



Mother's Day falls on 2 March this year in the UK, so I celebrated by having a bag breakfast in Paddington Street Gardens with a copy of the Independent On Sunday (free DVD of Luis Buñuel's *Viridiana* today).

On my way from Paddington Street I stumbled across a really nice little market. London is dotted with farmer's markets every weekend (and some weekdays) and this one in Marylebone had everything you could want. There were bee keepers selling honey and dairymen selling cheeses, butters and creams, livestock keepers selling pork, beef, lamb and poultry, every vegetable and salad green imaginable, the list goes on and on. I picked up a lovely smoked cheese, but otherwise controlled myself – I leave for Prague in a day and a half I cannot fill up the fridge before I do. I will find another market when I return.

I then had a leisurely stroll down to Leicester Square and got a 10th row seat for [Insane In The Brain](#) by the Bounce Street Dance Co. at the Peacock Theatre. Along the way I saw the sign above over Piccadilly. Note the mouse pointer lurking middle bottom. This sign needs a reboot.

Then I simply wandered about trying to decide what to do. What did John Lennon say, "Life is what happens while you're making other plans..." Well, that was my day. I wandered from Leicester Square to Covent Garden where I watched one busker sing opera and another sing James Taylor (quite well). Then up to Hoborn and Bloomsbury and all around there. Back down to The Strand and Fleet Street, and finally back to the Lycium Tavern for a cognac before my matinee show.

*Insane In The Brain* is a retelling of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, as a street-dance ballet. Highly charged doesn't begin to cover it. The music is Hip-Hop and loud, the dance is gravity defying and energetic.



The telling of the story is very well done. I haven't seen the film in a long time and kept finding myself going "Oh yeah, I remember this part." There was a cute, cheeky bit, during the illicit drinking scene, where they paid homage to *Flash Dance* and *Fame*. The send up was effective but well intended too. The audience ate it up. I enjoyed the show greatly.

Well, one does get hungry at these late matinees, so it was back to the neighbourhood and Sunday Roast at The Volunteer. Lamb today, not as good as The Green, not by a long shot, but very cheap and still good. Cauliflower in cheese sauce, I like that!

I'll end with this street sign I found laying flat on the tarmac

