Spring preview

London’s still blooming great: we’ve picked the highlights of the next few months
VOTE WITH YOUR BUTTOCKS

Take a seat with the ride-hailing app with low fares, fixed before you ride.

Might just be your best decision today

kapten
Inside

This week's Time Out in no time at all

Spring queen

Cabaret starlet ShayShay crowns our seasonal look ahead with her verdicts on the London trends that have to end

PAGE 15

Glam dram

Hidden behind a bookcase at Great Scotland Yard Hotel, Sibin is the place to go for 'illicit' whisky galore

PAGE 61

‘People know me as Mr Tottenham’

MP David Lammy talks Spurs, SOAS and what he owes to London

PAGE 10

Andy Warhol

See another side to the great pop art manipulator at Tate Modern. (Marilyn, Mao and those soups cans are on show too)

PAGE 52

Craic shots

It’s St Patrick’s Day today! Just as well, then, that we’ve picked out the best Paddy’s parties in town. Sláinte!

PAGE 36

FEATURES AND REGULARS

7 City Life 10 What I Owe to London David Lammy 15 The best of spring in London 28 Exclusive offers 30 Things to Do 39 Film 43 Music & Nightlife 49 Theatre & Dance 52 Art 58 Food 61 Drink 62 Escapes
Hello, London

I wish I could buy you a beer and tell you everything is going to be all right. The truth is, like you, I don’t know what next week holds. What I do know is that London has faced far worse than this. Our city’s history is a litany of cataclysms. Fires, plagues, riots and war. In every instance we have emerged stronger. This will be no different. London’s greatest asset is its people, a hotchpotch of cultures and influences. As long as we look to each other for strength, reassurance and humour, nothing can defeat the city. Special mention must go to small businesses. The niche galleries, indie cinemas, awesome cafés and specialist shops that are undoubtedly feeling the squeeze right now. You make this city what it is and we have no intention of abandoning you in these uncertain times. And finally, we’ve altered our logo to reflect the current rather bizarre circumstances. Usually all we do is bang on about going out, but judging by the empty restaurants and deserted pubs, not everyone is up for that at the minute. Nevertheless, whether you’re self-isolating or not, Time Out is still dedicated to showing you the absolute best of this city. That will never change. Stay safe, everyone. I’ll buy you that drink once it’s all over.

Support Chinese businesses. Thanks to Dumplings’ Legend for having me.
SILENCE IS NOT ENOUGH

A QUIET PLACE PART II

EXPERIENCE IT IN IMAX® FEEL IT IN 4DX

COMING SOON
Thank you for voting us the Nation’s Favourite Coffee Shop* for 10 years running.

*COSTA COFFEE

*The question, “What is your favourite branded coffee shop chain?” asked to the Allgro independent panel (over 4000 people).
Photographer Dougie Wallace has an obsession with fashion billboards. You’ll find them dotted throughout his work documenting east London. He sees them as the result of a process that’s been years in the making. ‘One of the barometers for gentrification is street art,’ he explains. ‘It started with big, bristly white letters: Shoreditch used to be a no-go area, with things like “Fuck the police” written on the walls. Later, that became street art. Then, gentrification.’ Now, Wallace says that the street art has been ‘appropriated by Gucci, Louis Vuitton and Burberry. It’s commercialised. Shoreditch has sold out.’ That’s the impetus behind ‘East Ended’, his latest exhibition at Gallery 46, featuring witty and sometimes surreal photographs of east London scenes.

His photograph of a market on Sclater Street (above) captures the contradictions as the old East End meets contemporary Shoreditch: inked-up partiers making their way home, shoulder-to-shoulder with box-rummaging old locals, in front of a wall of Burberry ads. ‘The young people were on their phones and prancing about – it was a Sunday morning, so they were probably still out from the night before,’ says Wallace. ‘The old guy that’s going through the rubbish, he’s always there. Same with the other two. The clash of cultures says it all, really. That market isn’t going to be there very soon. It’ll be gone.’

Wallace happened upon this scene unfolding just off Brick Lane by chance. ‘I’ve been going down to that market every week for about two years,’ he says. ‘I’ve probably walked around there about 200 times with my camera.’ The photographer has been documenting this rapidly changing area for the last 20 years. When he first started, everything revolved around a few pubs. ‘The Bricklayers Arms, The Joiners Arms and The Golden Heart: there wasn’t really anything else,’ he says. Still, he finds the area’s shifting identity exciting to witness. ‘It’d be pretty boring, otherwise. I like all the changes. I’m just reporting what I see.’

Amsterdam’s floating cat sanctuary

Great things that we love in other cities

Cats famously hate water and Londoners love cats and things on boats. Covering all of these bases is one of Amsterdam’s most unique tourist attractions: De Poezenboot (‘Catboat’) – the only floating feline sanctuary in the world.

The boat is a haven for Amsterdam’s stray and abandoned cats, many of whom are up for adoption: while there are one full-time four-legged residents, the narrowboat houses around five mogs at a time. Their unique accommodation means they make friends in the strangest places, too. Take the ducks on the canal, who poke their beaks through the boat’s wire netting to try and nab cat food. Sharing is caring, after all.

It’s a truly original social enterprise and so popular that you’ll often find a queue of visitors on the canalbank. And while the notoriously violent swans of Hyde Park might make such a sanctuary unlikely on the Serpentine, we’ll be pushing for a Regent’s Canal equivalent in the near future.

Bobby Palmer

www.depoezenboot.nl/en

Sculpture at Wisley 2020

A unique opportunity to see the Four Seasons, a set of four fifteen-foot stunning sculptures by American artist Philip Haas set in different locations around our enchanting gardens.

RHS Registered Charity No. 222899/SC038262.
All pictures are owned by Philip Haas.

Your visit supports our work as a charity
David Lammy is a Londoner through and through. Born to Guyanese parents, he grew up in Tottenham and has been the MP for the area since 2000. He’s a diehard Spurs fan, a SOAS alumnus and is known for his impassioned speeches in the House of Commons.

Being MP for Tottenham means the world to me. It’s incredibly special to represent a place I’ve known all my life, to walk the streets and know every inch of them. People know me as ‘Mr Tottenham’.

Growing up as the son of immigrants in the 1970s and early ’80s in Tottenham was seminal to making me the person I am. There was a freedom – we ranged the streets and owned the streets.

I didn’t move far from the N17 postcode for the first 11 years of my life. Then I got a scholarship to a state boarding school in Peterborough. Tottenham was very diverse and Peterborough wasn’t. I’d never experienced that before.

I experienced a sense of injustice growing up. In Peterborough I saw a different kind of life – the juxtaposition of a suburban middle-class Britain and the poorer urban environment I grew up in.

I didn’t always feel that I belonged. Growing up, I felt confined to a part of London and my parents saw themselves as immigrants. But, my God, I do today – I couldn’t imagine living anywhere else.

My father left when I was 12 years old. The Saturdays he took me to watch Spurs are really warm memories for me. Now I take my children.

I remember the first time I stepped out of Russell Square station to go to SOAS. I was the first in my family to go to university, so that area means a lot.

I went on anti-apartheid marches as a teenager and poll tax riots were a big part of student life. I remember protesting in Trafalgar Square. Those experiences have informed my politics.

I have a platform that many Londoners would give their right arm for so I’m damn well going to use it. What I say in the Commons is a much more sanitised version of what I’m hearing on the tube.

The 2011 riots were devastating, watching the burning and looting of the community I grew up in. There was a lot of anger in the community and I felt responsible to support people who’d been burnt out of their homes and livelihoods.

When I heard the news about Grenfell, I had a feeling I would know someone [involved]. Khadija [Saye] was a young artist who my wife had mentored. I identified with Khadija. When she died in that fire, I felt it could have been me.

Tottenham is the beginning and end of me. When I stand up in Parliament, I’m doing it with the force of the community behind me, it’s like they’re on my shoulders. Interview by Isabelle Aron

‘Tottenham is the beginning and end of me’
NEW ALBUM
PRE ORDER NOW
TICKETS ON SALE FRIDAY 10AM
LIVENATION.CO.UK • TICKETMASTER.CO.UK • GIGSANDTOURS.COM • BIFFYCLYRO.COM
A LIVE NATION & SJM CONCERTS PRESENTATION BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ITB

• 01.10.2020 •
THE O2
LONDON
READY-MADE SUNDAY

Big Narstie

The grime star and comedian on how to end the week with a bang in Brixton

11am

Breakfast
I make a proper yardie breakfast at home: eggs, plantain, hard dough bread, baked beans with onions and pepper, plus hot sauce. I used to go to Moby Dick Fish and Chips for an egg burger with cheese, fried onions, ketchup and mayo, but it shut down.

1pm

Pub
After that, I’ll hit the road and link the man dem at The Duke of Edinburgh pub on Ferndale Road. It’s got a fat garden for a sunny day. Bare intellectual buff tings.

2pm

Lunch
Then I’ll stroll to Acre Lane and touch down in New Tings. I’m a chicken guy, so I’ll be banging the sweet chilli chicken bites with rice, coleslaw and mac and cheese. I might smash a fruit punch or a cucumber and mint juice, too.

3pm

Haircut
Then I’ll freshen up my haircut. I go to HQ Barbers, where the guy will be arguing about politics, as usual.

5pm

Party
What I love about Brixton is on a sunny day, you can have one car with the windows down, stereo on /six.lt/zero.lt, and /one.lt/five.lt or /two.lt/zero.lt man will pull up in the space of an hour. Everyone buys drinks from Miss Johnson’s corner shop and we have a street party.

› ‘How to Be Narstie’ by Big Narstie is out on Thu Mar 19. £14.99.

MADE IN LONDON

There are no prizes for guessing where Ealing Gin is made. It’s created with 11 botanicals (including mint and rose) and the bottle’s art deco design is inspired by Ealing’s Hoover Building.

Plus, 20 percent of the profits go to charities tackling loneliness in the city.

› www.ealingdistillery.co.uk

The most ridiculous things we’ve overheard in London this week

‘If you’re going to pass out, you might as well pass out and piss yourself.’

‘I need it to be very melty melty in the mouthy.’

‘The thing is, soggy peanuts are not so delightful.’

‘Did you just compare Jesus to a Diet Coke?’

‘My mouth is chemically complicated right now.’

‘Right, I’m going to go and investigate the banana situation.’

‘I’m personally offended by fun-size Mars bars.’

‘Ah damn, you were so up for Butlin’s last night too...’

‘Oh my god, my face is melting off!’

‘If he ain’t in a bucket hat, I’m not fucking that.’

Overheard something weird? Tweet us #wordonthestreet @timeoutlondon
The new Galaxy S20 and S20+
Available now
Watch your speed.
The limit's changed.

If you hit someone at 30mph, they’re 5 times more likely to die than if you hit them at 20mph. That’s why as of 2 March 2020, we’ve reduced the speed limit across TfL roads in central London.

Search TfL safe speeds
Winter’s over, baby. Time to don light jackets, drink coffee outside and watch this big, beautiful city transform. Here’s how it’s going to shake down
Spring is arguably the horniest season (summer: too hot, winter: too cold, autumn: too wholesome). So it seems fitting that two of London’s most prestigious theatres have taken it upon themselves to serve up hot Hollywood hunks for it. First, at The Old Vic: Timothée Chalamet. The Shakespearian king, raunchy peach-eater and one of five people who attended Kid Cudi’s birthday party is appearing in Amy Herzog’s ‘4000 Miles’, a story of a sad two-year-old being schooled in life by his grandma. Then, the Savoy Theatre presents Jake Gyllenhaal, a sexy and nice-seeming man, who it’s safe to say most of us have fancied at least a bit over the past two decades. He’s appearing in ‘Sunday in the Park with George’ as a painter struggling to finish his most important work (an intellectual!). Choose your player, bag some tickets and surprise your mates with your sudden keen interest in high culture.

‘4000 Miles’. The Old Vic. Waterloo. Apr 6-May 23. Returns and day tickets only.


Expensive Scandi beer is the new status symbol

When Mikkeller Bar opened in Shoreditch, suddenly loads of us were willing to spend Copenhagen-level bucks on a third of a pint. With a new joint on Exmouth Market coming soon, even more of us will be suckers for Scandi brews, like Big Worster, a barley-wine ale made with champagne yeast, that’ll set you back about a tenner.


Climate activism lite is here

By summer, even your most virulently climate-change-denying weird uncle’s going to be sitting up, paying attention and fighting for the planet. Why? Because David Attenborough’s on the case. His new Netflix doc, ‘A Life on Our Planet’, is a terrifying must-watch. Its premiere (featuring a chat with Michael Palin) will be live-streamed in Picturehouse Cinemas across London.


Hot-boy theatre shows will leave us thirsty

We’re all going to be ‘nature cramming’

That’s what we’re calling the urge to squeeze as much green into our lives as quickly as possible once the rain has finally stopped and we escape self-isolation.

The talk

The Hayward Gallery’s ‘Among the Trees’ exhibition already has us pumped about trunks, but did you know it’s doing talks too? Have a small existential crisis as you learn about the world’s oldest living things with artist Rachel Sussman.


The big one

Chelsea Fringe (the flower show’s less Tory sibling) is always full of edgy ways to connect with plants. The schedule will be revealed soon but expect unusual workshops and smart guided walks.

Multiple venues. May 16-24.

The craft sesh

Make a (recycled glass) terrarium full of ferns and foliage while getting shitfaced on a surprisingly strong gin cocktail at this 90-minute workshop, held conveniently close to Mother’s Day.

Official fuel consumption figures for the Volkswagen T-Cabriolet range in mpg (litres/100km): combined 52.3 (5.4) – 48.7 (5.8). Combined CO₂ emissions 123 – 132g/km.

Model shown is T-Roc Cabriolet Design with optional front fog lights and metallic paint. Figures shown are for comparability purposes; only compare fuel consumption and CO₂ figures with other vehicles tested to the same technical procedures. These figures may not reflect real life driving results, which will depend upon a number of factors including the accessories fitted (post-registration), variations in weather, driving styles and vehicle load. There is a new test used for fuel consumption and CO₂ figures (known as WLTP). The CO₂ figures shown however, are based on a calculation designed to be equivalent to the outgoing (NEDC) test cycle and will be used to calculate vehicle tax on first registration. For more information, please see www.volkswagen.co.uk/owners/wltp or consult your retailer. Data correct at 01/03/2020.

Figures quoted are for a range of configurations (including non-UK) and are subject to change due to ongoing approvals/changes. Please consult your retailer for further information.
**Spring hath sprung**

**6 We’ll all Instagram this dish**

There’s loads of stuff we can’t wait to try at West African spot Akoko. But top of the list? The Cornish lobster. It comes roasted and served with egusi, a rich sauce made from melon seeds, and yam fufu (yam that has been boiled then pounded). The month until the restaurant launches will be painfully slow.

→ 21 Berners St. Opens spring.  ◆ Goodge St. Opens Apr.

**7 This meringue cake will make all other baked goods taste of dust**

Claire Ptak, the Dalston baker behind Hackney’s Violet café (and Meghan and Harry’s wedding cake), is giving the public what they want: a second, larger bakery, but this time with wine. We’ve heard the blood-orange meringue cakes will be the thing to order (although the fruit will change seasonally).


**8 The vegan third wave arrives**

London’s part plant-based now, says Josh Williams. There’s no going back

It’s happened. It’s done. The third wave of veganism is peaking with cult pop-up Club Mexicana opening its first proper restaurant. But it’s been surging for ages: BrewDog’s all-vegan bar, Neil Rankin’s Simplicity Burger, Cookdaily and its grime MC stans... even Greggs has a vegan range. Greggs! Veganism has moved from the freako fringes to the establishment: jackfruit burgers are as normal as tropical IPAs.

This is all great news, but bloody hard-earned. The first wave was wilfully non-mainstream, led by hippies and anarchists, their beliefs anti-corporate as well as pro-animal. Venues like Hackney’s Pogo Café (now Black Cat Café), notorious for its tofu ‘punk’ burgers, led the charge. Then came the second wave, when the street-food explosion lowered the barrier to entry. Suddenly you could put a risky concept in front of thousands every weekend. Many of the big vegan names came through this way: Temple of Seitan, Young Vegans, Biff’s Jack Shack and, indeed, Club Mexicana. They produced headline-grabbing ‘vegan junk food’ at the time hipsters were tripping over their Vejas to show off food pictures.

Word spread rapidly. And now the third wave has come and veganism is everywhere. It’s less about narrow trends, more about lots of vegan elements on lots of menus – and it’s so crushingly normal that it gets priority billing in any mundane ‘thoughts on dinner? flatshare WhatsApp chat. Of course, there has been backlash: all the big-brand bandwagon-jumping feels way removed from the first wave; the popularity of jackfruit has driven up the prices for small restaurants starting out; and how glad can we be that processed meat-substitutes are on the rise? But it’s clearly a net benefit to animals, the environment and our health. Plus the competition has driven the old masters to keep innovating: Club Mexicana is about to debut what it believes is the world’s first vegan al pastor. Veganism is here to stay. There is no fourth wave.

Our ‘way too good to miss’ plan

30GB
£10

Search SMARTY mobile

SMARTY
Simple, honest mobile

SIM-only 1 month plan. Includes unlimited calls and texts to standard UK landlines and mobiles, and roaming within EU countries. Terms apply. Trustpilot 4 star rating March 2020. See smarty.co.uk
These teens will make you see London in a new light

Coming-of-age film ‘Rocks’ captures female friendship at its most moving and powerful. Niloufar Haidar hangs out with its stars. Portraits Andy Parsons

KOSAR ALI AND BUKKY BAKRAY are dancing at the foot of an incredibly fancy gothic staircase in the St Pancras Renaissance Hotel. Fredo & Young T’s ‘Ay Caramba’ is blaring out of a speaker, but it’s not the afrobeats mega-hit that’s got their attention.

“These are the Spice Girl stairs!” exclaims 16-year-old Ali. She’s right: the ‘Wannabe’ video was filmed on these steps 24 years ago – eight years before she was even born. “Can we get a photo doing the poses?” she asks. She throws a peace sign in homage to the group. Bakray, 17, and Ali might be strangers to you, but they won’t be for long. The brand-new actors, who grew up in Hackney and Stratford respectively, play best friends in ‘Rocks’: a female-led coming-of-age film that is as heartbreaking as it is joyous, shot in east London and written by the Hackney-born Theresa Ikoko.

‘Rocks’ tells the story of a young girl who is left to fend for herself and her younger brother when their mum goes missing, and the female relationships that get her through it all. It explores a side of London that is often overlooked – and the best thing about it is the friendship between Rocks (Bakray) and her best mate Sumaya (Ali).

Deeping life

A half-hour later and Bakray and Ali are devouring cheese toasties and fries in the hotel’s restaurant as they talk passionately about making the movie. They – along with most of the cast – were discovered at open workshops held in schools and youth clubs across London. Director Sarah Gavron got all the young actors to contribute to everything, from the script to the set design, which is why ‘Rocks’ feels so real.

“I wasn’t gonna go – I only went because my friends were like “Let’s just go, it’ll be fun!”’ says Ali. She’s peeling tomato away from melted cheese (“I like vegetables, I just don’t like tomatoes. They’re…” she makes a face that is both disgusted and underwhelmed, “…you know?”).

Both 13 when they first got involved, the girls tell me they had no idea what to expect of being on a film set. ‘It was weird, innit,’ laughs Ali, telling me how they’d be picked up together in the mornings. Every day for six weeks, Bakray would make them start the day by listening to the same song, which I’m surprised to discover is Case & Joe’s ‘Faded Pictures’, a classic R&B duet from 1998 that features on the ‘Rush Hour’ soundtrack. ‘She was deeping life,’ jibes Ali, imitating her friend solemnly looking out of the window of a taxi, and causing Bakray to collapse in a fit of giggles. ‘It’s just a nice tune!’ she protests.

At moments like this you can see that the touching on-screen friendship between them has spilled over into real life. The pair finish each other’s sentences and crack up at private jokes: talking about their favourite subject, food, they look at
each other, shout ‘cut-siiiiiiiiiiine!’ and burst into laughter.

This kind of sisterhood is at the heart of ‘Rocks’. It feels like an ode to all-girls schools and the friendships that blossom within their walls. As an alumna (long since graduated) of a girls’ school myself, I can see a lot of my own experience (girls doing each other’s hair in the playground, choreographed dancing, loads of screaming) reflected in the film.

Bakray, especially, related to the school scenes. She went to a girls school before moving to a mixed sixth-form. ‘I didn’t think I’d miss it as much as I do,’ she says of the switch. ‘At all-girls schools there’s no one to impress. You have girls that are into make-up, and you have girls that love football. When the opposite gender is there you have that element [of competition], but when it’s us girls it’s just pure bants.’

**Chicken 0, coffee 10**

It’s not just school life in the film that the girls connect to. In one scene we see Rocks sneaking into a luxury apartment with her new friend Roshé, lounging on an opulent balcony that contrasts starkly with her own council flat around the corner. Bakray and Ali both heave a drawn-out sigh when I ask if they’ve noticed the effects of gentrification in their own areas, and they mention beloved chicken shops replaced by cute cafés and bougie pizza chains.

‘It’s not so much that they’re “our cuisine”,’ muses Bakray, ‘but [they are] a part of our childhood. For me, it was year 11 dinner: you go library, then you go chicken shop, then you go home. You become friends with the owners; they know your order. “You might as well start a business.” So I did.’

**Girl Power revisited**

Will we be seeing them in anything else this year? For the first time in our conversation, I am met with silence. The girls look knowingly at each other, but reveal nothing. Then Ali pours some sugar into the orange-juice-and-soda-water concoction that’s been brought to her in lieu of Fanta and the tension cracks. ‘Listen, it’s tasting a bit dead – I need some energy!’ she protests.

‘...because that’s the way it really is!’ finishes Bakray.

The girls themselves are very much part of this multi-talented generation. Like Rocks, Bakray has dabbed in the make-up game, a fact that only emerges after some prompting from Ali: ‘You might as well start a business.’ ‘I did make-up once for one of my friends,’ says Bakray. ‘She was like “You might as well start a business.” So I did.’ Ali pulls up her friend’s now defunct Instagram account and Bakray shrugs. ‘I’m a bit over it now. I stopped for exams.’

‘There are ten coffee shops just on Chatsworth Road – how much caffeine do you need?’

Bukky Bakray

**Spring hath sprung**
"YES MARJORIE! NEW SALTED CARAMEL POPCORN, AND IT'S TYSRELLBLY TYSRELLBLY TASTY"

Betty's been on the blower all morning, telling her pals how incredibly delicious our Sea Salted Caramel Popcorn is. Little does she know, we have two other equally scrumptious flavours: sweet Madagascan Vanilla and classic Sea Salt. Now that really will get tongues wagging.
Spring hath sprung

10

Women artists are chopping men’s heads off

Art editor Eddy Frankel says that institutions have finally got the feminist message.

The National Gallery is filled almost exclusively with art by men. And it’s the same in museums around the world – it’s all Raphael, Donatello, Leonardo, Michelangelo. Ever heard of a female Ninja Turtle? Exactly (okay, there was Venus de Milo but she’s not one of the canonical foursome, and she’s named after a work of art by – guess what? – a man). So it would be easy to think that up until the twentieth century women just didn’t make art – but they did, and one of the absolute best of them is going to be the star of a major National Gallery exhibition this spring. Artemisia Gentileschi (1593-1656) was a Baroque master with an amazing ability to capture the human form, to play with light and shadow, and to – repeatedly – paint the beheading of men. The results are jaw-droppingly good to look at and long overlooked.

Alongside the Gentileschi show there are some big exhibitions of contemporary female painters to look forward to. Christina Quarles’s brilliant, bright, bendy, twisty, lumpy, bumpy paintings of bodies are coming to the South London Gallery, and Lynette Yiadom-Boakye – one of the UK’s best painters – is bringing her atmospheric imagined portraits of black figures to Tate Britain. The Barbican’s Curve gallery, meanwhile, is being handed over to American painter Toyin Ojih Odutola’s images that explore all sorts complexities of identity.

Art history’s nowhere near as male as we’ve been taught, so this spring, tear up those old books and lose yourself in paintings by women.


13

Suddenly we’re all Latin music experts

From Rosalia to J-Lo at the Super Bowl, Latin music’s having a moment. Want to know what’s good? The twentieth edition of La Linea festival (various venues, Apr 15-May 4) will broaden your tastes.

Juana Molina
A long, fascinatingly varied career (as a sketch-comedy actor and writer) obscures the fact that this Buenos Aires-born musician makes some of the most playful, experimental and Latin-skewed electronica ever.

→ Jazz Cafe, Camden Town. Apr 15. £20.

Sara Correia
If you’re prone to piloerection (aka goosebumps) expect your piloerectile senses to go into hypermegaoverdrive at Sara Correia’s debut UK show. As befits a woman born of a family of fado singers, her flair for dramatic intensity is frankly extraordinary. A must-see.


Mestizo
London meets Bogotá at this slam between the leading lights of the UK’s thriving jazz scene – Nubya Garcia, Steam Down and Theon Cross – and a hive of Colombian musicians. As often happens with jazz, this gig goes on late – till 3am, to be precise.


11

Everyone wants to see ‘Joker’ now

Noticed that your mates who were staunchly anti-‘Joker’ are now saying they’re considering going to a screening of it? That’s because Hammersmith’s Eventim Apollo is showing it with a live orchestra performing the score. Let’s hope they leave ‘Rock n Roll Part 2’ off the set list...

→ Eventim Apollo. Hammersmith. Apr 30. From £44.

12

This party’s setting the museum-late standard

Many London museum lates claim to be ‘inclusive’, but the promise of an accessible venue or an all-female DJ line-up doesn’t quite cut it. The Beautiful Octopus Club – a free party at the Wellcome Collection that’s led by people with learning disabilities, and open to all – gives the word proper, substantial meaning. Started by charity Heart n Soul in 1995, it’ll be marking its twenty-fifth year with everything from a relaxed cinema and free massages to a digital club night and loads of live music, and it’s totally free to attend.

Here’s what your amazing holiday could look like...

Dreaming of paradise?
Try this idyllic escape!

MAURITIUS
5★ OUTRIGGER MAURITIUS BEACH RESORT
• Indirect international flights & transfers
• 7 nights in an Ocean View Room
• FREE upgrade from bed & breakfast to half board

7-NIGHT HOLIDAY
FROM
£1199 PP
SAVE UP TO
£849 PP
REF: 4689171

Prices are correct as at 11 March 2020 and are subject to change. Prices may be higher or unavailable for certain travel dates. All prices are per person. Holidays and accommodation are based on two adults sharing. Airfares are Economy Class on specified airlines from London, unless otherwise stated. For full booking conditions visit www.flightcentre.co.uk. Our flight-inclusive holidays are financially protected by the ATOL scheme.

Or if you fancy something different, chat online, in-store or call 0808 239 6981

FLIGHT CENTRE
ALL travel, No worries

Trustpilot ★★★★★
Spring hath sprung

14

It’s the year we finally start calling bullshit

Pan-Asian cabaret collective The Bitten Peach is calling out tired stereotypes with its new show ‘Crouching Tiger Mum, Hidden Drag Queen’, so we asked performer ShayShay to call bullshit on some worn-out London trends too.

Espresso Martini pop-ups
‘Careful kids: caffeine is a drug and alcohol is alcohol. Stick to one in the morning.’

Prison-themed escape rooms
‘A weird tourist fetishisation thing.’

15

All Points East has a perspective-changing headliner

Take some iconic early pioneers of electronica, stick them in a park with dizzying 3D visuals and you have a recipe for a load of people old enough to know better asking each other ‘Can you feel it yet?’ Also: we can’t wait for Kraftwerk at All Points East.

16

Rave culture’s infiltrated serious theatre

First, ‘Welcome to Iran’ captures the country’s illicit raves. Then, ‘Orpheus: A House Music Opera’, adapts the Greek myth with club music, strobe effects and haze. Both sound surprisingly cool.

17

Suddenly, Gala has the best dance line-up in town

Potentially the city’s most slept-on festival, Gala is going from a one-dayer to weekender for its fifth anniversary. And the line-up? Chef’s kiss. Gilles Peterson, Horse Meat Disco, François K, Motor City Drum Ensemble and more.

Sketch toilet selfies
‘A necessary evil. I would have to take one.’

Ballpit bars
‘If you’re going to give me dirty balls I want them attached to a sexy person.’

Dog yoga
‘Are they pissing on the floor?’

Supreme drops
‘Capitalism at its finest.’

Crazy-golf bars
‘On its own I might enjoy getting drunk and playing crazy golf, but I don’t think I’d like the people around me.’

Toilet bars
‘Convert a church instead. Service in the morning, cocktails in the evening.’

Drag brunches
‘Go for it, but treat the queens with respect. They’re not performing clowns.’

‘Mean Girls’ brunch
‘It’s missing drag.’

WORDS CALLING BULLSHIT: INTERVIEW JESSICA PHILLIPS
IMAGES SHAYSHAY: ANDY PARSONS; KRAFTWERK: DAVID WOLFF - PATRICK/REDFERNS
Get a FREE card when you buy Mum flowers

This Mother’s Day, heartfelt can happen anywhere.

Download our app today.

Order by 23:59 on 20.03.2020. Standard cards only. UK Mainland only. Delivery charges apply. Ts & Cs apply.
Gaucho

What is it? Three courses (with steak options) and half a bottle of wine at the Argentinian chain’s flagship restaurant.

Why go? It’s the quintessential Gaucho experience. The menu features some epic South American staples: scallop ceviche, bife de chorizo (sirloin to you) and dulce de leche flan.

Wait, how much? Around half the normal price: just £35.


The Other Art Fair

What is it? Grab your chance to buy a masterpiece from the best emerging artists in London.

Why go? With pieces starting at around £100, you could find something you love and actually get to take it home. Plus, it’s a great opportunity to support up-and-coming local artists.

Wait, how much? At £550 these tickets are half the regular price.

→ The Old Truman Brewery, Shoreditch High St Overground. www.timeout.com/theotherartfair

Duo

What is it? Two hours of unlimited pancakes and prosecco in Camden.

Why go? Switch things up from the smashed-avo-on-sourdough brunches that are everywhere in London. At Duo they do things a bit differently: there’ll be a live DJ, lip-sync battles, singalongs and, of course, plenty to eat and drink.

Wait, how much? It’s 36 percent less for you – this offer is only £22.


The Lucky Club

What is it? Four cocktails and a meat or cheese slab for a tiny price tag.

Why go? For dinner and drinks in a cool concept venue. Starting as a genderless clothing website, The Lucky Club opened this spot to create a community for streetwear fans who wear what they want.

Wait, how much? It’s £24. If you can find something similar for this price in Mayfair, we salute you.

→ The Lucky Club. © Bond St. www.timeout.com/luckyclub

The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

What is it? A series of concerts to kick off the world-famous ensemble’s spring season.

Why go? The iconic orchestra is performing pieces by some of history’s musical geniuses. The shows take place in two of London’s greatest concert halls, too.

Wait, how much? Normally tickets are £45, but for you? Less than £20.

→ Royal Festival Hall and Cadogan Hall. Various dates. www.timeout.com/RPOspring

Theatre, music, events: get the best deals in town @TimeOutOffers
WHAT IF WE CHALLENGE SEXUAL NORMS. ‘CAUSE LET’S BE HONEST, WHY DO WE CONFORM? BEHIND THE MESSAGES OF LOVE AND SEX, SOMETIMES IT’S NOT AS GOOD AS WE EXPECT. TOLD I NEED TO MOAN LIKE THAT. I SHOULD LOOK LIKE THIS. SWIPE LEFT, DOUBLE TAP, THE PERFECT PROFILE PIC.

WE’RE ALL UNDER PRESSURE AND ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

SO WHAT IF WE TAKE A STAND FOR SEX? WORRY LESS ABOUT HOW IT ‘SHOULD’ LOOK, CELEBRATE HOW IT CAN FEEL. WHERE PORN’S NOT THE NORM, AND STD’S ARE KINDA REAL.

WOMEN AREN’T JUDGED TOO QUICK. GUYS AREN’T TOLD THEY NEED A BIG **** FROM THE FIRST TIME, TO “NO NOT THIS TIME”. THROW OUT DEFINITIONS & LET GO OF TRADITIONS.

YOU DO YOU. OR HE, SHE, THEM, THEY, US & WE. LOVE IS LOVE NO MATTER ORIENTATION. ISN’T IT TIME WE CHALLENGE SEXPECTATIONS?
How to celebrate the spring equinox

Welcome the new season with a folksy week of pageants, Druid ceremonies and spellcraft

**The Druid Order Spring Equinox Ceremony**
The spring equinox marks the first day of the season when day and night are (almost) of equal length. It’s also the day when The London Druid Order flings on its flapping white robes for a public ceremony on Tower Hill Terrace. Go along to watch its members form a procession, blow a trumpet calling for ‘peace within’ and scatter seeds as a symbolic offering to Ceridwen, the earth mother. The ritual ends with a friendly druid picnic. And no, you don’t need a robe to join in.


**Spring Equinox Craft Night**
The Make Escape has become known for providing stressed-out Londoners with a space to stitch, glue and crochet their anxieties away without the usual hefty price tag. You can craft all night at its free spring-equinox-themed event in the serene Woodberry Wetlands.

In honour of the sun being at its closest to the earth’s equator you can try cosmic coconut painting and celestial sewing. So what if your embroidered constellation ends up looking like a discarded Jackson Pollock painting? The class is free!


**Matinka Spring Party**
As soon as March hits, people in The Balkans start wearing trinkets made of red and white thread and put up decorations outside their houses to ward away Baba Marta, or ‘grumpy grandma March’. You can get a flavour of those Matinka celebrations at this eastern European party by bringing an instrument to join a jam with the Balkan Village Band. Swallow your shyness and dig out your best moves for the Romani-style ceilidh.

Historical Pageants Day and Evening
Back in the early twentieth century Britain was obsessed with pageants. Tens of thousands of spectators turned up to watch huge spring displays of dance and historical re-enactments. The phenomenon was so huge people talked of ‘pageantitus’ spreading across the nation and local papers charted the run-up to the events in ‘Pageant Gossip’ columns. Relive the hype at this day of talks and performance accompanying Cecil Sharp House’s exhibition remembering the forgotten spectacles, ‘Pageant Fever! Historical Pageants and the British Past’. Hear from historians, watch archive film screenings and stay into the evening for music. We’ll gladly take a case of acute pageantitus over the… other thing.

Cecil Sharp House.
UndergroundLogo
Camden Town.

Spring Equinox Celebration
If you want spring celebrations laced with a ‘Wicker Man’ aesthetic, head to the garden at Stoke Newington’s Castle Climbing Centre. Help light a bonfire and listen to people share music, stories and poems around the flames, or chip in with your own. It’s not all dancing round flames – there’ll be more trad activities like egg hunts and nature trails, too, and a chance to finesse your bonfire tale in a creative writing workshop. It all sounds pretty wholesome, but be wary of anyone who asks you to help them build a giant wicker sculpture. They’re festival-hoppers from the fifteenth century, basically. And that’s my kind of tribe.

Lisa Wright
Cecil Sharp House.
Manor House.

By Alexandra Sims
Who is busy ironing her robe for the Druid ceremony.

Spring Equinox Spell Craft
A season symbolic of new beginnings lends itself well to esoteric self-improvement spells. Occult literature magazine Cunning Folk and aromatherapy guru Earth Remedies are behind this workshop teaching you how to create plant-powered potions and spells to help you achieve your goals. Loosen your frontal lobes with guided meditation then set to work crafting face oils and creating positive mantras. Even if you’re only in it for the nice smells, it’s a good reminder that if 2020 hasn’t got off to the best start, the promise of better things (and sexy-smooth skin) is always round the corner.

Mother Works.
Hackney Wick Overground.
Fri Mar 20. £35.

Morris dancing
‘Morris dancing is just an excuse for drinking,’ I am told repeatedly during my first trip to Cecil Sharp House, home of the English Folk Dance & Song Society and a place that feels like a ‘Vicar of Dibley’-style village hall. They’re not lying: pints emerge before the lesson has finished, and the post-class pub trip is clearly as much of a tradition as the 500-year-old dance. But it’s all extremely wholesome too. As soon as I enter the room, a guy starts showing me how to work his hurdy-gurdy (not a euphemism), while the dancers furnish me with a big wooden pole and a pirate hat. For the uninitiated, morris dancing is – to put it very untechnically – lots of hopping, a bit of shouting, and some bashing of the aforementioned sticks (the best bit). It’s all about throwing yourself into the spirit of it: if you manage not to stumble into your partner, great, if you don’t, nobody’s going to throw you out. The mix of ages, abilities and experience means that, even as a novice, there’s no point when I feel awkward. This is the loveliest bunch of people I’ve met in a long time. Though the customs around it might sound eccentric (May Day activity Jack in the Green, which involves following a man dressed as a tree, is a new fave), morris dancing attracts people who are just like the rest of us: they like a bop, love to dress up, and definitely love a pint. They’re festival-hoppers from the fifteenth century, basically. And that’s my kind of tribe.

Lisa Wright
Cecil Sharp House.
Camden Town.
Next classes: Tue Mar 17 and Mar 24. £8.
V&A South Kensington
27 March 2020
18.30 – 22.00
Free entry
#FridayLate

DJS
TALKS
WORKSHOPS
INSTALLATIONS
LIVE PERFORMANCE

ENGLISH NATIONAL BALLET AND ROYAL ALBERT HALL PRESENT

FINANCIAL TIMES
THE OBSERVER

Derek Deane’s
Swan Lake
In-the-round
17 – 28 JUNE 2020

Mother’s Day Gift Idea
Give mum something to look forward to this Mother’s Day with our famous Afternoon Tea and Swan Lake tickets in a private box!

Call: 020 7589 8212
royalalberthall.com

English National Ballet
**SOMETHING FOR THE WEEKEND**

**Friday**

**Deep Trash Turkish Delight**

If the sound of a polyamorous celebration of queer art scares the bejesus out of you, give this one a miss. If not, a club night of belly dancing, stripping, pounding techno and Turkish pop songs that are sweeter than a tray of baklava awaits.


**Listen**

**I Know, I Wish, I Will**

Think you have the stomach for spoken word? See how you feel after this 25-hour poetry marathon. You’ll be dreaming in rhymes for weeks.

→ Criterion Theatre.  ➔ Piccadilly Circus.  Fri Mar 20. £6 per 75-minute session.

---

**Saturday**

**Discover**

**Bright Rooms Print & Zine Fair**

Flick through some great-smelling photobooks at a fair that’s all about pulling photographers out of the darkroom to promote their work.


**Rebels Rising – Burning Hearts FE**

Watch vicious clashes between female wrestlers like Psycho Lolita and Bunny Mallow. You won’t be eye-rolling about how it’s ‘all fake’ when you see these brawls up close.


**Shop**

**Jamii High Street**

Support black-owned businesses selling haircare, jewellery and Caribbean food at this temporary Brixton marketplace.


**Sunday**

**Wander**

**The Other Art Fair**

Need some cultural Sunday plans to drop into work conversations? A whizz round an art fair with prints, embroidery and a hand-poke tattoo stand ought to do it.

→ The Old Truman Brewery.  Shoreditch High St Overground.  Thu Mar 19-Sun Mar 22. £11.

**Watch**

**The Past and Present of Puppet Theatre in the Arab World**

If you don’t find a show involving different kinds of puppets enjoyable, you’re dead inside.


---

**Greenwich Spring Fayre**

Just when you think Greenwich can’t get any more wholesome, its fayre returns with floral workshops, a rock choir and a birds of prey display to give it some edge.


---

Find delightfully trashy nights out at timeout.com/thingstodo
My non-dairy diary

As part of our non-dairy diary series with Ben & Jerry’s, we met vegetarian Marc Ellwood, a personal trainer from London Fields who is living proof that you don’t need to eat meat or loads of dairy to smash your fitness goals.

Okay, so Veganuary has been and gone – but that doesn’t mean you’ve gotta give up your quest for a more wholesome you. It pays to remember that moderation is key, which is a philosophy that Marc lives and breathes. He’s a vegetarian who consciously eats less dairy, and he’s got a wealth of knowledge when it comes to living meat-free and (nearly) dairy-free in London...

Why did you decide to become a vegetarian? ‘I decided to go vegetarian about a year ago now – it was down to a mix of reasons. Ethical and environmental issues definitely played a part. As did my own health. I was increasingly feeling more sluggish and my digestion wasn’t as smooth when I was eating meat. It also naturally made me more creative in the kitchen!’

Are you ever tempted to eat meat? ‘No, I’m quite strict. I realised pretty quickly it wasn’t the actual meat I missed, but the flavours and textures. I then discovered there are meat-free replacements for every dish, with the added bonus of the food generally being tastier and nutritionally healthier! Temple of Seitan in Hackney does vegan fried “chicken” if my craving ever creeps up.’

As a personal trainer, do you ever encounter people who say that meat and dairy is needed for strength and fitness? How do you respond to that? ‘Yeah, all the time, but it’s just not true. If you’re looking at maintaining strength, then a vegetarian can get enough protein from food consumption alone. If you’re looking to build muscle, then you may need to look towards supplementation like shakes to increase your protein intake. The Protein Works do a great vegan and vegetarian protein shake range. And as for dairy, if you’re eating plenty of green leafy vegetables, tofu, beans, nuts, avocados and seeds, then it isn’t needed at all!’

My favourite Ben & Jerry’s Non-Dairy flavour: ‘Chocolate Fudge Brownie for sure! Nice and creamy like dairy ice cream. I’m a sucker for brownies in general so it’s win-win.’
What are some of your favourite restaurants for healthy veggie meals?

‘I love Asian food, as it’s usually pretty healthy. Ping Pong has a vegan menu with stuff like tofu and miso noodle soup. And Pho has an extensive vegan menu, with an amazing tofu curry. If I’m going out with some hardcore meat-eaters, I usually recommend any of the Hix restaurants. They put as much effort into the veggie dishes as they do with the steak – the vegan options are incredible.’

What tips would you give to someone who is interested in going vegetarian but concerned that it will impact their fitness goals?

‘If you’re thinking about going veggie or vegan but are unsure how it will affect your fitness journey, I would recommend finding yourself a personal trainer who is knowledgeable in plant-based nutrition and fitness to help guide you through the first few weeks.’

Where do you love to exercise in London?

‘My studio is just off of Broadway Market, so in between clients I love going for a swim at London Fields Lido, which is an outdoor heated pool. It’s open all year round and swimming outside on a December evening under the lights is just ace.’

@marc.ellwood

You can buy Ben & Jerry’s Non-Dairy range at supermarkets and at Ben & Jerry’s Soho scoop shop
St Patrick’s Day at Pop Brixton
South London’s fave stack of shipping containers is having its own Paddy’s Day party with a DJ takeover from NTS radio. There’s no ‘Irish’ street food options, but you can always pair your Mama’s Jerk chicken with a pint of Guinness.

It’s Always Sunny on St Paddy’s Day #4
The Windmill morphs into the trash pile that is Paddy’s Pub for the return of the ‘It’s Always Sunny...’ party, saluting a TV show that’s best described as a degenerate ‘Seinfeld’. Come for rum ham, live bands and hordes of drunks in Green Man suits.
→ The Windmill. Brixton. Tue Mar 17. £5.

Fitz’s x Bar 1661 St Patrick’s Day Takeover
Can’t face another Paddy’s night sipping warm Guinness on the pavement outside The Toucan? Try hyper-swanky Fitz’s, where Dublin’s Bar 1661 is serving cocktails packed with enough poitín to fuel a delayed Ryanair flight.
DOs AND DON'Ts
How to avoid a horribly generic Mother’s Day

DON’T
Get her a saccharine card from Clintons or attempt to make one unless you’re under 12. And while we’re at it, don’t get her a ‘silly’ one. No woman wants a card that says ‘My mum gave birth to a legend’.

DO
Go to a talk on the Role of Mothers in Advertising to see antiquated images of motherhood in retro ads for Kellogg’s and Lyons Maid lollies.

DON’T
Offer to make her a cup of tea and act like you’ve done your duty. The woman birthed you and you think a well-steeped PG Tips will suffice? Hang your head in shame.

DO
Have tea-leaf reading session. If you don’t like what’s in your future, you’ll still get a nice cup of loose-leaf.

DON’T
Compose an emotional Instagram story full of gifs, stickers and throwback photos of ‘the best woman in the world’ then forget to actually call her on the day.

DO
Take her to a ‘Mother’ storytelling night with The Embers Collective to hear tales of ‘cannibal mums’.

DON’T
Waste money on environmentally unfriendly flowers. Those cellophane-wrapped supermarket orchids? They aren’t happy. Look at those droopy heads. They’re practically dead. Don’t give the gift of death.

DO
Bring her to a day of conservation volunteering at Tower Hamlets Cemetery Park. Getting covered in mud is great for bonding. Probably.

DON’T
Fork out for a price-hiked afternoon tea in some pelmet-loving hotel in Knightsbridge. It’s just tiny sandwiches, for God’s sake.

DO
Drink too much at a boozy afternoon tea at Little Nan’s Bar in Deptford.
⇒ Little Nan’s Bar. Deptford rail. Sun Mar 22. £35 per person.
LISTEN

Dear Harry/Spock
Hear gushing tales of fantastical universes at London’s only comedy fan fiction night, where top storytellers and comedians read out their best material. Prepare for takes on ‘Harry Potter’, ‘Star Wars’ and ‘EastEnders’, plus plenty of bad erotica.

Jawdance
Yomi Sode’s spoken-word institution turns ten this year. Sign up for an open-mic slot or just bask in the snappy stanza-spitting greatness of headliner, and co-founder of Malika’s Poetry Kitchen, Malika Booker.

Nerd Nite
Indulge in unashamedly nerdy subjects at this night where speakers are given a two-lower minute slot to deliver a fun, but informative, geeky talk. Topics will range from swearing to face blindness. Think of it as an immersive version of your fave niche podcast.

WATCH

‘The Simpsons’ Marathon
Deeper Into Movies has sifted through 600 episodes to bring you the best moments from ‘The Simpsons’. The Springfield stint will run for six hours, or until everyone looks yellow.

Crystal Palace International Film Festival
This little slice of south-east London has gone global. Watch premieres, shorts, docs and animation. This week, look out for the Short Documentary Night at West Norwood Picturehouse to see little-known real-life stories from around the world.

LEARN

With Love
Switch stalking couples on Insta for inspecting the lives of loved-up people through history at this exhibition of love letters. Notes from Anne Lister and the first Labour prime minister are among the amorous missives.

How to Write a Book in a Day
They say everyone has a novel in them. Get yours started at this day of talks and tips from award-winning contemporary authors like Ross Raisin, Lucy Caldwell and editor of ‘The Good Immigrant’ Nikesh Shukla.

LATE

WMG Late: Invisibility
See ‘The Yellow Wallpaper’, an exhibition from American artist Kehinde Wiley, who painted the official portrait of Barack Obama, at this after-hours event, with talks, poetry and live music exploring blackness, gender and hypervisibility.

SHOP

Crafty North Londoner
This homeware, fashion and gift sale showcases the work of north London designer-makers with nimble, creative fingers. Plus, all the items up for grabs are ethical and sustainable.

Big Plant Sale London No 4
Expand your army of green leafy children at this growers’ market. The organisers have promised that no exotic sprig will be more than £2.50.

EXCLUSIVE

Ancient pyramids, futuristic cities, haunted sanctums: these are all places you could end up at in the bonkers world of VR escape rooms. Try one now for up to 44 percent less.
→ timeout.com/VRESCAPEROOMS

More nights for nerds of all kinds at timeout.com/thingstodo
THE LAUNCH OF Disney+ is just around the corner, but in the meantime, there’s a world of movie wonders to find from your sofa.

Blindspotting
Funny, smart, moving... in this buddy movie-cum-social drama Daveed Diggs is an ex-con trying to stay out of prison and Rafael Casal is his fiery mate heading the other way. ➔ Available on Netflix UK.

Buffalo Soldiers
This riotous satire on the US military starring Joaquin Phoenix didn’t play well when it premiered after 9/11. Happily, it’s okay to laugh at military incompetence again. ➔ Available on Amazon Prime.

Capernaum
Nadine Labaki’s heartbreaker follows a Lebanese boy on the streets of Beirut. Trust us, it will make you cry until you’re a human raisin. ➔ Available on Amazon Prime.

Captain Fantastic
Viggo Mortensen may not usually be associated with comedy but he’s a delight as an off-the-grid anarchist in this loveable story of family. ➔ Available on BBC iPlayer.

The Endless
Two brothers stumble on a UFO death cult in this dizzying sci-fi. You know when the clocks go back and for a minute you don’t know what time it is or who you are? It’s that, in movie form. ➔ Available on Netflix UK.

Lesser-known streaming gold

Self-isolating? We’ve got your back

Good Time
If ‘Uncut Gems’ was your first exposure to the Safdie brothers, what better time to discover one of their blistering earlier movies? Imagine ‘Dog Day Afternoon’ swallowed a bag of amphetamines. ➔ Available on Netflix UK.

Hounds of Love
The scariest thing to hail from Australia that doesn’t live in an actual web, this dark thriller follows a dope-dealing couple who spice up their fiery relationship by abducting girls. At least, until one of them turns the tables on them. ➔ Available on Shudder, rent for £4.49.

Il Postino
This story of Chilean poet Pablo Neruda’s years in Italy delivers gentle lyricism in spades. Expect sun-dappled Mediterranean vistas and loads of poetry. ➔ Curzon Home Cinema, £3.99.

Princess Mononoke
Studio Ghibli recently added its back catalogue to Netflix. This hard-edged fairy tale is a great place to kick off a Ghibli binge. ➔ Available on Netflix UK.

Wake in Fright
A teacher stops in a mining town on his way home for Christmas and decides to stick around for a schooner of beer or two. Big mistake. Once witnessed, this Outback nightmare is impossible to dislodge. ➔ Available on BFI Player.
Dogs Don’t Wear Pants ★★★★★

**WHAT IS IT...**
A Finnish comedy about a widower who gets into BDSM.

**WHY GO...**
It’s your next cult favourite.

- Director J-P Valkeapää (18) 105 mins.

**FINNISH MAVERICK** J-P Valkeapää’s third film has everything: a terrific title, a death in the family, a time jump, teenage angst, adult angst, lousy parenting, hallucinations, remorse, guilt, emotional healing, a dog, and a whole lot of BDSM.

Every five-year-old knows red means danger, but forlorn widower Juha (Pekka Strang) forgets this when he stumbles into a crimson torture chamber and gets taken down by Mona (Krista Kosonen) with fight moves that would make The Bride in ‘Kill Bill’ proud. The numerous club scenes look like ‘80s pop videos by way of Nicolas Winding Refn, which is code for saying cinematographer Pietari Peltola does a neon-tastic job. With Mona’s futurist bondage-wear, it’s all very kinky kitsch.

At this meeting Juha discovers that asphyxiation makes him recall his wife, who drowned some years before. Now he’s looking after his tongue-piercing teenage daughter, whose growing pains make her embarrassed about square dad. That turns to befuddlement when he starts coming home with his face looking like a Picasso.

Then Valkeapää starts adding humour to the melancholy, as Juha slowly comes to terms with his grief, and it turns out this hard-knock life can beat a lost puppy right back into shape. ■ Kaleem Aftab

Fire Will Come ★★★★★

**WHAT IS IT...**
A slow, sensuous psychological thriller about connection and belonging.

**WHY GO...**
It’s got loads of lovely greenery.

- Director Oliver Laxe (12A) 86 mins.

**YOU MIGHT CALL** this Spanish drama an acquired taste. It moves with all the snap of a glacier and the plot – in which a man, Amador (Amador Arias), returns to his hometown on which he once launched an arson attack – is hardly complex. Somehow, though, director Oliver Laxe transforms all these ingredients into a sensory feast. The effect is spellbinding.

Captured on grainy 16mm, Amador’s simple daily tasks as he looks after his elderly mother, unfold with almost indulgent languidness. As does the rural Galician setting, which offers generous eyefuls of rolling mists and lush, dripping woodlands.

What plot there is feeds into bigger unanswered, unanswerable questions about connection and belonging. Amador and his mother chat about the local eucalyptus, a foreign tree which strangles other plants’ roots. ‘If they hurt others, it’s because they hurt, too,’ she suggests. Does this apply to her ex-arsonist son? Or the villagers who gossip about him?

With a documentarian’s instincts, Laxe offers no easy answers. Like Amador, he opts for observation over intervention. The result in this eventually fiery film is refreshing. As with the spoiler of its title, ‘Fire Will Come’ is a little slice of life that proves that sometimes less really is more. ■ Daniel J Lewis

---

### THE TEN BEST POP-UPS AND FESTIVALS THIS WEEK

1. **Meet Me in St. Louis**
   - Judy Garland lights up Missouri in a musical slice of classic Golden Age Hollywood.
   - Screen 25, Norwood Junction Overground. Fri Mar 20, 7.40pm. £9.

2. **Girlhood**
   - Céline Sciamma’s raw-edged portrait of teenage girls navigating the tough Parisian suburbs.
   - BFI Southbank. Waterloo. Tue Mar 17, 8.45pm. £10.20–£25.

3. **Bait**
   - Locals and tourists clash in a troubled Cornish fishing village in Mark Jenkin’s atmospheric paean to the South West’s past and future.
   - Whirled Cinema. Mon Mar 23, 8pm. £12.

4. **Repulsion**
   - Catherine Deneuve stars in Roman Polanski’s raw-edged portrayal of a rapidly unravelling woman.
   - The Old Operating Theatre. Fri Mar 20, 7.30pm. £8.50.

5. **My Left Foot**
   - The remarkable story of Christy Brown (Daniel Day-Lewis) an Irish artist and writer born with cerebral palsy.

6. **Family Romance, LLC**
   - Werner Herzog’s film about hiring family members in Japan, followed by a Q&A with the director.

7. **Sol de otoño**
   - A Jewish woman hires a non-Jewish man to pretend to be her fiancé. On as part of the Argentinian film season.
   - Elephant & Castle. Fri Mar 20, 7.30pm. £12.

8. **Maxima**
   - An indigenous farmer in Peru confronts a global goldmining company, as part of the Human Rights Watch Festival.
   - Regent Street Cinema. Wed Mar 18, 8.45pm. £13.

9. **Pierrot le Fou**
   - Jean-Luc Godard’s gorgeously shot take on marital strife and rekindling old romances.
   - Ciné Lumière. South Kensington. Sun Mar 22, 2pm. £10.

10. **Sol de otoño**
    - A Jewish woman hires a non-Jewish man to pretend to be her fiancé. On as part of the Argentinian film season.
    - The Old Operating Theatre. Fri Mar 20, 7.30pm. £8.50.
The Truth

**IF A NEW** film from Japanese auteur Hirokazu Kore-eda isn’t enough to get you excited, the regal pairing of Catherine Deneuve and Juliette Binoche as clashing mother and daughter should do the trick.

Unfortunately, Kore-eda also seems to have had his head swayed by his storied stars, whose performances here feel showy rather than subtle.

At least there’s a good reason for the superstar casting in this tale about memory and the blurred line between fact and fiction. Kore-eda makes use of the stellar reputations of Deneuve, Binoche and Ethan Hawke (playing Binoche’s boozy husband) to land several cutting in-jokes. Much of the early joy in ‘The Truth’ can be found in Deneuve gleefully pastiching herself as ageing actress Fabienne Dangeville.

Fabienne has written a memoir and invited her screenwriter daughter Lumir (Binoche) to attend the book launch in Paris. Lumir and her family arrive in the middle of an interview, whereupon Fabienne mocks Hawke’s alcoholic son-in-law for calling himself an ‘actor’. Unfortunately, the humour never rises much above this level of mild ribbing.

It’s when Kore-eda adds pathos to the story, by having Lumir take centre stage, that ‘The Truth’ loses traction. Lumir arrives at some realisations – perhaps her mother is not so beastly after all and maybe her own memories are slanted – that feel sugary. The feelgood tone begins to jar.

With his last film, ‘Shoplifters’, Kore-eda made his masterpiece. By his own lofty standards, this first film set outside his homeland is no more than a half-decent effort.

■ Kaleem Aftab

What is it…

A mild-mannered family drama from Japanese master Hirokazu Kore-eda.

Why go…

For Catherine Deneuve and Juliette Binoche being awesome.

Director Hirokazu Kore-eda (PG) 107 mins.

FILM OF THE WEEK

The best things to see at BFI Flare

London’s leading festival of queer cinema is back for 2020. We’ve selected some of the line-up’s highlights

**FOR 34 YEARS**, the BFI Flare: London LGBTQ+ Film Festival has celebrated the brightest and best of queer cinema. This year’s shebang runs from March 18 to 29, with galas, screenings and events, plus club nights to top things off. Here’s our pick of the films.

**Cicada**

This one blends the romance of Andrew Haigh’s ‘Weekend’ with the tough subject matter of Gregg Araki’s ‘Mysterious Skin’. We meet Ben, a bisexual man living hook-up to hook-up, as he gets to know handsome stranger Sam. As their connection deepens, both need to confront past traumas. It’s bound to get emotional.

**Monsoon**

If you enjoyed ‘The Farewell’ you’ll probably be drawn to ‘Lilting’ director Hong Khaou’s new film ‘Monsoon’. Starring Henry Golding (‘Crazy Rich Asians’), the film touches on love, grief and the isolating cultural dissonance that immigrants can feel when they return to their home country.

**Ellie & Abbie (& Ellie’s Dead Aunt)**

A clip of Monica Zanetti’s Australian comedy about teenage lesbian Ellie, whose aunt returns from the dead to help her get a date with her crush, had the audience at the BFI Flare launch in fits of giggles. Hilarious, irreverent and dead romantic, this looks like a fabulous new take on the teen romcom.

**Lingua Franca**

Following an undocumented Filipina transwoman living in New York, Isabel Sandoval’s third film explores the harsh realities of an American society that exploits migrants and transpeople and pushes them to the fringes.

**Drag Ball**

Thought to be lost and only recently rediscovered, Scottish underground filmmaker John Samson’s short documentary from 1981 explores the legendary drag balls at west London’s Porchester Hall where the fashionable were free to be fabulous. This is a rare opportunity to take a peek into the city’s queer past.

**Our Dance of Revolution**

What does it mean to be black and queer? That’s the question posed by this doc charting 35 years of black LGBTQ+ activism in Toronto. Here’s how a movement gets started.

■ Alim Kheraj


All the biggest new films reviewed at timeout.com/film
Radioactive

THERE ARE BIOPICS that stick, barnacle-like, to the facts, going from A to B to C through their storied subject’s life as visualised Wikipedia pages. To her credit, director Marjane Satrapi takes a radically different approach with ‘Radioactive’. Possibly too radical, as it turns out.

The story of Polish-French scientist Marie Curie (Rosamund Pike), it intersperses her discovery of new radioactive elements, her partnership with Pierre Curie (Sam Riley) and a Nobel Prize with sudden flash-forwards to the (literal) fallout of her finds. As daring as it sounds to cut from a nineteenth-century laboratory to the cockpit of the Enola Gay over Hiroshima then back again to a crestfallen Curie, the inadvertent effect is to turn this already extraordinary woman into a strange kind of soothsayer.

When not being asked to channel Christopher Walken in ‘The Dead Zone’, Pike provides the movie with a convincing core as a dogged scientist with an evangelic thirst for discovery and zero tolerance of obstructive old men. But the script by Jack Thorne delivers its feminist message with the subtlety of a foghorn. ‘I’m interested in all science that confronts prevailing attitudes,’ notes Curie in a line that sounds like it was lifted from the website of a biotech company.

There are some wry observations on how Curie’s discoveries were quickly commercialised (radioactive ciggins, anyone?) and a half-explored subplot about her dalliance with a psychic, but unlike its subject, none of the big experiments in ‘Radioactive’ quite come off.

Radioactive (12A) 110 mins. 

WHAT IS IT...

A biopic of genius scientist Marie Curie.

WHY GO...

For a timely story about life-saving medical discoveries.

Director Marjane Satrapi

101 mins.

The Great Buster: A Celebration

WHAT IS IT...

Peter Bogdanovich’s tribute to silent movie genius Buster Keaton.

WHY GO...

To find out how Keaton influenced the Tom Holland ‘Spider-Man’ movies.

Director Peter Bogdanovich

PG

101 mins.

DIRECTOR AND FILM

Historian Peter Bogdanovich fell in love with silent film star and filmmaker Buster Keaton at an early age, and that affection seeps from every frame of this heartfelt and hilarious celebration of the Great Stoneface’s life and work.

At first, it looks like we’re in for a well-curated clip show, as the director and fellow fans – including Quentin Tarantino, Dick Van Dyke, Mel Brooks, Werner Herzog and many more – take us from Keaton’s childhood as part of the hugely successful vaudeville act The Three Keatons, through his screen debut as foil to Fatty Arbuckle, and on to his ten 1920s masterpieces, including ‘The General’ and ‘The Navigator’.

It’s after this purple patch, however, that the film gets interesting, as Bogdanovich explores his wilderness years at MGM – where micromanaged budgets and cookie-cutter scripts stifled Keaton’s creativity – his struggles with alcoholism, mental health issues, broken marriages, and even a broken neck, and on to his resurgent popularity in the 1960s.

Fans who know Keaton’s work inside out will be amazed by the gems Bogdanovich has unearthed here, including Keaton’s less well-known but still showstopping work in a Judy Garland musical and his inventive TV commercials. Buster beginners are arguably in for an even bigger treat, and are apt to fall as hard for Keaton as Bogdanovich did over 70 years ago.

David Hughes

Film

LONDON ON SCREEN

The Summerhouse Estate in ‘Top Boy’

The location: Samuda Estate, Isle of Dogs

The scene: After a few years away, Dushane (Ashley Walters) returns to London to find himself in hock to some dodgy characters. As he walks through his old stomping ground of the Summerhouse Estate, violence isn’t far away.

Then: When Netflix brought back ‘Top Boy’, a new Summerhouse Estate was needed, as its original surrogate, Elephant & Castle’s Heygate Estate, was demolished in 2014. ‘We loved the Samuda Estate because you can see the City in the background,’ says location manager Ben O’Farrell. ‘That juxtaposition says something profound.’ Even the characters’ bedrooms were filmed on the estate, where the local were welcoming. ‘They gave us lots of tea,’ says O’Farrell.

Now: O’Farrell hopes the show’s successful revival will have a positive impact on Samuda residents, although he’s keen to point out that the estate shouldn’t be treated as a tourist destination by fans. A new season of ‘Top Boy’ is coming soon and with it, a return to the estate. But what to expect? ‘It’d be visually interesting if it deals with how these inner-city communities are disappearing,’ says O’Farrell. Watch this space.

Thomas Hobbs

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

London

Time Out London March 17 – 23 2020
There’s a Stormzy on the way...

Can the grime king’s current tour possibly top last year’s Glastonbury performance? Ahead of three London dates in September, we caught a Paris gig to report back.

IN A CITY that cherishes glitz and glamour, Le Trianon is where you go for a proper show. Cabaret legend Mistinguett made her start at this gilded theatre at the foot of Montmartre. As did can-can pioneer La Goulue. More recently, Rihanna stopped off here on her madcap junket. Now we’re here for one of the first shows on Stormzy’s Heavy Is the Head world tour: launched in November as a massive 55-date campaign. If last year’s headline appearance at Worthy Farm was the pinnacle of his career, this is its sequel. But gone is the pomp. At Glasto, fireworks, flame-throwers and a Chris Martin cameo are pretty much mandatory. Tonight the spotlight is refocused solely on the 26-year-old. Stormzy, his DJ and an admittedly in-your-face light show: this is all we have to contend with. But does it work?
Thankfully, it really truly does. Back when the 26-year-old was announced for Glasto, some sniffed at the world’s biggest festivals being headlined by a one-album artist. In the event, it guaranteed 16 songs we likely knew, performed in monstrously OTT style. Fast forward a year, and Stormzy has two albums to draw on. Where Glasto felt like extraordinary mini-performances, tonight’s 22-song set is propelled by his raw charisma alone. It’s just as ambitious, but in a different way.

Brash and brassy opener ‘Big Michael’ sets the tone. In interviews, Stormzy often expresses discomfort at his lightning-fast rise to fame. Here, though, he looks completely at ease. He revels in reeling off his achievements, and the crowd beams back. And it doesn’t need him to holler ‘ENERGY CREW’ every other song for the room to turn into a yawning circle pit. A frenetic ‘Wiley Flow’ does the new godfather of grime justice. ‘Take Me Back to London’ gets all the daytrippers screaming (guilty). Even the crooning, mum-and-dad-friendly ‘Crown’ fills Le Trianon with a palpable energy.

Grime has yet to break the mainstream in France, but as the room fires back lines from ‘Shut Up’ and ‘Vossi Bop’, Stormzy has the assured air of its first truly global star. After a hit-stuffed conclusion that packs in ‘Know Me From’ and ‘Big for Your Boots’, he wades through an adulating crowd doling out hugs and handshakes. For a man with a portrait hung in the National Portrait Gallery, he’s as down-to-earth as they come. There may be more guests and pyrotechnics in London, but tonight showed these are unnecessary.

Ever since Louis Armstrong and Josephine Baker made it their second home, Paris has been endowed with a certain cachet as a place to perform. And yet, you get the sense that for Michael Omari Jr and his globetrotting fans, the City of Light could be anywhere. Superstars, even relatable ones, will always blind you, and Stormzy did just that tonight. →

Stormzy plays the O2 on Sep 2–4. Tickets are still on sale.

By Huw Oliver
Who flung himself around the moshpit in a monstrously OTT fashion.
SOMERSET HOUSE SUMMER SERIES
WITH AMERICAN EXPRESS

JORDAN RAKEI
Thursday 9 July

SIX60
Friday 10 July

RODRIGO Y GABRIELA
Saturday 11 July

JAMES VINCENT McMORROW
Sunday 12 July

BOMBA ESTÉREO
Monday 13 July

BLOOD ORANGE
Tuesday 14 July

MAHALIA
Wednesday 15 July

WOODKID
Thursday 16 July

TOVE LO
Friday 17 July

YOUNG THE GIANT
Saturday 18 July

ESKIMO SUMMER DANCE
Sunday 19 July

09 - 19 JULY 2020

ON SALE 10:00 FRIDAY 20 MARCH
Somersethouse.org.uk
#SummerSeriesGigs
Jordan Rakei Jul 9
Australian alt-R&B artist Rakei has collaborated with Loyle Carner, Common and Disclosure. He released his third album of jazz-imbued beats and feels, 'Origin', last year.

Six60 Jul 10
This band are massive in their native New Zealand, where their eponymous second album hasn’t left the Top 40 since it dropped in March 2015. They blend elements of soul, rock, roots, reggae and electronica into a very anthemic package.

Rodrigo y Gabriela Jul 11
The crowd-pleasing Mexican acoustic-guitar duo are celebrating their twentieth year performing together. You’ll definitely hear highlights from last year’s Grammy-winning ‘Mettavolution’ album.

James Vincent McMorrow Jul 12
The Drake-endorsed singer-songwriter (he sang backing vocals on Drizzy’s track ‘Hype’) brings his intimate R&B-tinged folk.

Bomba Estéreo Jul 13
This Colombian band say their name stands for ‘a really cool, awesome, badass party’ in their native tongue. So expect their psychedelic tropical bangers to enliven the North Bank with a bit of Bogotá.

Blood Orange Jul 14
A hometown show for the Ilford-born musician also known as Dev Hynes, who’s now based in New York and counts Solange and Blondie among his collaborators. His setlist should draw heavily from 2016’s ‘Freetown Sound’ and 2018’s ‘Negro Swan’.

Mahalia Jul 15
The Leicester-born neo-soul singer, who released her acclaimed debut album ‘Love and Compromise’ in September, will fill the courtyard with sublime vibes.

Woodkid Jul 16
This French singer-songwriter has directed memorable music videos for Katy Perry (‘Teenage Dream’) and Harry Styles (‘Sign of the Times’), so expect his bold orchestral pop songs to be backed by stunning visuals as the sun goes down over Somerset House.

Tove Lo Jul 17
The Swedish singer-songwriter goes harder than many of her electro-pop peers: who else would write a song called ‘Disco Tits’ or convince Kylie to duet on one titled ‘Really Don’t Like U’?

Young the Giant Jul 18
This will be only the second time the catchy California rockers have played in the capital since 2014, so expect tickets to be snapped up lightning fast.

Eskimo Dance Jul 19
The seminal grime night launched by Wiley back in the day will wrap things up with an absolutely massive bang. It’s promising an extended set featuring an array of incendiary MCs, DJs and performers. ■ Nick Levine

Somerset House Summer Series

The coolest courtyard in town is celebrating 20 years of fantastic live music in the open air. Here are the acts headlining over 11 nights this July.
Um, interesting name...
Well, remember the history of rock is filled with bands whose questionable names didn’t stop them making incredible songs. Porridge Radio is right up there with the likes of Arctic Monkeys or, you know, The Band.

You have a point, but I still need convincing.
Okay, take a seat... Porridge Radio are among the most exciting up-and-coming bands in the UK. They’ve just released their excellent second album, 'Every Bad', a super-powerful rumination on the confusions and contradictions of modern life wrapped up in bruising but beautiful post-punk.

What's the first track I should try?
Start with ‘Don’t Ask Me Twice’, which spotlights singer Dana Margolin’s mantra-like songwriting style of repeating little phrases until they’re lodged firmly in your brain. It also runs the gamut of emotions – detached, resigned, seething with frustration and desperation – and never seems to settle on one sound. Trust us: after just one listen, you’ll want to explore the rest of their catalogue.

Okay, I’m sold. But where’ve they come from?
You might be seeing their name a lot right now, but Porridge Radio aren’t an overnight success story. Their debut album ‘Rice, Pasta and Other Fillers’ came out in 2016 when they were all still students in Brighton, and they’d been slogging it out with their fierce, fun live show in the UK’s small venues since well before then.

When can I catch them live then?
Beg, borrow or steal to catch their headline show at Colours Hoxton on April 9, which is sold out. Or if you can stand the wait, book early for their Village Underground gig on October 20. ■Rhian Daly
Sink The Pink: Let’s Get Physical
There are still a few tickets left for the queer party crew’s latest rave at their regular east London home. This one gives you a Liberty X live set and the opportunity to dress like ‘/eight.lt/zero.lts Jane Fonda in a communal environment. Who could resist?
→ Troxy, Sat Mar 21.

DJ Rashad Memorial Party
This tribute to late Chicago footwork pioneer DJ Rashad features sets from DJ Spinn, Kode 9 and Shereille.
→ Jazz Cafe, May 1.

Dreamland Pride
Iconic ‘90s girl band All Saints are headlining this Pride festival a stone’s throw from the “Pure Shores” of Margate Beach.
→ Dreamland Margate, Aug 8.

Ólafur Arnalds
This Icelandic musician brings his atmospheric blend of electronic and classical sounds to Hammersmith as part of his Re:act Tour.
→ Eventim Apollo, Sep 25.

Bambara
The Brooklyn post-punk trio are known for their dark and dynamic sound, so this gig is definitely one for noise lovers.
→ Electric Ballroom, Oct 27.

Tanya Tucker
The country queen once dubbed ‘the female Elvis’ performs a rare UK show in suitably grand surroundings.
→ Royal Festival Hall, Nov 1.

Idlewild
The Edinburgh band are celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary on this autumn tour, so you can expect a career-spanning set list.
→ Electric Brixton, Nov 5.

The Temptations and The Four Tops
Reach out to two Motown legends at this arena show. (The Temptations are celebrating their sixtieth anniversary!) Support comes in the shape of slinky disco hitmakers Odyssey.
→ The O2, Nov 8.

La Priest
Cosmic pop musician Sam Dust (late of Late O’The Pier) tours in support of his new album ‘Gene’, due June 5, which is named after his custom-made drum machine.
→ Oval Space, Oct 15.

BTS
The K-pop megastars have announced a pair of massive stadium shows in July. Tickets go on sale at 8am on Friday (Wednesday for fanclub members) – and they’ll be majorly in demand, so make sure you’re fully caffeinated first.
→ Twickenham Stadium, Jul 3-4.

LAUV
Autumn Tour of Europe & United Kingdom
17 Nov
O2 Academy Brixton
→ how i’m feeling world tour
GIGSANDTOURS.COM • TICKETMASTER.CO.UK
IN SUPPORT OF ARRANGEMENT WITH CAA
THE LAND FOR FRIENDS 2020

Biffy Clyro
The anthemic Scottish rockers have announced a UK arena tour in support of new album ‘A Celebration of Endings’, due May 15. Tickets go on sale on Friday at 10am.
→ The O2, Oct 1.
A SATIRE ON baby boomers in the era of ‘OK boomer? Bit on the nose, surely? Well yes. But part of the joy of playwright Mike Bartlett’s writing is that he’s totally unafraid to steam in on any given topic of the day. And in fact, this is one he prepared earlier: ‘Love, Love, Love’ first premiered in 2010 and had a run at the Royal Court in 2012.

Has it stood up? It has! In some ways its sheer ferocity keeps it fresh. In three short scenes, Bartlett’s play eviscerates the ‘60s generation with a savagery – albeit a funny savagery – that almost feels shocking. Can he really say that?

It sets out its stall in the first scene, where Bartlett more or less writes off the summer of love as a sham. It is London, 1967, and Kenneth (Nicholas Burns) is the layabout 19-year-old student brother of the terminally square Henry (Patrick Knowles). Henry wants Ken out, because he’s got a date coming. Unfortunately, it’s Rachel Stirling’s monstrously self-absorbed Sandra, who clearly has nothing in common with Henry, and soon manoeuvres him out of the way so she can seduce Ken, whose flimsy pledges of fraternal loyalty she steamrolls with free love platitudes and a promise that what they’re doing is better for everyone. Bartlett’s thesis: that there was no meaningful ‘60s ideology, just an overwrought self-mythology cooked up as an excuse for a generation to indulge itself.

Fair? I think Bartlett takes some pleasure in not being entirely fair. But he’s certainly persuasive, as we move on to a second act set in 1990, where Kenneth and Sandra are boozy, dysfunctional Thatcherites, whose selfishness is starting to seriously mess up their teenage children, Rose (Isabella Laughland) and Jamie (Mike Noble). In the final, 2011-set scene, a miserable 37-year-old Rose confronts her now filthy rich, divorced parents over the fact they encouraged her to follow her dreams and became a mediocre concert violinist; they say she shouldn’t have listened: she should have rebelled against her parents, like they did! But did they rebel? Or did they take drugs for a bit and then become accountants in Reading?

You can get distracted by the boomer thing. Ultimately, this is a play about parents fucking their kids up by refusing to make sacrifices. It is very funny. And director Rachel O’Riordan has assembled a great cast: Stirling’s Sandra is a hoot, magnificent in her awfulness; Burns gives a more nuanced performance – there is an uneasiness to Kenneth, a sense that he knows he’s not done right by his kids. It’s Laughland and Noble whose performances really haunt, though, as the pitiful, damaged offspring, who Kenneth and Sandra could have saved, but chose not to.

By Andrzej Łukowski
Who of course understands that #notallboomers.
**Theatre & Dance**

### Shoe Lady

**WHAT IS IT...**

A surreal social satire starring Katherine Parkinson.

**WHY GO...**

Parkinson is excellent as Viv, a woman in no way in control of her life.


**SOMETIMES THE TINIEST** moments of body horror are the ones that jolt you the hardest. Midway through EV Crowe’s mesmerisingly odd new play ‘Shoe Lady’, Katherine Parkinson tries to shove her bleeding foot into a hot-pink stiletto. It looks agonising. And that raw foot is also the play’s most hard-working metaphor: standing in for the pain of returning to work after having a kid, for carrying on when that feels impossible, for waking up one day to find that what used to feel natural suddenly feels painful and wrong.

When Viv loses one of her shoes, she’s got no way of replacing it, so she hobbles into the office with one foot vulnerably bare. She meets this calamity with a kind of clownish, Mary Poppins-esque brightness, cooing over each fresh indignity like it’s a child’s scraped knee. ‘I’m ready to work,’ she continually announces. There’s a political edge somewhere in here. ‘Shoe Lady’ adds flesh to buzzwords like ‘hard-working families’ or the ‘squeezed middle’.

Parkinson floats through the play in a dream-like haze, capturing the brittle brightness that comes with extreme sleep-deprivation, a manic older sister to all those adorably klutzy romcom heroines. ‘Shoe Lady’ is most powerful as an older sister to all those adorably klutzy romcom heroines. When Viv loses one of her shoes, she’s got no way of replacing it, so she hobbles into the office with one foot vulnerably bare. She meets this calamity with a kind of clownish, Mary Poppins-esque brightness, cooing over each fresh indignity like it’s a child’s scraped knee. ‘I’m ready to work,’ she continually announces. There’s a political edge somewhere in here. ‘Shoe Lady’ adds flesh to buzzwords like ‘hard-working families’ or the ‘squeezed middle’.

**WHAT IS IT...**

Noël Coward’s beloved supernatural comedy.

**WHY GO...**

Jennifer Saunders is predictably good fun as dotty medium Madame Arcati.


**IF YOU’RE GOING** to bring another revival of Noël Coward’s ‘Blithe Spirit’ to the West End just a few years after Dame Angela Lansbury, World Treasure, took on the scene-stealing role of Madame Arcati, you’re going to need some canny casting. Cue Jennifer Saunders as the medium who Charles and Ruth invite over for japes, but who then inadvertently invites Charles’s dead first wife Elvira to stay.

Warring couples are frequently haunted by their past relationships in Noël Coward’s comedies. In ‘Blithe Spirit’, it’s literal. But the spirit world is basically just a bigger drawing room.

While Madame Arcati is helplessly channelling Elvira, Saunders seems to be channelling Margaret Rutherford with her scenery-chewing performance. She’s a robust bustle of beige knitwear, physical comedy and conspicuous quirks. It’s an off-the-peg French and Saunders sketch: funny but a little too familiar.

As haplessly clumsy maid Edith, Rose Wardlaw’s ‘Exorcist’-inspired possession generates some proper laughter. As Ruth, Lisa Dillon – who does a lot of heavy lifting here – turns the line ‘He’s driving her to Folkestone’ into sparkling comic resignation.

Generally, though, Richard Eyre’s staging is only fitfully amusing, pitched awkwardly between farce and pastiche. ■ Tom Wicker

### N89

**WHAT IS IT...**

A new comedy about a single epic journey south on the mighty N89 night bus.

**WHY GO...**

Because it’s super fun playing spot-the-south-London-reference.

> Matchstick Pie House. Deptford rail. Until Apr 2. £12, £6 concs.

**IT IS A WELL-KNOWN** fact that south London is the capital of the capital. This green and pleasant, almost tube-less land, has given us some of the finest things this city has to offer. It’s given us Morleys Fried Chicken, Manze’s Pie & Mash and Bagel King; it’s given us Peckhamplex, the Rivoli Ballroom and the Crystal Palace dinosaurs; it’s given us Stormzy and So Solid Crew. It’s given us parakeets, guys. And it’s only fitting that playwright Mark Daniels has dedicated his comedy ‘N89’ – named after, and set on, the night bus route that goes from Charing Cross Station to Erith – to these inimitable streets.

It’s got all the characters you’d expect to find on London transport. A pair of strangers who may or may not fall in love, an overhearing American tourist, and some guy whose terrible music is leaking from his cheap headphones. When they mix over the course of the journey, rambunctious shenanigans ensue.

Daniels’s writing relies heavily on stereotypes for comedic effect but some of them are outdated and exaggerated, so fall flat. It features some underbaked takes on racism, too. There’s redemption in the performances, though – Bradley Carpenter takes on six roles and is so good, he is barely recognisable with each new appearance. It’s all woven together in 60 minutes with some fine direction from Edwina Strobi.

Once you’ve suspended your disbelief that somebody on a trainee solicitor wage in London in 2020 would endure 69 stops on the night bus, ‘N89’ is great fun. God bless south London, and all who sail in her. ■ JN Benjamin
NEW SHOWS
THE HOTTEST THEATRE OPENINGS THIS WEEK

Nico Muhly: Drawn Lines
A trio of dance works set to the music of burgeoning neo-classical superstar Nico Muhly.

The Seagull
March’s biggest opening sees Emilia Clarke make her West End debut in Chekhov’s great play.

Indecent
Drama about the Broadway run of the play ‘God of Vengeance’, which resulted in the entire cast being convicted of obscenity.
→ Menier Chocolate Factory. London Bridge. Until May 9. £20-£47.50, £37.50 concs.

Naked Boys Singing
The boys are back and nakeder than ever, in this cult musical.
→ King’s Head Theatre. Highbury & Islington. Until Apr 11. £19.50-£25, £18 concs.

Mum
A pair of sisters struggle to cope with their mother’s dementia in Juliet Cowan’s debut play.

LAST CHANCE

Message in a Bottle
Kate Prince’s dance-theatre opus set to the music of Sting.

Nora: A Doll’s House
Splendid triple-plot makeover of Ibsen’s classic by Stef Smith.

The High Table
Temi Wilkey’s excellent debut play about a lesbian couple and their spirit ancestors.
SOMETIMES, WHEN YOU stand in front of a painting, it’s like being in the presence of a celebrity. Some works – the ‘Mona Lisa’, ‘Starry Night’, ‘Luncheon on the Grass’ – are so famous, so ubiquitous, so much a part of our world’s cultural fabric that actually seeing them feels unreal, uneasy, magical.

This show is full of those art-history celebrities. Stacks of soup cans, piles of boxes of Brillo pads, dozens of Marilyns, repeated Elvises. You already know these works by Andy Warhol: you can’t not, they’re inescapable. They’re on tote bags and T-shirts, on posters and magazine covers. They’re so famous that it’s hard to remember what any of them means, or even what Andy Warhol means. This show wants to change that.

It starts with his family’s immigration card to the US and early drawings of handsome men. Here’s this queer child of immigrants trying to figure out his place in a society that’s designed to be hostile to him. And he doesn’t just figure it out, he triumphs over it.

So you stumble across those soup cans and Marilyns; then a silver-walled recreation of his Factory and a room of big silver balloons for you to play with, then his paintings of Mao and Debbie Harry. But what this show really tries to do is present Warhol as a political, experimental, neurotic, sexual being: something more than just headlines and bright colours. There’s his blood-red self-portrait from the year before he died, gaunt and haunted; there are hyper-sexual nude photos of young men recruited from gay bathhouses; there’s his gorgeous series of images of trans women and drag queens, awash with blurs of yellow blue and orange – little primary colour celebrations of marginal identities.

But the real perspective-shifter is in the room of Pop Art classics, because next to Elvis and Marilyn and the Coke bottles is a brutal vision of bodies in a car crash, shocking images of race riots and a heart-stopping picture of a girl jumping to her death, all nicked from the news. Suddenly that picture of Marilyn feels drenched in the pain of her recent death; those bottles of Coke look cracked and volatile. Pop culture is celebs and products, but it’s also media exploitation of tragedy and pain to sell papers. It’s following Jackie
Onassis from fashion icon to distraught widow, Marilyn from screen to overdose, and loving every second. This critical, powerful, intellectual darkness is something that we rarely associate with Warhol but it’s what makes him so special. There’s plenty of ultra-weak work here – he made a lot of art, and a lot of it wasn’t great – but the problem is that the show just doesn’t go in hard enough on the narrative it’s trying to pursue. It’s half mega-hits from art history, half an intimate, personal, confidential look at his life, and it ends up being not enough of either.

Where this exhibition really succeeds is in showing that Warhol was political, horny and fixated with death. A human, in other words, not just some art myth.

■

By Eddy Frankel
Who thought this show was more poop than pop.

More-hol
Some of the things we loved in this exhibition

Coke bottles
One of Warhol’s greatest tricks was to incorporate branding into his work, treating corporations like Coca-Cola and Campbell’s like celebrities.

Marilyns
And there it is, one of the works that invented an art movement – and this show has a whole room of paintings just like it.

Drag queens
Warhol’s series of drag-queen and transwomen portraits are the sleeper hits of the exhibition: intimate, beautiful and a lot of fun.

Find more shows to see at timeout.com/art
Six unmissable art experiences this spring

From timeless, groundbreaking fashion at the V&A to gender-redefining photography at the Barbican, these are the exhibitions to put in your diary now. And thanks to the National Art Pass, you can score 50 percent off entry to all of them.
Whether it’s major fashion blockbusters at world-famous institutions or one-off solo exhibitions in unique, lesser-known spaces, the next few months are crammed with tantalising shows at museums and galleries across London. The only question is how to see (and afford) them all. The National Art Pass gives members 50 percent off the entry price to top exhibitions, including those at the Tate, the V&A and the National Gallery. Better yet, if you’re looking for weekend adventures, it also provides members with free entry to more than 240 museums, galleries and historic houses across the UK. And all for just £73 per year, or £45 if you’re under 30. You’ll get the perfect excuse to discover art you’ve never seen before, plus your membership helps the Art Fund support museums and galleries across the UK.

Here are a few of the shows you should be visiting this spring for half-price.

1. **Artemisia**
   Discover the incredible talents of painter Artemisia Gentileschi with this long-awaited solo exhibition at the National Gallery. The show includes the National Gallery’s recently-acquired ‘Self-Portrait as Saint Catherine of Alexandria’, plus two versions of the renowned Italian baroque artist’s ‘Judith Slaying Holofernes’ – it’s definitely not a painting for the squeamish viewer!

2. **Steve McQueen**
   Exhibitions rarely get more visceral, timely and socially-engaged than Steve McQueen’s solo show at Tate Modern. Featuring several of the Oscar and Bafta award-winning artist’s moving-image works, this exhibition cements McQueen’s reputation as one of the nation’s most important living artists.

3. **Kimono: Kyoto to Catwalk**
   For the latest in its long line of superb fashion blockbusters, the V&A is looking to Japan and the ever-changing kimono. Challenging the exoticising traditions that have sometimes characterised western attitudes towards Japanese style, the exhibition ably demonstrates the skills, creativity and complex social mores that have informed the chameleonic garment over the centuries.

4. **Derek Jarman: My Garden’s Boundaries are the Horizon**
   For the late artist and filmmaker Derek Jarman, his coastal garden in Kent both directly informed his artworks (including a series made from found objects on the shingle) and was, in many ways, a work of art in its own right. Learn more about the garden and his former home, Prospect Cottage in Dungeness, which the Art Fund is currently campaigning to save for future generations.

5. **Reverb: Sound into Art**
   Forget thinking of art as just something you look at with this group exhibition at the Hayward. All 14 artists featured consider sound to be the most vital part of their artistic practice. The gallery has also commissioned some new works that directly respond to its own iconic brutalist architecture. Do check out Hannah Perry, a genre-blending British artist.

6. **Masculinities: Liberation through Photography**
   This Barbican exhibition reassesses the concept of masculinity by considering how photographers have captured different versions of ‘being a man’. Along with looking at queer identities and challenging stereotypes, it interrogates the performance of hypermasculinity.

You can save 50 percent on all of these shows, and hundreds more, with a National Art Pass.

→ See more art for less in London and beyond! Buy your National Art Pass at www.artfund.org/timeout
BEST OF THE BEST
The top exhibitions you have to see in London right now

Cao Fei: ‘Blueprints’
This Chinese artist blends filmmaking and virtual reality into seriously whacked-out, time-travelling socio-political art.

Donna Huanca: ‘Wet Slit’
This is a show of stinky, filthy, weird, ritualistic painting about the body and sex – as you might guess from the title – and it’s great.

Kehinde Wiley: ‘The Yellow Wallpaper’
Wiley’s portraits of proud, defiant, black east London women are a super-joyful celebration of identity, history and design.

Edmund de Waal: ‘Library of Exile’

IT STINGS THE heart, this installation by Edmund de Waal. The ceramicist and author has lined the walls of his room within a room in the British Museum with books by writers in exile. Albert Camus’s ‘Exile and the Kingdom’, Jean Rhys’s ‘Wide Sargasso Sea’, Ovid’s ‘Metamorphoses’. Shelf after shelf of stories written by people far from home, thinking of home.

De Waal wants you to come and sit in this quiet space, read the books and write your name in the ones that matter to you. He wants you to ‘remember those who have been exiled and those who are still in exile’. It left me thinking of my grandmother, who fled Poland for an England that didn’t want her, of my mother, who spent all but three years of her life outside her ‘native’ country, of all the stories of immigrants risking their lives in boats crossing the Mediterranean, of people fleeing persecution and war. It hurt.

The walls are also lined with de Waal’s fragile white porcelain sculptures – unbearably brittle cups and shapes, arranged in reference to a version of the Talmud printed in multiple languages in Venice. A beautiful tribute to an itinerant culture.

This is the third version of this installation; previous ones were in Dresden and Venice. It’s not half as atmospheric or beautiful as the Venetian one (I didn’t see the German one), which is a shame, but this little library of exile, this space of escape and reflection, still left me full of emotion. And it will probably make you feel similar things, because all of us, somewhere along the line, have a link to exile – family, friends, whatever. We can all relate somehow. I wrote my name in a book that mattered to me; I wrote my mother’s name in a book she would have loved. Before this library heads off to its next destination – the destroyed library of Mosul – go write your name in one and help this work communicate across barriers in a world still intent on putting them between people. ■

Eddy Frankel
LIKE AN (even more) homoerotic version of Batman, Touko Laaksonen lived a double life. By day, he was a pen-pusher at an advertising agency in Helsinki. By night, he was 'Tom of Finland', who sketched handsomely uniformed, fantastically muscled men for a thirsty audience of American fans.

House of Illustration’s one-room exhibition restores a hint of sleaze to this once-hidden collection of dirty pics. Laaksonen’s story is a neat microcosm of the twentieth century’s evolving attitudes to gay sexuality. When serving in the Finnish army during WWII, he had to mask any frisson he felt at being surrounded by men in uniform. In the ‘50s, his art was published in softcore gay erotica publications, disguised as men’s fitness magazines to evade censors. When the newly permissive ‘70s arrived, he could quit the day job and create whole comics of photorealistic sex scenes. By the ‘90s, he was the beloved granddaddy of an out-and-proud leather scene, and father of a hugely influential new gay aesthetic.

His men have Ken-doll jawlines, superhero bodies, the puppyish smiles of Disney princes. Some wear Nazi-inspired uniforms. The gay male gaze feminises authority figures, softening their harshness into bulging curves and willing smiles. Instead of defying uniformed officers, Laaksonen’s characters submit to violence – and dare to enjoy it.

But as in most advertising, there’s a lot that goes unsaid here. Tom of Finland prized an understandably Eurocentric kind of male beauty, and this small exhibition doesn’t have room to subvert it, or dig into the darker sides of Laaksonen’s story. Instead, it’s a joyful initiation into the slick, seductive world of a gay art pioneer. ■ Alice Saville
Seven can’t-miss restaurants heading to London

**Claro Soho**
Inspired by Portuguese tabernas, Claro is set to fill the oceanic hole left by Soho’s now-closed seafood stalwart Bonnie Gull. Still, there’s hope: Claro is a collab between Bonnie Gull’s co-founder Alex Hunter and ex-Londrino chef Leandro Carreira. The menu will have grub such as mackerel with smoked seaweed butter, plus rare-breed pork with chilli.

**Expected to open** Spring
→ 22 Bateman St, W1D 3AN.
→ Tottenham Court Rd.

**Smoke & Salt Tooting**

**Expected to open** Spring
→ 115 Tooting High St, SW17 0SY.
→ Tooting Broadway.

**Claro and (below) Larry’s**

**Little Kudu Peckham**
Since opening in 2018, Kudu has caused a stir with its South African small plates (we can’t get enough of its Afrikaner-style bread). After opening nearby bar Smokey Kudu, the collective is now gearing up to launch Little Kudu, a snug tapas joint down the road.

**Expected to open** Spring
→ 117 Queens Rd, SE15 2EZ.
→ Queens Rd Peckham Overground.

**Club Mexicana Soho**
This is the first permanent restaurant from vegan Mexican street food gurus Club Mexicana, which has already made plant-based waves with its ongoing residencies across London. Brace yourselves for meaty yet meat-free ‘cheezeburger’ burritos and ‘pork’ tacos. Plus, all sorts of Margaritas.

**Expected to open** March
→ Kingly Court, W1B 5PW.
→ Oxford Circus.

**Larry’s Peckham**
Inspired by New York’s delis and diners, this all-day joint will ooze Americana. The team behind it have already made a name for themselves with two popular south London haunts: Salon and Levan. (And, like Levan, Larry’s is named after 1970s DJ Larry Levan.) The menu is classic NYC-inspired nosh: thick smoked salmon, latkes and meatball subs. For dessert? A daily-changing cheesecake, of course.

**Expected to open** March
→ 21 Berners St, W1T 3LP.
→ Goodge St.

**Akoko Fitzrovia**
Just down the road from the London Edition hotel, this venture from ‘Masterchef: The Professionals’ semi-finalist William JM Chilla will see the chef’s modern takes on West African classics. The menu includes gems like Ghanaian bofrot (a traditional fried doughnut) filled with smoked goat and fermented locust beans. The interior will feature clay-coated walls decked out with West African art.

**Expected to open** April
→ 12-16 Blenheim Grove, SE15 4QL.
→ Peckham Overground.

**Kol Marble Arch**
A seasonal Mexican restaurant from Instagram-savvy ‘nomadic chef’ Santiago Lastra, this two-floor Marylebone spot will bash out the likes of langoustine tacos and lamb leg tostadas, made using British ingredients. There will be a huge, 56-seater dining room on the ground floor, while downstairs will house a basement bar and chef’s table. This will surely be a place to taco-bout. (Sorry. Couldn’t resist.)

**Ella Braidwood**

**Expected to open** May
→ 9 Seymour St, W1H 5BT.
→ Marble Arch.
‘AH, LEGARE!’ I sighed to myself before visiting. ‘Yet another spot claiming to be a neighbourhood restaurant in a city where most people don’t even speak to their neighbours.’ Legare, though, has succeeded in uniting Tower Bridge’s throng of chattering workers: on a late Tuesday evening, it was busy and bubbling.

There’s a refined menu: simple dishes made from high-quality ingredients. On the antipasti front, the stracciatella (like the gooey insides of a burrata) with roasted radicchio and mellow hazelnuts was sheer class. Oozing into the surrounding slick of olive oil, the creamy cheese was balanced by the sharpness of the soft chicory, all fragranced with sprigs of thyme. Next, the cuttlefish with white beans and devil’s mortar (a spicy, spreadable British sausage, similar to ‘nduja) was a bowl of chilli-infused comfort. Verging on a stew, tender fish chunks were interspersed between hot blobs of the sausage and cooling pulses.

Anyway, on to the main event: the handmade pasta. The pappardelle was meaty, carb-laden goodness. Its broad, al dente ribbons wrapped around the rich ragù of fennel sausage and cavolo nero. Also great: the veggie orecchiette. For pud, the cannoli were bliss: crisp pastry, pumped with ricotta and studded with pistachios.

There was the odd pitfall. The chocolate torte was overdone, and the pasta here isn’t as pristine as at nearby Padella (but, where is?). And the setting is too stark: white walls and tiny exam-style tables gave me flashbacks to my university finals. Still, the minimalism neither dents the atmosphere nor the cracking, hearty food.

---

Ella Braidwood

Dinner for two with drinks and service: around £100.
MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS of Seabird? Laidback, Californian vibes. Enticing rooftop views, with the shimmering Shard nearby. And, bizarrely, the whiff of paraffin from the lamps on the tables. Scent-wise, it was like standing outside Heathrow.

The stench of airport runways aside, the food was generally brilliant. An octopus tentacle, squidgy and soft, came encased in a nicely fried brioche bun, with slices of sharp padrón pepper and a gentle heat, thanks to the zig-zagging squiggles of sobrasada (spiced sausage) aioli on top. An ace combo.

Then, a whole mackerel, de-boned and flaky, came in a pool of oily, spicy goodness. Both fish and seasoning worked in harmony: smoked paprika, fresh chilli and slivers of mild garlic. The dessert of Portuguese doughnuts, too, was fantastic. Three dough balls were filled with a citrussy, vanilla custard: one was topped with icing sugar, the next with hazelnut and lava-like dark chocolate, the last with sticky caramel and salt flakes.

However, the good grub was dragged down by sluggish service. While our second waiter was lovely, the first seemed bored by her job. Also, this place is pricy: the small plates, in particular, upsettingly so.

Still, for quality seafood and gazing at the cityscape, Seabird won’t disappoint. Just brace yourself for that bill.

Ella Braidwood

Dinner for two with drinks and service: around £140.
Sibin

★★★★★

I HAD TO ask a receptionist for directions to Sibin (pronounced ‘shebeen’), a whisky bar he breathlessly described as ‘secret’ and ‘illicit’. I admit, I might have rolled my eyes – a many great bars in London think they’re that kind of place. But actually, when he pressed a button and a bookcase swung open to reveal another room, I did gasp a little. Sibin looks like a barmy oligarch’s interpretation of ‘hotel bar’, with a rainbow-coloured backbar, a ceiling made from bottles and an abundance of chintz – nothing like what I’d imagined from its Celtic name, but at least there’s a shitload of whisky. Staff were whisky nerds, too, sharing preferences or showing off three bespoke chocolate logs made for pairing with specific drams. Service bordered on the clingy, at times, but a lot of that seemed to be staff wanting us to like their bar.

Prices are typically lofty hotel levels, with cocktails ranging from £12 to £18 – which felt a bit stingy for something like a New York Sour (even if it was an exquisite example of the classic) but more acceptable in one of the whisky-based originals, like the Ramos a la Playa (Fizz), a creamy sour in a metal chalice.

For those as reverent about whisky as the staff, there’s a mega list that even suggests cheese and chocolate pairings in some instances. At four price points, they start from a £6 base (for £5) and work up to £14 a dram – possibly to suit that oligarch who decorated the place. ■ Laura Richards

WHAT IS IT…
‘Illicit’ whisky den at the Great Scotland Yard Hotel.

WHY GO…
Drinking behind a bookcase never gets old.

Great Scotland Yard Hotel, 3-5 Great Scotland Yard, SW1A 2HN.

Charing Cross.

THREE OF THE BEST

For St Patrick’s Day, we asked Ian Ryan from @ShitLondonGuinness to name his favourite places for a pint

For St Patrick’s Day, we asked Ian Ryan from @ShitLondonGuinness to name his favourite places for a pint

The Auld Shillelagh
‘If I could only drink Guinness from one pub in London, it would be from here: beautifully poured and with a creamy head. The pub itself is cosy and quaint with a fairly big beer garden out the back. A true gem.’

→ 105 Stoke Newington Church St, N16 0UD. Rectory Rd rail.

The Faltering Fullback
‘You can always count on The Faltering Fullback for a great pint of Guinness. It’s the perfect spot for watching sport or for supping pints of plain in the glorious beer garden. It’s my regular haunt.’

→ 19 Perth Rd, N4 3HB.

Finsbury Park.

The Tipperary
‘This claims to be the first pub that sold Guinness outside of Ireland. The years of practice have led to them to pouring a pint that would make Arthur Guinness shed a tear. Grab a high stool at the bar and enjoy a few scoops.’

→ 60 Fleet St, EC4Y 1HT.

City Thameslink rail.

Most people don’t have to check the shipping forecast before they go for a pint of Landlord

Every six months or so Ian Johnson, from Yell in the Shetland Isles, sets out on an epic 500-mile round trip, including 12 hours aboard a boat negotiating a particularly rough stretch of the North Sea. All to get to the nearest pub that serves Landlord on draught—The Queen Vic in Aberdeen. Maybe it’s the combination of the finest ingredients and traditional brewing methods that mean some drinkers will go that little bit further for a taste of Taylor’s. Bon voyage to them, as we say in Yorkshire.

All for that taste of Taylor’s

Timothy Taylor's Landlord
**Escapes**

Edited by Ellie Walker-Arnott

timeout.com/daytrips

Make the most of the daylight at timeout.com/daytrips

---

### Spring trip bucket list

**1. Go on a pagan ramble**

Mark the spring equinox – the official start of spring – by giving in to your pagan impulses. Not sure you have any? No sweat. This **guided sound walk** around Sheringham Park will knock the city right out of you. You’ll wander through woodland, at either dawn or dusk, before pausing to listen to the soundscape (ie the rustle of wild things searching for their suppers). You’ll be fully rewilded before you’re heading back to town.


**2. Plan a floral picnic**

The arrival of spring means cherry trees are about to be overrun with pale pink blossoms. To get up close, hardcore flower fans should head to Kent. You’ll find a sea of blooms at Brogdale Collections. Visit during April’s **Hanami Festival** for Japanese tea ceremonies and lunches beneath the petals.


**3. Stare at birds**

You’ll need to be at **RSPB Pulborough Brooks** before breakfast for this one. ‘The good news? You’ll get a big ol’ bap and a brew for your early bird efforts. You’ll also learn how to identify bird calls in the nature reserve. Afterwards, you can use your new skills to impress (or confuse) your mates by birding on Hampstead Heath like a total pro.


**4. Have a chilly paddle**

It’s pretty much compulsory to plan a trip to the beach as soon as the temperature rises by 0.01 degrees. There are plenty of great sandy spots to choose from near Broadstairs. Explore old smugglers’ caves, scoff a 99, hole up in a cosy pub or brave the breakers and dip your toes in the big salty blue. Last one in the sea buys the first round.

> Viking Bay, Broadstairs, Kent.

**5. Party at a far-out festival**

Surreal events pop up all over the UK come spring, from cheese-rolling to maypole dancing. The town of **New Alresford** joins in too. Each May its pretty streets fill with stalls and crowds as the locals go wild for **watercress**. They have an entire festival dedicated to the peppery stuff, with live music, food and drink stalls, a watercress-eating competition and the crowning of a Watercress King and Queen.


---

**CAN YOU EVEN** say you ‘did’ spring if you didn’t take one of these trips? The new season has sprung, and bought with it all kinds of activities to tick off your weekend to-do list. See ya, winter.
THE BEST CHEFS OF THE CITY
Under one roof

Experience Time Out Market in
BOSTON - CHICAGO - LISBON - NEW YORK - MIAMI - MONTREAL

www.timeoutmarket.com
AMERICAN EXPRESS
presents
BST HYDE PARK

DURAN DURAN

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

GWEN STEFANI
NILE RODGERS & CHIC

PLUS MORE TO BE ANNOUNCED

SUNDAY 12 JULY 2020
HYDE PARK LONDON

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BST-HYDEPARK.COM & AXS.CO.UK