

Biography



Heather Tracy started out life as an actress, an eclectic career that included blowing things up on stage with *Johnny Ball*, trundling across Westminster Bridge inside a dalek and doing blood-curdling death screams at the *Royal Opera House*. Her two years with acapella comedy group *The Frigidaires* saw her supporting acts such as Lily Savage and Boney M, entertaining the RAF in the Falklands and doing a tour of university campuses, sponsored by Durex.

She still dabbles the odd toe into the precarious performance pool, but is now developing her career as a freelance writer, a move that is probably certifiable in some circles. Nevertheless, it's a passion – and what is life without passion?

Particular interests are intrepid travel, humour, the arts, quirky human interest, environmental issues, esoterica, philosophical navel gazing, sub-editing and de-jargoning.

Published and performed writing include:

- ◆ **The Pump House Arts Centre, Watford:** Article for *Hotline for Virgin Trains Magazine*
- ◆ **Nick Reeves Music:** Autumn newsletter and web content
- ◆ **Return To Ravenswood (feature film):** Script contributor, supporting character blogs and soundtrack composer – screened at Portobello Film Festival 2007
- ◆ **Ladies First – Women In Science Fiction:** Major Feature for *Starburst Magazine Summer Special*
- ◆ **Shelf Life:** Improvised short with comedy script input – broadcast in 2007
- ◆ **Our London Sparrows:** Booklet to support the RSPB at annual Bankside Festival, *October Plenty* for The Lions part in association with *Shakespeare's Globe*
- ◆ **Living History – Florence Nightingale:** Researched and written one-woman presentation touring nationally for Johnny Ball Productions
- ◆ **Badly Packed Kebab:** Contributions to off-the-wall sketch material for BBC Pilot
- ◆ **Thanks For The Memory:** World War II musical and dramatic review for *Take Two*

Current creative projects include:

- ◆ **Blog - Diversus Vulgaris (<http://diversusvulgaris.blogspot.com>):** arts reviews, travelogues, philosophical ramblings and decidedly odd experiences, mixed together with acerbic wit and disarming emotional candour. Described as “tart” by web and marketing developer, Degas Guruve
- ◆ **Blog - Friends of Ravenswood (<http://friendsofravenswood.blogspot.com>):** supporting blog for the character of Gwen Goodie in *Return To Ravenswood*
- ◆ Writing first novel
- ◆ Developing original short film and video installation scripts
- ◆ Re-writing and adapting folk chants
- ◆ Written research to complement WW Gallery's (<http://www.wilsonwilliamsgallery.com>) future exhibitions

Writing samples follow

Published Work

Hotline for Virgin Trains Magazine

The Pump House, Watford



Against the backdrop of Watford's superstores, The Pump House is a curious sight.

A solid stone Victorian building from 1885, with arched windows and bright red doors, it originally housed the Water Board's steam-powered engines. When technology moved on, it was left to rot until 1970, when local amateur dramatics fans, searching for a suitable performance venue found it.

Nearly 40 years on and The Pump House is a thriving arts centre, home to an eclectic mix of Morris dancers, and trad Jazz. With the emphasis on fun and community spirit, its award-winning theatre companies cater for all ages and kids get to learn singing and stage fighting while parents are invariably roped into painting scenery.

October's schedule includes *Fourplay*, an evening of one-act plays, and a performance by jazz legend **Bob Wilber** in aid of the local hospice.

Ironically for an old pumping station, water is a problem. The roof is full of holes and the loos need a makeover. Being a charity, financial support is a struggle, but Watford Council wants to develop a cultural quarter, and the theatre may be re-housed to a new building after its lease expires in 2012.

Members don't want to move, though. They like the quirks and are proud of the intimate auditorium, real ale on tap and unique, welcoming atmosphere.

The Pump House's Development Manager, Roger Martin, sums up the appeal. "The moment you step through our door you are considered a friend. Come twice and you are part of the family."

Local Board Road, Lower High Street, Watford, Herts WD17 2JP
www.pumphouse.info

Nick Reeve Music (Website)



What's New At The NRM Shop

The nights are drawing in, so what better time to snuggle up and listen to great music. Here's a reminder of the amazing offers from NRM.

Poptron 2 Tracks 99P Each

From acoustic to electric, diversity is NRM's speciality!

Collaborative project, Poptron, fuses Nick's passion for songwriting with experimental input from a talented group of artists.

We're offering a two-track teaser (99p each) from the forthcoming album. **Treat Yourself** is reminiscent of the golden age of 80s pop, but with Timmy Matley (Dyyce) providing R'n'B vocals to create an electrifying fusion of genres.

Saturday has a darker, macabre edge, proving that electronic music can have depth as well as dance beats.

Free Piano Album

The best things in life are free, and so is mini-album **Time On My Hands**. Nick's classical piano training comes into its own with four improvised pieces, spontaneously created straight from the soul. This unique, meditative music is a relaxing pocket of time in which to watch the leaves fall.

Downloading is simple. Just create an account, add your tracks to the cart, pay, and click to save the MP3s onto your computer. We never pass on your details to third parties, so you're in safe hands!

Hot News

The Poptron album is on the way, including tracks featuring the velvet vocals of Diane Charlemagne, best known for her work with Goldie (Inner City Life) and Moby.

Starburst Summer Special – Fantasy Females

Ladies First, Please



The existence of powerful female characters in Science Fiction is no longer a fantasy. But is the genre itself evolving or merely looking back to the Future? We examine the gap between gender and imagination.

If the evolution of Mankind can be mapped by the development from ape to *Homo sapiens*, then the portrayal of women in Science Fiction perhaps represents the shift from the coffee wielding Maureen Robinson in **Lost in Space** to Sarah Connor of **Terminator 2**. This shift corresponds with the slow but sure changes in society's perception of women.

However, Science Fiction has traditionally enjoyed a predominantly male following, while the female stereotype, particularly in the media, has for some time been either unchallenged or even encouraged.

Before this decade, there were a few brave attempts to redress the balance. **The Day the Earth Stood Still** (1951) depicted a woman as being one of the more intelligent and resourceful characters, an unusual step for that period. Gene Roddenberry's 'ambitious' ideas for the role of women in the pilot **Star Trek** episode were allegedly conceived as inappropriate. Sadly, the status of Majel Barrett's character was greatly reduced (from First Officer to nurse) for the rest of the series, even if the size of her hair wasn't!

Bust, Bum and Bimbo

Female characters in SF appear to be able to be broken down into three loose categories: 'Victim': **B**eautiful, **U**nderdressed and **S**pasmodically **T**errified (BUST); 'Witch': **B**eautiful **U**nderdressed, **M**enacing (BUM) and 'Warrior': **B**eautiful, **I**ndependent, **M**uscular, **B**elligerent and (eventually) **O**bliterated (BIMBO).

'Victims' have always been abundant in Science Fiction. Examples include the entire female crew in **Lost in Space** (bacofoil replacing bikinis), many of the assistants in **Doctor Who** (Bonnie Langford demonstrating remarkable laryngeal agility), and Jenny Agutter (BUST as usual) in **Logan's Run**. Even would-be 'Witches' have been diluted to victim types. The female characters in **Dune** should have presented a golden opportunity to exploit the magnetism and strength of our finest actresses. The stately Francesca Annis may have looked every inch the part of Jessica, but the powers attributed to her and to Princess Irulan in the novel were reduced to a frustrating example of the chance that got away in David Lynch's film. The only person to come out this muddled film well was Sian Philips, perhaps because she is terrifying in every role she plays.

The deliciously wicked Servalan in **Blake's Seven** was perhaps a unique exception to the norm in the world of television. Her gloating ruthlessness was particularly fascinating because she deviated from expected female behaviour patterns (we have become well accustomed to the

impact of such conduct in men), whilst her obsession with feminine style supported the attractive image which is the prerequisite of female casting in the industry.

Star Wars produced Princess Leia, an intriguing composite of damsel in distress and touch cookie. She was a sarcastic and spunky idea which unfortunately got hopelessly lost as the trilogy unfolded. However, if her character suffered from erosion, her image remained rock solid, inspiring a number of successful glossy advertisements in the better women's magazines.

Warrior Women

A conspicuous alteration in the more traditional female image appeared during the Eighties when the new 'Warrior' woman proliferated. Her clothes sense was not necessarily well developed, but in lieu of the shoulder pad, her muscles were. Brigitte Neilson flexed her biceps in the comic-book-style **Red Sonja** and Sharon Stone followed her basic instincts and attacked Arnold Schwarzenegger in **Total Recall**.

Ridley Scott and James Cameron introduced us to the 'nearly victims' who fought back: Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) in **Alien** (1979) and Sarah Connor (Linda Hamilton) in **The Terminator** (1984). At this point, they were in prototype Warrior phase, although Ripley held the undoubted honour of being one of the first female protagonists to appear in a SF film. However, their respective reappearances in **Aliens** and **Terminator 2** bear more than a passing resemblance to each other, due not entirely coincidentally to the fact that James Cameron wrote both scripts. He decided to take the Warrior a step further and give her strong maternal instincts.

So is the Mother/Warrior a triumph for feminism or a male fantasy? The dichotomy between the dominant, tough woman and the protective mother is very attractive - the fan letters pouring in to *Starburst* for Linda Hamilton testify to that. On the other hand, it could be cynically perceived as the age-old compromise which has ensured that tough women retain some semblance of femininity, except that in this case children substitute clothes.

We have not yet seen a viable female alternative to the Terminator character – **Eve of Destruction** was hardly a runaway success - a woman so removed from humanity that the very definition of woman is inadequate. Sharon Stone and Linda Hamilton made conscious decisions to develop their bodies in accordance with their own perception of the characters they were playing, so that they could compete with men on an equal physical level. A woman can now be muscular, greasy, swear a lot and still retain our sympathy. Do we really need a female Terminator as an experiment in breaking down the last bastions of male superiority, or would such a move be retrogressive for SF itself?

In the respect, writer Sarah Lefanu would suggest that SF is letting itself down. In her excellent analysis of feminism and science fiction, *In the Chinks of the World Machine*, she argues that SF is a unique opportunity to stretch the imagination beyond social constraints. Technology may be a commercial winner, but a genre which exploits the science at the expense of the fiction will never be the trailblazing, satirical, allegorical art form it is supposed to be.

Science Fiction in its written form has slowly broken down the social barriers to which Lefanu refers. Early examples of literature, such as Heinlein's **Stranger in a Strange Land**, retained their own prejudices and phobias (despite trumpeting radicalism), but writers like Philip K Dick and Philip Mann (read **The Eye of the Queen**) made serious attempts to dissect the human condition and expand the very definition of Science Fiction. Feminist writers such as Ursula Le

Guin, Fay Weldon, Joanna Russ and Charlotte Perkins Gilman (who remarkably wrote **Herland** in 1915) have put women's issues on the SF agenda while producing extraordinary testaments to the imagination.

Words and Pictures

The difference between the development of the written story and film is marked. James Cameron's enviable position as scriptwriter and director is unusual. If an actress is lucky, the ideas developed on paper can be expanded by such a director who may be open to her contributions. An ongoing TV series offers even greater scope for character development through the symbiotic relationship between actress and scriptwriter. Sophie Aldred's personal input as Ace in **Doctor Who** – and her popularity with the writers - directly affected the quality of writing for her role.

But all too often this form of working is restricted by the rigid adherence to the storyboard. In addition, many films which once astounded us with their sophisticated effects (**Terminator**, **Dune**, **Bladerunner**, **Total Recall**) have simply been adapted from or inspired by SF literature, some of which was written more than three decades ago. So why is film lagging behind?

For a start, the audience relationship differs for the novel and the film, the novel being more reliant upon personal interpretation and imagination. Film has generally already made those decisions. In addition, film has technical and, more importantly, economic restrictions which will always force it to subvert new ideas for the sake of the tried and trusted formula.

Commercially successful films are fun to watch and nobody would deny their entertainment value. However, Science Fiction cinema and TV have always been denigrated for their paucity of intellect and if SF is to break free of such accusations, writers, directors and actors must be allowed to produce their art without commercial interference, such as that suffered by **Brazil** or **Bladerunner**.

Many critics too are now conditioned to believe that a good film should contain a lot of action and little else, and for those film-makers who do choose to experiment, the response is often luke-warm. The subject matter in the **The Handmaid's Tale** almost defied classification, and it does not seem conceivable that a film adaptation of, say, Marge Piercy's book **Woman on the Edge of Time** - where the protagonist is black, poor and female - could ever be mooted. Wim Wenders' **Until The End of the World** - with its quirky female lead - has been accused of being 'dramatically lifeless' perhaps because, like literature, the audience is being asked to invest a little effort in order to achieve results. In years to come, it will probably be revered as a mould-breaker, but until that time, such films will be assigned short-term residencies at fringe cinemas.

Where film companies are expected to guarantee huge profits, artistic bankruptcy is inevitable, allowing formula women - and men - to proliferate. And the logistics behind the inadequate percentage of female casting continue to allow men to proliferate more than women. The infuriatingly ubiquitous critics' phrase 'the obligatory female interest' was used to describe Daryl Hannah in **Memoirs of an Invisible Man**. We know that this attitude to women applies in all areas of the Arts, but if we cannot even portray on screen the myriad of personalities and accurate gender ratios relating to our own world, then how can we even begin to explore strange new ones?

Online Work

Oye Mi Canto



Photograph © Heather Tracy

I had wanted to go to Andalusia for years. My love affair with Spain commenced with Barcelona when I was a child, but I have always been drawn to the concentrated range of religious and artistic emotion expressed to so much excess in the South. I am a passionate person and passion is an expansive and dangerous state. It encompasses heights of ecstasy or depths of despair, anger, pain, lust, and little in between. There are no shades of grey in passion, only the ochres and yellows of buildings, landscapes and fruits, underscored by a violet sky.

Having finally achieved my dream of visiting the land of Flamenco, I hoped to encounter this particular condensed elixir of passion – the music of the soul. I know very little about the intricacies of its form, the compás, malagueñas and sevillanas, nor can I recognise the difference between a seguiriya and a bulería. But I do know that the hairs on the back of my neck stand up when I hear it and that its heartbeat is embedded into the geographical and social fabric of the area.

Its shadows are as sharp as its salt plains are flat. In the towns, enticing vestibules of ornate mosaics and tiles, as forbidden as a harem, emphasise the reverberation of children's voices. The crescendo and finale slam of solid wooden doors delineate the firm boundary between the inner sanctum of family life and the outer bustle of the streets. Its capriccio roads resound with staccato carhorns, segueing into the pulsating of the cicadas at every dusk.

It is insuppressible. Old men sit on doorsteps, clapping their veined hands in the afternoon siesta sun. A drowsy melody drifts down from a balcony, a private tutorial is given in a cool, shadowed corner of a palace courtyard, and long-haired youths pluck their guitars on a promenade while lovers sing to each other on the beach. If you are lucky, you may find a bar where the great, the good and the pedestrian hone their skills amid clouds of hashish and glassfuls of cold, crisp Fina.

One hot afternoon, just before siesta, I drifted into the Convento de Jesús Nazareno in Chiclana, just in time to hear the enclosed Augustinian nuns, hidden behind a grille, commence their service with a Gregorian chant. I have heard such chants before, in Northern and Central Europe, where the voices were stripped down to an asexual tonal purity, regular as a species of angel.



Photograph © Heather Tracy

Here, though, there was no doubt that the sensual love offered to deity belonged to earthbound women. Smokey, husky bass notes rose to an illicit vibrato, its sonorous timbre as honey sweet as the taste of Moscatel. It seduced. It celebrated. It had its feet in the dust and its hands clutching its own breasts. Its art of relating to the Divine required no fundamental

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transformation, no destruction of native talents or memory and its cadence was served up raw, ill-disciplined and true.

I would like to go back to this land to live for while. Its irregular, passionate music teaches that you should never debase your own voice, for the song that flows through your nervous system is the authentic sound of your spirit. Its measure is love and its vibration is the gift of life itself.

Book Review: The Bitch the Crone and the Harlot - Reclaiming the Magical Feminine in Midlife by Susan Schachterle

Nice Cover, Shame About the Content



Fasten your seatbelts, it's going to be a bumpy blog!

First lesson. Never order an unknown book off the internet before physically handling it. If I'd known that each chapter in this tome would be headed up by a bad ink drawing of hearts, flowers, spirals, stars and affirmations such as "you were born complete", I'd have run a mile. It sets the tone for the rest of it, and it's treacle.

Schachterle starts hopefully enough. She divides elements of a woman's mid-life into three archetypes. It's a common conceit, but one which has potential as a model for a deeper exploration of what happens to women during a time of profound physical and psychological change. Having established her chapters, though, she fails to develop the individual themes to any extent. In fact, by page 30, I was bored of Bitch, did a speed read through Crone and Harlot and didn't bother with the rest.

The chapters are verbose, repetitive and, worst of all, homogenous. There's nothing to delineate the three different states of womanhood. Each defaults to vague notions of compassion and serving others – traditional female standards.

Schachterle's main crime is etymological murder. "A new definition is required", she states, before dictating that the real meaning of a Bitch is a woman who is unselfish, kind and has the best interests of everyone at heart.

It gets worse.

"Entering into Bitchhood does not give us license to be rude, hostile, or abusive."

Now where's the fun in that?

Fools were once licensed to play just such havoc for the sake of truth and entertainment, and a real bitch undermines the sneaking hypocrite with an excruciating put-down. She may bristle with insecurities, but what you see is what you get.

For one sentence only, we get back on the etymological straight and narrow. She refers to the earliest definition of "Crone" and discovers that it meant "cantankerous or mischievous woman". Schachterle quickly ditches the word "cantankerous" and replaces it with "feisty", which is much more acceptable to her agenda for women who don't cause too much trouble. The chapter then continues with a treatise on the wisdom of the Crone as a nurturing and welcoming spirit, with no further mention of mayhem or mischief.

She urges again and again that women be of service to others. Anecdotes about her therapeutic theories abound with examples of women who have tamed their tempers, spoken

up in Church, learned to dress appropriately or lost weight. So there we are, rammed into the selfsame stereotypes that the Crone, Bitch and Harlot, in all their cantankerousness and rebellion, have always tried to escape.

Nothing focuses this point more than the section on the Harlot, where Schachterle declares “we aren’t exploring sexuality here”. For her, bringing out a woman’s true Harlot involves looking at the clouds and stroking velvet, not pursuing pleasure for its own sake.

A middle-aged woman who has just come out of a long-term marriage (and statistics suggest that this is a growing trend) does not need instructions on how to smell the flowers. She needs to become reacquainted with her clitoris and she needs no-nonsense advice about sexual experimentation and health. Telling her that pleasure should be focused outside of the sex act will not help a woman who has a raging desire to throw off her clothes and screw the first man she sees. After years of dull monogamy, her sense of freedom and exploration may be coupled with a naivety that is potentially dangerous. STDs in middle-aged women have increased by about 200% in the last ten years. It’s frankly irresponsible of any therapist to skip over these issues.

This book caters for those women who have never ventured beyond their mental or sexual white picket fence. It dabbles a toe in one paragraph of transgressive behaviour (a coy reference to the use of strawberries in sex), but quickly pulls back before breaching the boundaries of American middle-class decency.

I hunted in vain to find any definition of what it meant to reclaim the magical feminine. There is one paragraph that mentions Agape, and elsewhere is the predictable brief namecheck for Gaia. What does run through the book is the continuous mantra about learning to be an expression of an amorphous Divine. Which one? My Divine exacts blood and temper on a regular basis. It’s the same woolly spiritual thinking that describes “The Universe” as though it’s some benign grand-parent with a generous credit card rating.

The book is riddled with bad or missing science. She claims that the hormones GSH and LSH, which elevate at menopause, increase intuition and points out that as women get older, most are no longer concerned about popular opinion. “I’m not entirely certain how this happens”, she says, in which case Schachterle needs a crash course in basic endocrinology.

Other vague theories incorporate hazy references to “shamanic cultures”, smatterings of Jung, a section on finances lifted straight from Louise Hay, and positive life quotes by Jim Morrison and Virginia Woolf, the irony of which seems to have escaped her. She claims that intuition is always 100% correct and her retort to individuals who state that they have followed their intuition and it has been wrong is that such people had unclean motivations. Oh, and there it is, half way through, the prizewinning phrase in self-help Wankword Bingo - “negative emotion”. It’s like black tar, apparently.

This is the pick ‘n’ choose school of psychology. All it does is serve as a narcissistic vehicle for a therapist to give frequently inappropriate examples of her successful practice, rather than offer any genuine insights or solutions to women’s changing hormones and attitudes.

I had thought that such regularisation was a vestige of the Victorians. Where is the exhortation to embrace our fury, wit and wantonness, to explore it and use it to create art and magic? At the back of the book are some fine examples of women who have climbed mountains and

overcome physical disability. This is all very noble. But where are the examples of cantankerous old bags taking a walking stick to muggers, or the Joan Collins's of this world who cock a snook at sexual convention and get the boy?

Essentially, this is a book for doormats who want to learn basic assertiveness. It's not for those of us who want to look at the deeper meanings and opportunities offered up by the adolescent furies that revisit us during this extraordinary time of change.

Hugely disappointing. Avoid.

Celeste Holm spoke about her experience with Bette Davis on the first day of shooting [All About Eve]: "I walked onto the set . . . on the first day and said, 'Good morning,' and do you know her reply? She said, 'Oh shit, good manners.' I never spoke to her again - ever."

Jaap de Vries: The Inconvenient Beauty of a Contaminated Landscape

The new guerrilla art space at 20 Hoxton Square is a fabulous, unpretentious, stripped-out warehouse where exhibitions are not scheduled in advance but are booked on the basis of a fluid and current requirement.

The title says it all. Jaap de Vries's paintings and sculptures seek to capture the conflict between anatomical decay and our interior recognition of that process, thus creating a visceral and uncomfortable experience.

The human body is pared back, entrails exposed. Mutation becomes not just biology in rebellion, but a creative flux, reinvention. His statues, harnessed or tied, hang dispassionately from the ceiling, the discomfort not critical enough to warrant attempted escape.

Landscapes are a Siberian explosion of metallic sky and fallen trees, silver birches rising lacerated but alive from the layers of mulch. Polluted water reflects sunsets and verdure.

The exhibition raises the age-old questions of whether such reflection can be considered real and, if not, what worth there is in developing the inner courtyard. Ultimately, does absolute truth consist of absolute submission to biological impulse? If dualism is discarded, what is left but the organism? Does the soul indeed nestle in the neurosystem?

Lovers, skulls and vertebrae stripped away from their outer coating, transmit spontaneous joy, yet we are reminded that, "love does not feed you." Perhaps love is simply a bonus of an affluent society where daily bread is accorded precedence over trespass. Yet therein lies the tension between the intellectual and spiritual pursuit of love and the biological wail of passion, which, if we have a mind to, may be articulated as art.

Inconvenient beauty steers a cybernetic course between base knowledge and divine aspiration, crowned by the overriding recognition that Life is not just a tendency, but a fierce choice.

Return To Ravenswood (Feature Film) Blog for the principal character, Gwen Goodie

FRIENDS OF RAVENSWOOD

I HAVE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT, I HAVE FINISHED MY COURSE,
I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH: 2TIMOTHY 4:7

And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. Acts 9: 5

No sooner had the Summer Solstice celebrations died away than the onslaught of the World Cup was forced into the village psyche. And what a sordid, vulgar affair it was.

I permitted George to watch one Group game, the England Quarter Final and the Final itself. He spent the rest of the time in pursuit of far more healthful occupations by pottering in his shed. Lizzie, in a desperate lapse of good taste, bought him a pair of England boxer shorts but I felt that the juxtaposition of the Cross against a man's private parts denegated both Saint George and our Saviour, and consigned them to the dustbin. I allowed him to wear a small tie pin.

While I am always delighted to embrace patriotic fervour, I was dismayed by the plethora of flags hanging from windows and cars. Audrey Philpott even spotted one draped over the Church steeple. I am also convinced that the noise from the wide-screen television (and mob) at the Green Dragon was above the decibel safety level. I have written to Councillor Burke for affirmation on this point.

On the night of the Final itself, Mrs Tuffin noted that she had run out of lager and pickled onions. She went as far as to suggest that all the men in the village had miraculously become pregnant. I felt that this joke was in poor taste but I suspect she is in the early stages of Alzheimer's.

It seems to me that football encourages the worst in human behaviour and is a degrading and tasteless manifestation of corporate greed. Just look at the violent antics of the players. Perhaps there are mitigating circumstances and, of course, as Christians we should always foster charitable thoughts. After all, Wayne Rooney certainly looks like the product of a single mother and council estate. He has probably been brought up on a diet of crisps and fizzy drinks. M. Zidane, on the other hand, has no excuse. It is a well-known fact that French children are given very good school dinners. We must acknowledge that the chief lesson of this debacle is that our Lord Jesus never used physical violence against His persecutors and oppressors. He gave such sinners the opportunity to ask for forgiveness. Of course, if they do not, then He will give them His own Red Card, when they will be sent off the field to suffer the torment of the eternal, infernal dressing room.

ABOUT ME



GWEN GOODIE RAVENSWOOD

My dear Friends of Ravenswood, as you can see, I am now functioning on the Internet, all thanks to my dear daughter Lizzie, who patiently sat with me and taught me all about mice, viruses and crashes.

In part, this was a direct response to the web rantings of Mr Dominic Clay, who continues to spread his doctrine of heathenism and disruption via this medium - along with apostrophes as loose as his own morals.

It also means that the Friends of Ravenswood can reach a larger audience of people willing to take an active part in campaigning to stop our village being overrun by the ungodly and the untidy.