nice analogy this is, too: hardly any other playwright was quite as productive as Shakespeare himself.

On the way back to the railway station, the gentle visitor may want to wallow in the Stratfordian atmosphere once more: pass by The Jester, listen to the buskers playing medieval songs and wonder about the meaning of Hermaphroditus, the Greek deity of bisexuality and effeminacy (maybe a cue for us that Shakespeare wasn’t who we think he was?). Please follow us to the second page to recall the sights visited during our tour of Stratford...
Holy Trinity Church
© Selma Avdic

Birth Place
© Selma Avdic

New Place
© Selma Avdic
The following interview was conducted in a very welcoming place serving delicious and student-budget-friendly “beer and burger” meals (and no, we’ve not been paid by Whetherspoon to say this!), which among insiders of “English Culture” (or students who have attended Harriet Anderson’s British Civilization course) is known under the designation “pub”. The interview had not exactly been planned, but rather was handed to us on a silver platter (maybe by some “higher force”, maybe even by the god and patron of theatre and wine, Dionysus, who, according to Greek Mythology, would not have turned down a moderately chilled Carling if offered 😎). In this very pub, recovering from, and regaining our strengths after, an overly compelling and absorbing production of Cardenio at the Swan Theatre, we happened to sit opposite the refined musicians, Javier Macías (voice) and Luis Carro Barquero (guitar), who only half an hour earlier had helped shape the passions, woes, and (rare) moments of joy experienced by the characters of the play. We were aware of the fact that we absolutely had to seize such an unbelievable opportunity for the sake of extracting vital bits of information for our fellow participants of the London Theatre Field Trip (and, of course, these were our only and primary motives!). We approached their table (trying to look very confident and “academic”) and introduced ourselves and our “professional” background before asking them for an interview.

**We**: First of all, we would like to congratulate you on your outstanding performance!

**Javier & Luis**: Thank you, that’s very kind of you! What did you particularly appreciate about it?

**We**: What makes it, in my opinion, a “larger than life” production is the perfect combination of all theatrical elements. For instance, the minimalist and sparse set enabled you to concentrate on the play’s beautiful language and the psychological profoundness of the characters.

**We**: Yet, despite this reduction in décor, the mise-en-scène still incorporated elements which made it a typical RSC production, the idiosyncratic style of which even a broader audience might be familiar with from the famous movie Shakespeare in Love. For example, merely think of the lavish costumes of the dramatis personae. They do not only function as an indicator of social status, but are also visually appealing.

**J&L**: Ahhh, “dramatis personae”, “social stature”, “visually appealing” … you already seem to have a very profound knowledge in that area … [being ignored]

**We**: Well, from my perspective, (hem), the pared-down set concentrating merely on the essentials kept the focus on the action and the explosive emotions of the characters.

**J&L**: Explosive emotions you say … [being interrupted]

**We**: Well, the production presented a cameo of deep emotion and desire, as well as thwarted love, broken promises and hearts, minds driven to despair and near madness, not forgetting the communal happiness and joy on which the play ends!!

**We**: However, these feelings would never have been as capturing, absorbing, and involving, if they had not been transported and intensified by your instrumentation and singing, bringing it all to life and investing it with further meaning! (Gasp!)

**J&L**: Well … [not having had the chance to say anything]
**We:** [totally entranced by reminiscing about the production] The music evoked a distant, an “exotic,”¹ a Mediterranean setting. Its melancholic tone intensified and heightened the action on stage ... To conclude, the performance included all the flair of seventeenth-century Andalusía.

**J&L:** Well, if you say so ... I for my part didn’t live at that time ...

**We:** No, no, believe me, it absolutely corresponds with what I read in that book ... the title of which I can’t recollect right now ... mmhhmmm ... the title ... was a rather elaborate one, two lines long, but still catchy in a way ...

**We:** Well, we do no longer want to waste your precious time. Thank you sooo much for this so very thrilling and revealing interview!!

**J&L:** Um ... you’re welcome! The pleasure is all ours!

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**Authorial annotations:**

 mái Having studied Feminist Theory we strongly object to the figure of Dorotea, or more precisely, to the concept she stands for (female submission to men and male “ownership” of women).

 mái For a vivid reminder of the production’s unique atmosphere created by the musicians go to <flamencosoulartists.com/default.html>

 mái Here’s a recommendation, or more precisely, a must for your next trip to London, if you want to (re-)experience the magical atmosphere created by the Spanish musicians: <flamencosoulartists.com/Events.html>

By Nada Abdelmoneim & Katharina Jetschgo

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¹ Here we would like to draw attention to the fact that using inverted commas around “exotic” indicates our appreciation of, and accordance with, Edward Said’s postcolonial criticism ... His book *Orientalism* is lying on our bedside table!