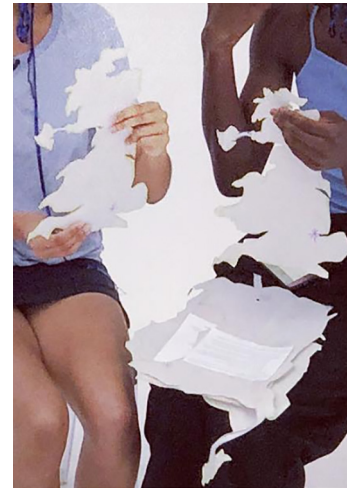


Atlantic Cruises: The Sex Tour

Ebun Sodipo and Rosa-Johan Uddoh



Friday, 25 September 2026

PARK NIGHTS

Serpentine Pavillion 2026

Designed by Isabel Abascal

and Alessandro Arienzo, LANZA atelier



Ebum and Rosa are friends and artists. Two Black girls in the diaspora, their meeting was fittingly one of *A Series of Utterly Improbable, Yet Extraordinary Renditions*. Quite literally. Their first conversation took place outside the symposium for Arthur Jafa's exhibition of that title at Serpentine North in 2017.

They began chatting in the street about Blackness, gender, sex and colonialism, memes, boys, girls, labour, slapstick and the sea. They have been chatting ever since, feeding back on each other's work, editing texts and being loud in art galleries. Their practices are united by academic and archival research around the transatlantic slave trade and Black feminism, and by taking popular culture seriously. They began *Atlantic Cruises* in 2018, exploring ideologies of gender and colonialism as they shift across the Atlantic Ocean. It's an artwork made up of prompts for conversation, allowing the performance to grow and shift as the artists (and the worlds they're living in) grow and shift too.

This booklet will be a conversation too.

What follows are extracts from two recent scripts – one from each artist.

Both scripts engage with the interior lives of Black women, past and present. Like Rosa and Ebum, they are different in form and style, but together they question the power structures that shape our everyday lives.

pp. 6-17 Extract from *DIVERSITY: The Panto!*
ROSA-JOHAN UDDOH

pp. 18-27 Extract from *Vitoria : Buraco*
EBUN SODIPO

Ebum Sodipo and Rosa-Johan Uddoh: *Atlantic Cruises*, 2022 at Bergen Kunsthall.
Photo: Johanne Karlsrud. Courtesy the artists and Bergen Kunsthall.

DIVERSITY: The Panto!

A woman with dark, curly hair is smiling widely, showing her teeth. She is wearing a bright red, short-sleeved sweater and large, gold-colored hoop earrings. She is holding a large, flat, light-brown cardboard box over her head with both arms, completely obscuring her eyes and forehead. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Rosa-Johan Uddoh

Notes on set: The more bombastic stage directions/ set notes are primarily for enjoyment of the writer and reader. In the case that budget/ physics do not allow, these can be read aloud to the audience while more budget-friendly sets are assembled.

Content warning: Racism.

Length: Approx. 1 hour and 30 minutes

CAST

PATIENCE	A British Nigerian woman about twenty-seven years old. Earnest, ambitious, a bit naïve. Middle-class Black professional, London accent.
VENUS	Fairy godmother and tennis champion. Nigerian woman with Nigerian accent, middle-aged.
DAME	Middle-aged/ older Black woman. Veteran office employee and administrative diva, London accent.
INSTITUTIANA	White British woman, middle-aged. Boss of the company / villain of the panto. Wicked witch of the West/ Margaret Thatcher vibes, English accent.
UNDERPRIVILEGED, BAME, YET GIFTED & TALENTED CHILDREN	The chorus. A group of four teenagers, about twelve to eighteen years old, any gender. The moral conscience of the play, 'working-class' accents.
YES MEN	Rival chorus. A group of four office workers between twenty-one and sixty-seven years old, any gender. Whatever the opposite of the 'moral conscience of the play' is.

Note: The UNDERPRIVILEGED, BAME, YET GIFTED & TALENTED CHILDREN and the YES MEN can be played by the same group of four actors.

PRELUDE

Curtain opens on the chorus – a very cute seeming gifted and talented kids choir – singing 'The Greatest Love of All' accompanied by piano (school-play vibes). This scene is introducing them as semi-omniscient, critical chorus (not as gifted and talented children yet), through the song.

GIFTED & TALENTED CHILDREN'S CHORUS:

I believe the children are our future
Teach them well and let them lead the way
Show them all the beauty they possess inside
Give them a sense of pride to make it easier
Let the children's laughter remind us how we used to be

Everybody's searching for a hero
People need someone to look up to
I never found anyone who fulfilled my needs
A lonely place to be
And so I learned to depend on me

Sound of a rumbling storm begins.

I decided long ago
Never to walk in anyone's shadows
If I fail, if I succeed
At least I'll live as I believe
No matter what they take from me
They can't take away my dignity!

Children scatter to stage right and left as storm picks up. Lights low. Translucent screen lowers.

ACT 1 SCENE 1

A WELL-MEANING STORM IS COMING

Script for newsreader's speech (below) projected onto translucent screen, like a teleprompter. Newsreader is read by DAME, offstage.

NEWSREADER: *(in Moira Stuart voice)* 25 May 2020: A white Minnesota Police Department Officer, Derek Chauvin, has killed an unarmed Black man named George Floyd, after kneeling on his neck for eight minutes and forty-six seconds. Caught on smartphone, the murder of George Floyd at the hands of the police has sparked months-long protests internationally. Organisers and protestors have come together under the banner 'Black Lives Matter'.

1 October 2020: October is here and so is Black History Month in corporations and institutions across the Western world. As the summer's Black Lives Matter protests start to simmer across the UK, boardrooms remain in a panic. Business is desperate to show that it is not business as usual, while still doing business. Institutions that have traditionally been the backbone of British society are keen to show that they also lead the way in decolonisation. No, sorry, 'decolonisation' isn't the right word.

The word 'decolonisation' is deleted out from teleprompter script projection using backspace key.

What I mean is.... What they really want is... What we really need is d,d,d,d,d,d DIVERSITY.

Lights come up slowly. Behind the translucent backdrop you can see white people in suits gathered round a boardroom table, frantically clutching papers and chucking around papers. There's a wind machine. Black and brown people wheel around on wheely chairs, white people chase after them erratically, everyone is caught up in a hurricane. Black insta squares flash up. Notes app statements from white people renouncing racism on social media pop up, projected onto backdrop. Videos of disingenuous tearful statements are projected too. The effect is a general representation of the post-BLM social landscape in a literal storm.

To the tune of the song Help! by The Beatles.

YES MAN 1: BAME!
YES MAN 2: I need somebody
ALL: BAME!
YES MAN 2: Oh just anybody
ALL: BAME!
YES MAN 3: I really need somebody
ALL: BAME!

Translucent screen lifts to reveal the boardroom table, now with three HR representatives sat prim and proper at the table, backs facing the audience. Their suits have had 80s silhouettes. On the other side of the table, facing the panel (and the audience), sits PATIENCE under a spotlight.

YES MAN 1: We are a diverse company working towards one singular ideology. Among our workforce, we are proud to count women, mothers, people from a range of disciplines, some BAME security operatives – not to mention men. How are you a diverse individual?

Wind picks up again, everything is scrambled and then brought back to centre.

YES MAN 2: At the forefront of our work is our commitment to equality, diversity and inclusion. Give us an example where you have seamlessly assimilated and integrated diversity into your workplace environment.

Wind picks up again, everything is scrambled and then brought back to centre.

YES MAN 3: Which word phrase would you be most likely to use: 'global majority', 'Global South' or 'post-Western'?

Wind picks up again, everything is scrambled and then brought back to centre.

YES MAN 4: Thank you so much, we'll be in touch. We receive a high volume of applications, so please be patient.

Storm picks up again.

Execs hurriedly wheel away into the wings, wheeling the boardroom table away with them too, leaving PATIENCE alone centre stage under the spotlight, waiting in silence. PATIENCE rises from wheely chair, which is pulled away by an invisible string or a massive sheep crook. PATIENCE herself is blown away as CHORUS (dressed as office workers) re-enters.

To the tune of the song Help! by The Beatles.

YES MAN 1: BAME!
YES MAN 2: I need somebody
ALL: BAME!
YES MAN 2: Oh just anybody
ALL: BAME!
YES MAN 3: I really need somebody
ALL: BAME!

Fade to black.



ACT 2 SCENE 1

AN APPARITION

Screen is lowered in front of previous set to reveal Patience crying in the ladies' toilets. Scrawled on the wall of one of the cubicles is the quote: 'SURVIVAL PENDING REVOLUTION -The Black Panthers'.

PATIENCE: WAAAAAA!

WAAAA!

Oh, I don't know what to do! What on earth am I doing?
I'm working so hard but I'm just being pushed and pulled
in like a million different directions.

(Patience looks at audience expecting vocal sympathy)

PATIENCE: I said I'm being pushed and pulled in like a million
different directions!

AUDIENCE: *(Getting the idea)* Awwwwwww.

PATIENCE: *(Sobbing)* I've let my parents down. I've let the children down.
I've let the company down. And worst of all, I've let myself down.

AUDIENCE: Awwwww.

PATIENCE: I've lost the Gifted & Talented Children.

AUDIENCE: Awwwwwww.

PATIENCE: *(Still sad but obviously thriving off the sympathy)* I just wanted
to be a good example, and now look at me! I feel like a total fool.

(Beckoning to the audience to give their biggest aww yet)

AUDIENCE: Awwwwwwwwwwwwww!!!!!!!

PATIENCE: Maybe I'm not cut out for this kind of job after all. What am I

going to do? *(turning to the audience)* What would Venus do? I need some help here!

A firecracker goes off and smoke appears. VENUS is lowered down from the rafters to some magical fairy-like music. She wears cute sparkly tennis whites, holds a wand, which is a stick with a tennis ball on one end, and she has fairy wings in the shape of four interlocking tennis rackets.

VENUS: GREETINGS MORTALS!

PATIENCE: *(Falling on the floor scrabbling for dear life)* Oh my god!
WHAT THE HELL!

VENUS: Ah ah! See rudeness!

PATIENCE: *(Recovering)* Sorry. I just, I just...

VENUS: I know that's not how your parents taught you to greet an elder. You are lucky, I choose to take shock and awe as compliments. Come! Greet me properly!

PATIENCE: *(Scurrying across the stage and giving a little bow)* Good morning aunty.

VENUS: *(Linking arms with Patience)* Ahhh that's better, there's the Patience I know! Always such a good girl.

PATIENCE: *(Still recovering from shock of Venus' entrance)* Er, sorry to be rude aunty, but how do you know me exactly?

VENUS: Ah you don't know your own godmother?! I knew you when you were a baby! When you were not even one month old. In fact, I have watched over you since you were but a twinkle in your daddy's eye, before you were even born!

PATIENCE: I'm sorry aunty, I don't remember that far back.

VENUS: You really don't remember me? Well, no problem dear... Allow me to re-introduce myself. I am Venus! *(fire cracker)* All-powerful god ever since 1000 BC. It was the Romans who first called me 'Venus'. The Greeks knew me as 'Aphrodite'. It is the Yoruba people who remember me by my most ancient name, 'Oshun'. But you, dear, you can call me your fairy godmother *(fire cracker)*.

PATIENCE: Wow! A fairy godmother?!

VENUS: You better believe it dear. It is I – Venus! God of love! Of military victory! Of sexual success! Of good fortune and prosperity! That's right – I'm not some sassy two-dimensional side-kick from these silly television programmes. I am a Black woman with a complex, multi-dimensional interior!

PATIENCE: Finally! *(to audience)* Hooray! And... I've got to ask... why the tennis gear?

VENUS: I am also the oldest women currently competing in the World Tennis Association Championships! I was just playing a friendly. I didn't have a chance to change before I met you.

PATIENCE: Wow!

VENUS: Thank you dear. Now, Patience! You have chosen a path that is well trodden. You have chosen to enter the mystical forest of whiteness. To climb the greasy rungs of the corporate ladder. To see if you can 'be the change you want to see'. You need help! And I am here to help you!

PATIENCE: Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, you're here because of the crying, screaming and throwing up? Oh that's nothing. I know it looks bad, but really it's just 'classic Patience'. I don't want to inconvenience you or anything.

VENUS: *(In booming voice)* See nonsense! You asked for help and help you shall have!

Intro for Girl by Destiny's Child starts playing. VENUS sings:

VENUS: Take a minute girl, come sit down and tell me what's been happening
In your face I can see the pain, don't you try to convince us that you're happy
We've seen this all before, but they're taking advantage of your passion
Because we've come too far for you to feel alone
You don't let them walk over your heart,
I'm tellin' you

Girl, I can tell you've been crying and you're needing somebody to talk to

Girl, I can tell they've been lying and pretending their appreciation and love to you

Girl, you don't have to be hiding, don't you be ashamed to say they hurt you

I'm your girl, you're my girl, we're your girls
Don't you know that we love you

PATIENCE: See, what y'all don't know about them is; I can't let them go
because they need me
It ain't really them, it's stress from the job and I ain't
making it easy
I know you see them bugging most of the time
But I know deep inside, they don't mean it
It gets hard sometimes, but I need my job, I don't think y'all
understand, I'm telling ya

*VENUS directly addresses the audience, encouraging them to sing along with her
to PATIENCE. Karaoke lyrics drop down from above.*

VENUS: Girl, I can tell you've been crying and you needing
somebody to talk to
Girl, I can tell they've been lying and pretending that they
appreciate and love you
Girl, you don't have to be hiding, don't you be ashamed to
say they hurt you
I'm your girl, you're my girl, we're your girls
Don't you know that we love you

Song ends.

PATIENCE: OK OK OK. Fine, you're right. I do need help. I'm ready for help.
But how?

VENUS: Erm.. want some cute shoes?

PATIENCE: Erm...Yeah!

VENUS: Done! *(Ping as cute ruby slippers appear on Patience's feet)*

PATIENCE: Ooooh amazing. What's next?

VENUS: Next... is love!

PATIENCE: Love?! Ok who is he?

VENUS: No, Patience, not romantic love. Self-love!

PATIENCE: Self-love?!

VENUS: Aha! Yes. And the first step on this path will be to choose
self-love.

(Patience looks doubtful)

VENUS: Yes, you must choose self-love, for self-love – self-knowledge,
self-acceptance, self-awareness – this builds the foundation for connection.
Have no fear. I have a handy incantation to help you stay focussed on your
purpose and true to yourself. It comes from the great writer Toni Morrison: 'The
main function of racism is distraction.' Say it with me!

**PATIENCE
& AUDIENCE:** The main function of racism is distraction!

Vitoria : Buraco



Ebun Sodipo

Vitoria : Buraco

stage, lighting, sound directions

PVO - Prerecorded voice over

P - Performer

SCENE ONE

P:

So maybe one night, with the moon full, bright, and white in the sky, she walked down to the mouth of the river Tejo.

Maybe she wanted to feel the sea.

Maybe it was the bird song that always reminded her of home that led her there.

Maybe she wanted to wash a client's filth off her.

Maybe the day had simply been too hot and now, the coolness of the night brought a desire to plunge her body into wetness.

Maybe after guiding a child's soul into the after she needed salt on her skin. Maybe she needed to know what the sea felt like, if it tasted like the one back home.

Maybe after one long evening spent with the other African women, drinking, eating, laughing, as their children ran around them, she remembered her sisters and mothers and needed to feel closer to home.

Maybe after she'd filled the water in her master's home for the night, after she'd emptied the chamber pot of its contents, after avoiding the gaze and roaming hands of the master's young son, after tending to the sheep and hens; after she had made her round of the Riberia, walked winking like a woman up and down the streets of Alfama, she'd reached the crossroads of Sao Bento, felt her body fill with

power, looked up at the sky, at the upside down moon that waned in the wrong direction and knew: it was time to do the ritual again.

Maybe, after she'd first arrived in Lisbon, she couldn't look at this moon. She couldn't countenance its face, and so whenever possible, she'd cloistered herself away from the skies and stars that moved wrong, that were not hers. Maybe she'd carved the constellations of her land that never appeared here on the walls of her house, into the necks of the water containers, maybe she'd sewn them with white shining thread into her head wraps so the right sky would always be above her head. In this small way at least her own cosmos would still exist in this place, be carried always with her.

Maybe that night she'd stood on the sands and for a small moment watched the long blue shadow of the moon ripple on the surface of the sea that had brought her here. As she moved towards it she peeled away her skirt, unbuttoned her waistcoat, removed her headwrap and passed her undershirt above her head, leaving only the red ribbon that wrapped around her thing and disappeared it between her legs. And then, maybe, that night with the moon high in the sky, she'd walked slowly into the sea.

—

There is a hole in me that must be filled
Formed many centuries when worlds ended and this one began

A cut was made, my body was opened to the air

A hollow, a small yet unfathomable breadth of space
Was placed in the deep of me before I was even conceived

This hole is round

And the bounds of it are hard and fleshy
Messy and bloody, this thing is thick and heavy
It pulses, the surface of it undulating
Like the surface of the ocean in light breeze

There is a hole in the heart of me
In the place where the I is made,
In the place where the self is fashioned

There is a hole in me and it pushes me to look back

[Audience waits in the dark. Then a voice comes from everywhere.]

PVO:

There is a hole in the stars and dreaming pours through it.

SCENE TWO

P:

The eyes! The eyes! The eyes! Vitoria had never had the curves, but here her lack of curves drew eyes that sought to make their way under her skirt; eyes that tried to bore into her flesh, into her spirit where, apparently, something named truth lay. She knew there was nothing there, no true answer to that tired question: are you a woman? She knew the answer did not so much lay inside her but she knew it lay in the doing and in the joy and the pleasure that came with the doing, those things were how she knew. Her body called for pleasure and she followed the desire, and that was why she did it. Was this not what womanhood was? The doing and the joy in the doing of woman.

It was for the doing and the joy that came with the doing that when she would trudge all the way to the king's fountain, she would walk underneath the white colonnades and past the men, to take her place amongst the other non-white women of the city, waiting in line for the fifth spout of the Chafariz D'el Rei, some of them would welcome her presence with smiles, gestures of recognition and hellos, while the white women at the sixth spout would either turn their lips up and turn their face away, or try to pry her flesh apart with their eyes until she fixed them with a gaze hot and withering. They would not recoil in the exaggerated manner their men sometimes did at her presence, even as their eyes feasted on her body, stripping her bare, laid her across a ladder in their minds, legs spread, stripped of all she'd clad herself in, what she had fashioned after the ripping away; stripped of the memory of home she wore atop her body.

—

I can't really blame them
I am, after all
A dark, tall, striking, haunting woman
A black woman
With this body

That is why people look
Because they do not expect
A woman like me

I am a kind of woman
They have never seen before
A new kind of body

They have never seen a body like mine.

—

She could not not do the doing. It would be like death. It would be a rejection of life, this semblance of life she had been stolen into...

SCENE THREE

PVO:

Though to use this pronoun to speak about her is to recall the series of events that led to my speaking in this language, and some of the specific violences that those with her body will face in 16th-century West and Central Africa, the burgeoning trade in flesh pressing in on their life and space, that would eventually fracture their cosmos. The pronouns 'they' and 'he', are not sufficient for this story. 'They' is too neutral for use here. Unlike 'she', 'they' here does not bring into focus, or sufficiently suggest proximity to womanhood and femininity that she evidently uttered with her movement, dress and labour.

'He' marks a confinement within confinement; 'he' is the body projected onto her by powers that had never met, and desired never to meet again, a being like her. To use 'he' here is to disappear her and women like her again, to make us orphans of history. To use 'he' is to foreclose the possibility of a world where bodies like hers are women's bodies. This body projected onto her, and onto this I - the one the ledgers refer to by 'M', or 'boy', or 'man' whenever some human thought to split flesh by sex - does not allow us to truly conceive of the way she might have felt upon being kidnapped to a new world; of how she might have made sense of the loss of the community that sustained her existence; or how she and those like her, even under conditions of great duress, continued to practise and articulate their claim to something we might recognise as womanhood. It tells us nothing of these things and even makes such questions almost impossible to ask.

The story this I is telling would remove her from the texts of the human sciences, from that story of history, where 'she' would remain, always, a 'he', her 'cross-dressing' always explicable. This story would instead reimagine her as a legitimate antecedent to the form this I takes. 'She' and 'Her' is the strategy this I will use to retrieve fragments of her story, fragments of this I's past. To use the most feminine pronouns is to insist against the scripture of biology and archaeology, to respect her words, to believe her testimony of herself. An absurd thing to do, we are told, for it is impossible to know with veracity beyond an ever shifting threshold that she spoke truth. Why believe a woman when she says 'I am a black woman, not a black man'? To use 'her' is to bring her into kinship with this I, to trace a line of descent, to point to her as a precursor. To use 'she' as a means of introduction is to imagine that when and where she lived, her 'buraco' really was a 'buraco', that her body was exactly what she said it was.

To use 'she' is to indulge in fantasy, though to no less an extent as the texts in which this I first found her. To use 'her' is a most profane act.

We shall call you the name you gave for yourself and not the name that you were given. We shall call you the name you chose out of what you had to hand.

Vitoria

SCENE SIX

PVO:

There is a hole in the sky
And dreaming is pouring through
A woman is coming through
And she threatens to overwhelm, to extend her hole and swallow the world

An orange light. Performer delivers final monologue that erupts into song

P:

I'm trying to remedy a bad fate. Vitoria. Are you here?

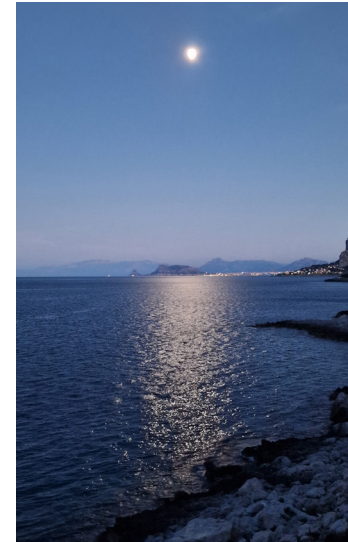


Photo by Ebun Sodipo.

Ebun Sodipo is an artist and writer based in London whose work is guided by Black feminist study and spans sound, performance, text, installation, video, and sculpture. Using collage and fabulation, she explores real and imagined narratives of Black trans women's presence, embodiment, and interiority across the past, present and future. In doing this, Sodipo fills in historical gaps to create moments of archival pleasure for Black trans people. Sodipo's work has been presented at Frieze London, Cubitt, 198 Contemporary Arts and Learning, Goldsmiths Centre for Contemporary Art, Narrative Projects, Raven Row, The Block Museum of Art, SHOWStudio, South London Gallery, Arcadia Missa's 'How To Sleep Faster,' Auto Italia, Institute for Contemporary Arts, Tate Britain, Texte zur Kunst, Bergen Kunsthall, Wasafiri, Glasgow Centre for Contemporary Arts, and Camden Arts Centre.

Rosa-Johan Uddoh is an artist working across performance, film, installation, writing and print. Drawing on Black feminist practice, archival research, nostalgia and humour, her work explores the role of popular culture in shaping Black identities. She considers how different forms of Black performance are encouraged at different moments, the limits and consequences of 'representation', and how alternative scripts might offer possibilities for freedom. Her work creates encounters that are at once deeply felt and politically charged. Her work has been presented at Pioneer Works, Bergen Kunsthall, Tate Modern, Women's Art Collection, Iniva, Focal Point Gallery, and Bluecoat. Uddoh was the Amant Researcher in Residence 2025 and the Stuart Hall Library Resident 2020. Her book *Practice Makes Perfect* was published by Book Works and Focal Point Gallery in 2021.

Ebun Sodipo and Rosa-Johan Uddoh:
Atlantic Cruises: The Sex Tour

Performers

Ebun Sodipo
Rosa-Johan Uddoh
Harold Offeh
Shola von Reinhold
Kuchenga Shenjé

Chorus

James Jordan Johnson
Munesu Mukombe
Rhys Dennis
Moronfoluwa Odimayo

Tabitha Thorlu-Bangura, Sound artist
Jade O'Belle, Costume designer
Leo Carlton, Milliner
Afro hair by Claudia
Carolina Rieckhoff and Studio Create180, Prop fabricators

Ebun Sodipo and Rosa-Johan Uddoh:
Atlantic Cruises: The Sex Tour

Friday, 25 September 2026

PARK NIGHTS

Serpentine Pavilion 2026
a serpentine
designed by Isabel Abascal and
Alessandro Arienzo, LANZA atelier

All images courtesy Ebun Sodipo and Rosa-Johan Uddoh.

- p. 3 Photo from first *Atlantic Cruises* at SHOWstudio,
commissioned by Nick Knight for *QUEER*, 2018. Photo: Nick Knight.
pp. 6-7 Still from Rosa-Johan Uddoh: *Brown Paper Envelope Test*, 2021.
pp. 18-19 Ebun Sodipo: *Vitoria : Buraco*, 2024. Photo: Helio León.
Courtesy the artist, Soft Opening and Live Collision.

Atlantic Cruises: The Sex Tour brings together ongoing threads in both artists' practices and shared research, including ideas explored in Sodipo's essay "I Guess I Gotta Help Myself" for *Serpentine Reader: Issue 02*. The essay for the reader and the coinciding performance were commissioned by Hanna Girma, Senior Editor and Curator of Editorial Projects.

Serpentine Park Nights 2026 is curated by Claude Adjil,
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with Hanna Girma, Senior Editor and Curator of Editorial Projects.

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PARK NIGHTS 2026: EBUN SODIPO AND ROSA-JOHAN UDDOH
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