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up for three days before being returned to their families.

The show doesn't flinch from the more sordid truths. Bursts of hatred and anger are allowed to flash briefly between the former foes. British servicemen admit to rejoicing when the *Belgrano* went down. So what if it lay beyond the 200-mile exclusion zone and its sharp end was pointed homewards? It wasn't a hospital ship commanded by Mother Teresa; it was there to hunt and kill. A middle-aged British soldier shows us a 1990s TV clip in which he weeps for a comrade who died in his arms. He apologises and says the footage still causes him shame. Not because grief is unmanly but because the victim was Argentinian.

The show's artless and slightly clumsy arrangement reinforces its sense of authenticity. But it occasionally strays into sentimental territory. Four of the Argentinians have formed a Beatles tribute band and they claim to receive a warm welcome wherever they appear in Britain. Such gushy touches may have contributed to the mood of self-delusion that gripped the crowd at the final curtain. They leapt to their feet and whooped with joy and relief as if they'd just witnessed a signing of a lasting truce. They hadn't. Those rocks are still up for grabs.

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## Dance

### Swan upping

Ismene Brown

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#### Swan Lake

English National Ballet, Albert Hall

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#### Betroffenheit

Sadler's Wells

Was Tamara Rojo, when she danced *Swan Lake* last Saturday at the Albert Hall, thinking as she shaped each phrase, 'This will be the last time I dance this . . . and this . . . and this'? I wonder. She told me a few years back that she had a five-year diary to cover the rest of her dancing career, a diary ending in 2016. Akram Khan's modern *Giselle* this autumn will be a Rojo role, but if at 42 she was privately saying farewell to her classical career on Saturday, she did it with the spectacular and refined artistry the public has come to expect.

A woman sitting next to me complained that the 5ft 2in Rojo is too short for this ballet. To which I responded that Rojo understands the possibilities for romantic connection with her princes and for wickedness in her manipulations of a good man as few other ballerinas ever have. The sad poetry of this fantastic artwork of theatre is not about long legs.

Nor is it about the notorious 32 fouettés

— though Rojo is still the queen of those devilish whipping turns of Act 3. Count them if you must, but you must also discuss her immaculate timing of the role's stunts, the controlling of her foot on the music to pick out, like a conductor's baton, a tiny syncopation of Tchaikovsky's, the dynamic arc and cadence that she gives to each group of spins.

Unfortunately, Derek Deane's in-the-round version of *Swan Lake* for English

*Pas de trois becomes pas de douze; the four cygnets eight. It's only a surprise that there aren't four Odettes too*

National Ballet — which he actually made for Rojo herself 20 years ago (and I recall my amazed sense that night that someone great had arrived in the art form) — is a grandiose, mechanical swan tattoo, rather than a piece of poetry.

Deane didn't traduce the text as such, he simply killed it. He faithfully took most of the text of the fine Royal Ballet productions he grew up with as a dancer and multiplied it all four ways, upped the numbers (60 swans a-swimming!), so 4,000 spectators get their view from all sides. *Pas de trois becomes pas de douze*, the four cygnets are eight, it's only a surprise that there aren't four Odettes too.

It's nice for ENB that most of the public always yell with enthusiasm at it, that they are not distressed as I am by precision-drilled lines of five dozen clattering swans (which always makes me think of Khrushchev's grotesque chat-up line to Plietskaya, that at night he dreamed of swan girls and tanks mixed up together). The heartbreaking drifts of swans you have in proper stage productions are here reduced to gridlines. The music from the orchestra, perched far away and overhead, is a tinny little blare in an echo chamber.

These are trying circumstances in which to bid goodbye to one of the two greatest Odette/Odiles of my experience. The other is the 5ft 9in Uliana Lopatkina of the Mariinsky, whose fatalistic spirituality is worlds away from little Rojo's womanly, psychologically varied interpretations, but both ballerinas are utterly absorbed in the music and the technical self-perfecting that enables them to tell us their different versions.

Rojo picked a damn good-looking partner, Isaac Hernández, from Mexico, who has a rare naturalness in his grace and polish but a not very committed dramatic presence. But finally, in the 'Black Swan' coda of Act 3, responding to Rojo's provocative feats of virtuosity, he acted as if electrocuted and leapt around the arena in circles of wonderfully high, beautifully free jetés. Someone wolfwhistled him, the rest of us just roared.

I am not sure the luminous Alina Cojocar, the first-night cast, would have been thanking her boss for her own partner, the Cuban Osiel Gouneo, another new Rojo hire, who by comparison with Hernández is all competition bling. In future, Rojo's directorship will come under even more microscopic scrutiny than her dancing, and she needs to ensure that her flashy young chaps learn some courtly manners and some seriousness of mind. The lake of swans is a place of desolation, not a tourist spot.

Jonathon Young's desolation can hardly be imagined. The Canadian theatre director and his family were on holiday in 2009 when the cabin where his young daughter, niece and nephew were sleeping burned down, killing all three. Young sank into a pit of drug-addicted grief, plagued by memories of trying to save the children from the fire. How is it possible that this could be turned into theatre that isn't just squirmingly bad-taste therapy?

It's possible through remarkable artistry. The empathetic ingenuity of choreographer Crystal Pite in creating a garish song-and-dance troupe around him, as both his tormenting thoughts and his saviours, made *Betroffenheit* at Sadler's Wells a profoundly moving exploration of shattering pain and the instinct to recover. Inside a coldly lit hospital cell, Pite grouped the six performers with fantastical imagination: with kindness, with scary cruelty, in nightmare costumes,

or as friends. Words failing the experience Young was going through, they danced about it.

You can hardly ask for such a show to be given anything longer than a two-night run. Those of us who saw it won't forget it.

## Television

### My big fat Gypsy fortune

James Walton

In his latest documentary for the *This World* series, the Romanian film-maker Liviu Tipurita could have been forgiven for treading carefully — and not just because it meant him entering the world of organised crime. After all, his previous film in the series, the uncompromisingly titled *Gypsy Child Thieves*, was ferociously denounced by Roma groups for showing how some Roma parents send their children into European cities with strict instructions to beg and steal — the charge being not that this was necessarily untrue, but that it might confirm ugly prejudices.

So how would Tipurita tackle the equally awkward facts behind *The New Gypsy Kings* (BBC2, Thursday)? The impressive answer was by investigating them as calmly as possible so as to bring us an extraordinary documentary that alternated between the eye-opening and the hair-raising. If he does get accused again of playing into the

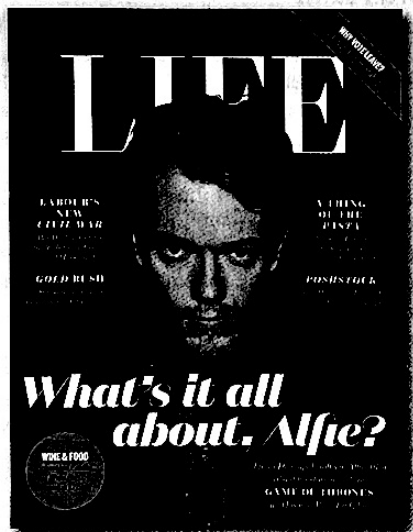
*'I want to take my children to London because the benefits and living standards are much higher'*

hands of illiberal types, then that wouldn't be entirely unfair. Yet, as George Orwell once pointed out when attacked for the same thing, 'playing into the hands of' is a phrase too often used as 'a sort of charm or incantation to silence uncomfortable truths'.

The programme, in fact, began comfortably enough with Tipurita in a Romanian Gypsy village where he met Fanfara Ciocarlia: a traditional band who've toured all over the world and whose saxophone player explained that 'the thing that makes me happiest is that my children go to school'. But even here, there were signs that such party-line wholesomeness wouldn't last for long. Talking of the discrimination they still faced in Romania, one band member told Tipurita that 'we suffer because, to be honest, the Gypsies also cause problems'.

Sadly, too, Fanfara Ciocarlia's old-school charms are increasingly out of fashion back home. Instead, the Gypsy singers now getting rich are the ones who specialise in manele, a harder form of Roma music that sounds a bit like hip-hop (with fiddles), and has the lyrics to match. Serv-

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